The Cambridge Chronicle.

"UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE RE-ELECTION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

For the Chronicle.

TO——

Bright is the cheek, that glows with roseate hue,
Brilliant the eye that sparkles with delight;
Lovely the flower bejemmed with evening due
Whose lustre glitters in the soft moonlight.

But all, though beautiful, must shortly fade
Must mix, forgotten, with the mould'ring loam
That yields its verdure to the flow'ry glade,
Or fills the crevice of the insatiate Tomb.

What though the bloom fades from thy lovely cheeks,
Thine eyes' bright glance be dimmed with feeble age,
Thy worth will live, while friendship fondly seeks
Records of early years, on this fair page.

And where thy spirit quits this lowly sphere,
To meet in bliss with kindred souls in heaven,
Fond memory 'll shed affections purest tear,
And mourn the loss of virtues rarely given.

* * *

Cambridge, Md.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

Rot Your Italianos:

BY A MAN BEHIND HIS AGE.

We English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loan loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing;—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music—We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like the comparison with threefourths of the old Irish and Scottish melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman an inexpressible charm. I could listen to "Auld Robin Gray," and "Ye banks and braes," and "My love is like the red, red rose," and fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption 'grating harsh discord" to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles—which are with us in the woods and by the streams, lapping in an elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical "working day world." The concert-room with its "intricacies of laborious song," moves our wonder and charmes our ear; but it stirs not our feelings: we are no more touched by 'Vivi tu," much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street minstrel, whom we bribe by a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated "All round my hat," on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. I cannot enjoy music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which, stirring us with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavours to awake, strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—which kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honor, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the Ghebir's fire, be wholly extinguished. To revel in the full luxury of music, I must have no hired minstrel: no crowded benches, no glare of lamps, no "Bustle, squeeze, row, gabbery, and jaw:"—I must have a still calm eve, in some quiet bower far removed from the "hum of human cities," with "one fair spirit for my minister," who needs not to ask or to be told what string to strike—one who loves, as I love, the 'auld warld sangs' and simple melodies of a more simple generation—one whose purer taste rejects the

"Shakes and flourishes, outlandish things,
That mar, not grace, an honest English song;"

but clings to the merit, not the less precious that we seldom hear it," the pathetic simplicity which nature prompts—whose hearts is in the strain she wakens, forgetful for the time of external things, and breathing only in its own created atmosphere of harmony. This is to be a banquet at which there is no chance "that appetite should sicken, and so die." To such a feast I would even be selfish enough to wish no fellow guests. I would have no voice to break the spell—to startle the spirit from its trance of enchantment—to mar with the sounds of earth the tones which bless us with dreams of heaven.

Our own Shakspeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of Illyria before he has spoken two lines:

"Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passions much
More than light airs, and rellected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times."

And again,

"Mark it, Cæsario—it is old and plain:—
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do wont to sing it."

Yes! Shakspeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may perchance provoke the sneer of the professor, but he has sought it in the true one, for all that—he has sought it in the people—the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed:—who turn confused from scientific and perplexed combinations of sound to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge's "Lines composed in a Concert Room" are a host in my favor. Truly, indeed does he say of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, "these feel not music's genuine power;" and beautifully does he long to change the "long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain," for the melodies of the unnoticed minstrel, who

"Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."

Byron is on my side notwithstanding he asserts himself to be "a liegh and loyal admirer of Italian music." The clever stanza which dashes off the "long evenings of duets and trios," wants the feeling—marred as its effect is by the jingling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

"The home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands;
The calentures of music, which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions!'

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert room—it is not your "Babylon's bravuras" that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," among stangers in a strange land: but the honest simple strains of the people—homely things which sink deep into the homesick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrances of all that man holds dearest—of friends, of kindred, of love, of home. There is many a hardy Swiss heart that melts at the Ranz des Vaches to which the overture to Guillaume Tell would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

'Music," says Addison, "is to deduce its laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of the art itself; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguished harsh from agreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing."—[Blackwood's Magazine.

JOTTINGS DOWN IN ENGLAND.

