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For The New York Saturday Press.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE POET.

The Butterfly. On gorgeous wings he floateth along. Little for this world careth he. Save for the wild bee's somnolent song And the sweets in flowers that be: He sippeth to-day from the Lily's bell :

To morrow, he loveth the Rose as well.

The Poet.

On gorgeous dreams he floateth along Nothing for this world careth he, Save for the maidens' laughter and song And the sweets on their lips that be: To-day, blonde EDITH he loveth well; To-morrow, 'tis brown-eye'l Isabel. GEORGE ARNOLD.

[From the London Saturday Beriew, Nov. 10] FAITHFUL FOR EVER.*

Mr. Patmore is one of the three or four original poets of the present day. In his earlier works he showed, like all young writers, frequent traces of deliberate or unconscious imitation; and even in the himself. Dramatic colloquies, whether written or oral, is so limited, that he may probably outlive his para-Angel in the House, although the composition was on the whole singularly characteristic and new, severe critics thought that they discerned some admixture of a foreign element. In Faithful for Ever, which is a appendages of a history which is essentially psychologicontinuation or episode of the same story, Mr. Patmore entirely dispenses with the aid of models, having his tendency to imaginative reflection, are characterisgradually formed a style and method of his own. The careful moral analysis of his former poems has developed itself into an extraordinary psychological acuteness, which is suitably represented by the quaint accuracy of unexpected and graceful illustrations. Practice and study have removed much of the obscurity which, in the Angel in the House, indicated an incomplete mastery of language, as well as a pregnant condensation of matter. The thoughts, even when they are still recondite, now seldom degenerate into riddles, and in many instances they are presented with a felicitous ingenuity of expression. Only young and inexperienced readers are conciliated by gratuitous demands on their own sagacity. It is the glory of the poet, as of the king in the Book of Proverbs and in Lord Bacon, not to conceal, but to discover the matter-or, in other words, to substitute the intelligent contemplation of a work of art for the laborious idle- The comparison between the approaches of courtship ness of deciphering an enigma. Mr. Patmore's phrases | and engineering parallels, though not drawn for the are still sometimes deficient in perspicuity, but, if he first time, is made original by the quaintness and pretcontinues to cultivate his faculty of minute and fanci- | tiness of the application. The line about the ditches ful observation, he will probably hereafter attain an suggests recollections of Hudibras, and the opening equally remarkable skill in expressing his meaning, figure of a luminous sky in which there is no special and his style is already perfectly transparent when he centre of light, belongs to a higher order of poetry. contents himself with simple narrative or with com-

paratively obvious reflections.

the essayist, is to be found in the command of metre. for Ever: The genuineness, if not the range, of Mr. Patmore's inspiration, is proved by the original effect which he has produced on the humble instrument of the common octosyllabic rhyme, Difficile est proprie communia dicere, and it is harder to individualize and earmark the easiest of English measures than even to appropriate the commonplaces of sentiment and thought. Scott, Moore, and Byron, for the most part failed in | The mother, who is naturally less enthusiastic than of the world.' The sensations of the roofs under this extracting more than a convenient jingle from the thin her son in idolatry of beauty, shares to the full his fac- process are, as may be imagined, various and strong. of matter in some degree supplies the want of com- love is preferable to the risk of satiety, is scarcely of one who has just read, without blinking, the accounts pass which belongs to a low form of metrical develop- equivalent to the refined doctrine that the attainment of Joseph and Potiphar, Judah and Tamar, pronounces ment. Sententious and fanciful thoughts produce a of the object of desire would have caused disappoint- it 'impious and obscene.' Mr. Emenson sends word. tered by a comparison with one of the least melodious | well worthy of attention from the dispassionate student | companion out in the wild outlooks of Newport and writers of English verse; but his metre occasionally of life and of human nature : recalls the more graceful cadences which not unfrequently diversify the wilful doggerel of Hudibras. Butler's fertility and abundance of meaning produces, in this respect, the same result with Mr. Patmore's minate subtlety of observation, and in both cases a rapid perception of remote analogies gives opportunity for striking verbal contrasts. The pertinacions wit of Hudibras, and the imaginative sentiment of Faithful for Ever, have nothing further in common. The faults as well as the merits of the poem are widely remote from the peculiarities of prose. In a more ambitious metre Mr. Patmore may probably hereafter display a genuine faculty for the production of rhythmical melody; but in dealing with certain sounds he seems to labor under some special deprivation as arbitrary as color-blindness. Any friend in the full enjoyment of his physical senses could have told him that 'self' can by no possibility be made to rhyme with 'gulf' nor 'more' with 'sure.'

A more serious and more wilful drawback to the beauty of the poem is to be found in the deliberate introduction of colloquial trivialities and of commonplace details. A dramatic purpose furnishes no suffiincapable of poetical treatment. A complete photo- monplaces. He even ventures to suggest, if only in | ing played it through, he turned and quietly remarked, are wholly intolerable in verse. Shakspeare himself ty. Honoria, having become the owner of a large for Poetry in many passages of this work. confers on his Dogberries, and even on his Aguechecks, tune, and the mistress of a popular country-house, a kind of reflex originality and an objective humor seems only the more beautiful and perfect to the ad- plainness of speech which characterizes these poems; by the 'Genius of Christianity,' he had commenced to like you too much, I would be afraid of making you his friends who were in the room hardly knew that through the elaborate ingenuity of their blunders, and mirer who had formerly been her lover : he steadily restricts them to the use of prose. In the rare instances in which he makes use of trivial verses for the sake of comic effect, he confines the joke within the limits of one or two couplets. It may perhaps be urged in apology for the pedestrian portions of Faithful for Ever, that the poem is partly intended to illustrate the progress from vulgarity to refinement. A dull and underbred girl is supposed to educate herself into an attractive woman by means of her singleminded affection for a husband of higher intellect and

" Faithful for Ever. By Coventry Patmore. Landou : John W.

Parker & Son. 1860.

fiction, but the exhibition of feminine vulgarity which vigor of illustration : illustrates or measures the subsequent transformation is far too real and natural to be endured in a poem. If a detestable letter addressed by the bride to her mother-in-law was really indispensable to Mr. Patmore's purpose, it would have been desirable to alter the entire composition of his story. An error of system, though it may be fatal to immediate success, is more easily remedied than a defective execution. A true poet, as soon as he has changed his opinion, will at once cease to encumber his pages with conscious and

intentional doggerel.

In the analysis of sentiment, Mr. Patmore is as curiously astute as the most subtle of French novelists; afterwards collects itself into a torrent of grief, is so and instead of studying the morbid pathology of illicit apposite, and at the same time so far-fetched, that it anomalies, he pursues his researches in the opposite might be regarded as a conceit if it were not picturdirection, where natural feeling conforms itself, with- esque as well as ingenious. Even in Mr. Patmore's out becoming dwarfed or stunted, to the broad rules of simplest appeal to common sympathies there is always conscience and morality. Readers of the Angel in the an activity of thought which may interest the minds House may remember a transient sailor cousin who, on of those who are not readily accessible to the pathos the eve of the declaration, varies by a passing cloud of domestic life. The increase of attachment on the of jealousy the quiet felicity of the lovers. The dis- part of the husband when his wife becames a mother appointed admirer is the hero of Faithful for Ever and is gracefully and justly described and explained he appears to have understood the lady's looks better than his happy rival. 'Thus,' he says

Thus, when he took her hand to-night, Her lovely gravity of light. Was scuttered into many smiles And flattering weakness. Hope beguiles No more my heart, dear mother. He By jealous looks o'er-honored me.

The rest of the story, as far as it is external, records his grief, his precipitate determination to find refuge in an inferior marriage, the attachment which he gradually forms to his wife, and her elevation in character and bearing. The old-fashioned machinery of letters furnishes an opportunity for the record of minute details of feeling. The confidential relations of the principal correspondents are scarcely those which would naturally exist between the most sympathetic of mothers and the most communicative of sons. would perhaps have been better to provide the hopeless lover and half-satisfied husband with a congenial sister; and on the whole it must be admitted that all unreserved confession is more or less unmanly. Revelations of the secret niceties of feeling are most suitably presented in the impersonal narrative of the poet and wholesome, and his deference for vulgar prejudice despetically as it does now. ought to represent what would be said rather than what might be thought; yet it is almost hypercritical to examine too closely the accidental conditions and cal. The delicacy of Mr. Patmore's observation, and tically illustrated in a passage which records the instinctive reserve and scruple of a boyish passion

(), bright, apocalyptic sky O'erarching childhood! Far and nigh Mystery and obscuration none, Yet nowhere any moon or sun! What reason for these sighs? What hope, Daunting with its audacious scope The disconcerted heart, affects These ceremonies and respects? Why stratagems in every thing? Why, why not kiss her in the ring? Tis nothing strange that warriors bold. Whose fierce, forecasting eyes behold The city they desire to sack. Humbly begin their proud attack By delving ditches two miles off. Aware how the fair place would scoff At hasty wooing; but, O child, Why thus approach thy playmate mild!

somewhat similar thought finds another suitable image in the first description of Honoria, who is the faultless The peculiar test which distinguishes the poet from heroine both of the Angel in the House and of Faithful

> The brightest and the chastest brow Rales o'er a cheek which seems to show That love, as a mere vague suspense Of apprehensive innocence, Perturbs her heart; love without aim Or object, like the holy flame That in the Vestals' Temple glowed Without the image of a god.

I blame not beauty. It beguiles With lovely motions and sweet smiles Which while they please us pass away, The spirit to lofty thoughts that stay, and lift the whole of after-life Unless you take the thing to wife, Which then seems nought, or serves to slake Desire, as when a lovely lake Far off scarce fills the exulting eye Of one athirst, who comes thereby And inappreciably sips The deep with disappointed lips.

A more natural or more simple defiance of irrelevant consolation follows on the first discovery that the pursuit of Honoria is absolutely hopeless :

> Grief is now the cloak, I fold about me to prevent The deadly chill of a content With any near or distant good. Except the exact beatitude Which love has shown to my desire, You'll point to other joys and higher, I hate and disavow all bliss, As none for me, which is not this.

The power and pleasures of the world Pay tribute; and her days are all So high, pure, sweet, and practical, She almost seems to have at home What's promised of the life to come. And fair, in fact, should be the few God dowers with nothing else to do; And liberal of their light, and free To show themselves, that all may see. For alms let poor men poorly give The meat whereby men's budies live : But they of wealth are stewards wise, Whose graces are their charities.

The effect of death in reviving affection, com-

culture. The experiment may occasionally have suc- with regret, is a commoner theme, which may neverceeded in real life, and it is at least probable enough for | theless be made novel or interesting by freshness and

> Yes, love requires the focal span Of recollection or of hope, Ere it can measure its own scope. Too soon, too soon, comes Death to show We love more deeply than we know. The rain that fell upon the height, Too gently to be called delight, Within the dark vale reappears As a wild cataract of tears; And love in life should strive to see Sometimes what love in death would be! Easier to love, we so should find It is, than to be just and kind.)

The image of the impalpable mist of affection, which

But when the new-made Mother smiled, She seemed herself a little child; Dwelling at large beyond the law By which till then I judged and saw : And that fond glow which she felt stir For it, suffused my heart for her; To whom, from the weak babe, and thence To me, an influent innocence, Happy, reparative of life, Came, and she was indeed my wife. As there, lovely with love, she lay, Brightly contented all the day To hug her little sleeping boy, In the reciprocated joy Of touch, the childish sense of love, Ever inquisitive to prove Its strange possession, and to know If the eyes' report be really so.

It would not be for Mr. Patmore's interest that his place among contemporary poets should be determined of Agust, 1780. His father was a money-broker. at present. His thoughful imagination may probably his mother, the principal fact known is that she placed ed, spread rapidly. hereafter be brought into relief by a severer taste. He her son out to nurse in the country. is already appreciated by competent judges of poetry; and he is popular among the more numerous class | cluded that she was perfectly regardless of him, since which delights in the reproduction of refined and ten- such was the fashion in those days; and possibly fashder sentiment. His moral judgments are so manly ion raled then over the womanly part of creation as doxical adoption of the theories which misled Words- of all the noticeable men of modern times, lived his worth in his youth. The dignity of literature is com- life in the strictest accordance with the laws of compromised by the introduction into verse of details mon-sense as applied to the needs of his own nature, which are only tolerable in actual life because they | who disregarded all the rules and prejudices of society, cannot be avoided.

MONOSYLLABICS. BY J. ADDISON ALEXANDER

Think not that strength lies in the big round word, Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak; To whom can this be true who once has heard The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak, When want or woe or fear is in the throat, So that each word gasped out is like a shriek Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note Sung by some fay or fiend. There is a strength Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine, Which has more height than breadth, more depth

than length; Let but this force of thought and speech be mine. And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase, Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and Light, but no heat -- a flash, but not a blaze!

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts, It serves of more than fight or storm to tell. The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts. The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell, The roar of guns, the groans of men that die On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well For them that far-off on their sick-beds lie: For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead : For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand, To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread; The sweet plain words we learnt at first keep time. And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,

From the Dial (Cincinnati). · LEAVES OF GRASS."

With each, with all, these may be made to chime,

In thought or speech or song, in prose or rhyme.

