

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1845.

NO. 15.

Three Dollars per Annum.
Single Copies, 6 1/4 Cents.

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Published at 135 Nassau-st
By JOHN HISCO.

Stanzas.

Thou hast eyes like stars, and sweetness
Which no fruit of earth supplies;
Thou hast angel grace, and fleetness,
Like some bird of upper skies;—
Let not earthly charms go higher,
Than the ones which should aspire,—
Be thy spirit like thine eyes—
As to them so lavish given,
Clothe it too in hues of heaven.

Bid it bless where now it kindles,
Let not mocking spirits say
That thy holy beauty dwindles
To a common mortal ray;—
Be the wicked speech confounded,
Take the captive thou hast wounded,
Prove that eyes, that so can slay,
Have an attribute the more
When the stricken they restore!

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

King Pest.

A TALE CONTAINING AN ALLEGORY.

The gods do hear and will allow in kings
The things which they abhor in nasal routes,
Shakspere's Tragedy of Ferret and Ferret.

ABOUT twelve o'clock, one night in the month of October, and during the chivalrous reign of the third Edward, two seamen belonging to the crew of the "Free and Easy," a trading schooner plying between Sluys and the Thames, and then at anchor in that river, were much astonished to find themselves seated in the tap-room of an ale-house in the parish of St. Andrews, London—which ale-house bore for sign the portraiture of a "Jolly Tar." The room, although ill-contrived, smoke-blackened, low-pitched, and in every other respect agreeing with the general character of such places at the period—was, nevertheless, in the opinion of the grotesque groups scattered here and there within it, sufficiently well adapted to its purpose.

Of these groups our two seamen formed, I think, the most interesting, if not the most conspicuous.

The one who appeared to be the elder, and whom his companion addressed by the characteristic appellation of "Legs," was at the same time much the taller of the two. He might have measured six feet and a half, and an habitual stoop in the shoulders seemed to have been the necessary consequence of an altitude so enormous.—Superfluities in height were, however, more than accounted for by deficiencies in other respects. He was exceedingly thin; and might, as his associates asserted, have answered, when drunk, for a pennant at the mast-

head, or, when sober, have served for a jib-boom. But these jests, and others of a similar nature, had evidently produced, at no time, any effect upon the cachinnatory muscles of the tar. With high cheek-bones, a large hawk-nose, retreating chin, fallen under-jaw, and huge protruding white eyes, the expression of his countenance, although tinged with a species of dogged indifference to matters and things in general, was not the less utterly solemn and serious beyond all attempts at imitation or description.

The younger seaman was, in all outward appearance, the converse of his companion. His stature could not have exceeded four feet. A pair of stumpy bow-legs supported his squat, unwieldy figure, while his unusually short and thick arms, with no ordinary fists at their extremities, swung off dangling from his sides like the fins of a sea-turtle. Small eyes, of no particular color, twinkled far back in his head. His nose remained buried in the mass of flesh which enveloped his round, full, and purple face; and his thick upper-lip rested upon the still thicker one beneath with an air of complacent self-satisfaction, much heightened by the owner's habit of licking them at intervals. He evidently regarded his tall shipmate with a feeling half-woodroutous, half-quizzical; and stared up occasionally in his face as the red setting sun stares up at the crags of Ben Nevis.

Various and eventful, however, had been the peregrinations of the worthy couple in and about the different tap-houses of the neighbourhood during the earlier hours of the night. Funds even the most ample, are not always everlasting; and it was with empty pockets our friends had ventured upon the present hostelry.

At the precise period, then, when this history properly commences, Legs, and his fellow Hugh Tarpaulin, sat, each with both elbows resting upon the large oaken table in the middle of the floor, and with a hand upon either cheek. They were eyeing, from behind a huge flagon of unpaid-for "humming-stuff," the portentous words, "No Chalk," which to their indignation and astonishment were scored over the doorway by means of that very mineral whose presence they purported to deny. Not that the gift of decyphering written characters—a gift among the commonalty of that day considered little less cabalistical than the art of inditing—could, in strict justice, have been laid to the charge of either disciple of the sea; but there was, to say the truth, a certain twist in the formation of the letters—an indescribable lee-jurch about the whole—which foreboded, in the opinion of both seamen, a long run of dirty weather; and determined them at once, in the allegorical words of Legs himself, to "pump ship, clew up all sail, and scud before the wind."

Having accordingly disposed of what remained of the ale, and looped up the points of their short doublets, they finally made a bolt for the street. Although Tarpaulin rolled twice into the fire-place, mistaking it for the door,

yet their escape was at length happily effected—and half after twelve o'clock found our heroes ripe for mischief, and running for life down a dark alley in the direction of St. Andrew's Stair, hotly pursued by the landlady of the "Jolly Tar."

At the epoch of this eventful tale, and periodically, for many years before and after, all England, but more especially the metropolis, resounded with the fearful cry of "Plague!" The city was in a great measure depopulated—and in those horrible regions, in the vicinity of the Thames, where amid the dark, narrow, and filthy lanes and alleys, the Demon of Disease was supposed to have had his nativity, Awe, Terror, and Superstition were alone to be found stalking abroad.

By authority of the king such districts were placed *under ban*, and all persons forbidden, under pain of death, to intrude upon their dismal solitude. Yet neither the mandate of the monarch, nor the huge barriers erected at the entrances of the streets, nor the prospect of that loathsome death which, with almost absolute certainty, overwhelmed the wretch whom no peril could deter from the adventure, prevented the unfurnished and untenanted dwellings from being stripped, by the hand of nightly rapine, of every article, such as iron, brass, or lead-work, which could in any manner be turned to a profitable account.

Above all, it was usually found, upon the annual winter opening of the barriers, that locks, bolts, and secret cellars, had proved but slender protection to those rich stores of wines and liquors which, in consideration of the risk and trouble of removal, many of the numerous dealers having shops in the neighbourhood had consented to trust, during the period of exile, to so insufficient a security.

But there were very few of the terror-stricken people who attributed these doings to the agency of human hands. Pest-spirits, plague-goblins, and fever-demons, were the popular imps of mischief; and tales so blood-chilling were hourly told, that the whole mass of forbidden buildings was, at length, enveloped in terror as in a shroud, and the plunderer himself was often scared away by the horrors his own depredations had created; leaving the entire vast circuit of prohibited district to gloom, silence, pestilence, and death.

It was by one of the terrific barriers already mentioned, and which indicated the region beyond to be under the Pest-ban, that, in scrambling down an alley, Legs and the worthy Hugh Tarpaulin found their progress suddenly impeded. To return was out of the question, and no time was to be lost, as their pursuers were close upon their heels. With thorough-bred seamen to clamber up the roughly fashioned plank-work was a trifle; and, maddened with the twofold excitement of exercise and liquor, they leaped unhesitatingly down within the enclosure, and holding on their drunken course with shouts and yellings, were soon bewildered in its noisome and intricate recesses.

Had they not, indeed, been intoxicated beyond moral sense, their reeling footsteps must have been palsied by the horrors of their situation. The air was cold and misty. The paving-stones, loosened from their beds, lay in wild disorder amid the tall, rank grass, which sprang up around the feet and ankles. Fallen houses choked up the streets. The most fetid and poisonous smells everywhere prevailed:—and by the aid of that ghastly light which, even at midnight, never fails to emanate from a vapory and pestilential atmosphere, might be dis-

cerned lying in the by-paths and alleys, or rotting in the windowless habitations, the carcass of many a nocturnal plunderer arrested by the hand of the plague in the very perpetration of his robbery.

—But it lay not in the power of images, or sensations, or impediments such as these, to stay the course of men who, naturally brave, and at that time especially, brimful of courage and of "humming-stuff!" would have reeled, as straight as their condition might have permitted, undauntedly into the very jaws of Death. Onward—still onward stalked the grim Legs, making the desolate solemnity echo and re-echo with yells like the terrific war-whoop of the Indian: and onward, still onward rolled the dumpy Tarpaulin, hanging on to the doublet of his more active companion, and far surpassing the latter's most strenuous exertions in the way of vocal music, by bull-roarings *in basso*, from the profundity of his stentorian lungs.

They had now evidently reached the strong hold of the pestilence. Their way at every step or plunge grew more noisome and more horrible—the paths more narrow and more intricate. Huge stones and beams falling momentarily from the decaying roofs above them, gave evidence, by their sullen and heavy descent, of the vast height of the surrounding houses; and while actual exertion became necessary to force a passage through frequent heaps of rubbish, it was by no means seldom that the hand fell upon a skeleton or rested upon a more fleshy corpse.

Suddenly, as the seamen stumbled against the entrance of a tall and ghastly-looking building, a yell more than usually shrill from the throat of the excited Legs, was replied to from within, in a rapid succession of wild, laughter-like, and fiendish shrieks. Nothing daunted at sounds which, of such a nature, at such a time, and in such a place, might have curdled the very blood in hearts less irrevocably on fire, the drunken couple rushed headlong against the door, burst it open, and staggered into the midst of things with a volley of curses.

The room within which they found themselves proved to be the shop of an undertaker; but an open trap-door, in a corner of the floor near the entrance, looked down upon a long range of wine-cellars, whose depths the occasional sound of bursting bottles proclaimed to be well stored with their appropriate contents. In the middle of the room stood a table—in the centre of which again arose a huge tub of what appeared to be punch. Bottles of various wines and cordials, together with jugs, pitchers, and flagons of every shape and quality, were scattered profusely upon the board. Around it, upon coffin-tressels, was seated a company of six. This company I will endeavor to delineate one by one.

