## BALTIMORE.



HAVEN'T we heard almost enough about the "loyalty" of Baltimore?

If its loyalty consists in showering cobble stones and iron missiles upon inoffensive soldiers, passing through its streets with a white flag fluttering serenely over them, on their way to defend the National Capitol from the threatened invasion of as precious a band of robbers as ever swung at Tyburn Tree—if this be Baltimore's loyalty, then we have had quite enough of it.

Even those festive aboriginal persons, the Comanches of Arizona, who are extravagantly fond of burying their tomahawks in the skulls of white people, have been known to respect the White Flag.

If Baltimore is insane enough to spurn our White Flag we may be rash enough to disregard her White Feather, which symbol of excessive fatigue she must sooner or later exhibit—possibly sooner.

Baltimore has been unpleasantly "lively" on several previous occasions. It has ever abounded in people of an uproarous and smashing turn of mind. The Bully Boy with a Glass Eye lives in Baltimore.

In 1857 Mr. J. BUCHANAN, the well known friend of virtue and rye whiskey, narrowly escaped having his venerable head caved in by the roughs of Baltimore, while going through that city on his way to assume the duties of the Presidency at Washington—which was particularly uncourteous, as he had done nothing *then* to deserve it.

A short time since our friend ABE was compelled to rush through Baltimore disguised as an elongated Highlander. If he hadn't adopted this adroit piece of dramatic strategy (which we believe was suggested by the beloved though absent "JUDD") we are pretty sure he would have been stoned in the streets of Baltimore. We didn't believe it then. We laughed at ABE. We constructed a joke about his flight; the joke was first-rate, like all of ours, but ABE was right in his head after all.

And Baltimore talks about its loyalty.

Its Mayor, who rejoices in the odd but expressive name of BROWN, says no more United States troops must pass through that city. Gov. HICKS says so too. If they do go through, attempts will be made to cut them up.

Still Baltimore is loyal.

The newspapers coolly inform us that "the centifugal gun" is now in first-rate working order. It is a gun which goes by steam, shooting two hundred large balls a minute—which is a cheerful style of Minute Gun, we should say. This gun now commands the principal street, and will be instantly set to work the moment Northern troops appear, signal bells being rung for citizens to get out of the way. We actually read this kind of stuff in the Baltimore papers.

Still, Baltimore is loyal.

Baltimore, don't make a disagreeable ass of yourself. You have nothing in common with the Gulf Pirates. Your interests are all in and with the Union. Why go to the Bad simply to oblige the dastards and roughs, who, not content with cursing you so long, now want to damn you forevermore!

Baltimore, if you murder any more of our Union men there will be none but cripples and blindmen left to take care of the women and children of New-York. We shall go over and attend to your case.

Baltimore, if your boasted loyalty is not a humbug of elephantine proportions, why dont you hang the villains who are moving earth and hell to plunge you into the black whirlpool of Disunion?

### Coming Darkness.

In their time, the border states have been Great Lights; are we to let them all Go Out?

## THE RALLY!

I.

Off the bar of Charleston harbor our gallant vessels lay,
The dark northeaster swept its clouds of rain across the bay,
Beneath its gloomy veil a thick blue vapor heavenward curled,
Where the cannon of the batteries their deadly missiles hurled.

II.

And still when slacked the driving rain, and the thick smoke eddied by,
You might see the glorious stars and stripes against the murky sky,
Where, worn with care, and watching through the weary night and day,
Brave ANDERSON, in Sumter, held ten thousand foes at bay.

III.

Full thirty hours he held it against the traitor power,
And but sixty men to back him in that stormy opening hour,
There was Moultrie, iron Cummings, and seven batteries more,
The quick, fierce flashes lit the long low reach of sandy shore.

IV.

Full thirty hours he fought them in sunshine and in cloud,
Then first, before a traitor's flag, our country's banner bowed,
And Treason's Rubicon was passed, the Traitor's challenge given,
So manlike take the proffered gage, and rest your cause with heaven!

V.

Hark! those guns have found an echo on mountain and in glen,
From farthest East to West, and in the hearts of valiant men,
And our Union's flag shall fly again where now it droops in shame,
And a hundred thousand heroes rally round her honored name.

VI.

There's a sound of coming footsteps, a trumpet's signal call,
Above the breaking of the seas along Maine's granite wall,
Wafted with murmur of the pines from far New-Hampshire hills,
And mingling with the music of the clear Green Mountain rills.

VII.

From the valleys of Connecticut the martial call is borne,
And the hills of Massachusetts have passed the signal on,
O'er the iron Adirondacks it echoes low and deep,
From Manhattan's sunny bay to where Ontario's waters sleep.

VIII.

From the Alleghany ridges borne northward by the breeze
That along fair Juniata wakes to life the sleeping trees,
And where the broad Atlantic breaks in showers of glancing spray,
Brave hearts are answering to the call on Narragansett Bay.

IX.

O'er the cornfields of Ohio in the new Spring's genial glow,
In the wash of Erie's waves, in the rivers stately flow,
From Wisconsin's sunny openings, from Indiana's fields,
Sounds the clashing of the weapons which many a warrior wields.

X.

From East to West the land is up to guard her ancient name,
And the Altar of the Commonwealth from foul disgrace and shame,
From the mountain and the valley they come with steady tread
To a victor's garland living or a nation's reverence dead.

XI.

They are coming, they are coming, for the memories of the Past!
For our Flag, against a traitor hand, to strike one blow at last,
For the love of their high duty, they are going to the fight,
*God have them in His keeping, and God defend the Right!*

### It's All The Same.

A writer in *Once a Week* speaks of "Colonel ANDERSON of Port Sumter." Might we inquire about the health of Lieutenant WELLINGTON, who bombarded Warterloo?

### The Pink of Valor.

We hear that the Artists' Brigade are procuring their badges. Some are getting the Red White and Blue; some are getting Madder!

## AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SUAMPI, April 6th.

DEAR VANITY :—At length it has come. . .
I have been defeated. . .
Yes, defeated. . .
Upon my honor ! . .
The goddess of Liberty weeps. . .
Italia mourns. . .
PIUS IX. exults. . .
GARIBALDI swears. . .
. . . And VICTOR EMMANUEL takes his tod moodily, but says nothing.

After the terrible battle recorded in my last letter, wherein I gained possession of the Pope's palace and conquered the Eternal City, I ordered a general parade and celebration on the part of my army.

Crowds went about the streets, compelling the newspaper offices to hang out the flag of Liberated Italy. Everybody wore rosettes and badges, proclaiming his or her allegiance to me and to VICTOR EMMANUEL. It was a spectacle at once amusing and instructive.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, my forces were in order for a dress parade and review. They set forth, colors beating and drums flying, to march through the city in triumph.

But, amid all the glare and glitter of steel and brass . . . there is a plenty of both in my army . . . amid all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, amid the shouts for "Liberty to Italy," and "McARONE forever !" that arose on every side, I saw the dark cloud of the coming storm, and heard the sullen thunders muttering on the fitful breeze.

I knew there would be a muss.

"Load with ball cartridges," I whispered to my men. Then I redoubled the police-force, and said, with HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, of Fort Sumter : "The die is cast : I have dared it ! Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Ah, what a brilliant spirit is mine ! Alas, that modesty . . . my only fault . . . should be ever "hiding my light under a bushel" (I quote from THOMPSON, of Portsmouth, N. H.,) and rendering me the wee little azure-eyed violet of the valley, when I should be the gorgeous and glowing tiger-lily of the Alps !

God defend the Right ! . .

And the Writer.

As I was saying, I smelt gunpowder in the air, and knew right off that there was going to be a dickens of a row. But, O, dear VANITY, I didn't think that they could catch this weazel asleep. Not any. But, O, dear VANITY, they did.

My valiant Zouaves . . . the bone and sinew of my army . . . were engaged . . . dining out, in fact . . . or the issue had been different. . .

. . . Perhaps.

Knots of sullen-looking men, short of stature, red of shirt, bull-necked, beetle-browed, short-haired, ugly-mugged, were collected around the engine houses and bar-rooms. Bodies of villainous boys ; blear-eyed, shambling, knock-kneed, stumpy-fingered, crop-eared, hang-dog fellows, with very tight trousers and very large caps, paraded back and forth before the lines, conversing in low tones. Some influential citizens, hitherto considered respectable, also evinced a dangerous demeanor.

