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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press,

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

SATIRICAL SENTIMENTS

Together With a Very Solemn and Refreshing Song.

I.

Whoever walks this world with open eyes,
Particularly if they're opened wide,
May chance to see, and that without surprise,
Man, woman, beast, and several things beside
Him, in point of fact, 'the shapes arise'!
bridegroom he—the Universe his bride!
I speak imperiously, because, you know,
I married her myself, some time ago!

II.

I've seen an honest man, which I regard
As something rare. I've seen an actual wit.
I've seen a lovely woman, which is hard
To find in boxes, galleries, or pit.
I have seen virtue get its just reward;
Have seen vice triumph; seen a hypocrite.
Not strange at all, for that sort doth abound
Most frequent on the consecrated ground.

III.

I've seen a baby, which I may assert
Is queer as anything that's very queer;
I've seen a pretty girl who didn't flirt;
I've seen a pair of lovers quite sincere;
I've seen a bachelor love could not hurt,
Though 'passing rich, with forty pounds a year';
I've seen—but O shine on, thou moon of honey!
Some matches made for love, but more for money.

IV.

I've seen Niagara; I've seen Broadway;
I've seen the Japanese, and found them tame;
I've seen Ward Beecher getting up to pray;
I've seen the valiant Anson Burlingame;
I have seen Parker, dead and gone to-day,
(A noble man who leaves a noble fame);
And other public persons, good and ill,
I saw John Tyler once, on Bunker Hill.

V.

I've seen old Faneuil Hall, and seen therein
More than I quite saw through;—I've seen them save
The Union several times from grief, and sin,
And Banks, and Fremont, and an early grave;
I've seen the demagogues, and heard their din
Above the ashes of the good and brave;
I saw, alas! the coffin which contained
'The old man eloquent'—or what remained.

VI.

Let these suffice. I won't enumerate.
It were a shame to tell you all I've seen.
'Twould spoil that temper, too, in which you wait
To know if anything on earth I mean
By all this nonsense. But I wished to state
And so, hinc illæ, stanzas intervene
That not in earth, or sea, or heaven above,
Is aught more curious than a man in love!

VII.

I do remember me when I was young,
That is, in heart—for time is nothing—when
My days, like many sweet bells gently rung,
Made happy music, never heard since then.
Hope will not sing the songs that once she sung;
The starry lights are faded; but my pen,
By Folly guided, glides into a song
Which you perhaps will read, as 'tisn't long.

VIII.

'Though this be madness, yet there's method in't,'
Said old Polonius; and you will see
The madness and the method, without stint,
Are intermingled in my sorry glee.
I say this to you as a gentle hint
Regarding what your judgment ought to be
About the song; so take it not amiss,—
And as you're ready for it, here it is:

Ye Solemn Song

1.

I cannot be bound in the silken chain,
The silken chain of love!
For my heart is cold, and the tender pain
Can never a cold heart move.
All forms of beauty pass me by,
All witchery and grace:
But I stay not to breathe a single sigh,
Nor to look on a single face.

2.

But O, there was a happier time,
A sunnier time to me!
When my days rang on in a silver chime
Of vesper melody;
When I loved those forms of beauty well,
And I did not pass them by,—
The bosom's rich, voluptuous swell,
And the light of the sparkling eye!

3.

But the dreams of youth with youth will fade,
As the years go drifting on
Through the silver light and the solemn shade,—
And so my dreams have gone!
But still there's a pain that burns unseen,—
The ghost of a dead regret
Floats pale through the mist of years between,
And we never can forget!

IX.

Play us a dirge! Be serious after that!
Do Pleyel's Hymn, or the Dead March in Saul!
And bring a fan, and some one take my hat,
And gracious Heaven have mercy on us all!—
I m using phrases which are slightly flat
In this connection, so to disenthrall
The reader's mind, which is supposed to be
Perturbed with sympathetic agony.

X.

O Youth romantic! O luxuriant Youth!
Lovely and innocent, and verdant, too!
What is there in this world of lies and truth
That can be any funnier than you!
How pure your hopes! your manners how uncouth!
Your loves how ardent! and your trust how true!
Alas! it is a pity that we grow:
For certainly these are not always so.

XI.

Would that they were! This life were happier far
Did but the freshness of the heart remain!
But O! too soon Hope pales her morning star,
And Joy's bright mask falls off the face of Pain;
And Sorrow strikes us, and we wear the scar;
And tears we know of, too—they leave their stain:
And we get patience, learning thus to bear,
With smiling faces, hearts worn out with care.

XII.

And we are gay. Why not? It is not hard
To laugh with, or laugh at, the human elf;
And that most sensitive of things, the Bard,
Will—though your laugh would sting him—mock himself.
All comes at last—though chances may retard
The process somewhat—to the lust of pelf;
And we get pride and prudence, and grow gray,—
And the drop-curtain falls upon the play.

XIII.

And then—an epitaph, a monument,
An interesting widow, and, maybe,
An ancient friend most fortunately sent
To soothe her heavy sorrow, d'ye see!
Perhaps a loving heir, so kindly bent
On doing justice to one's memory;
All which is very natural and right
What matter when we've bade the world Good-night!

WILLIAM WINTER.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

THE TREE OF GOLD.

[Translated from the French of ALPHONSE KARR, by the late H. J. RICHARDS.]

At about a league from Genoa is situated a country-seat named the 'Tree of Gold'—'Albero d'Oro'—which belongs to the present Marquis Imperiali. The Marquis is a man of stout and heavy frame, although young, and his face has the fixed drowsy expression of an opium-eater. His reputation is that of a courteous, agreeable gentleman, and he is so esteemed; yet he would not have occupied a space in our narrative but that he bears an historical name. It was an Imperiali (François Marie), who, as Doge of Genoa, sustained in 1680 a contest with Louis XIV. at the close of which he was compelled to give in his submission at Versailles, after the bombardment of Genoa. One Imperiali was a distinguished poet; another a Cardinal, and nearly succeeded in being elected Pope at the death of Innocent XI.

Michel Imperiali undertook a theological defence of Judas Iscariot, which should reinstate him in public opinion. He maintained in several dissertations that Judas was not eternally damned. He was refuted. He replied, and sustained the cause of the apostolical traitor with renewed tediousness. In dying, he left a sum of money to be expended in masses for Judas.

Another of the family was the hero of an adventure from which it is said the name of the estate we have mentioned above originated. The reader may feel assured that I will relate the history of this adventure as it was recounted to me in Genoa. I will not vouch for its truth; I will not even assert that I believe it myself. Let the reader crack his own nuts, and he will spoil no man's teeth but his own.

The Marquise Imperiali was a good and pious woman, rigidly observant of the ceremonies of the Church, and endowed with remarkable patience during prayers; but she fell asleep one day at church during the sermon, most probably that was the fault of the preacher. She dreampt that she was playing at cards. Good soul! perhaps she had never touched one in her life-time. She staked at first a trifle—and lost. She then staked her gold thimble. Her adversary glared at her through a pair of brilliant black eyes that sparkled with a green fire like the eyes of a tiger, which did not in the least reassure her. He gained the thimble, which he grasped with a hand whose nails were hooked in the form of claws. Her gold thimble lost, she staked her needle-case and thread; she lost them. She next played for her beautiful robe, embroidered in violet and gold; her beautiful robe kept company with the thimble and needle case. She put up two large diamonds set in pendants; the same game of presto! change! was played. She kept on, and wagered the long, black, and beautifully-plaited tress that covered the top of her head—that splendid diadem of the Genoese ladies; it, too, she lost. The winner remorselessly cut it off and pocketed it, together with the gold thimble, the needle-case, the diamonds, and the robe embroidered in violet and gold.

"I have nothing left," she said.

"It is a pity," said her adversary in a tone whose honey was mingled with gall, "to leave in my hands all these beautiful things. I will give you your revenge, if you wish it, in one more game, but it must be the last."

"But for what can I play? I have no longer anything that is my own."

"Let us play for your wedding-ring?"

"Good heavens!"

"I am about to trust to my good fortune. Your ring is worth—perhaps ten swanzigs—and what my liberality consents to wager against your ring is worth more than five hundred ducats."

"But sir, my ring! my wedding-ring!"

"Let us then quit the game, madame."

How happens it, thought the Marquise, that I have conceived such a sudden passion for gaming. I am completely transformed.

She staked her wedding-ring, and lost. She hesitated to draw it from her hand, but the stranger, taking it softly between his thumb and fore-finger, touched the ring: it suddenly burnt her as if it had been a brand of fire, and the Marquise hastened to withdraw her finger, where a black circle marked the place that it left.

"What infatuation!" she exclaimed. "How could I wager my wedding-ring! I had better have died." And she shuddered with despair.

"Be good enough to raise your foot, madame; you are treading on my tail."

She looked down with consternation, and perceived that from beneath her adversary's chair depended an object that slowly uncoiled itself as she raised her feet.

"I quit the game ruined," murmured the unhappy lady.

"Do you wish me still to grant you a chance—a final chance?" said the fortunate gamester. "I am always disposed to be liberal, and I wish you particularly to regain your wedding-ring."

"But, sir, it was my last stake."

"What! you will permit me to carry away your needle-case and thread, your gold thimble, your brocade, your beautiful diamond pendants, your magnificent black tress, your wedding-ring; and yet not venture one more game to recover them all? Reflect, madame, that one successful stroke will restore to you all your property."

"But, sir, how often must I repeat that I have nothing left to wager?"

"Your infant, madame?"

"I have no infant."

"That is at present immaterial. If you agree I accept the pledge."

"Your complaisance is perfectly horrible."

"I must then say adieu, madame, and carry away with me in remembrance of this charming adventure—but I need not pain you by enumerating your losses. A l'honneur de vous revoir. But hold! for your satisfaction I will play the cards as I have dealt them, in order to see which of us would have won.

He turned over the cards.

"Madame, the Marquise would have gained," said he. "The vein has changed, and I doubt whether I ought to continue to play."

"I accept!" cried the Marquise.

"Your child against all that I have won?"

"Be it so; play quickly."

"You have lost, Marquise."

She burst into tears. Her adversary disappeared in a cloud of smoke of a pungent odor.

When the Marquise had recovered from her agitation, she perceived that the strong odor that she inhaled issued from a vinaigrette which an old woman was applying to her nose. Her disturbed condition, her sobbing and closed eyes had alarmed her neighbor and elicited from her this delicate attention. She hastened to assure herself by feeling that her beautiful hair was untouched; afterwards, as became a faithful wife, strictly attached to her duties, she cast a glance at her wedding-ring, before she informed herself of the fate of her diamond pendants. Her gold thimble, and her other property were all undisturbed. . . . . .

The Marquise could not, notwithstanding these proofs, escape from the accusations of her conscience, and the bitter reflections that sprung from her folly in gaming with so formidable an adversary. She endeavored to persuade herself that it was merely a dream; and clung most tenaciously to this consolation. But all in believing this to the best of her ability, and with such other consolations as her piety and blameless life afforded her, she caused a countless number of masses to be said, and presented a beautiful crown of gold set with pearls to the Virgin of her quarter—the Madonna della Salute. The Madonna della Salute is a handsome Virgin in white marble, who is the object of the greatest consideration; the Virgins of the other quarters of the city are nothing in comparison with her. Consequently, it has happened, that the admirers of her rivals have attempted to spread certain calumnies to her prejudice; but all these have not impaired her standing with her own partisans, and her credit with Heaven is still immense, as a miracle recently accredited to her, which I have related to the readers of the *Siecle*, attests. A priest, having first addressed a prayer to the Madonna della Salute, washed his hands in a vessel of water, and gave this water to drink, to a young girl whose case had been abandoned as hopeless by her physicians she was immediately restored to health!.

The child was born; it was a healthy and vigorous boy. He had on his left breast a red mark. The preoccupation of his mother's mind by her wonderful dream, probably led her to perceive a remarkable resemblance between this mark and the ace of hearts; the card which had caused her to lose her infant in her famous party of lansquenet with the Devil. She directed more masses to be said; gave her diamond pendants to the handsome madonna; and dedicated to her her son, praying her to protect him against the ambuscades of the Devil as her own property.

The young Imperiali was like other children. The same preoccupation which led his mother to transform the little red mark into the ace of hearts, perhaps caused her to remark in him characteristics that she would not have noticed under any other circumstances. The games that he preferred were always games of chance; those at least that are within the reach of boys of his age—odd or even, heads and tails, etc., etc.

These games were prohibited with a degree of severity that only served to increase his passion for them:

"As iron by water is hardened and tried,
Too much severity but strengthens pride."

As a punishment for playing cards with a cousin of about his own age, he was one day shut up in a sort of family prison—a dark chamber used as a kind of rubbish-room. The two accomplices were found not long afterwards, seated on the floor, one within and the other outside of the room, finishing their game through the crack of the door-sill.

As was the custom of the neighborhood, Imperiali had as his own property a small garden; his garden contained an orange-tree whose fruit he disposed of as he pleased. The same cousin with whom he played at cards under the door was likewise the possessor of a similar estate.

They one day wagered their orange-trees, honorably agreeing with each other that the loser should legally confirm to the other the possession of his tree, as soon as he became of age.

Imperiali was winner. The engagement was faithfully executed; each year his cousin placed at his disposition the yield of the orange-tree, reserving only the portion which the generosity of Imperiali accorded him. As soon as could do so legally, he ratified the conveyance of the 'Tree of Gold.' He died young, and it is probable that Imperiali, who in his turn became chief of the family, never thought further of his property in the orange-tree, and neglected to gather its fruit.

One night—twenty years afterwards, perhaps—in playing with a Milanese, he contended against one of these terrible veins of ill-luck which induces one to believe that fortune, renouncing her inconstancy and impartiality, has leagued herself with the adversary, and is interested in his success.

Imperiali lost all the gold that he had with him; all the money that he had at his house; then his house itself, his country-seat, his rents, his furniture, his pictures and family portraits, his watch and jewels; and finally, his horses and his dog. When this last stake had been played for, he remained for a moment amazed and dumbfounded.

"Sir," said he to the Milanese, "these keys will place you in possession of my house. All that it contains, as well as my country-house—in fine, all my property is now yours. As for the dog, he is named Meo. He was attached to his master, but treat him well and he will perhaps soon learn to forget me."

"You are, sir," added he, "Colonel of a regiment; do me the favor to receive me as a soldier in your ranks. I shall find there what I no longer possess myself—my daily bread and an asylum—and perhaps an occasion to die like a brave man. Apropos, would you like to stake a sum against my life?"

"I would most willingly give you your revenge, sir," said the Milanese, "but you propose a stake that I am not rich enough to accept."

"What then do you wish that I should wager sir? I have absolutely nothing more. Ah, parbleu! I mistake; I have still an orange-tree, the one that I won of my cousin Giuseppe twenty years ago. But what will you wager against a tree?"

"Another tree."

"Ma foi! true. Since you are so good as to accept, let us play then. That lost, I shall no longer possess anything."

They played then the Albero d'Oro against one of the orange-trees that Imperiali had lost. This time he won!

"Let us play for two orange-trees," said the Milanese. "We cannot leave here while it rains."

Imperiali won the second stake also. The crowd of spectators who had surrounded the two players during the excitements of their former game, abandoned the table when they saw the stakes reduced to such miserable trifles.

Imperiali won four orange-trees. They then staked eight, and he again won.