Fronting the entrance, and elevated a little above his companions, sat a personage who appeared to be the president of the table. His stature was gaunt and tall, and Legs was confounded to behold in him a figure more emaciated than himself. His face was as yellow as saffron—but no feature excepting one alone, was sufficiently marked to merit a particular description. This one consisted in a forehead so unusually and hideously lofty, as to have the appearance of a bonnet or crown of flesh superadded upon the natural head. His mouth was puckered and dimpled into an expression of ghastly affability, and his eyes, as indeed the eyes of all at table, were glazed over with the fumes of intoxication. This gentleman was clothed from head to foot in a richly-embroidered black silk-velvet pall, wrapped negligently

around his form after the fashion of a Spanish cloak.—His head was stuck full of sable hearse-plumes, which he nodded to and fro with a jaunty and knowing air; and, in his right hand, he held a huge human thigh-bone, with which he appeared to have been just knocking down some member of the company for a song.

Opposite him, and with her back to the door, was a lady of no whit the less extraordinary character. Although quite as tall as the person just described, she had no right to complain of his unnatural emaciation. She was evidently in the last stage of a dropsy; and her figure resembled nearly that of the huge puncheon of October beer which stood, with the head driven in, close by her side, in a corner of the chamber. Her face was exceedingly round, red, and full; and the same peculiarity, or rather want of peculiarity, attached itself to her countenance, which I before mentioned in the case of the president—that is to say, only one feature of her face was sufficiently distinguished to need a separate characterization: indeed the acute Tarpaulin immediately observed that the same remark might have applied to each individual person of the party, every one of whom seemed to possess a monopoly of some particular portion of physiognomy. With the lady in question this portion proved to be the mouth. Commencing at the right ear, it swept with a terrific chasm to the left—the short pendants which she wore in either auricle continually bobbing into the aperture. She made however, every exertion to keep her mouth closed and look dignified, in a dress consisting of a newly starched and ironed shroud coming up close under her chin, with a crimped ruffle of cambric muslin.

At her right hand sat a diminutive young lady whom she appeared to patronise. This delicate little creature, in the trembling of her wasted fingers, in the livid hue of her lips, and in the slight hectic spot which tinged her otherwise leaden complexion, gave evident indications of a galloping consumption. An air of extreme *Asiatism*, however, pervaded her whole appearance; she wore in a graceful and *degagé* manner, a large and beautiful winding-sheet of the finest India lawn; her hair hung in ringlets over her neck; a soft smile played about her mouth; but her nose, extremely long, thin, sinuous, flexible and pimpled, hung down far below her under lip, and in spite of the delicate manner in which she now and then moved it to one side or the other with her tongue, gave to her countenance a somewhat equivocal expression.

Over against her, and upon the left of the dropsical lady, was seated a little puffy, wheezing, and gouty old man, whose cheeks reposed upon the shoulders of their owner, like two huge bladders of Oporto wine. With his arms folded, and with one bandaged leg deposited upon the table, he seemed to think himself entitled to some consideration. He evidently prided himself much upon every inch of his personal appearance, but took more especial delight in calling attention to his gaudy-colored surtout. This, to say the truth, must have cost him no little money, and was made to fit him exceedingly well—being fashioned from one of the curiously embroidered silken covers appertaining to those glorious escutcheons which, in England and elsewhere, are customarily hung up, in some conspicuous place, upon the dwellings of departed aristocracy.

Next to him, and at the right hand of the president, was a gentleman in long white hose and cotton drawers. His frame shook, in a ridiculous manner, with a fit of

what Tarpaulin called "the horrors." His jaws, which had been newly shaved, were tightly tied up by a bandage of muslin; and his arms being fastened in a similar way at the wrists, prevented him from helping himself too freely to the liquors upon the table; a precaution rendered necessary, in the opinion of Legs, by the peculiarly sottish and wine-bibbing cast of his visage. A pair of prodigious ears, nevertheless, which it was no doubt found impossible to confine, towered away into the atmosphere of the apartment, and were occasionally pricked up in a spasm, at the sound of the drawing of a cork.

Fronting him, sixthly and lastly, was situated a singularly stiff-looking personage, who, being afflicted with paralysis, must, to speak seriously, have felt very ill at ease in his unaccommodating habiliments. He was habited, somewhat uniquely, in a new and handsome mahogany coffin. Its top or head-piece pressed upon the skull of the wearer, and extended over it in the fashion of a hood, giving to the entire face an air of indescribable interest. Arm-holes had been cut in the sides, for the sake not more of elegance than of convenience; but the dress, nevertheless, prevented its proprietor from sitting as erect as his associates; and as he lay reclining against his tressel, at an angle of forty-five degrees, a pair of huge goggle eyes rolled up their awful whites towards the ceiling in absolute amazement at their own enormity.

Before each of the party lay a portion of a skull, which was used as a drinking cup. Overhead was suspended a human skeleton, by means of a rope tied round one of the legs and fastened to a ring in the ceiling. The other limb confined by no such fetter, stuck off from the body at right angles, causing the whole loose and rattling frame to dangle and twirl about at the caprice of every occasional puff of wind which found its way into the apartment. In the cranium of this hideous thing lay a quantity of ignited charcoal, which threw a fitful but vivid light over the entire scene; while coffins, and other wares appertaining to the shop of an undertaker, were piled high up around the room, and against the windows, preventing any ray from escaping into the street.

At sight of this extraordinary assembly, and of their still more extraordinary paraphernalia, our two seamen did not conduct themselves with that degree of decorum which might have been expected. Legs, leaning against the wall near which he happened to be standing, dropped his lower jaw still lower than usual, and spread open his eyes to their fullest extent; while Hugh Tarpaulin, stooping down so as to bring his nose upon a level with the table, and spreading out a palm upon either knee, burst into a long, loud, and obstreperous roar of very ill-timed and immoderate laughter.

Without, however, taking offence at behaviour so excessively rude, the tall president smiled very graciously upon the intruders—nodded to them in a dignified manner with his head of sable plumes—and, arising, took each by an arm, and led him to a seat which some others of the company had placed in the meantime for his accommodation. Legs to all this offered not the slightest resistance, but sat down as he was directed; while the gallant Hugh, removing his coffin tressel from its station near the head of the table, to the vicinity of the little consumptive lady in the winding sheet, plumped down by her side in high glee, and pouring out a skull of red wine, quaffed it to their better acquaint-

tance. But at this presumption the stiff gentleman in the coffin seemed exceedingly nettled; and serious consequences might have ensued, had not the president, rapping upon the table with his truncheon, diverted the attention of all present to the following speech:

"It becomes our duty upon the present happy occasion"—

"Avast there!" interrupted Legs, looking very serious, "avast there a bit, I say, and tell us who the devil ye all are, and what business ye have here, rigged off like the foul fiends, and swilling the snug blue ruin stowed away for the winter by my honest shipmate, Will Wimble the undertaker!"

At this unpardonable piece of ill-breeding, all the original company half started to their feet, and uttered the same rapid succession of wild fiendish shrieks which had before caught the attention of the seamen. The president, however, was the first to recover his composure, and at length, turning to Legs with great dignity, recommenced:

"Most willingly will we gratify any reasonable curiosity on the part of guests so illustrious, unbidden though they be. Know then that in these dominions I am monarch, and here rule with undivided empire under the title of 'King Pest the First.'

"This apartment, which you no doubt profanely suppose to be the shop of Will Wimble the undertaker—a man whom we know not, and whose plebeian appellation has never before this night thwarted our royal ears—this apartment, I say, is the Dais-Chamber of our Palace, devoted to the councils of our kingdom, and to other sacred and lofty purposes.

"The noble lady who sits opposite is Queen Pest, our Serene Consort. The other exalted personages whom you behold are all of our family, and wear the insignia of the blood royal under the respective titles of 'His Grace the Arch Duke Pest-Iferous'—'His Grace the Duke Pest-Ilential'—'His Grace the Duke Tem-Pest'—and 'Her Serene Highness the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.'

"As regards," continued he, "your demand of the business upon which we sit here in council, we might be pardoned for replying that it concerns, and concerns *alone*, our own private and regal interest, and is in no manner important to any other than ourself. But in consideration of those rights to which as guests and strangers you may feel yourselves entitled, we will furthermore explain that we are here this night, prepared by deep research and accurate investigation, to examine, analyze, and thoroughly determine the indefinable spirit—the incomprehensible qualities and nare—of those inestimable treasures of the palate, the wines, ales, and liqueurs of this goodly metropolis: by so doing to advance not more our own designs than the true welfare of that unearthly sovereign whose reign is over us all, whose dominions are unlimited, and whose name is 'Death,'"

"Whose name is Davy Jones!" ejaculated Tarpaulin, helping the lady by his side to a skull of liqueur, and pouring out a second for himself.

"Profane varlet!" said the president, now turning his attention to the worthy Hugh, "profane and execrable wretch!—we have said, that in consideration of those rights which, even in thy filthy person, we feel no inclination to violate, we have condescended to make reply to thy rude and un-reasonable inquiries. We nevertheless, for your unhallowed intrusion upon our councils, believe it our duty to mulct thee and thy companion in each a gallon of Black Strap—having imbibed which to

the prosperity of our kingdom—at a single draught—and upon your bended knees—ye shall be forthwith free either to proceed upon your way, or remain and be admitted to the privileges of our table, according to your respective and individual pleasures."

