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#### A SONG FOR THE FUTURE.

The golden age has come To gladden every eye, No more the maddening drum Disturbs the peaceful sky. But harps Æolian breathe their mellow strains, And o'er the smiling earth contentment reigns.

O'er the embattled plain Now waves the yellow corn, With many a sweet refrain The herdsman winds his horn, And Nature's self, no more by war opprest, Draws a long breath of sweet relief and rest.

Nation's join hand in hand, Their flags together wave, And every Christian land Cries ' Hail! the Nations brave! Who lay aside the conquering sword and spear To usher in the world's millennial year.'

Lands which the Pacific laves, Lands 'neath the Eastern sun, Though separate like the waves, Yet like the sea are one, The lion to the lamb, the eagle to the dove.

Each day its triumph brings, Each hour its blessing knows. And not a bird that sings, And not a flower that blows. But seeks to grace with cheerful smile and song, A day which angels love and gods prolong.

Science with beaming eye Surveys our giorious sphere, And through the opening sky, And o'er the ocean drear, Upon the wings of morn outstrips the night.

By Earth's o'erflowing springs, And o'er her teeming plains 'All green with growing things And fresh with frequent rains, The peasant tolls, no more of want afraid, Beneath his purpling vine and fig-tree's shade.

Religion rounds her dome, And Learning builds her hall, Near every hearth and home Where human footsteps fall, While light, descending, visits every soul, And truth, electric, flies from pole to pole.

Thus onward goes the world, Onward, and upward still, While error, downward hurled, Leaves free the human will, And the unfettered soul, sublime and free, Rides o'er the waves of Life's Eternal Sea.

EVERETT VS. FRANKLIN.

Life of Franklin:

to me to prepare a Life of Franklin, as a companion to undertaking is not unfamiliar to my thoughts. Many neous writings. About the same time I delivered Brighter blossoms, and purer air, somewhere far off in No: 'tis life's brief candle burning down. Tears? three lectures on the life and character of Franklin, which attracted the favorable notice of the late Hon. Failure, crowning failure, failure from end to end, This which we call dying is only ceasing to die. N. Bowditch, and led him to urge upon me the prepa- Just one more or less, what matter, to the many no It is but the giving over a game all lose. Fear life, ration of a life of our illustrious countryman. I have grief can mend?

not death.

not death.

Not to know vice is virtue, not fate, however men rave: The hard thing was to live, Will. To whatever bourne taking as you propose, arising from the fact that we have a memoir of a considerable part of the Life of Franklin, from his own pen-one of the most admir To brand it out, though the burning knife should hiss one else to attempt to go over the same ground, would But I have caught the contagion of a world that I never seem to be both unnecessary and presumptuous. But loved,
this memoir of his own life brings the narrative down Pleased myself with approval of those that I never apthis memoir of his own life brings to the was but fifty-one years only to the year 1757, when he was but fifty-one years of age. It consequently stops short of the most important period of his own coreer, and of the political where no fame could be, and fame had been used to be a like Halted States, with which he was so And how shall I look, do you think, Will, when the

[From the Cornhill Magazine for Moumber.]

# Last Mords.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Will, are you sitting and watching there yet! And I know, by a certain skill ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY. That grows out of utter wakefulness, the night must be far spent, Will: For, lying awake so many a night, I have learned at From the crowing cock, and the clanging clock, and the sound of the beating watch. A misty sense of the measureless march of Time, as he you look'd so wan to-night. I thought, as I saw you sitting there, in the sad monot- Where was the fault? Was it strength fell short?

My lids as fast, and lie as still, as though I lay in a When the shaft has least from the string, what time For I thought, 'He will doom I um dreaming, and then Song aim'd her arrowy purpose in me sharp at the heart her may steal away, of the world.

Song aim'd her arrowy purpose in me sharp at the heart her to go for or to prepare the may steal away. And sleep a little: and this will be well.' And truly,

I dream'd, as I lay

Of the world.

