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THE OFFICE of the Broadway Journal is removed to 304 Broadway, corner of Duane.

Epigram.

A REBUS.

Englisht from a Philadelphia Lawyer.

"What is a rebas?" I asked of Miss Mary,
As close by my side the young maiden was seated;
I saw her eye sink, and her countenance vary,
As she said in reply—"tis a kiss, sir, repeated."

YOUNG HOPEFUL, M. D.

From the same.

While o'er Manhattan's isle the plague impends,
Young Hopeful seeks the scene of misery;
"Many's the death-bed scene," he tells his friend,
"This dreary summer, I expect to see."
"You are too sanguine," cried the friendly few,
"You look for too much business—that you do!"

W. GILMORE FIERCE.

Pass of the Simplon, Gorge of Gondo.

[By the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to present our readers with a chapter in advance from Mr. HEADLEY's forthcoming work, in Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books, entitled "The Alps and the Rhine." We can promise our friends a book of even more life and spirit than the "Letters from Italy." Mr. Headley has a genius for mountain scenery. His Avanches, particularly, are poetical and magnificent.]

Coming from the warm air of the South, the first sight of the Alps gave a spring to my blood it had not felt for years. Egypt and Palestine I had abandoned, and weary and depressed, I turned as a last resort to the Alps and their glorious scenery. As I came on to Lake Maggiore, I was, as we should say at home, "down sick." A severe cold accompanied with fever rendered me as indifferent to the scenery the evening I approached—as if I were on the confines of a desert. But the morning found me myself again, and the clear lake coming from under the feet of the everlasting Alps, and peeping out into the valley as if to see how the plains of Lombardy looked, was as welcome as the face of a friend. Born myself amid mountains, I had loved them from boyhood. I looked out from our carriage on the Borromeo Isles, terraced up in the form of a pyramid from the water, with their dark fringe of cypresses, without one wish to visit them. I did not care whether they were an "espèce de création," or "a huge perigord pie stuck round with woodcocks and partridges." The soft air revived me, and the breeze that stooped down from the snow summits of the Alps, that glittered far up in the clear heavens before me, was like a new fountain of blood opened in my system. I left the carriage, and wandered

off to the quarries of pink granite among the mountains. After listening awhile to the clink of the miner's hammer, far up in the breast of the rock, and gathering a few crystals, I returned to the lake, and passing directly underneath a mountain of stone, from whose summit workmen were blasting rocks that fell with the noise of thunder into the road, sending their huge fragments over into the lake,—rejoined the carriage at a dirty inn. The crystal-like clearness of the water, and the mountains around, reminded me of the wilder parts of the Delaware, where I had hooked many a trout, and thinking they ought to be found on such gravelly bottoms, I enquired of the landlord if I could have trout for dinner. He replied yes, and when the speckled fish was brought on the table, it was like the sight of an old friend. The flesh, however, did not have the freshness and flavor of those caught in our mountain streams. It may have been owing to the cooking; probably it was. After dinner we started up the narrow valley that leads to the foot of the Simplon. It was as lovely an afternoon as ever made the earth smile. Gray, barren pyramids of rock pierced the clear heavens on either side, while the deep quiet of the valley was broken only by the brawling streamlet that sparkled through it. Here and there was a small meadow spot from which the dwarfish peasantry were harvesting the hay. Women performed the office of team and cart. A huge basket that would hold nearly as much as an ordinary hay-cock, was filled, when a woman inserted herself into straps fastened to it, and taking it on her back, walked away with it.

As it takes twelve good hours to cross the Simplon, travellers are compelled to stop over night at Domo d'Ossola, the last village before the ascent commences. I will not describe the dirty town with its smell of garlic, nor the "red-capped," "mahogany-legged," lazy lazzaroni that lounged through the street. Only one thing interested me in it. There is a hill near by called Calvary, with small white buildings stationed at intervals from the bottom to the top. Each of these is occupied with terra-cotta (earthen) figures representing our Saviour in the different stages of his sufferings;—from the trial before Pilate, to the last agony of the cross. Through an iron grating I looked in upon the strange groups, amid which, on the earth-floor, were scattered cents and fifths of cents;—thrown there by the faithful. In one, the ceiling of the building was concave, and painted blue to represent heaven. On this angels were painted large as life, and represented as hovering over the suffering Christ—while they had—babies and all—white handkerchiefs in their hands, which they held to their eyes quite *à la mode*. It did not strike me at first as so odd that they should use handkerchiefs in heaven, as that such beggarly-looking angels could afford such nice white ones.

But the Simplon. Nature, that wore the day before her loveliest, had now put on her angriest aspect. A

more glorious to-morrow was never promised to man, than the sun uttered as he went down that evening amid the Alps. There was not a cloud to dim his brightness, while the transparent atmosphere and the deep blue sky seemed dreaming of anything but clouds and mists. But who can foretell the whim of an Alpine sky? As we entered the mountains the day grew dark, and from the deep gorge that pierced their heart, the mist boiled out like the foam of a waterfall. Clouds veiled the giant peaks around, and the rain came down as if that were its sole business for the day. The torrent had carried away the road in some places, and we strolled slowly over the bed of the stream. At length we entered the gorge of Gondo, one of the most savage and awful in the Alps.—This day it was rendered doubly so by the black Alpine storm that swept through it. The road was here squeezed into the narrowest space, while the perpendicular rocks rose out of sight into the rain-clouds on either side, and the fretting torrent struggled through its torn channel far below. The gallery of Gondo, cut 500 feet through the solid rock, opens like a cavern over this gulf. Stand here a minute and look down the gorge. Those perpendicular walls of nature pierce the heavens so high that but a narrow strip of passing clouds is visible, as the blast puffs away for a moment the mist that wrapped them in such close embrace. A waterfall is sounding in your ears, covering the breast of the hill with foam, and filling the cavern with the sullen sound of thunder. Torrents leaping from the mountain tops, vanish in spray before they strike the bottom. The clouds roll through the gorge, and knock against the walls that hem them in; and then catching the down-sweeping gust, spring over their tops, revealing for a moment the head of a black crag far up where you thought the sky to be, and then dashing over its face, wrap it again in deeper gloom.—All around is horribly wild—the howl of the storm—the hissing of the blast around the cliffs—the roar of countless cataracts, and the hoarse voice of the distracted waters that rush on, and the awful solitude and strength that hem you in—make the soul stagger and shrink back in unthought fear and awe. Nature and God seem one—Power and Sublimity their only attributes, and these everlasting peaks their only dwelling-place. I would let the carriage, that looked like a mere toy among these giant forms of nature, disappear among the rolling mist, and then stand on a beetling crag and listen. It was the strangest, wildest music my soul ever bowed to, and the voices that spoke so loudly around me, had such an accent and power that my heart stood still in my bosom.—I grew nervous there alone, and felt as if I had not room to breathe. Just then, turning my eye up the gorge, the clouds parted over a smooth snow-field, that lay, white and calm, leagues away against the heavens. Oh, it was a relief to know there was one calm thing amid that distracted scene—one bosom the tempest could not ruffle: it told of a Deity ruling serene and tranquil above his works and laws.

As we approached the summit, the snow increased in depth. In one place the road passed directly through an old avalanche cut out like a tunnel. These avalanches have paths they travel as regularly as deer. The shape of the mountain decides the direction they shall take, and hence enables the traveller to know when he is in danger. They also always give premonitions of their fall. Before they start there is a low humming sound in the air, which the practised ear can detect in a moment. If you are in the path of avalanches when this mysteri-

ous warning is passing through the atmosphere, you cannot make too good use of your legs. A few days before we passed, the diligence was broken into fragments by one of these descending masses of snow. As it was struggling through the deep drifts right in front of one of those gorges where avalanches fall, the driver heard this low ringing sound in the hills above him. Springing from his seat, he threw open the door, crying, "Run for your life! an avalanche! an avalanche!" and drawing his knife, he severed the traces of his horses, and bringing them a blow with his whip, sprang ahead. All this was the work of a single minute; the next minute the diligence was in fragments, crushed and buried by the headlong mass.