At half-past three, the troops got under way. As they passed up the main street, a sudden volley of paving-stones saluted them from a truck-house, followed by a shower of bricks from an unfinished building.

Many more were knocked down and badly wounded, but the ranks were unbroken. The assault continued. It was exactly like Baltimore on election-day, and therefore a sight unworthy of a city of decent cannibals.

I ordered my men to fire upon the crowd. Half-a-dozen of the rioters went down, and I nearly choked myself, laughing.

They returned the fire, with revolvers, muskets, rifles, and a perfect hurricane of brickbats. Our ranks were broken, and we dashed off at quickstep, loading and firing as we went.

I met my lieutenant of light quadroons, galloping furiously along, on foot.

"What manner of men are these ?" I asked him.

"They are an inferior sort of assassin, Excellenza," said he ; "we call them 'Plugguggli.'"

Thanking him politely for his information, I raised my revolver, and getting three of the scoundrels in range, shot them all with one bullet. At the same moment, an enormous cornice stone thrown from a church-steeple, struck me fairly on top of the head, and crushed me to the ground !

As this stone weighed over three tons, I could not throw it off, so I was compelled to lie there during the rest of the combat.

The loss of their gallant commander infuriated my army, and they cut their way through the city to a railroad dépôt, where all took the cars for the agricultural districts.

I alone remained.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Four days afterward, the place being still in the hands of the vile mob, some workmen were engaged in constructing barricades in the main street. They came to an immense block of stone which they thought serviceable, and turned it over.

Underneath, lay a human pancake, not more than two inches thick, and adhering closely to the pavement by atmospheric pressure.

It was me. .

I never felt so flat in my life !

They took me up on a shovel, and carried me by my direction to a friend's house. This gentleman is attached to the Roman Museum. He remembered among other curiosities there preserved, a small rack, formerly used by the Inquisition, and hastened to have it brought to my bedchamber.

By the aid of hot baths and gradual stretchings on this rack, I soon regained my customary proportions, and am now about as fine-looking a man as can be found . . . perhaps the finest-looking man . . . in the world.

But the mob recognized me at once. If I had remained in my flattened state, my friend could easily have carried me out of town unknown to the rebels. I might have been passed off as a patent door-mat, or an india-rubber car-spring, and when once in Caprera, restored to my usual perfection in safety.

As it was, I came near losing my life. My protector was forced to dress one of his servants in my uniform, and deliver him up to the fury of the mob. I pitied the poor fellow, but then, could he have died in a better cause ?

I then had my head shaved, blacked myself all over, and was exhibited in the Museum as a "What-Is-It ?" until a good opportunity of escape offered.

It was midnight. The heavens were hung with black. The screeching owl's plaintive monotone was heard in the land. The thunder rumbled on the horizon, and the freshening wind of night foretold a storm. Just as the iron tongue of night had woke the sonorous vibrations of the final stroke of twelve, a factitious "What-Is-It ?" might have been seen issuing from the back door of the Roman Museum, with a carpet-bag and an umbrella. . .

That was me.

Alone and on foot, with no provisions save some red herrings and an onion ; with no arms save my trusty umbrella, but with a stout and noble heart I set out for the coast, resolved to leave this land of ingrates to its own swift destruction.

After a walk of over four thousand miles, I arrived at this little marshy village on the seaboard. Fortunately, there is a theatre here, in full blast. An opera-company were singing to crowded houses when I arrived, and you may judge of my surprise when I found that the *prima donna* was no other than my little BIANCA, the blonde girl of the mountains !

I immediately joined the troupe as tenor, and have accumulated sufficient money to purchase a yacht, in which BIANCA and myself will shortly embark. We shall proceed first to Sardinia for a cargo of sardines. Thence, I know not where. If my own country needs me, I may find a sphere for my genius with you, and show that I can, if required, be a second WASHINGTON, though the first

McARONE.

### A New Call.

X. is of opinion that a call should be made for a regiment of Cooks, to perform culinary service for our gallant volunteers ; for, he says, it is well known that when the soldiers undertake such matters they invariably make a Mess of it !

### Signal Bravery.

The Artists of the Studio Building in Tenth street, are forming a military organization. In case of a Brush with the enemy, we may be sure that they will stick to their Colors !

### The Mobocracy.

Baltimore has upheld her villainous reputation as the City of Mobs. What can we expect of Plug Uglies except a Plug Muss ?

### The Zouave Firemen.

"An Army with Spanners."

### HURRAH FOR BUTLER!

There are renegades and then again there are respectable and honorable repenitents—and of this latter B. F. BUTLER is at last, unlike WOOD and BENNETT, one of the right men in the right place. It is said of this brave BUTLER, now in command of the Massachusetts Regiment, that when he landed, some of the authorities of Annapolis protested against the passage of Massachusetts troops over Maryland soil, to which he replied:

"Sir, we came here not as citizens of Massachusetts, but as citizens of and soldiers of the United States, with no intention to invade any State, but to protect the capitol of our common country from invasion. We shall give no cause of offence; but there must be no fugitive shots or stray bricks on the way."

That's the talk. We like such Butlers—they are the kind who on the field of battle will be certain to freely Tap the Claret of the Foe.

### Much as Usual.

It was believed by some that the "Confederacy" loan would not be Taken, but report says it has been. Did anybody ever know anything in the money way that the rebels wouldn't Take?

### Appropriate.

This time of year is just the one for raw recruits to go to war in. All Green Things begin to Shoot in Spring!

### The Sticking-Point.

The Point of the Bayonet.



A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

*Lady.*—CHARLES FREDERICK, I HAVE BOUGHT YOU A NEW LIVERY THAT WILL BETTER BECOME YOUR MANLY FORM. TAKE IT AND SEE THAT YOU DO HONOR TO THE CLOTH.

### THE WOMEN OF OUR UNION.

God bless the women of the Union!

Wherever VANITY FAIR has been, wherever it goes, it sees the ladies toiling night and day in the Good Cause. In Philadelphia they are busy as bees, cutting and stitching on the ten thousand Government uniforms; in New-York lint-scraping and bandage-rolling have taken the place of crochet-work; in good old Boston the grandmothers of '76 live again in the untiring industry of the girls. In every parlor sit the dear souls, wearing their tri-colored badges—keeping time with scissors, needles, and sewing-machines to the music of the Union.

Don't tell us that the world goes backward in Heroism. For it don't. Haven't we within a day heard mothers bid their sons go to death if it must be, but not to disgrace? Haven't we seen true woman hearts put to the sharpest tests and come out of the trial as nobly as ever saint or heroine of history? Haven't we learned that the American girl is a glorious creature, full of spirit as of tenderness, well fitted to be a brave man's wife—or to cherish honorably his memory in death?

How it fades away now like an empty dream, all that was ever written or said of old, of Woman's frivolity, fashions and fickleness! Where be your gibes now, gentlemen, you who were wont to chatter of the Sex, women this, and women that. Forgotten all—all lost in true-hearted, brave and beautiful deeds.

There is a wide range of war before us—stirring scenes and tremendous events. Our life is entering on new phases—we are to live in new feelings and those strange or sublime emotions which we have hitherto only known in a reflected form, from history, ballad, fiction, or the stage. In this stupendous drama the Women of the Union will play no ignoble part. Their hands will pack the knapsack, tie on the scarf, their lips will give the parting kiss and whisper the parting blessing—their memory will inspire many a heroic action and cause many a glorious deed.

Women of the Union—yours is no ignoble mission, that of encouraging, aiding and nursing the defenders of liberty. Remember that you have ALL the opportunity before you of doing that which will make all who come after you proud of your name, and of confering family honor. *Keep no brave heart back*, but do yourselves honor by urging all you can onward in the career of glory!

### The Magazines.

The last number of *Harper's* (Ferry) *Magazine* is to be credited with several spicy articles. Among these we may mention Lieut. JONES, who blew it up in the teeth of the advancing rebels.

It is said that the *Atlantic*, for the next month or two, is to be encumbered with a series of heavy articles, in the shape of *Letters of Marque*, from the pen of JEFFERSON DAVIS. They will be very likely to Go Down, although arrangements for cutting them up have been made with a gentleman accustomed to Reviews. These Letters of Marque are also likely to be pitched into extensively by that able-bodied class of readers whose taste for fiction is embodied in the well-known saying "Tell that to the Marines."