Better dressed than we ever expected to see him, WALT WHITMAN again makes his bow, but with purpose unabated, to 'sound his barbaric yawp over the roofs oaten pipe which Mr. Patmore has contrived to render ulty of illustrating subtle theories which suit the im- Some said that it thundered, others that an angel significant and sometimes musical. Habitual fulness mediate argument. The proposition that unsuccessful spoke.' The Christian Examiner, with the unctuous air variety of rhythm by their intrinsic incompatibility ment through experience of the finite possibilities of 'I greet you at the beginning of a great career.' When with the monotonous amble of eight syllables. Mr. appreciation, though it may have doctors, etc. Well, we have gone to the book itself Patmore would, perhaps, be more surprised than flat- afforded little consolation to the rejected suitor, is for a decision. The 'Leaves of Grass' has been our Nahant, we have read it at night after following the throngs of New York by day, we have conversed with its music when the obligato was the whizz and scream of the locomotive which bore us across the continent. and have turned to it from the calm rush of the Father of Waters, from the loading here and there on its shores by the glare of pine-knot fires, from the eager crowd of men and women chatting, singing, gaming i the saloon, and we confidently announce that Walt Whitman has set the pulses of America to music Here are the incomplete but real utterances of New York city, of the prairies, of the Ohio and Mississippi, -the volume of American autographs. To these for- politics or in his business operations; but still there midable eyes the goddess Yoganidra, who veils the world in illusion, surrenders; to them there are no walls, no fences, nor dress-coats, no sheaths of faces that he was finally arrested as a Royalist. This of Memoirs, written by Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker, and eyes. All are catalogued by names, appraised, and | course ruined his financial operations, and left his son | a poet, a pupil, a friend, a companion, and a biograhis relentless hammer comes down on the right value | dependent upon his own exertions, and without any | pher of Béranger. of each. A friend of ours told us that once, means. when he was visiting Limst, a fine gentleman from Boston was announced, and during the conveniation | He had so few artificial needs, that it required but little | all hack writers by profession." the latter spoke with great contempt of Wagner (the to gratify them. He commenced to write, and was Of the comparative merits and lasting interest of Mr. Patmore, as far as his own views may be infer- new light) and his music. List did not say anything, employed by Landon to prepare the text for several the various branches of literary composition, red from the language of his characters, seems to find but went to the open plane and struck with grandeur cient excuse for the introduction of subjects which are a laudable pleasure in the rejection of fallacious com- the opening chords of the Tannhauser overture; havgraph of life includes many images which an artist irresponsible dramatic form, that wealth, prosperity, 'The man who doesn't call that good music is a fool.' ought indignantly to reject; and some representations, and high social position, are to be preferred in them- It is the only reply which can be made to those who song from which his reputation began, Béranger was although they might be permitted to writers of prose, selves to the most irreproachable poverty and obscuri- do not find that quintessence of things which we call

We cannot, nor do we wish to deny that biblical these, is as if one should commit suicide, refusing to with his success in none of these. as he calls himself, is never frivolous; his profunity is in the thirty-afth year of his age.

[From the Independent, Nov. 22.] ITALY. BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Across the sea I heard the groans Of nations in the intervals Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones. And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I deamed of freedom slowly gained By martyr meekness, patience, faith. And lo! an athlete grimly stained, With corded muscles battle-strained. Shouting it from the fields of death!

turn me, awe-struck, from the sight, Among the shouting thousands mute, I only know that God is right, And that the children of the light Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust, That sultry skies the bolt will form To smite them clear; that Nature must The balance of her powers adjust Though with the earthquake and the storm

And who am I whose prayers would stay The solemn recompense of time, And lengthen slavery's evil day That outraged Justice may not lay

Its hand upon the sword of crime! God reigns, and let the earth rejoice! I bow before his sterner plan.

He speaks in battle's stormy voice. His praise is in the wrath of man!

Dumb are the organs of my choice :

(For The New York Saturday Press. BERANGER.

Pierre Jean de Beranger was born in Paris, the 19th

To be sure, from this fact alone it must not be con-

It is, however, a noteworthy fact, that the man who, when they conflicted with the development of his own character in his own way, -should have come from a completed. society which was so artificial, that the possibility of any woman other than a peasant nursing her own childrep was considered a discovery, and announced

such by the philosopher Rousseau. Perhaps the fact that the great men of the French perative and compensatory force there is in nature, and that we could apply with advantage some of its sug- to such a condition in a civilized and rich city.

gestions to our physical life. to have been as negligent of her assumed duties as his mother was of her natural ones.

This Béranger deduced from the fact that he remembered nothing of his nurse, while all his youthful recollections clustered about the memory of the husband of the woman to whom he was entrusted, and who seems to have assumed all the care of the young poet, and to have conceived so warm a love for his charge, that he refused to take any pay for his trouble. "It would seem to me that I sold him," he said.

At the age of five, Beranger was brought home. His maternal grandfather, a Mr. Champi, who had been a tailor, and exceedingly strict in the discipline of his own children-whence, perhaps, arose his daughter's neglect of her maternal duties in mature life-assumed the entire management of his youthful grandson, and was as indulgent to his childish whims as only a fond grandfather can be.

The young Béranger went to school, or not, pretty much as suited his own good pleasure.

ever, taking walks with his grandfather, and playing of translation. The terseness of their style, the conin the streets of Paris.

Thus obtaining the education which such advantages afford, the young poet grew to the age of ten, when he Beranger's songs popular alike among the educated was sent into the country, to Péronne, and placed and the illiterate classes. It is only the works which to adore." under the care of a sister of his father, who kept an inn, was named Madame Bouvet, and who appears to lie all the distinctions of rank or convention, which have been very fond of her nephew, and to have understood him better than any one, and aided him more in the formation of his character.

Madame Bouvet was a Liberal, and from her Beranger first heard the liberal sentiments which were then fast leading to the French Revolution. It was also from her that Beranger first received the idea of writing

enteen, when he returned to Paris, and went to live which led him to place not his trust in Princes, the trusive firmness in maintaining the privacy of his with his Grandfather Champi, from whose house he faith which he evinced in mankind, the honesty, the saw the destruction of the Bastille.

the Bourbons would soon return. In his speculations ever might be their social position, these qualities it is life which cannot be too highly commended. as a money-broker, he formed all his calculations upon | which make his character and his life a fit study for that basis. His son did not agree with him either in the world. was no direct controversy between them.

The loss of money did not disturb Béranger at all. | yourself clear of the lower class of literary men, and

volumes of the 'Annales du Musée.'

nothing is known of what he then produced.

dwell on the planet because it was not all an English | The Rold Yvetot made a great success, and Béranger | use. Park, but had here and there a Dismal Swamp, or a feelt sure that he had discovered his speciality, and yet dreary desert. This Poet, though 'one of the roughs,' his first volume of sough was not published until 1815, ranger of his visit, and of the advice Hugo had given

had achieved their own freedom. But when Napoleon your head and leave the poets alone." was unsuccessful, and the allies brought in the Bour- When Lapointe called upon Victor Hugo he found sion for liberty, and his sympathy with the national his shoulders and asked, "What did you answer?" which felt humiliated and insulted by the presence of barraged." ed themselves in such terms that no wonder the people | measure you for a pair of boots." eagerly welcomed him as the exponent of their senti- This freedom from parade, this common sense, this

feared him. not dare to trouble their singer.

In 1821 he had a second volume prepared for publi- in his public life. cation, and was warned by the Ministry that if he issued it he would be removed from his place in the second volume, one of them offered him a much larger University. Undaunted by this mean threat, Beranger sum of money than Beranger hoped to gain from the sent in his resignation to the government, and sent volume, if he would refrain from issuing it. This offer out his volume to the public.

This course of action was against the advice of all his friends, many of whom broke off with him. "The people will be with me, and my friends will debted to any of his friends. "It is." he said, "become back again." he said, and the result showed that

he was right. The Government however prosecuted him as a dan- tion even towards those whom I most esteem." gerous person, and an utterer of seditious sentiments.

against him, and Beranger was sentenced to spend watch, which should serve him as a memento. four months in the prison of Sainte Pélagie.

gerous and seditious person, and sentenced to two he would not survive if, in the midst of the turmoil of years' imprisonment in the prison of La Force, and to events, he should lose his independence of soul, the a fine which, with the expenses of the suit, amounted only possession for which he has ever been ambitious. to over eleven thousand francs, say twenty-three hun- For the first time I ask a favor of my country : let not dred dollars.

him that he would be allowed to reach Switzerland. But Béranger preferred to go to prison. The fine not hide from himself the honor he foregoes in sepawas paid by his friend Berand, before the public subscription which had been opened for that purpose was was accepted.

terested himself in the condition of the prisoners who come to live in his country-seat; this invitation were detained there, and succeeded in having their Beranger would never accept. "I should feel like an comfort greatly increased, and some attention paid to exile in so grand a house," he said, "and my poor their needs as human beings. In this work he was friends would not know how to find me." Revolution sprang from the artificial society of the the more interested since a large portion of them were

The infantile Béranger certainly flourished under placed Louis Philippe upon the throne. The leaders notwithstanding the fact that his foster-mother appears | the spoils of victory, and pressed office upon him. reason, that he should never be anybody unless he remained nobody.

1834 made an arrangement with his publisher, Perrotin, by which he was to receive for the right of publishing the songs he had already written, and those he should hereafter write, an annuity of eight hundred francs, which should revert to his friend and sire to coerce men into freedom, his belief was in leavcompanion, Judith Frère. This annuity Perrotin afterwards increased to three thousand francs; and notwithstanding this generosity and the lavish expense he it is always safer to distrust the governers than the incurred in getting up the various illustrated editions of Beranger's songs, he made the greater part of his

fortune from this contract. In 1847 Béranger added a few songs to the illustrated edition published by Perrotin, that year. These, with the posthumous songs published after hi- death 1857, form the whole of his works.

We must accept his success as a song-writer from the fact of his immense popularity. The charm and grace gestions and their humor are the qualities which made appeal to the broad facts of human nature that undermen are so foolishly prone to institute among themselves, that obtain so wide-spread a recognition an become the classics of a nation's literature.

The value of Beranger's life to the world, certainly to this portion of it, is however rather to be found in charity, the kindly feeling for those who were truthful His father was a Royalist, and firmly convinced that and the contempt he displayed for all charlatans, what-

Perhaps these qualities can better be shown by quoting his own words than in any other way. The follow! Frere, had passed away on the ninth of April, in the The elder Béranger was so decided in his politics, ing extracts of his conversation are taken from his

Speaking of a literary life, Béranger says: "Keep

says: "We commence with Lamartine, then we go to In 1810, through the assistance of a friend, he ob- Hugo, sometimes to Delavigne, who does not always time up to 1818, the date of the Roi d'Yvetot, the the circle, we come back to the song-writer.',

constantly at work, and probably wrote much, though ther to severe and long-continued work than to what not more afraid to die than he had been to live, for is called inspiration for the production of works of death to him was not more solemn and mysterious. Chateanbriand says Beranger told him that inspired real merit, he says: "I do not wish just now to criti- than life. So calmly did the final moment come that we or nature are in some regards so untranslatable that | write Christian Idylls. It was from the fact that Cha- timid by so doing. You should preserve your origi- his life had ceased. in some of these pages one must hold his nose whilst | teaubriand's works had roused Béranger's ambition, | nality, your boldness, only you must strive to find the | Though he had requested that his funeral should great utterances which are in this work because of position, tragedies, dramas, odes, etc., but was satisfied consult them. As for the dictionaries of rhymes, that his friend Manuel, at the side of Judith Frère. is a different matter, though they are sometimes of

> Lapointe had called upon Victor Hugo, and told Bélight verses the early songs in the collection concealed | deal of postry while he is seeking the form in which secession.

the bitterest satires against the increasing tyranny of to express himself. You have found your's, set about the Emperor, and expressed the popular feeling of the perfecting it. Read history; events are the fathers of French people, who had not yet forgotten that they poetry and of ideas; put the knowledge of events in

bons, Béranger's enthusiastic love for the greatness of Henri Heine there. Hugo opened the door himself, the fallen hero, his distrust of all kings and contempt and showed Lapointe into a richly furnished room. for all authority which relies upon the brute argu- welcoming him with the sentiment, "Enter sir, enter : ments of strength and arms for its support, his pas- poets are kings." At hearing this, Béranger shrugged love of independence and of the glory of France, "Nothing, I bowed again, and was silent and em-

a king thrust upon them by foreign invaders, express- "In your place I would have said, I came sir to

ments, and the rulers in an equal degree hated and self-respect which made Beranger too honest ever to play a part, or to assume a position which he knew he He was not, however, molested. The government, could not fill, while it characterized his life as a songdesirous of gaining the confidence of the people, did writer, and was condensed by him into the saying, ' facts are poetry,' was also the most noticeable fact

When his friends opposed the publication of his

Béranger refused. Latitte, the banker, offered him a situation; but Lafitte was his friend, and Beranger would not be incause I know how strong an influence gratitude has over me, that I am afraid to contract such an obliga-

His friend Manuel left him a large bequest; but Be-The court-room in which the trial was held was ranger felt that he was amply provided for by Perrocrowded with the prisoner's friends, but the trial went tin's annuity, and refused to take anything but a

After the Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the During these four months of confinement Beranger | Assemblee Constituante, by over two hundred thousand was visited by crowds of enthusiastic admirers, nor votes, and wrote to the Assembly declining his seat. did his muse desert him. The songs he composed The Assembly voted unanimously not to accept his were committed to memory by his visitors, and by resignation. In his letter acknowledging this complimeans of copies, either in manuscript or secretly print- ment, Beranger again declined the honor, and requested to be allowed to live as a private citizen. "This." In 1828 Beranger published a third volume, and in he wrote, "is not the wish of a philosopher, still less December of the same year was again tried as a dan- of a sage, - it is the wish of a rhymer who fears that its worthy representatives refuse the prayer which I ad-His friends wished him to flee, and it was shown dress to them in again requesting my dismission; but let them pardon the weakness of an old man, who canrating himself from them." This second resignation

Perrotin, who became quite rich, often wished the During the time he spent in La Force, Beranger in- poet to leave his simple and unpretending home, and

In 1855 Napoleon III. hearing that Beranger was eight buth century; is a proof of the wonderful recu- boys, the orphans and vagrants of Paris, who had been poor, proposed to give him a pension, and knowing arrested for vagrancy and the small crimes consequent how impossible it was to make Béranger accept any favors, the offer was made through the Empress Eu-In 1830 came the constitutional monarchy, which genie. This offer Beranger also refused to accept, though such an evidence of respect touched him to this apparently unnatural arrangement; and that, too, of the movement wished Beranger to accept some of the heart, and made it difficult for him to adhere to his determination never to put himself under any ob-He persistently refused all such offers, giving as his ligation. "People do not know how much conrage it requires to refuse," he said.