The Milanese was unaccustomed to such bad fortune and it piqued him. He wished to regain his eight trees, and he lost eight more. The vein had changed. At the tenth coup he owed Imperiali no inconsiderable number of orange-trees. His exclamations against his bad fortune had attracted the attention of the lookers-on, who again returned to the table.

"Sir," said the Marquis, "let us play no more."

The Milanese was irritated at the treachery of fortune, and ashamed to play the loser in the presence of the witnesses of his recent triumphs. Moreover, they were playing for a mere bagatelle—a few orange-trees.

The games were marked, after this, without noting the number of trees lost or won, an account that would finally be necessary, if indeed a single game should not, under the system they were playing, place Imperiali hors de combat. They commenced at nine o'clock at night and continued to play until noon on the following day. Exhausted with hunger, they then suspended the play, and breakfasted from a tray that was placed near the gaming-table.

At breakfast the Milanese inquired the number of games that Imperiali had won.

"I am ignorant of the number," said the Marquis, "but these two gentlemen have kept the account."

"The Marquis has gained twenty-four coups."

"It is a very singular vein," said the Milanese.

"Not a whit more singular than our game of yesterday eve ing."

In reality no person who had witnessed the game during the period when the stakes were of such considerable value, thought for an instant that a game for a few orange-trees could have any serious result.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked Imperiali.

"Yes; let the shutters be closed and candles brought; one plays badly by sunlight."

"I am afraid, sir, that I am abusing your courtesy in playing so long."

"One more coup," said the Milanese, "and we will stop."

The Milanese still lost.

They ceased playing. A bystander approached the Marquis and remarked, "If you had but played with the same fortune at first! It is abusing her favor to waste it upon trifles."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed one of the spectators.

"What is the matter?"

"But it is incredible! it is impossible!"

"What?"

"Let me make the count anew."

"What is this gentleman driving at?" exclaimed the assistants.

He finished his recalculation. "Gentlemen," said he, "the Marquis Imperiali has won more orange-trees than all Italy contains." And he named the total. I do not exactly recollect the number, but it was some forty millions of trees, more or less.

Where was the Milanese to procure that number of orange-trees? It was necessary to fix a valuation upon the trees. The total amounted to a frightful sum. And the Marquis, in receiving from the other all that he had at first lost, and a fine horse belonging to the Milanese, in satisfaction for the debt, was applauded for his generosity.

The Marquis afterwards purchased the estate upon which the tree won from his cousin Giuseppe is still standing, and which bears the name of the Tree of Gold.

I repeat that I do not guarantee the authenticity of this history.

Atchafalaya, La., October 1st, 1858.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

SUMMER NIGHTS.

I.

The night is heavy with the breath of June,
The trees nod slumbr'ously to murmured tunes,
And thou, beneath this tender Summer moon,
Dreamest of sweeter nights in other Junes.

II.

Come back, O heart of backward distant days!
Float through their shadows reverently and low;
Bring the remembered dreams of youth's first Mays,
Visions that faded out, how long ago!

III.

Come back? Alas, where would'st thou fold thy wing,
Heart, of that Summer time of faith the guest?
O'er this calm waste of billowy years, may spring
No bough of peace, no Ararat of rest.

IV.

Why wilt thou sigh, and sigh, yet never dare?
Why wilt thou dream a heaven thou shouldst have gained?
Brook no more doubtful parleys with despair,
Lest life be done, and heaven be unattained.

JULIETTE H. BEACH

THE JAPANESE VIEWING NIAGARA.

On Wednesday evening the Embassy were treated to a view of Col. Thorpe's famous picture of Niagara, which was placed under a proper light in the gentleman's ordinary of the Metropolitan. No persons were allowed to be present save the Japanese and a few gentlemen connected with the Press. The principal officers of the embassy, accompanied by the interpreter, had the first view, and seemed to appreciate highly both the merits of the picture and the grandeur of the scene represented. The three chief embassadors, with their attendants, next came down, and had the points of the scene and its nature fully explained. They were exceedingly delighted, and inquired if a duplicate could be obtained of the same size. On being told that it would be impossible to have one made during the short period of their stay, but that a smaller copy could be prepared, they desired to have one to take home, both as a correct picture of the Falls and as a specimen of art. This the artist promised to make. The remarks of some of the Japanese were expressed in very good English, and their comments of 'Good.' 'Very fine!' had very little of a foreign tone. Without the display of any boisterous delight, which seems to be foreign to their habits, they were evidently highly pleased, and did not hesitate to avow their satisfaction freely. Colonel Thorpe is the first artist who has received a Japanese commission, and a copy of his picture, made into many more by their native artists, will probably astonish the Niphonese before many months are over.—*The World.*

HYMN.*

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Two hundred times has June renewed
Her roses, since the day
When here, amid the lonely wood,
Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream, that strayed
Through pathless woodlands then,
The calm, heroic women prayed,
And grave, undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke,
From hearts that faltered not.
And undissembling lips that spoke
The free and guileless thought.

They prayed, and thanked the Mighty One,
Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them towards the setting sun
Beyond the reach of wrong.

For them He made that desert place
A pleasant heritage,
The cradle of a free-born race
From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set—a little vine
Hath stretched its boughs afar,
To distant hills and streams that shine
Beneath the evening star.

Ours are their fields,—these fields that smile
With Summer's early flowers;
O, let their fearless scorn of guile,
And love of truth be ours!

* Written for the Bi-Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of Marlboro', Mass., June 13th, 1860.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

WALT WHITMAN'S NEW VOLUME.

Messrs. Editors:—I do not ask a place for this letter in your columns because I feel that Mr. Whitman's poems need any justification; they justify themselves, and I have full faith that they will continue to do so long after the swarm of attacking critics are gone; nor do I hope to give more generous or appreciative praise to 'Leaves of Grass' than you have given in your notice of the work, but because, being a woman, and having read the uncharitable and bitter attacks upon the book, I wish to give my own view of it.

I have read it carefully, and in reading, have found no page which made me blush, and no sentiment which might not be expressed by a pure man.

In humanity or art I consider that coarse and licentious wherein the soul is made subservient to the body. I am not shocked when I read the stories of the Old Testament: I see behind the apparently gross form, great meanings. Yet I find in the novels and the versification of modern literature, a subtle sensuality which, under the semblance of virtue, destroys all that is pure and elevated in the mind, leaving it enclaved by sensation and petty circumstance.

In Mr. Whitman's poetry, I see a breadth of view which overlooks distinctions. To him, nothing is base when used for a great purpose; he makes all things subservient to thought, and thus dignifies by his touch. I find there an admirable courage. While we truckle to our bodies, trying to cheat ourselves and one another into oblivion of the potent physical facts, while we feed with exciting novels and amorous poetry those passions we dare not own, we are shocked, for sooth, when a great, earnest, sorrowful man gives us the facts which, gilded over with poor art, we accept readily enough; and when, with manly courage, he owns that he has sinned with prostitutes and felons, (and who has not?) we despise him. Was it not Christ who said of old, "Let him who is without blame among you cast the first stone"?

I find in these poems great ideas; large, cheerful, healthy views of life. No sentimentality, no weak or misplaced passion, but a wisdom which looks through all, behind all, beyond all, which sees the tendency of things, and rests content that all is well. I find a reverence so great and tender as not to despise the meanest thing, knowing that Nature has fashioned everything through ages of patient toil; a reverence which sees in the mud and slime of the pond the same fitness and beauty as in the dainty lily floating above it; which holds the 'woman just as great as the man;' and a mother 'The melodious character of the earth, the finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go;' a reverence which recognizes in the distinction of sex, that great principle which asserts itself from the lowest to the highest forms of vegetable and animal life, a mystery equally holy with the mystery of birth, the mystery of death.

I find there a generosity, giving without stint. Nothing is too precious, nothing too great, nothing too holy to be bestowed. The experiences which most men in their selfishness hug close, which they call 'too sacred for the eyes of the world,' Mr. Whitman, like a true poet, deals out largely.

And I find more than all these: I find a wonderful knowledge of history, of philosophy, of mythology, of language, of mechanics and geography, of the customs of all peoples at all times; a knowledge which could have been acquired only by hard and long-continued study.

I find the highest artistic merits. A measure at once original and melodious, into which the words form themselves so naturally that we forget it is measure, and are aware of the thought alone. It is like the sound of the wind or the sea, a fitting measure for the first distinctive American bard who speaks for our large-scaled nature, for the red men who are gone, for our vigorous young population.

Yet grand, wild, free, and natural, as is Mr Whitman's poetry, it is not careless or hap-hazard, any more than Niagara, the Mississippi, the prairies, or the great Western cities, are hap-hazard; it is the result of patient labor, of intense thought; for it is the highest art which most closely imitates nature. Here we see not only boldness of conception, but finish of detail. What is there so graphic in the English language that Mr Whitman should be ashamed to place beside it the pictures of the 'Fall of Alamo,' 'The Mashed Fireman,' 'The Sinking Ship,' or any other of the hundreds of pictures scattered throughout the book? What so exquisitely delicate as to eclipse 'A Word out of the Sea'?

There are few poems which I can read with so intense a thrill of exultation at the greatness of my destiny, at the exquisite harmony and balance of the universe, at the boundless love brooding over mankind; that fill me with so strong a faith in the working together of all things for good, so great forbearance toward error—yet nerve me so resolutely to action, as these poems of Walt Whitman.

C. C. P.

—A plaster cast of the head of J. J. Rousseau, taken just after death by the celebrated sculptor Houdon, was recently offered for sale in the auction rooms, Rue Drouot. Not less than 3,000f. were asked for it, but it was not until the price had been reduced to 100f. that any bidding was made. Eventually it was knocked down for 660f.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

THE VICISSITUDES OF BABIES.

The vicissitudes of human life have frequently claimed the attention of mankind, but they have only been regarded as commencing with a certain advanced stage of the mammal.

Now, if we look a little closer, we will find that these vicissitudes extend still farther back than is generally supposed. We all know what a baby is. We doubt if there be a man living who has not seen or at least heard a baby at some time or times in the course of his life—but we have always been accustomed to consider babies as free from the vicissitudes of life—that babies pursue the uneven tenor of their voices and 'the even tenor of their way' in the usual routine of squalling, crowing, and dawning perceptions of things about them, without being affected in any very material way by outside circumstances, and it was very natural that we should think so.

A baby can hardly be said to be endowed with any very great amount of intellectual or moral power. How, then, can the moral or intellectual life of a mere squib of flesh in rags be influenced by external circumstances? So long as the baby is fed and clothed, what more does it want?

Nothing, indeed, so long as it is fed and clothed by its own mother. But the advance of that glorious chimera called civilization, has upset the natural order of things. Fashion ordains that the mother shall not nurse its own child. Of course we do not refer to those exceptional instances where ill-health is a cause of prohibition. In such cases it is of course right and reasonable. But we are only speaking of cases where Fashion ordains, without either right or reason, a strong and healthy woman must not nurse her child because this right of nature is unfashionable; it spoils the woman's shape, keeps her out of society, and on the whole is very vulgar. To this decree of Fashion is no doubt owing much of the vice which infects society. This beautiful dictate of woman's nature is denied her, and to satify the want of a natural pleasure she flings herself into the vortex of artificial ores, and there drowns her very heart.

What can be expected of the influence of such a mother over her child? Where are those delicate tender feelings that the child instinctively feels the need of as it grows older? All drowned in the whirlpool of fashionable society, and all because the very duties and pleasures which might have reclaimed many a selfish fashionable woman, are denied her by the decree of Fashion, which votes all such pleasures and duties as vulgar.

Let Fashion hold her sway, if she will, over foolish girls, but let her not interfere with the tender dictates of the mother's heart. What a touching sight is that of a heretofore fashionable heartless woman suddenly awakened to the perception of higher pleasures and aims by the helpless innocence of her baby. What a world of tenderness is in her eye, and how gently she nurses and cares for it. All her attention now absorbed by her little one, she is no longer the cold selfish woman, but the kind gentle mother.

Yet Fashion dares to plant her cold tread on such holy ground, and there are women weak enough to obey her decrees. One would suppose that the whole woman's soul would rise in arms against it.

Then see what a hubbub this same Fashion causes through the baby-world. Though the fashionable mother may not nurse her own child, still the fashionable baby must be nursed. Another mother is called in, whose child must be nursed by some one else, the latter's child must be nursed by somebody else, and so the babies are passed around, until one finally reaches some mother who has lost her child, and the further circulation of the babies is stopped. Thus Fashion upsets notionly fashionable babies, but likewise many outside of her fold, and a great many mothers thus get alienated from their own babies, and passionately attached to somebody else's baby.

There is one circumstance, however, in connection with this circulation of babies, that is particularly painful to think of. A fashionable mother pays say twenty-four dollars a-month to her nurse. This nurse pays twelve to her nurse; the nurse's nurse pays six dollars to her nurse; the nurse's nurse's nurse pays three dollars, and so on till the amount dwindles down through eighteen pence, nine pence, four-and-a-half cents, until it reaches some fraction of a cent unexpressed by our currency. What is painful in this connection, is that either the dead baby must be reached before any such reduction, or else that some babies must get very imperfect nursing.

Why, it is a frightful state of affairs, and certainly a subject for legislation. When Fashion begins to interfere with the laws of the Public Health, it is high time for the Legislature to step in.

If any of these considerations may induce even one fashionable woman to stand against Fashion, or induce the Legislature to take the matter in hand, the writer's aim will be accomplished.

R. O. S.

PRESENTATION OF AMERICAN WATCHES TO THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese were presented on Wednesday, through Capt. Dupont, by the AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, with two superb gold hunting-watches—one for his Majesty, the Tycoon of Japan, and the other for the Chief Embassador. These watches were prepared with a view to giving the Japanese an idea of the skill of our countrymen in the delicate art of watch-making, and are truly admirable in design and finish. The one designed for the Tycoon bears a finely engraved likeness of President Buchanan on the lid over the dial, and an eagle, carved in a solid block of gold, on the other lid. The dial is finished with the ordinary arrangement for seconds, with Arabic numerals on the outer hour and minute circle, and the corresponding Japanese characters, representing the day divided into six hours of 120 minutes each, with a red sign to indicate the half hours on an inner circle. The second watch bears an engraving of the Capitol at Washington, and other appropriate emblems, including the crossed standards of the countries on one side, and on the other a noble steamship, finely engraved, an appropriate emblem of the newly-awakened spirit of amity existing between the United States and Japan. The dial of this watch is finished with the Japanese numerals around the outer circle, and smaller corresponding numerals in the inner. Both dials are models of elegant workmanship, and will compare favorably with anything of the kind heretofore made. The arrangement of the characters was made by the Chief Interpreter, at the request of Capt. Dupont, through the aid of Mr. Portman, while the Embassy was in Washington. The movements are of the new series of their watches lately issued by the Company, and of extreme beauty and delicacy of finish. Presents of this character, while they display the manufacturing abilities of the country, will inevitably attract the trade, which it is the great purpose of the United States to open and establish.—*Tribune.*

—'HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.'