We understand that the *Ladies' Magazine* has on hand a great number of articles of a war-like character. "Lint" is the title of one of these; "Bandages" of another. There is also to be a series entitled "Preserves and Pickles." These latter, addressed to "the loved ones away," will doubtless be devoured with great avidity.

### "'Tis not Alone my Inky Cloak."

The ever gentle AUGUSTUS, journeying through the Republic of Vermont by stage some years since, found himself face to face with an indescribably charming lady, arrayed in deep black.

"You have lost a relation, I fear?" said the sympathetic AUGUSTUS.

"No blood relation," said the lady in black—speaking cheerfully even as she wept—"he was my husband. That's all."

AUGUSTUS mingled his tears with her'n, and everything came out all right.

## THE THROWS OF WAR.



HAT word—Throws—is improperly spelt 'Throes' by the representatives of the squeamish press. Spell it as we do, valiant though gentle reader, and listen, pray, as we touch upon a few Throws that may be good to remember in these timos when everybody's back is up, and nobody backs down.

In the first place, should your mind indulge itself with any scruples about rushing into a civil war, Throw them away from you; for, if there's anything Civil between us and the Cotton Rebels, we don't exactly see it.

If you are an employer, and your strapping young foreman comes to you and says he is a Zoo-zoo, and must go off, to-morrow, to fight for the old Star-spangled, by the side of his fellow Z-z's, don't you Throw him over. Pay him his wages; Throw in as many dollars extra, for outfit, as you can afford, and hire an older and less athletic man to take his place during his absence.

If two of you young fellows with muscles and things agree to decide by the dice which of you will buckle up the straps and go down to the battle, mind you Throw sixes every time. Then you can both go, and settle the Throws afterwards.

If SLOPKINS comes and tells you that if a sympathiser with the Cotton Rebels hits you a clip on the right ear, you are to stick your hands well down into your trowsers pockets and accommodate him with a loan of your left ear for a duplication of the process, Throw cold water on SLOPKINS.

If SLIPKINS comes and says you must be a fool for taking any side now, and had better wait, like him, to see which side of the bread is likely to be buttered the thickest, Throw dirty water on SLIPKINS.

If SLUMPKINS comes and hints that he has a letter from Montgomery, by which he understands that he, and you too, can have a commission in the Rebel Army, Throw hot water on SLUMPKINS.

If you are a nice young girl—O! what lots of you there are around, to be sure!—Throw your arms round your lover, and kiss him, ere he hurries away to the war. *Voila un petit canard!* there's a little duck!

If you are DODWORTH, Throw your "minstrel boys" into the "imminent and deadly breach" between Right and Wrong; let them have their "wild harps slung behind them," their drums before them, several revolvers and other musical instruments all round them, and then Throw up your baton and "let the kettle to the trumpet speak."

If any disaffected Dog sets up a howl, in your hearing, at the Old flag, "Throw physic to him," in the shape of a blue pill from your seven-shooter.

If you are a clergyman, Throw as much powder in with your heavy lead as is consistent with your ideas on the subject of muscle in connection with Christianity.

If you are a patriot, Throw off such linen garments as you can spare, and send them to the Society for supplying the soldiery with lints and bandages, at the depot, No. 744 Broadway.

If you keep a horse, Throw your left leg over him, a knapsack upon your back, a kiss to your sweetheart, a glance at the cheerful fighting sentiments inculcated by VANITY FAIR, and then put the spurs in, and don't Throw a look behind until you have done as a dragoon many brave deeds upon the battle field.

If a man drinks to the Confederate flag in your presence, empty your tumbler, religiously, to the Stars and Stripes, and then Throw it, earnestly, at his head.

If you are called upon to make any remarks about the Southern press, and particularly about the Charleston *Courier*, Throw as much contempt into the expression of your features as possible.

Finally, whatever you do, O! boys of the right sort, whoever and wherever you are, keep your heads cool, your hearts firm, and your hands free, in this great Crisis, and don't Throw up your little fingers oftener than is good for your health.

## HENRY WARD. BEECHER.

BY OUR BROOKLINENITE.

Who is H. WARD? Really, my dear friend, you *are* a little behind. Why, H. WARD is one of Brooklyn's exceeding great big things, Indeed he is. He has a church and a half Over There, and all the Great and Good go therein to learn about the weakedness of the Politicians, and the little Narrow Gate. And that's not all neither. H. WARD has a newspaper, a newspaper whose circulation is One Hundred Thousand copies weekly, and he is the Columbiad who is to, and does now, and has for an inconvenient length of time, bombarded the Fort Sumter of Sin and Slavery. Oh yes. And that isn't all neither. For he has a farm where he cultivates Pigs by scores, and raises Flowers in fields that are mown down by scythes, and other agricultural implements of Husbandrical skill,—though whether they, the Flowers, not the Fields, are at once cast into the Oven or not, I cannot say, not knowing the country. And he has also "Kine" and live Muttons, and a Donkey, which he rides, but he does not drink.

Then, too, H. WARD is a great and consecutive traveller. He travels two-thirds of the diurnal spaces, and talks the rest of the time. And that aint all neither. Certainly, yes, sir, and he lectures on varied topics to suit his audiences. To the Eastern people, he talks of cod-fish and factory girls, deprecating the interference of our Mother England in the fisheries, and scolding vigorously those Bosses who cruelly grind the poor and pay them only most miserable wages. Yes. And when he gets to New-York he pitches into rascals who Wood control the city finances for their own benefit; and denounces those old sly boots who are hypocrites, and who, while making believe to be good, have not Beennett. Oh yes, H. WARD's no fool. So when he gets out West he lets out all his wit and humor, for he loveth the Western people, and he telleth them stories, and leaveth his Notes, and extemporaneously discourseth with the audience which has gathered to listen to his words of coal-burning eloquence, whereupon the audience cheer, and H. WARD laughs! then they shout loud applauses, and finally draw him in a carriage to the Domicile wherein he tarrieth, and there he maketh a candescent speech, and they all laugh and cry together, and H. WARD, being refreshed, turns around, comes to Brooklyn, and preaches next Sunday on the War—go it!

Oh! yes, indeed—H. WARD, we love thee—we greet thee with a holy kiss, and we appreciate thee thoroughly. Selah!

## HO, MEN OF THE NORTH!

Ho, Men of the North, you have borne full long the insult and the jeer:
Up, in your majesty and might, hurl back the taunt of fear:
No compromise with Traitors now but the point of the bayonet:
No cry but God sustain the right till Slavery's sun is set.

At the blast of our leader's bugle horn a million men are up,
And the Southern Gascons yet shall drink full deep of the bloody cup;
For the loyal hearts of the mighty North, the East and the prairie West,
Are swooping to their quarry like the Eagles from their nest.

They said that our blood runs water—they will find Niagara's flood,
That never yet has been stemmed by man, much easier withstood:
That we're wedded to love of trade and worship alone the mighty gold:
They will find our manhood something that cannot be bought or sold.

And the flag which o'er our free heads floats, the same which our fathers bore,
Shall never trail 'neath an enemy's foot though doubly dyed in gore;
But a beacon of Hope it will proudly wave amid their trembling slaves,
For we'll bear it there in triumphant march, or fill unhonored graves.

### About the Size of It.

President LINCOLN has been accused of indecision—of saying a thing one day, and withdrawing it the next. We shall see a new and startling proof of this, soon. "Fort Sumter" is his word now, and we have every reason to believe that he will very speedily Take It Back!

The best Oil to allay the waves of Rebellion.

Fusil Oil.

## VÆ VICTIS!



Hurrah for the free North!

For it has risen with a rush and a ring into such a storm of arming and battle-marching as the world never saw before. When was there ever such a hot rage for war shown by so many millions? When did man ever fight for so great a truth? The rocks are rent at last, and the molten lava pours down in one tremendous current. Woe to those who broke the barrier—and *Væ Victis!* Woe to the conquered!

All winter long there came up from the South the clink of arms—STOLEN arms, mind you—making ready to subdue us. With the sound came jeers at Yankee cowardice, Yankee villainy, Yankee fanaticism. And by that same word, they shall find that there *is* a Northern fanaticism which once aroused fears no death, and crushes all before it! It wakens slowly—it moves little by little, but it DOES move—and when once aroused—*Væ Victis!*

"The Southron's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red-hot iron is the Northman's ire."