Béranger's political opinions may be stated condense-In 1833 Béranger published his fourtn volume, and ly, as a faith in the people, in their ultimate decision upon any question, in their honesty and in the future of the democratic principles of the age, which would, strangely enough, appear visionary and absurd in this republican country. He was no reformer, had no deing them to work out their own destiny. His position in politics was therefore always in the opposition, since governed. The first require to be corrected by orposition in their errors, the last correct themselves, since they are the first to suffer from the evil effects of their mistakes. It was this principle which governed his course toward the great Napoleon. " My enthusiastic and constant admiration," he says," "for the Emperor's genius, the idolatry which he inspired in the people who always saw in him the representative of the victorious idea of equality; that admiration The principal occupation of his early years was, how- of the French song is too subtle to stand the rude test and idolatry which eventually made Napoleon the noblest subject of my songs, never blinded me to the densation of their thought and expression, their sug- constantly increasing despotism of the Empire. In 1814 I saw in the fall of the Colossus only the misfortune of a country which the Republic had taught me

It was the need he felt of always preserving his independence, so that he could express his opinions without any fear of praise or blame, that made him refuse so persistently all office, whether offered him by a ruler or by the voice of the people.

And certainly in this Democratic age few persons have so ennobled the proud position of a private citizen the life he lived as a man than in his merits as an au- as l'ierre Jean Béranger. In this independence of charthor. The common sense which he made the rule of acter, this love of personal freedom, this disgust at all his life, the self-reliance which he always displayed, cheap notoriety, and contempt for all the modern ap-With Madame Bouvet he remained until he was sev- the distrust of those in authority, the self respect pliancies by which it is gained, this quiet and unobprivate life, and asserting his right to live as best suited his conviction of his own needs, that Beranger has set an example to the noisy vulgarity of our modern

The life so passed came to a close the sixteenth of July, 1857. His old friend and companion, Judith same year. Béranger had promised her that he should not outlive her more than three months. He was then suffering from the disease of the liver, and the bleeding at the lungs, which caused his death. He died upon his sota, supported in the arms of Madame Vernet, the wife of Vernet, the painter, and in the presence of some of his most intimate friends. His sister. a nun, had brought a priest to be present at the last moments, and offer those consolations of religion which are needless in such extremities if the life of the subject has been governed by higher aims tained an office in the University of Paris. From this respond to our thoughts-and then having rounded and a nobler faith than are common among men. Béranger felt that his life had been so lived, that he needed no hasty preparation for death, and therefore Advising Lapointe upon the necessity of trusting ra- quietly dismissed his sister and her priest. He was

he reads; the writer does not hesitate to bring the that Béranger always had a warm appreciation and right word. You must come to see me, I will lend be as quiet and unostentatious as possible, the populaslop-bucket into the parlor to show you that therein friendship for Chateaubriand. Beranger himself said you a book of synonyms. I myself have worked all tion of Paris came out in crowds to pay their last realso the chemic laws are at work; but to lose the that in his early youth he had tried all kinds of com- my life with dictionaries, and have not yet ceased to spects to him. His body was placed in the tomb of New York, November, 1860.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

him to read a great deal of poetry. "I think differ that the preachers generally throughout the State reverently meant, and he speaks what is unspeakable The volume had a great spiced their Thanksgiving sermons considerably with

The Saturday Press Book-List. For the week ending December 1, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

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RELIGIOUS. Hymns and Choirs; or, the Matter and the Manner of the Service of song in the House of the Lord. By Prof. A. Phelps, Prof. E. A. Park, and Rev. D. L. Furber. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1. Boston. Crosby Nichols, Lee & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL. The Life of Andrew Jackson. By James Parton 3 vols. Crown octavo. pp 636-734. With Steel Portraits. Cloth, 86; Sheep, \$6.75 Hair calf, \$9 Full calf, \$12. New York : Mason Bro-Life and Times of Philip Schuyler. By Benson J. Lossing. ume I. Crown 8vo. pp. 492. With Steel Portraits. Cloth, \$1 50 New York Mason Brothers.

HISTORICAL. History of Italy By John S. C. Abbott, Crown 8vo. pp. 587. With Steel Portraits Cloth, \$1 50. New York: Mason Bro-

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We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have been promised, at an early date, an original story from the pen of

MISS HARRIET E. PRESCOTT, the first part of which will probably appear in our

New Year's number. We have made several other important arrangements for our forthcoming volume (in case we enter upon as now seems almost certain), and trust that this fact will encourage our friends to make new exertions to ward placing the paper on a permanent footing.

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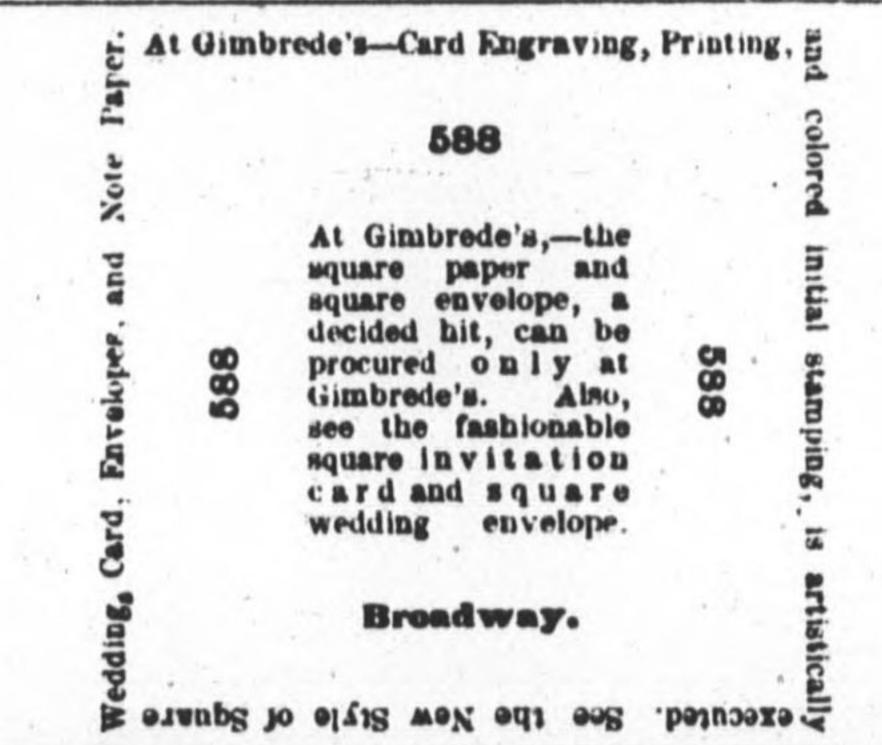
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- There can be no freedom in any country where

The N. ¥. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

The professed religious novel is perhaps the most ers. worthless and monstrous literary absurdity which has appeared in the world of letters, since the days when the Romances of Chivalry turned the head of the respectable country gentleman of La Mancha.

published, and advertised as humorous.

instance, and the most moving exhortations to this exploits of that interesting class of persons; and so dogma or that, concealed in a tale of the course of true Dean Swift's beatitude is an ample consolation : Blesslove, there is but very small choice. For the use of the future, as serving to present any ac- disappointed.

curate picture of our modern life, the religious novel will | We welcome the book, however, because it affords be as worthless and unreliable as those ponderous ro- us the occasion of saying a few words in kindness to mances, are now, which represent the country as swarm- | the memory of Mrs. Osgood, and in justice to the ing with giants and wild beasts, with a few knights character and value of her works. by way of a change.

ness of the dialogue.

Yonge has lost sight of pure religion and undefiled, in 'The Happy Release, or The Triumphs of Love.' existence for the past four thousand years or more.

The book contains all the faults of the religious nevel either narrow minded bigots in creed and selfish persons in life, or else are lamentably weak persons, milksops in the daily intercourse of life, and in the matter of faith the passive receivers of any prejudices with which they may be brought in contact.

On the other hand, the persons whom it is expected we should dislike as worldly and unregenerate, are the only ones in whom we can get up any interest; the only persons whose lives have any flavor of individual freedom, or whose characters have any of the virtues which could make them bearable as companions.

The story with its seven hundred dreary pages, i occupied in contrasting the effects of a religious and a worldly education.

Two of the many principal characters in the book. are the adopted children of a spinster, who, after a disappointment in love, falls again into that condition with the best character in the whole story, a country squire who had long been in love with her, and who of course dies as soon as he finds his love is returned.

spinster's first love, a person who in a fit of youthful readers, was such as only ceases to be admiration when religious enthusiasm comes over to America to convert it warms into love. Few writers have ever been more Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Vi- the savages, but finding these untutored children of generally petted and praised. The most savage critics nature less poetic and more dirty than he had supposed, even, both in England and at home, treated her books forsakes his mission and his first love for a congrega- with uncommon gentleness, and gallantly scattered tion in Toronto, Canada, and a rich wife from among flowers in her way. It is probable that much of this the lambs of his flock.

> of a wealthy maker and seller of gin, who are subjected | Certainly—though there is uncommon merit in the he is old he will surely depart from it.'

> a visit at a friend's house, was desirous to return home critic pays dearly for his exemption. because he missed the family prayers, in his early manhood looking back with astonishment to his missionary genius. It has uncommon merit, indeed; but its esintentions, and straying very decidedly into what the sential characteristics are not remarkable. It displays, author considers the fearful false doctrine, heresy, and

> schism of Unitarianism. process of moral training, grows up into a young lady coquettishness of tone that is very fascinating. It exwith a well developed love of gayety and worldly hibits inventive skill also, and a rare power of felicitpleasures, and does not have her mind contracted into ous illustration. Altogether it is the perfect embodithe narrowness of dogmatism, or her amiability and ment of that pure spirituality which was the essence good nature soured into asceticism.

> been subjected to influences of wealth gained from the the poems which preëminently illustrate these qualigin trade, become the one a missionary among the ties, and which also are the best she has written, we poor in London, while the other, the young lady, grows may mention 'The Birth of the Callitriche, or Waterup to scorn all the vanities of life, and become in every | Star'; 'The Spirit of Poetry'; 'The Lover's List' way fitted to serve as the proper heroine of a religious | Ellen Ardelle '; 'The Child and its Angel Playmate ';

story ends, and while the London missionary and his | Sybil'; 'She Loves Him Yet'; and 'The Language | produced it. sister continue as they are, the heretical Unitarian of Gems.' This latter poem we reprint. It is inferior say, was very frequent)—plainly betokened that gratitude had his adopted mother, brings him back to enter upon her finest example of sprightly fancy and sparkling music: property, to his own exclusion, has his back broken in resolved to pour out the secret of my soul to Isabella, and learn at | an adventure in which he saves the lives of a half dozen others who are in peril, and then a cripple, broand in a moment I clasped her in my arms, and imprinted on her | ken in body and in fortune, returns to the faith of the

Meanwhile his sister, having lost all her property and taken to teaching as a governess, returns also to the Church of England, and ends by marrying a country parson, who of course is of the only correct and de-

One of the most striking peculiarities of the book, is that, notwithstanding its spiritual character, all the persons introduced, good as well as bad, keep a sharp and eager look-out towards the main chance. In fact it would seem that the author, while she in-

culcates the peace which is to be gained only by setting the affections upon the things which are not of this world, would also advocate the worldly necessity of keeping at least one eye fixed upon the mammon of unrighteousness.

She would not advocate the selling of our birthright for a mess of potage, but would teach us to retain the one and give our attention to securing the other. And I fancied I heard the poor jewels bewail, Her lesson of life is the same, though not so baldly spoken, as that of the old lady who advised a trust i

While we miss in this novel of 'Hopes and Fears' the artistic excellence which made Hearteense so charming, we are disappointed at also finding the genial spirit of that book replaced by a narrow dogma-tism. Instead of the novel of daily life, with its shades Resolved to defend them from undeserved shame. of suffering and its lights of humor, we have the dul-What are jewels but flowers that never decay, ness of the religious novel, filled with dreary chara whose selfishness assumes the diaguise of duty, and And why should not they speak their minds if they whose little jealousies and narrow prejudices are unrelieved by either vivacity of style or naturalness

On the whole, ' Hopes and Fears' appears to be an unnecessary and worthless book.

novel of life, it has still less; while, as an exhortation to join the Church of England, it certainly deserves no kind of consideration.