Was it the hand that falter'd, unskill'd? or was it the cye that deceived?

Of the world.

Was it the hand that falter'd, unskill'd? or was it the union of two bearts.

Thuk Wide awake, but all as quiet, as though, the last office | However I reason it out, there remains a failure time | in the course of a Continental tour. Who that has | well matched ! They had streak'd me out for the grave, Will, to which I said I would live in all lives that beat, and love in the windrows guide-book translated into English, and they will bear me anon.

Like ghosts that dance in an empty house; and my I would compass every circle, I would compass e By green back-ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time, In the starry spiral of science, and the labyrinth of lose, ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time. in their prime: And I fancied that you and I, Will, were boys again as

At dawn on the hill-top together, at eve in the field by Till the thought of this was growing too wildly sweet to be borne. And I op'd my eyes, and turn'd me round, and there, in the light forlorn, I find you sitting beside me. But the dawn is at hand,

Sleep a little. I shall not die to-night. You may leave me. Go. Eh! is it time for the drink? must you mix it? it does But thanks, old friend, true friend! I would live for your sake, if I could. Ay, there are some good things in life, that fall not away with the rest. And, of all best things upon earth, I hold that a faith-

ful friend is the best. For woman, Will, is a thorny flower: it breaks, and we bleed and smart: While war-like emblems change to those of love, The blossom falls at the fairest, and the thorn runs in-And woman's love is a bitter fruit; and, however he bite it, or sip, There's many a man has lived to curse the taste of that | Or it burn'd with a bitter foretaste of the end as it now fruit on his lip.

> When I clock'd myself in the pride of praise from what Comfort me not. For if aught be worse than failure from over-stress to You saw through the glittering lie of it all, and silent- Of a life's prime purpose, it is to sit down content with whether the perturne purpose, it is to sit down content with whether the perturne purpose, it is to sit down content with whether the perturne purpose, it is to sit down content with the following :

and scorn with praise chang'd place, I, from my sackcloth and sakes, look'd up, and saw Blot out my name, that the spirits of Shakspeare and resulting from that corelessess to rest these Works a Therefore, fair weather be yours, Will, whether it Look not down on the praises of fools with a pity my graphical fasits which some times, invert the sense of the n shines or pours,
shines or pours,
And, if I can slip from out of my grave, my spirit will
And yet, had I only the trick of an aptitude shrewd of portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak
its kind, visit yours.

O woman-eyes that have smiled and smiled, O woman-lips that have kist Pressing out of the dark all round, to bewilder my All the pale spirits of storm, that sail down streams of

Lente currite, lente currite, noctis equi! Linger a little, O Time, and let me be saved ere I die. Alas! 'twas the shadow that rested, 'twas herself that flected, you see, And now I am dying, I know it :- dying, and where is Dancing divinely, perchance, or over her soft harp Using the past to give pathos to the little new song

There can be no space for the ghost of her face down Are but the dust of a broken purpose blowing about in the narrow room, Gentlemen :- I have your letter of the 26th, proposing | And the mole is blind, and the worm is mute, and there | Which presently will be tenantless, when the wanton must be rest in the tomb. that of Washington, lately published by you. Such an And just one failure more or less to a life that seems And the mole builds over my bones in his little winyears ago it was suggested to me by the late Hon. Benja- (Whilst I lie looking upon it, as a bird on the broken It is growing darker and stranger, Will, and colder friend of Franklin, who, as early as 1779, published in She hovers about, ere making wing for a land of love- Dark and cold! Is the lamp gone out? Give me thy lier growth.

the South),

which has been repeated in several places. There And, next to this I hold that man to be but a coward in his heart's hot tears.

continuetions of Dr. Franklin's work. This Yet O! the confident spirit once mine, to dare and to been done by Mr. Sparks, with that conscientions do!

