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Sonnet.

ON SEEING THE IVORY STATUE OF CHRIST.

The enthusiast brooding in his cell apart
O'er the sad image of the Crucified,
The drooping head, closed lips and pierced side,
A holy vision fills his raptured heart;
With heavenly power inspired, his unskilled arm
Shapes the rude block to this transcendant form.
Oh Son of God! thus, ever thus, would I
Dwell on the loveliness enshrined in Thee,
The lofty faith, the sweet humility,
The boundless love, the love that could not die.
And as the sculptor with thy glory warm
Gives to this chiselled ivory thy fair form,
So would my spirit in thy Thought divine
Grow to a semblance, fair as this of Thine.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

A New Mode of Collecting a Library.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* has received a severe rebuke from the city press, during the last week, for some peculiarities in its general conduct, and especially for the spirit and letter of an article in the last number, upon MR. MATHEWS. The inquiry has arisen in many quarters, what has Mr. Mathews done to subject himself to this extraordinary annoyance and detraction? Of what literary or social offences has he been guilty, that he should be pilloried in the small print and pelted with the pleasant missives of the "Editor's Table?" Better dine with Duke Humphrey than sit down to the scraps and cheeseparings of such a *table*. "What is this?" says an old gentleman, a merchant, a subscriber to the Knickerbocker Magazine. "John, get me a copy of BIG ABEL. I must look into it; always my practice. There's that fellow, Pipkins, comes to my store, passes the best hour of the day in abusing Jenkins, drones over cotton, sighs at real estate, shudders at stocks. Memorandum: Make it a rule, when he is gone out to give Jenkins unlimited credit, buy up cotton, hold on to real estate, and invest in Wall street. So much advice is never gratuitous; goes by contraries. Always make it a rule to buy the books upon which the most malice is expended. Malice is too valuable a quality to throw away upon mere emptiness. Never knew it to fail. In consequence have got one of the best libraries in town. Vastly indebted to the Knickerbocker in this respect. Remember reading once in the small type, something to the effect that Coleridge was a bore—stole all his ideas, and didn't understand himself after all. Became the purchaser of a copy of Coleridge's Works. Submitted to six months intellectual discipline, and passed the wisest hours of my life. Very great difference between Coleridge and Clark. Impossible to measure the ocean with a thimble. In the same way saw John Neal called "crazy Neal." Had never paid much attention to American Literature. Was induced to look for his works. Found them out of print. Very extraordinary circumstance, for a trashy author. Got a copy of "Seventy-Six" at last. Read it, holding my breath all the while. Full of life, passion, and patriotism, with an intense earnestness. Same thing with Simms. The small type called him a "naughty man." Found him, on investigation, a frank, manly Southron; carving his own way to fame, brushing off the musquitos with a sturdy right arm as he went. An extremely "naughty man," in the way of demolishing shabbiness; but probably with some virtues of his own, or the Harpers would not have published for him, or his chivalric countrymen sent him to the Legislature:—added *his* forty volumes to the shelf. A lecturer came here, by the name of Hudson. Was tired and exhausted with lectures of all sorts—had made up my mind never to attend another lecture in my life. One day, the small type began to spirt and spatter. The Angel was evidently troubling the waters. Took tickets for the course of lectures for wife and family, and attended with them all through. That Hudson had a muzzle which closed upon a truth like a bull dog upon a bone. What compressed force and sinewy intellect! A tremendous fellow at crushing a falsehood.—The bones and cartilage of Error *crunched* in his "bear's paw." Trembled once for the "small type." "Ah! John, you have come. What kept you so long?" "Please, sir, the first edition was exhausted, and had to scramble about among the retailers for a copy." "Strange again; very like 'crazy Neal.' Can the public read the small type? Doubtful. Read us a passage." John reads the vindication of a suspected criminal:

Another officer came in from a bye-way. That was a wicked devil *he* had in charge—make up your mind that. A murderer? Why, no. A wronger of orphans in their pale and tender youth? Not that either. A cutter to the quick of honest fame? I can't say that. Suspected—that's all. A wicked devil, you see. His coat shows that, by its thin, shivering way of sitting about the shoulders. His spindle limbs that just keep him up; his face covered with no memory of a sufficient meal, even a long way off. Suspected? Who better or more than he? Of all the men that run or walk or ride within the city bounds, he is the guiltiest-suspected wretch. Thrust him in a cell: the ground must be damp: on bread and water; where rats, if any are to be had thereabout, may have free resort to him; and in a few days—a very few days—Suspicion, at a touch almost, will become a fearful certainty. He will be dead! Lawgivers and magistrates—you know—he will be dead!

"Something honest and feelingly spoken in that.—Take another dip." Reads the Indian's reflections during the night of that day which was devoted to the "City at its Crimes."

And now to-bed; up-stairs, with candles, one to lead and one to follow, they wait on Lankey and Big Abel. Tidy chambers, and in half a minute Big Abel sound asleep. But still the rain kept pattering down, and stirred poor Lankey's Indian heart with strange effect. In this humor, as he laid awake, he heard in a far-off street

the doleful cry of some late-tarrying man,—"Oysters!"—on a wet drizzly summer's night the melancholiest sound—delivered to him as though it was sung in a far-off world.

Then, as Lankey thought of turbulent rivers, swelled by this heavy fall of rain, and the roar of the angry Bay stretching far out to sea, there sprung upon the air, from down the dreary hollow they had rambled through that day, a quick, sharp cry for life; a woman's voice; a fearful cry for dead midnight! Lankey was troubled. He could not sleep; and going to the window, he bent himself upon his hands, and looked abroad. While yet his eyes glowed strangely upon the dark, there came gliding along a woman's shape, with hair streaming back with the light that was abroad from lamps about, and eyes glistening wet with sadness or joy too great to keep its fountain in the heart. Ah, what a cry shot up just then against the sky! She spread her hands. There was no one near to see her, save Lankey, none besides, nor far away; all the wide city's eyes were shut; and she possessed the night alone, with sorrow, for another night, within her breast. For ever so! The keenest hurts, the deadliest wrongs life lays on human souls, have none, save God and the poor heart, to know of them!

Following this dim figure through the perilous night along the winding way, the Little Manhattan called to mind how once an ancient path that led into the hills ran there before it, and how in sadness deep as this the dusky maiden took her way, so long ago, up towards the calm blue heaven, and sought to soothe her spirit with the silence of the woods, the sight of stars, and whispering of the winds of night.

When he sought sleep again, he had a troubled dream in which, by some strange magic in his thoughts, the city passed back out of all its squares and streets and stony flats into his fresh, fair, lovely island-youth; of hill, stream, valley, wood. Ah, how he pined to have them by the hand, kinsmen, as he saw them now, silent in the lodge, or swift at chase, or shining from the ruddy fight! But morning came, and took them all away.

Ah, sad and gentle. A true vein in that! Once more the scene changes to the Battery.

And how bore the old Battery this far-and-wide repose? Settled in the midst of it like a smooth-backed duck in the water! He held his breath and listened for the Bay to speak, and the ships, and the islands. The great trees; not a whisper from them! The grass; not the rustling of a blade! And up and down the paths there moved stout old gentlemen, and thin young gentlemen with canes under their arms, and masters, and 'prentices, and shopkeepers and shop-boys, throngs of them; and, the very Spirit of the whole thing, there went along, close to the railing, as near the water as he could, an old sea-dog of a grizzled captain, who snuffed he's alt air and caught a flavor of the oakum and the tar that lingers round about, and seemed to hush within himself the thousand storms he knew of, off Bahamas and the Capes, and down the hot Gulf Stream. There was a packet captain for you! Not a word of the sea, nor of fine company on ship-board, nor wrecks, nor great northwesterners, nor strange appearances far from the shore, nor spouting whales, cutting voyages, men overboard. But all about a little plot of ground, he mentioned, in Westchester: a few acres only: the soil was good, the plough went always twenty inches in the mould; sufficient for a horse and cow. So much for land. The house (this was his vision of a house) red-roofed, one-storied, with a dainty balcony before (for smokers in long summer afternoons); a grassy green; some sea-thought there, no doubt! and then, roving there, as easy and as kind and soft in glossy beauty for the eye to dwell on as the summer's day itself, a smooth, snug, cobby horse. Not far off, a gig; at rest now; but out upon the road once with that cobby horse, they'll play the mischief all the country round! And, as for drivers, where's to match the grizzled seaman with his cunning hand! Climbing far away the winding roads; there are such roads there; they get, a truth to tell, a look out to the sea. Ah, there it is again, old sea-dog; all the salt is in you still, and keeps fresh that stormy heart, though beating in the very bloom of silent fields!