We have been requested to state that Mr. Everett, of Boston, writer of the 'Mount Vernon Papers,' and candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is the author of the famous saying 'Such is Life,' so often unjustly credited to Mr. Tupper, of London, England.—*Vanity Fair.*

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending June 23, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Heavenly Pathway: or Going Home. By Rev. R. A. Carlsen, Rector of the Church of the Intercession, Philadelphia. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Hymns for Church and Home. Compiled by Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as a contribution to any addition that may be made to the Hymns now attached to the Prayer Book. Prepared under the supervision of Right Rev. Bishop Burgess, of Maine, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, the Rev. Dr. Howe, of Pennsylvania, the Rev. Dr. Coxe, of Maryland, and Professor Francis Wharton, of Kenyon College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, including Congressional and other Speeches. By Wm. D. Howells. 1 vol. 12mo. With Steel Portraits. $1. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

The Life of Thomas Paine: Mover of the Declaration of Independence, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the first American Congress, Member of the National Convention of France, author of Common Sense, the Crisis, Age of Reason, etc. With portraits of Rousseau, Paine, and Conde. By the author of the Religion of Science. 12mo. 50 cents. New York: Calvin Blanchard.

HISTORICAL.

History of the State of Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations. By the Hon. Samuel Greene Arnold. Volume II, completing the work. $2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

Academic Speaker. Containing a large number of new and appropriate Pieces for Prose Declamation, Poetical Recitation, and Dramatic Reading, carefully selected from the best authors, American, English, and Continental. Arranged in a rhetorical order, and adapted to the wants of classes in Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Henry Coppee, A.M., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, author of Elements of Logic, Elements of Rhetoric, etc., etc. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 572. $1 50. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

Dictionary of Latin Synonymes, for the use of Schools and Private Students, with a complete Index. By Lewis Ramshorn. From the German, by Francis Lieber, LL.D. A new edition. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 475. $1 25. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

Analytic Orthography. An Investigation of the Sounds of the Voice, and their Alphabetic Notation, including the mechanism of speech and its bearing upon Etymology. By S. S. Haldeman, A.M., Professor in Delaware College. Quarto, paper, $1 25; cloth, $1 75. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Natural History. For the use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, author of The Child's Book of Nature, etc. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. 12mo. muslin. $1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MEDICAL.

Woman's Home Book of Health. A work for Mothers and for Families, on a plan new, safe, and efficient, showing in plain language how disease may be prevented and cured without the use of dangerous remedies. By John Stainbach Wilson, M.D., editor of the Health Department of Godey's Lady's Book. 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

LEGAL.

Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an Aid in Teaching, and in Historical Studies. By Theodore D. Woolsey, President of Yale College. 12mo. pp. 486. $1 25. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

Laws of the State of New York, 1860, passed at the eighty third session of the Legislature, begun January third and ended April seventeenth, 1860, in the city of Albany. New York: Banks & Brothers.

The Code of Procedure of Pleadings and Practice of the State of New York. Second Edition, enlarged and improved, with complete Notes and References. By Nathan Howard, Jr., Counsellor-at-Law. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 946. $6. New York: Banks & Brother.

POETRY.

The Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell, relating to the American Revolution. Now first edited by Winthrop Sargent. Small 4to. pp. 199. $3. Albany: J. Munsell.

FICTION.

The Pathfinder: or, the Inland Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 515. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mount Vernon Papers. By Edward Everett. 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Anti-Spoonerism: or, the Reactionary Forces of the Negro. With a Scriptural view of the equality of man; also, considerations on the dogma of man has no property in man. By D. D. Deming. 25 cents. New York: Ross & Tousey.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

An Introduction to the Study of the Gospels. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 10s 6d. London: Macmillan & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. By the Right Hon. Sir Laurence Peel. Post 8vo. London: Longmans.

HISTORICAL.

The Scottish Reformation. A Historical Sketch. By Peter Lorrimer, D.D., Professor of Theology, English Presbyterian College, London. With twenty illustrations of Scottish Reformation Localities, by Birket Foster. 10s. 6d. London: Richard Griffin & Co.

Memoirs of My Own Time. By M. Guizot, author of History of Oliver Cromwell. Volume III. 8vo. 14s. London: Richard Bentley.

The New Revolution: or, the Napoleonic Policy in Europe. By R. H. Patterson. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

History of the Venetian Republic. Her rise, her greatness, and her Civilization. By W. Carew Hazlitt, of the Inner Temple. Volumes I and II, with Two Maps and other Illustrations. 28s. cloth. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe: from the Iron Period of the Northern Nations to the end of the Seventeenth Century. With Illustrations from Cotemporary Monuments. By John Hewitt, Member of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain. Volume II. (concluding the work). 16s. London: J. H. and James Parker.

Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century. By Lieut. General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust. Volume V. 1795 to 1799. With Maps and Index. London: W. O. Mitchell.

History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By William Massey, M.P. Volume III. London: John W. Parker & Son.

POETRY.

A Spring Morning's Dream with Somnolquence and Excitement. By Joseph Hambleton. 6s. 6d. London: Kent & Co.

Poems. By Linus. Contents: The Priestess of Isis, Titan, The Trench of Tsorsz, Linda, Earnest, Isoline, The Shadow, Minor Poems. 5s 6d. London: E. T. Whitfield.

Shelley, and Other Poems. By J. A. Langford, author of The Lamp of Life, Poems of the Field and Town. Feap. 8vo. 5s. London: Bentley.

FICTION.

Tales of a Tattler. By J. Pearson Irvine, First Class Undergraduate, London University. 5s. London: James Blackwood.

The Story of Burnt Njal: a Translation from the Icelandic of the Njal Saga. With an Introductory Essay. By G. W. Dasent, D.C.L. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Herbert Chauncey: a Man more Sinned Against than Sinning. By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Bart., author of Below the Surface. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Scarsdale: or, Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border, thirty years ago. 3 vols., post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Trevenan Court: a Tale. By E. A. B., author of The Neglected Opportunity, etc., etc. 3s. 6d. London: Masters.

NOVELS.

Lord Fitzwarin. By Scrutator, author of The Master of the Hounds, etc. 3 vols, with illustrations. London: Hurst & Blackett.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors, during an eighteen Years' Residence in the Interior, and on the Coast of Eastern Africa; together with Journeys to Usambara, Ukambani, and Khartum, and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. Louis Krapf, late Missionary in the service of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern and Equatorial Africa. Dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness, the Prince Consort. 8vo. pp. 624. Illustrated with Portrait of the Author, Two Maps, and Twelve Plates, of the Scenery and Costume of Eastern Africa. 21s. London: Trubner & Co.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. By Richard F. Burton, Captain H. M. Indian Army. With Maps, Woodcuts, and Twelve Chromo-xylographic Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman. By Colonel J. P. Hamilton, K.H., author of Travels in the Interior of Columbia. Post 8vo., with Illustrations. London: Longmans.

Salmon Fishing in Canada. By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James E. Alexander, K.C.L.S., F.R.G.S., 14th Regiment. Square Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. London: Longmans.

A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas: with Sporting Adventures in the Vale of Cashmere. Edited by Mountaineer. 8vo. 5s. London: Hurst & Blackett.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with copies from his own Sketches, and of a MS. Page of The Song of the Shirt. London: Edward Moxon & Co.

Wild Sports of India: with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain Henry Shakespear, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. Post 8vo. 10s. cloth. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

An Essay on the Causes of Distant Alternate Periodic Inundations over the low Lands of each Hemisphere, suggesting the means whereby the Earth's Surface is renovated, and the continuous support of the Creatures provided for. To which is subjoined a Table, connecting the two Sister Sciences of Astronomy and Geology, with an Appendix and Notes elucidatory of the author's Theory. By Augustus Bergh. 2s 6d. London: James Ridgway.

The Simplicity of the Creation: a New Theory of the Solar System, Thunderstorms, Waterspouts, the Aurora Borealis, etc., and the Tides in particular, the latter being produced by Pression and not by the Attraction of the Moon. By W. Adolph. 3s 6d. London: Dolman.

The Sources of the Nile: Being a General Survey of the Basin of that River, and of its Head Streams, and the History of Nilotic Discovery. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. 8vo, with 7 Maps. 6s. London: James Madden.

Englishwomen and the Age. By Mrs. Horace Roscoe St. John. London: Kent & Co.

Mr. Briggs and his Doings (Fishing). A Series of Twelve colored Plates, enlarged from the Original Drawings. By John Leech. 10s. 6d. London: Bradbury & Evans.

The Brownrigg Papers. By Douglas Jerrold. Edited by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. Colored Illustration by George Cruikshank. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: John Camden Hotten.

Slavery Doomed: or, the Contest between Free and Slave Labor in the United States. By Frederick Milns Edge. Post 8vo. 6s. cloth. London: Bentley.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FICTION.

Right at Last and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of Mary Barton, My Lady Ludlow, Cranford, etc. 12mo., muslin, 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MEDICAL.

Treatise on the Immediate Cause and Specific Treatment of Pulmonary Phthisis and Tubercular Diseases. By John Francis Churchill, D.M.P., Member of the Imperial Academies of Medicine and Science, Paris. New York: J. Winchester.

On the Diseases, Injuries, and Malformations of the Rectum and Anus: with remarks on Habitual Constipation. From the third and enlarged London edition, with illustrations. 8vo. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

Science a Witness for the Bible. By Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D.D., of Lexington, Va. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History of Harvard University. By Josiah Quincy, LL.D. New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. $5. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Miscellaneous Writings of Macaulay.

Summer Home among the Mountains. By Alfred Wills.

Seven Years in the Great Desert of North America.

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Hunting the White Red Deer.

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The Life of Francis Bacon. Founded on Original Letters and Documents. By Hepworth Dixon. From the author's Advance Proof Sheets.

Final Memoirs and Letters of Thomas Hood. Edited by his Son and Daughter. From the Advance Proof Sheets.

Half-hours of Biography. By Samuel Smiles, author of Self Help. From the author's Manuscript.

The Glaciers of the Alps. Being a Narrative of various Excursions among them, and an Account of Three Years' Observation and Experiments on their Motion, Structure, and General Phenomena. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

The Address of Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., delivered before the State Convention of Sabbath school Teachers at Worcester.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, June 23, 1860.

The Pathfinder: or, The Inland Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

The Life of Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense, The Crisis, Rights of Man, Age of Reason, etc. By the author of the Religion of Science. 12mo. pp. 110. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1860.

Forty Years' Familiar Letters of James W. Alexander, D.D., constituting with the Notes, a Memoir of his Life. Edited by the Surviving correspondent, John Hall, D.D. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 412, 379. New York: C. Scribner. 1860.

The Mount Vernon Papers. By Edward Everett. 12mo. pp. 490. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

The Year of Grace: a History of the Revival in Ireland, A. D. 1859. By the Reverend William Gibson, Professor of Christian Ethics in Queen's College, Belfast, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. With an Introduction by Rev. Baron Stow, D.D. 12mo. pp. 464. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Right at Last and other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of Mary Barton, North and South, My Lady Ludlow, Cranford. 12mo. pp. 305. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Natural History. For the use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, author of Human Physiology, Child's Book of Nature, etc., etc. Illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings. 12mo. pp. 382. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Special Notices.

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(*To be continued.*)

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Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship VIGO, for Liverpool, Saturday, June 23d, will close at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

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—There seems to be a Society in England for the diffusion or suppression of pure literature. We take the following notice from the *Critic* of May 26th, by which it appears that there is a chance for the Society to diffuse a knowledge of pure grammar, as well as of pure literature:

A *conversazione* of the members and friends of the Pure Literature Society was held on Tuesday evening, at Willis's Room, St. James's, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, which was numerously attended, the noble lord being supported by the Hon. Mr. Kinnaird, etc. On the walls of the room, as on former occasions, were suspended a vast number of maps and diagrams, and periodicals, pictures, etc., were exhibited, and contributed greatly to the interest of the proceedings.

—The Duke of Portland, it is expected, will purchase Newstead Abbey, and the Byron estates attached to it.

—*The Southern Field and Fireside* says that Rutledge is is written by Miss Evans, the author of Beulah.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1860.

NOTICE.

If the reader finds the present number of THE SATURDAY PRESS *peculiarly interesting, he will please attribute the fact to the absence from the city of the Editor and 'Quelqu'un' who started on a rural expedition to Philadelphia, last Monday, in order to escape from the Japanese.*

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

Harper.

The July number of Harper's Magazine contains a good variety of Stories, Essays, Poems, and Reviews.

Much useful information is very pleasantly conveyed in the introductory article, by Mr. J. R. Chapin, entitled 'Among the Nail-Makers.' It contains a spirited description of a visit to the village of Boonton in New Jersey, a sketch of the local scenery thereabouts, and a minute account of the mechanical facilities and operations of the 'East Jersey Iron Manufacturing Company.' The article is agreeably illustrated, from drawings by its author.

In the article entitled 'A Plea for a Monster,' that famous beast the sea-serpent turns up again. This time he is in charge of a most excellent nautical showman, Mr. Charles Nordhoff,—who asserts 'with all the gravity such a statement demands' that 'there *is* such an animal as the Sea-Serpent.' It is to be observed respecting this wonderful creature that he seems always to have manifested a modest and retiring disposition, and a considerable fondness for secluded life. He has sometimes emerged from his privacy, however, and the attention of mankind has not then been wanting to his movements. In this 'Plea for a Monster,' Mr. Nordhoff has given—it is needless for us to say how pleasantly and how well—a careful and thorough résumé of facts respecting his appearances, history, and character. Some account of the squid or cuttle-fish,—a festive monster with arms, which has for a long time shared the doubtful reputation of the Sea-Serpent,—concludes this article, which also is finely illustrated.

An Essay on Sentimentalism is furnished by Mr. Henry Giles. It is a thoughtful, well-written paper; and though not particularly 'potent,' is in all respects 'grave and reverend.' Its design is to indicate that 'veracity and reality are the only sources in human life and human character of power and of worth.' We copy the following passage, denunciatory of sentimentalism in literature, because we think good words certainly deserve the acknowledgment of repetition:

"We have not charged our sentimentalism on the French and on French literature, as it is so much the habit of the time to do. We have no want of it in English letters, and in the English language. Richardson, Sterne, and Mackenzie were not unsuccessful cultivators of this mental or moral opium; nor even authors of a later date. Among the greatest satirists of the world we may name Dickens and Bulwer—Dickens, in caricature and humorous ridicule; Bulwer, in burlesque and deliberative irony—yet both of them are often sentimentally mawkish; Dickens in his pathos, and Bulwer in his moralizing. Thackeray avoids the faults of each, and, as a satirist, excels them both. But all these are men of a genuine inspiration, and for such faults as they have compensate us a hundred-fold. There is a menial order of sentimental scribblers, the existence of which is simply an evil—an evil unassociated with any appreciable good. Writers of this order deal either in mental opiates or stimulants; and no drug-shop or dram-shop ever diffused more mortal poison throughout a community. Nay, by the intellectual impotence or intellectual inebriety which they produce, they train their victims for the drug-shop or the dram-shop. Apparently, they are not indecent or immoral; on the contrary, real life has no piety and purity like theirs, or any such miracles of courage or heroism. What actual flesh-and-blood girl was not opaque in her innocency, compared with the transparent simplicity of 'Virginia in the Roseate Bower?' What saint or martyr comes near 'Bernard Bonaventure; or, the Good Man's Temptation and his Triumph?' Then 'Altamont; or, the Knight of the Covered Countenance,' gives us a combination, sublime and superhuman, of chastity, honor, bravery, and mystery. Even the cruelty and villany of these sensation romances, though as red and grim as the banners of a Chinese army, assume to have a tendency of edification and instruction. A virtuous impression is intended to be made by 'The Gory Robber of the Gloomy Glen;' by 'The Fiend Pirate of the Phantom Ship;' and by 'The Apostate Monk of the Haunted Cell.' This order hath two schools—'the dulcet and the diabolical,' 'the namby-pamby and the blood-and-thunder.' You may read the productions of both schools, either in completed works or in the columns of widely-circulated weeklies. These productions, as we have admitted, are not on the face of them indecent or immoral, but the tendency of them is to weaken in youth the functions of thought and conscience; to distort their views of life; to disorder imagination; to hasten unhealthily the season of passion; to loosen all moral as well as conventional restraints: thus, on the feminine side of human existence, to prepare the way for light love, for easy marriage, for intrigues, and for divorce; on the masculine side, for idleness, rashness, ambition, discontent, violence, and crime."