Take the world into my hand, and shape it, and make

it anew: study of Franklin's writings, which leaves nothing Gather all men in my purpose, men in their darkness parily a want of uniformity in the texture of a work, Men in their meanness and misery, made of the dust of the third. A continuation on the same scale of nar- Mould them afresh, and make out of them Man, with it a large volume, not calculated from its size to reach Man, the great heir of Eternity, dragging the conquests

the real magnitude and proportion of inci-which the importance at the time was but These considerations have led me to When the old world passeth away and the new world The v puld embrace the whole of his career in one Triple fool in my folly! purblind and impotent worm, and foolish. A thousand fallures, what are these in parentive, of moderate compass and care. Thinking to move the world, who could not myself. to the autobiography, and alming Chest of a worn-out trick, as one that on ship-board Of the One All-Perfect who, whether man falls in h merican people, and especially the town town town may blow, still doming the con-

delate and wheat of men. Al your people the fronty bubble of 110's brittle purpose of these. We are but depleted in the latest moves!

All my life (looking back on it) shows like the broken | Highly I am in the way to study a long, long allence That winds round a rain'd tower, and never will lead I I will lead I then what I cannot tell: I see what I may Friend, lay your hand in my own, and swear to me, Free while for my soul. Then sleep. There is noth-My body borne out from the door, ere the gram on my I shall him into death. Night alcope. The hourse

Each trace of the struggle that full'd with the life that Standan my mild departure from you dark window Something, though stain'd and defaced, survives, as I To-morrow make ready my grave, Will. To-morrow trust, with the soul.

Leaving my life behind him; and I know that the Something? . . Ay, something comes back to me . . . Think? that I might have been . . . what? Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrangements what I meant to have been,

> And yet (I can speak of it now) Of the moody night-lamp near you, that I could not How my spirit sung like the resonant nerve of a warher first bright banner unfurl'd.

eye that deceived? has not retrieved. all loves that be: Dream'd: for old things and places came dancing about I would crown me lord of all passions; and the passions are passions; are passions; and the passions are passions; are

sions were lords of me. Where violets, faded forever, seem'd blowing as once Only to follow the flying foot of love to his last retreat. have been reasonably supposed that a climax had been basten to carry back that sum, in the hone soon to

> scribe God's all-complete! Arrogant error! whereby I starved like the fool in the Whom the gods destroyed by the gift he craved, turn- Napoleon's tomb. ing all things to gold. Be wise; know what to leave unknown. The flowers | book to which we here call attention, is of so exalted bloom on the brink. But black death lurks at the botton. Help men to en-

joy, not to think, O poet to whom I give place! cull the latest effect, to above, was a catchpenny affair, designed to be down was from two thousand lewis."—Well, that cou leave the cause. Few that dive for the pearl of the deep but are crush'd in the kraken's jaws. While the harp of Arion is heard at eve over the glimmering ocean;

the mest fact of its having been prepared to this sole to be consumed by the flames."—Oh! here is a great misfortune!

"Not so great nor i either, because my wife and my house are

And the nymphs, half asleep on the surface, sail moving his musical car.

And Tetrod

Brasilian youth are initiated into the mysteries of the janeon; i should prefer to be named John-Meal. The meal don't is valuable better than the furfur?" A little knowledge will turn youth grey. And I stood, chill in the sun.

My song had an after-savor of the salt of many tears, But never was any man yet, as I ween, be he whoseev- And the world that had paused to listen awhile, be- tentions of the authors. We quote:

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can. they were almost all composed for nome forth

its kind,
I should have lived longer, I think, more merry of heart and of mind.

Surely I knew (who better?) the innermost secret of each the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.

