

[Written for the Journal of the Times.]  
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

This magazine in its outward appearance challenges the admiration of all persons of taste; upon its neat covers the eye rests with evident relief, and the clear brilliant type, and the fine white paper of the interior, place it among the first for typographical beauty. When the first number was issued, it was spoken of by many papers as personal in its political belief, but its subsequent career has nobly vindicated it from that assertion. Occasionally there has been a trace of a political tendency, in which the writer's views are set forth, never perverting facts, or indulging in rodomontade, and the errors, if any, are rather those of omission than of a wilful nature.

Were all political crusades conducted by just and able writers, there would be less of the disgraceful personality and abuse, that fill the columns of many newspapers; and which renders a political contest a disgrace to a free and enlightened country.

The articles contributed to its pages pass before a tribunal which decides solely by the intrinsic merit of each and every article, the author's name being unknown; and it is a fairness and impartiality is preserved, otherwise unattainable. The splendid papers of the "Autocrat" contributed in no small degree to the success of the Magazine. Essays which for their keen perceptions and like truthfulness, have won universal admiration from the people on both sides of the Atlantic ocean,—completely disarming the war-like critics who cruise the sea of literature with the black flag at their mast-head.

The "Professor," following too soon in the footsteps of his predecessor, was warmly welcomed; but the mass of ideas we had absorbed from the "Autocrat" were not labelled and arranged in their proper order, and we swallowed what the "Professor" said was like a second dinner before he first had well digested.

We have not the space to review singly the many admirable articles that have graced its columns.

Suffice it to say that the most talented authors the country possesses still contribute to its pages. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, Bryant, and Whittier, with many others of undoubted talent, contribute to its poetry; and with this brief notice of a Magazine which we trust will live and flourish as long as a stone is standing in the "Modern Athens," we will proceed to the April number which lies temptingly before us.

Among its other good deeds it has presented us with a new author—a genuine American writer; and with its best bow, to the accomplished young lady to the footlights, there to receive the plaudits and bouquets of an admiring audience.

The first article, on "The Laws of Beauty," we are not geometrician enough to enjoy, but doubtless it has charms for those who are devoted to that science. "Found

and Lost"—if we might hazard a guess—is not unlike the mysterious fingering of Fitz James O'Brien. In the following article, "About Thieves," the writer really seems to entertain some little respect for the slippery fingered and burglarious fraternity. In the "Leaves from the Magazine Literature of the Last Century" the reader will find much that is curious. Then to show how interesting an able writer can make a dry statistical subject, we have "Come Si Chiama, or a Leaf from the Census of 1859." In which we discover that 9,120 "Dusseldorf Artists"—"Church's Niacities, towns and villages, in the United States, have but 3,820 separate names; a great want of originality we must confess.

"Bartie Symbols," by Walt. Whitman, has puzzled us not a little, and we can make nothing of it but prose chopped fine; and, as for the idea it is intended to convey, if any, after perusing it twice, we can only discover that some one is walking on the sea-shore. "Hunting a Pass, a Sketch of Adventure," commences well, and the scenes are portrayed in vivid and truthful colors. We have another instalment of the "Professor's Story," in which he gives a humorous description of a New England ball, where we find the following new simile, "All at once it grew silent round the door where it had been loudest—and the silence spread itself like a stain, till it hushed all but a few corner duets." There is an able article on the "Mexicans and their Country," and one on "Kepler," "The Portrait," "Pleasure—Pain," and "Lost Beliefs,"—three pieces of Poetry, with the usual number of reviews, and the list of new books. C. A. P.

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THE FINE ARTS.

ARE the fine arts degenerating? Verily, one would think so, did they shape their beliefs on the prevalent opinions of the day, against which I, with my humble pen, do loudly protest. I have often stood before pictures of world-wide fame, and over which infatuated connoisseurs have hung with breathless admiration.

Rarely indeed have I by frequent change of light, or position, been able to discover anything like beauty in the murky, smoky canvas before me, on which the varnish has cracked in intricate white veins.

Now and then an arm, or a bit of a leg, of a dull brick red, presents itself, but to discern the whole picture is absolutely impossible, and were it not for the catalogues one would fain pass it by, without discerning the aim of the artist.

If a picture in which you can see so little be so rare and beautiful, why not see nothing at all, and establish manufactories for smoking canvases to the proper mellow tints. From these the eye turns with delight to the charming pictures of the "Dusseldorf Gallery,"—choice bits of nature imprisoned in their gilded frames, whose trees rustle in

the breeze, and noisy brooks fall over the moss-grown rocks with silvery sound.

The bloated toppers in the wine cellars, with pipes and glasses before them, seem as though seated in an adjoining apartment, through the open doorway of which we are looking. Portraits that at the slightest provocation would step out of their frames—fierce warriors, to swing their keen-edged swords; and poets, to sing anew their immortal lays. Away with your dingy old character—a fig for them; give me the "Church's Niacities," and "Heart of the Andes," and the pastoral poems that Boston artists sing at their easels.

A noseless, armless, legless statue is disembowelled from the earth, yellow and corroded by time, cracked, mildewed and earth-stained, and therefore it must be cried to the four winds of the globe as a miracle of art and beauty.

Placed beside the "Greek Slave," the "Pearl Diver," or the "White Captive," I have yet to learn in what its beauty consists that it should stand so pre-eminently above these which need but the sun-spark of the Creator to boldly assert their own right among us. Toil on ye sculptors of the present day, and if ye gain not your full need of honor and glory, at some future and far distant day, when your works shall be dug from the surrounding mould, they will be hoisted on the pinnacle of antiquity, and worshipped as noseless, armless, legless idols. And ye painters, bear in mind while toiling at your easels, in cheerless solitude, that when ye are food for worms, and time has changed the brilliant hues of your pictures to its one dull tone, they shall hang in the galleries of the future patrons of art, and receive never ceasing admiration. C. A. P.

NEWSPAPER PUFFS.—The "local" of one of our country exchanges gives the following schedule of puff for the benefit of those who need and seek after "pufls."

- For a modest puff..... 3 juleps.
- A tolerably good one..... 1 box cigars.
- A good one..... 1 pair boots.
- A very good one..... 1 vest and shirt.
- A "splendid" one..... 1 cloth coat.
- A perfect sockdologer..... A whole suit.

A FIRST rate joke took place quite lately in our court-room (says the Hartford Courant.) A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."—The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"—"I do."—"What did he do the first year?"—"He MILKED."—The lawyer evaporated.

An excellent astringent Tooth Wash, for spongy and inflamed gums, is manufactured and for sale at the "Complete Dental Establishment," No. 49 Granville Street.