When London shall have become the Rome or Athens of a fallen empire, (qu. Will it ever?) the termini of the railways will be among its finest ruins. That of the Birmingham and Liverpool track is almost as magnificent as that flower of sumptuousness, the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples. It is really an impressive scene simply to embark for "Brummagem," and there is that utility in all this showy expenditure for arch, gateway, and pillar, that no one is admitted but the passenger, and you are refreshingly permitted to mannage your baggage, etc. without the assistance of a hundred blackguards at a shilling each. Then there are "Ladies' Waiting Rooms," and attached to them every possible convenience, studiously clean and orderly. I wish the President and Directors of the Utica and other American railroads would step over and take a sumptuary hint.

The cars are divided into stalls, *i. e.* each passenger is cushioned off by a stuffed partition from his neighbor's shoulder, and sleeps without offence or encroachment. When they are crowed, that is an admirable arrangement, but I have found it very comfortable in long journeys in America to take advantage of an empty car, and stretch myself to sleep along the vacant seat. Here, full or empty, you can occupy but your upright place.—In every car are suspended lamps to give light during the long passages through the subterranean tunnels.

We rolled from under the Brobdignag roof of the terminus as the church of Mary-le-bone (Cockney for Marie-le-bonne, but so carved on the frieze) struck six. Our speed was increased presently to thirty miles in the hour, and, with the exception of the slower rate in passing the tunnels, and the slackening and getting under way at the different stations, this rate was kept throughout. We arrived at Liverpool (205 miles or upwards) at 3 o'clock, our stoppages having exceeded an hour altogether.

I thought, towards the end, that all this might be very pleasant with a consignment of buttons, or an errand to Gretna Green. But for the pleasure of the thing, I would as lief sit in an arm chair and see bales of striped green silk unfolded for eight hours, as travel the same length of time by the railroad. (I have described, in this simile, exactly the appearance of the fields as you see them in flying past.) The old women and cabbages gain by it, perhaps, for you cannot tell whether they are or are not girls and roses. The washerwoman at her tub follows the lady on the lawn so quickly that you confound the two irresistibly; the thatched cottages look like browsing donkeys; you ask the name of a town, and by the time you get up your finger, you point at a spot three miles off; in short, the salmon well packed in straw on the top of the coach, and called fresh fish after a journey of 200 miles, sees quite as much of the country as his most intelligent fellow-passenger. I foresee in all this a new distinction in phraseology. 'Have you travelled in England?' will soon be a question having no reference to railroads. The winding turnpike and cross roads, the coaches and carriages, will be resumed by those who consider the sense of sight as useful in travel, and the bagman and letter bags will have almost undisputed possession of the rail cars.

Mem. for the reader for information—the charge from London to Liverpool is £2 13 6, with no fees to conductors or baggage litters.

The Adelphi is the Astor House of Liverpool—a very large and showy hotel near the terminus of the railway. We were shown into rather a magnificent parlor on our arrival, and very hungry with railroading since six in the morning, we ordered dinner at their earliest convenience. It came after a full hour, and we sat down to four superb silver covers, anticipating a meal corresponding to the stout person and pompous manners of the fattest waiter I have seen in my travels. The grand cover was removed with a flourish, and disclosed——divers small bits of second-hand beef stake, toasted brown and warped at the corners by a second fire; and on the removal of the other three silver pagodas, our eyes were gratified by a dish of pease that had once been used for green soup, three similarly toasted and warped mutton chops, and three potatoes. Read this literal description of an *Adelphi* dinner, oh Stetson! Quite incredulous of the cook's intentions, I ventured to suggest to the waiter that he had probably mistaken the tray, and brought us the dinner of some sportsman's respectable brace of pointers, but on being assured that there were no dogs in the cellar, I sent word to the master of the house that we had rather a preference for a dinner new and hot, and would wait till he could provide it. Half an hour more brought up the landlord's apologies and a fresh and hot beef steak, followed by a tough-crusted apple pie, custard, and cheese—and with a bottle of Moselle, which was good, we finished our dinner at one of the most expensive and showy hotels in England. The manners and fare of the American hotels being always described as exponents of civilization by English travellers, I shall be excused for giving a counter-picture of one of the most boasted of their own.