Bird, and heart, and flower. Failed I to give to them. The life blood out of my heart, why thus forever do Bird, and beast, and flower. Failed I to give to them

With your ghostly sorceries brew'd from the breath of Cleaving the thunder-cloud, with wild hair blowing Still, though the idol be broken, I see at their ancient | All the soft scraphs that float in the light of the crim-The riven altar around, come dancing the selfsame | When Hesper begins to glitter, and the heavy wood-All the white nymphs of the water that dwell 'mid the How many a night 'neath her window have I walk'd And the buskin'd maids for the love of whom the hoary oak trees groan; Only to look at her shadow fleet over the lighted pane. They came to my call in the forest; they crept to my feet from the river;

They softly look'd out of the sky when I sung, and their wings beat with breathless endeavor, The blocks of the broken thunder piling their stormy Over the mouning mountain walls, and over the sob-So many more reproachful faces around my bed! Our readers will regret to learn, from the following Bitter? I dare not be bitter in the few last hours left Voices mouning about me : 'Ah! couldst thou not heed clumsy letter, that it is the intention of Mr. Everett of the Ledger, to write, in the course of the next year, a forgive.

to live.

Needing so much forgiveness. God grant me at least to Peace to the past! it skills not now: these thoughts

Is going, the way is easy now. With flowers and mu-Like a pagan sacrifice, leads us along to this dark High | students of the French language : Priest with the knife. I have been too peevish at mere mischance. For Tapershand, to make some faults. whether we build it, friend,
Of brick or jasper, life's large base dwindles into this well be. If I was know it ! A kind of nothing! Who knows whether 'tie fittest | here is?

best and first,

When all is done, can claim by desert what even so
the last and worst

Of us weak workmen, God from the depth of him insinite mercy giveth.

These bones shall rest in peace, for I know that my
Redeemer liveth.

Redeemer liveth. Doubtful images come and go; and I seems to be pres-Bubbles there be of the mind, which show that the jour authors. They are unusually eccentric in the To the home of waters. Already I feel, in a sect of bestment of this portion of their subject :

Into perfect peace. I attain at last! Life's a lengt. Last our The vanishing point in the picture! I have utter'd lines but him been been been min too.

#### EXOTIC ENGLISH.

for their instruction and edification. Guide- receive this mark of kindness what you will so kind to promise ers in the same idiom, have many a time berules the long hours of a rainy day; and those who visited the tomb of Napoleon, in Paris, has not seen hamened Tom Hood pales before some of the sober | might be the robed, but one work for t seriously comical nonsense than this guide-book to

But the been suppressed; and the purpose of the | who me a nature as to enhance considerably the enjoyment to told the other, and I am married from that I saw thee." be derived from its perusal. The guide-book alluded so much worse !- " Not so much great of He floats in the foam, on the dolphin's back, gliding with gentle motion,

Over the rolling water, under the light of the beaming of the beam exhibited to the youths aforesaid, by Messrs. José da Conversageo, em Portugues e Ingles.'

The book is garnished with an English preface, from which we learn the character of the work and the in-

From this statement we turn to the body of the work, and clip some bits of dialogue :

The tailor do owe to bring soon that of cloth. Have you clean my boots? Have you wexed my shoes?

It must that I may wash my bands, the mouth and my face. Can you do me a coat?

From a stuff what be of season. Have you the paterns?

It is too many. What will you to double the coat? From something of duration. I believe to you that. When do you bring me my coat? The rather that be possible You have me done to expect too.

The dialogue headed, 'For TO ASE SOME NEWS,' contains the following bits : It is true what is told of master Mose ? Then what is sold of him? Two knaves who have attacked him.

The noise run that is by to have given a box on the ear to a of

I did can't to dome rather.

Yes, sir, and too fortunately.

How do is do the child? The following recommendations are addressed to

At those thin curtains the spider spins o'er each dusty An entract on home-riding is given below, verbatim I talk wildly. But this I know, that not even the low growth are the loads?