"It would be a matter of utter impossibility" replied Legs, whom the assumptions and dignity of King Pest the First had evidently inspired with some feelings of respect, and who arose undisturbed himself by the table as he spoke—"it would, please your majesty, be a matter of utter impossibility to stow away in my hold even one-fourth part of that same liquor which your majesty has just mentioned. To say nothing of the stuffs placed on board in the forenoon by way of ballast, and not to mention the various ales and liqueurs shipped this evening at different sea-ports, I have, at present, a full cargo of 'humming stuff' taken in and duly paid for at the sign of the 'Jolly Tar.' You will, therefore, please your majesty, be so good as to take the will for the deed—for by no manner of means either can I or will I swallow another drop—least of all a drop of that villainous bilgewater that answers to the hail of 'Black Strap.'"

"Belay that!" interrupted Tarpaulin, astonished not more at the length of his companion's speech than at the nature of his refusal—"Belay that you lubber!—and I say, Legs, none of your palaver! My hull is still light, although I confess you yourself seem to be a little top-heavy; and as for the matter of your share of the cargo, why rather than raise a squall I would find stowage-room for it myself, but"—

"This proceeding," interposed the President, "is by no means in accordance with the terms of the mulct or sentence, which is in its nature Median, and not to be altered or recalled. The conditions we have imposed must be fulfilled to the letter, and that without a moment's hesitation—in failure of which fulfilment we decree that you do here be tied neck and heels together, and duly drowned as rebels in yon hogshhead of October beer!"

"A sentence!—a sentence!—a righteous and just sentence!—a glorious decree!—a most worthy and upright, and holy condemnation!" shouted the Pest family altogether. The king elevated his forehead into innumerable wrinkles; the gouty little old man puffed like a pair of bellows; the lady of the winding sheet waved her nose to and fro; the gentleman in the cotton drawers pricked up his ears; she of the shroud gasped like a dying fish; and he of the coffin looked stiff and rolled up his eyes.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" chuckled Tarpaulin without heeding the general excitation, "ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—I was saying," said he, "I was saying when Mr. King Pest poked in his marlin-spike, that as for the matter of two or three gallons more or less of Black Strap, it was a trifle to a tight sea-boat like myself not overstowed—but when it comes to drinking the health of the Devil (whom God assoilzie) and going down upon my marrow bones to his ill-favored majesty there, whom I know, as well as I know myself to be a sinner, to be nobody in the whole world, but Tim Hurlygurly the stage-player—why! its quite another guess sort of a thing, and utterly and altogether past my comprehension."

He was not allowed to finish this speech in tranquility. At the name of Tim Hurlygurly the whole assembly leaped from their seats.

"Treason!" shouted his Majesty King Pest the First.

"Treason!" said the little man with the goat.

"Treason!" screamed the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

"Treason!" muttered the gentleman with his jaws tied up.

"Treason!" growled he of the coffin.

"Treason! treason!" shrieked her majesty of the mouth; and, seizing by the hinder part of his breeches the unfortunate Tarpaulin, who had just commenced pouring out for himself a skull of liqueur, she lifted him high into the air, and let him fall without ceremony into the huge open punch-bowl of his beloved ale. Bobbing up and down, for a few seconds, like an apple in a bowl of toddy, he, at length, finally disappeared amid the whirlpool of foam which, in the already effervescent liquor, his struggles easily succeeded in creating.

Not tamely, however, did the tall seaman behold the discomfiture of his companion. Jostling King Pest through the open trap, the valiant Legs slammed the door down upon him with an oath, and strode towards the centre of the room. Here tearing down the skeleton which swung over the table, he laid it about him with so much energy and good will, that, as the last glimpses of light died away within the apartment, he succeeded in knocking out the brains of the little gentleman with the gout. Rushing then with all his force against the fatal hogshead full of October ale and Hugh Tarpaulin, he rolled it over and over in an instant. Out burst a deluge of liquor so fierce—so impetuous—so overwhelming—that the room was flooded from wall to wall—the loaded table was overturned—the tressels were thrown upon their backs—the tub of punch into the fire-place—and the ladies into hysterics. Piles of death-furniture floundered about. Jugs, pitchers, and carboys mingled promiscuously in the *melée*, and wicker flagons encountered desperately with bottles of junk. The man with the horrors was drowned upon the spot—the little stiff gentleman floated off in his coffin—and the victorious Legs, seizing by the waist the fat lady in the shroud, rushed out with her into the street, and made a bee-line for the "Free and Easy," followed under easy sail by the redoubtable Hugh Tarpaulin, who, having sneezed three or four times, panted and puffed after him with the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

LEVELLATOR BARRY.

The Unattainable.

Oh! from eventide transitions
And from music's sweet surprises,
From day-dreams and starlight visions
I can picture paradises—
Ah! if fancies might be things,
Then, of objects sublunary,
Of the whole wide world a-weary,
I would fly to realms of Fancy—
But I want the wings.

Manhood I have never bended
Save before high thrones of Beauty,
To Ideals which far transcended
Aught that could command my duty
On this darkling, desert orb.
Woman I have loved—but lightly—
Young hearts burn—but burn too brightly—
Theirs is not the flame which nightly
Souls of stars absorb!

Tremulous and transitory,
Moths in moonlight, our desires
Die, attaining not the glory
Which hath won them to its fires,—

Glimpses of what Heaven allows:
Crowned with ever-living laurel,
Joining in Joy's anthem choral,
Intellectual and moral
Beauty on our brows!

Oh! the consciousness convulses
That Hope faints in heavenward mounting,
Heart-beats break the heart, and pulses,
Throb on throb which we are counting,
Are but silent funeral knells,
Felt but heard not—Death is nearer,
All the while those chimes the dearer,
Nature darkening and drearer,
Till she drowns her bells.

Like to Night unstarred and noiseless,
Grooms the grave—and by its portal
Are the glimmering ghost-lights voiceless!
Know we that we are immortal?
Or is this a dream insane?
No—though dim are our discernings,
We believe that these heart-burnings
From our birth—these God-like yearnings,
Were not given in vain.

WILLIAM GIBSON, U. S. N.

The Two Sailor Monkeys.

The first of these sailed on board a frigate, and, though always in scrapes, was the favorite both of cabin and ward-room, and indeed of every mess, except the midshipmen's, being perhaps disliked by these young gentlemen, for the same reason that poor cousins (as a French author observes) are ill seen by us, to wit, for approaching them too nearly in nature.

All his pranks, however provoking at the moment, seemed only to make him a greater favorite with the crew. The captain himself, who studied pug's happiness as much as the others, and who perhaps thought he might be somewhat steadied by matrimony, was anxious to provide him with a wife.

For some time the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete; and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruise during their honeymoon. The husband, however, soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows upon the female, persevering in her attentions.

All were much disappointed and scandalized at the evil success of so promising a union.

At length, however, an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed with correspondent joy by the ship's company. Their pleasure was, however, of short duration, for the traitor, having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the fore-topgallant yard, as if to shew her something at sea, and set down with her on the spar, slipped his paw under her sitting part and tumbled her overboard. I never shall forget the momentary horror with which this was witnessed by all, with the exception of a French captain, then a prisoner on board, who, turning to the second lieutenant, exclaimed, "Parbleu, Monsieur, ce drole-là a beaucoup de caractère."

Another sailor monkey, who came under my cognizance, if he did not shew so much character (or, to speak better English, so much mind) as the first, was certainly a beast of infinite humor. He went to sea, accompanied

by a bear, with a relation of mine, who was captain of a small sloop of war, and who professed to take them with a view to keeping his men in good humor. I believe it was to minister to his own amusement. Probably both objects were attained.

The monkey principally extracted his fun from the bear. This beast, who was of a saturnine complexion, indulged himself much in sleeping on the sunny side of the deck. On these occasions the monkey would overhaul his paws and twitch out any hair which he found matted by tar or pitch, the suffering which to remain seemed to be a great scandal in his opinion.

At other times he would open Bruin's eyelids and peep into his eyes, as if to ascertain what he was dreaming about. The bear, irritated at such liberties being taken with his person, used to make clumsy attempts to revenge himself; but his persecutor was off in an instant. The rigging was, on these occasions, his place of refuge. Thither he was indeed followed by his enemy; but poor Bruin was but an indifferent top-man, and seldom got beyond *lubber's hole*.

The monkey, on the contrary, was famous for his activity, and for some time was entitled by the sailors, "Deputy-captain of the fore-top." He obtained this designation from a very singular practice. Having observed the excitement produced on deck by the announcement of a sail a-head, which, as well as the chase which followed, seemed to be highly agreeable to him, the fore-top became his favorite station; from whence he made his signals with great energy, chattering with a peculiar scream when any vessel was in sight, and indicating by signs in what direction it appeared.

Pug continued to volunteer his services for some time in this manner, and constantly found his reward. But at length, upon the sloop's getting on bad cruising ground, he found his employment dull, and, by way of enlivening it, amused himself with giving false alarms.

He was started for this by the boatswain's-mate, and lost his rank of deputy-captain of the fore-top. In lieu of which, moreover, he was new-named *Monk the Marine*; a denomination which he certainly knew to be opprobrious, as he resented it with grimaces, chatter, and, whenever he dared, with blows.

Though he was fond of the excitement of a chase, he was not supposed to have good nerves, and those who had seen him in action (he was, after the first experiment, always sent below) made but an ill report of his steadiness under fire.

This poor monkey came to a melancholy end. He had observed a sick lieutenant, who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gun-room, determined to imitate him. He however succeeded ill in his mixture; for he infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table, into the pot, instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed it with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This ill-imagined beverage produced the most fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and loathsome vomitings; of which he finally died.

The doctor, who was a materialist and an atheist, and a most quarrelsome fellow, (he had killed two brother officers in duels, one for only calling him Dr. Gallipot,) attended him with more care than we had expected; but the poor beast (as the purser said) was outward bound, and could not be recalled.