The strife presents the world-old aspect of Northern blood opposed to the fury of the Meridional. It will be with the old result. So long as the Greek preserved the Northern Slavic blood, he conquered the Persian—so long as Roman had not exhausted the old Rhetian fountain drawn from Transalpine sources, he overcame the world. Slow to move, but tremendous when moved—*Væ Victis!*

The Southern man is quick to murder. So is the Italian peasant or the Spaniard. They set but little value on human life. The Englishman values it highly, and winces before daggers. But who conquers in battle? Speak out. Who is the brave man? Who sweeps down Southern bravo, and braggadocio, and knife, and stiletto, and rattlesnake-hiss, and reptile wrath, like chaff before him in the broad field of battle? Who but the Northman—hurrah! Now he is on in his wrath—earnest and terrible in his Faith of Free Labor and of Humanity. "He is on, he is on, and with him the Faithful to battle are gone."

*Væ victis!*

Who dreaded murder, or prized human life more highly than the Puritan sires of the New England regiments now marching South? Who cried out so sorely as Master PRYNNE and many more like him at the "bloudy, murthering, divilish Cavaliers." But *who* when blood *was* up killed every living soul at the siege of Drogheda—*who* smote in the name of the Lord and slew all? Men of Baltimore—if you rise rise against us and check GOD'S cause of Liberty with your murdering insolence, you shall learn what is to be between the hammer and the anvil.

*Væ victis!*

Strike *now*. Remember that we are at WAR, not at election fights or in newspaper squabbles. Virginians are grasping, stealing, lynching—doing all they can to spoil us—the Southern Confederacy strikes one bold blow after another, while our leaders, unable to comprehend the fracas, keep bowing and smiling and polite letter-writing and neglecting opportunities—bah! up and at 'em. At the enemy wherever we find him! Pennsylvania—send down your brave boys on gallant raids and take back what is stolen—or its price. Sweep over Maryland like a fire-storm!—there must be no barrier between the North and its Capital—and above all, no elegant etiquette with rebels and murderers. Scout and harry, run and ride—*Væ Victis.*

The treason and treachery of the Secessionists of Maryland and Virginia will for ages be sung in song and told in tale as baser than that of the snake-like sepoy. The Cotton States indeed thieved before they ran away—but the Tobacco neighbors gave us a false show of Union and a lying protestation of friendship—false and fair, they have forfeited the last claim to manhood and honor, they have dropped the last rag of that tattered robe of chivalry which has so long been defiled by assassination, meanness, vanity and decay, and stand before the world disgraced by plain, simple villainy. But the North knows them now—*Væ Victis!*

There are Nineteen Millions of us, rapidly becoming as one man in feeling, and that feeling kindling to fury. We have wealth, we have the Wide West full of food, we have the inexhaustible resources of practised labor and science, and we have the verdict of the whole world that we are Right. Ring the storm-bell, sound the war-notes, up and arm, sweep over land and sea for the greatest—it may be the last and greatest—battle of history is at hand, so cast away your lives as nothing when weighed against holp truth. *Væ Victis!*

## WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

While JEFF DAVIS threatens to burn the Capitol, and while the whole South boils and rages with threats of conquering Philadelphia, and laying New-York in ashes, the President assures deputations of the rebels, including the five "pious" young humbugs who had the impudence to represent Plug Ugly-ism and Blood Tub-ism the other day, that he intends nothing but to defend Washington!

ABRAHAM—We Don't Know About That. The millions of the North are aroused, crying Vengeance and War—thinking steel, and dreaming gunpowder. You might as well try to stop the thunderbolt in its career as check them now. The javelin has been cast over the border, and the word is Death! Yet you and Uncle SEWARD continue to talk sweetly, and "arrange," and pacify as thongh you believed it possible to tie up this shattered Union with Red Tape!

We Don't Know About That—and what's more we don't want to. Hurry up brave ABRAHAM—and either guide the flood or be overwhelmed by it. One or the other.

This is a republic, mind you, which does an immense amount of thinking for itself and shapes its own action, speedily casting aside all incumbrances. In short it has made up its mind to do a great deal besides defend Washington. It is going to make of all Maryland a safe and subdued field of transit—or a desert. It is going to essentially chastise Virginian treachery and snake-like falsehood, and exact from that falsest of foes full value for every penny stolen, for every blow struck. It is going to cripple Confederate State commerce, crush down all Confederate State conspiracy, to injure us, and in short do all that can be done with war and weapon, to re-establish the full territorial power of this Union. It is not to be satisfied with half-measures or a half victory. The cup of its wrath is poured full and brimming over—it has received the last insults and turns like a mad tiger on the hounds. As for holding it in!!

We DON'T Know About That.

## GET OUT.

This thrifty municipality is adorned with a very queer paper called the Daily *News*, so named, we believe, because it never publishes any news, nor anything else but Buncombe and Bosh. It played into the hands of the Seceders as long as it dared to, and now it is amusing itself and disgusting its few dozen readers by crying "peace!" It also says, among other stupid things, that the war is an exclusively "Black Republican" affair, and that Democrats are compelled to go in the ranks while Republicans carry swords and wear epaulets. How about BEN BUTLER, commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces? How about the entire democracy of the North? Nobody but a noodle or something much worse talks about political parties now. They are gone up higher than a kite, and that is *one* good thing. There are only two parties now—Union men and Traitors. And a man in a crisis like this who regards a Busted Party of more consequence than his Country would cheerfully appropriate the coin from the eyes of his deceased maternal grandparent or run down little school children and rob them of their dinner pails.

## Advice Gratis.

The Rebels, we understand, are taking measures for the capture of Washington. We advise them in such case to Take very close Measures indeed, for they may depend that the moment they make the attempt in question they will be whipped just Within an Inch of their lives.

## THE WHEREABOUTS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD

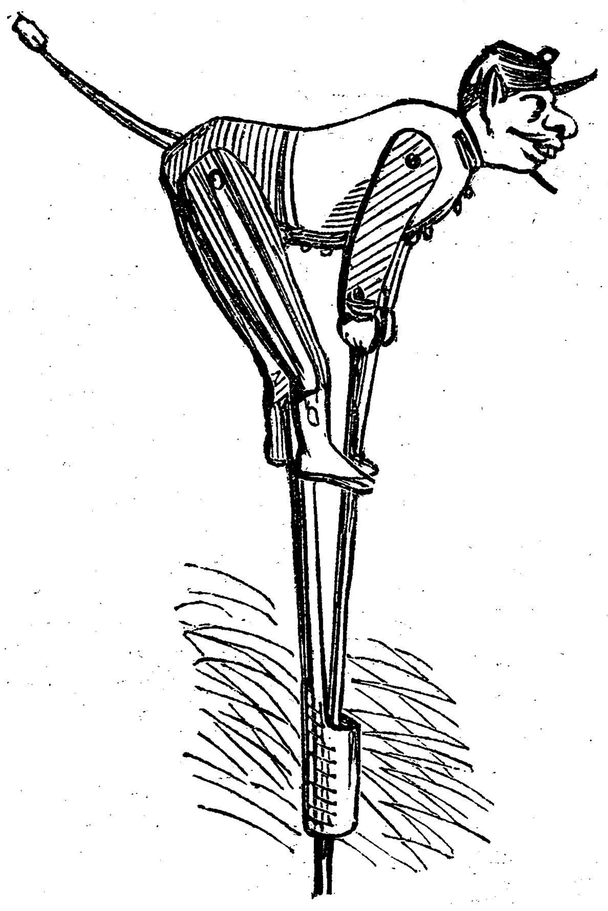
BY TELEGRAPH TO VANITY FAIR—AFTER MANNER OF DAILY PAPERS.

HAVRE DE GRACE, April 26.

Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Richmond at 23 minutes past 6 o'clock yesterday, and will attack Washington at once.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26.

We learn on undoubted authority that Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Alexandria at 24 past 6 yesterday, reconnoitering.