We hope again to meet Miss Yonge in the paths of Or prattle away with each other to-day ;nature, out of the devious and narrow round of little dogmatism. There, when freed from the constraints of creed, she has the talent and the ability to illustrate life, and to produce works which can afford both pleasure and profit to herself and the public of novel read-

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

An incomplete, and consequently a worthless edition of Mrs. Osgood's poems has just been published, in the Fair Truth's azure eyes, that were lighted in heaven, For purposes of present amusement, which perhaps popular dress of blue and gold, by Messrs. Clark, should be the great aim of the novel-writer, the re Austin, Maynard & Co., of this city. It is to be religious novel is more dreary and stupid than even those gretted that the publishers did not make a better book volumes which, with malice aforethought, are written, while they were about it; but, as remarked by the The Chrysolite, clouded, and gloomy, and cold, late Mr. Dibdin, 'grieving's a folly.' We rarely an-Between Pluribusta, or the K. N. Pepper Papers, for | ticipate either intelligence, judgment, or taste in the ed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be

And well in its lovely and tremulous blush

wandering loosely about and making it their business | The votaries of Literature do not commonly achieve in life to rescue imprisoned young women, and slay eventful lives. As a quie, their vicissitudes may be the beasts and giants aforesaid, or each other sometimes aptly typified by such migrations as those of the Vicar of Wakefield-from the blue bed to the brown, or from A very fair sample of the religious novel is Hopes the brown bed to the blue. The life of Mrs. Osgood and Fears, a story by Miss Yonge, the author of Hearts- was not exceptional. Its incidents were few and comease, and some other stories, which excited the admi- monplace, and its story may be briefly told. She was ration of romance readers by the perfections lavished the daughter of Mr. Joseph Locke, a Boston merchant. upon the heros and heroines, by the ingenious obsta- and was born in the town of Rockport, Massachusetts. cles which interfered with the smooth flow of the course in the year 1812. At an early age she manifested a of true love, and which were really deserving of great passion and a talent for literature. Her parents encredit for the artistic skill displayed in the use of ma- couraged this inclination, and some of her verses, -apterials for the story, and for the excellence and natural- proved by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, - were printed in a juvenile Miscellany, of which that lady was then the Though all of her former stories were more or less in- editor. At about the age of twenty-three she was jured by the author's desire to proselyte for the Church | married to Mr. S. S. Osgood, an artist of some reputaof England, yet in 'Heartsease' Miss Yonge has pro- tion, with whom she went to London. In that city. duced a story which, while in artistic excellence it com- in 1839, the first collection of her poems was published. pares most favorably with any novel of modern times, under the title of 'A Wreath of Wild Flowers from can be read with advantage by every one for its unob- New England.' It was kindly received by the public trusive teachings of the value of kindness and the and by the critics. There also, at the suggestion of power of love and charity. Sheridan Knowles, -- who at that time apparently had In 'Hopes and Fears' we find, however, that Miss not 'got religion,'-she wrote a three-act play, called her desire to make converts for the Church of England, was not produced at the time however, and we believe which is evidently, to her mind, the only ark of safety it has never been acted. In 1840, she returned with Then wreathe of the blossoms that never decay, for our modern times, and the only institution for which Mr. Osgood to this country. During the remainder of the world has been created, and its population kept in her life she resided principally in New York city. where she edited some illustrated gift-books, and wrote regularly for the current magazines. Many of her All the characters which are intended to be good, are prose tales and sketches were produced at this time. These have never been collected, nor has there yet appeared any complete collection of her poems. Two editions of them were published before her death—one in New York in 1846, another in Philadelphia in 1849. She had also the misfortune of being commemorated in Dr. R. W. Griswold's ' Poets and Poetry of America.' and specimens of her verse are, to this day, contained in that delectable volume. The last years of her life were clouded with sickness and suffering. She died. of consumption, on Sunday, May 12th, 1850. grave is in a quiet and lonely place not far off from the tower which overlooks the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn. Others of her family repose there beside her. A plain monument marks the spot, bearing a harp, of which all the strings save one are broken. It is fitting that such a sweet and peaceful solitude should cherish the sacred dust of one in whose character and life all of womanly nature that is gentle, se-

rene, and lovely, was so perfectly exemplified. As an author Mrs. Osgood has received large and generous recognition. The feeling with which, while These two children are the son and daughter of the yet living, she seems to have inspired her innumerable enthusiasm resulted from her personal magnetism and In comparison with the development of these two loveliness of character. There is a legend that beauticharacters we find another two, the son and daughter ful women are, universally, more or less fascinating. to the influences of a worldly and fashionably-inclined writings of Mrs. Osgood—we examine them in vain household, and the instructions only of hired teachers. for any sufficient justification of all the eulogy they The lesson of the story is the same as that taught by have received. It is to be considered also, that they the wise Cap'n Ed'ard Cuttle, in his orphic saying : do not excite enthusiasm any more. At this distance 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when of time, therefore, and bringing our tribute to a gravestone, it is a matter of simple justice to consider them We find the youthful missionary's son, who himself in the cold light of criticism. Perhaps it is a great at the adult age of twelve looked forward to following pity that 'the light that lies in woman's eyes 'should in the early footsteps of his father, and who, while on not invariably be 'the heart's undoing.' But the

Mrs. Osgood's poetry does not evince a high order of in ample measure, sprightliness of fancy, delicacy of sentiment, and grace of expression. Its feeling is by Meanwhile his sister, though subjected to the same turns playful and tender; and it has a certain arch and the charm of the poet's character, and naturally By way of contrast, the two young persons who have therefore, is the chief excellence of her poetry. Among

The Language of Gems.

Fair Flora of late has become such a blue. She has sent all her pretty dumb children to school And though strange it may seem, what I tell you Already they've learn'd French and English by rule.

Bud, blussom, and leaf, have been gifted with speech. And eloquent lips breathing love in each tone. Delighting such beautiful pupils to teach, Have lent them a language as sweet as their own.

No more is the nightingale's serenade heard: For Flora exclaims, as she flies through her bowers. It is softer than warble of fairy or bird! 'Tis the music of soul—the sweet language of flow-

No longer the lover impassion'd bestows The pearl or the ruby :- in Hope's sunny hours He twines for his maiden a myrtle and rose -'Tis the echo of Love, the pure language of flowers

But the pearl and the ruby are sadly dismay'd: I saw a fair girl lay them lightly aside. And blushingly wreathe, in her hair's simple braid. The white orange flower that betray'd her a bride :

At least they changed countenance strangely, I'm Providence, and at the same time an inspection of the For the pearl blush'd with shame, and the ruby turn'd Indeed 'twas too much for a stone to endure.

> And I, who had ever a passion for gems, From the diamond's star-smile to the ruby's deep

With a glow and a glory unfading as fair? There are 'sermons in stones,' as all sages declare.

And a wild 'tongue of flame' wags in some of them That would talk if you'd let it-so listen awhile :

As a work of art, it has very small merit. As a They've a world of rich meaning in every bright hue-A ray of pure knowledge in each sunny smile.

Then turn to the blossoms that never decay ;-Let the learned flowers talk to themselves on their

And listen with me to the Language of Gems. The Diamond emblem of Genius would seem. In its glance, like the lightning, wild, fitful, divine-Its point that can pierce, with a meteor-gleam, Its myriad colors—its shadow and shine.

And more in that magic, so dazzling and strange; Let it steal from Apollo but one sunny ray, It will beam back a thousand that deepen and change, Till you'd fancy a rainbow within it at play.

Have brought to the Sapphire their smile from above. And the rich glowing ray of the Ruby is given, To tell as it blushes of passionate Love.

Its dye from the dark brow of Jealousy steals, But bright in the Crystal's fair face we behold The image of Candor that nothing conceals. Young Hope, like the Spring, in her mantle of green,

Comes robed in that color, soft, pleasant, and tender, And lends to the Emerald light so serene. That the eye never wearies of watching its splendor. The rosy Cornelian resembles the flush That faintly illumines a beautiful face.

May Fancy the emblem of Modesty trace. While Joy's golden smile in the Topaz is glowing. And Purity dwells in the delicate Pearl, The Opal, each moment new semblances showing, May shine on the breast of some changeable girl

Serene as the Torquoise, Content ever calm. In her pure heart reflects heaven's fairest hue bright. While Beauty, exulting in youth's sunny charm, Beholds in the Beryl her image of light.

To the beaming Carbuncle, whose ray never dies, The rare gift of shining in darkness is given : So Faith, with her fervent and shadowless eves. Looks up, through Earth's night-time of trouble to

There's a stone—the Asbestos—that, flung in the flame. Unsullied comes forth with a color more pure,-Thus shall Virtue, the victim of sorrow and shame, Refined by the trial, forever endure.

Resplendent in purple, the Amethyst sparkling. On Pride's flowing garments may haughtily glow. While Jet, the lone mourning-gem, shadow'd and And full of sad eloquence, whispers of Wo.

But thousands are burning beneath the dark wave, As stars through the tempest-cloud tremblingly Or wasting their wealth in some desolate cave.

And talking, perchance, like the rest all the while A chaplet, dear maiden, that fair brow above : within, wear their prototypes, purer than they, Faith - Hope -- Truth and Innocence - Modesty-

And while in each jewel a lesson you see, While one smiles approval—another condemns, I'm sure you will listen, delighted with me, To a language so true as the Language of Gems!

One of the best, because one of the most spontaneous and fervid of Mrs. Osgood's poems, was inspired by the magical Fanny Ellsler. We miss it from the distinguished men who belonged to the people, not to present collection. Although somewhat infelicitous in style, it is warm with earnest feeling, and presents a hole in the constitution of the College, and infused in vivid and complete picture. Nothing could be more to the government a little fresh spirit. perfect, in its way, than the imagery of the fifth

Fanny Ellsler. She comes! the spirit of the dance! And, but for those large eloquent eyes. Where passion speaks in every glance.

She'd seem a wanderer from the skies. So light that, gazing breathless there. Lest the celestial dream should go, You'd think the music in the air Wav'd the fair vision to and fro ;

Or think the melody's sweet flow Within the radiant creature played, And those soft, wreathing arms of snow And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace, Her eyes beneath their lashes lost : Now motionless, with lifted face, And small hands on her bosom crossed : And now with flashing eyes she springs --Her whole bright figure raised in air.

As if her soul had spread its wings And poised her one wild instant there! She spoke not-but, so richly fraught With language are her glance and smile. That, when the curtain fell, I thought

She had been talking all the while. None of Mrs. Osgood's dramatic pieces are contained in this volume. Her earliest collection included a Dramatic Sketch entitled 'Woman's Trust,' and also a sort of poetic Drama founded on that romantic story of Elfrida, which glimmers out in the crude records of early English History. The play that she wrote in England is a clever piece of composition, but unsuit able for the stage. She achieved no success in dramatic literature; but here, as in her prose writings, those same qualities of mind are everywhere exhibited which have made her successful and distinguished in the more congenial domain of poetry. Grace, tenderness, and sweet simplicity, characterize all she has written; and her works, in their pure spirituality and earnestness of purpose, are the truthful and charming exponents of her lovely character. There are brighter names in the brief annals of American Literature ; but none can be remembered with more genuine pleasure

than that of Frances Sargent Osgood.

ART AND CRITICISM. now on view at No. 42 East 14th-street. It is a represen- | been highly incensed with a reviewer who sinned so tation of the old fable of Danae; the old fable, which grossly against the science of history, and therefore 'The Daisy's Mistake'; 'Why Don't He Come?'; it requires but a glance at the daily papers to prove, is against the spirit and the moral sense of the age. Of course these things are all corrected before the 'Lulu'; 'New England's Mountain Child'; 'To as true for our own times as it was for the days that

The Express, while it sees the wonderful excellence youth goes off to Canada, finds out a poor relation of to some of the others in dignity of theme, but it is the of the picture, objects to the subject as one which should never be represented. Perhaps the Express is right.

But we must pardon the old Greeks.

They were a purer people than we are.

They had not so large an array of newspaper-editors to tell them what they should think and what they should look at, as we have. The large class of self-appointed conservators of pub-

lic morals, did not exist in the benighted days of Phi Poor fellows, they loved a thing of beauty as a joy forever, without ever thinking of the conventional

The mystery of life, the glory of being, the splendo of creation, the majesty of the human soul, the great- sion of historical facts and events. Being myself of ness of genius, and the power of the individual-these were the matters which interested them much more than Mrs. Grundy's opinions as to what is proper, or ferent, and even hostile stand-point. But martyrs are Mr. Oiley Gammon's ideas upon public decency.

In this connection it may be suggestive to recall the fact, that the office of censor of public morals was un- uprising of 1848-49 was revolting to me. known in Greece or in the times of the Roman Republic, and was not instituted until the days of the Em-American Review was put in my hands by a literary gentleman in New York, who asked my opinion about the

How far the disgusting indecency of the Empire was 'War of Races.' I then promised to show up the recaused by the institution of such an office, is worthy of viewer's ill-will and sophistry, and did so in an article

Certainly the influence of the censors for good, can Herald. be counted as less than nothing; while in these days it would seem more consistent if the Express should ican journalism. advocate the suppression of all the classical diction. shutting up of pictures upon the subjects therein scarcely landed on American soil.

gated edition of the Bible, and Byron's boyish virtue sequent position and the events of my existence in this nourished upon an Apuleus which had all the improper country, and for this reason I mention it here. passages cut out.

of literature, and may serve to demonstate the folly of having a man's 'liberty judged of another man's conscience.

DECEMBER 1, 1860.

It is an old adage, and a true one, that to the pure all things are pure, and while we should have a tender consideration for the weakness of others, we are certainly not called upon to abstain from animal food because meat should offend the stomach of a dyspeptic brother, or because some men are color-blind dress ourselves al-

ways in black. Swift has described the prurient men as persons of nice words but nasty ideas, and to such the simple facts of life are more suggestive of indecency than the secret cabinet of Naples would be to a pure minded man or woman. Wertmuller's Danae is a picture such as only a pure-minded man could have painted, so that all those whose delicacy is shocked by it had better stay away. While apart from all other considerations its artistic merit is such that it is not extravagant to call it the best picture ever exhibited in this country.

To be sure the Sunday Courier says that 'as a work of art, it has no great merit,' but coming from such a quarter, this is the highest praise of its artistic excel-

The critic of the Courier should confine the analytic powers of his great mind to a studious investigation of the merits of beef or putty. It is there that his virtues should walk 'their nar-

row round. It is upon such themes, when stimulated with the promised reward of so many cents a-line, that his vast knowledge appears, and his keenness of perception finds a fit occasion for display. But no one expects the Courier to know anything, or to say anything worth

hearing, about pictures.