Regretting exceedingly that the recent mourning of my two companions must prevent their presence at the gay festivities of Eglinton, I put them on board the steamer, bound on a visit to relatives in Dublin, and returned to the Adelphi to wait en garcon for the Glasgow steamer of Monday. My chamber is a large and well-furnished room, with windows looking out on the area shut in by the wings of the house; and I must make you still more contented at the Astor, by describing what is going on below at this moment. It is half past eight, and a Sunday morning. All the bells of the house, it seems to me, are ringing, most of them very impatiently, and in the area before the kitchen windows are six or eight idle waiters, and four or five female scullions, playing, quarrelling, scolding, and screaming; the language of both men and women more profane and indecent than any thing I have ever before chanced to hear, and every word audible in every room in this quarter of the hotel. This has been going on since six this morning, and I seriously declare I do not think I ever heard as much indecent conversation in my life as for three mortal hours must have "murdered sleep" for every lady and gentleman lodged on the rear side of the "crack Hotel" of Liverpool.

Sick of the scene described abve, I went out just now to take a turn or two in my slippers in the long entry. Up and down, giving me a most appealing stare whenever we met, dawdled also the fat waiter who served up the cold victuals of yesterday. He evidently had some errand with me, but what I did not immediately fathom. At last he approached:

"You—a—got your things, sir?"

"What things?"

"The stick and umbrella I carried to your bedroom, sir!"

"Yes, thank you!" and I resumed my walk.

The waiter resumed his, and presently approached again.

"You—a—don't intend to use the parlor again, sir?"

"No! I have explained to the master of the house that I shall breakfast in the coffee-room." And again I walked on.

My friend began again at the next turn.

"You—a—pay for those ladies' dinner yourself, sir?"

"Yes! I expect to." I walked on once more.

Once more approaches my fat incubus, and with a twirl of the towel in his hand looks as if he would fain be delivered of something.

'Why the d—l am I badgered in this way?' I stormed out at last, losing patience at his stammering hesitation, and making a move to get round the fat obstruction, and pursue my walk.

'Will you—a—remember the waiter, if you please, sir?'

'Oh! I was not aware that I was to pay the waiter at every meal. I generally do it when I leave the house. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to let me finish my walk, and trust me till to-morrow?'

The English say they are the only nation who can comprehend the word *comfortable!*'

P. S. *Evening in the coffee-room.*—They say the best beginning in love is a decided aversion, and, badly as I began at Liverpool, I shall always have a tender recollection of it for the admirable and unequalled luxury of its baths. A long and beautiful Grecian building crests the head of George's Pier, built by the Corporation of Liverpool, and devoted exclusively to salt-water baths. I walked down in the twilight to enjoy the refreshing luxury, and, it being Sunday evening, I was shown into the ladies' end of the building. The room where I waited till the bath was prepared was a lofty and well proportioned apartment, elegantly furnished, and lined with superbly-bound books and pictures, the tables covered with engravings, and the whole thing looked like a central apartment in a nobleman's residence. A boy showed me presently into a small drawing-room, to which was attached a bath closet the two rooms lined, boudoir-fashion, with chintz, a clock over the bath, nice carpet, a stove—in short, every luxury possible to such an establishment. I asked the boy if the Gentlemen's Baths were as elegant as these. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'there are two splendid pictures there of Niagara Falls and Catskill.' 'Who painted them?' 'Mr. Wall.'—'And whose are they?' 'They belong to our father, sir.' I made up my mind that 'our father' was a man of taste, and a credit to Liverpool.

The coffee-room is full of people, dining at different tables, and among them three whom I know by infallible marks to be Americans. All the talk is of the Tournament, and the wonder is how even Lord Eglinton's guests are to fine beds. The invitation to ball, banquet, and tournament leaves you to find your own pillow and dressing-closet; and, according to all accounts, every room, for ten miles round, is taken at 20*l.* the two nights! I shall hazard the adventure, though a hundred dollars for forty-eight hours' rent of a dormitory would look badly in a traveller's list of 'sundries.'—Corsair.

Translated for the Lady's Book.

A Scene in a Studio.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

From the "Magazzino Pittorico."