Lay that book on the centre table where my friends may see it, and now read that passage in the small type of the Knickerbocker. John reads:

"A bald inventory of everything that strikes the eye of the writer, (who you cannot help thinking, has 'a screw loose' somewhere in his mental machinery). To us the book seems about as 'deep' as a thimble. It requires no thought from those who read it, for the simple reason that it made no such demand upon the author who wrote it. We cannot help giving it as our settled conviction, after a careful perusal, that 'Big Abel' is a dreadful failure; that in short 'to compare it with a bottle of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid.'"

"So Dogberry 'could not help giving it as his settled conviction,' with due reiteration that he was an ——! John, you may go to-morrow and 'stop' the Knickerbocker: but stay, I'll lose my guide to the authors of the country. You may read me the critical passages first and take it away afterwards."

The Old Gentleman was a logical man in his way. We have given up our space to his conversation though we have much else to say, "if not toothsome yet wholesome," according to an old writer, which we reserve for our leisure and convenience.

The American Pioneer.

How bravely moves the warrior, in panoply arrayed,
As marching on to battle, he draws his shining blade!
His enemies he scatters, like chaff before the wind,
And drives Despair before him, while Ruin stalks behind,
And gains, perchance a province, to ruthless pillage given,
And from the wretched curses that will drive his soul from heaven!
But never rose a warrior among the sons of men—
Not Cœur de Leon when he marched against the Saracen,
More brave than Peace has nurtured, and Freedom's host sent forth,
With neither sword nor trappings, to the conquest of the earth.
Behold the young American, how cheerily he moves,
And proudly as a Paladin protecting those he loves—
His sinewy hands shall wrestle with Nature for her spoil,
The giant trees shall feel his axe, his plough subdue the soil,
And now he eyes his waggon, with its snow-white curtain veil'd,
And his steeds that like Bucephalus their master never fail'd,—
But pride is merged in gladness, and his heart is beating high,
When through the snowy curtains, like stars in June's soft sky,
The laughing eyes of childhood peer upon his way of toil,
And she, his gentle wife looks forth, to cheer him with her smile.
She smiles, that gentle woman, and yet a sigh will come,
When rises on her reverie the cherished scenes of home,
—The clear and calm Connecticut, the schoolhouse in the glade,
The Church upon the village green, the old elm's chequered shade;
The seat beneath the hawthorn, when summer days were long,
The seat beside the hearth-stone, when autumn winds were strong,
The friends—but here she pauses and forces back the tear—
Her husband is beside her, and, shall she grieve or fear?
Her husband is beside her, their children at her knee,
They go with blessings dowered to gain the triumph of the Free;
A sovereignty unchallenged by earthly king or lord—
A home of peace and plenty, brave Labor's just reward;—
The Starry Banner o'er them, what foe will dare molest?
And in God's forest Temple how sweet the Sabbath Rest!—
And so, in faith, in hope, and love, those pioneers move on,
As though an Angel led the way toward the setting sun.

Sarah J. Hale.

Fancies.

The Past—the Present—the Future. The shadowy phantom that broodeth over the by-gone—the stern spirit of the things that be—the dread spectre of the to-come.

Lo! where roll the waters of Oblivion adown that vale dimmed by the pall of sumless ages. Onward they sweep; on—forever on—and no pauses, nor back-turnings

e theirs. Terrible they sweep—for in their depths exist-
n e is annihilated. Noiseless they sweep; for, high upon
e livid wave, his stony finger planted on his compressed
ip, triumphant floats grim Silence. And ever, as, outgushing from the unfathomable bosom of Eternity, they have flowed forth on their awful way, stilled have been the voices of submerged cities and states all glorious, and only not omnipotent. Stilled have been the tones of cavernous India, and proud Assyria, and sepulchral Egypt, and hallowed Greece, and mighty Rome—aye, Rome, within whose Coliseum even yet shall ye see, by the midnight watch, the ghost of the gladiator dim flitting across the vacant area, or the mailed spirit of the stern centurion lone stalking within that towering Palladium of his world. A hundred—a thousand—*all* nations! Gaze into that tide, and ye shall see no sight. List by that blackened shore, and ye shall hear no sound. As well might ye there linger for the sweetest dream-murmurs of the infant as for the thunder-shouts of congregated myriads. Yes, there be kings and their people—lords and their serfs—heroes and cravens—patriots and recreants—glorious intelligences, that have lightened over a wondering world, and those in whose breasts the foul emissaries of Hell once revelled. There be joys, and sorrows, and hopes whose stars have gone down, and memories whose wand of power hath been dashed to pieces, and high ambition quenched—materiality and immateriality—all lost, everlastingly lost! And where, too, are so many of our own old joys and griefs and hopes? Often, oh! often an ineffable ecstasy, wildly moving across the heart's strings like the gathering breath of the west across the chords f the unfingered wind-harp, hath beaten its unmeasured nusic in the throbbing pulse; and often hath the soul been shaded by the dark flapping wing of agony. But they are gone—the glory of exultation and the gloom of anguish; transient as the Day-god's effulgence, or as the shattered cloud that dims it, when the storm-shroud is fitfully passing from before the face of Heaven. They have all gone down in that rolling tide. Awe for the mighty Past!

The Present—bridge from the Past to the Future, ever frail, ever changing. Entity, nonentity. Link in the infinite chain! At the dawn of creation, when Chaos was transfused into forms of perfect beauty, and primeval Night first rolled away before the fiat of the Almighty, wide over the earth shone God's high power and goodness, in characters of living splendor, and were sublimely hymned through infinity of space, in the undying pæans of the stars of Heaven! And yet as wondrously are they graven upon the front of Nature, yet as marvellously pealed by those far-rolling orbs of fire. Still, in mystic regularity, revolves the rapid year; still comes the holy sunshine, still the storm; still comes the glorious day-spring, noon and eve, and night in her deep halls unrolls her starry robe. And yet do the Fates unravel and weave and cut the threads of human life. There be births, there be deaths; there be ripenings and strengthenings and uprisings in proud integrity—and wastings and sinkings and a down-sending of earth to earth, and a rotting, and crawling of the gorged grave-worm—and then, when ye dig, ye find but cold, damp mould. And oh! in the march of time, how little changed is man! We are; and around us, in countless breasts, are glowing the self-same emotions that glowed in those of old. Joys are exulting, sorrows subduing, hopes shedding their evanescent smiles; ambition is pluming her insubstantial wings, remorse is corroding, revenge is at his fearful labors. And kingdoms are rising, and kingdoms are tottering, and kingdoms are falling; and monarchs and slaves—the great and the lowly—the good and the evil—the demi-god and the moonling—were not, and are; are, and shall not be. And as of that strange and deep-sounding anthem of life that goeth incessantly up, one strain riseth, its usherer-in, slow floating back, dieth away forever and forever. We are, and for that we are, joy for the Present!

The Future—twin sister of the Past—as dark, as dread, and oh! how vacant! Through its undiscovered ways are yet to travel what multitudes of Earth's own children, what myriads of yet uncreated things! How is its silence to be broken by the shrill cry of youth, the deep tone of manhood, the bitter murmurings of age; the voice of rejoicing, the moan of anguish; the hum of the peaceful traffickers, the giant roar of contending nations, the crash of falling monarchies! There shall intermingle, and rise to that thunder-pavillioned throne of eternity, the vaunt of the blood-reeking conqueror, and the cracking of the strings of the poor human heart. There shall go up the meek prayer of helplessness and innocence, and the high blasphemy of the strong boaster. As it hath been, so it shall be. Still shall scythed Saturn, (oh solemn and truthful myth!) devour his progeny, the bright and golden hours, who ever, as they die, shall bequeath their awful burthen to their young sisters. Still, over old earth—her womb one vast charnel house—shall spread the gorgeous vale, shall rise the cloud-heaving mount, shall stretch the sombre forest, shall heave the tide of ocean, shall rush the swelling river, shall dance the sparkling brooklet. And who may tell how long? aye, who how long the earth shall roll, the sun shall blaze, and yet how long shall peal those pæans of the circling hosts? Mystery for the Future! Joy for the Present; and Awe for the mighty Past.

R. S. Rowley.

The Autumnal Leaf.

Thou faded leaf! it seems to be
But as of yesterday
When thou didst flourish on the tree
In all the pride of May.
Then 'twas the merry hour of spring—
Of Nature's fairest blossoming.
On field, on flower, on spray
It promised fair; how changed the scene
To what is now, from what hath been!