The surgeon pronounced that pug died of the *ilic pas-*

sion, and announced this as a reason for believing that man was but a better breed of monkey.*

To a Spirit.

From the far-off Spirit Land,
Dost thou hail?
For thy thin and shadowy hand,
And that face so meek and bland,
And so pale,
And thy voice, so faint and lone,
And its melancholy tone,
Tell the tale.

O'er those herbless plains and drear,
Do these glide—
'Mid that voiceless atmosphere,
The shadows of the dear
That have died?
Cold, cheerless and alone,
Each to each unknown,
Side by side?

'Neath that sky so low and gray,
Like a cell—
Where the changeless twilight day
Never warms the mist away,
Do they dwell?
Those funeral crowds,
With the grave-damp on their shrouds?
Spirit, tell!

Would a single shade obey,
Should I call?
Or, divested from this clay
And its passions, do they stray
'Neath that pall,
Unhearing and unseeing,
With a blank and vacant being,
Lifeless all?

Of the Past do they retain
Not a gleam?
Or doth a hope remain
They shall ever wake again
To that dream
Of Love, which o'er the wave
Of the Lethe of the grave
Casts its beam?

I care not. Com'st thou here
To command
A mortal to appear
In that world of doubt and fear,
The Spirit Land?
Of a life of pain I tire,
Thou art here at my desire—
Give thy hand!

Remorse I feel not now,
Nor shall feel;
There's no brand upon the brow
(For a brother) that I bow
To thy will:
But a self-sustaining trust
In the Merciful and Just,
Arms me still.

'Tis gone—a mournful shade,
As it came,

* From a clever *jeu d'esprit* published in the year 1825.

With its misty robe arrayed
As if smitten and dismayed,
And in shame.
What power in Mercy lies,
When an evil phantom flies
At the name!

GEORGE E. WALLIS.

A Mountain Village.

THE eastern extremity of the Taurus Mountains in Nassau, though little known to English tourists, would well repay those who might be tempted to explore it.—This part of the chain presents, in its narrow pastoral valleys, clear purling streams, and wooded heights, scenery of the utmost beauty, differing from that nearer to the Rhine in its character of sylvan solitude, and perhaps surpassing it in variety. The district here referred to might be fairly included within a triangle drawn between the towns of Wiesbaden, Frankfort, and Hamburg.

One of the most beautiful homes of this district is Eppstein, ten miles distant from Wiesbaden, and delightfully situated at the point of junction of four different valleys. "This village," says the author of *An Autumn near the Rhine*, "is one of the most wild sequestered abodes of man I ever beheld. Though almost all the mountain villages in Germany have the same feudal character in their buildings and positions, I should select Eppstein in preference, on giving the most perfect notion of the secluded fastness of a feudal baron and his vassals. Everything here carries one back to the days of chivalry.—The situation of the village, wedged in a narrow defile, between rocks and mountains, in the centre of a wild district remote from the habitations of man, and where nothing but the object of security could induce any mortal to pitch his camp—the solid walls and low portals which inclose about twenty or thirty mean houses—the massive towers and donjons of the old baronial castle, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the most accessible point of rock overhanging the village—the winding approach up the mountain half hid with brushwood—everything transports one back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and a slight stretch of imagination might people the scene with the grim figures of the Count Gedefroi, or the Count Eberhard of Eppstein and his mailed attendants, arriving under the castle turrets from an encounter with a neighboring knight. The village and its inhabitants have an air of uncivilized and primitive rudeness, which does not ill accord with the illusion."

The family of Eppstein seems nearly as old as that of Nassau: many of its members were chancellors of the empire and archbishops of Mayence. One of them crowned the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards was made Patriarch of Jerusalem. The line became extinct in the sixteenth century: several of their monuments still exist in the village church.

"The founder of the family was, of course, a hero; and the report of the neighborhood is, that a knight, named Eppo, hunting in the forest hard by, heard the sobs and lamentations of a female, whom, on penetrating into the forest, he found seated on a rock by the side of a cave, wiping away her tears with her long tresses, and pouring forth bitter lamentations. She told him she was chained there by a giant, who had slain her kindred, and carried her away from her father's castle. The giant was absent in the forest, but returned every day to sleep at noon, on the summit of the mountain. Sir Eppo vow-

ed to deliver her: and the lady entreated him to go to her castle in the neighborhood, and procure from the blind warder a magical net hanging up in the hall, which her father had brought as a booty from Palestine. The knight hastened to procure the net, and stretched it on the spot where the giant slept. The lady strewed it over with flowers—the giant lay down in it—was taken, and hurled from the summit of the rock by the knight to the valley below. of course the lady gave her hand to her deliverer. The knight built a castle on the rock, which he called Eppstein, (Eppo's rock,) and here he dwelt with his bride. To prove the truth of the story, a whale's rib, deposited over the gateway, is still pointed out as one of the giant's bones."

About three miles from Eppstein, is Königstein: the road whither lies through the pretty vale of Fischbach. The whole landscape, the hanging woods, variously tinted by autumn, the jutting rocks, the sombre sequestered recesses in the glen, and the lonely stillness which pervades the scene, sometimes remind one of some of the least wild of Salvator's romantic scenes, or of the cool and lovely valleys of Gaspar Poussin."

The Wife's Prayer.

Hear me!—Oh, hear me now!
By the red flush upon thy wasted cheek—
By the deep tracery o'er thy noble brow,
Hear me! hear with me, husband! while I speak!

I've marked thee day by day—
Thy hours are all of anxious, vague unrest—
Thine eye hath caught a stern, unwanted ray—
Thy lip hath lost all memory of its jest.

Thy wife sits pale beside—
Thy child shrieks back appaled from thine embrace—
Thy menials quail before thy mien of pride—
Thy very dog avoids thine altered face!

O! for poor Glory's wreath,
Casting from thee all tenderness and gladness;
Thou track'st a phantom on, whose fiery breath
Drieth the way founts till thou thirst to madness!

My prayer is all for thee—
My life is thine! by our remembered bliss—
By all thine hours of watchful misery—
What need hath fame to render thee for this!

If thou yet lov'st me, hear!
Now, while thy feet press onward to the goal,
Turn thee! oh! turn thee in thy stern career,
And thrust this mad AMBITION from thy soul!

MARY E. HEWITT.

The Bishop and his House-keeper.

In a city in the south of France, which we will not name at present, there lived a few years ago a bishop, a kind, amiable old man; severe to himself, indulgent to others, so good and charitable that everybody loved him. His house was a model of propriety and hospitality; it was managed by an old housekeeper, Madame Pichard. In a bachelor's establishment the supreme authority is always exercised by a lady. Madame Pichard was the very model of housekeepers, and everything went on admirably under her administration. Her only source of trouble was her husband, a drunken, quarrelsome old man, who at the time of our story, was carried off by a

dropsy produced by his excesses. A few days after his death the bishop went up to his housekeeper's apartments to pay her a visit of condolence.

"Well, my dear madam," began his lordship, "I have called to endeavor to console you in your afflictions. You must not grieve too deeply: we are all mortal you know, and sooner or later we come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage; your husband's is now ended—it would have been better if he had not spent so much of it in drinking, but still the mercy of heaven has no bounds."

"Your lordship is very good; but, to say the truth, I was not thinking of my husband at all; I will not deceive you."

This was a kind of funeral oration for which the bishop was hardly prepared, and it was with no little astonishment that he replied—

"That is not a very Christian frame of mind, I'm afraid: did you not love your husband?"

"Your lordship would not ask me that question, if you knew how I came to be married."

"You must tell me all about it," said the bishop, with the curiosity of age.

"And your lordship does not know anything about my Augustus," continued the housekeeper, in a melancholy tone.

"Your Augustus, Madam Pichard? Pray explain."

"I was born at Boulogne, if it please your lordship. At fifteen they called me the village beauty, and I suppose, when eighteen, I was not much uglier; but excuse me, Sir," said the old lady, drawing back her chair, "I am going to tell you a love-story, and I shall only tire you."

"Go on," repeated the dignitary, "we are both of us old now, and can talk about such nonsense without any danger."

"There lived in the village a young man, tall, finely formed, with blue eyes, and curling light hair; I think I can see him now; all we girls used to pull caps for him; he was what our parents called a wild young man; his name was Augustus, and we all used to call him 'handsome Gussy.' He soon singled me out, and when my father went to Paris, and my mother was out of the way, he was always at my side. When one gets to be an old woman, and has a great grown-up girl to take care of, one rails at lovers; but still that was the happiest time of my life—I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was proud of my Gussy, who was our village beau, and he soon quitted all the other girls to pay his court to me. All this sounds very strange to your lordship, no doubt. My father and mother would never have agreed to my marrying so wild a fellow as he was; they forbade him the house, but we used often to meet in secret; he would prowl around all day only to get a single look of me, and then, oh how happy and proud I was! One day, my father had gone to the city with a load, and I slipped out to try and see Augustus for a moment; we had not seen each other for a fortnight! I met him in the high-road. If your lordship knew what a delight it is to meet one's lover, when one is just eighteen, and has been parted from him a fortnight, you would comprehend what one feels; I forgot father, mother, everything. We stood under a tree by the road-side, looking into each other's eyes; we were so happy we did not even speak. A cart came along, it was my father's; he saw us, sprung out, and began to beat me for having met Augustus against his orders. I am certain that if he had attacked Augustus

himself, he would not have resisted; but the poor fellow could not bear to see me suffer, he attacked my father, and they fought desperately. My father caught up a stone, and split open Augustus' head; he on the other hand, dealt the old man such a blow that he fell senseless."