It would be a pity if as excellent a work as Wertmuller's Danae should meet in this country with nothing but such flimsy and vulgar criticism. It would be a dreadful evidence of the want of decency in the American public, if the pruriency of a few pretended critics should be a true evidence of our refinement. But we are better than our newspaper-writers think

There is a larger and purer love of Art in America than our critics give us credit for.

In fact it wants only a fine and pure picture like

Danse to show how infinitely below the culture of the public are the knowledge and refinement of those who arrogate to themselves the office of critics.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA. In the Fall of 1850 a sort of literary and political

war excited public attention in Cambridge, Boston, and to a great extent in Massachusetts. It was a war waged by the hatred of European liberty, by ignorance and falsification of history, against

the generous sympathies for the oppressed which prevailed among the majority of the people. To the honor of Massachusetts, it must be recorded that the excitement did not die away before it had influenced, if not occasioned, a reform in the Board of Trustees over Harvard College. The Legislature of the State under the guidance of Governor Boutwell, Senator Wilson, the present Governor Banks, and other the respectability, took the matter in hand, made a

The tragical end of the Magyar insurrection of 1848-49 was the subject of an article in the North American Review, entitled 'The War of Races in Hungary.' It was a good name for a bad article. The title was taking, and was the only piece of truth there was in the whole elaborate structure. The struggle in Hungary was really a war of races. But under this heading the author poured out his bitter hatred of the whole European movement of 1848. He confused recent facts and past history; showed his ignorance of both, defended the Hapsburgs, and condemned in toto the liberals of France, and the martyrs of Germany, Italy, and Hungary.

Under the fire of letters, articles and explanations which in due time followed the publication of the article in question, the author floundered deeper into the mud, showed still greater exasperation against any and all revolutions, and displayed still less familiarity with the most current facts of history. Among other matters, he could not comprehend that Charles V. Emperor of Germany, was Charles I. King of Spain. It was the same with many similar and no less elementary historical facts.

He was of Leporello's creed and school. He had on on his side the majority of the Faculty and the majority of the respectability. In justice however to the Faculty, it must be said that they did not so much share the reviewer's opinions as believed him to be familiar, or rather a master in history. My recently deceased friend, Dr. Krajtsir, was the

first person in Boston who met the reviewer and exposed his thorough ignorance of history in all its subdivisions, shades, and details. Krajtsir's creed was, to use his own words, 'that the development and progress of the human intellect is reflected in each speciality, even in the simplest science. That each science receives its impulse from the totality of the intellectual powers, and produces fruits which are enjoyed by all, even by the humblest worshipper of knowledge. So that all sciences are essentially but one general science, which is the sum and result of the activity of the entire human mind, generating the continual progress and elevation of man. Mind and sci ence are exponents of, and act reciprocally upon each

other. The spirit of an age or century is the result of It is natural that a man with so lofty a comprehen-The finest picture ever exhibited in this country is sion of the human mind and of science, should have

> Krajtsir, a Magyar by birth, an exile and one of the martyrs of this century, was wounded in all his feelings as a patriot and in his reverence for genuine knowledge. He found several ready and devoted supporters of the cause of liberty. Prominent among them was a lady-pupil of his, Mrs. P-, and several of her friends. Advised and directed by Krajtsir, they rebuked and refuted the reviewer, and won easy but

deserved laurels.

I mixed in the battle also. It was not my friendship for Krajtsir, which had been formed thirty years before, in Europe, amidst the activity of revolution and the thraldom of common proscription and exile, it was not my veneration for his pure character and his almost all-embracing and inexhaustible erudition, or my respect for the keenness of his intellect, which drew me into the struggie, but the-as it seemed to me-deliberate and wilful perver-Slavic descent, and a godfather of Pauslawism, I looked on the Magyar movement from an altogether difto be respected alike everywhere, and the proudly displayed hostility and aversion to the great European

printed during the Winter of 1850 in The New York This was my first appearance in the arena of Amer-

Some months before I came to Cambridge, the North

In joining Krajtsir, I therefore only continued the

aries which are placed in the hands of youth, than the course I had begun upon single-handed, when I had My participation in this-for Harvard, Cambridge, Lamartine's youthful mind was fed upon an expur- and Boston-memorable struggle, influenced my sub-

I did not share in the Kossuth-worship. Neither The effect of these precautionary measures can be here nor in Europe had he inspired me with that relearned in the works of both of these virtuous lights spect and veneration which every one pays willingly

are not surrounded by attendants and heralded by even better, since it would afford me a still more com- In looking at the landscape, one eye refuses their be themselves. The turmoil and tempest of events wake plete picture of human life. them from obscurity to light, as the lightning-flash is produced from the bosom of the thunder-cloud.

a would-be Governor, with his guards in church pews told, expresses the sentiments of many other people beand American hotels, Kossuth seemed to me a smart | sides the writer. rhetorician, but not made of the metal from which heroes are cast. A martyr he can in no respect be called.

Nations are not regenerated by speeches; and if Magyarism, which I doubt, is again to rule over the Theiss and the Danube, Kossuth is not the man to restore the Magyars to historical life and power

The events of the day force upon the mind a comparison of the cause of the Magyars and of Italy, though we are tempted to say ne miscantur sacra pro-

The Magyars can exist only by oppressing and subjugating another genuine ethnic nationality. That is, by crushing the national liberties and language which they once dispersed and conquered.

Italy and her aborigines the Italians, are indigenous to the soil, and nearly as old in history as man. Italians are now regaining what was theirs almost from the beginning of time, and they regain it without endangering or encroaching upon the liberty and rights of any nation, or even of any single individual. History knows not a purer and holier cause, and as is the cause so is the man unique who is now hewing out the destiny of the Italians.

I am averse to borrowing names for modern events from antiquity. Such comparisons and measurements of men with by-gone standards are generally relative and often superficial. Yet such comparisons are popular, and for the majority facilitate their appreciation of what is passing before their eyes.

Using, therefore, the approved classic style, I would say that Garibaldi far surpasses Epaminondas in simplicity, while he unites to this quality the high statesmanship and the patriotism of Demosthenes, which were unparallaled in the history of Greece.

From Deukalion down to Philopoemen, Demosthenes alone was pan hellenic. He did not look to the greatness of Athens at the expense of Sparta, Thebes, or any other, though even the smallest of the Grecian States, but aimed to unite them all against the tyrants of Macedon, as were Phillip, Alexander, and Antipa-

So Garibaldi is not the champion of Piedmont, but little talent and huge assurance; by untiring vigils, bursts of his genius, the great thross of hatred, deof Italy against the tyranny of Papacy, of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons. And to continue, Garibaldi is more than Prometheus. It is easier to shape into form, and to infuse the breath of life into a rudis indigestaque moles, than to perform the same office for a nation which has been for centuries corroded and depressed by priestly and political despotism. Garibaldi restored to life and renewed the energy of the Sicilians and the Neapolitans. Years ago he passed here almost unnoticed. It was when after a superhuman struggle he received into his own bosom the last breath of the great movement of 1848, the movement which was murdered in Rome, he passed unnoticed here, because, hero-like, after great deeds, he subsided into the common current of life, waiting for new events and new emergencies, and because the generous American mind was then dazzled and confused by the man of six hundred-not battles-but speeches. GUROWSKI.

Bramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. MY DEAR GENERAL:

come on earth at the instigation of the Devil and De art has to cling to in a sea of troubles. As far as the and regret revives none of its laurels when they have Walden, with a view to spite Mayor Wood and give us glorious art of arts, the drama, is concerned, it can dropped and faded! mortals something to be thankful for (our mortality, scarcely keep its head above water in this country, and for instance), you had better go to Laura Kring's, and if we would not see it sink quite out of sight, every see the Seven Diabolical Sisters, to wit:

Diavoline (Laura Keene), Plutella (Polly Marshall), Tartarine (Lotty Hough), Sulphurine (Mrs. Vining), Farcinella (Miss Couldock), Satanella (Miss Melven), Cantabili (Miss Willoughby).

supported, in the immortal line, by Pluto (Mr. Leeson), Mrs. Pluto (Mr. Peters), Astaroth (Mr. T. B. Johnston), Demonos (Mr. Levick), Cuffee (Mr. Burnett), Cornerlot (Mr. Wall), Redeye (Mr. Goodrich),

and in the mortal line, by Arthur Stunner, an Artist (Mr. Daly), Snail, his Friend (Mr. Barton), Catchem, a Policeman (Mr. Wren), Mary Springleaf (Mrs. Allen).

The piece is described in the Herald-advertisement (which appears to be a joint production of the two D's stands solitary over a flat landscape—the lakes and pain. above-mentioned) as "a string of stray subjects strung leaves of the valley, the modulations of the hillsides, But, is it honestly true, that the nineteenth century H. N. Szonz, Bozzon. Please address papers and "together without the slightest regard to the unities the turbid transports of the distant sea, and the is holier than its dead brothers were? Is it true that letters to o. E. M., 257 Broome street, New York. " of the drama, the rules of dramatic construction, or shadows of the clouds of heaven, lend it all its majes-"the sesthetics of dramatic art (if dramatic art has ty, though it stretch out of the reach of adventure, spotless, and its hands more unstained? Ah! it is thanks for your kindness. "any such thing at the present day)"—on which ac- and play in everlasting sunshine, on the threshold of here that we demand for a fair tribunal and for judges count the Messrs. D. carnestly recommend it to the attention of the critics, "who may cut it up to their in so much as it lacks natural unity; the unity of all that genuine and real worth must show itself. Away "heart's content without fear of offending any one." the features of a landscape, which satisfies and fills the with counterfeits and masks of hypocritical virtue!

and not a bad thing for The Seven Sisters, who seem | measure of adoration. and not a belief that | From the creation down to the present time, the keys, and the spice, and the punkin-pie. They do the But, after all, the thing would cut up well, and at the magnificent pictures of Shakespeare with all the done, the end of the process there would be a nice little titbit for nearly all of us.

through their best fun out of the thing, must be and online in they and not get more or less fun out of the thing, must be and online in they and not get more or less fun out of the thing, must be and online in they are their mal success that which real success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success that we will be a success to the success to the success to the su sadly deficient in humor.

The Product man seems and liberal tone of mind only a sickly existence. Had it been otherwise, would used to think enough about them, when I had my

he "is lugged in, the irrepressible nigger, the Aldermen, the irrepressible nigger, the what is it, more dull vault, or recklessly turn comet and madden itself praiseworthy. They tell us with the greatest sang Xenophon ever have been transmitted to posterity? "men, the irrepression of the wildest celestial sprouts! froid that we are progressing toward the final redemp"nigger, Dundreary and the nigger, also the irrepression of the wildest celestial sprouts! froid that we are progressing toward the final redemp"nigger, Dundreary and the nigger, also the irrepression of the wildest celestial sprouts!"

The state of the wildest celestial sprouts! froid that we are progressing toward the final redemp
The state of the wildest celestial sprouts! It is easier to think of them this thankagiving time. "ible nigger, and the colored person, and the negro, of the receipt the parties of the receipt the rec "with Young Sam, and the irrepressible nigger, the of speculation could well place in the way of the ar-"with Young in the fence, on t "der the fence, in the wood-pile, and the irrepressible with the few thoughtful persons who have thus far question not the security and the safety of their superb quoted from two thousand years hence, as an evidence " nigger; the nigger who is tolerated, but not laughed waited upon his acting, for very rare, very remarkable, self-satisfaction, nor do they for one moment hesitate of our Common Sense! "at; who is compresent, but not funny; on hand, and very delightful powers. Remembering all the to label us, us, the outsiders, as miserable and delud-"but not desirable; who is a bore, and a humbug, first nights whose dull atmosphere of careless inatten- ed mortals, doomed to inevitable perdition. So much Would not the year of our Lord 4000 admire us? "but not use not use not use to be suppressed but tion or cynical mistrust, the genius of artists, at whose for the tender, thoughtful, and delicate charity of the evidence of what it has transsleigh-rides and balls. But to many a heart it "and a mental to the second fell not long after, slowly broke and ex"is nt, and drags on inevitable, irrepressible, dreary, feet the world fell not long after, slowly broke and ex"is nt, and drags on inevitable, irrepressible, dreary, feet the world fell not long after, slowly broke and ex"is nt, and drags on inevitable, irrepressible, dreary, feet the world fell not long after, slowly broke and ex-" dismal to the last degree."

ger' (Burnett), is really a very capital creation, and as fame and fortune of so many of the actors, honored grass? Truly it has a right to be a make and to sting; ly perching on the banners of both. the fact of his being quite out of place among the and cherished, of New York; and finally rememberthe most of mis using quite ing the natural jealousy of the metropolis of provinSeven Sisters, was intended to typify his being quite ing the natural jealousy of the metropolis of provinlate wood-yard! Let the poor trader, who sold her out of place every where else (after election), I think | cial successes and reputations, we are not without good | make their thought-habitation higher than the earth, | power or the other became the victor. out of piace every where idea, and very well hope that this reputation may be strengthened and have they a right, and do they own the privilege teact. They have been seen in national character, according round by her dwelling. And the sleek, portly divine, the introduction a very clever idea, and very well in a very clever idea, and very well an introduction a very service of confirmed, may at length rise over all impediments, like reptiles, throwing the poison of their impotent as it followed a monotonous and well-worn track, or under whose preaching he did it—let him wrap his managed. My own feeling, however, at the close of confirmed, may at length rise over all impediments, like reptiles, throwing the poison of their impotent as it followed a monotonous and well-worn track, or under whose preaching he did it—let him wrap his confirmed. My own feeling, however, at the close of confirmed, may at length rise over all impediments, like reptiles, throwing the poison of their impotent as it followed a monotonous and well-worn track, or under whose preaching he did it—let him wrap his managed. My own regions of thought, of enterprise, blue cloak round him, and go by the widow's, as he the play was that I had seen a little too much of and that, with the basis of a New York position to disturb the sleep and the cutet toward into new regions of thought, of enterprise, blue cloak round him, and go by the widow's, as he everything and everybody (except Laura Keene and rest upon, each season may add to the symmetry and disturb the sleep and the quiet torpor of their para- and of achievement. Letty Hough), and accordingly, with my usual con- strength of the actor's noble attributes. Lotty Hough), and accordingly, when he wrote anybody, least of all, those whom abundance cannot eletency, I went to see it all over again the next night, who was a man of Common Sense when he wrote anybody, least of all, those whom abundance cannot all the shortly abandance of the all through the shortly abandance of the a and also the next, besides trying to see it yet again on ward through the ghostly shapes and traditions of the all women. We have, therefore, an ample, unbounded greater, and a flage when he wrote about it. and also the next, nesses trying to the many youthful passes and also the next, nesses that single land the next promote and the land the next promote and the land t Then beginning Day, when, when an account of being driven slons! We hall a voice that gives clear and beautiful arate characteristic of each separate metal date.