The section on field-sports seems to have inspired

Justly deeming a constant study of dialogues rather

dry than otherwise, the authors of the Portuguese-English Conversation-book have introduced certain You will burn every book I have written. And so Me del out beats the casement, and no rough-bearded reading-lessons under the form of anecdotes, as well as translations of certain letters from notable characters, obviously with the view to enable the student to per-Dust and ashes, earth's dross, which the mattack may | Nature takes no notice of those that are coming or go- | fect his style by the perusal of some of the standard authors. Among the letters we recommend the fol-

books compiled in the English language, circulars of It is with the most sincere respect that i am perfectly, and

Some of the anecdotes are very fine : A blind did hide five hundred crowns in a corner of their gar-

Fool! that with man's all-imperfect would circum. reached and that no literal translation from one lan- thousand. But the blind having finded the money, was seized guage to another could comprise a greater amount of saw clearer than this that may have two eyes." One eyed was lated against a man which had good eyes that be

may better than him. The party was accepted. "I had gain, over said the one eyed; why i see you two eyes, and you not look me peddled in the streets, and sold for a few coppers to | which are all deads of the rot."-That is indeed very sorry !-"No any one willing to disburse for that purpose. Beyond price of the muttons."—So you are then indemnified?—" Not

language. By the aid of this work, Portuguese and "What name, told him, carry you thither? Boileau; I would wish better to call me Drinkwine." The poet was answered him

Diogenes was meeting him self in a magnificent palace where the gold and the marble were in wery much great. After have Naming you each of the roses; blest by the beauty of Fouseen, and Pedro Carolino, in their 'Novo guia da considering all the beauties, he began to cough, he made two three efforts, and did spit against a Phrygian faces which show him hir palace. "My friend, told him, I have not see a place mo-re dirty where I can to spit."

portion of their work with a catalogue of things they cause the first notes were gay.

That has known what a true friend is, Will, and wish'd that knowledge away.

You were proud of my promise, faithful despite of my fall,

Sad when the world seem'd over sweet, sweet when the world turn'd gall:

Cause the first notes were gay.

Pass'd on its way with a sneer and a smile: 'Has he nothing fresher to say?

This poet's mind was a weedy flower that presently the present it was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian nothing fresher to say?

This poet's mind was a weedy flower that presently the present it was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian nothing fresher to say?

This poet's mind was a weedy flower that presently in the present it was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian nothing fresher to say?

This poet's mind was a weedy flower that presently in the present it was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English, the supposing and devising the present it the way with a sneer and a smile: 'Has he present it was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English, the supposing and devising the present it the way with a sneer and a smile: 'Has he part was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English, the supposing and devising the present it the way with a sneer and a smile: 'Has he part was entering yet to studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English, the supposing and devising the present it the way was a way of the studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English, the supposing and devising the present it the way was a way of the studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English, the supposing and devising the present it that was a way of the studious portuguese and brazilian translated literally from French into English.

That has known despite the fresh in the supposition of the supposit

'To meet any one nose at nose,' and 'Few, few the Behold its 'heroes,' with their backs to earth.

He is armed of foot at up.

A thing is tell, and another thing is make.

To build castles in Espagnish. That which feel one's snotly blow blow one's nose.

Take out the live coals with the hand of the cat. Take the occasion for the hairs. He has the key of the fields. To do a wink to some body. to many go the jar to spring, than at last rest there. He has escape at hand some. The mountain in work put out a mouse.

To come back at their muttons.

We have been informed by booksellers that a very large number of copies of this work have been sold to amateurs of literary curiosities, not only in this country but in England. We are somewhat at a loss to account for the sentiment which inspired the authors to undertake gravely a task for which they must have felt themselves thoroughly incompetent. The insane presumption and conceits which prompted them to instruct their countrymen in a language of which they themselves were utterly ignorant, is an interesting subject for study; and within the reach of any one who

will procure a copy of O Nove Guia da Conversação, em Pertuguez e Ingles, offerecido a' Estudiosa Mocidade Portugueza e Brazileira por José da Fonseca e Pedro Carolino. Paris: Va J.-". Aillaud, Monion e Ca. Livreiros de suas Magestades o Imperador do Brasil e el Rei de Portu-gal, Rua Saint-André-des-Arts, No 67. 1866.

> [From Harper's Monthly for December.] OUT IN THE STORM.

How wet and dreary the streets are ! 'Tis a wild and lonesome night; And the air is full of voices-I shudder with cold and fright.