The top of the Simplon is a dreary field of snow and ice, girded round with drearier rocks. The hospice is large and comfortable, and does credit to its founder, Bonaparte; and the prior is a fat, very handsome, good-natured man. I had a regular romp with one of the San Bernard dogs, who would run and leap on me like a tiger—barking furiously as he came—but harmless as a kitten in his frolics. To amuse us, the Prior let out four of them from their confinement. No sooner did they find themselves free, than they dashed down the steps of the hospice, and bounding into the snow, made the top of the Simplon ring again with their furious barkings. After we had wandered over the building awhile, and made enquiries respecting lost travellers in winter, the good Prior set before us some bread and a bottle of wine, from which we refreshed ourselves and prepared to depart. We had scarcely begun to descend towards the Vallais, when I discovered, straight down through the gorge, a little village, with its roofs and church spire, looking like a miniature town there at the end and bottom of the abyss.—Confident there was no town between the top of the Simplon and the Brieg, lying nearly twenty miles distant at the base, and thinking this could not be that town, sunk there apparently within rifle shot of where I stood, I enquired of the vetturino what place it was. "Brieg," he replied. "Brieg?" I exclaimed: "why, that is six hours' drive from here, and I can almost throw a stone in that place." "You will find it far enough before you get there," he replied, and with that we trotted on. Backwards and forwards, now running along the edge of a gulf deep in the mountains and under overhanging glaciers, till it grew narrow enough to let a bridge be thrown across; and now shooting out on to some projecting point that looked down on shuddering depths, the road wound like a snake in its difficult passage among the rocks.—Houses of refuge occur at short intervals, to succor the storm-caught traveller; and over the road, as it cuts the breast of some steep hill, that shows an unbroken sheet of snow, up—up, till the summit seems lost in the heavens, are thrown arches on which the avalanche may slide over into the gulf below. Over some of these arches torrents were now roaring from the melting mass above. Calm glaciers on high, and angry torrents below; white snow-fields covering thousands of acres on distant mountain-tops, and wrecks of avalanches, crushed at the base of the precipice on which you stand: fill the mind with a succession of feelings that can never be recalled or expressed. It seems as if nature tried to overwhelm the awe-struck and humbled man in her presence, by crowding scene after scene of awful magnificence upon him.

We stopped at Brieg all night, in a most contemptible inn. It was some fête day or other of the thousand and

one Catholic saints, and the streets were strewn with evergreens, while nearly every second man had a sprig in his hat. The streets were filled with peasantry, sauntering about in the evening air; I leaned from my window and watched them as supper was cooking. There a group went loitering about, singing some careless song I could not understand, while nearer by were two peasants, a young man and a maiden, with their arms around each other's waists, strolling silently along in the increasing twilight.

At Brieg you enter on the Vallais and follow the Rhone on its tranquil course for Lake Lemau. Its waters were yet turbid from their long struggle in the mountains, and flowed heavily through the valley. Along this we trotted all day, and stopped at night at Sion. If Mount Sion in Jerusalem is not a better place than this, the Arabs are welcome to it. The falls of Tortemagne, which you pass on the road, are very beautiful, from the curve and swing of the descending water, caused by the peculiar shape of the rocks; and those of Sallenche grand and striking. The long single leap of the torrent is one hundred and twenty feet, and as you stand under it, the descending water has the appearance of the falling fragments of a rocket after it has burst. The spray that boils from its feet rises like a cloud, and drifting down the field, passes like a fog over the road.

Sonnet.

Fiumi, nevi gelate, orridi monti,
Ch'ogn'hor crescite, il mio camm'in tardando,
E me tenete da' quegli occhi in bando,
Per cui convien, ch'ogni momento lo cunfi;
Sarà ch'un'altra volta il Sol tramonti
Prima, ch'io lieto a lor giunga volando!
Ch'ei ver me dolcemente folgorando
Moran pietosi a riguardarmi, e pronti!
Ah troppo è la via lunga, e il tempo corto;
Ma non fia almen, che col pensier non voli,
Ov'io son sempre, e dove solo ho pace;
Doglioso intanto il cor, il viso smorto,
Andrò fin ch'io vi veggia, O chiari soli;
Che ciò ch'io veggo senza voi mi spiace.

FABIO GARZOTA.

Four Beasts in One—The Homo-Camelopard.

Chacun a ses vertus.

Cribbille's Xerxes.

ANTIOCHUS EPIDAPHNE is very generally looked upon as the Gog of the prophet Ezekiel. This honor is, however more properly attributable to Cambyzes, the son of Cyrus. And, indeed, the character of the Syrian monarch does by no means stand in need of any adventitious embellishment. His accession to the throne, or rather his usurpation of the sovereignty, a hundred and seventy-one years before the coming of Christ; his attempt to plunder the temple of Diana at Ephesus; his implacable hostility to the Jews; his pollution of the Holy of Holies; and his miserable death at Taba, after a tumultuous reign of eleven years, are circumstances of a prominent kind, and therefore more generally noticed by the historians of his time, than the impious, dastardly, cruel, silly and whimsical achievements which make up the sum total of his private life and reputation.

* * * * *

Let us suppose, gentle reader, that it is now the year

of the world three thousand eight hundred and thirty, and let us, for a few minutes, imagine ourselves at that most grotesque habitation of man, the remarkable city of Antioch. To be sure there were, in Syria and other countries, sixteen cities of that appellation, besides the one to which I more particularly allude. But *ours* is that which went by the name of Antiochia Epidaphne, from its vicinity to the little village of Daphne, where stood a temple to that divinity. It was built (although about this matter there is some dispute) by Seleucus Nicanor, the first king of the country after Alexander the Great, in memory of his father Antiochus, and became immediately the residence of the Syrian monarchy. In the flourishing times of the Roman Empire, it was the ordinary station of the prefect of the eastern provinces; and many of the emperors of the queen city, (among whom may be mentioned especially, Verus and Valens,) spent here the greater part of their time. But I perceive we have arrived at the city itself. Let us ascend this battlement, and throw our eyes upon the town and neighboring country.

"What broad and rapid river is that which forces its way, with innumerable falls, through the mountainous wilderness, and finally through the wilderness of buildings?"

That is the Orontes, and it is the only water in sight, with the exception of the Mediterranean, which stretches like a broad mirror, about twelve miles off to the southward. Every one has seen the Mediterranean; but let me tell you, there are few who have had a peep at Antioch. By few, I mean, few who, like you and me, have had, at the same time, the advantages of a modern education. Therefore cease to regard that sea, and give your whole attention to the mass of houses that lie beneath us. You will remember that it is now the year of the world three thousand eight hundred and thirty. Were it later—for example, were it the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five, we should be deprived of this extraordinary spectacle. In the nineteenth century Antioch is—that is to say, Antioch *will be*—in a lamentable state of decay. It will have been, by that time, totally destroyed, at three different periods, by three successive earthquakes. Indeed, to say the truth, what little of its former self may then remain, will be found in so desolate and ruinous a state that the patriarch shall have removed his residence to Damascus. This is well. I see you profit by my advice, and are making the most of your time in inspecting the premises—in

—satisfying your eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame
That most renown this city,—

I beg pardon; I had forgotten that Shakspeare will not flourish for seventeen hundred and fifty years to come.—But does not the appearance of Epidaphne justify me in calling it *grotesque*?

"It is well fortified; and in this respect is as much indebted to nature as to art."

Very true.

"There are a prodigious number of stately palaces."

There are.

"And the numerous temples, sumptuous and magnificent, may bear comparison with the most lauded of antiquity."

All this I must acknowledge. Still there is an infinity of mud huts, and abominable hovels. We cannot help perceiving abundance of filth in every kennel, and, were it not for the overpowering fumes of idolatrous incense,

I have no doubt we should find a most intolerable stench. Did you ever behold streets so insufferably narrow, or houses so miraculously tall? What a gloom their shadows cast upon the ground! It is well the swinging lamps in those endless colonnades are kept burning throughout the day; we should otherwise have the darkness of Egypt in the time of her desolation.

"It is certainly a strange place! What is the meaning of yonder singular building? See! it towers above all others, and lies to the eastward of what I take to be the royal palace."