Of Stories there are six in this number of the *Monthly*, besides the conclusion of Thackeray's 'Lovel the Widower,' which is finished in its sixth chapter. "We may hear of Lovel Married some other day," says the author, "but here is an end of Lovel the Widower. *Valete et plaudite*, you good people, who have witnessed the little comedy. Down with the curtain; cover up the boxes; pop out the gas-lights. Ho! cab. Take us home, and let us have some tea, and go to bed. Good-night, my little players. We have been merry together, and we part with soft hearts and somewhat rueful countenances, don't we?"

Of the little stories we have not space to speak in detail. They are their own best recommendation. Without being in anyway remarkable, they are generally well written and interesting.

The poems are rather commonplace in character. We copy the shortest and best of them, by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard:

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

Now, like the Lady of Shalott,
I dwell within an empty room,
And through the day, and through the night,
I sit before an ancient loom.

And like the Lady of Shalott,
I look into a mirror wide,
Where shadows come, and shadows go,
And ply my shuttle as they glide.

Not as she wove the yellow wool,
Ulysses's wife, Penelope;
By day a queen among her maids,
But in the night a woman, she,

Who creeping from her lonely couch,
Unravelled all the slender woof;
Or with a torch she climbed the towers,
To fire the fagots on the roof!

But weaving with a steady hand,
The shadows, whether false or true,
I put aside a doubt which asks,
'Among these phantoms what are you?'

For not with altar, tomb, or urn,
Or long-haired Greek with hollow shield,
Or dark-prowed ship with banks of oars,
Or banquet in the tented field;

Or Norman-knight in armor clad,
Waiting a foe where four roads meet;
Or hawk and hound in bosky dell,
Where dame and page in secret greet;

Or rose and lily, bud and flower,
My web is broidered. Nothing bright
Is woven here: the shadows grow
Still darker in the mirror's light!

And as my web grows darker too,
Accursed seems this empty room;
I know I must forever weave
These phantoms by this hateful loom.

The Atlantic.

The Atlantic this month is a little heavy. We found it quite difficult to wade through the long poem called 'Treasure-Trove,' by Mr. Leonard W. Case, Jr.; and we admit frankly that Mr. Kennedy's 'Legend of Maryland' did not refresh us after the effort. He calls it 'an ower true tale;' and, considering that the six chapters here printed are chiefly statistical, we conclude that it may very properly be so described. In the useful information line, there is an article on 'Meteorology,' by Mr. D. W. Bloodgood, of New York, and another on 'The Regicide Colonels in New England,' by Mr. John G. Palfrey, of Cambridge. The Professor gets along to the eighteenth chapter of his story, which grows interesting as it grows old. The delicate little romance of 'Clarian's Picture,' by Mr. Edward Spencer, is spun out sweetly to a close; and there is a second lively and interesting chapter of tropical adventure, by Mr. E. G. Squier.

The article entitled 'More Words About Shelley,' justifies its title. It is composed entirely of 'Words,' with never an idea of any sort. If it indicates anything, it indicates not merely the entire misappreciation, but the most entire ignorance of its author in regard to the subject which he has undertaken to treat. Mr. William Dowe may congratulate himself on having furnished an admiring public with a most remarkable specimen of pompous platitude. A better thing in the same line could not have been done, even by Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*.

In delightful contrast with this is the essay on the intellectual character of Rufus Choate, by Mr. Horatio Woodman. Its design is to indicate, in general statement, certain of those mental qualities and characteristics which gave Mr. Choate his wonderful power as an advocate in jury-trials. This design is amply fulfilled, with wise judgment and with subtle power of analysis. We may at another time submit certain considerations apropos of this article; but in the meanwhile we must do Mr. Woodman the justice to say that he has here recorded—and in a spirit of truth, honor, and affection—more appreciative and fitting words than have yet been anywhere uttered for Rufus Choate.

The following odd little poem is printed as a reply to one called 'The Poet's Friends,' which appeared in an earlier number of the *Atlantic*:

THE 'CATTLE' TO THE 'POET.'

How do *you* know what the cow may know,
As under the tasselled bough she lies,
When earth is a-beat with the life below,
When the orient mornings redden and glow,
When the silent butterflies come and go,
The dreamy cow with the Juno eyes?

How do *you* know that she may not know
That the meadow all over is lettered 'Love,'
Or hear the mystic syllable low
In the grasses' growth and the waters' flow?
How do *you* know that she may not know
What the robin sings on the twig above?

CHARACTER vs. SENTIMENT IN ART.

It is impossible to define that union of individuality with energy which we name character, yet in life it is instantly and supremely felt. It makes the difference between men by which one is a presence, a power, something not to be dodged or ignored, while another is merely phenomenal and phantasmal.

There is also vital reaction in every creature and thing. The dog, horse, rock, tree, can never become phantasmal as man may be; is never vastated by imitation, but holds its own, asserts itself purely, and by that unmixed purity in every contact with natural objects we are refreshed and reinforced.

The ideal is this vital energy. If a man have strength to taste and extract it, he is at home and happy in the world. The effort is simply to disclose it, to show the naked vigor and sweetness of things.

If he is a half poet, who cannot quite reach the quick in every encounter, he is dissatisfied; he finds no divine quality in the companion, the landscape, the daily work and pleasure of the world; he sighs, he aspires, he is unappreciated. He finds our life coarse and dull. Meat and drink are an offence to him. The 'soul loathes food under such circumstances,' says Mr. Guppy. He sings 'I want to be an angel,' he regrets the golden age, the middle age, any age was better than this prose in which he is involved.

Prose is dulness—is in the proser, never in the age. Of course our evaporating friend with his diet of rose leaves and rainbows, will never allow himself to represent the world as it actually runs and rolls, a ball of mere mud crawled over by vermin, who harrow and aggravate continually the 'finer sensibilities.'

He must eviscerate. He bones every turkey and takes only jelly from the meat. He sublimates every solid fact into gas and moonshine. Anything more substantial than a fairy, a cardinal virtue, a mythologic abstraction, he can nowhere see.

This dainty and 'expansive' gentleman is the artist of the period. The young ladies adore him. Strong men sniff at him. His staple is sentiment. His work is 'Jean Maria Farina double extrait de distillation.' He puts wings on his horses and dogs.

In stern opposition to this emasculate, sophisticated habit, is genuine ideality, which takes hold on the actual, as one should grasp a cup wherein all water of life comes to the lip. In Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' we are invigorated by the rendering of rude and homely traits. We name it hearty treatment, honest, which will not dodge nor embellish. Why should it dodge or embellish, having resource enough in the vital energy which it discloses? Rosa Bonheur has no need to groom her stallion, because she can make him, as old Chaucer says, 'so horsely and so quick of eye.'

The sentimental or suckling poet and artist are not worth powder and shot of criticism. The temper of Art Items who never sneers at him but pats him continually on the head, can be nothing less than angelic. The critic of a didactic turn, who has a 'mission,' is a wolf on the track of this tender lamb.

But among artists of acknowledged ability and influence, we must still distinguish between the men of perception and stern veracity, who will render in simplicity the very exterior and interior of every object without compromise, and those who rely on accessories, on tone, situation, association, and 'the finer feelings of our common nature.'

For example, Crawford's 'Mechanic' in the Pediment of the new Capitol at Washington, is a graceful reclining figure, with open vague expression of countenance, and eyes not fixed but rather diffused in distance. Scheffer gives us a picture of 'Mignon aspiring to Heaven.' This is an American mechanic aspiring also to something remote and vast, altogether unconscious of mundane affairs. Like that of Mr. Guppy, his genius is superior to his situation.

Now the cotton gin, the steam engine, the telegraph, were invented, not discovered by any such random gaze into the 'boundless possibilities of being.' The American mechanic is master of mankind in his sphere by concentration, by directness of regard and purpose, by persistency to a point. His eye is keen and firm, he is altogether compact and practical of habit, is least of all a dreamer, and spends no strength upon mystery. It is one exercise vaguely to aspire, another to apprehend, to fasten, and combine.

This, therefore, is no American mechanic, but Mr. Crawford leaning on a cog-wheel in romantic masquerade.

Something of this same weakness appears in all the work of Crawford. He had the gift of execution, a talent like that of the ready writer. His forms are fluent, graceful, well-animated, but lack distinctive quality, and therefore never satisfy the masculine mind.

See, for example, the 'Beethoven.' In an early design for this work, the great master was represented with hands and eyes uplifted in extreme demonstration, as if the poetic impulse were a warm wind descending on the surface of a man, not the most interior conviction; as if the great thought should fall on his hair and eyeballs, and set him in a public spasm.

But no man more than Beethoven ever hated demonstration, or a feeling shallow enough to express itself in gestures and attitudes. He despised as superficial the tokens of far deeper emotion. "The true artist," said he, angrily, to his too susceptible admirer, "has no tears in him, but fire." Beethoven was lonely, severe, concentrated in moments of power, and would have been wickedly caricatured by this poetic windmill, astonishing the vulgar, and whirling in a celestial breeze.

The present statue is much more moderate in action, but lacks the burdened energy of the original, the look of electric and volcanic fires smothered without a vent. It is in character more like Crawford himself, or Schiller—fluent, graceful, and 'deliver,' with more of 'feeling' than of conviction and command.

For Schiller is another type of sentiment in poetry, as Scheffer in painting. Against these, for contrast in their hold on the genuine quality of objects, we set Goëthe and Delaroche.

The Indian of Crawford is an antique Roman with a feather in his hair. The peasant of Schiller is a rhetorical laborer, full as aforesaid of 'all that adorns and embellishes'; but no more like the actual pipe-and-beer rustic, than Swiss Zerlina is like her representative in an operatic May-day festival, where the Alpine rural districts are represented by silk stockings (and plenty of them), velvet boddices (and nothing too much), twenty-five yards of pink-ribbon, a bunch of flowers, and a flat.

Scheffer rises sometimes to moderate vigor of characterization, as in the Satan of his 'Temptation,' which was the incarnation of Wall street and Washington of commercial Christianity; but in general, his figures are weak in all but situation or action. His 'Mignon' is not a passionate, self-contained, bleeding, and bursting heart; but a large-eyed, mild, lithe girl, who—aspires. His people, like those of Schiller, are neither quite one thing or another in themselves and apart from costume and arrangement; but they all—aspire.

It becomes an immense refreshment to meet in Art a figure which does not aspire; which goes about its business; which has qualities in, not beyond, itself. Such, for example, are the men and women of Goethe, who promise nothing celestial, but have irresistible wish and will for the present hour; who are occupied not with vague longing, but with shaping the world to their purposes, and working to a specific end.

In every Art there are innumerable degrees, as well as kinds, of excellence; and we can only say that the painter or poet inclines to sentiment, or that, as compared with another, he is severe in his study, and will perish in the attempt or render the last qualities of every man and thing.

See, for example, how weak is the ship building of Longfellow beside that of Whittier. One is ship-building in the study, the other in the dock-yard.

'The broad-axe to the knotted oak,
The mallet to the pin.'

But compare with the average representation of Whittier—who is strangely unequal—that of Whitman, and you see instantly which is thought, and which reality:

'The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his fore-plane whistles its wild ascending lisp.'

You may swear to every fact. And only through this energetic grasp on the actual have we any access to the living and companionable quality of things.

The Bohemian in Literature.

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The world of literature appears to my mind to find its best counterpart in the geological construction of this physical world we live in.

Literary histories are like geological treatises.

The Dunciad reads now like an essay upon the fossils of the tertiary era.

Wood's Athenæ is like the dullest catalogue of the extinct species of animal life that have long passed away from the world, to give place to higher forms of animal organization.

The present race of men must in their turn do the same.

It is perhaps not a very consolatory thought for the ambitious writer of to-day, who satisfies himself for want of immediate influence with the hope of future fame, that he shall continue to be considered as a handful of the literary dust which gathers upon the shelves of libraries, serving as the debris of decaying Rome does, to preserve the masterpieces of Art from the violence of barbarians or the curiosity of fools.

But his fate, though perhaps a hard one, is not unusual.

There are as few Bohemians in literature as there are in life.

It is rare to meet a man who, even with the aids of his personal presence, the force of magnetism in his look, his touch, his expression, and his voice, can so impress the fact of his existence upon us, that we are glad to meet him, are sorry to leave him, and accept cheerfully his demands upon us for our interest, our admiration, and our love.

How much rarer then to meet with a man who can fill a written book so full of his living self, that it can even in the remotest way stand before us as the representative of a living man.

But this is the mission of the true Bohemian in Literature, and it is only as a book approaches this ideal that it can take so strong a hold upon the hearts of men, that as new generations grow into the circle of its influence, time adds new vigor to its strength, and it grows fresher by the lapse of years.

There are some such books. The Psalms of David are to-day as true an expression of religious enthusiasm as they were when they were written.

Their contracted nationality, their hate and party-prejudice, are feelings which the world cannot share in to-day; and it would have been better for the Jews if they could never have sympathized with them.

The Song of Solomon is much more largely human in its feeling, and is therefore more Bohemian.

The Koran, the sacred books of India, and all the sacred writings of the religions which tend to contract the human nature of mankind into sectarianism, miss the vital element of Bohemanism, which is as free and unconstrained as the gift of life, as invigorating as the atmosphere, and as generous as the sunshine.

To appeal to the universal instincts of mankind, to recognize no distinction of either Jew or Gentile, to teach a love of justice and mercy toward our fellow-men, and humility before God, is to teach Christianity; and the nearer we approach Christianity, the nearer we approach Bohemianism.

But it is not necessary to point out the true Bohemian in Literature. The world is eager enough to receive him joyfully when he appears.

The human life that breathes through the pages of his book, appeals to the instincts of all mankind, and no amount of commentaries can render his book dull, no attempts to make him the teacher of a sect or the leader of a party, can weaken or lessen the hold he has upon the hearts of mankind.

But such a writer must above all things be sincere, generous, open-hearted, and must be so from the instincts of his nature.

He must speak like a man the thoughts his manly nature give him, and not like a parrot repeat the set phrases that Mrs. Grundy may have taught him.

And he must be free from all malice and uncharitableness.

He must not become that worst of small-minded tyrants, the fanatic, the man of one idea, who like Procrustes, would oblige all men to conform their faith, and regulate their lives by his small measure.

Nor must applause be the object of his life.

Let him leave that for Mrs. Grundy's parrots.

Nor must he become acrid and sour if he gains abuse rather than applause.

The sun is not sulky because the thundercloud obscures him. He does not shine for his own display, nor for his own gain.

Nor is the Bohemian in Literature a satirist, as the word is generally understood. There is no malice in his composition.