Ah me, for a little fire! I will creep here under the cart ; Something whispers of patience, But I'm cold—at my very heart. What is it there in the shadow

That wavers and beckons so? Nothing. Dear little Nelly-Dead, years and years ago! Does she know that her poor old father Is dying here in the street-

Cold, and ragged, and hungry, With not a mornel to eat? Sweet girl! I believe she loved me. I remember her voice, her smile.

She is gone! Ah, well, I shall see her, Perhaps, in a little while. I am cold-my heart is freezing. Heart! Why do I babble so?

What Httle I had to be frozen

Was fromen long ago.

There's a light just there, at the baker's, But I cannot crawl, for pain ; Perhaps he would let me in awhile-O God! to be warm again.

How wet and cold the pavement! I could pity my own white hair-Ales! if my heart were younger; But there's nothing but ashes there !

Is it cold in the grave, I wonder-Ugh! the cruel and pitiless storm !-No matter; 'tis all that's left me; Thank God if it's only warm.

Came down from beaven, put on the human form, Lond and long sang and still sing ; ever ready.

[Per the New York Saturday Procs.] TO E. M. A.

A change has come over nature Since you and June were here; The sun has turned to the southward Adown the steps of the year.

The grass is ripe in the meadow, And the mowers swing in rhyme; The grain so green on the hill-side Is in its golden prime.

No more the breath of the clover Is blown on every breeze,--No more the eye of the daisy Is bright on meadow leas.

The bobolink and the swallow, Have left for other clime, -They mind the sun when he beckons, And go with Summer's prime.

The buttercups that shone in the meadow Like rifts of golden snow,-They too have melted and vanished Beneath the Summer's glow.

Still at even-fall, in the upland The vesper sparrow sings, And the brooklet in the pasture Still waves its glassy rings.

And the lake of fog to the southward With surges white as snow, -Still at morn away in the distance I see it ebb and flow.

But a change has come over nature, The youth of the year is gone; A grace from the wood has departed, And a freshness from the dawn. J. BURROUGHS.

[From the 'Household Journal.']

WAR. BY JOSEPH BARBER.

To arms!' No cry that ever shook the air, Rouses like this the tiger in mankind: Drowning Love's pleading voice and Friendship's

Steeling the heart and maddening the mind. War! thou trumpet-tongued and glittering fiend, Cursed be the conquerors of thy laureled train What though their brows with Victory's wreaths are

Behind the chaplet lurks the mark of Cain.

'Tis grand to see the rippling bayonets, And shaking sabres, gilded by the sun, And feel the earth shake as an army sets Ten thousand feet upon its breast as one. Messrs. da Fonseca and Carolino close the practical How gay the standards and how bright the steel! How glad the music of the fife and drum Fate keeps the issue neath her solemn seal. And kindly hides the terrible 'to come.'

> How ends the pageant? See you smoking plain, Shot-plowed and wet with murders recking red But yesterday it waved with golden grain-Behold how War deals with the people's bread! Sires, brothers, sons, a senseless sacrifice, Lie on the soil their hands have cursed with dearth. Glaring with sightless eyeballs at the skies.

Not to be puppets in Ambition's play Battle is righteous only when the sword Nations oppressed against their tyrants draw, And every warfare is by heaven ignored, Save that for life, and liberty, and law!

SLANDER.

BY PRANCES S. OGGOOD. A whisper woke the air-A soft light tone and low, Yet barbed with shame and woe; Now might it only perish there!

Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear Caught up the little meaning sound Another voice has breathed it clear, And so it wander'd round, From ear to lip-from lip to ear-Until it reached a gentle heart, And that—it broke.

It was the only heart it found, The only heart 'twas meant to find, When first its accents woke ;-It reached that tender heart at last, And that - it broke.

Low as it seemed to other cars, It came a thunder-crash to hers,-That fragile girl so fair and gay,-That guileless girl so pure and true!