That is the new Temple of the Sun, who is adored in Syria under the title of Elah Gabalah. Hereafter a very notorious Roman Emperor will institute this worship in Rome, and thence derive a cognomen, Heliogabalus. I dare say you would like to take a peep at the divinity of the temple. You need not look up at the heavens; his Sunship is not there; at least not the Sunship adored by the Syrians. That deity will be found in the interior of yonder building. He is worshipped under the figure of a large stone pillar terminating at the summit in a cone or pyramid, whereby is denoted Fire.

"Hark!—behold!—who can those ridiculous beings be, half naked, with their faces painted, shouting and gesticulating to the rabble?"

Some few are mountebanks. Others more particularly belong to the race of philosophers. The greatest portion, however—those especially who belabor the populace with clubs—are the principal courtiers of the palace, executing, as in duty bound, some laudable comicality of the king's.

"But what have we here? Heavens! the town is swarming with wild beasts! How terrible a spectacle!—how dangerous a peculiarity!"

Terrible, if you please; but not in the least degree dangerous. Each animal, if you will take the pains to observe, is following, very quietly, in the wake of its master. Some few, to be sure, are led with a rope about the neck, but these are chiefly the lesser or timid species.—The lion, the tiger, and the leopard are entirely without restraint. They have been trained without difficulty to their present profession, and attend upon their respective owners in the capacity of *valets-de-chambre*. It is true, there are occasions when Nature asserts her violated dominion;—but then the devouring of a man-at-arms, or the throttling of a consecrated bull, is a circumstance of too little moment to be more than hinted at in Epidaphne.

"But what extraordinary tumult do I hear? Surely this is a loud noise even for Antioch! It argues some commotion of unusual interest."

Yes—undoubtedly. The king has ordered some novel spectacle—some gladiatorial exhibition at the Hippodrome—or perhaps the massacre of the Scythian prisoners—or the conflagration of his new palace—or the tearing down of a handsome temple—or, indeed, a bonfire of a few Jews. The uproar increases. Shouts of laughter ascend the skies. The air becomes dissonant with wind instruments, and horrible with the clamor of a million throats. Let us descend, for the love of fun, and see what is going on! This way—be careful! Here we are in the principal street, which is called the street of Timarchus. The sea of people is coming this way, and we shall find a difficulty in stemming the tide. They are pouring through the alley of Heraclides, which leads directly from the palace;—therefore the king is most probably among the rioters. Yes!—I hear the shouts of the herald proclaiming his approach in the pompous phrase-

ology of the East. We shall have a glimpse of his person as he passes by the temple of Ashimah. Let us enshrine ourselves in the vestibule of the sanctuary; he will be here anon. In the meantime let us survey this image. What is it? Oh, it is the god Ashimah in proper person. You perceive, however, that he is neither a lamb, nor a goat, nor a satyr; neither has he much resemblance to the Pan of the Arcadians. Yet all these appearances have been given—I beg pardon—*will be given*—by the learned of future ages, to the Ashimah of the Syrians. Put on your spectacles, and tell me what it is. What is it?

"Bless me! it is an ape!"

True—a baboon; but by no means the less a deity.—His name is a derivation of the Greek *Simia*—what great fools are antiquarians! But see!—see! yonder scampers a ragged little urchin. Where is he going? What is he bawling about? What does he say? Oh! he says the king is coming in triumph; that he is dressed in state; that he has just finished putting to death, with his own hand, a thousand chained Israelitish prisoners. For this exploit the ragamuffin is lauding him to the skies.—Hark! here comes a troop of a similar description. They have made a Latin hymn upon the valor of the king, and are singing it as they go.

Mille, mille, mille,
Mille, mille, mille,
Decollavimus, unus homo!
Mille, mille, mille, mille, decollavimus!
Mille, mille, mille!
Vivat qui mille mille occidit!
Tantum vini habet nemo
Quantum sanguinis effudit!

Which may be thus paraphrased:

A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
We, with one warrior, have slain!
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
Sing a thousand over again!
Soho!—let us sing
Long life to our king,
Who knocked over a thousand so fine!
Soho!—let us roar,
He has given us more
Red gallons of gore
Than all Syria can furnish of wine!

"Do you hear that flourish of trumpets?"

Yes; the king is coming! See! the people are aghast with admiration, and lift up their eyes to the heavens in reverence. He comes—he is coming;—there he is!

"Who?—where?—the king?—do not behold him;—cannot say that I perceive him."

Then you must be blind.

"Very possible. Still I see nothing but a tumultuous mob of idiots and madmen, who are busy in prostrating themselves before a gigantic cameleopard, and endeavoring to obtain a kiss of the animal's hoofs. See! the beast has very justly kicked one of the rabble over—and another—and another—and another. Indeed I cannot help admiring the animal for the excellent use he is making of his feet."

Rabble, indeed!—why these are the noble and free citizens of Epidaphne! Beast, did you say?—take care

* Flavius Vopiscus says that the hymn here introduced, was sung by the rabble upon the occasion of Aurelian, in the Sarmatic war, having slain with his own hand nine hundred and fifty of the enemy.

that you are not overheard. Do you not perceive that the animal has the visage of a man? Why, my dear sir, that cameleopard is no other than Antiochus Epiphanes, Antiochus the Illustrious, King of Syria, and the most potent of all the autocrats of the East! It is true that he is entitled, at times, Antiochus Epimanes—Antiochus the madman—but that is because all people have not the capacity to appreciate his merits. It is also certain that he is at present ensconced in the hide of a beast, and is doing his best to play the part of a cameleopard; but this is done for the better sustaining his dignity as king. Besides, the monarch is of gigantic stature, and the dress is therefore neither unbecoming nor over large. We may, however, presume he would not have adopted it but for some occasion of especial state. Such, you will allow, is the massacre of a thousand Jews. With how superior a dignity the monarch perambulates on all fours! His tail, you perceive, is held aloft by his two principal concubines, Elline and Argelais; and his whole appearance would be infinitely prepossessing, were it not for the protuberance of his eyes, which will certainly start out of his head, and the queer color of his face, which has become nondescript from the quantity of wine he has swallowed. Let us follow him to the hippodrome, whither he is proceeding, and listen to the song of triumph which he is commencing:

Who is king but Epiphanes?
Say—do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Bravo—bravo!
There is none but Epiphanes,
No—there is none:
So tear down the temples,
And put out the sun!

Well and strenuously sung! The populace are hailing him 'Prince of Poets,' as well as 'Glory of the East,' 'Delight of the Universe,' and 'most Remarkable of Cameleopards.' They have excused his effusion, and—do you hear?—he is singing it over again. When he arrives at the hippodrome, he will be crowned with the poetic wreath, in anticipation of his victory at the approaching Olympics.

"But, good Jupiter! what is the matter in the crowd behind us?"

Behind us, did you say?—oh! ah!—I perceive. My friend, it is well that you spoke in time. Let us get into a place of safety as soon as possible. Here!—let us conceal ourselves in the arch of this aqueduct, and I will inform you presently of the origin of the commotion. It has turned out as I have been anticipating. The singular appearance of the cameleopard with the head of a man, has, it seems, given offence to the notions of propriety entertained, in general, by the wild animals domesticated in the city. A mutiny has been the result; and, as is usual upon such occasions, all human efforts will be of no avail in quelling the mob. Several of the Syrians have already been devoured; but the general voice of the four-footed patriots seems to be for eating up the cameleopard. 'The Prince of Poets,' therefore, is upon his hinder legs, and running for his life. His courtiers have left him in the lurch, and his concubines have followed so excellent an example. 'Delight of the Universe,' thou art in a sad predicament! 'Glory of the East,' thou art in danger of mastication! Therefore never regard so piteously thy tail; it will undoubtedly be dragged in the mud, and for this there is no help. Look not behind thee, then, at its unavoidable degradation; but take courage, ply thy legs with vigor, and scud for the hippo-

drome! Remember that thou art Antiochus Epiphanes, Antiochus the Illustrious!—also 'Prince of Poets,' 'Glory of the East,' 'Delight of the Universe,' and 'most Remarkable of Cameleopards!' Heavens! what a power of speed thou art displaying! What a capacity for leg-hail thou art developing! Run, Prince!—Bravo, Epiphanes!—Well done, Cameleopard!—Glorious Antiochus! He runs!—he leaps!—he flies! Like an arrow from a catapult he approaches the hippodrome! He leaps!—he shrieks!—he is there! This is well; for hadst thou, 'Glory of the East,' been half a second longer in reaching the gates of the Amphitheatre, there is not a bear's cub in Epidaphne that would not have had a nibble at thy carcase. Let us be off—let us take our departure!—for we shall find our delicate modern ears unable to endure the vast uproar which is about to commence in celebration of the king's escape! Listen! it has already commenced. See!—the whole town is topsyturvy.