He loves humor, fun, and good nature, as nature does.

He is disposed to laugh and enjoy himself, but can be as terrible and mighty when roused, as he is tender, gentle, and just.

The Bohemian in Literature never troubles himself concerning his reward of pence, or praise.

Through nature's generosity he has received, and with the same generosity he gives.

He sings his songs in the open air as the birds do, finding his pleasure in the singing, not in the applause he is to receive; or he sows his words of wisdom broadcast, leaving to a wise nature the task of finding suitable soil for them.

There was a Bohemian who dedicated his work "to the six or seven people in the world who are personally unknown to me, but for whom this book was written, and whom I know it will reach."

It was the fault of the world that its culture was not Bohemian enough to make all men fit to be his readers.

Shall the sun moderate his brightness because it is fashionable in society for young men to have weak eyes?

The Bohemian in Literature is never a scoffer.

He may appear to be an impassive, but he is never an indifferent spectator. The mystery of life and the beauty of things are a constant interest and joy to him.

The stars which only twinkle to most men, sing to his soul the music of the spheres.

He leaves the part of the cynic to the young men who, foolishly ashamed of their youth, wish to impress others with the belief that they have drank the cup of life to the dregs, have lost their illusions, and are not to be any longer deceived.

It is but natural that the father of lies should find all things deceptions; he was present at chaos, and has a disbelief in all changes for the better, and the Bohemian does not envy him that characteristic.

It is not the suspicion of age which the Bohemian in literature wishes to acquire, but the faith and confidence of childhood which he seeks to preserve, so that his years shall be

"Bound each to each by natural piety."

He never, in the presence of the eternity that lies all around us, plays the part of a Mephistopheles in diapers.

The Bohemian in Literature is never dull. He leaves that to the historians, and the commentators of all kinds. From nature they have acquired this monopoly, and the Bohemian never interferes with the laws of nature.

He leaves such persons to build their pyramids of books over the dead and shrivelled body of some unimportant fact, knowing that the world will never think it worth while to tear down the pyramid in order to find the handful of dust inside, but will gladly leave them untouched, to serve as a lasting monument of misdirected labor, wasted time, and well-concealed nothingness.

It is useless to cite instances of the Bohemian's appearance in Literature.

Each of us must select them for ourselves.

In taking the measure, however, of an author's Bohemianism, we must remember that we cannot place too high the ideal we require him to reach, nor forget that it is our own littleness, prejudice, and conventionality, that makes his advent in the world of letters so rare.

D. D.

THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE.*

A semi-detached house is not necessarily a house which is divided against itself.

In fact the motive of this story, if it has a motive, seems to be to show how much better people enjoy life when they dwell together in unity with those, who from living in their semi-detachment, should on every principle of conventional justice and good neighborship, be considered their natural enemies.

It is a thread-bare precept that people are better than they seem; that for half the ills of life we can blame only our own small prejudices and little social pride; that nothing is gained by making the worst of everything; that it is foolish to encourage ourselves in the opinion that life is a grievous burden, and that no one ever suffered such misfortunes as have been our lot; that half our misfortunes are imaginary, and that it is the height of folly to borrow trouble; and yet these thread-bare precepts cannot be repeated too often, and are here made the incidental moral to a pleasant story, which, though it could be told with more skill, yet gives evidence that the author has talent, humor, and observation, which need only cultivation to enable her to write a much more artistic and valuable story, and has the prejudices of an English woman, which age and a wider experience could eradicate, but will probably, as is the nature of English people, deepen.

We have a young married couple, who are deliciously in love, as young married people usually are; an old married couple who are in the same state of mind, as old married people are not always; and who in a still more unusual way have no object in life but to allow their two daughters to be happy in their own way, each with the dear man of her choice; two daughters who proceed to pour their young affections upon two young men, who lavishly reciprocate so generous a proceeding, and so far all 'goes happy as a marriage bell.'

Then we have a man who, because his wife is vulgar and pretentious, because his son is a snob and interlards his conversation with French, because he himself is a Jew, a speculator, and an apocryphal baron, turns out to be a cheat, becomes bankrupt, and is obliged to disappear to the unknown bourne of the Continent (we are glad the author did not say America), whence may such travellers never return.

There is no evolution of character in the book, but it gives promise that when the author shall have evolved her own, she will see and correct this fault; there are four marriages in the book, but no passion evidently, it seems to us, because the author has never had such an experience herself, so that time will undoubtedly remedy this failing; but the story is told with esprit, there is much shrewd observation of character in it, and its pleasant teachings of neighborly feeling, of kindness, and good-natured charity, can bear repetition and not be out of place.

—Old Ballad Literature is to be further enriched by an exhaustive selection from the stories of Sam Pepys' Library at Cambridge, made by Dr. Rimbault, with an introduction containing new and concise particulars respecting ballad-lore, ballad-writers, and ballad printers. At Magdalen College, Cambridge, are preserved the books of the immortal diarist, in the identical cases just as they adorned his study in York Building—the shorter books being made to range with the others by being placed on little blocks of wood, gilt to resemble the binding.

—Mrs. Grotes' Life of the painter, Ary Scheffer, supplies a curious instance of the comparative isolation of two countries so near each other as England and France. It was not until tempted by the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, in 1857, that Scheffer ever ventured across the Channel. He was then delighted and astonished at the specimens of the English school of painters. "I had no conception," was his confession, "how rich the English were." He adds: "There have lived great painters among you—that is unquestionable. I have been in a sort of Paradise of Art for these three weeks past. The power of dealing with color, especially, possessed by the English artists, fills me with admiration. I only wish it could be imparted to myself."

—A translation of Dr. Von Hefele's Life of the Great Cardinal Ximenez, has just been published by Mr. Dolmann, the Catholic publisher in London.

—The new work by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Son, London, will have for its subject the Italian Peninsula.

At the meeting of the Historical Society on Tuesday evening, Mr. George Folsom offered a resolution that no paper of a controversial, religious, or political character be allowed to be read before the Society, and that each speaker be limited to one hour. The resolution, after considerable discussion, was laid on the table.

* The Semi Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

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FRAGMENTS FROM THE TABLE OF AN INTELLECTUAL EPICURE.

BY ALL SOULS.

In the history of nations and races the action of laws can be traced which are not perceptibly developed in any particular age or section; even as great bodies of water yield obedience to solar and lunar attractions which do not appreciably effect small rivers and lakes. You cannot find England in any one Englishman, nor a thorough embodiment of the American principle in any individual American. Chivalry attached itself to no particular person or place, and the principles of Christianity are narrowed and vitiated by giving them a personal and a local origin. When the farmer would run a straight line through his land, he sticks many stakes that he may not mistake his range; so to properly estimate the character of a nation, we must not confine our view too much to any one age or geographical section, but look the whole length of its history and calculate from the extremest points.

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Narrow minds give more credit to the originator than to the systematizer; though the farmer will tell you that it requires more strength and more skill to lay the wall than to pry the stone. The lawgiver is the more royal man, has more affinities and greater range of thought. Every man can work, but good overseers are not so plenty; while the man who can furnish work for so many hands and heads and make it all contribute to a single purpose, is rare indeed. The chief writers of our age are each working out some thought, or are the tool of some principle of greater or lesser importance, but it is only once in a century that a great overseer and underseer comes along and sees to what purpose all these heads and hearts are laboring, and furnishes the general idea or principle after which to arrange and classify the results of all their labors. Among the ancients, Plato bore this relation to his times. Who is the Plato among the moderns?

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It seems a necessity of our nature to limit and distort things. It is the eye that gives the spangled appearance to the star, and that divides the sunlight into beams. All sects and isms are founded on a partial and an exaggerated truth, and were good once and under certain conditions. Calvinism, Methodism, Quakerism, and so forth, are truths pushed out of their due relations,—splinters from the sun, detached and crystallized, and consequently mixed and impure. You cannot get the whole truth in your system or theory; there must be some mixture of a lie. The very condition of its becoming individualized and hostile to other systems and theories, is that it be partial and onesided. Enmity and combativeness are always signs of partial development, and the Religion that shall comprehend all religions, will have nothing hostile and demonstrative in its character, but will be as broad and new as the day, and will need no logic to make it obvious to all healthy eyes.

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Aristotle observes that all great men are melancholy. It is certain that the greatest men are melancholy, as the highest mountains are oftenest enveloped in clouds.

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It is a principle in Art that a mass of subdued color may be balanced by a point of a powerful one, and a long latent line overpowered by a short and conspicuous one. The same is true in life. A single shot will go further, and do more execution, than a handful of lead filings. It is not vague, shadowy, undefined faculty that avails most and brings most to pass, but solid sense, oak-like firmness, and integrity, and positive, affirmative character.

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The Fancy is a kind of underwing of the Imagination,—like, but finer and inferior to it. It can do but little alone; it does not lift a man off his feet and set him spinning through space like a planet, but it gracefully relieves and lightens a man's burden, gives ease and pliability to his movements, and assists the Imagination in its empyrean flights.

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I have observed that the boy in the school learning to write, at first imitates his copy for a few lines, and then turns naturally to imitating himself, and so, in obedience to the law of imitation, which always keeps the man below his model, writes poorer and poorer to the bottom of the page. The lives of some men seem to be fashioned on this principle, and to grow more and more insignificant as they approach their close. After the hope and ardor of Youth had passed, they appear to have had no higher pattern than themselves, and to have made the achievements of one day the copy for the next. If a man would really grow, he must aim at something above himself. True growth is always up-hill, and is indicated by a constant widening of our horizon, and by our position of to-day commanding that of yesterday. It is a good sign when our ideas pinch us, and we are obliged to cast them aside as we do our clothes. A man who—intellectually speaking—never changes his position, who never finds his former beliefs too small for him; who never likes what he once disliked, and dislikes what he once liked; who always feels the same passion for the same authors, and is always giving expression to the same sentiments, is at a dead level, and will never live beyond his present attitude.

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When I write an essay on the Poets, I shall divide them into two classes, viz: those who 'glance from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven,' and those whose 'glance' is confined solely to the earth; that is, those who in speaking of the real produce some illusion of the ideal, and in treating of the ideal give it the form and distinctness of the real; and secondly, those who see no further than the visible, the palpable, and who illustrate and set off one thing by another, heightening the effect and giving scope and vividness to the description, but not quite making the fact float; giving it half wings, like the ostrich, which indeed greatly relieve and assist its movements, yet will not lift it up into the empyrean.

As for instance, when a friend, in describing to me a sunset which he had witnessed the other day, remarked that a strip of cloud which closed up the West within a few degrees of the earth, seemed like a slate-roof upon which the sun was raining liquid gold, that flowed in torrents from the eaves, and flooded all the horizon, his description became poetry of this latter sort,—quality, second best. The fact no longer grovels upon its belly, but stands upright and approaches the dignity of real being; yet it is earthy, limited, hemispherical,—is not suggestive, and does not hint the ideal. It relieves for a moment: it swells the dome suddenly as by magic, and produces a pleasing illusion; but as we gaze a second and a third time, we see that it is the old dome enlarged, and not the infinite heavens, as we had first thought.

But when, on looking from my window upon a sheet of snow that had lately fallen, and that lay so pure and stainless in the fields and upon the housetops, a fleece just shorne, but was soiled and trampled in the streets and upon the sidewalks, he observed that it was thus with all heavenly influences that fall upon the ways and courses of our lives; trod carelessly under foot, and mixed with earth; their purity and sweetness gone in a day,—the fact began to soar and sing, and to draw the mind toward something vastly greater than itself. So in Shakspeare's description of daybreak: 'Night's candles are burnt low, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;' and when Carlyle says our Life Purpose should be a miraculous Gideon's Fleece, spread out at the door of our tent in silent appeal to the Immensities, etc., the mind is satisfied, the circle is complete, and the visible and invisible are wedded like earth and sky.

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Botanists say that thorns are imperfectly-developed buds, which have become indurated, and which a more favorable soil and culture would have converted into luxuriant branches. It is certainly a very significant fact. How many thorns of human nature, hard, sharp, lifeless protuberances, that tear and wound us; narrow prejudices and bristling conceits that repel and disgust, are arrested developments, calcafied tendencies, buds of promise that should have lifted a branch up into the sunny day, with flowers and fruit to delight the heart of man, but now all grown hard and petrified for want of a congenial climate and culture; the tender germ which folded into itself such rich and beautiful possibilities, grown a knot of offense, a thorn to poison and wound; surely a significant fact.

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Carlyle is so concise that his meaning heats his words to a white heat; DeQuincy is sometimes so diffuse that his thought barely warms his ponderous diction. Carlyle's style creaks and groans like a loaded wagon over a rough road; DeQuincy's moves with the swiftness and ordered celerity of a passenger-train on velveted rails. Motion, motion, and occasionally much unoccupied room, is emphatically the characteristic of DeQuincy; labor, labor, like a river wearing its channel, is the prominent feature of Carlyle.

Carlyle's steeds are of the sun, with manes of fire and volcanic strength, but ringboned from the colt, and choked with too tight a harness. DeQuincy's are a cross of the same breed; and the gorgeousness of the trappings, the equestrianship of the driver, and the dust of his glittering chariot-wheels, frequently cause us to overlook the insignificance of the load, and observe only the speed and splendor of the establishment.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

WALT WHITMAN.

Whoever has felt in the past that the originality of American Genius among her poets had never been fully justified, no longer has occasion to think or feel so.

The hitherto unawakened native song has at last burst forth from a large American soul, in just such words as one of her true poets should speak.

All hail then to Walt Whitman, and to this grand result of creative genius, 'Leaves of Grass!'

Nearly two years ago there appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on the 'New World and the New Man.' In it we are told that History fully warrants the expectation of a new form of man for this new continent, that 'a rich life, sure in due time of its rich expression, is forming here.' We have a right to say now that this National Genius, with a purely original body and soul, exists for us in this Poet, Walt Whitman. There is vigor, grandeur, and spiritual beauty in this book. There is life in it, true, noble life. No morbid sentiment, but in every line a pulse throbs to which your own heart responds.

Walt ennobles everything he writes about. He makes all created things connecting links in humanity's chain, and draws us with it to the feet of God. To him there is nothing gross, nothing sensual. He feels that the body and soul are both divine; for the same hand that fashioned them together, never intended one to debase the other.

There are very, very few human beings who can truly comprehend the spirit of these Poems. Most people will read some of the words and toss the book from them with scorn and unjust indignation. They cannot fathom to the deep spiritual significance. They see literally only, and blindly, and therefore condemn the whole, never dreaming of the glorious beauty and purity of the spirit which the words cover. Walt scorns the mock delicacy of men and women, and sets at defiance the usual picked words with which most authors clothe truths which might be offensive to their readers. Truth alone, in her own natural dress, whether speaking of body or soul, does he give you. It need not startle or disgust if you do not pervert it. If our sons and daughters were educated so that they could appreciate this book, we should in the next generation have men and women worthy a broad, free country; we should have true, just men to make our laws and to teach us how to keep them.

The law of sympathy, which Leaves of Grass so magnificently describes, allows no paltry or base object in the world. It gives us a new coloring to every earthly scene, and the light of God's love illumines everything that He has ennobled by creation.