The property of society, have ever met the blind show life's comforts,' as well as 'its weakness.' Up had to go many surrowing, on account of being driven.

The property of society and that may not the first be comforts,' as well as 'its weakness.' Up off by two anguls (Lutz and Young) who stood at the utterance to the genius of old poetry, and that may yet Our mental colinet is rich in collections of new good and made and many statement of the statement of

t, the greatness of an opponent, or an enemy. But incongruities of the piece, I have drily to say that were enterprise and American art, already more demands genuine Heroes do not appear as the deus ex machina, it a thousand times more incongruous I should like it and more picturesque than history!

With which good natured remark, General, I will ling effects of light and shade; another softens and di-With his affectations, with the theatrical display of to the subjoined article on Enwis Boors, which, I am is in general either a repture at solitary prodigies of is the grave-diggers of society. Now a crisis implies the abrogation of existing laws

I reserve my own for a future occasion. QUELQU'UN. -----

[For The New York Saturday Press.] EDWIN BOOTH. The public neglects this actor's performances at the

Winter Garden. Not because it has taste too true and large to endure the bad surroundings the management has given them.

If this were the cause, the friends of the art might endure the neglect of the artist, looking beyond his and their own mortifications, to a future of radiant in telligence that shall illuminate not only the track of the casual star, but also the whole dramatic horison, and change it from a scene of uncertain and confused splendors into a sphere of calm, consistent, and beautiful constellation.

But the public crowds after Mr. FORREST, while the company engaged to support him are, with the exception of one or two brilliant artists, scarcely less incompetent than the hopeless crew that beset Mr. BOOTH.

Evidently the miracle of audacity wrought by the management of the Winter Garden affrights it not. It is not insulted by the broad hint thrown out from every department of the stage of this charming theatre in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how a mean and ignorant spirit can penetrate, that it (the like a god!" New York public), with all its advantages, all its experiences, is a fond fool. If it was in the least degree awarded to an accident of birth, however happen. susceptible of the violence done to its common-sense, judgment safely delivered of all the defenceles sustentially delivered of all the defenceles sustentia thorough incapacity of the actors to interpret enduraing the best qualities that criticism can seek. Physibly the great works, and by the petty mistakes which cally selected as the first fair type on the modern stage make up a provoking sum of stage mismanagement, of Shakspeare's forlorn and princely gentleman, would it have sustained in triumph the long engagement of Miss Cushman?

Does it not pay the most substantial compliment to the bold sagacity of this enterprising management, losophy he enfolds the subtile purpose of a pranky by unblushingly throwing itself into the yawning madman. Without venturing upon a discussion of chasm of simpering despair in high life at Wallack's, the vexed question of dramatic propriety in points of and into the bottomless abyss of essential vulgarity excessive passion, it is impossible not to introduce, in of enthusiastic devotion to every crude creation of through the changing seasons, with Asa Trenchard spair, and remorse, that inflame and elate his presence, of Former's shaggy eyes, and in the shadow of his colossal calves, and resenting the gentlest breath against the mirror as he holds it up to Nature as a accents of his voice! Such limpid speech could only tarnish of its own clear sense and taste; by storing flow from the untroubled springs of a well adjusted every theatre that has ever been opened in good nature. This charming melody is not the least of his faith with its justice, with the skeletons of defeat and immense natural advantages. His voice is also his failure; by invariably and inevitably following the siren of mischief. If an audience sits enraptured lismost exaggerated shadows of art, and falling into the tening to its tender plaint, or pleasant volume of honclumsiest snares of artifice?

present success, which fits the future of all arts and broken, is it wonderful that he himself should yield at artists; and true that for the present any appeal from that judgment which fills the inflated ears of the bully American with applause, and encourages the sardonic dramatist of Miss Laura Keene to renewed exertions in the novel line of dramatic absurdity by solid returns from the box-office, must be very lonely and weak; and the genius of youth, and stretch back the narrow true that even the little circle which might form in love and rapture around the bright figure of BOOTH, and expand with his intellectual emanations, is necessarily narrowed by the accessories of his acting.

voices of honest approbation for the right, and un-If you care to see a jolly and irrepressible set of imps measured censure for the plainly wrong, are all that heyday of beauty and sentiment is brief as it is glorious; sacrifice should be made by every one who cherishes the traditions of its early ventures even in this rough climate, who has large faith in its pure possibilities, a heart for its vital influences, to bring it after all its trials into the haven of generous appreciation and imperative sympathy.

vation and taste who goes to see Boots at the Winter tomed to endless humoring, refuses to be put off in its question. We trust, however, that friend Marache, Garden. His performances are in every possible way efforts by promises of future action. Its ambition is and those who know this weak point of poor Arteembarrassed. They would be fatal to the fame of proportioned to its inborn consciousness of strong sianus, will make due allowance for his feelings and weight, let alone sustain its share of the burden of that awe. Hail to Thee, then, thou conquerer! Hail to ing considerable attention and interest. The following dramatic unity, Booth seemed constantly alone—a good restless, asserting perspicacity,—in thy piercing, au- second section : soldier fighting for all the rest and borne down by dactous, defiant boldness! Thou darest come near the their clinging weakness; a member of a body on the sun, and bask in its rays; for thy vigorous wings are very verge of dissolution, compelled to war against the dripping with the tears of oppressed Humanity, and other members; a spirit, indeed, struggling to animate upon them are fastened its woes. Go! soar higher and with its abundant but not inexhaustible life a dull higher, till all thy heavy burdens have been removed, lump of mortal clay.

Which I should say was a big thing for the critics, soul, and attunes all the sympathies into the lofty Away with the whole catalogue of that emasculated,

lorn the ignorance of the public which stolidly submits son! Truth we must have, and its verdict—justice. power represented by Common Sense. In fact, anybody who can follow The Seven Sisters to the swindle! (Does a bookseller sell the play of In looking around us, amid the circle of our action and bistorians in looking at the men and women whom the little of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action and bistorians in looking at the men and women whom the little of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the Proclamation-readers. There are folk, that the men and women whom the little of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, amid the circle of our action are the play of the swindle in looking around us, and are the play of the swindle in looking around us, and are the play of the swindle in looking around us, and are the play of the swindle in looking around us, and the swindle in looking around us, and are the play of the swindl through their brief but chequered earthly career, Hamlet with all the parts but Hamlet omitted?) How quaintances, in looking at the men and women whose through their brief but chequered earthly career, like the men and women whose the parts but Hamlet omitted?) How quaintances, in looking at the men and women whose the parts but Hamlet omitted?) How the parts but Hamlet omitted?) rifices their real success - that which results from the experience, do we find that they have reached a purer ful companions remembered and recorded his sayings. later has get his eye on the lowest necessaries of The Tribune-man seems to think (now that the elec-How hollow the whole system of 'starring'! As if in their judgments of others! Yet they say they have. | the dreary insnities of Socrates ever have been record- shed full of old wood-my potato-bin piled high in "Almost everything of 'current notoriety' says one natural star, however bright, would not extin"Almost everything of 'current notoriety' says one natural star, however bright, would not extin"Almost everything of 'current notoriety' says one natural star, however bright, would not extincited with charges of electricity; remembering the droll Does a make sting when disputed the patch of the Sage. In modern times their it scowls Winter. And ah what can the poor And yet the 'irrepressible, dreary, and dismal nig- little accidents which have been the stepping-stones to sunshine around which it coils itself in the warm success has been various—victory and defeat alternate-

swords, to announce to us that Para- sweetly coax from the coverts of modern instinct, sen- mens, and as we go along we still classify. Will am now, to the Ber- crosse of physical strength, and the people

take my leave, first, however, calling your attention later only at its gentle delicacies. Criticism of acting What are they mischief-makers? The appellation years, and occasionally one a year. niceties of by-play and colloquy. If the trust vision is they try to pull off every vestige of self-respect and known. that which embraces the whole landscape, and melts ideal goodness, which man cherisbeth as the very apple But the experienced man—the Sage—whenever a its baser and its finer elements into a sympathy of feel- of his metal mature, and plant in its place a caricature crisis comes, attempts to apply the old laws to the new ing which plays on even beyond the horizon, and ac- -the mutilated form of a mutilated creed of holiness. Order of things. The consequences are that the same cepts each part and all parts of the actor's impersonstion as traces of a conception of character which the end only can clearly reveal, we think that Mr. Boorn's performance of Hamlet must appeal to every student of Shakspeare, lover of poetry, fresh and ingenuous artist, with gracious eloquence, as a very successful embodiment of that most difficult of the all-poet's creations. And it is praise only worthy of those for whom the stage is an amusement for an hour, to say that his Hamlet sets the young ladies crasy, turns spinsters in despair upon themselves, and invites showers of perfumed sonnets. All this gush of appreciation, indeed, is from a fountain of natural sentiment. It is no slight concern that there should appear among the gouty and paint-parched juvenile heroes of the theatre a young man who is really endowed with elastic energy and a splendid beauty; that a pair of great dark eyes, liquidly lustrous with the divine spark, should shine forth from beneath a brow of polished breadth; that a figure should come upon the footlights, instinct with the very thought of the poet:

"In form and moving, how express and admirable!

But the guerdon of histrionic triumph cannot be ceptibilities of girlhood may find in Mr. Boorn's actbears his figure with the consistent elegance of a gentleman, and o'ersteps the modesty of nature only when within the scope of a sad and desperate phi-

How like the rise and fall of sweetest music are the est manly meaning, or wild whisper of spiritual woe And yet it is true that the public carries the key of and anguish, and hesitates to stir until the spell is times to its witchery, and in easy dalliance with its charms let slip the purpose of the scene?

The SATURDAY PRESS has wafted from youth to youth many a cry of honest welcome, and hearty encouragement. It has been its province to vindicate boundaries of success in art. And while we predict the faculties of Edwin Boots, we would not forget that it is given us now to taste the fresh and golden fruit of And yet, however, the lonely appeals, and the small his youth; that while experience and age are quite common and within the scope of all mortality, the

New York, Nov. 29, 1860.

[For the New York Saturday Press.]

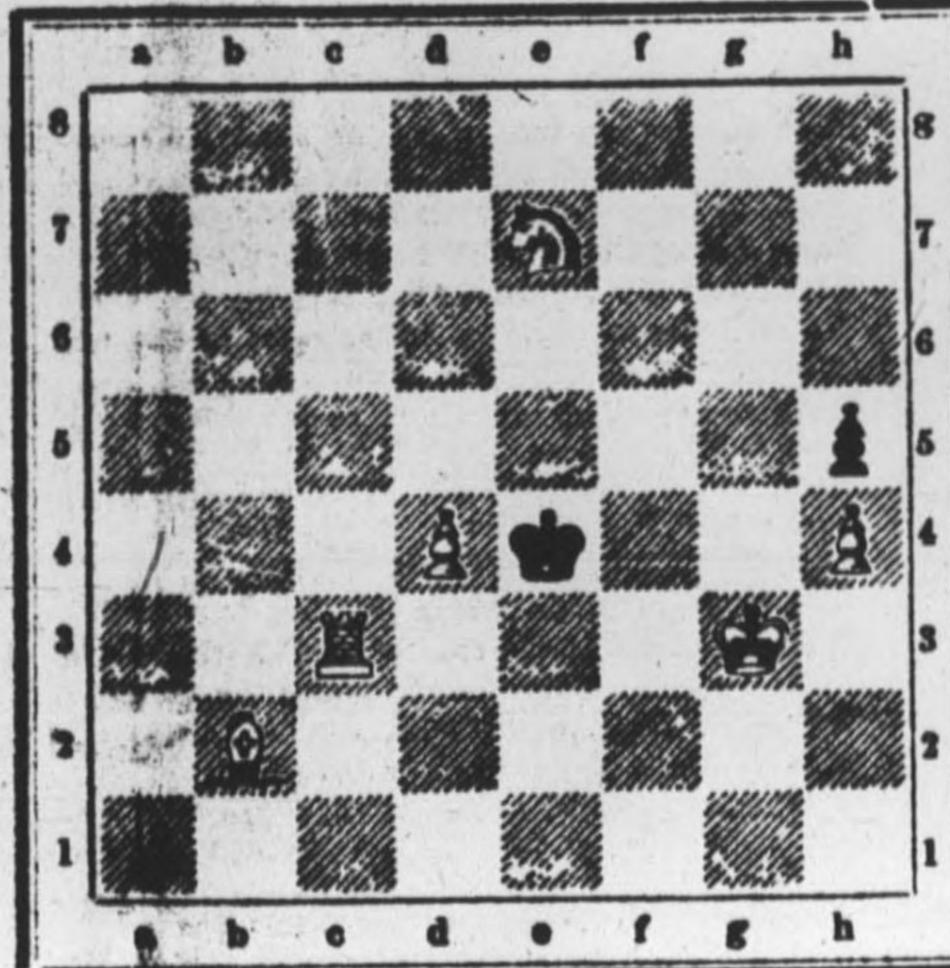
and haughtily aware of all its rights. It will be dis- against New York players and editors generally, upon Such a sacrifice is made by each person of culti- possessed of neither, and like a spoiled child accus- the same old exploded 'Philadelphian supremacy' inefficiencies. Every member of the 'talented com- the very brink of abysses of thought and ideas, from drive him into his non-intercourse, secession expedient pany' is a stick almost too weak to bear its own which its timid predecessors would have recoiled in The tournay at the Morphy Chess Rooms is attractintricate fabric, a plot. Seen in Hamlet, a massive Thee, in all thy priest-ridden independence, and in thy are the players who have fought their way into the and the gentle, the healing touch of Nature's hand, The mountain is neither sublime nor beautiful if it falls like a caress upon thy bosom, to quiet its aching

nerveless, invalid goodness with which half the world

pleasure except from the grand prominences and start- but the flow head blombab that may appear to their in social life, in national policy.