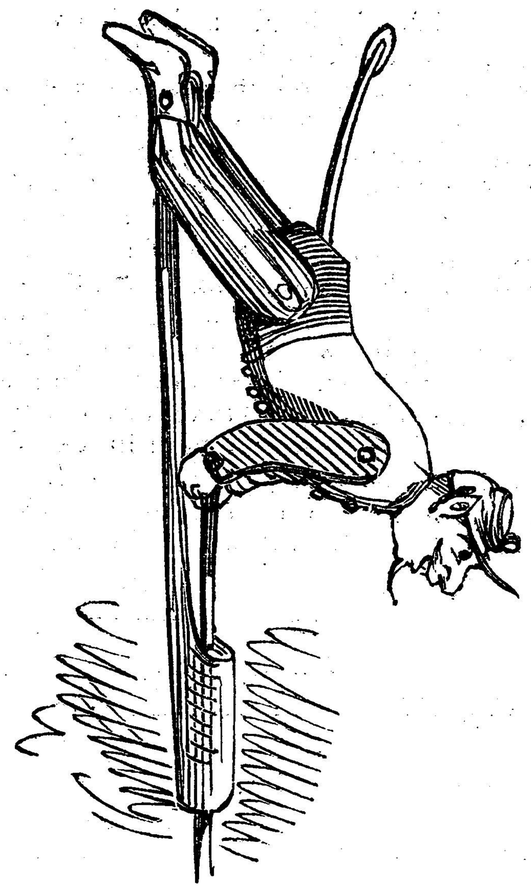
GEN. BEAUREGARD RECONNOITRES WASHINGTON.

BALTIMORE, April 26.

Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Norfolk at 25 minutes past 6 yesterday, and took a gin cocktail with several of the First Families.

HAVRE DE GRACE, April 26.

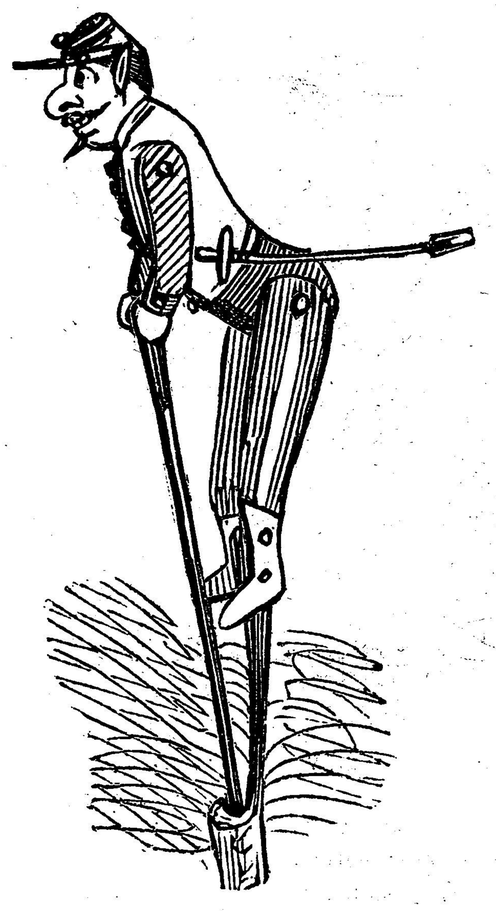
I learn from a gentleman just from Mobile, that Gen. BEAUREGARD is on his way North, with 150,000 troops. Gen BEAUREGARD is six feet high, but will not join BLOWER'S "Household Guards." Declines advertising the *Household Journal*.



HE *re*-TURNS TO CHARLESTON.

ANNAPOLIS, April 26.

Gen. BEAUREGARD was discovered in the White House rear-yard last night at 26 minutes past 6, armed with three large howitzers and a portable sledstake. He went away after reconnoitering pretty numerously.



HE TURNS UP IN RICHMOND.

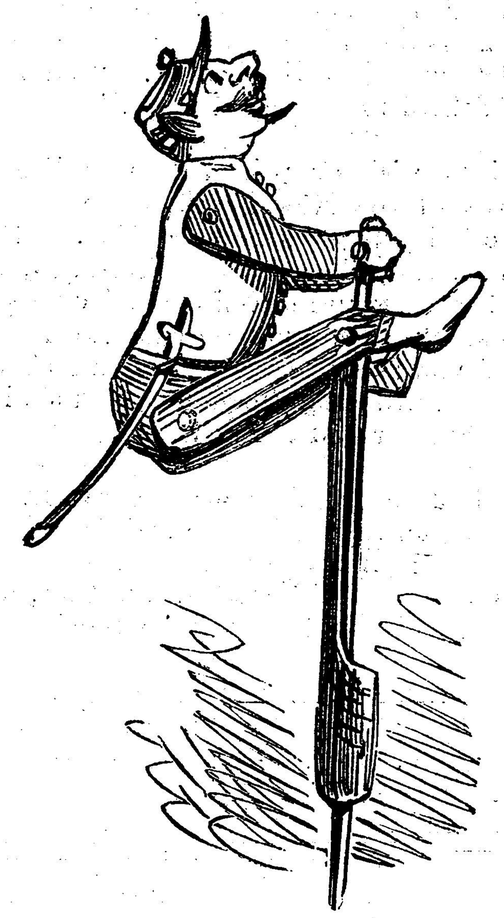
PHILADELPHIA, April 26.

I learn on excellent authority that Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Charleston at 22 minutes past 6 yesterday, and had no intention of leaving. He was repairing Fort Sumter.

The people of Bangor, Maine, and of Cape Cod, Mass., report that Gen. BEAUREGARD has lately been seen prowling around those places.

I learn that Gen. BEAUREGARD is within five miles of Washington.

The report in some of your cotemporaries that Gen. BEAUREGARD is within five miles of Washington is utterly without foundation. Sensation dispatches in times like these cannot be too strongly deprecated. The public will invariably find my dispatches reliable, and can always find out all about Gen. BEAUREGARD by buying VANITY FAIR. Price 6 cents.



HE SITS DOWN BEFORE FORT PICKENS.

# VANITY FAIR.




OLD ABE.—Aint there a nice crop? there's the hardy Bunker Hill flower, the Seventh Regiment Pink, the Fireboy Tulip—That tricolored flower grows near Independence Hall—the Western Blossoms and Prairie Flowers will soon begin to shoot.

COLUMBIA.—What charming plant is this?

OLD ABE.—That is rare in this country—it will bloom shortly and bear the Jeffersonia Davisiana.

## NATURAL HISTORY—"THE ROCKS."

"Rocks" are the landmarks of society. We steer by them, and to use a significant phrase, one cannot travel without them. Let us state their physical peculiarities before we describe their uses. As for color, they are mostly of three—white, copper-color, and a Guinea yellow. The latter are the most interesting, the white next, the copper-colored last. They are all possessed of a singular attraction—I do not allude to the attraction of gravitation.

They are commonly laid in concentric or circular bits, often in "streaks." Specimens of the yellow rocks are rarest and most precious. Eagles repose upon them and stars cluster around them. Indeed, the goddess of Liberty may sit upon a high hill, but she is oftener seen upon these rocks than anywhere else.

Rocks of nickel have been lately discovered in the United States. They are classed with the copper-color in value, both being of less account than the pure white or yellow.

Rocks are of divers shapes. The most common form is termed a "pile." These "piles" are plentiful in the neighborhood of California, where they first discovered some fourteen years ago. A multitude of explorers, desiring specimens for their home cabinets have been digging them there ever since. Rocks frequently assume the forms of houses and castles, and even resemble money-bags at times. They are good for building purposes; in fact, you can build hopes and airy super-structures very safely upon them—in fancy, of course. They are not the less material, however, to real tenements.

They are found invariably in the vicinity of Banks (not alluding to mud banks), where deposits of them are made in the most usual form.

Rocks form always the basis of fine mansions, and conversely are seldom found in any great quantities in the neighborhood of cottages. The Capitol at Washington is an immense example of what uses they can be put to. The Rocks of the Sub-Treasury vault furnished nearly all the material for that stupendous work.

Rocks very often disappear in a rapid and unaccountable manner. They are very dry at a low tide, and very slippery things at a flood. They are easily Dissipated, and melt Under a Cloud like snow under the sun.

The impressions made upon the faces of the Rocks form an interesting study. We can there trace the ages of the world—that is, scientific people can—ordinary folks, however, can only decipher a great deal of the History of Nature—especially human nature.

In some parts they are indigenous, and last from generation to generation. They belong in these cases mostly to ancient families, and are called patrimoneyal Rocks. Sometimes they are discovered by close attention (to business), as in the case of STEWART, whose marble buildings attest his "pile" of them.

Sometimes they are stumbled upon in a moment of good luck. Col. FREMONT is perhaps the most striking instance of this class of Rock discoverers. He has "the Rocks" in an immense degree. His collection is a matter of universal envy.