"Surely this is the most populous city of the East! What a wilderness of people! what a jumble of all ranks and ages! what a multiplicity of sects and nations! what a variety of costumes! what a babel of languages! what a screaming of beasts! what a tinkling of instruments! what a parcel of philosophers!"

Come let us be off!

"Stay a moment! I see a vast hubbub in the hippodrome; what is the meaning of it I beseech you?"

"That?—oh nothing! The noble and free citizens of Epidaphne being, as they declare, well satisfied of the faith, valor, wisdom, and divinity of their king, and having, moreover, been eye-witnesses of his late superhuman agility, do think it no more than their duty to invest his brows (in addition to the poetic crown) with the wreath of victory in the foot-race—a wreath which it is evident he must obtain at the celebration of the next Olympiad, and which, therefore, they now give him in advance.

Annette!

With fairy feet who treads the flowers!
Whose voice to the wind-harp sings!
Whose laughter startles the silent hours
And the shadows that brood with wide-spread wings
On the vine-hung walls of odoriferous bowers,
And over the waters of star-lit springs!

Whose smile do I see, thou beautiful one!
On lips like the leaves of the rose!
Like the tremulous smile of the radiant sun
On fields of the crusted snows:—
Or moonbeams that play where rivulets run
And crystal rivers repose!

Whose eyes so surpassing the violet's hue,
That the violets envying weep,
With glances of love in their depths of blue,
Like the clear, calm skies, so distant and deep,
Look out beneath fringes soft as the dew
On the violets in their sleep!

Annette! Annette! Ah, stay by my side!
Let me hear thy tremulous tone!
Thou art gentle and fair, like one who died,
(Alas that she died!) in days that have flown:
And no vision of pain
Dost thou bring me again
Of the golden-haired—the violet-eyed,
But dreams of her beauty alone!

The Fine Arts.

THE ART UNION will distribute, on the 19th of December, whatever Paintings the Committee may have selected.

It is a notorious fact that their choice of pictures has generally been of a character not very creditable to their subscribers; and, we think, not conducive to the dissemination of a true feeling for the Fine Arts. It is urged, in excuse, that our knowledge of Art is too limited for them to dare the commercial feeling of the community by expending their capital in purchasing only a few very fine paintings, when for the same amount a greater number may be procured, although of questionable merit—or, in other words, entirely worthless—for true art admits not of mediocrity.

They say, also, that their list of subscribers would be diminished, and their means limited by such a course.—We are not sure of that; and even if such were the fact, what then? Is there anything gained in the cause of Taste, or are the Fine Arts advanced a single step, by giving means to painters of no capacity for their profession, and giving to the world pictures of an indifferent character? Such a course only corrupts the general taste, and gives an uncertain recompense to the individuals who must eventually starve in the pursuit of an art for which they have no natural ability. Philanthropy on the one hand would urge the discouragement, at an early period, of a pursuit that must be ruinous in the end, and Taste would unquestionably be improved by the destruction of abortive attempts to pourtray nature.

We would not be understood as opposed to the Association; on the contrary, we admit its general usefulness, and hope all our friends will give it their support. But we cannot forbear hinting at what we feel to be its worst characteristic, and hope that future committees will avoid all works not calculated to spread a more correct taste for the various Arts of Design than now exists in the United States.

The amount of the paid subscriptions, at this date, is ten thousand dollars, and will probably reach twelve thousand before the day of distribution.

On the Loss of the Packet Ship "United States."

Oh proudly down the glimmering bay
Her path the gallant vessel cleaves,
Fair breezes speed her on her way,
And soon behind the port she leaves;
And friends have wav'd the last farewell,
To those who wander o'er the main;
Who now, alas! their fate can tell?
That ship was never seen again!

What hearts were in that vessel borne—
What hopes that time can ne'er restore!
What lovers parted on that morn,
With vows to meet and part no more!
What pray'rs were for her safety said!
How oft was Heaven invoked! In vain—
For those she bore are with the dead—
That ship was never seen again!

We dare not hope, for since the morn
When from her port that vessel sail'd,
The moon hath twelve times fill'd her horn,
And twelve times she her light hath veil'd!
Did we but know how they had died,
'Twould be some solace to our pain;

But fate has that sad boon denied—
That ship was never seen again!

We know not how she met her doom,—
If, whelm'd beneath the raging wave,
That bark went down 'mid storm and gloom,
With none to see—with none to save!
Or if by fire her fate was seal'd,—
Or hidden rock amid the main,—
Still is the mystery unreveal'd;—
That ship was never seen again!

Could we but learn her destiny,
How 'twould relieve the aching heart;
For fancy's dreams away would flee,
And all the pangs of doubt depart!
But time rolls on,—day follows day,
Yet does her tale untold remain,
And we but know she sail'd away,
And that she never was seen again!

H. C. L.

Critical Notices.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany, No. V. The Life of Frederick Schiller. By Thomas Carlyle.

It is but a few years since the Life of Schiller, by Carlyle, was first published in this country. The author's name was not prefixed; and the book found readers only among the cultivated few who felt an interest in the subject, or were able to discover the rare excellence of the work as a literary biography. We cannot help thinking it the most delightful of all the writings of Carlyle. It was written before he had adopted the eccentricities and affectations of style, which have obscured so many fine thoughts. He was then only a "secluded individual," on whose mind and heart were painted the character of the poet by whom he had been charmed, instructed, cheered and moved, and who represented this form to others, that they, too, might be inspired by its grace and majesty. And nobly did he execute a noble task. We rejoice that it was completed before the simplicity of his spirit had been invaded and corrupted by caprice; before the Fountain of Beauty in his soul had been turned into a turbid vortex; before he appeared a foreign and portentous shape to his century—not to purify—but to bewilder and mislead it! Nothing but what was great and elevating could emanate from a mind that avowed, and abided by such a creed as this:

The treasures of Literature are celestial, imperishable, beyond all price; with her is the shrine of our best hopes; the palladium of pure manhood; to be among the guardians and servants of this is the noblest function that can be entrusted to a mortal. Genius, even in its faintest scintillations, is the 'inspired gift of God'; a solemn mandate to its owner, to go forth and labor in his sphere; to keep alive the 'sacred fire' among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is forever threatening to extinguish. Wo to him if he neglect this mandate, if he hear not its still, small voice! Wo to him, if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his vile or ignoble passions; if he offer it on the altar of vanity—if he sell it for a piece of money.

This biography—(the present is a new edition, revised and reprinted by the author)—is not merely a sketch of the poet's life. Nor is it simply a picture of him, personally and mentally, as he appears in his maturity, and as the world and posterity know him. It is a gradual development of his heart and mind, of his nature as a poet and a man, that endears him more to us, while it enables us more thoroughly to comprehend him. We can trace here the growth of his faculties, and his progress amidst the struggles and obstacles of his early career; from the

time when his "strong, untamed spirit," consumed by its own activity, was chasing blindly, like ocean waves, against the barriers that restrained it—through difficulties and vexations which only his burning energy of soul enabled him to overcome—up to that calm, intellectual elevation, in the lucid expansion of which he could watch the workings of his imagination, and subject the operations of genius to the requisitions of taste. Each of these separate eras in Schiller's existence is marked by the character of his productions; so that his personal is blended with his intellectual history. Thus Carlyle has divided his biography into three parts. The first embraces his youth, and his first plays, the *Robbers*, *Fiesco*, and *Kabale und Liebe*; a season of wild aberrations, of stormy confusion, and of unregulated, exasperated enthusiasm.—The second period in his literary history includes the time that elapsed from his settlement at Mannheim, to that at Jena. The play of *Don Carlos* was composed at this time. The third, and concluding portion, extends from his settlement at Jena, to his death. His greatest works were produced in these last years; his character became fully formed; his clear, deep and comprehensive intellect was in the zenith of its glory. Yet, "his child-like simplicity"—that last perfection of his other excellences—was the most discernible. "His was a mighty spirit, unheeded of its might. He walked the earth in calm power; 'the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam,' but he wielded it like a wand."