One evening, at Venice, a man entered the studio of Marc Antonio Raimondo, the famous engraver.—The stranger seemed in some agitation; but he seated himself, and addressing a young disciple, who was busily employed, asked if Marc Antonio was at home.

The young man looked up and smiled with an expression of surprise. "At home—and the hour nine? Oh, you are jesting! Marc Antonio went out two hours ago, according to his custom, with Signor Pietro Aretino; they will not return, of course, till near day-break."

The next day the stranger returned. Marc Antonio was within. '*Salute,*' he said dryly, on entering. The elegant engraver answered with his wonted courtesy.

'I am a German, signore'—resumed his visiter. 'I purchased at Nuremberg a collection of Albrecht Durer's engravings. I want some of those last published. I have been informed you could procure them for me.'

'I can serve you indeed'—replied Marc Antonio—'but I do not trouble myself about such things. Go to that young man there.'

'To procure such beautiful proofs of the works of Albrecht Durer,' remaked the stranger, 'you must have close relations with Germany—nay—with Durer himself.'

'O certainly!' said Marc Antonio. 'I exchange proofs of my engravings with those of Durer. He is my friend. You must be aware that between rivals such as we are, there must exist a good understanding.'

'Heavens!' interrupted the stranger, as he looked over the prints: "what are these? signore! Albrecht Durer is quite unworthy of your friendship.'

'Ha!'

'He is a rascal!'

'But—signore—'

'A despicable fellow!'

'Signore, Albrecht Durer is my friend. I cannot permit him to be spoken ill of in my presence.'

'He is a rascal, I tell you! You think you receive from him his best proofs? You are deceived! He sends you only miserable copies, carelessly made by the worst of his pupils!'

Marc Antonio started at these words and colored deeply.

'How! an engraver of his genius, suffer himself to be disgraced in such a manner! Look at this *Vergine della scimia*! Contrast it with the proof I brought from Nuremberg. Tell me, yourself, if the engravings you have from Albrecht Durer can compare with mine! Do you find equal grace, purity, and force, in both! That water, you see, has no transparency; that perspective is bad: that madonna has no grace—the child no nature. How harsh and incorrect those outlines! I could almost say this proof of yours had been wrought with a blunted graver! In the other you find all the freedom and energy of the master.'

''Tis true!' faltered Marc Antonio; 'you say well. Albrecht Durer has deceived me!'

'False villian!'—cried the stranger in a terrible voice—'false villian! it is not Durer who has deceived you! It is you who have cheated the public; the imbecile public that cannot distinguish between the works of an artist who labors for posterity, and that of a dissolute wretch who sells his genius to the indecencies of Aretino and Julio Romano! Yes—Marc Antonio, you are the impostor! You have usurped the name of others—*my* name! for know that *I am Albrecht Durer!*'

Pale and struck, Marc Antonio sank back upon the seat from which he had started.

'I will have justice. All Europe shall know your perfidy. Your name shall indeed be inseparable from mine. Fame shall proclaim—'This is he who usurped the name of Durer—who degraded his talents to the task of perpetuating the vile sketches of Julio Romano, and the infamous libels of Aretino!' So saying, the stranger rushed out.

From the studio he repaired to the Venetian Senate, where he entered his complaint. The Senate passed a decree, forbidding Marc Antonio, under severe penalties, to counterfeit again the signature or the cipher of Albrecht Durer, and ordering all the falsified engravings to be committed to the flames. All Italy took part with the German artist. Clement VII. threw Marc Antonio into prison for engraving scandalous prints. Durer, revenged, and full of honors, returned to Germany, after a sojourn of three months in Venice, and Rome. Marc Antonio, despite his splendid genius, could never wipe out that disgrace whence by many historians his name is never mentioned without the addition of the epithet *ladrone* (robber.)

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

Dedicated (without permission) to the exclusive "hard currency" folks, by one who tells it as he saw it.