The Testimony of the Rocks has been lately given to the world by HUGH MILLER, but the fact is, their testimony need not be written—it is felt. It was correctly observed by a CHAP IN the pulpit, that the work in question was intended to illustrate the great Hugh Miller-ty of its author. But it is by no means sure that the World was ever Toll'd so, by the MILLER in question.

It is remembered that in California mining, the Child who gets the most Rocks in his Cradle, sleeps the least.

### Advice Gratis.

Our dear old friend, the *World*, in an article on the bombardment of Fort Sumter which—the article, not the bombardment—came within one of affecting us to tears, calls the Secessionists this thing!

"Maddened, miserable, misguided men!"

This is slightly severe on the Southerners, but when you had your alliteration harness on, brother, why didn't you give it to 'em good? If now, for instance, you had characterized them not only as "maddened, miserable, misguided men," but also as mangy, malignant, matricidal, manœuvering, measly, mumbling, mangel-wurzel maniacs, the invective would have been perfect, and the Charlestonians have felt so bad that they wouldn't know what to do. And served 'em right.

### Another Hicks.

Company D., of Portsmouth, Virginia, is commanded by Capt. HICKS, and he would do well to remember the fate of ALBERT. We refer to the late Mr. ALBERT HICKS, pirate.

## FERNANDO'S PROCLAMATIONS.

Now that the whole country is up and arming, drums beating *reveillè*, artillery rattling and troops marching, Master FERNANDO WOOD, that precious Apostle, presents us with a honey-water proclamation, advising pretty peace and Quakerly quietness—limiting all Action to a vague and election-hacknied phrase of advice to Rally for the Constitution and Union.

FERNANDO WOOD, this is the third separate and distinct time that you've aggravated us by proclamation since last Thanksgiving. So You hope, do you, to slip in among the honest men and pick up something in the war! The times are coming when all hollow politicians and selfish demagogues will be sunk lower into obscurity than the very dust. For look you, Mayor WOOD—in a great, earnest, terrible WAR for Humanity and Truth, all tricksters and selfish, immoral men are tested by a fire which soon melts them down and shows their uselessness. It is not a mob of Five Point drunkards who appoint rulers when a people rises to assert pure and holy truths. Decent men—the best men—rise *then*, and that which is brave and noble assumes the power and influence which thieves, bullies and the dregs of the people exercised before. The storm is rising—the thunder roars! Keep quiet—be off! There are elements at work now, very different from anything you have been used to—and you would do well to dodge them. Secede silently into congenial darkness.

Since writing which we have seen you, after discovering that treason Don't Pay, take the back track, make Union speeches against the men whom YOU led on and encouraged in this infamous rebellion, and publish another proclamation worded bravely enough, urging all things to carry on the fight against your late friends!

Talk of treachery—talk of poor old Turn Coat renegade BENNETT—talk of any thing or anybody that is false after this. What led JEFF. DAVIS and his lunatics on to their present position so much as YOUR assurances that the North would never oppose Secession? And what wonder that they believed it, when they saw a proclamation from the Mayor of this first Northern city, urging Secession, and Union with their S. C. A.!

Wel—we're glad at any rate that you are drawn into the traces, and made to serve *con gré mal gré* among Honest Men. Keep quiet, And make your *Daily News* as Union as yourself. And we'll consent to forget you. *But keep quiet.* You're played out—the times ask for different men of different metal from yourself—and you and all hack politicians would do well to remember it. So hurrah for the North, and Down with Secession!!

## THE GUN MAKING RASCALS!

Let every man who from this day supplies the Enemy with any aid or comfort—be it as an ounce of powder, a bullet or a loaf of bread, be something more than Marked. Let him be Stopped—stopped in any way you please—by the strong hand of indignant Justice.

This is no time to palter, and quibble, and talk about toleration and such stuff. While our brothers, and nearest and dearest are being killed by the foe, we cannot pause to argue with those who give the foe weapons. *Down with them.*

"Allow them not a parting word,
Short be the shrift and sure the cord."

As for those trebly base miscreants, who have grown rich of late by supplying the Sinceding Confederacy with arms and munitions, their names are set apart for endless infamy. In the glory of our country they have lost all part and share. Their children are disgraced—the day has come when it is a shame to know them. Their money shall perish with them—their names be Anathema, Maranatha! Yes—they have chuckled and grinned hitherto, but there is a cloud rising to make their money viler than dirt, and themselves a hissing and a by-word. Out on them who

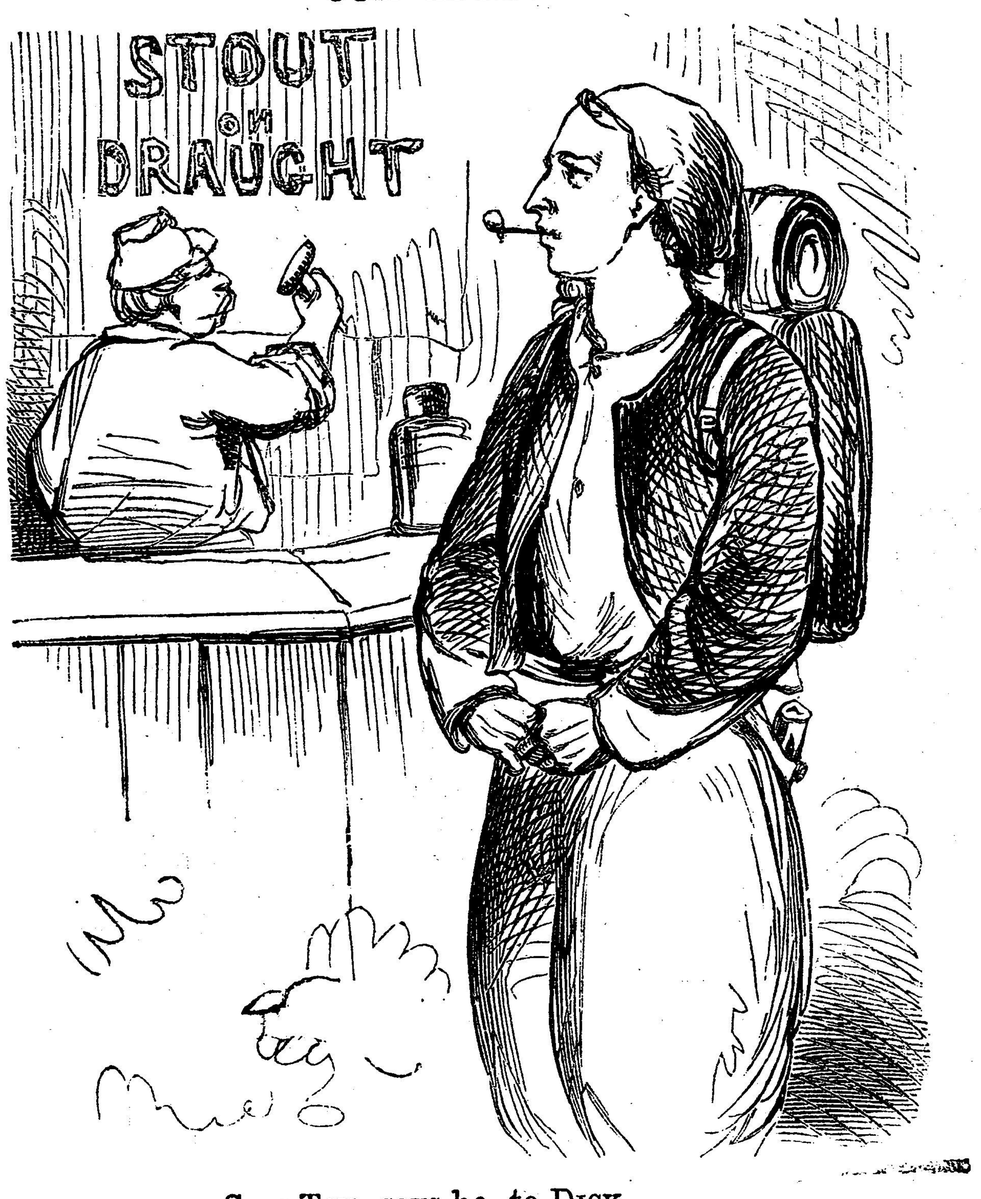
"Living shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying shall go down,
To the vile earth from which they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

### By a Courtier.

To any of the Justices of the New-York Courts, in which causes are never reached;—

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Sees at thy hand no noble Action DONE.