So fares it with life's early Spring;
Hope gilds each coming day,
And sweetly does the Syren sing
Her fond delusive lay,
Then the young fervent heart beats high
Whilst passion kindles in the eye
With bright unceasing play
Fair are thy tints, thou genius Hour,
Yet transient as the autumn flower.

Thou faded leaf! how like to thee
Is beauty in her morning pride,
When life is but a summer sea
And hope flames its placid tide:
Alas! for beauty's autumn hour,
Alas! for beauty's blighted flower!
When hope and bliss have died,
Her pallid brow, her cheek of grief
Have thy sad hue, thou faded leaf

Autumnal leaf! there is a stern
And warning tone in thy decay:
Like thee must man to death return
With his frail tenement of clay.
Thy warning is of death and doom
Of genius blighted in its bloom,
Of joy's o'erclouded ray;
Life, rapture, hope, ye are as brief
And fleeting as the Autumn leaf.

O. H. Middleton.

Critical Notices.

The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman. By C. Edwards Lester. Vol. I. New-York: Paine & Burgess, 62 John-street.

This book opens with a commentary on the chief portion of its contents, in a likeness of Mr. Powers. The Sculptor, whose name has recently grown into a world-wide one, by the success of his *Greek Slave*, has a square, firm head, un-ideal in its outline, but indicating quick observation, and great depth of purpose; deficient in proportion and geniality in the lower features, with a broad brow, and an eye rather steady than kindling in its glance. The countenance is a criticism on the autobiography of Mr. Powers, of which the book mainly consists. His discourse in these conversations with Mr. Lester, in which the autobiography is disclosed, is plain, sensible, in a judicious spirit of praise and censure, showing the practised and the practical eye, at times glancing off, Yankee-like, sharply to the main chance; independent, as is, or should be characteristic of an American, of old usage and authority, and leaving altogether on the reader's mind an opinion honorable to the sense and intellect of the artist.

The language of the Conversations is generally clear and simple, and such as a sculptor, used to a clear, round outline, might be expected to employ. Throughout there are dropped, from time to time, hints and suggestions likely to be of decided service to art, and to art, particularly, in the United States. The zeal of Mr. Powers for the embellishment of the country by fountain-pieces, statues and monuments, agrees with our own long-entertained sentiments entirely; and in his utter repudiation of the mongrel in monumental architecture, like the proposed Washington Memorial, with its subsidiary library, reading-room, &c., we heartily concur. The most sustained speculation in the Conversations, is that upon a proper monument of Washington; and, although we doubt whether at all points the ground is properly laid out by the artist, we give it at length:

A very laudable effort is now making, not by the Government, which ought to have done it long ago, but by some generous individuals in America, to erect a monument to Washington; and I hope it will be a *monument*. But a Public Edifice they propose to call a monument, which would have answered their purpose just as well, might have been had without the trouble and expense of building one. I should be sorry to see so great a name as Washington's associated in a monument with Institutions, Libraries, Rooms for Art, Debating Societies, &c.; all dignified by the name of a monument to our great Hero and Father. Almost as soon would I think of changing money in a church, or profaning the altars of God with traffic, as to convert Washington's monument into such a business-like place.

Monuments to the dead should never be made the habitations of the living; they should be resorted to, to teach us how to live and how to die, and an eternal Sabbath should be kept around their graves. Let some imposing but solemn structure be raised over the dust of Washington—single in its purpose and single in its form. Let it be made of the most durable and massive materials; and let it rise as high as a grateful nation can carry it—without spires, or turrets, or windows, or any other *littleness* to disturb the grandeur and solemnity of its design. Let it, in a word be in harmony with the character of the man.

The most appropriate monument is that which, as far as the nature of such a thing can do, illustrates this character. It should be something analogous. If a man of taste and literary pursuits, his tomb should be embellished with ornaments, and all its proportions should present a classic appearance; if a military hero, his monument should be in keeping with the spirit of loftiness, and breathe the soul of daring and glory, so that his character might be clearly known without reading the inscription. And such is the richness and fertility of the genius of the fine arts, as understood by great artists, their language is even more expressive in the hands of the master, than any other language in the world.

But a monument to such a man as Washington, who is not considered as a scholar, nor even so much as a military hero, or statesman, as one of those exalted characters that stand far above all other men, embracing all that is noble known to humanity, and even something we may almost regard as divine; one who never lived before, nor is likely ever to live again;—his monument should be as distinct from all others, as he was from all other men. A classic monument would not do for him, nor a military monument, nor any other peculiar style; for none of them can reach him. No little thing should be introduced in it; no petty parts or decorations; it should be distinct and unbroken, and rise in solemn grandeur, a simple mass of vast bulk and height, so that it might be seen across a plain fifty miles off, surmounted by his statue of such colossal proportions, it might be recognized, if possible, even at that distance as the statue of Washington. And this would not be so difficult as might appear; for such were his form and general proportions, so different from all other men, and so expressive of himself, that the most feeble attempt at his likeness never fails to be recognized. His person was as distinct from other men as was his character.

But of what form should be this monument, to express the durability of his fame, and at the same time embody and illustrate that solemnity of character so peculiarly his own? Before answering this question, we should look for guidance, and enquire what human structures have stood the longest, and will probably descend farthest into coming ages. And at the same time what are the most expressive, and excite the greatest wonder over successive races of men.

Are they solemn temples or sumptuous palaces, or lofty towers, or massive obelisks, or solid columns, or colossal statues? The learned have spent ages in disputing about the site of Babylon, with her gorgeous temples, and Thebes, with her hundred brazen gates. The ruins even of Roman structures, reared less than two thousand years ago, have long been preserved with sacred veneration; and the temples of Greece are mournful heaps. But the Pyramids of Egypt still lift their awful forms over the desert, and have watched the rise and the fall of a long succession of Empires. Human knowledge gropes back through dim ages to find the era of their beginning, and still time strives in vain to overwhelm them. The obelisks lie scattered around the deserts, or have been carried away by distant travellers; and the Memnon lies prostrate in the dust. The great cities that once stood upon the banks of the Nile, are levelled with the ocean of sand around them; and almost every vestige of the work of man has passed away in the flowing tide of ages. But the Pyramids still stand, and still rear themselves as vast as ever; stupendous beacons to the traveller from distant countries; piercing the clouds, where they catch the first blush of morning that flames on their summits, as fair as in the morning of Creation; defying the barbarous hand of the spoiler and the sweeping desolation of ages.

Why were they made? This question we may answer with certainty—they were raised for monuments. They contained the ashes of the dead, and a platform was left on their tops, we have good reason to infer, to receive colossal statues or figures in illustration of the dead beneath them. This would seem to be certain, for the science which built them never would have left them incomplete without an object.

And where is there anything in the universe human like them but the character of Washington, and what monument could we raise so appropriate to the Father of his Country?

Washington's fame we well know can never die—it would outlive the Pyramids, without a monument and without a line of eulogy. But a long line of generations is to follow us; and when they come upon the stage for their brief hour in the sweep of ages, each one to ask that distant Republic whose history will then have grown dim, what monument of gratitude she left to her Glorious Deliverer, let them turn to some pyramidal structure surmounted by a vast statue of Washington, of everlasting bronze:

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm:
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

As connected with another eminent American, of another day and an entirely different cast of character, the artist's interview with General Jackson is worthy of particular mention.

The general arrangement and spirit of the book are extremely creditable to Mr. Lester, although there are certain defects and blemishes which we regret to find marring the volume. One of these is the inharmonious and inartistical union, in the same volume, of two subjects with so little to connect them, (although they are brought together in the general title of the work,) as an autobiography of Hiram Powers, the Sculptor, and a Treatise on the Consular System. Of this the editor is acquitted by the modest requirement of the Sculptor, that he should not be left to stand alone, in his autobiographical disclosures, in a book by himself. To the style of the work, in Mr. Lester's portion of it, we might take some exception, in an extreme colloquialism which, although not offensive in the eagerness of a first reading, will injure it as a permanent record. There are great spirit and naturalness in Mr. Lester's use of this style; and we prefer it infinitely to the stilted assumption of a scholastic manner. We would have been glad to have found somewhere in the volume, or in Mr. Powers' discourse, a recognition of his young contemporary, CRAWFORD, who, though of an entirely different school and faith from Powers, has labored too long and too truly, to be out of mind when the talk is of American Sculptors, who have honored their country in their labors. It is possible that Mr. Lester intends to supply this, and other omissions, in his second volume, which is to include, we are told, sketches of various American artists. On the whole, we are pleased with this work, in the part we have given our attention to, (of the other portion of it we may speak at length hereafter) and believe it will be of service in its province.