The translations from the tragedies of Schiller, in this volume, are very imperfectly executed. It is evident the translator has no ear for rhythm. The literal meaning is given, but the subtle spirit of poetry is lost in the transposition of thought from one language to the other. But in the analysis of the plays, and in the just and discriminating criticisms, the reader may be guided safely and most agreeably. He will lay down the book not merely with intense admiration of it, but with a more elevated sense of the dignity of the poet's mission, and a deeper reverence for the truth that still lives in fiction. He will exclaim, at the touching death-bed scene—"Was it not enough of life, when he had conquered kingdoms?"—"These kingdoms," truly observes the author, "which Schiller conquered, were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood; no widows' tears; no orphans' tears: they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, won from the 'void and formless Infinite'; 'a possession forever to all the generations of the Earth.'"

Wiley & Putnam's *Library of Choice Reading*, Nos. 34 and 35. *The Life of Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé*. By Lord Mahon.

If the author of this work, in superintending its translation and preparation for the press, had indulged in occasional philosophic surveys, or in comments, suggested by the wild and exciting events he records, such as are expected from every historian who aims higher than a mere setting forth of facts—we should have found nothing to desire. The portion of history it embraces is that stormy, yet most interesting era in the annals of France, connected with the life of the great Condé, the chief of the Fronde, the illustrious rebel; the hero in whom so many splendid qualities were stained by his ingratitude towards his noble wife. The book is without pretension; it is a simple narration; we are hurried on, without pause, through

a succession of wars and intrigues; and sufficient material to fill half a dozen volumes is condensed into two.—At the close, the reader is left to form his own judgment of the character of the hero. Notwithstanding that something is wanting, however, the work is deeply interesting, and a valuable contribution to historical literature.

Wiley & Putnam's *Foreign Library*, No. V. *Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking*. Translated by F. Prandi.

A deeply interesting book—a condensation of Father Ripa's "History of the Chinese College," published at Naples in 1832, in three volumes octavo. This abridgment is designed to give only such passages of the original as relate to China generally, without particular reference to the College; the latter forming the main subject of the Italian work.

The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan, by Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, &c. Illustrated with Fifty Cuts, by Adams, after Designs by Chapman, Harvey, and others. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Of course, we do not intend to say a word in favor of "The Pilgrim's Progress" *per se*—we should as soon think of recommending the works of William Shakespeare; but we may say that this is a very neat edition, and that the illustrations throughout are highly meritorious.

The Sufferings of Christ. By A Layman. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This able work is the result of a careful investigation of the Scriptures, with the view of settling the question whether the sufferings of Christ were limited to his manhood alone. A beautiful octavo of 320 pages.

A Manual of Private Devotions. For the Use of Young Persons. Altered from the English Edition. New-York: Henry M. Onderdonk & Co.

The purpose of this pretty and useful little book is well explained in its title.

The Whiteboy: a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 65 of Harper's Library of Select Novels—a series of books that cannot be too highly recommended to the public attention. Nowhere, within the same compass, or at the same price, is so much of real entertainment to be found.

The Whiteboy is a powerful novel—full of vivid description.

Epicidium.

They are fading, they are fading,
Faintly, slowly, one by one;
They are dying out ere manhood's
Restless race is well begun!
—Dim dreamings of the future,
—They that had their joyous birth,
In boyhood's truant wanderings
Or by our father's hearth.

They are fading, they are fading,
Like the morning hosts that fling
Their shadowy forms of glory o'er
Some voiceful stream of Spring.

—Then ye watched their gorgeous wreathings,
—Now ye see them dimly rise,
Till, vague and insubstantial,
They are lost within the skies.

They are fading, they are fading—
And, as one by one they set,
I do struggle to forget!
Or, to reason vainly turning,
Since I cannot bid them stay,
How oft I strive to deem it but
Wild Fantasie's decay!

But a sorrow, deep and voiceless,
Across my soul will creep;
And bitterly, oh! bitterly
I cannot choose but weep,
When I feel them ever fading,
Ever dying, one by one,
They that were wont to joy me, ere
My boyhood's days were done.

H. S. HOWLEY

Musical Department.

OLE BULL'S Farewell Concert was attended by at least three thousand persons, who never, perhaps, regretted more not to have heard him oftener than on this evening. He played his *Niagara* and *Carnival de Venice* with even more than usual taste; and his *Memory of Washington* seemed to have new life on that evening. The Duett of Miss Northall and Ole Bull, composed by the latter, was applauded to the very echo; but we think that Miss Northall's part was entirely too low to let her voice appear to any advantage. Mr. Duffield's song pleased us much, as that gentleman's songs generally please. At the end of the performance, a shower of bouquets, wreaths and poems came down on our Virtuoso, and a very short speech, which has had the honor of a second improved edition in the daily papers, concluded the evening's entertainment. Mr. Ole Bull's luggage is now fairly on board the Havre packet-ship, and those who hoped for another opportunity of hearing the great artist, are this time surely disappointed. We wish him a hearty farewell; and may he find as many sincere friends in the Old country as he has left true ones in the New.

HUBER'S CONCERT.—Our engagements kept us from attending Mr. Huber's Concert, which appears to have been decidedly successful. We give, in the absence of anything from ourselves, the account of the accomplished critic of the *Evening Gazette*:

Huber's First Concert was a complete triumph for the great artist. Before an audience than which he could hardly have found another more exacting, he displayed such a consummate mastery over his instrument, and so complete a comprehension of its genius, that by those who know, and the audience was full of such, he took first rank among the few great artists who have visited us, and placed his violoncello by the side of the violin of Vieuxtemps and the piano forte of De Meyer. This was a greater feat than either of them have performed; for the violoncello, while it is the greatest, is at the same time, the most difficult of all instruments. The length of the stop while it enables the performer to sing upon this instrument more than upon the violin, makes performance upon it far more taxing to both the mind and the fingers. The tone of the violoncello has a sweetness and dignity as well as a power which the violin, even in the hands of the greatest performers never can have; and its harmonies have a body of tone which is like the highest notes of a fine flute; the violin is always a little flagolety.

We have yet to learn whether Servais or Franchomme are more accomplished masters of this great instrument than Christian Huber. His exquisitely pure tone, sounding at times like the echo of

a sweet soprano voice, his power over the feelings, and the wonderful ease, almost indifference, with which he performs the greatest difficulties, place the idea of greater performances far in the realms of conjecture.

His *staccato* is even more perfect than Ole Bull's; because with equal rapidity it is both purer in tone and firmer. His harmonic variation in his second piece of last evening produced the greatest effect; it was like the softest tones of two flutes played in more perfect tune than flutes are played, save by such artists as Mr. Kyle, whose performances of this evening did even him great credit, and were well appreciated.

We will not speak at length of his perfect bowing, his intonation, his accent, his intricate and accurate double stopping, and the seeming recklessness and certainty with which he passes instantly from the highest notes of the treble clef to the open bass string;—to those who are not musicians it would be of little service, and those who are, will observe it for themselves.

But all can appreciate the perfect ease with which all this is done, and the very apparent fact that he makes all this knowledge completely subservient to his music, and not the music to his skill.

We have but time to add our satisfaction with the piano-forte accompaniments of Miss Huber; and also with Mr. Brissow, who, we are glad to see, chose this evening to make his first appearance in two duets with Mr. Kyle. He deserves to become a favorite.

The Tabernacle was crowded to witness the performance of *Paulus*, by Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Mrs. Mott and Mr. Paige acquitted themselves ably; and Mrs. Loder's good style is so well known, as to allow any other remark than that she sang like herself.