### OUR ZOUAVES.




Says TOM, says he, to DICK,
As he whittled sharp a stick :
"I'm quite sure that our ZOUAVES
Will not do the thing by halves."

Says DICK, in quick retort]
To TOM : "Now cut in short,
'Tis the ZOUAVES who have the mettle
By halves the thing to settle :

For with swords I've seen them fence,
And their skill is so immense,
That they'll cut a man in two
At the very first set-to."

Then says TOM, again, says he:
"O ! the bold ZOUAVE for me !
For his sentiments in short, are
'Go it Halves, I give no quarter.'"

### MOTTOES AND MAXIMS FOR THE TIMES.

Now is the time to overhaul our mottoes and maxims, and see that they come down to date. Some that have stood for years must give way, and there is an urgent call for new ones. Some of the States, for instance, have mottoes that are become outrageously antiquated within a few days, and others never had any, to speak of. There's Mississippi ; she has no motto at all. No motto, in these piping times ! She shall have one, *instanter*. Here are several, all good. All significant. What do you say to *Servabo Fidem*, or *Rectus in Curia*, or *Semper Fidelis*, or *Bonne foi*, (we recommend that !) or *Nihil Debit*, or *Sic itur ad astra ?* And Texas ; it's time Texas had a motto. *Tu quoque Brute* ! would not be bad for her, all things considered. Virginia says *Sic semper tyrannis*, but *Non sum qualis eram*, ("I am not what I was,") would be far better. The sweet, lonely, Honest, and Honorable State of Florida says, with the piety of other days, "In God is our trust." Let her change with Michigan, who modestly remarks : "*Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice* !" In other and livelier words "Here's your beautiful peninsula !" Says South Carolina : *Animis opibusque parati*—("Ever ready with our lives and property.") Let her rather shriek, *Oderint dum metuant !* English—"Let 'em hate, provided they fear !" That's good, isn't it ? North Carolina hasn't a motto to bless herself with. We give her "*Semper Fidelis !*" with three cheers. The border States may write "*Medio tutissimus ibis*," and the Tobacco ones "*Errare humanum est.*" The new Confederacy can take its choice from these very choice ones : *Presto maturo, presto marzo*"—"Soon ripe, soon rotten." Or this, with a slight alteration, from the Italian : "*Ogni uno per si medesimo, e Diavolo per tutti*"—"Every man for himself, and the devil for us all."

To which we may add :

On DAVIS (*Facile princeps*).—*Il n'a pas invente la poudre.* Or *Guerre a mort.*

To HOUSTON.—*Hand passibus æquis.*

On SCOTT.—*Tam marte, quam Minerva*, or *Guarde feu !*

To the whole South.—*Memento Mori.*

Motto for BEAUREGARD, who has none.—"*Stavo bene, ma, perstar meglior, sto qui*"—("I was well, but, wishing to be better, am here."

Maryland.—"*Inter canem et lupem.*"

And for all of us.—"*Jacta est alea*"—"The die is cast."

### ADVICE THAT IS ADVICE.

Next to the proposition made by that Secession luminary, the Baltimore *Sun*, that we should surrender Washington to the rebels —a proposition which is absolutely glacial in its coolness—next to this, we say, the coolest thing by all odds that we have had to refrigerate us of late, is the letter that Gov. HICKS of Maryland, wrote last week to the President of these United States.

By this letter it seems that Gov. HICKS "felt it to be his duty to advise the President of the United States to order elsewhere the troops off Annapolis," to counsel him "to send no more through Maryland," and to further suggest "that Lord LYONS be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties in our country to prevent the effusion of blood."

We don't want to be personal, HICKS, but aren't you a gibbering idiot ? Don't you glare wildly at all sane beings and wear straws in your hair ? Aren't you kept perpetually chained to the wall in the strongest room of the executive mansion ? Don't you take your waistcoat straight, HICKS ? Has no psychologist of your native state yet written a paper "On Gov. HICKS considered as an Ornament for a Lunatic Asylum ?" Because it is time that something of the sort should be done. You shouldn't be allowed to run wild any longer, you know, HICKS.

But, seriously did the insane Governor of Maryland ever imagine that we of the North would ever suffer a "mediator" to come between us and the objects of our just wrath ? Did he suppose that we were going to make compromises with thieves, and sign compacts with traitors ? Did he think, finally, in the blindness of his folly, that the memory of the two Massachusetts soldiers, who on the 19th of April, lay cold and stark in the streets of Baltimore, stoned to death by a ruffianly mob of secessionists, could ever be "mediated" away ? If so, he is even a greater fool than we at the beginning took him for.

### TALL TALK.

The following nice little bit comes all the way from New-Orleans, which city of the crab and the *crevasse* should forthwith be known as "The Pelican's Nest," on account of the fishy state of affairs there :

"In the meantime, some of the sympathisers (there are such in our midst) are intimating something about a Massachusetts' army of 8000 men. It is the wish that this would-be valiant army would land in Florida between Mobile Point and Pensacola, and give the Mississippi Brigade of 1800 men a chance at them in a hand-to-hand fight. Very few of the 8000 men would return to Massachusetts.

Hi ! Hi ! you "sympathisers" down there in the Pelican's Nest, know ye what manner of men they have got in the Massachusetts Army ? No you don't, you mud-eaters ! but we'll tell you. We saw a squadron of them preparing to walk into the ranks of your Gorilla-warfare nigger-drivers, and the shortest of them was obliged to sweep his toes with a telescope, to see whether there were any corns upon them.

### That Air !

The daily press is continually telling us how the "air was rent with cheers'" on the departure of such and such a regiment for Washington.

Very good : but if the air was Rent with cheers, it has been gloriously Patched with Star-Spangled Banners, as anybody may see by looking up or down Broadway, or any other street.

### Appropriate Con.

Why should everybody take to segars at the present time ?
Because "the Piping times of peace" are past.

### NO NONSENSE THERE.

If the Maryland Legislature passes an ordinance of Secession—as it will probably have done by the time this paragraph will go to press—let it be scattered *sans ceremonie* right and left as dust is scattered by the whirlwind. This is no time for elegant courtesies *a la* SEWARD and EVERETT, and the country is not disposed to hem and haw when it should be Pitching In and that fiercely. We hold Maryland by the nose—let her Behave—or Beware! In the old days she was called Merry Land—let her try secession insolence with us and it shall be written Marah Land—the Land of Bitterness and of Pain!

### Non-Conductors.

If the Baltimoreans have destroyed railroad communication between Philadelphia and Washington, we must compel them to Make Tracks!

### Con: for Maryland.

With what did the Baltimoreans Cap the climax of ruffianism?
With a Mob-cap!

### Sentiment by a Mariner.

"The Boom of cannon is now the Main Boom of the Ship of State!"

### Hardly!

Can it be possible that the city of Baltimore was named after a Noble-Man?



DAINTY.

SMITHOP HAS INVENTED A GUTTA PERCHA BAG-PIPE AFFAIR SO THAT HE CAN PLAY THE FLUTE WITHOUT LOSING HIS SWEET SMILE.

## NORTHMEN, COME OUT!

DEDICATED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

(AIR—*Burschen heraus!*)

Northmen, come out!
Forth unto battle with storm and shout!
Freedom calls you once again,
To flag and fort and tented plain;
Then come with drum and trump and song,
And raise the war-cry wild and strong:
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
The foe is waiting round about,
With paixhan, mortar and petard,
To tender us their Beau Regard;
With shot and shrapnell, grape and shell
We'll give them back the fire of hell;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Give the pirates a roaring rout;
Out in your strength and let them know
How Working Men to Work can go.
Out in your might and let them feel
How Mudsills strike when edged with steel;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Come like your grandsires stern and stout,
Though Cotton be of Kingly stock,
Yet royal heads may reach the block,
The Puritan taught it once in pain,
His sons shall teach it once again;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Forth into battle with storm and shout!
He who lives with victory's blest,
He who dies gains peaceful rest.
Living or dying, let us be
Still vowed to God and Liberty!
Northmen, come out!

### SMEAD'S BATTERY.

Lieutenant ABNER SMEAD lately sent by Lieut. SLEMMER to Washington, stopped on the way to show his dispatches to the C. S. Authorities at Montgomery, and subsequently resigned in order to crown infamy by joining Cottondom. When he presented himself at Fortress Monroe for a parting interview with his wife—she appeared on the Battery and welcomed him with these words:

"Go home with you!" she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor, you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as if dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning, and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor."