Mr. Powers we have been in the habit of regarding as one of the few representative Americans, ranking in art with Webster, Jackson, Forrest, and other strong-minded and sturdy-working men in other departments. He has in him the true indigenous sinew and straightforwardness of the place—the freedom from petty ligatures of schools, and fashions, and tastes, with which old-world people are apt to be oppressed. He has had a long and hard fight with fortune, such as every original and un-conventional man may lay his account in sustaining; and he has come out of it, as every such man will, with a bright renown and an honor untouched through all its trials. We, for one, do not regret the learning of short-hand by Mr. Lester, as that seems to have enabled him to give us these excellent and judicious Conversations, and we shall look for his concluding volume of the Artist, Merchant and Statesman, with a good hope of profitable entertainment.

In paper, typography, and general appearance, the volume is neatly presented by the spirited publishers.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakspeare. With Notes: By Charles Lamb. *In two Volumes. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, Nos. XXIX—XXX.*

If the Cheap Era in Literature had began with the first settlement of America, the improved Power Press been set in motion, throwing off its thousand sheets per hour, and steamboats and railroads been ready to blaze its issues through the country,—and it had happened that these *Specimens* had been the first work to engage their services, the whole face of its Literature would, according to all ordinary modes of calculation, have been changed, and would now present the aspect of a Jupiter rather than an Adonis. As it is, we set out in our career at the period of the predominance of the French school, and the school of Pope; and it is only within a very recent period, that we have given any indications of a desire to escape from it.

We have tinkled in the minor key, jingling our ten feet and keeping close to our regular measures, with the painful pertinacity of the droning minstrel of the streets. So deeply has the infection struck that, although England (our model and guide in these matters heretofore) has more than once in that time been swept by manlier lyres and braver singers, we have gone on in the old tune, assuaging and mollifying, even in our copies of these better spirits, strength and manhood and manly earnestness down to a poor, piping treble. The restoration and triumph of the Old Masters of English verse, in their own country, has been no triumph nor restoration to us. We have gone on in the old way in spite of new editions of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Decker, Massinger, and all the others of that hardy brood. Once in a long while a voice has been raised in a corner, in behalf of this noble peerage of elder poets—but without any obvious change in the popular sentiment. Now however the change has fairly come! The country after undergoing the weariness of droning poetasters for half a century and more, has at length discovered that there is a kind of Literature more in harmony with its circumstances, and much truer to the breadth and grandeur of its national developements. The publication of these *Specimens*, is but the effervescence, of a spirit, long, quietly and patiently at work, under the surface. And their reception will be full of good omens to the future literary history of the country.

We have conveyed our general opinion of this work in what we have already said: a word or two as to its peculiar merits. No where in the whole compass of its Literature, are the resources of the English tongue in power, in sweetness, terror, pathos, in description and dialogue, so well displayed. These two volumes are by the best hearts of England of their day and generation.—They speak the sorrow and the belief, the joy and the agitation of their times, like men. They dip their pens in the very life-blood of humanity, and write so as to stir the life-blood. Their fear is real fear, their joy is real joy, their grief, grief indeed, and no make believe. They therefore speak to all men of all times. These genuine words of theirs cutting their way through all of war, and darkness and discordant history that stands between, reach the present day, and with a vital fire come home to our hearts, as they did to the hearts of their contemporaries. See with what fire, and eagerness and inspired animation they address themselves to the loves and griefs and passions of men and women!

The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.

—

Sometimes like Women or unwedded Maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love

—

Now comes my Lover tripping like the Roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams.

—

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loth his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storm)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth;
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war
Gainst the sole soldier of the world Navarre.

—

Ferd. Is she dead?
Bus. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.
Ferd Constantly.
Bus. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upward and bedews the heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died so young.
Bus. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

—

The whole brood of modern bards bend before them, like the slender woodland before the majestic breath of God. To Charles Lamb, who by wise and delicious painstaking makes us masters and friends of these noble spirits, thanks indeed. What he says, descriptively, of his plan in introducing them is well put.

The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than comic poetry

And what he says, here and throughout these choice volumes in explanation or praise of his authors, is in admirable harmony with their own noble verse. One or two of these masterly notes will satisfy the reader into whose hands he entrusts himself.

"To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit: this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may "upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they "terrify babes with painted devils," but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum.

This tragedy, Marlowe's Edward II., is in a very different style from "mighty Tamburlaine." The reluctant pangs of abdicating Royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient, or modern, with which I am acquainted.

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Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical positions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food: to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in, to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge. Barabas the Jew, and Faustus the conjuror, are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects. They both talk a language which a believer would have been tender of putting into the mouth of a character though but in fiction. But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it blameable to counterfeit impiety in the person of another, to bring Vice in upon the stage speaking her own dialect, and, themselves being armed with an Unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the presence of Satan, has started speculations bardier than any which the feeble armory of the atheist ever furnished: and the precise, strait-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice, from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries and abstruse pleas against her adversary Virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented.

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This scene in the Merry Devil of Edmonton has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and goodnaturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mountchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a "Saint in Essex;" and how sweetly his friend reminds him! —I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece; it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that Panegyrist of my native Earth; who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be step over) without honorable mention; and has animated Hills and Streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology.

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After all, Love's Sectaries are a "reason unto themselves." We have gone retrograde in the noble Heresy since the days when Sidney proselyted our nation to this mixed health and disease; the kindliest symptom yet the most alarming crisis in the ticklish state of youth; the nourisher and the destroyed of hopeful wits; the mother of twin-birds, wisdom and folly, valor and weakness; the servitude above freedom; the gentle mind's religion; the liberal superstition.

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No one will doubt, who reads Marston's Satires, that the author in some part of his life must have been something more than a theorist in vice. Have we never heard an old preacher in the pulpit display such an insight into the mystery of ungodliness, as made us wonder with reason how a good man came by it? When Cervantes with such proficiency of fondness dwells upon the Don's library, who sees not that he has been a great reader of books of Knight-Errantry? perhaps was at some time of his life in danger of falling into those very extravagances which he ridicules so happily in his Hero?

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The blank uniformity to which all professional distinctions in apparel have been long hastening, is one instance of the Decay of Symbols among us, which, whether it has contributed or not to make us a more intellectual, has certainly made us a less imaginative people. Shakespeare knew the force of signs —"a malignant and turban'd Turk." "This mad-cap Miller," says the Author of God's Revenge against Murder, to express his indignation at an atrocious outrage committed by the miller Pierot upon the person of the fair Marieta.

The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such terrible passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. These noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them.

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Of all the English Play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all other forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a Translation as the Stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honor of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the Zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Sampson against the uncircumcised.

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We repine, we confess, at the taking down of this book from our shelf, (it has been the dear companion of many joyful years,) and leading it out into the market place. But as we hope for many sharers, through it, in our old and long-time enthusiasm for the Elders—we submit that our fell-grief be made common, and that all mankind be let in to 'joy in our joy, and sadden in our sadness.'

Farewell, old Friends!—The million spread their hands to take you.

Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Library. No. 1. Vol. II. Memoirs of Benevenuto Cellini. Written by Himself. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq..

We made but scant mention last week of this interesting work; but we may supply the omission of words of our own by the following well written remarks from the *Evening Post:*

A better book than the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini could hardly have been chosen for the first number of the Foreign Library. The old adage "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute!*" must have been in the minds ofthe publishers in the selection. It is a very happy one, and if it is to be taken as an indication of the works which are to follow, augurs well for their success.

In the original, this book is a classic. Its reputation among Italian critics is very great, and by scholars, all the world over, it has always been regarded as giving Cellini high rank as an author. To American readers it is comparatively unknown. The present translation has never before been published in this country; it is extremely felicitous and spirited; one forgets entirely that he is not reading the author's own words in his own tongue, so admirably are the difficulties of translation overcome. The notes and observations of the Italian editor are included in this edition, and form an instructive and interesting addition to the text.

Benvenuto Cellini was born at Florence, in the year 1500.—There and at Rome he spent the greater part of his life. He died in 1570. His eminence as an artist, or rather, artisan in gold, silver and precious stones, and his exploits in the service of the state, and in the course of his personal adventures, made him famous in Italy and throughout Europe. The shop in which he worked is pointed out on one of the bridges at Florence, and specimens of his handicraft are carefully preserved as heir-looms in ancient families, and exhibited as curiosities of note in the cabinets of *virtuosi*, and in royal museums.