'Tis said a lovely humming-bird That in a fragrant lily lay, And dreamed the Summer morn away, Was killed by but a gun's report, Some idle boy had fired in sport? The very sound—a death-blow came!

And thus her happy heart, that beat With love and hope, so fast and sweet, (Shrined in its Lily too; For who the maid that knew, But owned the delicate flower-like grace Of her young form and face?) When first that word Her light heart heard, It fluttered like the frightened bird.

Then shut its wings and sighed,

And with a silent shudder—died!

THE GAME OF EUCHRE AND LIFE.

There is a genuine humor in the idea that an Arkansas man finds the most natural expression, even of parting advice to his son, in the language of the card table, and the manner in which the terms of the game of 'Euchre' are there fitted to the game of life is in-Bos, you are about leaving home for strange parts.

You're going to throw me out of the game and go it alone. The odds are against you, Bob, but remember always that industry and perseverance are the winning cards-they are the 'bowers.' Book-larning and all that sort of thing will do to fill up with, like small trumps, but you must have the bowers to back 'em. else they aint worth shucks. If luck runs agin you pretty strong, don't cave in and look like a sick obicken on a rainy day, but hold your head up and make 'em believe your flush of trumps; they won't play so hard agin you. I've lived and travelled around some, Bob and I've found out that as soon as folks thought you held out a weak hand, they'd buck agin you strong So, when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious-be satisfied with a p'int. Many's the hand I've seen enchred 'cause they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; don't let'em 'nig as with the hands. Be temperate : never get drunk, for then, no matter how good your hand, you won't know how to play it : both bowers and the ace won't save you for there's sartin to be a 'miss deal,' or somethin wrong. And another thing, Bob (this was spoken in a low tone), don't go too much on the women; qu worse for you; you might have three and nary one a I don't my discard 'em all ; if you get bold of one that's a trump, it's all good, and there's sarting to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you ; nor elip cards; nor mig; for then you can't look your man

### The Saturdan Press Book-List. For the week ending November 24, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

### AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS. the formation of Rengious Upinions : Addressed espec. illy to young men and women of Christiau education. Kay Palmer, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Al-Fatherhood of Got. By J. P. Thompson, D.D., Pastor of the

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A , and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. F. Caiborne. House. 2 vo's. 12mo. pp. 40t-732. \$3. New York : Harper & Bro-HISTORICAL. Th: Union Text Book : Containing Selections from the Writings

the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Fare- Grandmother's Money. By the author of Wildflower. well A life s. With a copious Index to a 1 the matter contained in the Book, and a Steel Fortrait of Jun el Webster. 1 vol. Woodleigh. Do., do. 1: mo. up. 504. Sl. Phuadelphia : G. G Evans.

Mo .nt Verbon and its A -ociations, Historical, Biographical, and Picturial. By Benson J Lossing, author of Freid Bok of t R volution, History of the United States, etc., etc. New York Phinney, Bakem in & Mason.

The Orderly Book of that portion of the American Army stationed at or near Williamsburg, Va., under the command of General An irew Lewis, from March 18th, 1776, to August 28th, 1776. Print : I from the O igital Manuscript, with Notes and Litrofuction by Charles Campbell, Enq , author of Litro luction to Hi to you the Od Indiana, History of Virginia, etc. . mail 4 pp. 100. \$250. Richmond, Va.

Or ler'y Book of Lieut -Gen. John Burgoyne, from his entry/into O tobe., 1777. From the O ignal Manuscript deposited at F. B () "alla ; han, M.D. Small 4to. pp. 221. \$3 50. /Albany :

POETRY. A Tribute to Kane, and other Poems. By George W. Chapman 2mo. pp. 161. New work : Ruid & Carleton. A F rest Homn By William Cullen Bryant. New Edition. With Illustrations by John A. H. ws. small 4to. pr. 64. cloth, extagit. 8.5). N.w York: W. A. Townsend & Co. The Croakers. By Joseph Rolman Drake, and Firs-Greene Halleck.