These Coinmn

DECEMBER 1, 1860. PROBLEM No. 55. By R. BREMEINGER, of New York.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

1	HAMMOND and eight strong players of the Boston Chess Club: PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.			
1				
	Mr. Hammond. 1. e2-e4 2. Kt g1-c3 3. d2-d4 4. B f1-e4 4. B f1-e4 6. e4-d5: 7. Kt g5-g5 8. c2-e3 9. B c4-e2 10. b3-e3: 11. 0-e 12. R f1-e1 13. Kt f1-d4 14. f2-f3 15. Q 43-b6 16. Q b3-b7: 17. Kt d4-b5	67-66 d7-d6 66-d4: Et g6-76 Forable. B 68-66 B 68-66 B 68-66 B 68-66 B 68-66 B 68-66 B 68-66 Et 68-66: Et 66-66:	18. Kt b5—d6: 19. B c1—a3 20. Q b7—b8† 21. B a3—d6: 22. Kt b1—a3 23. B c2—d3 24. B d3—f5 25. B f5—e6 26. B c6—f7:† 27. R a1—b1 28. R c1—d1 29. Kt a3—c2 30. Kt c2—a3 31. Kt c3—c4: 32. R b1—b7 33. R d1—c1† 34. K g1—f2 35. h2—h3 36. R c1—d1 And White finally	Q d7—d6: R f8—b8: R a8—b8: C7—d6: d6—d6: f7—f6: Et c6—e6: Et c6—e6: Et c6—c4: R b8—d8: Et b6—c4: R b8—d8: Et c4—e6: Et c4—e6:
	The state of the s			

To Correspondents.

We recently witnessed a play at Wallack's Theatre, in which two of the principal characters engage in game of Chess. Fortunately we were seated close enough to the stage to discern the progress of the game, which at first opened for some dozen moves as King's Gambit, showing that the players were acquainted with the game; but one of them having with an increase of years an increase and ripening of pieces indiscriminately, in all directions. His opponent, adopting the same brilliant style, the game was becoming highly interesting, when the board John Taylor Gilman's thanksgivings, when a governor was accidently overturned, much to the disappoint-

act of spologising for having come in collision with other Captain General. John H. Steele exercises the one friend, he is sure to tread upon the corns of two humanity of a tender-hearted man, even while he is brought upon him, like an angry and stubborn child, he sits down and pouts.

Our age is keenly alive to all its privileges of reforms, He has at present got into a regular 'free fight'

a custom associated with them. As to Turkeys and

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, LHOPOLD MARK. G. DELMAR. N. MARACHE. WILLIAM HEY. E. BRENEINGER. W. H. LORD.

K. McRAR. O. EDWARD, J. A. LEONARD, CARL KOPPEL, FREDERICK PERRIN. J. P. BARNETT, D. W. FISKE, E. CHAMIER.

[For The New York Saturday Press.] THE SAGE.

Or Proverbial Philosophy!

In this country we have a crisis at least once in four

E. F. S. | result follows which, according to Scripture, takes place when new wine is put into old bottles. Things get smashed generally.

The Sage, therefore, is ruined by his experience. He constantly labors under the inconvenience of know-The New York Saturday Press. ing too much. He is a conservative, because he has more interesting than the exhumation of any Egyptian belie of the not Common Sense to comprehend and meet the unex- Court of the Pharaohs. Geopatra herself, disinterred in the shape pected exigencies and demands of the times.

> which he founds his importance. That work of ruin bright and irresistible a vision of loveliness as she was when she and regeneration is daily going on before our eyes. It can be seen, all over the world, in the universal, fore Waterloo. The same of Wertmuller is an artistic tradition in and in great part unconscious, movement of men to America. Born a Swede, and bred a Frenchman, this exiled shape existing institutions in accordance with the court-painter of Louis XVI. is chiefly known to us by his not very principles of human rights.

> of old parties, and the formation of new organizations, veys to the methetic student the very faintest notion of the artissectarian creeds and conflicting systems of belief.

It can be seen more immediately, although upon a presiding at the teapot. smaller scale, in the steadily growing reaction against false taste and pretentious assumption in literature and

Men now dare to say that they do not believe in Everett. They have even been known to insinuate that the achievements of General Morris in poetry have been

full as eminent and brilliant as his exploits in war. We, then, are in a transition period. The acceptre of the world is fast passing away from the Sage. The beginning of the end is at hand. Soon Common

shall be banished. Soon the Devil shall be chained for a thousand days. Our ears may catch only faint sounds of the voices of the coming time. Our eyes may gain only passing

glimpses of its flashing glories.

women fairer and murer.

Sense shall assert her rightful sway. Soon Humbug

But it will come at last. And with it shall come the full and final realization of the never-forgotten dream of the race—the dream of that age when a better world than ours shall exist, when men shall be braver and nobler than now, and

Then men will never look back to the dead past as a guide to action in the living to be. Then mankind will flourish in immorted youth.

THANKSGIVING.

Then the Sage shall be no more.

[We copy the following curious paper from the Herald of Freedom of Concord, N. H , for Nov. 28, 1845.]

R. R.

I wouldn't grumble at any of our governmental or religious customs, that have anything like cheer or comfort connected with them. There is, associated with this long-waisted, Puritan festival, called Thanksmade an unlucky move, commenced to play his giving, at least the idea of Punkin Pie-and the word thanks in the name. These are better than nothing. . . Punkin Pie--if it is such as I used to eat at ol

was an awful great man. John H. Steele, though, is true knights and ladies throughout our country ment of one of the players, who stoutly asserted more of a man than all the governors put together, that he was upon the point of effecting a beautiful that have gone before him in New Hampshire. His heart beats and his blood circulates in his veins, in spite The Leves and Hereines of the Peets. Poor Artesianus is always in trouble. While in the of 'His Excellency.' This is more than can be said of any And when assailed by these new faces, officially absorbed in the State. While he is part and parcel of the Granite State, he manifests the sympa- PETRARCH'S LAURA, thies of an individual man. A thing no Governor or TASSO'S LEONORA, Emperor ever did before him, to my knowledge-or SURREY'S GERALDINE, belief-and which no one will be likely to do after him BEN JONSON'S CELIA, -and which, in fact, he ought not to have been guilty SHAKESPEARE'S 'LOVE,' LONGFELLOW'S MINNEHAHA, of himself. A governor has no right to be humane. WALLER'S SACCHARISSA, TENNYSON'S MAUD. Humanity is no legitimate ingredient of a Chief Magistrate-or any other Magistrate. The State can't pity or sympathize. John H. Steele has done both. He is talent. They are seen under a dense cloud of dreary power; and with giant-steps it advances sure-footed to argumentative powers, and not be so severe as to again therefore no governor. And the Democratic Partydemocratic as he is-cannot overlook it in him-and they will hurry to supersede him, by a governor that please; for, though everybody knows how to fall in love, tew will be obnoxious to no such charges. But Punkin-Pie and thanks, '-it is clever to have to those

some of us-for we have no hand, directly or indirect-

ly, in the slaughter of any of them—on this festive occasion. They might survive and gobble on, a hundred Thanksgivings, for all me, and so might all the pullets, and all the beef-critters, and them that furnish the spar'-ribs. My thanksgivings bring no dooms-day to any of them. And there are poor dogs among us, who have to be 'thank '-ful without the punkin-pie, even. They are thankful it's no worse. Poor folks are glad of nothing. They can take the Proclamation and go out the northwest side of their unbanked dwellings. CHARLES F. HOWARD, BOSTON, MASS. Your game will and read it. As for assembling at the usual places of public worship, they can't so well, for lack of-where to sit—and lack of shoes and clothes and so on. There is one class among us who are sure to have cause to thank God. The class that read the proclamations, Thanksgiving Day. They are always sure of the turgovernors, themselves, who make the thanksgivings, more of the destitute, then. Somehow or other receipt of price, by as read the proclamation—and have no idea of going God, I had the means of making everybody feel free this Winter of the possibility of want. I'd give them cause of gladness, if not of thanksgiving. I think I would. Thankagiving looks gay, and brings the widow do-whose husband died of drinking in the Fall - and whom 'thanksgiving' surprises with ragged, shoeless little ones, and a deso-They have been seen in individual life, as in Byron, wonchesfee him the fat of the land. But I wont tount

FINE ARTS.

The Greatest Painting Ever Exhibited in America: [At No. 42 Bast 14TH ST.,-UNION SQUARE:]

DANAE,

Rudolph Urich Wertmuller.

From the New York Times.

of a monotonous mummy, would hardly charm the most imagina-The regeneration of the world can be effected only tive of antiquarians; but the 'Dance' of Wertmuller has flashed by the ruin of the Sage, and the vain experience upon out upon New York after forty years of seclusion, as fresh and turned the heads of our respectable grandfathers in the days beedifying or inspiring portrait of Washington. This portrait is a It can be seen in politics, in the crumbling to pieces popular household image of the Father of his Country, but it conignoring dead issues and forgotten policies, and basing the ability of the painter. To pass from the contemplation of this their existence upon the living questions of the hour. rigid, estimable, but rather dreary figure of a stately citizen to It can be seen in religion, where the vitalizing the glaring beauty and delicate fascination of the same artist's principle of love to man is breaking up the crust of Danae, is hardly less of a surprise than it would be to take a quiet supper with Lord John Russell, and find Titian's 'Venus'

> Wertmuller's 'Danae' is a picture of the antique school. It seeks its effect by simplicity of form and unity of tone. It has nothing theatrical in composition, nothing exaggerated in expression, nothing intense in chiaroscuro. It is precisely the sort all all the world will enjoy. The skilful modeling of the form is not more admirable than the warmth and reality of the carnations. It is simply an idealization under the most accurate human type of the old mythological beauty whom the chief of Olympus descended to adore. In all aspects, as a striking representation of breathing mortal loveliness, this picture is well worthy a visit.

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know how to love. It is a mirror of womanly loveliness and man ly devotion. Mr. Stoddard has done his work with the instinct a poet, and we cordially commend his truly precious volume both " who love a coral lip And a rosy cheek admire. allspice, it is not so clever. The turkeys may 'thank' and to those who

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The Child that went Forth.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

There was a child went forth every day. And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder, pity, love, or dread, that object he became, And that object became part of him for the day,

2. The early lilacs became part of this child, And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and

years, or stretching cycles of years.

-And the Third Month lambs, and the sow's pinkfaint litter, and the mare's foal, and the cow's calf.

And the noisy brood of the barnyard, or by the scraped by the feet of all who pass. mire of the pond-side,

And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads - all became part of him.

3. The field-sprouts of Fourth Month and Fifth Month became part of him,

And the apple-trees covered with blossoms, and the fruit afterward, and wood-berries, and the commonest weeds by the road; outhouse of the tavern, whence he had late-

to the school.

And the friendly boys that passed—and the quar-And the tidy and fresh-cheeked girls-and the barefoot negro boy and girl,

And all the changes of city and country, where- and another had died in this family. ever he went.

His own parents, him in her womb, and birthed him.

They gave this child more of themselves than that, They gave him afterward every day—they and them became part of him.

the supper-table, The mother with mild words--clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by :

The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain.

the crafty lure,

Affec |on that will not be gainsayed—the sense of what is real—the thought if, after all, it should prove unreal, time—the curious whether and how. Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all

flashes and specks!

and goods in the windows. Vehicles, teams, the heavy-planked wharves-the family :

huge crossing at the ferries. The village on the highland, seen from afar at sunset -- the river between. Shadows, aureola and mist, light falling on roofs and gables of white or brown, three miles

The schooner near by, sleepily dropping down the tide - the little boat slack-towed astern. The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests.

The strata of colored clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint, away solitary by itself—the spread of purity it lies motionless in.

grance of salt-marsh and shore-mud These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes, and will always go forth every day,

[From The Busten Daily Advertiser.]

THE TOMB OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY ENGLAND.

ing letter from Mr. Sumner to Mr. Sparks, describing of the estate in the reign of Henry VII. Evelyn was the 'Memorial Stones' of the Washington family, re- often here a delighted visitor. On one occasion he ceived from the Earl of Spencer. The letter describes speaks of 'the house or rather palace at Althorp.' the parish church of Brington, near Althorp (the home (Vol. I., p. 612.) In another place he describes it as and exhibits the associations between the Spencer and flanked with stately woods and groves in a park.' family and Washington:

My Dear Sir :- Since our last conversation the Earl a Dutch artist. Spencer has kindly sent to me precise copies of the There is one feature of the park which excited the houses are conscientiously recommended.