At the age of fifty-eight he wrote his autobiography. Thus the narrative embraces the first half of the sixteenth century, a brilliant and eventful era. During the time, the fine arts reached the culminating point in Italy, under the patronage of the Medici, in the works of Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian.—These great masters, and others of almost equal eminence, were contemporaries and intimates of Cellini, and figure in his pages. Besides these, the circle of his acquaintance and friendship included many of the first men of his times; he was the favorite and confidant of two popes, of a king, and of cardinals and dukes royal without number. The pictures he gives of the habits and manners, the ways of thinking, speaking and acting of the men with whom he came in contact, especially the more illustrious, are vivid and life-like, and doubtless more correct from the fact of their being incidental and unstudied, and no part of the author's main design.—The great object of Cellini's book is his own glorification. He is his own hero. He reaches the very acme of egotism. Not even his "Holiness" himself can stand on the same level—it is "*ego et pontifex meus*" throughout, and the same disrespect of persons marks his intercourse with the whole tribe of dignitaries. Never was genius more conscious of itself and its divine prerogatives; never was a man predestined to immortality with a fuller acquiescence on his own part. This spirit pervades the book, and is half the secret of its excellence. It is an egotism that forces our admiration. One cannot help sympathising with the complete self-satisfaction of the author. A man so perfectly at ease with himself is invulnerable to censure; he disarms prejudice and forestals criticism by asserting the infallibility of his own judgment. He is always in the right—his opinion invariably correct; his taste never at fault; his quarrel never unjust. He maintains himself in all sorts of controversies with a firmness which would pass current anywhere for obstinacy; suffers daily contradiction from "fools," "simpletons" and "blockheads," unmoved; receives as matters of course the flatteries of princes; and executes summary vengeance on his foes, as though he were the appointed arbiter of fate. All this, while it would be disgusting in most autobiographies, gives to this one of its highest charms. It is impossible to find fault with Cellini for his egotism; one might as well quarrel with Swift for his humor.

So with regard to his exaggerations. Some of his stories are exceedingly marvellous, and far more creditable to his imagination than his veracity. As an artist he was famous for giving rare tints to diamonds and other precious stones—his facility as an author in imparting a happy gloss of the fanciful to a rough narrative of facts is no less admirable. The Preface attributes most of his exaggeration to his "confined education, his susceptible nerves, his superlative credulity and superstition, and his wild imagination." To this fair apology it may be added, that a "strict adherence to truth," and a rigid "abstinence from fiction," was by no means the characteristic of the writers of his time, especially where their own exploits formed the subject matter of their narrations.—Cellini's book is a running commentary on the era in which he lived—it reflects with wonderful accuracy and minuteness the very form and spirit of the age; but it partakes of it itself. The incredibility of his stories, his sublime indifference to dates and circumstances, his neglect of historic order or precision, while they unfit the book to be what it does not pretend to be, a work of historical accuracy, make it more faithful to the time in which it was written. We are almost driven to make as anomalous an assertion as this, that if the book had been more reliable it would have been less authentic.

New Books received, to be noticed more fully in our next:

The London Medical Student, (second series,) by Punch, *with Illustrations, by* Leech. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

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Observations in the East, chiefly in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. By John P. Durbin, D. D. *Late President of Dickinson College, Author of "Observa-*

tions in Europe," &c. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The Democratic Review, for November.

The Adventures of Gilbert Gurney. By Theodore Hook, *Author of "Merton," "Sayings and Doings," "Jack Bragg," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

Appleton's Literary Miscellany, No. V. The Life of Frederick Schiller, by Thomas Carlyle. *New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

Prairiedom; Rambles and Scrambles in Texas, or New-Estremadura. By A Southron. *New-York: Paine & Burgess.*

The Historical Essays and Narratives of the Merovingian Era, or Scenes of the Sixteenth Century, with an Autobiographical Preface, by M. Augustin Thierry. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

Martin's Illustrated Family Bible, No. XI. New-York: R. Martin & Co., 26 John-street.

The Wandering Jew, No, III. Superbly Illustrated.—Harper & Brothers. New-York.

New-York Illustrated Magazine of Literature and Art. Edited by Lawrence Labree. *New-York: Robinson & Co.*

Harper's Illuminated Pictorial Bible, No. XLII.

Republication of the London Quarterly Review, for September. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co.

The Shilling Library. Published Every Saturday.—New-York: Homans & Ellis. No. 1.—The Mother's Medical Adviser. No. 2.—Cotton from the Pod to the Factory.

The Missionary Memorial. New-York: Walker & Co.

Von Raumer's America. New-York: J. & H. G. Langley.

Song.

I.

Farewell! 'Twere vain to bid thee wear
Mine image in thy breast,—
Thou at another shrine wilt breathe
The vows that made me blest.
Yet I know when thou art lonely,
When a cloud lies on thy heart,
O'er thy memory, like a sunbeam,
Some thought of me will dart.

II.

And when low words of melody
Shall chain thy raptured ear—
When beauty's cheek beneath thy glance
Its quick, pure blush shall wear—
Though I languish all forsaken,
Yet I know those tones, in thee,
And that kindling brow will waken
Some memory of me.

III.

And when soft fingers clasp thy hand,
When fond arms thee entwine;
When thou seest thyself reflected
In brighter eyes than mine,
Oh, then from out the Past my face,
Though prized no more it be,
Will beam upon thy memory,
As once it beamed on thee.

MARY E. HEWITT.

The Drama.

By a certain flattering in the Press, we can discern as clearly as by the spreading of its wings, that the bird would take under them the warmth of the rising sun, that a new spirit is abroad in the Drama. The advent of this better feeling we predicted long since. Among its earliest indications was the reception of the new comedy 'Fashion' (to which we cannot altogether give our critical approval, but which, as from the hand of a well-liked woman, was a fortunate pioneer,) and of its authoress as a performer on the same boards where her play had been successfully produced. To these, are to be added, the interest excited in Mr. Hudson's admirable Lectures, appealing to the higher standards: the general attention called to the peculiar reception of Mr. Forrest, and Miss Cushman, an American actor and actress in England. Accumulating in the same direction we have another comedy, from the pen of Mr. Epes Sargent, the offer of a handsome (but inadequate) sum for a new play of American Life and Manners, by Mr. Manager Burton; a small offer for a shorter piece of a similar complexion, by Marble, the Comedian—and, to crown all, the appearance of an American actor upon the stage, in the person of Mr. Murdoch, who at a bound has passed his English rivals who were making a handsome figure in the country, or are on their way to do so, and satisfied the American Public once for all, that if they will be at the pains to look at home when they are in want of actors, they may possibly find them. That a great change has come over the American Dramatic world within a very recent period—would be manifest at once, if we should ask what chance of success Mr. Murdoch might have entertained as an American Actor, if he had presented himself a couple of years ago! We believe that the universal answer would be that in spite of his great acknowledged talents, he must have come near failing altogether, or at least that he would have sorely felt the want of that popular and journalistic support which has, lately, been so liberally accorded to him. As we were among the first to stake our faith on this young American performer, we feel bound to accompany him in the future stages of his success. In Philadelphia where he played the week ending on the 8th November, he has had a great reception; his first house at the Walnut St. Theatre, being according to the correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, the *largest* audience ever within its walls. The press and the people have appeared with greater unanimity and enthusiasm, if possible, in his behalf than even in New York. We give the account of two or three of the most judicious and sagacious of our Philadelphia contemporaries.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Quite a sensation has been created during the week, at the Walnut street Theatre, by the return to the stage of our townsman and long-established favorite, Mr. Murdoch, who after years of retirement and careful study, once more presents himself as a candidate, not, as heretofore, for a second place, but for a station in the front rank of theatrical merit; and it was a source of much pleasure to observe how cheerily the call to such an ordeal, on the part of an American actor, was responded to by the public, who, knowing that no crude attempt was to be offered to their consideration, and that all necessary preliminary training had been encountered, came in crowds to form opinion and to record their judgment. At once grappling with the utmost difficulty, Mr. Murdoch first presented himself as Hamlet; and a more arduous selection could not have been made, both as regards the part itself and the *prestige* of many "illustrious predecessors," several of whom have so identified themselves with Hamlet, that it is not easy to have an idea of the

character which is not incorporated, as it were, with them. But Mr. Murdoch's personation was triumphantly received—rarely, if ever, have we heard such bursts of enthusiastic applause within the walls of a theatre, as greeted him throughout, and as followed the fall of the curtain. So has it been also, on every night of his appearance, the house being crowded by brilliant audiences on each occasion; and the experiment may, therefore, be regarded as one of the most successful on record.