"Oh, run, run, Augustus!" said I, "if the police should catch you, you are lost!" He obeyed me, and fled, and I have never seen him since. My father soon came to, and gave me a dreadful beating. He determined to marry me off, and easily found a man to take me without any affection, in consideration of a good dower. When I was tired of being beaten every morning and night, I became Madam Pichard. I never loved my husband; he knew that my father used to beat me, and he followed his example. We wandered over the whole of France, in great want and misery for the most part, till your lordship's kindness gave us support. That is my story."

"And what became of handsome Gussy?"

"He thought he had killed my father, and left the village. He was a lad of courage; no doubt he enlisted; perhaps he is now a colonel, general, or count, who knows? unless he was killed in battle. But I cannot believe he is dead; I have been looking for him these forty years; I expect every moment to hear him knock at the door, and see him come in with his graceful figure, his mild blue eyes and waving locks."

"So, then, you suppose, my good lady, that your Gussy is just the same now as he was then?"

"So I fancy, please your lordship."

"Why, that is folly; your Augustus has grown old like other men; by this time his face must be wrinkled, his head bald and his figure bent double. If you were to see him now, you would not know him."

"Oh, that's impossible! I can't believe that he's so changed; but at any rate I should know him among a thousand. Put him in the middle of an army, and I'll lay my life I'd recognise him at the very first."

"You are mistaken, madam; you dwell in fancy on the youth of twenty, not on the old man of sixty-five; and Augustus, himself, if he was to see you, would not know you. To prove this, you have both of you lived six months in my house without either's ever suspecting that the other was—"

"What? what does your lordship mean?" asked the old woman anxiously.

"To undeceive you, Margaret—I am your Augustus." Madame Pichard sprung up from her chair, and held up both hands; she could not believe him.

"Oh dear! is your lordship 'handsome Gussy'?"

"Certainly."

"The handsomest young fellow in the village?"

"Yes, Margaret, forty-five years ago."

"Was it you that I used to meet down in our garden?"

"Alas! yes, Margaret."

"Was it you, your lordship—I mean Augustus—I mean your lordship, that my father hit with a stone?"

The dignitary took off his scull-cap, and shewed a distinct scar on his shaven crown.

"I can tell you all in a very few words. When I thought I had killed your father, I fled across the frontier. I took refuge in a convent; the good fathers gave me an education; I wanted to go back to France and claim your hand. When I heard of your marriage I determined to take orders; I abandoned the idle pursuits of my youth and devoted myself to study and prayer. I returned to France; I preached thirty years, when I was nominated

to the see I now occupy. You must stay with me, Margaret; we are both of us so old and so changed now that there is no danger in the remembrance of the past. You see now that your fancy was fed by mere illusion, the object of your first love was before your eyes, yet you did not know him, nor he you. Nothing is lasting in this world, my child; all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Madame Pichard continued to be the very model of a careful housekeeper. The servants stood in awe of her, and believed that she was crazy, for they often heard her mutter to herself when she thought she was alone.—

"Oh dear! his lordship my handsome Gussy—oh dear! oh dear!"

Critical Notices.

THE editor's temporary absence from the city, will account to our publishing friends for present neglect of several new works. These will be attended to on his return.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. VIII. Big Abel and The Little Manhattan. By Cornelius Mathews.

In our notice of this work, a week or two since, we promised a quotation, by way of instancing the author's very peculiar style and tone. We proceed now to redeem our word, by copying some passages from the episode, or rather interlude, of the Poor Scholar and his Mistress. These passages are, perhaps, as idiosyncratic as any in the volume:

Turning, at a bend, they found, in the heart of the beed itself, the very thing they looked for, a little garden or house of refreshment. Not much of a garden; a slip of the size of a handkerchief; green, too; and a fountain (something very small in the way of a fountain); and bowers, ever so many of them, at least three in number. And here, while they were getting served by a nice mistress of the place, as busy in all her motions as though she had opened that morning, and heard a couple of hundred calling her all at once, with cream, and cakes, and fruit (Lankey's part was fruit alone), there drew nearer to a bower; it was the centre, and pride of the garden that was waiting for them; two young persons, one of them very pale, the other all a-glow.

Was ever a Poor Scholar's mistress in such spirits before! And then the way in which she took possession of the bower; if the green chair had been of solid gold she could not have treated it more grandly. Three raps of the knuckles, and there was a banquet—not much of a one, to be sure—but what of that! William had something to say, that was clear; but such spirits as Mary's—why the stoutest man living would have quailed before them, much less a poor scholar.

"The Book's to be printed, Will! I believe you admit that at last!"

"To be sure it is—they've accepted it."

"A happy time of it for the printers, now! turning all your gentle fancies out upon the page; making your mirth laugh, your sorrow weep; your little men and women grow again in light, and take a shape to every human eye, all the wide world over!—Oh what dreams they'll have the first night. They'll not sleep a wink, I fear, wish all your magic over!"

Foolish Mary!

"And then the binder's girls, who have the folding of them daintily! Many a clipping of wages will they lose this very week, lingering, as they should not, naughtily about that wicked Book!"

Mary, too fanciful by half.

"Tuesday, now! By Friday, at the latest, that little bright-eyed, clean-apparelled gentleman (your Book, I mean, Will) must come down stairs, and begin to see company! Oh for the first look at his sweet and cheerful face!"

In the young Scholars heart that was settled long ago.

"The show-bills, now! All over town, speaking up, with fresh, clean looks! Coaxing every one to stop and read! Every one to hurry in and buy! and then away to taste the dainty to his core!"

Was there ever such a foolish, thoughtless mistress to a Poor Scholar, all the world over!

She stopped and looked at Will as though she saw a Blessed Spirit, stepped out from the sun, and not a mortal man. But he was very pale, and still had something to say, and now could say it.

"You forget Germany, Mary!" That was what he had to say.

No; she didn't. She recollected it perfectly well; it was in all the maps, upon the globes, and hung up in the windows—But in this connection she didn't recollect it, she confessed. What was Germany to this!

She hadn't heard of a famous Rendering or Translation out of that country, that was talked about, a mighty book, with such a power of chains, by way of binding up and riveting the reader; such a thrilling, enchanting, wonderful and miraculous book! Strange, she hadn't heard of that! That was the Book!

What, to come betwixt this Book of William's and the light of day!

William was pale, I said, and Mary now, too. Had those men who played these changeable tricks stood there, or sat within that bower, they must have been torn piece-meal, limb by limb, by little angry devils, leaping out of Mary's eyes, a score at once, and many more!

When they had gone forth, Big Abel and Lankey (how Poor William and his mistress got away, heaven, whence it came from, knows!), the shower was deepening, and they made quickly for a house not far away. And there it was. That little, tidy, shining palace of brick; palace it is in all the spirit within; sitting by itself; in cleanliness and purity, and through all the falling rain eyeing calmly all passers-by with his little winking knob and bell-pull.

At home! The ladies of this mansion are always at home, and have been any time these fifty years—A snug parlor, everything tidy, everything in a high state of polish, everything demure and settled calmly in his place. The plaster-rabbits on the mantel, not zoologically perfect, inasmuch as the necks are movable, and have no visible appurtenance to the bodies; and yet, to the mind, all that could be reasonably expected of rabbits under such circumstances. A little door is slid open, and out of a back room a nice, comfortable, smiling body—Seventy! Yes; this was the youngest of the two maiden sisters, Big Abel's friends, living here. Pretty good for Seventy! Cheerful, quick of speech and gait, and cordial, too, as the days of heavy June are long. Another appearance out of the back room—Eighty! Not so tall, nor quite so stout, but more cheerful, quicker of motion, decidedly more cordial. There was a great shaking of hands, I tell you, there! No difference made between fair-looking Abel and the swarthy Lankey—not the least! Talk! Plenty of it; and after that there came, out of the back room, too, a little square table, which was suddenly clothed (by Eighty) with a snowy cloth, and put in possession (by Seventy) of a little family of cups and saucers, then of a dainty pile of toast, then of a cold ham, then of a steaming pot, and the little table was set up in the world, and ready to do business.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XXVI. Selections from the Works of Taylor, Latimer, Hall, Milton, Barrow, South, Brown, Fuller and Bacon. By Basil Montagu, Esq., M.A. First American from the Fifth London Edition.

This is a book we may safely take on our faith in the good taste and discretion of the American editor. He has been a diligent laborer in the vineyard of old English Literature for many years; and we have no doubt he has a sincere pleasure in seeing the public coming round to the manlier standard of the earlier writers.—These selections, we need scarcely say, are well made.

They are from the picked greatness of English prose; the bounty, the vigor, the spirit and breadth of the old giant-race of authors, who were men and wrote for men. They have no fear, but a full faith in the generous fecundity of nature, and teem on every hand with expression and truth and life. The passages from the modern Edward Irving, given in the notes (which are to the purpose, and copious) are in a like temper, and abide the comparison without loss of credit to the eccentric divine.

At some other day, when our pages are less crowded, it will give us pleasure to spread some of these choice selections before our readers—if they are not before us by a resort to the publishers, and a mastery of the whole feast in advance of our grudging convenience.

Praise and Principle; or For What Shall I live. By the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

If we say that this book is evidently written by a sensible, discreet, judicious woman, we indicate all its best properties as well as though we dwelt on it through a dozen pages. The style is clear and simple, the sentiments excellent and proper, and the narrative gracefully conducted to the end.

It indicates in various passages a greater knowledge of life, in its actual, out-of-door struggles, than generally falls to those who can write with such lady-like propriety and refinement. We have been particularly impressed by the naturalness and good judgment with which her school-boy scenes are managed: they are in an excellent tone, and denote in the writer quick sympathies and an observant eye. The nice taste of the authoress is shown, as might be expected, even in the selection of her mottoes: they are obviously of her own choosing. The book is, in a word, of a kind we are glad to see: we hope it will not only be—it has already been to no inconsiderable degree—a source of honor to its fair writer, but may be such in all its results as to prompt and encourage her to further undertakings of the same kind. Constant purchasers as such books are likely to command, and a few copy-rights like this, well deposited in the hands of liberal publishers, should be an estate for the gentle wome.