O! this book is a well-spring of delight. Walt Whitman does not attempt to explain the great mystery of life, but he makes that mystery so beautiful with universal sympathy and love, that you are satisfied not to penetrate to it. He is happy in himself, satisfied with himself, and so goes on through the world trying to keep alive this harmony with God, through sympathy and love to man. He teaches us to accept life philosophically, and to feel that if we make the best use of mortality, we are then sure of happy immortality, and if the body, and soul with the body, are not abused, we may be at rest about the future.

There is no hypocrisy here, no accepted dogma or doctrine, but faith in the here of God, as well as the hereafter. You feel in these pages that you grasp hold of a deeply religious nature. He says:

"And I call to mankind, be not curious about God;
For I who am curious about each, am not curious about God,
No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death."

Again:

"I find letters from God dropped in the street,
And every one is signed by God's name;
And I leave them where they are, for I know that others will punctually come forever and ever."

What can be more beautiful than this?

If all others could find letters from God in the street, those who now see in Walt Whitman nothing but beastliness, would be glad to take him by the hand and pray to be forgiven. Nay, more, they would ask to sit at his feet that they might the better learn to read these heaven-dropped messages.

These bold and truthful pages will inevitably form the standard book of poems in the future of America. They will elevate the flesh and the appetite to their rightful position. We shall understand the use of developing our children. There is at times a grandeur wholly unsurpassed in some of the descriptive portions of the book. The language of passion, the full expression, the simplicity, the earnest soul, so big and real, all will thrill and please you. Some of it may surprise, but if you have a whole, sweet nature, none of it can offend you. How he says things is forgotten in what he says. The spirit of everything that America, if not the whole world, holds, dances and leaps before you in rapid succession, and if it is the spirit of poetry you seek, more than the material, here you are fully satisfied. Of course there will be an outcry among the critics; the principle and beauty of this book will be fathomless to them. Many will throw balls of fire at the author, but happily for himself and friends, he is not formed of combustible 'stuff,' and will neither ignite nor get scorched. Let me again repeat to him Wasson's words. He is worthy then, for he is indeed the new poet, if not the 'new man of the new world.' Welcome to great tasks, to great toils, to mighty disciplines, to victories that shall not be too cheaply purchased. To defeats that shall be better than victories, we give the joy of new powers, new work, unprecedented futures.

Rest assured, Leaves of Grass will have many lovers. This new, wild strain, grand and lofty, sweet and harmonious, then again rash and tumultuous at times, leaves you in doubt whether you are reading prose or verse. It is all good, the sudden transition, the obscure connection, the grand sublimity and boldness, but better far the spirit of the writer, so raised beyond everything else, sometimes even beyond himself, grasping at ideas too great for words. God bless him. I know that through 'Leaves of Grass,' Walt Whitman on earth is immortal as well as beyond it.

A WOMAN.

— Lady Eastlake has undertaken to superintend the issue of Mrs. Jameson's volume of the 'Life of Christ and John the Baptist,' which was announced to complete the series of 'Legendary Art.'

SALARIES OF ACTORS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The following is a list of the principal actors at Drury-lane in the season of 1802-3, with the amounts of their various weekly salaries, which we have copied from the most authentic record, and which we subjoin for the sake of comparison. It is to be observed, that it was in this season that John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons retired from Drury-lane; in the next season they went over to Covent-garden, in which theatre J. P. Kemble had purchased shares, Bannister had been appointed manager of Drury-lane, but, as some of our older readers may remember, he was not fortunate in his undertaking. J. Bannister, £25; C. Kemble, £11; Dowton, £12; Pope, £10; Suett, £10; Wroughton, £10; R. Palmer, £10; Wewitzer, £5; Cherry, £6; Collins, £5; Russell, £5; Dwyer, £9; Barrymore, £6; Raymond, £4; Mrs. Glover, £8; Mrs. Mountain, £10; Miss De Camp, £7; Mrs. Sparks, £8; Miss Mellon, £10; Mrs. Powell, £8; Miss Pope, £12; Mrs. Pope, £8. It is to be observed that Mrs. Jordan and Stephen Kemble were both engaged at nightly salaries, the amounts of which do not appear in the treasurer's books with the weekly payments to the other performers engaged for the whole season. Another considerable item is to be added, not properly coming under the head of 'salaries of actors', viz: £50 per week, thus divided between R. B. Sheridan, who was nominally at the head of the establishment, Richard Wilson, who filled the office of treasurer, and Tom Sheridan, who was supposed to act as secretary to his father: all these offices were nearly sinecures: R. B. Sheridan, £30 per week; R. Wilson, £15; Thomas Sheridan, £7. In the next season John P. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, as already stated, transferred their interests and services to Covent-garden, and drew with them from Drury-lane, C. Kemble, Stephen Kemble (who continued to be paid nightly for his performances), and Mrs. Glover. The following are the weekly sums paid to each performer at Covent-garden in 1803-4, also derived from an indisputable source: John P. Kemble, £30 per week; C. Kemble, £12; Cooke, £25; Munden, £14; H. Siddons, £8; Emery, £9; Lewis, £12; J. Johnstone, £10; Knight, £7; Blanchard, £7; Fawcett, £10; Farley, £6; Murray, £7; Simmons, £6; Mrs. Siddons, £25; Mrs. H. Siddons, £12; Mrs. Mattocks, £8; Mrs. Glover, £9; Mrs. Davenport, £7; Mrs. Litchfield, £15; Mrs. Gibbs, £8. At that date, therefore, when the drama, at least at Covent-garden, was prosperous, Kemble, Cooke, Mrs. Siddons, Lewis, &c., were content to act at comparatively moderate weekly salaries, and we then heard nothing of such sums as £100, £70, or £60 per week, which have been paid of late, when managers could hardly keep their doors open.—*Programme.*

— The Florence correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, gives the following description of the author of 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill on the Floss':

Miss Evans would be called 'ugly' by thoughtless persons, but the more discriminating pronounce her intelligent and interesting in appearance. She is a woman of forty (probably), tall in stature, large in build, of fair complexion, golden hair, fine teeth, light eyes, long nose, and the face is altogether long. In the heaviness of jaw and highness of cheek-bones, she greatly resembles a German. The expression of her face is gentle and amiable, while her manner is particularly timid and retiring.

— Mr. Thackeray, whose novel, 'Lovel the Widower,' is concluded in the June number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, with a half promise of being continued ere long, will not immediately commence any new story in that periodical. His 'Lectures on the Four Georges' will next appear there.

— A publication of considerable importance has just been undertaken in New York by Mr. George Ward Nichols, proprietor of the Crayon Gallery, in Broadway. It is similar in design to the well-known *L'Artiste Contemporaine*, of Paris, which, by means of the lithograph, has given the public so many of the beautiful and characteristic works of Meissonier, Decamps, Diaz, Gerome, and others. All the designs published are put upon the stone by the artists themselves. The first number of Mr. Nichols's publication, the *Porte Crayon*, contains drawings by George L. Brown, Eastman Johnson, A. F. Bellows, and George Inness. Being autographs, they have the characteristic touch of the artists, and each impression is essentially an original drawing. Mr. Brown's contribution to the *Porte Crayon* is a fine sunny view of the Bay of Naples, and Eastman Johnson's is his 'Marguerite' at her spinning-wheel.

— A sale of the collection of autographs by M. Lucas de Montigny of Paris, has just produced upward of 26,000f. Those which fetched the highest prices were, among kings and princes, that of the Constable de Bourbon, 120f.; Cardinal de Bourbon, 60f.; Catherine de Medicis, 69f.; a series of her letters, 300f.; Charles V., 90f.; Charles VII., 50f.; several letters of Charles IX. sold separately at 42f. to 95f.; Charles Emanuel of Savoy, 147f.; several letters of the Princess de Condé at from 75f. to 200f.; two letters of Mme. Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., 135f. and 146f.; Francis II., 40f.; a letter of Henri III. relative to the death of the Duke de Guise, 290f.; several of Henri IV., from 87f. to 101f.; several of Louis XIII., from 40f. to 100f.; two of Louis XIV., 143f.; Marie Stuart, 220f.; Marie Antoinette, 100f.; Maria Louisa, 86f.; Duke de Mayenne, 20f. Among historical names may be mentioned —Diana of Poitiers, 155f.; Mme. de Maintenon, 75f.; Cardinal de Mazarin, 42f.; Mme. de Pompadour 40f.; Cardinal de Richelieu, 75f.; Marshall de Travennes, 45f.; Turenne, 66f.; two letters of St. Vincent de Paul, 299f. Among writers and artists of all kinds are Bossuet, 51f.; Philibert Delorme, 50f.; Fénélon, 60f.; Gassende, 67f.; Mme. de Grignon, 60f.; La Fontaine (two), 158f.; Massillon, 40f.; the painter Pruedhon, 201f.; Racine, 141f.; Mlle. de Scudéry, 85f.; Talma, 99f.; and a curious document relative to the funeral of Voltaire, 151f. Among the noted names in the Revolution are Barbaroux, 50f.; Carrier, 90f.; Charlotte Corday, 180f.; Hebert, alias Pere Duchêne, 60f.; Lauzun, the Conventionalist, 100f.; Mlle. Mosnier, 60f.; Mlle. Sombreuil, 140f. The manuscripts of Mirabeau fetched good prices; that of his French Grammar for Sophie was knocked down at 340f.

— As America lays claim to possessing a few original pictures by the Old Masters, the following account from the *Building News*, of the processes such pictures are likely to undergo, is interesting. In the question of a picture's authenticity, it appears that a record of the tyros who have cleaned it, is as important as a proof of what Master painted it.

"Raffaelle's picture of 'St. Michael overcoming Satan' has just been replaced in the Louvre, after having been subjected to a fifth or sixth restoration. It was painted, together with a Holy Family, by order of the Duke of Urbino, for Francis I., to whom it was presented in 1518, the year it was finished. It was painted on panel, and apparently the wood was of an inferior quality, or had not been properly seasoned, for twelve years afterwards Primaticcio was employed 'to wash and clean the varnish' of this and of three other pictures, for which he was paid about $60, according to an entry in the accounts of Royal Buildings: 'Donne la somme de unze livres à Francisque Primadice de Boulogne le peintre, pour avoir vaquer durant le mois d'Octobre, 1530, à laver, nettoyer le vernis à quatre grands tableaux appartenant au roy, de la main de Raphael d'Urbin, à savoir le Saint Michel, la Sainte Marguerite, la Sainte Anne, et le portrait de la reine de Naples.' Primaticcio did something more than clean and wash the varnish, for with that fatal ambition which is the curse of picture-cleaning, he restored or repainted a portion. The left foot is, or rather was, almost entirely his, and some inches longer than Raffaelle's original drawing. After the restoration of Primaticcio came that of a French painter, Guelin, who figures in the accounts, under the date of May 8th, 1685—for 2200 livres, for having restored (retabli) the St. Michael. In 1753 M. Picault transferred the painting from panel to canvas, which soon rotted and had to be replaced by fresh canvas in 1776, under the superintendence of M. Haquin; and in 1800 the second canvas was replaced by fresh, by a son of M. Picault. Evidently the work of relining had been very clumsily done, and each operation was attended by restoration or repainting of the cracked and fissured parts. Girodet was the last employed to paint over Raffaelle's work, and he imitated the blunder of Primaticcio with respect to the left foot. Recently, or rather ten years ago, it was observed that certain portions of the painting peeled off, and that others crumbled to dust. During this period various expedients were employed to replace the scales, but the destruction advanced so rapidly that at last it was determined to attempt a radical cure. The work was entrusted to M. Mortemart, who performed the operation called enlevage, which consists in flaying the back of the picture, until the contour or preparatory drawing-lines of the first artist are reached, leaving of course his colors intact. In this operation five different sorts of mastic were discovered, which had been used to plug the cracks by successive restorers. When the enlevage was completed, as well as the relining, the sophistications, from Primaticcio to Girodet, were removed, and the original work of Raffaelle exposed to view. No retouching or restoration of the surface has been allowed—nothing beyond stopping the cracks—while all traces of previous restorations have been completely removed. The painting exhibits at least the drawing of Raffaelle, and the evidences of decay are more sightly than the clumsy tricks of picture-restorers. M. de Nieuwerkirke deserves great credit, as administrator of the gallery, for his determination to put an end to the restoration system."

The collection of Italian, Spanish, and Dutch pictures, formed by the Rev. Frederic Leicester, was disposed of on Saturday, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. Among the more valuable specimens were the following: 7. An Italian Seaport, by Claude, formerly in the collection of Marie Antoinette, at Malmaison, cabinet size; 146 gs. 9. The Lake, by Wouvermans; 144 gs. 16. The Ferry Boat, by Cuyp, from the collection of Sir Robert Price; the gem of the day's sale; 810 gs. 17. A Landscape, by Hobbema; 185 gs. 19. View on the Hollands Deep, by Ruysdael; 155 gs. 20. The Greengrocer, by W. Mieris; 255 gs. 21. Piazza di San Marco, Venice, by Canaletti, a cabinet picture, from Mr. Cankrien's collection; 350 gs. 25. Henry III., Stadtholder, his Chancellor, and Family, by Gonzales Coques; 380 gs. 26. His own chateau, with portraits of himself, two daughters, and son, with fishermen, by Teniers, from Sir George Warrender's collection; 465 gs. 27. The Ferry Boat, by John and Andries Both; 360 gs. 28. The Virgin, by Murillo; 220 gs. 29. Solitude, by Jacob Ruysdael; 305 gs. The Rev. Mr. Leicester's collection, twenty-nine pictures in all, realized £4565. The Hon. Percy Ashburnham's choice collection followed, and some interesting pictures from private cabinets, from which we select the following specimens: 48. The Enchantress quitting the Infernal Regions, by D. Teniers; 230 gs. 49. A Landscape, with a peasant driving sheep over a wooden bridge, by Jacob Ruysdael; 134 gs. 50. The Seasons, by Guido; 45 gs. 51. A grand Italian Landscape, by John and Andries Both; 300 gs. 54. Head of a child, by Greuze, a cabinet specimen; 106 gs. 66. Hippomenes and Atalanta, by Giorgione, from Mr. Woodburn's collection; 125 gs. 74. The Vision of St. Helena, by Paul Veronese; 270 gs. 75. Carita, by Andrea del Sarto; 500 gs.

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FASHIONS FOR JULY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home Toilet.—Travelling Dress.—Dress Cap.

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[From 'Vanity Fair.']

COPY OF AN ANTIQUE MANUSCRIPT.

(Found in the Vaults of the Times Building.)

BRUTUS GREELEY TO CÆSAR SEWARD.

1854.

1. Now that the contest is over, and you are as usual, the victor,
Permit me to say, gentle sir, I am very much piqued and disgusted;
And coming at once to the point, in the frankness and truth of my nature,
I assure you, my excellent friend, that I'll have you no longer, confound you!
No! nor MARK ANTONY WEED, who's a festive and filthy deceiver.

2. What! have I toiled so long, and lived on a crust in a garret,
Working for you like a dog, and working for one thousand dollars,
Publishing papers and sich, and talking log-cabin and cider,
Doing my best for the Whigs, and howling for you in particular,
And now, when I think of it, now, have I ever received any office?
Ever fed out of the trough wherein you and your fellows have wallowed?
What! have I suffered so much, and been such an excellent fellow,
Done so much good upon earth, all the while in a seedy condition,
And—must I remember it, Sir?—have you ever done ought to reward me?