And this from the *Saturday Courier*:

The success of this gentleman, since his return to the stage, has been most gratifying to his friends, and a source, we doubt not, of great felicitation to himself. From our too settled servility hitherto to foreign dictation in theatrical affairs, it was to be feared that native genius, however eminent, would not excite sufficient interest to insure a fair hearing. But in the case of Mr. Murdoch, that fear has been entirely dissipated, especially in this, his native city, where his houses have been thus far crowded from pit to dome, with most intelligent and attentive audiences. To say that Mr. Murdoch who was ever a favorite, has greatly improved since he has left the stage, would be but a faint expression, in regard to one who has grasped with a nervous arm, an unfaltering foot, an indomitable resolution, the very highest range of his profession. His readings, points, and bearings evince the close and hearty study he has accorded to their perfection, and his audiences appear keenly alive to their many beauties.

Mr. Murdoch has performed, during the present week, another brilliant and triumphant engagement in this same city. In our notices of the Theatre, we shall always have an eye to its reform and elevation. We are, in this respect, on the eve of a great dramatic Revolution.

Miss Cushman, the Actress.—We notice that some of the American papers say Miss Cushman has not been doing well at the English provincial theatres. There are few, if any, of our own celebrated actresses who have pocketed so many English sovereigns as our fair American friend, who has so lately left her home and country to seek fame and fortune in a foreign land.

Miss Cushman has just completed an engagement of twelve nights at Manchester, for which she received 2000 dollars. Her engagements at Bristol, Bath, Sheffield, and other places, have been excellent and most profitable.—*English paper.*

Musical Department.

Another leaf has again been added to Leopold De Meyer's wreath of laurels, and another two or three thousand dollars have wandered into the pockets of the artist, on the occasion of his first Concert, last Friday evening.—The Tabernacle was crammed; but this was no more than we expected.

The performance consisted of

1. *Duett from Don Giovanni*, Mozart, by Madame Adler and Signor Ph. Mayer. It was rather indifferently performed, and the introduction Mr. Perabeau played, was altogether out of place; for, though he behaved like a madman, he could not make the audience believe that he was a great performer on the Piano. The piece itself would have been of more effect in the middle of the performance.

2. *Russian Airs*, Second Set, composed and performed by L. De Meyer. If we never knew what Piano-forte music is, or can be, we might have learned it that evening. The most beautiful harmonies, the most delicate passages, the most brilliant arpeggios, each one by itself, and all combined—this was what the artist offered to an enraptured audience. He was encored, but declined playing, fearing, perhaps, to be too much fatigued at the end of the performance, to do justice to himself.

3. *Casta Diva*, from Norma, Bellini, by Madame Adler. Perhaps Pico's Casta Diva, which incessantly haunted our ears that evening, prevented our appreciating Madame Adler's singing. We shall, therefore, wait for another opportunity to speak of her style and voice.

4. *Carnival de Venice* arranged and performed by Leopold De Meyer, was rapturously encored, and Mr. De Meyer kindly repeated it, with a different introduction.

5. *Aria from Lucia di Lammermoor*, Donizetti, by Signor Ph. Mayer. A little hoarseness which prevailed in the beginning, wore off soon, and Mr. Mayer acquitted himself exceedingly well.

6. *Overture to William Tell*, arranged and performed by L. De Meyer. We have in vain ransacked the dictionaries of Webster, Walker, and others—no words could be found to express the effect produced by this composition. We will leave it, therefore, to our readers to imagine to themselves something so beautiful as to be indescribable, and they will have something like Mr. De Meyer's performance of Rossini's Overture.

7. *Recitative and Grand Aria*, from Massaniello, by Madame Adler. Much better sung than the former pieces of this lady. It would have gained her at once the good-will of the audience, if the brilliant roulades and coleratures at the end had not spoiled all the effect.—More scale singing we would recommend to this lady.

8. *Grand March*, Marocaine, by Leopold De Meyer. That the house did not break down under the thunder of applause is the only thing we wonder at, and we would advise all artists, who think of producing such a sensation as Mr. De Meyer, to secure the Tabernacle, if they will not risk the lives of their audience. After being encored, Mr. De Meyer gave us a fantasie on Yankee Doodle, improvised or not, we cannot say; but it is *so short*, was the last word of thousands, as they left the Tabernacle, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

Hubek, the Violoncellist, the Composer, the Pianist—for all of these is he, although the violoncello is the instrument of his heart, and his choice shows the earnestness of his musical feeling and the purity of his taste,—is attracting more and more the attention of the musical *connoisseurs* and the public. It is only from his unaffected simplicity and freedom from all display, that he has not created as great an excitement among the public generally.

Upon this, the most expressive of all instruments, his power is very great. The most touching, the most passionate strains, notes of flute-like delicacy and *arpeggio* passages, whose full tone fills the saloon like the swell of an organ, come from his magic bow with the same facility.

His compositions are replete with passages of great feeling and power, and though in a style peculiar to himself, have much of that passionate earnestness and *abandon* which is found in the compositions of Schubert.

To the above remarks, from the Evening Gazette, we only add, that he is a Piano manufacturer at the same time. We have tried an instrument of his make, and in many points find it superior to those of Erard. It is a great deal lower in price. We understand the chief object of Mr. H. is to establish a manufactory of grand pianos in this city.

U. C. Hall's Festival Concert.—Between three and four thousand people made the walls of the Tabernacle resound with their bravos and encores during the evening. It was a Festival Concert in the true meaning of the word. Chorists and Solists all tried their utmost: the orchestra was never better than on this occasion. Besides Leopold De Meyer, who drew down thunders of applause, no one astonished the audience more than Mr. *Boucher*. For the last four years he had not played in public, and here he comes out with a beautiful composition of his own, the performance of which would have given credit to a Servais, Franchomme, or Knoop.

We hope Mr. Boucher will no longer withhold from the public his talent and genius. Nothing serves more to make the violincello popular than such playing.

Miss Northall sang the Duett of *Eliza el Claudio* in good style; in fact, better than on former occasions. This young lady is destined, if she keeps on, to adorn all our public concerts and musical festivals. Mr. Meyer supported her well.

Madame Otto, has, it seems, improved in voice and style during her late absence from this country. *In questo semplice* could not have been sung better. Her higher notes are clear as silver bells.

Messrs. Kyle and Aupick did their part well, and only want of space prevents our going more into detail. We hope we shall have another opportunity to speak of the merits of these two eminent musicians.

Now, Mr. Hill, the sooner you get up another Festival Concert, the better for the public and yourself.

Miss Bramson gives a Concert to-night (Tuesday evening) at Niblo's, which we shall notice in our next.

Mr. Wollenhaupt, a young pianist, lately arrived from Leipzig, makes quite a sensation amongst musicians. He is a pupil of the *Leipzig Conservatoire*.

Ole Bull plays again on Thursday evening in Philadelphia.

Lucia di Lammermoor will be brought out next week at the Park, with Miss Delcy as Prima Donna.

L. De Meyer has announced his second Concert for Friday next. He will be assisted by Miss Northall, Madame Lazare and Mr. P. Mayer.

Editorial Miscellany.

The Churchman and Dr. Cheever.—The Churchman is no friend to Dr. Cheever, his theology and his opinions, and from our own reflections, we can easily understand how a difference may arise in the premises. But we can see nothing in the case to justify the spirit of an article, in the last number of that organ, on the "Wanderings of a Pilgrim." In the first place the price is printed wrong, apparently with design, for the sake of a joke long since discarded by penny-a-liners. Price 3s. 6d. In the first place this is *not* the price of the book, which is legibly printed on the cover thirty-seven and a half cents. Supposing it were forty-four cents—what joke can there be in British shillings and pence that there is not in American currency? Yet such is the fact to the theological critic (not the editor) of the Churchman. The reading of that man must have been miserably confined even among the book shelves of his own creed. The spirits of Old Latimer and of South and of Fuller and of Corbet and of Sterne and of Swift, should rise up and thrust such a witling as that from even the outer court of the sanctuary! He is a disgrace to a church renowned for wit and humor and the soul of the gentleman.

What follows is of a piece for candor—a passage being isolated and battered with dirty adjectives till we confound the innocent words with the shabbiness thrown upon it. With a foul mouth you may thus mar the whiteness of the Parian marble. If a dirty fellow *will* brush against a gentleman, the gentleman *will* be mistaken for a dirty fellow, and in this way vulgar and malevolent critics vilify pure authors.

Just censure is one thing, and this wholesale abuse is another. It is very possible that a practised knight of the quill might prick Dr. Cheever gracefully, and the public might be gratified at the spectacle, for the public loves to see an author tickled; but the public requires this spiriting to be done "gently", and has no affection for the weapons of fish-women or scavengers, clerical or otherwise.