The largest is of Lawrence Washington, the father of John Washington, who emigrated to America. It is a by Robert Lord Spencer, in 1602 and 1603; the fourth, From earth, she had attained that land of peace, slab of bluish gray sandstone, and measures five feet a wood planted by Sir William Spencer, Knight of the Where seldom clouds obscure, where tempests cease.

Here is the inscription :

HERE LIETH THE BODI OF LAVRENCE WASHINGTON SONNE AND HEIRE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOVIGRAVE IN THE COUNTIE OF NORTHAMTON ESQUIER WHO MARRIED MARGARET THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM BUTLER OF TEES IN THE COUNTIE OF SUSSEXE ESQUIER, WHO HAD ISSU BY HER 8 SONS AND 9 DAUGHTERS WHICH LAVRENCE DECESSED THE 13 OF DECEMBER A. DNI 1616

THOSE THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE OF THIS HAST SIGHT KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNES AS DAYE TO NIGHT BUT AS THE SUNNS RETORNE REVIVES THE DAY SO CHRIST SHALL US

Above the inscription, carved in the stone, are t arms of the Washingtons with an additional quartering of another family.

THOUGH TURNDE TO DUST & CLAY.

The other is of Elizabeth Washington, daughter of Lawrence Washington, and sister of the emigrant. This is a slab of the same sandstone, and measures three feet and five inches long, and two feet and six inches broad. The inscription is on a small brass plate set into the stone, and is as follows:

HERE LIES INTERRED YE BODIES OF ELICAB. WASHINGT WIDDOWS WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMMORTALITIE Y 19H OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO YE BODY OF ROBERT WASH INGTON GENT. HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN TE COUNTY OF NORTH. ESQE. WHO DEP'TED THIS LIFE YE 10TH OF MARCH 1622. AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER MANY YEARES IN THIS

On a separate brass, beneath the inscription, are the arms of the Washingtons without any addition. cer, who perished fighting for King Charles I. at New-These, as you are well aware, have the combination of bury. I do not dwell on other associations of a later stars and stripes, and are sometimes supposed to have day, as my object is simply to allude to those which suggested our national flag. In Heraldic language existed in the time of the Washingtons. there are bars of gules and argent, with three mallets or stars.

ogy of the Washington family, which you give in the precious jewel of their coronet." Thus wrote Gibbon appendix to your Life of Washington, it appears that in his Memoirs, and all must feel the beauty of the Lawrence, the father of the emigrant, died 18th De- passage. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this cember, and was buried at Brington, 15th December, nobility may claim another illustration from its ties of 1616. But the genealogical tables which you fellowed friendship and neighborhood with the family of Washgave no indication of the locality of this church. Had ington. I cannot doubt that hereafter the parish it appeared that it was the parish church of the Spen. church of Brington will be often visited by our councer family in Northamptonshire, the locality, which I trymen, who will look with reverence upon a spot so believe has not been heretofore known in our country, closely associated with American history. would have been precisely fixed.

In point of fact, the slab which covers Lawrence saw at Althorp during a brief visit last Autumn, will

a design by Cipriani, and another by Flaxman, with appeared. last English ancestor of our Washington.

The other slab, covering Elizabeth, the sister of the the Commonwealth. emigrant, is in one of the aisles of the nave, where it is

The parish of Brington is between seven and eight And the tish suspending themselves so curiously miles from the town of Northampton, not far from the centre of England. It is written in Domes-day Book Brinintone' and also 'Brintone.' It contains about 2,210 acres, of which about 1,490 acres belong to Earl Spencer, about 326 acres to the rector in right of the church, and about 130 acres to other persons. The Winter-grain sprouts, and those of the light-yel- soil is in general a dark-colored loam with a small low corn, and the esculent roots of the gar- trace of clay towards the North. Nearly four-fifths of the whole is pasture and feeding land.

In the village still stands the house, said to have been occupied by the Washingtons when the emigrant And the old drunkard staggering home from the brother left them. You will see a vignette of it on the titlepage of the recent English work, entitled 'The And the school-mistress that passed on her way to Washingtons.' Over the door is carved the words. 'The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord,' while the parish register gives a pathetic commentary by showing that, in the very year when this house was built a child had been born

The church, originally dedicated to the Virgin, stands at the northeast angle of the village, and con-He that had fathered him, and she that conceived sists of an embattled tower with five bells, a nave. north and south aisles, a chancel, a chapel, and a modern porch. The tower is flanked by buttresses of two stages. The present fabric goes back in its origin to the beginning of the fourteenth century, nearly two 5. The mother at home, quietly placing the dishes on hundred years before the discovery of America. The chancel and chapel, where repose the Spencers and Lawrence Washington, were rebuilt by Sir John Spencer, the purchaser of the estate, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. They afford one of the latest specimens of the Tudor style of architecture. The church is beautifully situated on the summit of the The tamily usages, the language, the company, highest ground of Brington, and is surrounded by a the furniture-the yearning and swelling stone wall flanked on the inside by trees. Dibdin says that a more complete picture of a country churchyard is rarely seen. A well-trimmed walk encircles the whole of the interior, while the fine Gothic windows The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night- at the end of the chancel fill the scene with picturesque

The Register of the Parish, which is still preserved. Men and women crowding fast in the streets-if commences in 1560. From this it appears that Wilthey are not flashes and specks, what are liam Proctor was the rector from 1601 to 1627, cover-The streets themselves, and the façades of houses, ing the period of the last of the Washingtons there. The following further entries occur relating to this

> "Mr. Lawrence Washington was buried XVth day of December. Mr. Philip Curtis & Miss Amy Washington

> were married August 8. "Mr. Robert Washington was buried March ve

Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, widow, was buried March ve 20th.

Of one of the ministers in this church we have an interesting glimpse in Evelyn's Memoirs (Vol. 1., p. 612), where the following entry will be found under The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fra- date of July, 1688: "Dr. Jeffryes, the minister Althorp, who was my lord's chaplain when ambassado in France, preached the shortest discourse I ever heard but what was defective in the amplitude of his sermon, And these become part of him or her that peruses he had supplied in the largeness and convenience of the parsonage-house."

hundred acres, one of whose gates opens near the should hardly know him again .- Sydney Smith. church. There are oak trees bordering on the church-We take pleasure in printing the following interest- yard, which were growing at the time of the purchase (Vol. I., p. 451.) Let me add that there is an engrav-Bosron, 22d November, 1860. ing of Althorp at this time, by the younger Vosterman,

two 'Memorial Stones' of the English family of admiration of Evelyn, and at a later day of Mrs. Jame-George Washington, which I have already described son, who gives to it some beautiful pages in her Visits to you as harmonizing exactly with the pedigree which and Sketches at Home and Abroad. It is the record of has the sanction of your authority. These are of the the time when different plantations of trees was besame stone and of the same size with the originals, gun. While recommending this practice, in his Sylva, Rest, gentle traveller, on life's toilsome way; and have the original inscriptions, being in all respects Evelyn remarks, 'the only instance I know of the like Pause here awhile; yet o'er this lifeless clay facsimiles. They will, therefore, give you an exact in our country is in the park at Althorp.' There are No weeping, but a joyful tribute pay. idea of these most interesting memorials in the parish six of these commemorative stones. The first rechurch of Brington, near Althorp, in Northampton- cords a wood planted by Sir John Spencer, in 1567 and Gives welcome rest to an o'erwearied form, 1568; the second, a wood planted by Sir John Spencer, Whose mortal life knew many a wintry storm. and nine inches long, and two feet and seven inches Bath, afterwards Lord Spencer, in 1624. The latter No chosen spot of ground she called her own; stone is ornamented with the arms of the Spencers, She reaped no harvest in her spring-time sown and on the back is inscribed 'Up and bee doing and Yet always in her path some flowers were strown. God will prosper.' It was in this scenery and amidst No dear ones were her own peculiar care, these associations that the Washingtons lived. When So was her bounty free as heaven's air; the emigrant left in 1657, these woods must have been | For every claim she had snough to spare. well-grown. It was not long afterwards that they arrested the attention of Evelyn.

The Household Books at Althorp show that for many | She hoped, believed, and trusted to the end. years the Washingtons were frequent guests there. She had her joys; 'twas joy to live, to love, The hospitality of this seat has been renowned. The To labor in the world with God above, queen of James I. and the Prince Henry on their way | And tender hearts that ever near did move. to London, in 1603, were welcomed there in an enter-tainment, memorable for a masque from the vigorous The heart-sick loneness, the on-looking fear, muse of Ben Jonson. (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. VI., The days of desolation, dark and drear. p. 475.) Charles I. was at Althorp, in 1647, when he Since every agony left peace behind, received the first intelligence of the approach of those And healing came on every stormy wind, pursuers from whom he never escaped until his life had And with pure brightness every cloud was lined, been laid down upon the scaffold. In 1698, King William was there for a week, and according to Evelyn was 'mightly entertained.' (Vol. II., p. 50.) At Till waiting angels bade her go up higher! least one of the members of this family was famous for hospitality of a different character. Evelyn records that he used to dine with the Countess of Sunderland -the title then borne by the Spencers-" when she invited fire-eaters, stone-eaters, and opera-singers, after the fashion of the day." (Vol. I., pp. 458, 483,

The family was early and constantly associated with literature. Spencer, the poet, belonged to it; and to one of its members he has dedicated his 'Tears of the Muses.' It was for Alice Spencer that Milton is said to have written his Arcades, and Sir John Harrington has celebrated her memory by an epigram. The Sacharises of Waller was the Lady Dorothy Sydney, wife of the first Earl of Sunderland, the third Lord Spen-

"The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I In the interesting chapter on the origin and geneal. exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most

I trust that this little sketch, suggested by what I Washington is in the chancel of the church, by the not seem irrelevant. Besides my own personal impres-

side of the monuments of the Spencer family. These sions and the volumes quoted, I have relied upon Dib. are all in admirable preservation, with full length ef- din's 'Ædes Althorpiance,' so interesting to all bibliofigies, busts, or other sculptural work, and exhibit an graphical students, and especially upon Baker's Hisinteresting and connected series of sepulchral memo- tory of Northamptonshire,' one of those magnificent rials from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present time. local works which illustrate English history, to which Among them is a monument by the early English you refer in your Appendix, but which was not comsculptor, Nicholas Stone; another by Nollekins, from | pleted till some time after the 'Life of Washington'

exquisitely beautiful personifications of Faith and Of course the Memorial Stones, which I have reor a certain part of the day, or for many Charity. Beneath repose the successive representatives ceived from Lord Spencer, are of much historic value, of this illustrious family which has added to its aristo- and I think that I shall best carry out the generous cratic claims by services to the State, and also by the idea of the giver by taking care that they are permaunique and world-famous library collected by one of nently placed where they can be seen by the public; white and red clover, and the song of the its members. In this companionship will be found the perhaps at the State House, near Chantry's beautiful statue of Washington-if this should be agreeable to

Pray pardon this long letter, and believe me, my dear sir, with much regard, ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMMER.

[From The Philadelphia Saturday Post.] ROCK ME TO SLEEP. BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Europe, the 72d and 73d Ye Make me a child again, just for to-night! Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore, Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair. Over my slumbers your loving watch keep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years! I am so weary of toils and of tears, Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, Take them and give me my childhood again! have grown weary of dust and decay. Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away, Weary of sowing for others to reap: Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

fired of the hollow, the base, the untrue Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a Summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded, our faces between. Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain. Long I to-night for your presence again : Come from the silence so long and so deep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown. No love like mother-love ever was shown, No other worship abides and endures. Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours. None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and the world-weary braises Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again, as of old, Let it fall over my forehead to-night. Shading my faint eyes away from the light, For with its sunny-edged shadows once more. Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore, Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long Since I last hushed to your lullaby song: Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been but a dream. Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

WIT AS A STUDY.

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable vis- | connected therewith, preceded by accurate head notes. itation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of Reports of latest English Decisions, and all other subjects of inlightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty | terest to the profession. or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way | The journal will be so arranged that the opinions and reports | of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit alone may be collated and bound in book shape at the end of the with certainty. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. down as systematically, and as successfully, to the year, the whole to form a more valuable collection of reports than Canadas, on description of disease. study of wit, as he might to the study of mathemat- any now published. ics; and I would answer for it, that, by giving up At a short distance—less than a mile—is Althorp, only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on the seat of the Spencers, surrounded by a park of five prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends bring the paper up to the requirements of the profession.

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[From The Englishwoman's Journal.] EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.

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And every loss sublimed some low desire, And every sorrow helped her to aspire

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Seventy-Five per cent. of the net Profits divided among the Assured.

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JULY, 1859. The Insured Participate in the Profits. WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co., CITY OF NEW YORK. OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET CASH CAPITAL, - - \$500,000 THE attention of the community is respectfully called to

Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an am ple and reliable Cash Capital-a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The divi dends to customers, already declared, are as follows: First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, '67, 23 SECOND:-- The security given, which is already large, will

the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST :- By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a

This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted: July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co. \$570,363 43 649,719 54 751,908 52 1859, Gross Assets, " 905,681 84

constantly increase with each year of successful operation.

THIRD:-The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheap. FOURTH:-This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time,

present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers. GEORGE T. HOPE, President H. H. LAMPORT, CYRUS PECK. Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company. 19 NASSAU STREET, AND BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING, Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue CASH CAPITAL - -

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Josiah H. Burton,

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William F. Cary, Jr.

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Having removed to

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50 Wall Street,

No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y. CASH CAPITAL \$200,000 WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured

JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured. Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums. Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire. time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

> C. F. UHLHORN, President. D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.

N. B .- Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at fu-

COMMONWEALTH

CASH CAPITAL OF \$250,000, WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE

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107,641 73 Henry Stokes A. H. DOUGHTY, Surveyor. N. B. HOXIE, Attorney and Counseiles

WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary. New York, July 1st, 1859 Insurance Company, Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York.