So saith the *Times*. All honor to Mrs. SMEAD. In books of history as yet unwritten her name shall figure with honor beside that of brave and beautiful Mrs. SLEMMER and not inferior in renown to those which shine most brilliantly in history.

As for the unfortunate renegade husband he will certainly bear testimony that there was never yet a natural philosopher who ever got a sharper shock from a SMEAD'S Battery?

### Show Your Teeth!

DR. SIGISMUND, a patriotlc dentist, announces that he he is ready to give his professional services, without charge, to the gallant volunteers about to do battle in the service of their country. The offer is a happy and timely one. Teeth ought to be sharpened before they are shown, and there is every indication of an immense "flashing of ivories" around, just now.

### Massachusetts Statuary.

The Marble-headers.

### The Song of our Volunteers

"I wish I was in HICKS'S land."

## OUR BOOK REVIEW.

*Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Uncommonly sharp practice—for medical practice—is this of the Doctor's—in comparison with whom Southey's Doctor is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Ye who believe in overdoses and much drugging, readthis book. Homeœoaeao—we give it up—opathists—will be particularly delighted with it. Anti-puerperal fever contagionists will cry for it—or over it, while those who delight in realizing that wit and humor; yea all that is sparkling and flashing, stinging and piquant in genius or in language may be made to light up the dryest of subjects, will laugh over it in much love. Next to JEAN PAUL'S *Vorschule der Æsthetik*, even the Enormous Erudition of the Great and Good VANITY FAIR knows of no book in which a slow subject is done up so brilliantly and high-flavoredly with Capsicomical syrup and brandy.

*The Breath of Life.* By GEO. CATLIN. New-York: JOHN WILEY.

VANITY FAIR hails in this board-bound book a work by which more people are bound to be bored than by any other of the season. The class to which we refer is the very expansive one of people who are unable to Shut Up—the object of the publication being to prove that consumption, bad teeth, snoring, and many other vices are all caused by the habit of breathing through the open mouth. For our own part we believe that G. C. intends simply to accustom people who expect to live South not to talk too freely. Curiously illustrated, with very wooden cuts of strange and antique style.

*The Semi-Attached Couple.* Boston: T. O. H. P. BURNHAM.

Wafered together, you know—not firmly tied—slip-noosed, not sailor-knotted—many such couples, not merely morganatic but married. Couleur de rosy, lord and lady style—easy reading, and like *Semi-Detached House* shows good intentions, no pretentions, and with no complicated detentions of plot. Go thou and do happy, and ye shall virtuously be likewise.

*The Alchemist or the House of Claes.* New-York: RUDD & CARLETON.

From the French of BALZAC by O. W. WIGHT, and FLIRTATION B. GOODRICH. The Alchemist who lived in this House of Claes did not exactly throw stones at people, (goak on the word Glass,) but did throw away his fortunes in hunting the Fool-osopher's Stone. Otherwise known as the Absolute, an expression which we gladly retain as expressing the Absolutely Excellent manner in which the translation has been done.

## THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE REGIME.

Thousands just now have a deep and touching affection for the massive and gloomy granite structure, between Wall and Pine streets, known as the New-York Custom House, and architecturally imitative of the Temple of Jupiter on the *Mons Capitolinus* of ancient Rome. To these it has long given bread, and boots of shining patent, and garments of handsome cloth and cut, and they hope no desuetude in its continuance of the life-staff, pedal patent coverings, and wherewithal to look tailors calmly in the face. Tens of thousands have written applications for clerkships, with addendative lists of references. These, too, are hopeful of monthly pocketings of Uncle Samuel's gold.

You seven hundred and twenty-three employees of the Custom House, you deputies, you clerks, you guagers, you inspectors, you day and night watchmen, you boarders of vessels, you messengers, and you regimental hosts of applicants, cease your hoping, unless you choose to become—

We will explain the new regimé. We have it authoritatively.

Mr. BARNEY, the new collector, is a Spiritualist; and spiritualists social reformers, and eaters of bran bread, are to hold future sway in the Custom House. What a change! Can imagination compass it? Can language describe it? Set busiest fancy in motion. Instead of ANDREW JACKSON Democrats, we see ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS-A-VIS. In the places of men humanly dressed, humanly barbered, and affable, and the jovial and rubicund faces we have been accustomed to seeing, we gaze upon men long haired, immoderately whiskered, garments of melancholy black and gloomier cut, wide turn-over collars, cheeks sunken, and complexions cadaverous—so many animate mummies, in fact, fantastic of figure, and about them an air repellingly mournful. We hear strange sounds, see glimmerings of strange lights, the pen-holding hands have a strange jerky motion, stools wonderfully gyrate, desks mysteriously move, unearthly rappings are heard, and voices startle us with their sepulchral intonations. We hurry into the outer air.

And this is not all.

Circumadjacent eating houses furnish only brown bread, pea soup, and mush. No fluid other than lacteal, and very weak tea, can be had nearer than three blocks away. *Sic omnia mutantur.*

## "NOW THEN--MOVE ALONG THERE!"

Many of our cotemporaries are speaking good words in these days, and the following from the *Times* is one of them:

"Could the seven thousand Irishmen, who asked a place in the ranks of the Sixty-Ninth on the day of its departure, have been received and formed into regiments, they would have hurled themselves into the National Capital with a force which not a dozen intervening Marylands could check. But sluggish routine and cautious prudence rule the day, and the hammers that should be pounding rebel heads are driving nails in military barracks here, five hundred miles from the furthest Northern point which even the wildest rebels hope to reach."

That is so. It is very decidedly so. If there were no red-tapeism winding about the limbs of Free Action, if there had been no shilly-shallying politeness and "all due deference" to the feelings of the Eastern Tobacco States, Washington would have been all right within a week, Virginia would have been held neck and heels, and Secession forced back into its poison swamps to yellow fever it by itself till past. Moreover—and this is worth thinking over also, Messieurs—we might have saved a few ships and property worth a few millions of dollars—something in these times! So they Say.

However, there is indeed no use in deploring spilt milk—but let us take care that no more be spilt. Let Mr. SEWARD and other Washington gentlemen forget the pleasant dinners with JEFF. DAVIS, and cosy chats through half the night with his Seceding ex-friends, and try to see them as they are—bitter, treacherous, unscrupulous enemies—enemies of the real rattlesnake type, with the sharpest of poison fangs.

Think and act promptly—this is no time for fooling. The North has men. factories, material—everything requisite to Master the Situation—she only wants prompt generalship.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—don't let History write *you* down as Slow! You have it in you—You *have* grit—be Capable.

## BE IT REMEMBERED.

That the Camden and Anaconda Rail Road Company, with the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Roads, have, with their usual shark-like spirit, "declined to abate a single cent from their usual rates for first-class passengers," in carrying troops, though many others have done the same at half price, and in some cases for nothing.

The N. Y. *Tribune* very properly suggests that these roads be seized and used by the Government—a proposition to which it is needless to say, VANITY FAIR fully agrees, trusting that our cotemporaries will give it as full ventilation. "Gentlemen" who avail themselves of times like these to play the sharp game may very suddenly find themselves tripped up. There *is* such a thing as being too rapacious—and there is also such a thing as Retribution. Government, which takes, and very properly, too, the persons of citizens for war, may quite as well borrow the property of a great, greedy, selfish, and unpopular corporation.

But then the Company have given several thousand dollars to the Union cause! Oh yes. We see you, though. Suppose you give while about, all the profits on the troops transported?

On the whole we think that Government had better run the road for itself. Editors of Northern papers please notice!

### The Catspaw.

It is generally thought that the unfortunate cat whose paw was used by the vicious monkey to rake chestnuts out of a hot fire, was indeed an object of compassion.

But what shall we say to Maryland and Virginia who unasked, unsolicited by the villainous Tiger Cat of Cottondom have thrust their weak paws right into the fierce flame of Northern vengeance. And what will they make by it? Ruin and wretchedness. One month ago Virginia had it in her power to avert *full nine-tenths* of all the horrors of this impending war. She could have placed herself as a barrier between the fire and powder, but she would not. And for this, nine-tenths of all the horrors will fall on her and on Maryland alone. They have cast their lot with devils, and will fare as such victims must. Woe to the grain which comes between the mill-stones. For it shall be crushed, and that utterly.