Mr. Upcott, the great collector of Autographs, recently died at his residence near London. His house has been often visited by American tourists to whom he was uniformly courteous, showing them the unique treasures of his house, literally lined with books, and being led by them too often to anticipate the sale of a portion of his collections in this country. When we saw him some years since, he was daily expecting letters from the United States respecting such a purchase for some twenty thousand dollars! He was anxious that his collections should be unbroken. He would choose a particular topic, and cut up books and magazines and newspapers till he had exhausted the subject. He had such a collection of cuttings from newspapers contemporary with the American Revolution and relating to that struggle, which Mr. Brodhead purchased and presented to the New-York Historical Society. It is probable that his books and autographs will be sold at auction.

Picture of New-York.—We have seen some exceedingly beautiful wood cuts, forming a part of a pictorial description of New-York city. Among the designs furnished are views of ten Episcopal, two Unitarian, three Presbyterian, and several other Churches; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Society Library, Bloomingdale Asylum, Blind Asylum, &c., together with several Brooklyn buildings, viz: First Unitarian Church, Church of the Pilgrims, the Long Island Tunnel.

This volume, we are informed, will comprise about 200 pages, including forty illustrations by the best wood engravers of New-York, and will be published by Messrs. Homans & Ellis early next month. Our city has long wanted a pictorial guide book for the use of strangers and citizens; and the specimens before us lead us to think that justice will be done to some of our noble institutions, especially those of a charitable order.

Messrs. Homans & Ellis have also in hand, preparing by a resident clergyman, a brief account of all the Churches in Brooklyn and New-York, with numerous illustrations.

It is to be hoped that every facility will be afforded by clergymen to the publishers to enable them to furnish a work whose details may be relied upon. One fact is al-

ready elicited by the enquiries instituted, viz: that there are *forty-two* churches erected in the city of Brooklyn, and forty-five congregations, three of whom worship in temporary rooms. This is probably a larger number of Churches than are contained in any city with a similar number of inhabitants, say 60,000.

The drawing we now give is of St. Thomas' Church, in Broadway, at the corner of Houston. It is one of the most beautiful structures of which our city may boast. Its dimensions are 62 feet in width, 113 feet in depth; built of dark stone, in the Gothic order, with two towers, each 80 feet high.

Biographical, Ancestrical and Romantic Items from late European Journals.—The daily papers give but a brief abstract of the foreign intelligence on the arrival of the Steamers, chiefly confined to a few dry political facts, the price current, with a stray anecdote or two of a dwarf or a calf with two heads. It is singular how uniformly a few passages of the latter description come up, on such occasions, in the papers. A man snatches at an 'extra' in great haste and, ten to one, his eye first alights upon some such important item as the delivery of five children at a birth in one of the Orkney Islands. The finest portions, the gems of the literary, scientific and artistical world, are scantily given, if not altogether neglected. We have thought the endeavor to supply this defect might meet with favor, from our readers, and have gleaned the following paragraphs, none of which are likely to be met with in the newspapers of the day. If the plan meets with favor we shall continue it. For our own part, we think we are supplying a deficiency, and that our columns could not be better employed.

Item i. A new work by Ariosto!

From Florence, we heard of a discovery of great interest which has just been made by Signor Zanpieri, conservator of the Grand Ducal Library. Amongst the manuscripts in that establishment he has found one containing the greater part of an epic poem by Ariosto, of which hitherto the existence was unknown—and whose title is *Rinaldo l' Ardito* ('Rinaldo the Bold'). The work has been originally composed of 244 octave verses, divided into twelve cantos; of which the first, the beginning of the second, and the sixth are wanting in the manuscript in question. The Grand Duke has ordered its publication, at the government expense; and directed that a copy shall be sent to each of the great libraries of Europe, in the hope that a search will be made in those various institutions for the absent portions of the poem.

Item ii. News of Tycho Brahe.

From Copenhagen, too, we have accounts of a discovery of interest—which we report as we find it, though we think it probable there is some mistake in the terms. They state that Professor Heiberg, who is occupied in collecting materials for a History of the Life and Labors of the Illustrious Swedish Astronomer Tycho Brahe,—which he purposes publishing in the course of next year, wherein will fall the 300th anniversary of the birth of the great *savant*—lately caused searches and excavations to be made amongst the ruins of the Chateau and Observatory of Tycho, in the little Swedish Isle of Hveen, situate in the Sound, which was the property of the latter. These researches have, it is said, produced some curious results. A number of the tools used by the philosopher for the construction of his astronomical instruments have been found,—many of the completed instruments themselves, and some in an unfinished state—and several manuscripts in the Latin language, bearing the signature of Tycho Brahe, and containing astronomical observations, reflections on the events of his day, and occasional poetry.

Item iii. A Jewel-Fountain in South America.

Last week, says the London Athenæum, we gave our readers some account—from a report sent by the French Consul to his government,—of a diamond mine which has been discovered in the Province of Bahia; and we have since found some details in a Brazilian paper,—which we are tempted to quote, for the singular effect produced by a narrative of facts that can only be given in language recalling the marvels of Oriental fiction. "Some years ago," says the journal in question, "veins of gold were accidentally discovered in the Assuara; and a crowd of contrabandists soon flocked to that desert portion of Bahia—situate not far from the southern banks of San Francisco—in search of fortune. The gold, however, was but the harbinger of more marvellous wealth ere long to be found. The labors of the miner extended on every side; and diamond-strata were soon discovered, of richness incalculable. In every stream and on every hill of these districts, and of the vast plain of Sincara, treasures inestimable, in gold and precious stones, presented themselves spontaneously to the hand of man. Attracted by the rumour, multitudes of emigrants from the town and province of Bahia, from Minas, and even from Rio Janerio, crowded thither to quench the universal thirst at this jewel-fountain. It is scarcely three years since the first ounce of gold was found in this region—then a desert; and it contains already a population exceeding forty thousand souls. It would be difficult, says this journal, to credit all that is told of the product of these new mines, if the letters and reports of trust-worthy eye-witnesses did not confirm the wildest of them. One letter says, "Gold is common and abundant in every brook, and throughout the entire district; but no man regards it—all are gathering diamonds." "Our readers may form an idea," the paper adds, "of the importance of these treasures, when they know that a single packet-ship exported lately, from Bahia to Europe, diamonds to the amount of 1,000 contos des reis (upwards of 106,000,) although the larger portion of these precious stones are carried first to Rio Janerio,—where, because of a greater abundance of capital and better acquaintance with the sort of traffic, they fetch higher prices."

Item iv. Two anecdotes for Bibliomaniacs—Gold and Fame.

A Precious Volume.—A curious circumstance occurred last week at the sale of the books of the late Dean of Lincoln.—Amongst the persons attracted was Mr. John Deighton, the bookseller, of Cambridge: he was looking over the lots shortly before the auction commenced, when on taking up a copy of Donne's 'Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,' he thought the volume felt very ponderous; and on examining it, he discovered that in the book-binder's "fly-leaf," at the beginning, several coins were sewed. He called the attention of the auctioneer to the circumstance; and it was ascertained that a manuscript letter was fastened to the leaf, and that seven guineas and two half-guineas of the reign of Charles II. were strongly sewed within, like so many buttons. The coins were quite bright and fresh; and though many of the books in the library were sadly damaged by damp and neglect, this volume and its contents had escaped injury for the lapse of 169 years. The letter had no signature, but from its style seemed to be the writing of a father to his son at one of the universities. The lot, made interesting by this circumstance, was withdrawn from the auction.—*Stamford Mercury.*

The Gazette des Tribunaux furnishes an anecdote from one of the bye-ways of Parisian life, which is worth reporting in the Athenæum rather for its touching character than for any direct relation which it has to literature. Some days since, a widow, keeping a well-known book-stall near the Pont St. Michel, was addressed by an old man, to whom his load of wretchedness seemed a heavier burthen than even that of his years. From beneath an old tattered garment the stooping man drew forth a thick volume, torn and stained by long use; and offering it to the book-dealer, said:—"Intrinsically this is worth a mere nothing: it had a value to me, however; but I have not the courage to let myself die of my hunger,—so give me for it what you will." The volume in question was the "History of Astronomy amongst all Nations," by Bailly; and, in its worn-out condition, was dear at 50 centimes;—but, the female merchant, pitying its owner's destitution, gave him a franc; and the later immediately entering a baker's shop, bought out a portion of a loaf, and sat down to eat it solitary by the river's side. M. G—, a canon of Notre Dame and hunter of the book-stalls in this neighborhood, had been a witness of the scene; and taking up the book when the old man was gone, he found on the reverse of the title-page the following lines, firmly traced, but whose ink had assumed the color of rust:—"My young friend, I am condemned to die;—at this hour to-morrow I shall be no more. I leave you friendless in the world—in a time of dreadful trouble; and that is one of my bitterest griefs. I had promised to be a father to you;—God wills that my promise shall not be performed. Take this volume as the pledge of my earnest love—and keep it in memory of me.—Bailly." Deeply affected by this one record of such varied miseries, at the opposite extremes of fifty years, the canon flung two francs to the merchant for her bargain,—and hastened with it to the old man, of whom he had not for a moment lost sight. From the latter, he learned that he was the natural son of a person of high rank; had been, after his father's death, the pupil and almost the adopted child of Bailly; and that, on the eve of his death, the illustrious martyr sent to him this copy of the work which, in 1784, had opened to himself the doors of the Academy. This unfortunate pupil of an unfortunate master, after having been long engaged in the business of public instruction, had been attacked by illness, which compelled him to resign his functions; and had since been gradually sinking into the state of destitution, under whose gnawing promptings he had turned the last gift of his benefactor and friend into bread. The canon took the old man to his home; and has since labored successfully to procure his admission into the hospital of Larochefoucaud—where the remainder of his days are sure, at least, of temporal comforts.