MISS NORTHALL'S CONCERT had an unusually rich bill to offer. A further notice in our next.

NEW MUSIC.—The Bohemian Grand March, arranged for the Piano with the *Æolian Attachment*, composed by H. S. Saroni, published by John F. Nunns.

Forget Thee!

Forget thee!—oh! my spirit's weary,
With its long, unbroken chain!
Forget thee!—oh! were life more dreary,
Still thine image would remain—
Blending with each fancy vision,
Thoughts of love too false and frail—
Youthful hopes that had arisen,
Leaving manhood to bewail.

Thine eyes of light, and face of beauty!
Come they with a withering spell,
To mock my dreams of love and duty,
With thy mystic fare thee well!
Forget thee!—oh! though lost for ever,
Fondly loved through vain regret—
With a charm time may not sever,
Memory round thee lingers yet.

H. S. De Graue.

ON READING MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.

Sweet as the god-enchanted, golden song
Which honey-tongued Apollo sung at even,
Before the crystal-shining gates of heaven—
Pausing in chariot of celestial fire
Upon the sapphire-paved street among
The thronging angels—when, from out his lyre,
Was rained, in lofty piles of echoing thunder,
Which rapt the stars with brighter newborn wonder—
The lightning of his song which filled the sky,
And, on the music-troubled ether-sea,
Threatening to wreck Time's argosy on high,
With the swift whirlwinds of his melody—
Was thine EVANGEL, sung by thee, sweet SWAN!
While floating on the streams of Albion. T. H. CHIVERS.

Editorial Miscellany.

THOSE of our city subscribers who failed to receive the Journal last week, are requested to send for it to the office, 304 Broadway. We shall endeavor to have it punctually delivered in future.

MR. THOMAS H. LANE is the only person (besides ourself) authorized to give receipts or transact business for "The Broadway Journal."

N. B.—This notice is not intended to apply to Mr. Wm. Fairman who, for the present, is our authorized agent in obtaining city subscriptions.

MR. EDMUND BURKE, the editress of the "Frogpondian Teetotaller," assures us, with tears in her eyes, that we are mistaken in supposing her "a little old lady in a mob cap and spectacles."

Our present impression is that she lies. However—we will take another look at her when we pay our next visit to Frogpondium—which will be soon—as we have a fine poem that we wrote at seven months—and an invitation to "deliver" it before the Lyceum. They want it immediately—they can't wait.

THE MANNER in which we are maltreated, of late days, is really awful to behold. Every body is at us—little dogs and all.

The littlest of all the dogs is perhaps the "Nassau Monthly"—whatever is the "Nassau Monthly." Only hear what it says:

Every one acquainted with the literature of the day knows that we are abundantly supplied, it is not in danger of being utterly overwhelmed, with a mass of writing, the characteristic of which is mere brilliancy of expression—a charming style. Examine it and you find no thought. You will find sparkling wit and an exquisite music of words, and this is all. These are the facts, we don't intend to philosophize and so shall not seek for the causes. It may be the plentiful lack of genius in the present race of writers, the great mass of whom are mere penny-a-liners who have adopted writing as a mechanical trade, or it may be the general superficiality of the present race of readers which has induced this effect.

Our attention was attracted to this subject by an article of Edgar A. Poe, which lies among the mass on the table before us, headed "The Imp of the Perverse." The author is an excellent illustration of the remarks we have just made. If asked to what species of the genus humbug this article properly attaches itself, we should reply to the humbug philosophical. We have not time to analyze, but would say that the author introduces himself as in pursuit of an idea; this he chases from the wilderness of phrenology into that of transcendentalism, then into that of metaphysics generally; then through many weary pages into the open field of inductive philosophy, where he at last corners the poor thing, and then most unmercifully pokes it to death with a long stick. This idea he calls the "Perverse."

Byron somewhere says,

"—there's a courage which grows out of fear
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to know it: when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawn—you can't gaze a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it."

If Mr. Poe had been content with this and the following stanza he might have saved himself his chase, and his readers the trouble of elucidating his philosophic nonsense.

WE COPY from "The Tribune" the truly beautiful lines which follow, not because they have not been universally

copied and admired, but because we wish to place them carefully away within the leaves of our Journal as a precious record of unaffected pathos and enthusiasm.

A farewell to Ole Bull.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

THERE was a fountain in my heart
Whose deeps had not been stirred—
A thirst for music in my soul
My ear had never heard.

A feeling of the incomplete
To all bright things allied—
A sense of something beautiful,
Unfilled, unsatisfied.

But, waked beneath thy master-hand,
Those trembling chords have given
A foretaste of that deep, full life
That I shall know in Heaven.

In that resistless spell, for once
The vulture of Unrest,
That whets its beak upon my heart,
Lies, charmed, within my breast.

Pale Memory and flushed Hope forget;
Ambition sinks to sleep;
And o'er my spirit falls a bliss
So perfect that I weep.

Oh, Stranger! though thy Farewell notes
Now on the breeze may sigh
Yet treasured in our thrilling hearts
Their echo shall not die.

Thou'st brought us from thy Northern home
Old Norway's forest tones,
Wild melodies from ancient lands
Of palaces and thrones.

Take back the 'Prairie's Solitude,'
The voice of that dry sea,
Whose billowy breast is dyed with flowers,
Made audible by thee.

Take back with thee what ne'er before
To Music's voice was given—
The anthem that 'Niagara' chants
Unceasingly to Heaven.—

The spirit of a people waked
By Freedom's battle-cry—
The 'Memory of their Washington'—
Their song of victory.

Take back with thee a loftier Fame,
A prouder niche in Art,
Fresh laurels from our virgin soil,
And—take a Nation's heart!

WE MAKE NO apology to our readers for occupying so much of our space with the following pregnant extracts from Mr. Simms' editorial farewell, in the last number of his Magazine:

The business, as conducted by Harper & Brothers, is pretty much that of every publishing house in the country, except that, in few instances, do we find the publishers to be printers also. That they are so, gives Harper & Brothers some advantage. The publishing cities are three in number. New-York takes the first rank

in regard to the frequency of its issues. Philadelphia occupies the next place, and Boston the third. In the latter city, the tastes are more fastidious, and the critical standards more parochial. Here they do not often publish the works of any but New-England authors; and their local criticism, influencing the publishers necessarily, seems to have had the effect of narrowing their regards to such writings only, as, forbearing to offend conventional taste and opinion, are not likely to venture upon any of those daring outlawries which constitute what is called genius. A nice propriety of manner, a delicate taste, a subtle or a pretty fancy, admitting a little quaintness of style or its affectation as an ingredient that may serve instead of other condiment—these, with the requisite amount of recognized philosophy—are the qualities which satisfy commonly the Boston publisher. He puts forth the greatest amount of verse which is published in the country. He has a faith in Lowell and Longfellow, and Whittier, and even believes in Miss Gould and Mrs. Sigourney. That he is right in regarding the three former as persons of very considerable merit, is unquestionable. We look upon Lowell as decidedly the best of the three, more of a poet and less of an artist than Longfellow, and more pregnant with thoughts and fancies, original and fresh, than either. That he has certain affectations from which he has need to free himself with all expedition, is probably the consequence of his too great subservience, just now, to the spirit that presides over his local criticism. Longfellow is an artist—delicate, graceful, ingenious—in all the respects of verse-making. He has an exquisite ear for the appreciation of the harmonies of language—but it strikes us that it would not be difficult to point to the ear-mark of another in the thoughts contained in every sentence which he ever penned. His first labors in verse were the most servile copyings of Bryant. The Germans and early English song writers furnish his present models. His drama of the "Spanish Student," with some pretty passages, is a bald and feeble copy, with little that is original, with nothing that is bold, and, very little that is marked with vivacity or spirit. It is the grace and sweetness of his verse, and that extreme simplicity of the thought which taxes no intellect to scan—which we read as we run—that constitutes his claims upon the reader. Whittier has energy and life. He is bold and manly, and with less of the spiritual, or higher element of poetry, possesses much of the faculty which is successful in the didactic, the moral and the descriptive. He has force enough for an ode writer, and upon national or sectional topics, could meet the requisitions of the moment with much more success than either of the former. A Fourth of July ode,—something on the battle of Bunker's Hill, or a vindictive apostrophe to Virginia, Carolina, or Louisiana, on the subject of slavery, and the treatment of good old Mr. Hoar, the representative of Massachusetts—would, at his hands, be a fierce lyric that would not discredit the days of Puritanism in its fervor, its energy, its concentrative audacity of aim and flight. His muse is declamatory at present—a few years hence and she will mature into the contemplative, and, unless she becomes more spiritual at the same time, will become drowsy in due degree with her loss of energy and blood. Our hope of these three, is in Lowell. But he must address himself to his work as if it were work, and abandon the making of fugitive verse. His genius will do better things in "taking longer flights." Hawthorne, a delicate, essayical prose writer, has a fine fancy of his own, which sometimes imparts the soarings of the ambitious muse.—He is a sincere and generous in his genius, quite unaffected, (as we think,) and capable, in another atmosphere, of more courageous things. Of Emerson, we frankly confess, our expectations are very high in spite of his Carlyleisms. We are not disposed to underrate Carlyle, but we loathe this readiness, which is so American (in our literature at least) of being this or that Englishman's man. Emerson's Essays declare a mind of his own, which can only be sure of itself and of future justice, by breaking loose, as soon as possible, from the leading strings of the European model. Some of his poetry has always seemed to us at once fresh, felicitous and true.