Sam Stanton was a true-blue Loco foco of the 'hard currency' school—catch him taking any other money but hard money. Nothing would be handle but what would, as he said; 'jingle on a tombstone.' Sam had been pretty fortunate in business; & when the period arrived to leave the Southern country, and return North for the summer, he sold out and turned all his remaining stock in trade into hard dollars, and took his passage. The first few days out from Mobile, our voyage was prosperous; and many a long argument wore away the time, on the relative security of 'hard money' and 'paper money.' Ezra Tupper, one of our passengers on board the Susan and Eliza,' was Sam Stanton's main competitor; Ezra had invested his earning in good bank drafts on the North, and Sam would jeer Ezra pretty often about his 'paper promises.' 'This is the stuff,' says Sam, 'that will redeem its own promises any where. No protests for nonpayment here,' says Sam holding up one of his bags of dollars, weighing 65 pounds at least, and tumbling it over on the floor; 'that's the music—huzza for Tom Benton and the Sub-Treasury, and down with Banks.' Well, on we went, and a few days brought us round the point of the Floridas, and by latitude and longitude, we found ourselves a little south of Augustine, heading northward and homeward. The weather, up to this time had been mild and amiable, and now it began to look sour and squally; and Captain Crowel looked anxious, and some of the 'old sales' on board began strapping rope-yarns down over their hats and around their pea jackets: & things assured us of 'coming trouble.'

All that night the wind increased, and the Susan and Eliza rolled about like a little boy with a stomach ache in green apple time. The next morning, she had not canvass enough on her to cover a tent pole, & the wind whistled through the rigging, and the salt water splashed up over us as if they didn't care a fig for Sam Stanton Ezra Tupper, the Susan and Eliza, nor anything else, not even the bags of dollars, or the bank drafts.

Presently there came a real smashing sea, tumbling along, and by the time Captain Crowel called out 'hold on,' smash it came on board of us, and swept off the cook house, the poor cook, in it, and the hen coops and all the chickens in them, and set the pigs adrift, split and broke the rudder from its hangings, and left us in rather a *pickle,* (for all of us were soaked with salt water.) A moment after, and we were told a sad leak had occurred; and the cry was raised to clear away the 'long boat,' and then came a scramble. Every body who had any thing to save, hurried with it on deck, and up came Sam Stanton with his bags of dollars, and up came Ezra Tupper, sticking a small 'wallet' in his breeches pocket. The boat was by this time alongside; and the Captain got a compass from the binacle; and a big bag of bread from the storeroom, and the mate rolled along a cask of water and others brought chunks of pork and beef, and others blankets and pea jackets, and the boat was soon pretty well loaded. 'Now jump in my boys', says the Captain, 'and, trusting to Providence, let us hope for a safe deliverance.' But when we all got in, it was found that the boat was overloaded, and the next thing was to lighten her and how came the rub. Sam Stanton was sitting on three considerable sized bags in the bottom of the boat, and the Captain thought they contained bread, or beef, or some other necessary of life; but on discovering that they contained heavier ballast, he decided at once to lighten this by throwing them overboard. The parting scene was a sore struggle for Sam Stanton; but over they went, and down they went; Sam look'd at Ezra who felt sorry for Sam, and by way of cheering him, said to the Captain, 'Now, Captain,' says he, 'since my friend Sam has made a sacrifice for the public good, I'll do as much; and if you say the word, I'll throw this wallet overboard too—it contains just as large an amount, in bank drafts, as Sam's bags of dollars amount to—and I'd just as leave do it as not, for I sent duplicates on by mail before I left, and ordered the triplicates to follow by the mail after, to guard against just such a sacrifice as this.'

It was no time for a joke but remembering the spirited argument we had on the passage regarding the relative security of transmitting money by the 'credit system;' and the 'hard money' system, I was almost disposed to laugh outright, but poor Sam Stanton looked so streaked. His 'hard dollars' had gone to the bottom a dead loss—no matter who owned them—and he hadn't a word to say. It was concluded that Ezra Tupper should not throw his bank drafts overboard, as the weight was not material; and it was well he did not, for they served, on our landing, to procure us means of comfort. We had a right pull at the oars for a day and a night after leaving the wreck, and got into St. Augustine; Ezra Tupper found a trader, who wanted a good draft on the North, and paid him a good premium for one; and he generously supplied our wants out of it by railroad and steamboats. The subject of currency was occasionally introduced; but it was evident that Sam Stanton had got a new wrinkle by the late voyage, and he was heard to say that 'hard currency' was a good thing to talk about in Congress, and at political meetings, but

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