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, and not Mrs. Grant, as stated in a former number, is the author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie."

A Pension to Tennyson.—It is stated in the 'Cambridge Independent,' says the London Examiner, that Alfred Tennyson, the Poet, has received a pension of £200 per annum from her Majesty, at the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel.

Lord Byron's Statue, by Thorwaldsen, of the admission of which to Westminster Abbey so much has been written, has reached its destination at Trinity, Cambridge, where it will be put up in the College Library.

The Contributors to Punch move together in a body. They recently appeared, designers and all, with Dickens, in the amateur performance of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor." They are now to be present, or rather have been, Mark Lemon, Gilbert à Becket, Douglas Jerrold, with Charles Dickens, at the Manchester Athenæum Soiree, held on the evening of the 23d of October.

The Vatican Library.—The Pope has thrown the library of printed books in the Vatican open to the public, and ordered the preparation of a catalogue.

New Poem by Southey.—Messrs. Longmans announce "Oliver Newman, *A New-England Tale*," an unfinished poem from the literary remains of Southey.

Mr. Bryant is expected to return to the United States from his European tour, some time this month. He will bring with him the fruits of a ripe observation, gathered among the finest scenes of Europe, and under circumstances perhaps never surpassed by any traveller. His reception has been right honorable to the man.

Mr. Forrest's stay in Europe will probably be protracted to another season.

Professor Kingsley has already sent some three thousand volumes from Amsterdam, Leyden and Paris, to the new Library of Yale College.

Mr. Simms' new novel, "Count Julian," will be ready in about a week.

London Editions of the Reviews at American Prices.—We would call particular attention to the fact that Messrs. Wiley & Putnam will hereafter furnish London copies of the Edinburgh Review, the Quarterly, Foreign Quarterly and Westminster, at three dollars and a half per annum, if mailed in London. Also, Blackwood and Frazer at five dollars per annum. This will secure the original copies and at the earliest moment, as they will be delivered through the post-office, at the reduced rates of postage, simultaneously with the letters, on the arrival of the steamers.

CATALOGUE OF TEAS,

ON SALE AT THE TEA WAREHOUSE OF THE

PEKIN TEA COMPANY,

Importers of fine Green and Black Teas, No. 75 Fulton-st. New York.

[The Teas mentioned in this Catalogue are done up in quarter, half pound, and pound packages—the first, or inside wrapperis lead, the second wrapper is water proof paper, and the third or outside wrapper is of Chinese Rice paper. The Company sell none but good Teas, done up in this superior manner, all of them grown in the most luxurious districts in China. Country dealers can select as small a quantity of each kind as they like and have them packed in one chest. These Teas also come in five pound Chinese packages, called quattoons, a very convenient, fanciful and portable shape.]

Green Teas:

Young Hyson, sweet cargo, 50
do. do. do. do. finer 62½
do. do. finer cargo, 75
do. do. extra fine, 87½
do. do. Silver Leaf, 1 00
Silver Leaf—Seldom sold, even by large dealers, because of the very small profits made on its sale. This is a very superior tea.
do. do. Golden Chop, Plantation or Garden growth, 1 50
Golden Chop—This is the finest Green Tea cultivated in China. It is of the first pickings, and excels all other Green Teas for its delicacy of flavor, strength and aroma. Heretofore this tea has never reached this country, except in small lots, as presents to importers.
Hyson,* very fine, 75
do. Plantation growth, 1 00
Gunpowder, good, —
do. superior, (Read "monstrous fraud" below.) 1 00
do. small leaf, plantation growth, 1 25
Imperial, good, —
do. brisk and fragrant [read "monstrous fraud" below,] 1 00
do. curious leaf, very superior, 1 25
Hyson Skin, good, fine flavor, 38
do. do. extra fine, 62½

Black Teas.

Souchong, good, full flavor, 38
do. fine, 50
do. very superior, 75
Souchong, good, 38
do. extra fine, 50
Oolong, strong, flavor fine, 50
Oolong—This tea is a great favorite, and gives universal satisfaction.
do. very fine, 62½
do. in one pound and half pound cattys, extra fine, 75
Ne Plus Ultra, 1 50
Ne Plus Ultra—This tea is as fragrant and sweet as a nosegay. It yields a perfume that is truly delightful. It is of garden growth, and superior to any thing of the kind ever sold in this country.
English Breakfast Tea, very fine, 50
do. do. do. in one pound and half pound cattys, 62½
Howqua's Mixture, a strong and rich black tea, Pekoe flavor, 75
Congou, good, 37½
do. very fine, 50
Pekoe Flowery, good, 87½
do. do. garden growth, 1 50

*Caution.—Large quantities of Hyson Skin are retailed in this market as being a Hyson Tea. It is well worth while to compare the Hyson tea usually sold at 75 cents with the *genuine article* that the Company offer at the same price. The difference is so perceptible on trial as to render any further comment unnecessary.

Monstrous Fraud.—Gunpowder and Imperial Teas cannot be retailed by small dealers, in this country, at 75 cents per pound, because they frequently cost that money in China, and no Importer in this city can sell good Gunpowder or Imperial Tea at a less price than 75 cents per pound by the hundred packages. T. F. Davies, Esq., in his interesting work on China, details the manner in which he says the lowest grades of Black Teas manufactured and colored with Prussian Blue, so as to closely imitate Gunpowder and Imperial Teas, and adds, the Prussian Blue being a combination of Prussic Acid with Iron, is of course a dangerous poison. Let purchasers therefore beware of adulterated teas, and deal with those venders whose characters and resources raise them above suspicion. Beware of the Gunpowder and Imperial Teas retailed at 75 cents per pound, and compare them with the genuine article sold by the *Pekin Tea Company*. No one, it is presumed, wishes to drink poison. The Company have published a book, giving full details on this subject, which may be had at their Warehouse, 75 Fulton street, free of charge.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We drink tireen Tea, and for many years have been paying one dollar per pound for it. But thanks to the Pekin Tea Company, we now get a better tea from them at 75 cents per pound. We drink one pound per week, by which we are now saving thirteen dollars per year, and enjoying better tea in the bargain. Commend us to the Pekin Tea Company, say we.—Mirror.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and well, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure and fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—Daily Tribune.

You may be sure of obtaining at all times, pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street.—They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any one establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to commercial tea.—Atlas.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and exquisite teas as you could wish for.—Commercial Bulletin.

If any of our readers desire to have good tea, they can obtain it of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street.—Mercury.

A Word to Tea Drinkers.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great establishment, and a luxury and comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can always obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—Emporium.

The Pekin Tea Company.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant Teas, both in town and country, to the great Tea warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the proprietors enables us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We know that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor—cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an Oolong, mild as nectar, and fragrant as a rose, which we especially recommend to all nervous persons. Its effect upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drank such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over other stores of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 Fulton street.—New World.

Tea.—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 Fulton street, unquestionably sell the best teas imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store.

We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea-Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given gratis.—Anglo American.

The finest specimens of green and black teas ever sold in this country, are imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street. Those who want good teas at reasonable prices, can always get them there.—Tribune.

We have tried the teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—Evening Post. oct8

To the Public.—*Edgar A. Poe, Esq.* having purchased my interest in "The Broadway Journal," is now sole proprietor of the same. All persons indebted to the paper will please make settlement with him.

John Bisco.

New-York, Oct. 24, 1845.

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL:

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