Littell's Living Age. No 73.

Mr. Littell is the compiler of a valuable miscellany published in Boston, of generally liberal sympathies, but has not entirely escaped provincial preferences. This is shown by the apparent eagerness with which unfriendly notices of writers without New England are spread upon his pages from the English journals. A singular example of this occurs in the present number, where an unfavorable notice of a New-York author is picked out of many favorable ones, and a favorable notice of a New England historian is picked out of many unfavorable ones.

Wiley & Putnam's "Foreign Library."

A Prospectus has been issued of this new undertaking, which has grown out of the popular series of books in "The Library of Choice Reading," with an eye to a convenient division of the volumes for the Library. The Foreign Library will be published uniformly with the other, with equal attention to the beauty of the typography, and the excellence of the editions, and at equally low rates. By the publishers' announcement it will include the leading classic works of the Foreign languages, both ancient and modern—the latter being a new and im-

portant feature of the undertaking—with such works of miscellaneous literature as may be worthy a permanent place in the Library. The historical works of Schiller are announced, Goethe's *Wilhelmmeister*, Mitchell's Translation of *Aristophanes*, &c. The first numbers will be *Bensenerto Cellini's Memoirs*, the full and elaborately illustrated edition of *Roscoe*; a valuable and delightful work, for its historical and personal interest, which *Horace Walpole* pronounced "more amusing than any novel, and of which a complete translation is included in the works of Goethe. We shall have more to say of the plan and the books hereafter.

The Fine Arts.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. C. Edwards Lester, for permission to extract some passages, this week, from his forthcoming work, "The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman." The quotation will speak for itself:—the words are those of Powers.

I have endeavored in these two statues to avoid anything that could either by form or import offend the purest mind; and to accomplish my design better, I have left out any expression in either of them of a consciousness of their nudity. In the Eve this is inferred of course—"for they were naked and were not ashamed"—indeed, they knew not that they were naked. But in the Slave, as it is a subject of our own times, we could not suppose this under ordinary circumstances—but there are circumstances under which it might be supposed, and I selected a subject that would justify this.

The Slave has been taken from one of the Greek Islands by the Turks, in the time of the Greek Revolution; the history of which is familiar to all. Her father and mother, and perhaps all her kindred, have been destroyed by her foes, and she alone preserved as a treasure too valuable to be thrown away. She is now among barbarian strangers, under the pressure of a full recollection of the calamitous events which have brought her to her present state; and she stands exposed to the gaze of the people she abhors, and awaits her fate with intense anxiety, tempered indeed by the support of her reliance upon the goodness of God. Gather all these afflictions together, and add to them the fortitude and resignation of a Christian, and no room will be left for shame. Such are the circumstances under which the Greek Slave is supposed to stand.

Every one remembers having listened to the sound of the seashell, when we hear what the poets call "the murmur of the sea." But it is not so generally known that the shell is supposed to give warning of the approach of a storm. I had an impression this superstition was confined to America; but many of my visitors have told me it is general throughout the world. Everybody knows the cause of the sound we hear in the shell, which is a species of ear trumpet, that magnifies feeble sounds to such a degree, that they become much more audible, and are echoed from the large end of the trumpet, provided the small end be shut, so strangely, and in such a peculiar manner as to resemble, by the aid of the fancy, the roar of the waves of the sea. There have been several beautiful pieces written on this; particularly by *Dryden* and *Wordsworth*; but none have alluded to the shell as an oracle of the weather. To represent this peculiar superstition (if indeed it be all superstition), I have made a small statue of a boy of a light and delicate form, and an innocent expression, holding a shell to his ear with his left hand, while with the right he supports a net and the tiller of his boat. He is standing upon the sand, and near his feet are some small shells and sea-weed, to denote the margin of the ocean.

This figure is a kind of *Appollo*, but the character is modern; for I hold that artists should do honor to their own times and their own religion, instead of going back to mythology to illustrate, for the thousandth time, the incongruous absurdities and inconsistencies of idolatrous times, especially as our times and our

religion are full of subjects equal in beauty, and all the qualities necessary to a full development of art. Why cling to a Jupiter, when our Saviour affords us a greater than parallel subject?—Why a Hercules, while we have a Samson? Why an Apollo, while we have a Moses who is peculiar, and, with the exception of a Jupiter, more noble than them all? Then with the other set mythology affords no Eve, no Miriam, no Virgin Mary, no Magdalen, no Rebecca, no Jephtha's daughter, no Angels, no Michael, no Gabriel, no Ishuriel; and I might mention a hundred other characters equally adapted to sculptural and pictorial representations.

I do not cite these as parallel subjects exactly, but as themes which may afford as fine opportunities for the display of human genius in art, as the ancients had in old time; and I believe in very many respects they are calculated to draw out a finer moral feeling, and, consequently, a loftier sentiment and a more exalted genius. This is a consideration not too commonly advanced, or entertained; but it should not be forgotten, that art rises in its perfection just in proportion to the purity and moral majesty of the subject of which the artist treats. Many a great artist has attempted a lewd theme, but he never made a great work; and there are no remains of ancient or modern art, I am bold to say, that bear with them any clear indication of lofty genius, which shock, to any considerable degree, the loftier and purer feelings. God, in His cunning wisdom, has wrought deep into the constitution of all things the great law, that sublimity and excellence of every kind are in a more or less intimate relation with purity. If you find anything beautiful, very beautiful, you are just as sure to find something pure. This is illustrated strikingly in those remains of ancient art, which have so long attracted the gaze, and excited the admiration of mankind.

In the Laocoon, which sends the cold shudder through one, years after he saw it first; in the stately and superb group of Niobe and her children, which awakens every generous and lofty emotion of the human soul; in the head of Brutus, which carries you back to the streets of Rome before her Caesars; and in

"That bending statue which delights the world,"

where the chisel of Cleomenes has transmitted to all coming times the perfection of ideal beauty;—in all these great gems of antiquity, where Greece and Rome have exhausted their genius, and been contending for the palm of sculpture for two thousand years—there is loftiness, there is sublimity, there is the perfection of beauty. And why is it so? Why have they lived and been transmitted from age to age and why shall they be transmitted to future ages for ever?—*They are pure!*

I believe that we may, under the guidance of this principle, surpass the ancients in art, as far as the religion of the fishermen of Galilee surpasses the filthy dreams of their mythology. I well know we may fail to do it, too; and I am persuaded we shall fail, until we abandon their subjects, and a wretched servile imitation of their works.

But a step further. I have seen either the originals or good casts of nearly all the celebrated representations of our Saviour; and, with a few exceptions, they portray the humility, meekness and benevolence that are supposed to have been peculiar to him; but in none of these, if I except the Ivory Christ of yours—cut by an uneducated monk at Genoa, have I ever seen that expression of mind, elevated of divine gracefulness which must have been just as peculiar to his wonderful character. It would be enough for us to know that he were the Prince of Peace to know the one, and it is enough for us to know that he is the Son of God to convince us of the second. When we read the New Testament we are guided to a conclusion in which we cannot be mistaken; and I have always felt that Milton was the only Christian of modern writers who has drawn the person and the character of the Son of God with just conceptions of his intellect, his majesty and his grandeur, as we find it drawn by the simple but inspired pens of the apostles.

Perhaps the statue of Christ by Thorwaldsen embodies more of this conception than anything ever executed in marble. That great man seldom made a failure; and he has gone over almost the whole empire of sculpture. There is a very touching incident connected with his Christ. He first made the disciples and sold them to his Government at Copenhagen. He then executed for

them his Christ, and presented it to them "without money and without price" to complete the group.

Some have said, and others no doubt will affirm that a grand masculine character is inconsistent with the mildness and benevolence of the Saviour; but I do not think so. As a proof that all these characteristics may be written in one individual, I need only mention the bust of Washington by Houdon—where we see not only the highest degree of goodness and benevolence, but all the elements of the most grand and lofty character. I have heard foreigners declare, while gazing on this bust, that he was not only the best of men, but the wisest and most majestic of all human beings. His bust expresses the fulness of his character. There is no head among all the ancients so grand and noble; and while looking at it, I have often questioned myself after the following manner: if I wanted counsel, he is the man I would go to; if I wanted one to defend me, here is one with the courage and the prudence to do it; a confidant, who so trustworthy; a friend, who so constant? But there are certain qualities not to be found there. He was a practical man, and not a poet. I should never expect rhetorical eloquence from such a man, nor low wit, nor anything in the way of small talk.

I do not cite the bust of Washington for a parallel in a similar work of our Saviour; but as a simple illustration of the remark that the milder and the sterner qualities of humanity may be all expressed with the same person.

Musical Department.

GRAND ORATORIO AT THE TABERNACLE.—Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Dr. Loewe's *Seven Sleepers*, were performed at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. George Loder. The vast building was more crowded upon this occasion than we ever remember to have seen it; there could not have been less than three thousand people present. This fact proves triumphantly that the name of any Society has but little to do with attracting people; good performances given under the direction of a competent person, and upon a scale of respectable magnitude, will never fail to ensure a large share of public patronage. The small amount of concerts of choral kind given in this city, during the few past years, has caused us both surprise and regret. There is such a vast field for entertainments of this kind, such an endless quantity of fine choral works, both ancient and modern, and so strong a feeling in favor of this class of music among the body of the people, that it becomes a matter of surprise that but one choral Society should exist in this great city. We could, however, give the key to this mystery, but we will leave it for some future occasion. We cannot however leave this portion of our subject, without congratulating our readers and the public generally, upon the establishment of this large body of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Loder, for we have already seen the good fruits which spring from it. Mr. Meiggs, the projector of the concerts, deserves our thanks for his enterprising spirit, and the public an equal share for their discrimination in supporting him so liberally. May they continue to work together, to their mutual satisfaction.