"The Poets and Poetry of Europe," by Longfellow, has reached us. This is a volume that has been looked for with some anxiety. It is a work of interest and value, but not, altogether, such as we had

a right to look for, at the hands of Mr. Longfellow. It will amply answer the demands of the public, affording certainly, a general, and not incorrect idea, perhaps, of what the muse has been doing, in past and present times, upon the continent. But it has not been a labor of love with the editor. He has not expended much of his own time or talent upon it. His own good taste does not frequently inform its pages. He has been content to compile it from whatever materials have been most convenient—has helped himself, without scruple, to the rill-rall translations of beginners, who, learning the several languages, have sent their crude exercises to the magazines. Mr. Longfellow's own hands do not sufficiently appear in these translations, and the work might just as well have been executed by a common workman. Now, it is as a translator, that Mr. Longfellow's chief excellence appears, and his own reputation, no less than the public expectation, required that he should have given himself up more thoroughly to this performance. Still, the volume is a fair one, which will answer the proposed object.

In New York, as might be expected in the case of the metropolis, there is a degree of activity in the publishing world, to which we find no approach in any other part of the country. This is due to several causes,—the great number of the population,—the commercial intercourse which it maintains by its shipping, with other places, and its intimate connection with Europe. We need not go into details. It is inevitable, perhaps, that the great metropolitan city of a country will be the place in which the men of science and literature will ultimately congregate. Here will they attain their levels, by comparison with rival minds, and in the determination of their several statutes, fix the standard of merit for the guidance of a nation at large. It has been one of the evil circumstances in the way of just judgment, and of impartial criticism among us, that we have several rival publishing cities, in all of which, conflicting standards are set up, each swearing by its own particular idol. France has but one Paris, England but one London, and we hear nothing of the great names of either country, away from its capital city. New York must and will be our centre, and present indications seem to show that the period rapidly approaches, when her superiority will be completely acknowledged. The sufficient proof is in the fact, that hither tend writers from all quarters of the country, east and west, north and south, in order to obtain utterance through the medium of the press. We allude, now, to the purely literary and original writers. Compilers of school books, dictionaries, grammars, &c. as they address themselves only to a demand which is arbitrary and absolute, and appeal but little to the tastes, and wholly to the necessities of the country, are never suffered to enter into any general estimates of the literary doings of a people.

It is ordinarily hard work to persuade one's immediate neighbors of his possession of any special merits:—"his distance lends enchantment to the view,"—and this locally disparaging judgment, was still farther exercised by an influence, which has always been unfavorable to works of original character. Our publishers,—not usually men of letters themselves,—are in the habit of retaining certain employees, who examine manuscripts, and declare upon their merits. These persons, in the language of the trade, are ordinarily styled "readers." An author whose merits are known to the publisher, by frequent appearances before the public, is, of course, seldom or never subjected to an ordeal, which is sometimes an humiliating one,—since, as in the case of Scott and Bulwer, the most admirable writings of genius may be put under the ban, by an individual not capable of understanding them, or one who may have his own prejudices, or other personal virtues operating to make him commit an injustice, from which,—at least so far as his employers are concerned,—there is seldom any appeal. It would amuse, did our space allow, to point to the number of instances, in England and America, where books, which have proved subsequently the most famous and successful, have been thrown out and rejected, by the "readers" of some of the greatest publishing houses in the two countries. For an interesting view of this subject, let us refer the reader to the volume, by H. R. Horne, entitled "The False Medium," a work intended to show by what variety of influences, the man of genius is kept from the hearing of the public. Now, a moment's reflection will serve to convince any reflecting mind that, ordinarily, the critic for a publishing house must, necessarily, give his judgment against works of original

* Here we disagree. A long poem is a paradox. Whatever hereafter shall be done *greatly* must be done in *fugitive* verse.—Ed. B. J.

merit. He is engaged by the publisher, because of the supposed safety of his judgments. He is usually a person well read in the current literature of the day and country,—he is supposed to know what ordinarily pleases the public, what, in other words, is likely to sell,—and to be heedful that the works published shall offend no sects and parties, by which the success and circulation of the publication will be prevented, or impaired. To be able to pen a respectable common-place English paragraph in regard to the book he recommends,—to be able to say of it, that it is in the beaten track, that it violates no usages, or standard principles,—that it is in the common fashion of such things,—that it is safe,—will do,—must sell,—will suit the vulgar taste, and vex no vulgar prejudices,—these are all the ordinary requisites that go to make up the "reader" for a modern publishing establishment. Now, at the first blush of the matter, we must see that the very fact of originality is against the book offered for the examination of such a critic. The very requisition of the publisher, under and for whom he works, makes against the writer. He startles,—he may offend,—he is novel, but may not be popular. It is safer to reject than to publish, and the original production is vetoed accordingly. This is a frequent history in literature; and it arises from a cause, the operations of which are particularly manifest in the history of American literature. Thus guided, thus governed, our publishers do not keep pace with the progress of the very mind they teach.

Having furnished their readers, for twenty years or more, with a certain class of books, calculated for a people in their leading strings, they are slow to discover that they, in time, come to need higher authorities. They fancy the popular mind to be as they found it, and make no allowances for a progress inevitable from their own publications. These publications have gradually lifted the mind, and no longer suffice to satisfy its cravings. The people look around for stronger aliment, but the old publishers, having survived their mission, keep hammering away at the old rate, as if they still had to deal with children in their accidence. Suddenly, a new publisher starts up. A happy casualty informs him. A sudden suggestion unseals his vision. He sees, or fancies, an opening,—tries the experiment,—furnishes a new class of writings to his public, and leaps suddenly into fortune, rubbing his eyes and wondering at his own good and wholly unexpected luck. We have a case of this sort in the history of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading."

He, therefore, whose object is pecuniary recompense, will do well to weigh cautiously the question before renouncing, for the pursuits of letters, the ordinary objects of social enterprise and industry.—The man whom nature drives, in his own spite, and in user disregard to his neighbors, has a destiny to obey, and must submit with meekness and patience to his allotment. But to him who hankers after the creature comforts, let him turn to any other craft; securer in any other, of much more worldly recompense than he will find in this. Nor is the pay derived from periodical writing of a better character. It should be better, for no species of literary labor is more utterly exhausting, as its habitual exercise demands constant transition of subject, and as constant transitions of the mind from thought to thought. But, of all the American periodicals, there is not one which pays all its contributors. Among the best of them, but one in a score receives any compensation, and this is usually an amount so small, as to discourage the industry of writers who set much value upon their performances. Godey's and Graham's Magazines, have been among the most liberal, having paid certain of their contributors for their articles, at rates which would not discredit the reported liberality of the British publishers. But the palmy days have gone by, even with these journals, and they were never marked with a white stone by the generosity of contributors. These statements differ largely from some that occasionally make their way into the newspapers; but they are not the less true for all this. The vanity of authors frequently prompts them to report their anticipations as realized results; and a false civility, and something of the same passion, keeps the publisher from contradicting them. In the matter of magazine and periodical writing, we may add, that the author is constantly the victim of lying editors and publishers, who beguile him of his writings and abuse him, from their chair of criticism, if he ventures to complain. There is not a professional literary man of the country, who has not a long story

to relate, of the arts by which he has been swindled of his contributions* by that class of insects of literature, whom Moore compares with the maggot who is said to feed and fatten upon the brains of the elk,—the noble animal perishing finally, the prey of the miserable insect which has fed upon his life.