3. True that I never asked office! True that I did the Irish!
(Heep was an excellent man, an humble and godly disciple!)
True that my virtuous bosom has all along throbbed for the masses!
True that I offered myself as a patriot disinterested,
Faithful, long-suffering, meek, and patient with noble endeavor!
True I pretended to work and never want anything for it!
But I didn't suppose you so green as to think that I meant it in earnest!!!
I didn't imagine you stupid enough to believe in my whining!

4. Do you think I'm a jackass, good sir, do you think I'm an absolute jackass?
Do I wear my white coat in vain, and my very old hat, sir, for nothing?
Is it merely for sport, do you think, that I walk in lugubrious trousers,
Shocking the fashions and things, and all the fine ladies that love me?
Look at my boots, if you please, philanthropical boots of the period!
Think you I'd walk in such boots if I thought they would carry me nowhere?
Think you I'd wear such a hat, were it not to impose on the people,
Or cover this manly figure with garments so very primeval?
Not if I know myself, as I think that I do, BILLY SEWARD:
And if ever you thought that I would, why you've not comprehended your HORACE.
Anyway I assure you at once that I'll have you no longer—confound you!

5. You have been getting on very well; you have figured in State and in Congress;
Your speeches have sometimes been read, and I hear that you've more or less money;
On your brow is the laurel of fame, in your heart is the sunshine of power,
But you never have offered me place; you have made me the tool of your purpose;
Pretending respect for my cant, and refusing to see through my nonsense;
Giving to HOOKS and to WELLS, to WETMORE, to WEED and to RAYMOND,
Ay, and to legions of others, and all most contemptible people,
Office, and riches, and power, and all the nice things that they wanted,
And leaving me out in the cold, sir, to long for the loaves and the fishes!

6. What if you thought me sincere! Are you blind to the use of temptation?
Why not have tested my virtue, if only to prove me a Spartan?
Ah, you were shrewd, BILLY SEWARD, but HORACE is like to remember.
'Virtue its own reward!'—do you think me a drivelling idiot?

7. Well, you have had your day, you have revelled in sunshiny weather;
You have left me to watch and to work, and enjoy my crust and my garret;
But now there's an end of it all. I forgive you, I freely forgive you;
But we sail in the same boat no more, and I caution you look to your rigging,
Have a helmsman who knows how to steer, and a good patent wheel for the purpose,
Lest hereafter you wake some fine day, and find yourself fast in Salt River!
Farewell, BILLY SEWARD, farewell! I am going to travel in Europe;
Going to cool my brain by a bath in Oblivion's waters;
Going in fact to grass—where you will go some day or other;
So forget me as soon as you please,—'tis enough that I'm sure to remember!
Enough that we're quits from this time—enough that my name's

HORACE GREELEY.

[From the Independent, June 21.]

A PANORAMIC PICTURE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Cream-Colored Oxen on the Campagna—Sea-Sickness on the Mediterranean—Sights from a Hotel-Window in Naples—Herculaneum and Pompeii—Out-of-door Life.

NAPLES, April 15th.

We have been here at Naples now three days. This beautiful country—the spoiled, petted child of the earth—has a climate whose chills, when it is not pleasant, are as bitter and unwelcome as the sour temper of a beautiful woman. In short, as you go Southward, cold and sullen weather, when it does come, seems more and more utterly unbearable. We left Rome on the railroad for Civitta Vecchia. All the world was on the way—the stream setting from Holy Week, passing mostly by sea, either Northward to Florence or Southward to Naples. The depot was blocked with carriages; it rained sullenly and without mercy. We did what all the world did, whether in thick soles or thin, got out and paddled through mud and water to the depot,—stood a good hour while hapless couriers pushed and struggled for baggage and tickets in the rush and crush, and found ourselves at last in one carriage of a seemingly interminable train of cars, happy to be at peace. The great Campagna whirled by us, a constant succession of pictures—the trees and fields all in that tender green of new-born buds which Dante and Fra Angelico delight to consider as the color of angel-wings and vestments. Mighty cream-colored oxen, with their grand branching horns, and great dreamy eyes, with lashes long and silky, were lying about in the fresh grass or standing pensively musing. One looks into their deep, dark eyes, as into some mysterious fountain like that of Egeria, shaded with ferns and brushes—and one sees then why the household-divinity, the mother of gods and men, who presided over the cradle of infancy, should have been conceived by old Homer as ox-eyed. The epithet brings to us the true ox-woman—fair and broad-chested, calm and full of domesticity and homely providences, a clover-fed woman whose breath smells of sweet meadow-hay—who chewed cuds of good household thought, silently filling herself up with kindly intents—in whose motherly lap and broad bosom might be counsel and sound wisdom, and an unchanging daylight of calm content;—a woman made for wear, with no fancies, no nervous starts, no megrims or hysterics—but in whose ample sweetness megrims, hysterics, stridulous nerves, and all infirmities of weaker-conditioned natures, might find a dewy repose, such as one gets lying on a hay-rick hearing birds sing in a mellow June-day afternoon. This is the ox-eyed Juno that one sees in Villa Ludovici, with her sublime brow, her great calm eyes, her full, sweet, noble lips, her amplitude of outline—most needful and fit mountain of womanly kindness, truth, firmness, calmness, sympathy, and healthfulness—like these magnificent cream-colored creatures of the Campagna. We much fear that the domestic anecdotes of Juno, as given by her poet, suit as ill with this idea as poetry generally does with reality, and that Jupiter might shrug his shoulders expressively at the contrast. So often is a good animal superior in its morale to the human type most resembling it. The introduction of wider intelligence seems to play the mischief with creation generally.

The woods as we rode by them in some places were starry with flowers—some fields a perfect bed of some kind of lily, of what species we could not tell—a spike of white blossoms with long grassy leaves. Clouds were sailing to and fro in the sky, winding and unwinding, letting streaks of sunlight down into the soft, sea-like plains, and then covering them with soft velvet bands of darkness. Great quantities of shrubbery, all golden with blossoms, contrasted vividly with the green of the leaves; and altogether one found the Campagna quite another thing in mid-April from the brown, sere desolation it seemed two months ago. The last part of the way, the sea dashes up on a wild, ragged, rocky coast, that has a singularly desolate and forlorn aspect. The voices of dead ages seem to be crying out like sea-mews among the cliffs, while we moderns whirl chattering by in modes of conveyance, of which Homer and Cicero in wildest dreams could never have conceived.

Arrived at Civitta Vecchia, the reign of chaos and old night seemed proclaimed. It rained, it was muddy, baggage for up and for down was tumbled indiscriminately together, and there was a rush and push and hurry and screaming—in the midst of all which our provident genius of a courier sent us away in a carriage to the hotel. The Greeks whom a goddess wrapped away in a cloud from a battle-field, could not have gone off more relieved—little as the rattling omnibus resembled a cloud. Up we came through the rain to the Hotel Diomed, where we waited for four or five hours for the work of examining passports, etc., to be over. The passports were all mixed together, some four or five hundred, and the two steamers for Florence and Naples waiting.

At about five o'clock we were on the Messagerie boat *Hermus* a clean, sweet, handsome craft—with nice state rooms, an excellent table, and everything for our comfort except this Mediterranean Sea, which exceeds all waters of the globe, whether salt or fresh, for producing utter discompusure of the system. I have crossed the ocean and the British Channel, where one meets average, fair, honest sea-sickness and discomfort, but the motion of a screw-steamer in the Mediterranean is one of the refinements of torture and discomfort, before which all other marine disagreements must succumb.

It was over like all things else, however, and we find ourselves in beautiful upper rooms of Hotel Crocella, in Naples, overlooking the sea;—the sea smooth and calm, with the peculiar duck's-neck gloss which it bears under these skies, an iridescent gleam mingling blue, green, and purple, with just a thought of tawny gold. Right opposite, like a great changeful opal, lies old voluptuous Caprae, whose quaint romantic outlines are all day bathed in colored mists, of every dream-like soft change of hue. In the foreground, the Castle del' Ovo, a circular building, with yellow and gray lichen walls, the sea dashing in white tongues of foam at its base. To right and left sweeps round the panoramic view of the Bay of Naples. Vesuvius on the left, with all the vineyards and villages, which lie palpitating through the mist, warmed by the treacherous under-fires of his great passionate nature, which warms and nourishes for hundreds of years, and has a drunken frolic only on the hundred and first; for which he expresses due penitence by another century of fruitfulness. A turbulent-tempered, but well-meaning old giant, he probably, with his own private griefs and interior disturbances, and taking one thing with another, the vastness of his nature, and the intensity of his emotions, deserves commendation, on the whole, for the way he reins himself in.

Every night we go out on the balcony to look on his old cloudy face, and what we see is like a bed of great live hickory coals, just unraked, and sparkling and blinking high up in the air. Three years ago, one saw nothing of this, day or night. We went up there and saw two craters, in each of which was a funnel like the chimney of a glass-factory, belching and roaring with a hollow-chested moan like that of an imprisoned lion. Into the smallest crater we descended and walked on the Stygian crust, and saw through gaping cracks the red-hot lava under us, as one might figure the floor of Infernal Regions. Now we are told all is changed—as indeed it is to the outward view. By daylight at this moment one sees the mountain burning and smoking not on the top, but a little more than half way up, as if there were great coal-pits there, and I am told the crater into which we descended three years ago is utterly torn away and destroyed.

Yesterday was one of those all-perfect days which, come they in what clime they will, are among God's best gifts and sweetest expressions of kindness to us. All was glorified—the wide sea, the distant island of Caprae, the old gray Castle del Ovo, the smoke of Vesuvius, the white villages flashing out like gems. Under our windows came some of these fantastic Neapolitan musicians, thrumming away on the guitar about bella and amore and all such sunny-day matters, and we stand over in the balcony and clap our hands and laugh and throw down carlini, whereat he gets more excited and plays faster and sings louder than ever. The Neapolitans remind one of the plantation-negroes of America, a merry, rollicking, ragged, careless set, to whom it is sufficient to lie in the sun and sing: they have such a passion for gay colors and musical sounds, and such a flexibility of motion and sense of the dancing and the singing element in nature. They are all of the faun tribe, as conceived by Hawthorne.

We started at 9 o'clock for Herculaneum and Pompeii. Our drive at first lay along the quay that skirts the sea, with its swarming variety of life and motion. Every moment some new picture passes—now a donkey with great baskets bigger than himself slung on either side, all waving with the green feathery tops of carrots, and a boy behind steering him by the tail, and making unimaginable noises to urge him on—now another donkey loaded with the refuse manure of the streets—now a flock of goats being driven on their winding way to go from house to house to be milked at the door, and thus furnish undeniably an unadulterated article. There were rows of little booths along the shore for the selling fish and other marine commodities, with the names of their owners up over them. On the other hand were booths for fruits or lemonade, arranged like a shrine, with an image of the Madonna and Child wreathed with the golden blossoms which are so plenty at this time of year. It was ten o'clock in the morning, yet we saw everywhere men lying sleepily round in the sun, or sitting in groups, or leaning against walls. One group of large healthy-looking women struck us particularly—seated flat on the dirty pavement, right in the way of passing foot-passengers, they seemed to be enjoying the sunshine; and were gossiping with the most innocent contentment.

All family life in Italy is out of doors—it is all that keeps the breath of life in people—for the family room is absolutely without a window or any means of light or air but the door, and therefore in pleasant weather the good wives proceed with all their family arrangements in the street with most amiable simplicity. Here a woman sits with the tangled head of a child in her lap, hunting for unmentionable game. There an old man is submitting tranquilly to the same operation at the hands of his little daughter, who exhibits no small sense of her own importance in this walk of filial duty. Here a woman with a comb is busy on the subject-head of another woman, while swarms of ragged children tumble and roll contentedly in the dirt at their feet—all chatter with faces brimful of contentment.

Now we see a woman bearing on her head a bundle of Neapolitan clover, with its long heads of rich crimson blossoms, and fragrant leaves; and anon another carries a similar burden of a sort of purple-blossomed vetch, whose graceful tendrils and delicate leaves dance and nod as she moves. Now goes by a meek little donkey, with two great ragged fellows cosily flapping their rags up and down on his back, looking more fit to carry him than he to carry them. These poor little donkeys have such pretty patient faces, and look so innocently resigned to contempt and blows and contumely, that one's heart aches for them. The boys that guide them keep up a constant regular tattoo of blows, varied by ingenious twists of the tail, and in just the same proportions whether the creature goes fast or slow. The donkey accepts the abuse as a matter of course—a part of his daily bread, and never inquires why it was born a donkey, but goes on meekly as before.

Now rushes by a rude, one-horse omnibus—one lean horse dragging a rough heavy cart, with seventeen or eighteen jolly ragged fellows, and a relay of children sprinkled in between. Like the negro-slaves of plantations, these lazzaroni of Naples seem pertinaciously gregarious. You can never get one without a dozen idle appendages. They swarm over every carriage, when the driver will let them, with not the smallest thought either of the ability of the horses to draw them, or the convenience of those who ride. The coachmen generally have some half-a-dozen cronies, to whom they willingly give a chance of a lift. We have seen a ragged urchin asleep on the back of a carriage, where he hung like a worm. Like slaves, they are cruel to animals, not from malice or ferocity, but from sheer idle inconsiderateness. Nobody considers them, why should they consider anybody? They overload and beat horses in the most shocking way. Going up Mount Vesuvius at one time, our carriage was drawn by some fine, valuable livery-stable horses. When the ascent became steep, the blows rained down on these poor creatures—their heaving sides and dropping sweat so troubled us that all the party got out to walk, before the guide could be persuaded to take his weight off the box; and when it came to the last part of the ascent, the wretches actually struck the horses across their hamstrings with long poles, to make them go up the steep.

Any remonstrance on our part about cruelty either to the horses or donkeys, was met with a bland smile and a couragio signora. They could not even form the conception that we had any feeling for the animal, but supposed it to be merely pretence to conceal some personal apprehensions.

About an hour's drive brought us to the village of Portici, which is built over Herculaneum. We alighted and went into a common-looking house, where an old man provided us all with candles, and then opened a door which appeared to go down into a cellar, and we all began to descend.

On our right and left we could see the marks of the pickaxes which had cut the passage down which we were treading, through a bank of solid lava, hard and glassy. Down lower, the damps dripped and oozed along the walls, and the rumble of carriages overhead sounded strangely in contrast to the ghostly darkness and stillness into which we were descending. It was the old theatre of Herculaneum we were coming into—a building as large as the San Carlos, which is said to be the largest in the world. We heard the bats flapping overhead, squeaking and gibbering as the unwonted light disturbed them. We passed through long galleries to the stage, to the green-room—saw here and there traces of vermillion ceiling or partly-effaced fresco—saw the places of the orchestra, and stepped on the moss-grown stage. The very fact that it had once been a place of amusement added to the heavy, ghostly-chill—the sense of death and desolation.

We saw the basis, with inscriptions, from which had been taken the equestrian statues of the Two Balbi, father and son, which we had seen in the museum the day before. Every space thus made must be carefully bricked up again because of the living town above. The first discovery of the town, it is well known, was from the sinking of a well for the convenience of a family above, which well came into this theatre.