Beethoven's great work, the *Mount of Olives*, forms a striking instance of the combination of the sublime and the beautiful. Several of the solos are exquisite in their melody, of a chaste, passionate and pathetic character, interspersed with passages of great beauty; while the choruses are distinguished for their singularly dramatic qualities. The last chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father," in grandeur and sublimity of thought and expression, not even Handel, in his moments

of highest inspiration, could hardly equal—certainly not excel. What can be more vividly descriptive than the chorus of "Roman Soldiers," "He came towards this Mountain," and the following one in which the Disciples are supposed to join in with the Soldiers, who cry, "Here, seize him—we have found him who dares himself to call the Mighty King of Israel!" While the Disciples murmur out fearfully, "The Soldiers seek our Master: what dreadful fate awaits Him surrounded by His foes." Nothing can exceed these compositions in vigor of thought, boldness of design, and artistical effect by powerful contrast.

How entirely truthful is the trio, "My soul with rage and fury for just revenge o'erflows." This is a bold and impetuous movement, indicating the feelings of the fiery Disciple, who would strive to avert his Master's fate, by force of arms. He is answered by this mild reply, "No, thou shalt do no murder! the lesson of meek patience taught by the Son of God, is love and peace on earth, good will to man." The great beauty of this movement can only be imagined, by getting the words deeply engraven on the heart, and then thinking them in music. Altogether the trio is a masterly work, and reminds us, in its situation and design, of that exquisite trio, "The flocks shall leave the Mountain," in Handel's charming *Seranata*, *acis Galatea*.

The next point of beauty that we arrive at in this composition—and it is its crowning beauty—is the instrumentation. It is in this that Beethoven rises above all his competitors, if we except Mendelssohn Bartholdy; for as an instrumentalist he will, we believe, ever stand pre-eminent. To attempt to describe instrumentation, would be to strive to do that which cannot be done, but thus far we can say that the only instrumentation that rises to an art, is that which carries out the thought—not a mere accompaniment, subservient to the voice, but an integral portion of the idea, which without it would be but the bare outline. The instrumentation is the coloring of the tone-picture—forms its lights and shadows, and imparts its grand effects. Of such a sort is the partition of the *Mount of Olives*, and without doubt it is the highest of its class. After our definition of instrumentation as an art, and the position we have awarded to that of the *Mount of Olives*, to say more upon the subject would be useless.

We regret that we cannot award much praise to the solo singers. The music is too difficult for Mrs. Strong, and also for Mr. Pearson. There is a hardness about Mrs. Strong's style, a want of delicate finish, and a coldness of manner, which renders her execution of such music, in a measure painful to hear. She has one peculiarity totally at variance with the style of Sacred Music:—we allude to her *staccato* method of execution. Even the simple turn (which by the way she uses most lavishly and not in the best taste) even the simple turn, we say, she sings *staccato*, and every note of every cadence is as distinctly articulated as it would be in a marked passage for a flute where every note is tongued. Mrs. Strong requires more *portamenti* in her singing, which if acquired would produce a fine effect with her beautiful voice.

Mr. Pearson sang his music very correctly, but it ranges too high for his compass of voice. He also wants finish; he has a method of drawing out his notes, and a bad habit of broad pronunciation, which produce a style smacking much of the country psalm-singing. These defects could be remedied by a strong infusion of vigor and careful study for a purer intonation. We should be de-

lighted to find our suggestions acted upon, for Mr. Pearson has been gifted by nature with a voice which properly trained would be a fortune to him.

Mr. S. Pearson had not much to do, but what he did he did respectably. Of the chorus we cannot speak too highly. Never have we heard in this city so large a body of choristers so admirably well trained. To use a homely expression, everything went like clock-work.—There was no hesitation, no wavering, from the beginning to the end of the performance, including both Oratorios. The choruses we have mentioned in the *Mount of Olives* were executed in a masterly manner, not only as regards precision and force, but in sentiment and effect. They were subdued to a whisper—they rose to the *crescendo*, and overwhelmed our ears upon the *fortissimo*. Upon no occasion were the fugues in the *Seven Sleepers* so clearly developed; hitherto a certain degree of confusion was evident—the points did not come out distinctly—but on this occasion every opposing point was made out with remarkable fidelity and force. The Alto voices told out admirably, the Second Trebles were capital, and the Basses were remarkably prompt and efficient; nor were the other voices deficient in excellence, although we must remark that the Tenors were, for a short time, sadly out of tune (flat) in the first chorus in the second act of the *Seven Sleepers*.

The band was better controlled than upon any other vocal concert ever given in this city. The accompaniments to the *Mount of Olives*, require the most delicate execution, and excessive promptness, to render them effective, and so admirably did the band perform on this occasion, that it appeared to every one the prominent beauty of the Oratorio. The Violins were excellent; also the wind instruments, particularly the Flutes and Fagotti. Indeed it is invidious to point out any portion for particular praise, so admirable was the whole.

The Oratorio of the *Seven Sleepers* has been so fully discussed during the last two weeks, that any remarks upon its merits on this occasion would be out of date. We will say however, that being better understood it was better appreciated and that it evidently gains favor with the public on each performance.

Mrs. Strong and Mrs. S. Pearson acquitted themselves better in this than in the previous Oratorio. Mrs. E. Loder by her chaste and classical style, pure intonation, and emphatic enunciation, won the approbation of the large assembly in the part of Malchus the youngest of the *Seven Brothers*. Miss De Luce displayed her fine voice to great advantage, and the other solo performers acquitted themselves very creditably.

Mr. H. C. Timm displayed his usual skill at the organ, bringing it in most judiciously to enforce the *fortes* and to strengthen the Bass in the Organ points.

Mr. George Loder has added still more to his already extensive, and well earned reputation. He has all the qualities necessary for a conductor, energy, firmness, appreciation, refined taste and knowledge, and to all these qualifications he adds experience to direct them all. We congratulate him upon his successful performance.

Mr. Loder announced from the Orchestra that early in November, Mendelssohn's magnificent Oratorio of St. Paul, would be produced under his direction. We are glad of this for it is the greatest Sacred Composition of modern days.

Items.

WORCESTER'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY.—Having occasion to visit this establishment a few weeks since, our ears were assailed, on every side, by the "busy note of preparation" for the autumn campaign. We saw around us a very large number of instruments in every stage of advancement, besides a formidable array finished and ready to be sent from the factory. We tried and examined many of the finished instruments, and feel much pleasure in recommending them cordially to our friends and the public. The seven octave pianos pleased us the most; they are brilliant, full toned, and substantial instruments, and would wear out a half a dozen of the more popular, but less carefully made pianos, the interior being considered of more consequence than the exterior by Mr. Worcester; although the exteriors are all carefully and elegantly finished.

We trust that our professional friends and the purchasing public will call upon Mr. Worcester, at his factory, 139 Third Avenue, corner of Fourteenth street, and judge for themselves of his instruments.

THE BELL RINGERS, under the direction of Mr. Corbyn, have been literally coining money the past week in New-York, Boston and other places. They are at present in this city, and all who have not heard them, would do well to visit them this week, as they start *en route* for Mexico in a few days, and will not return probably for two years.

Wherever they go, we wish them success, for they in every way merit it, and our good wishes extend most cordially to their worthy director, Mr. Corbyn.

THE CHENEY FAMILY gave a concert on Monday last. We arrived too late to hear them, but we have been told that their performance was excellent. They should be encouraged.

WE ARE unable to notice Mr. Templeton's performance this week, in consequence of the early hour at which we go to press; but we will do him ample justice in our next.

TRINITY CHURCH ORGAN.—The beautiful engraving of this splendid instrument, which we promised our readers last week, will be delivered with our present number.—We must apologise for the delay, which was caused by an accident which could not be avoided in time for publication.

A few fine impressions of this remarkable instrument, on extra sized paper, are on sale at the office, 135 Nassau street, price 124 cents, including the paper which contains the description.

WE HAVE received numbers 1 and 2 of a new periodical called the *Boston Musical Review*, edited by G. W. Peck, Esq., and published by L. H. Bridgeman, 6 Water Street Boston. It is published every two weeks; contains one sheet of twenty-four duodecimo pages; price three dollars a year in advance. Musical periodicals, conducted with a view to the encouragement and improvement of the science, are much needed, and when profound worthy should be liberally encouraged by the profession, by amateurs, and by all lovers of the Art. The numbers of the *Boston Musical Review* before us, contain some interesting articles, and some articles which had better been omitted. The essays on Musical expression contain some very clever writing, and display

fair appreciation of the subject, but we confess we have very little faith in the influence of Musical essays. The style in the first place is happily exploded, and in the next place the taste of those who read periodicals devoted to Music, is opposed to such a dry mode of conveying information, and tends to that style which discourses of passing events and things of present interest. The essay style may please six out of every thousand readers but those who would do good to any science must write for the mass and not for the few.

With regard to its character as a science, we can scarcely at present form an opinion, though from what we have as yet seen we should think the 'Reviews' will prove to be notices by no means critical. We shall, however, be glad to know that the work succeeds, for every help that is given to the cause of Music should be welcomed cordially.