"The New York Evangelist"—in all respects an able, and what is still more rare, an unprejudiced journal, has a strongly condemnatory review of "Festus" from which (the review) we quote a few passages, without altogether acquiescing in the opinions expressed.

In justice to the author of this poem, we ought to say that it was commenced before he was twenty years of age. This he tells us in its dedication to his father, calling it "a boyish feat," and stating also that it took three years to complete it. This being the case, if his father read the poem before it was published, however rich might be the promises of genius which he saw in it, had he been a wise parent, he would have committed it to the flames, or locked it up for his son's perusal some ten years older. The genius possessed by its author could have lost nothing in the destruction of this wild, deformed, perverted offspring, and the world would have lost less. As it is, the father and son must have been educated under the strangest compound of grotesque beliefs and unbeliefs that ever had existence, to have felt willing to exhibit to the world such a medley of insane speculation, bad theology, and blasphemous, immoral principles. If to many of the readers of this poem we seem harsh and severe, let it be remembered that we deny not the genius and talent manifest in many parts of it, a degree of genius that might have composed a poem which would instruct all mankind, and which the world would not willingly let die. But how can we justly praise the talents that are so wantonly, so miserably perverted and misapplied?

The genius and rich imagery in the poem will be praised by many, who care little or nothing for its moral or immoral coloring and tendency, and the gifts of imagination displayed in it are the very vehicles by which alone its poison can be carried into society. Divested of that, its doctrines would be rejected as the stale and depraved ravings of an imposter's mind; just as some of Byron's productions would be seen nowhere but in filthy, lowering hawkshops, were it not that genius has stooped to dip up the mud, and put it in a jeweled case for respectable drawing rooms and circulating libraries! Depraved genius does more to deprave the world, than any other source of evil.

AMHERST COLLEGE.—From the catalogue of Amherst College, just published, it appears that the number of undergraduates is 118, viz: Seniors 26, Juniors 23, Sophomores 35, Freshmen 34. Besides the President, Rev. Edward Hitchcock, LL.D., there are five Professors, and two other instructors. The Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun lectures on political economy.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.—It will be remembered that by an edict of the German Government, German papers printed in the United States have been prohibited an entry into the Germanic States. Some German editors in this country have written to Mr. Buchanan proposing to send their papers to the U. S. Legation in Berlin, and asking whether, in the event of their interception, the U. S. Government will acquiesce in that proceeding.

Mr. Buchanan replies that the German Diet have an undoubted right to make laws for the Germanic States, and that the U. S. Government will not, of course, interfere with their execution. He says that the edict in question "must be condemned by liberal men on both sides of the Atlantic," but that we cannot interfere with it in any way.—*Tribune*.

LITERATURE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—There are five newspapers now published at Honolulu;—four in English and one in the Hawaiian language;—a striking illustration of the power of Christian instruction, which, in the course of twenty-five years, has raised these islands from the lowest state of degradation to a respectable rank among civilized nations.

* We ourselves have no complaint to make on this score.—Ed. B. J.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "VESTIGES."—It is said that Sir Richard B. Vyvian, Bart. M. P. author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," is preparing for the press another philosophical work, to be entitled "The Harmony of the Visible Creation."

NEW LITERARY PAPER.—Charles F. Hoffman, Esq., is about to assume the editorship of a new and expensive weekly journal of literature and criticism, which will be published by Hewitt, the embellisher of Shakspeare. The new paper is to be called the "Excelsior."

NEW BOOKS,
TO BE PUBLISHED BY
MESSRS. WILEY & PUTNAM,
IN DECEMBER.

I.
Carlyle's new Work. *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, with Elucidations, by Thomas Carlyle, in 2 vols. 8vo., with Portrait, engraved by F. Hall from an original by Cooper, in the possession of Archdeacon Burners. Also, 2 vols. 16mo., in the "Library of Choice Readings."

II.
Stories from the Italian Poets, being a summary in Prose of the Poems of Dante, Pulci, Bionardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, with comments throughout, occasional passages versified, and Critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors. By Leigh Hunt, 16mo.

III.
The Book of Christmas. By T. K. Hervey.

IV.
Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Art. By W. Gilmore Simms.

V.
The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headley.

VI.
Mrs. Southey's Poems. The Birth-day, and other Poems—Solitary Hours. By Caroline Southey, 2 vols. 16mo.—(Shortly.)

VII.
The Author of "Undine." Theodolf the Icelandic. By La Motte Fouquet, 16mo.

VIII.
Tales from the German of Zschokke, second series. Illumination; or, the Sleep-walker—The Broken Cup—Jonathan Frock—The Involuntary Journey—Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Curate in Wiltshire. By Parke Godwin.

IX.
The Vicar of Wakefield—An edition on superior paper, with choice Illustrations by Mulready.

JUST PUBLISHED.
The Life of the Great Comdt. By Lord Mahon, forming Nos. XXXIV. and XXXV. of "The Library of Choice Reading." Dec 4 WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 Broadway.

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HAVE lately published—

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NEARLY READY.

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2. Morris & Willis' Library of the Rose and Poetry of Europe and America, 1 vol. royal 8vo. An elegant and valuable Gift Book.
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4. Man in the Republic, by C. Mathews, 32mo. gilt.
5. Musical A B C, for children, 16mo.
6. Greece of the Greeks, by G. A. Perdicaris, late U. S. Consul at Athens, 2 vols. 12mo. illustrated.
7. Musical Reader, 4to.
8. The Prince, by Machiavelli, 1 vol. 12mo.
9. The Musical Wreath, 4to.
10. Over the Ocean! or Glimpses of Many Lands, by a Lady.

STATUE FOR MR. CLAY.—The ladies of Virginia, who have united to raise money to erect a statue of Henry Clay, announce that they have been successful in obtaining the necessary funds; and that they have selected Joel S. Hart, a native of Kentucky, to make the statue.

A SIAMER NEWSPAPER is now published in Bangkok, chiefly under the direction of the American Missionaries.

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do. do. do. do. four	62	do. do. do.	50
do. do. finer cargo,	75	do. do. very superior,	75
do. do. extra fine,	87		
do. do. Silver Leaf,	1 00	FOURMONG, good,	38
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HYSON, very fine,	75	do. do. in one pound and half pound catty, extra fine,	75
do. do. Plantation growth,	1 00	NE FLOR ULTRA,	1 50
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AWAKE 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.—Empire.

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 tempted 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 severely disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor—cultivated and packed 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 amygdal, 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 teas can here be suited, with the great advantage over other stores of getting a sure 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 set it them at wholesale prices.—Evening Post. Oct 18.

PIANO FORTES.

V. F. HARRISON, 23 CANAL STREET, N. Y.—Instruments made with the most recent improvement, such as Iron Frames, &c., with a compass of 6 and 7 octaves. They are made from choice materials, and highly finished, with the most faithful workmanship, the result of 23 years experience in the business.

N. B.—Wanted a second hand Parlor Organ.

Piano Fortes hired by the month.

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HERMANN S. SARONI, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, 115 Leonard street, New-York, teaches the Piano-Forte, with or without Coleman's celebrated Attachment.

PIANO FORTES.

H. WORCESTER, No. 139 THIRD AVENUE, CORNER of 14th Street, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has a good assortment of Piano-Fortes, in Rosewood and Mahogany cases, from 6 to 7 octaves. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

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 BRIDG.

New-York, Oct. 24, 1845.

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