Besides the two equestrian statues of Balbus, are several marble ones called the Mother, Wife, and Daughters. The statue called the Mother is a most striking one. It is of an elderly woman of majestic presence, and face impressed with such deep lines of tragic prescience, that one might fancy it the statue of one who foresaw the desolation that was about to entomb her city. Most singular in its force of character and strength of expression is this statue—one of those portraits that so evidently suggest a history that one longs to know the original. This family, distinguished for personal dignity and presence, and holding so high a place in public esteem, reveals itself to us after a silence of centuries. How impressive and awful it must have been to have found them in these subterranean recesses, standing silent, awful! I fancied how that pale, strong, fateful face of the mother of Balbus must have looked when down in these oozy damps the light of the discovering torch first flared upon it. The history of pride, passion, and sorrow, which have written themselves on that strange face, must have had a startling power, looking out in their stony-stillness from the silence of so deep a night, so long and stony an entombment!

Our party was a large one—many of them young and full of spirits, and trod the desolated way with many a gay word and light laugh—yet even the fair young faces and the thoughtless laughs had a ghostly, unnatural look and sound in that depressing stillness. When we emerged to the daylight, one young maiden appeared to view bearing a full-blown rose, which she said she had picked up on the damp floor below.

The blooming child of upper air seemed to us an incredible marvel to emerge from so death-like shades, and we wondered and speculated how it got there. Such doubtless once grew in the gardens of that subterranean city, and lying back in the carriage, and shutting one's eyes, one might have fancied it the ghost of a rose from some of those buried gardens—a rose that should look just like another, but should gradually dissolve and fade from view in upper regions.

We arrived at Pompeii at about twelve o'clock, and went into a little caravanserai to get lunch before entering on our explorations.

In an upper chamber all hung round with French lithographs, we took our lunch. A man with a guitar soon found his way to the balcony, on to which our room opened, and began playing and singing gay airs, the very sound of which seemed to say—Be easy, have a good time, dance and sing while the sun shines.

The character of these Neapolitan airs strongly reminds me of the gayer class of negro-melodies—the same strongly accentuated rhythmical character and sharp expression of time—the same careless abandon of gayety. He sang, and we laughed—he intimated carlini, and we paid them—and then off he went, singing again, until we laughed more and paid more carlini—he improvised sly compliments, and had suggestions of bella and amore, which led to more carlini—but we were too good-natured to demur, and altogether he made a good thing of us, doubtless,—careless, jocular dog that he was, full to his throat with the sunshine of this bright day.

Pompeii is a much more airy and sunny expedition than Herculaneum. It seems to have been buried by drifting ashes, much as our fences in New England are sometimes hid under snow-drifts, and over these drifts grass and flowers have become green and gay. The unexcavated part looks like a green hill or mound, and only about a third of it is excavated. Unlike Herculaneum, the work of disentombment is easy enough. No superincumbent city to be disturbed by mining beneath, and the material to be removed being light, loose ashes, offers scarce any obstacle. More anon.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF EDITORS.—The proprietors of *Our Home*, a water cure, located in Dansville, Livingston county, kept by Dr. Jackson, formerly of Glen Haven, publish through the columns of the *Herald* of that place an invitation to all editors of newspapers throughout the United States who are sick, to become at any time their guests, without charge, for three months, to take a course of treatment for that length of time. It says: "To those of you who are addicted to the use of tobacco, ardent spirits, drug-poisons, tea, coffee, or opium, and would like to be relieved from your dependence on them, we extend this invitation."

THE 'NIAGARA.'

The United States frigate *Niagara*, which is to have the honor of conveying the Embassy to their homes, was taken out of dock a few days since. The damage which she sustained in her late attempted voyage to Panama, was the wearing away of the packing which surrounds the shaft where it passes through the deadwood and sternpost. This has been entirely repaired, and every precaution taken against the recurrence of the accident. It was also found that the ship's bottom needed overhauling and cleaning, much of the copper requiring to be replaced and refastened. The haste with which she was ordered away on the first trip, precluded the possibility of perfecting the arrangements for the accommodation of the Embassy, so that her return—while it changes the entire plans contemplated by the Secretary of the Navy—has been fortunate for all concerned. The defects in the first arrangement of the cabins have been remedied, the rooms for the use of the Ambassadors have been classified, and furnished in a style of oriental splendor, leaving nothing to be desired which the comfort or luxury of the distinguished guests could desire. The *Niagara* is nearly five thousand tons burthen, and has two engines, each of 1,000 horse-power. The perfection of her model renders her the easiest, as well as the swiftest, vessel-of-war afloat upon the ocean. The twelve guns which were originally intended for her armament have been placed on her decks, each of them weighing about fifteen thousand pounds, and capable of projecting a 240-pound shell a distance of four miles. She is ordered to be ready for sea on the 25th of June, and it is expected that she will receive the Japanese on board, and take her departure from this port about the 1st of July. A portion of the baggage of the Embassy is already on board. The *Niagara* carries, on the present voyage, about four hundred men, including officers. She is to proceed by the Cape of Good Hope, stopping probably at St. Paul de Loando, on the Coast of Africa, where the United States Government have a coal depôt, to obtain a supply. She is expected to make the run to Jeddo in about ninety days, including the time occupied in touching at one or two points on the voyage. The following is a list of the officers:

Capt. Wm. W. McKeon, commanding; Lieutenant and Executive Officer, John Guest; Lieuts. J. C. P. Delkrafft, E. E. Potter, D. P. Checorkle, W. T. Spencer, R. L. May; Surgeon, Robert Woodworth; Past Assistant Surgeon, D. B. Conrad; Purser, Thomas R. Ware; Chief Engineer, W. P. Williamson; Boatswain, R. N. Pomeroy; Gunner, R. J. Hill; Carpenter, Henry P. Leslie; First Assistant Engineers, D. D. McComb and Henry A. Ramsey; Second Assistant-Engineer, C. P. Kidd; Third Assistant Engineers, Robert Potts, George W. Fermant, Levi R. Grun, R. H. Grennell, A. H. Fisher; Master's Mates, James L. Plunket, Michael Warner, Thomas W. Lay, Charles D. Cowley, Charles Fennegan, and Charles Hicks; Grael Green, U.S.M.G., commanding the Marine Guard, assisted by Lieut. George Butler, U.S.M.G.—*N. Y. Times.*

VANITIES FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'

C'EST L' AMOUR, L' AMOUR, ETC.

"Tommy," said a young lady in Washington the other day, "is such a love that he must have been born on the banks of the Amoor."

QUERY.

If, at seventeen, the eldest son of Victoria Regina is Prince of Wales, what will he be when Full Groan?

TEN BROECK'S ($60,000) MOTTO.

After Napoleon III.

L'Umpire, cela paie!

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE 'AMERICAN DRAMA.'

Constructive Larceny.

ANTEDILUVIAN.

In view of the antiquity and fossiliferous nature of the new daily called the *World*, '*Vanity Fair*' suggests that its name be altered to 'The World before the flood.'

DEED WORTHY OF RECORD.

We never knew whether Prof. Wise was a liberal man in money matters or not, and we are therefore glad to learn that on a recent aëronautic excursion, he Came Down Handsomely.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

We hear great talk among the dilettanti and connoisseurs of that C note which Musiani raises from his chest. We fail to see anything wonderful in it. We could put our finger upon a certain banker in Wall street who never aspired above the dignity of doing 'Hail Columbia' or 'My Mary Ann,' and yet he has entire ability to raise a pile of C Notes from his chest, at one and the same time.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

The *Herald* says that the Northern politicians see the germ of dissolution in the tendency toward division in the late Convention. Where the Northerners see the Germ, the Southerners only See-Seed!

"WITH NEATNESS AND ('HAPPY) DESPATCH.'"

In Japan there is not the slightest difficulty in hiring even a prince of the blood for a body servant; all you have to do, is to insult him and he will Let himself Out immediately.

DEMOCRATIC DEFINITION OF REPUBLICANISM.

Rant and Rail.

'BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN.'

A negress.

THE HOSPITABLE SHORES SIGHED FOR BY THE JAPANESE.

The Lee-lands.

REPUBLICAN DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

Rail-Birds.

IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

We are authorized to peremptorily deny the report that Honest Old Abe will charge two-shillings apiece to all persons desiring to vote for him in November next.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Two-Shilling Candidate is now in Illinois. Where he will next Take Up his Quarters is unknown.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

Lincoln and Douglas.

SUPEREROGATORY.

A morning paper taking some pains to inform its readers 'How Lincoln Stands at Home,' as if every one did not know that, in the exceeding joyousness of his heart, he Stands Drinks.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR VS. AN HONORABLE AFFAIR.

We wonder how it is that Mr. Joe Jefferson avoids fighting a duel; not an evening passes that he is not Called Out.

MERE INTANGIBLE SPECTRES.

The Police In-spectors.

STANDING JOKE.

Passenger Railway Conductor asking a man to 'take a seat' when there are ten full-grown hoops in the car.

SOCIAL QUERY FOR PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

Got any 'Backer?

ONE FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Pennsylvania, always influenced by its Iron interests, is sure to go for Lincoln, simply because he is the 'Rail Candidate.'

QUOTATION FOR THE READERS OF THE 'DUTCH REPUBLIC.'

'Motley's your only wear.'

A SMALL PIECE OF BUSINESS.

We are pained to observe the small size of the Scales held by the neglected figure on the City Hall Dome. Every one is aware that a much heavier Balance is due to Justice in that locality.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

One reason why the Eastern Embassy take such an interest in the ladies at Washington, is the unfortunate one of their having no females in Japan, all its inhabitants being Japan-*he's*.

THE SPEECH OF THE HEREAFTER.

Now that Mr. Seward has been so cavalierly set out in the cold by the Greeley tribe, at Chicago, no sane speech-maker will ever make use of the well-worn phrase, 'the ingratitude of Republics,' when he has a so much more forcible expression at hand as the 'ingratitude of Republicans.'

A 'TEN' STRIKE.

We must confess that we can't quite see the use of taking a horse to England for the purpose of having him come in Eleventh, as the American horse Umpire did at the late Derby Races. If this sort of thing continues, we fear that Mr. Ten Broeck will become Mr. Dead Broeck very speedily.

EASILY RECOGNIZED.

An Alderman in Disguise.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

Syria seems to be the land of promise for the eccentric ladies in England who in their native land find that the writ of habeas corpus is not a matter for them to be interested in, or who seeking for privacy and retirement find that their offence against society 'is rank.' Lady Hester Stanhope's mode of life, and her reasons for living it, were long a subject of scandal and gossip to society. Lady Ellenborough seems to be assuming the same position. We take the following notice of her from the Syrian correspondence of the *Boston Traveller*.

Possessed of an ample fortune, once the favorite of the Court of St. James, after her fall and divorce the wife of a Russian nobleman, and then of a Greek prince, she established herself in Damascus a few years ago. Here she prevailed upon a noted Bedouin chief to put away his wives and live with her. The two spend their Winters in town and their Summers in the desert, where she visited the old wives of the Sheikh, taking with her many beautiful presents to appease their wrath and jealousy. She has frequently been seen in the desert habited in the one loose robe of the children of the sandy waste, barefooted and bareheaded. In Damascus she wears the long white sheet, which covers her figure, but lives in good English style, still retaining the luxuries of civilized life and a French maid. Her constant attendance upon Protestant worship, when in town, gives travellers frequent opportunities of seeing her; and being a majestic woman in appearance, and still retaining traces of a wondrous beauty, she always excites attention and inquiry. I hear that she has lately had her marriage with the Sheikh legalized by the Cadi of Damascus, and recorded in the British Consulate. Her lord and master—for in this country a husband is most emphatically a 'lord of creation'—possesses nothing either in face or figure to attract a woman of cultivated taste. Small in stature, darker than a mulatto, with small, piercing black eyes, and walking with the swaggering gait of the Bedouin, he disappoints every one who sees him; for one would naturally expect to see something in the appearance of the man which would account for this singular freak of an English lady of rank and fortune in choosing for herself a husband from among the rude sons of the desert. But such expectations are far from being met at sight of this most inferior specimen of the Bedouin race. This interesting couple are now en route for Europe, where the wife hopes to educate and civilize her tawny spouse.

— 'Sir Rohan's Ghost' has been republished in England. *The Leader and Saturday Analyst* thinks favorably of the book, and talks of Miss Prescott, the author, as a man. We take the following extract from the *Leader's* notice:

Whatever may have been the success of this work in America, we do not think its reception by an English public will be less gratifying to the author. For ourselves we feel justified in pronouncing it, notwithstanding certain blemishes and incongruities, as a decided work of genius, and as such we have no doubt that it will speedily achieve for itself a great popularity and extensive circulation.

The Athenæum thinks differently, and says, savagely: 'Sir Rohan's Ghost' is a foolish story, told with incredible efforts after fine writing.

— The City Guard, Capt. Mansfield Lovell, accompanied by Dodworth's Band, had a delightful excursion to Long Branch, over the new railroad that day opened, on the 18th, to celebrate their twenty-seventh anniversary. A fine ride, a beautiful dinner, spiced with speeches, toast, and song; a soldier's reception and entertainment, on their return, by the State Guards, Capt. Johnson; an evening march up Broadway in a blaze of glory and fireworks, were among the events of the day.

INSURANCE.

THE BROOKLYN

Fire Insurance Company.

CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE 16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK. | OFFICE 11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

CITY

Fire Insurance Company,

No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS.

George S. Fox,	Richard F. Carman,
Josiah Macy,	Henry H. Barrow,
William H. Falls,	Hull Clark,
Joseph W. Corlies,	William C. White,
John D. Wright,	John J. Walker,
Peter S. Titus,	Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne,	Thomas W. Pearsall,
Ralph Mead,	William H. Macy,
Richard Field,	Leonardo S. Suarez,
Irad Hawley,	John Penfold.

Samuel Raynor.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.

Frederick Schuchardt,	Jaques Guedin,
Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew,	George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood,	Martin Zabriskie,
William F. Cary, Jr.,	Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins,	Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,	Josiah H. Burton,
David Jones,	R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

THE

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,

(INCORPORATED, 1821.)

Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Elsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Colles,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tighe,	L. S. Suarez,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY

Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Having removed to

50 Wall Street,

Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

INSURANCE.

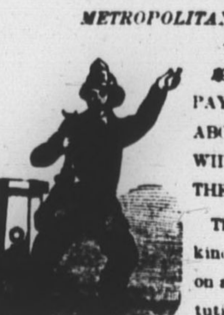
THE FIREMEN'S

Fund Insurance Company

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE

Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,

108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum,	Paschal W. Turney,
Leonard Appleby,	Franklin H. Delano,
Fred. H. Wolcott,	Henry V. Butler,
William K. Strong,	Jos. B. Varnum, Jr.,
Moses Taylor,	Sam'l D. Bradford, Jr.,
James O. Sheldon,	Bowes R. McIlvaine,
Daniel Parish,	Gilbert L. Beekman,
J. Lorimer Graham, Jr.,	John C. Henderson,
Gustavus A. Conover,	Lorrain Freeman,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	Edward Macomber,
Dudley B. Fuller,	Watson E. Case,

Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

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 the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. 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
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

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, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853.
38 " " " "	1848.
39½ " " " "	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 21

This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

COMMONWEALTH

Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,

HAS A

CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,

WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Crane,	Dudley B. Fuller,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd,	R. Burkhalter,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Stuart,	Robert T. Haws,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wilde,
Silas Davis,	William E. Collis,	Rudolph Staudinger,
B. F. Wardwell,	J. P. Robinson,	Wm. B. Nichols,
Henry Camerden, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Oscar Varet.
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall,	

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,

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 time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1859.

Printed at Allen's Office, No. 9 Spruce street, New York.