NEW-YORK MUSICAL CONVENTION.—We were in error in stating last week that this Convention was got up chiefly for the sale of Boston books. We were, however, only to a certain extent in error; if New-York be substituted for Boston, the sentence would contain the fact. Patent Music Books, of all descriptions, were crowded into every pew in the Tabernacle, and printed circulars descriptive of the extraordinary merits of each of them, were scattered everywhere about. We cannot for a moment doubt that if these works were properly appreciated, every man, woman and child would be accomplished musicians in less than no time.

We had determined to report fully the proceedings of this Convention; but on attending its sittings, we found it to be, as we expected, nothing more nor less than a solemn humbug. We were surprised that such a farce could be enacted in the city of New-York, but we were pleased to find that no musician of eminence was present to sanction such a mockery. It is true that Dr. Hodges and Mr. Hill were present; but Dr. Hodges merely addressed the meeting, and the members of the Convention will not readily forget the caustic severity of that address. The patent-book men must have felt especially small.

Well, this Convention met and propounded a list of questions for discussion, so trivial in themselves that they threw into the shade the sensibilities evolved in the arguments pro and con. We will not trouble our readers with the eighteen questions before the Convention, but we copy a clever satire, in which the questions will be discovered; and we assure our readers that it contains more common sense than was uttered during the sitting of this remarkable Convention:

1. Resolved, That the obstacles to the advancement of Sacred Music are so formidable that the least said at present about them the better.
2. That there are many practical benefits from oratorical singing to psalmody, but as all persons have not musical ears, there is no use in specifying them now.
3. That musical instruments may be of great use in religious edification—the tambour, triangles, sackbut, dulcimer, and big drum particularly.
4. That good musical performances to a certain extent depend on the ability to read music at sight; but that it is not judicious to define that extent just now, nor just to omit saying that those who can read without their sight are to be accounted as among the most skillful.
5. That the cultivation of secular music conduces to the advancement of sacred music, just as far as it is kept secret, and its utility is in the inverse ratio to its prevalence.
6. That some of the best ways of sustaining competent teachers in our churches are to allow them their own way entirely in the

tuition of classes—females especially—to give them good pay, and not allow them to chew honey dew, or drink gin slings, or Gough cordials, those beverages tending to injure the voice, and promote all manner of disoords.

7. That churches should hold themselves, and be held by others, as responsible for the maintenance of their sacred music, according to the French proverb, "*aide-toi et le ciel t'aidera.*"

8. That, popularly considered, the best means for diffusing musical knowledge, is to persuade all persons who have the capacity to learn music, to develop the organs of time and tune, and issue testimonials, and give small premiums to those who excel in whistling, singing, or cleverly attempting to do either.

9. That the principal advantage derivable from quartette choirs is best known to those who have experienced it.

10. That churches are benefited by religious music, as far as they themselves, as well as the music, are religious; which means, of course, the opposite of profane; and that if this does not always hold good, it is owing to some fault in the instrument, the voice, or faith of the performer.

11. That the most excellent kind of melody is the melody of the heart; therefore, to effect this organ ought always to be a primary object of the singer or player, and that, in order to do this, it would be wise to write all semibreves, minims, crotchets, quavers, &c., heart-strapped instead of globular.

12. That good musical taste is one thing, and religious influence another; therefore, as they are distinct, separate, but friendly objects, they cannot in any shape or form conflict with each other.

13. That the propriety of giving public concerts of sacred music in a great measure depends on the popularity of the practice, the cash receipts derivable from them, and the degree in which musical professors acquire reputation and emolument by the practice.

14. That the best mode of teaching religious music is for every person to learn it himself, but to be sure and pay the professor who lives by it.

The number of people present at the meetings during the "Musical Week," might amount to (spectators included) some eighty or ninety. The Convention threaten the city with another meeting in the ensuing year.

The Drama.

MR. MURDOCH.—Our readers will recollect the commendation bestowed by us on certain Shakespearian recitations at the Society Library in the spring of the present year. There were not a few persons of discrimination and taste who discerned in their deliverer, Mr. MURDOCH, the elements and capabilities of a first rate performer. Their faith will be dashed or confirmed by the results of next Tuesday evening, at the Park. Mr. MURDOCH on that occasion presents himself in *Hamlet*, and will contend for a position among the tragic actors of the day. In our judgment, while allowance being made for difference of years and opportunity, he will fall behind the greater names of his art, he will triumphantly overleap many performers who have borne the palm and made conquest of popular support.

We do not name names, but we shall be glad to see our AMERICAN taking the field against all comers: we are satisfied, from what we know and have seen of the man, that he will acquit himself honorably. He appears at a period when the public are, so to speak, in expectation: the tide has at length turned in favor of home talent, and they are ready to welcome any one who may justify their national hope. Nationality at length steps forward to plant its standard in Literature, in Art, and on the Stage. Mr. MURDOCH is destined to be one of its best and most resolute supporters. He comes at a time when he is needed. It is a long day since the American stage has presented to the public a native-born performer, whom

they could receive and adopt. Unless all augury derived from youth, person, voice, discipline and experience prove false, he is destined to become not only their child, but their favorite, and it will give us great pleasure to see him measured not only by the side of competitors, heretofore, from abroad, but keeping the field against all new-comers. We look for the prosperity of the drama here, at home. The hope of the drama is as great—greater according to our notion—here in New-York and in America than anywhere on the face of the globe; and we venture to predict that a school of dramatic writing, and a succession of performers, eminently national, having the color of the climate and the heart of the people in them, will ere long appear.

We look toward the drama, therefore, as a form in which the national spirit shall early show itself, with great anxiety. We are determined to watch its promise, and to give it every aid in our power. It is on this account that we dwell on this first appearance of Mr. MURDOCH; and in his reception we expect to be furnished with an evidence and confirmation of our hopes. He presents such claims, and has every circumstance that can attract and interest the public in his favor, so clearly on his side, that we are sure we cannot be mistaken in predicting a reception in every way flattering to him, and honorable to American feeling and pride of country.

Editorial Miscellany.

If ANY inference may be drawn from the constant issues of the press, poetry is ascending in America to a popular level. We have every week occasion to notice some new publication of this kind, on good paper, well bound, and altogether elegantly set forth. We have had or are to have within a very short time a sample from almost every one of the better known female writers of the country. Messrs Wiley & Putnam are about to incorporate poetical writings in their Library of American Books. Paine & Burgess, the new and spirited publishers in John Street, are issuing a Miniature Edition of American Poets, in handsome style. Mr. Redfield has lately published a neat volume. Clarke & Austin are busy in the same direction—so that the opinion we have long entertained that poetry was destined to lift its fair front, next, in America, in new and attractive forms, will not be defeated by the absence of popular sympathy or a want of a disposition on the part of our publishers to further its approaches towards the public.

WE HAVE called attention under the Dramatic head, to the appearance of Mr. MURDOCH at the Park Theatre, next week. To that occasion we again invite the attention of our readers. The Drama is destined, we believe, to acquire a consequence in this country greater than it has enjoyed among any people since the ancient Grecians. We see on every side of us many indications of such a result. We are not sure but that the first form in which our Literature is to triumphantly vindicate itself will be in that of dramatic writing. There will be and has been exceptions, in single productions in other departments: But we are not sure that the first school to rise will not be the dramatic. In the founding of such a school, good actors are as greatly needed as great writers; and it is on this account that we hope that every genuine American and well-wisher to the hopes of the country, will sustain trials and attempts like this of Mr. MURDOCH.

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These Harps are patronized by the elite of musical taste and professional talent in Europe; among the latter, he would mention N. C. Boscha, who invariably selects from this establishment.

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January, 1845.

I am yours, CHARLES THIBAUT, No. 40 Beach St., N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I write to express the delight I experienced in performing on one of your Harps at Sig. Casella's Concert in this city.—The mechanism is perfect, and the quality of Tone certainly superior to any harp I have heard for many years. I remember my old Master, Boscha, always gave the preference to your Harps, indeed he himself used no other. Yours, most truly, H. G. TRUST.

Philadelphia, March 4th, 1844.

MR. J. F. BROWNE, SIR:—I have much pleasure in saying, that the Harp of your make I performed on at the St. George's Society Concert, is, in brilliancy of tone, touch, and elegance of workmanship, the finest I ever played on. This will apply to all your Harps. The grand six and a half Gothic Double action, is a most splendid instrument. Yours, with respect, ELIZABETH SLOMAN.

New York, January 16th, 1845.

A pupil of N. C. Boscha.

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January 12th, 1845.

Yours Truly, HENRY HORN.

An eminent professor, and Member of the Royal Academy.

These are but a very small part of the testimonials received, but will suffice to show the estimate of persons every way capable of making a correct decision. J. F. Browne has also received the Franklin Medal of the Society of Arts, Philadelphia, for his splendid improvements in this delightful Instrument.

Harps from 300 to 1000 dollars. Harps repaired, strings, &c.

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N. B. All of the above will be sent by One Dollar in any person ordering them U. S. & Postmasters, who are by law authorized to remit money to publishers. Any Postmaster neglecting the above shall be prosecuted with either novel he may order.

ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

HERMANN S. PARONI, Professor of Music, 116 Leonard Street, New York, teaches the Piano Forte, with a variety of Italian's celebrated Attachments.

PIANO-FORTES—H. WORCESTER, NO. 12 THIRD AVENUE, Corner of 14th Street, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has a good assortment of Piano Fortes, in French and Making any cases, from 6 to 7 octaves. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

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Instruments made with the most recent improvements, such as Iron Frames, &c., with a compass of 6 and 7 octaves. They are made from choice materials and highly finished, with the most skillful workman like, the result of 25 years experience in the business.

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