First com, to elition 4to. pp. 191. \$10. New York : Bradford Cub. Concord Fight. By S R. Bartlett. Boston : A. Williams & Co. MISCEL' ANEOUS. True Stories of the Days of Washington Large 18mo. pp. 300. Muslin. 75 c-uts. New York : Phinney, Bakeman & Mason.

Railway Property. A Treatise on the Construction and Managemout of Ra Lways. Designed to afford useful Knowledge, in popular style, o the bolders of this class of property, as well as t . Railway Managers, Officers, and Agen's. By John B. Jervis, Civil Engineer, at : Chief Ingineer of the Croton Aqueduct, et 1 v.st. 12mb. Muslin. \$1. New York : Phinney, Bakeman & Hopes and Fears ; or, Scenes from the Life of a F Pages and Pictur & from the Writings of J. Fenimore Cooper. Edit-

ed by Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper. Inustrated with 40 Steel Fing avings, from original designs by lariey, Hamile n, etc., and 130 skatches on Wood. One elegant arown 4w volume bound by Matthews, in new and attractive styles. New York W. A. lownsend & Co. The Mussacres in -yria, a Faithful Account of the Massacres and Otting a suffered by the Christians of Mt Lebanon, during the late cr el persecuti a s in syria ; with a saccinct History of M

hom stantam, and the rise of Maronites, Drug s, Watabies, Yes de s, or levil worshippers, and other s cts, and an Account The Old Man of the Mountain, and his Tribe of Assassins, cop Outly I lustrated. Octavo. pp. 96. New York : Robert M. De-

#### ENGLISH. RELIGIOUS.

God's Unspeakable Gift; or, Views of the Person and Work of Jesus Christ. Ity the author of God is Love, The Comforter H west y Hom ; etc. 64. London : Darton & Co Striptu e Linis, in Coan etion with their History : to which a ided, Ext acts from a Journal kept during an Eastern Tour, in the Years 1-5 -57. By the R. v. G. S. Drew. M. A , author Script ire Studies in the O d Testament and the Prophets. Post office of THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS. 8vo. London : Buith, Elder & Co. Egypt in its Biblical Relations By the Rev. J. Foulkes Jones. Pust Svs. Lonion : Smith, Elder & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL. Lives of the Archbishops of Cunterbury, from the Mission of Au gustine to the Death of Howley. By Walter Farqubar Hook, D.D. Dean of Chichester. Volume I. 8vo. London : R. Ben

The Life of George Fox, the Founder of the Quakers. By the Rev J. S. Watson, M A. 10s 6d. London : Saunders, Otley & Co. The Autobiography of Mrs. Delany, attached to the Court of Her Milesty Queen Char.ote, with her Correspondence with the mus Distinguished Personages of Her Time. Presenting a Picture of the Court of Eng and, and of Litera y and Fashionable Society from an Early Period of the Last Century nearly to its close Edited by the Right Hon. Lady L'anover. Among the Correspondence will be found Letters of Wesley, Dr. Young, author of Night Thoughts, Swift, e c. 3 vols. 8vo. With upwards 14 beautiful Portraits from Original Miniatures and Oil Paintings.

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# NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press. For the week ending Saturday, November 24, 1860. A Tribute to Kane, and Other Poem . By George W. Chapman. 12mo. pp. 161. New York : Rudl & carleton. 186 . ake House By Fanny Lawall. Translated from the German by Nathaulel Greene. 12mo. pp. 304. B stou : Ticknor & Fie.ds.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. 12mo. pp. 442. Boston Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Guesses at Truth By Two Brothers. 12mo. pp. 655. Boston Ticknor & Fleids. 1860. Evan Harrington; or, H: would be a Gentleman. By George Meredith. 12mu. pp. 4.1. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1860 Where there's a Will there's a Way. By Alica B. Havan (Coust Alice .. 1:mo. pp. 218. New York : D. Appleton & Co. author of the Hair of Redciy ffs, Hartsease, etc. 12mo. 2 vos. pp. 876-347. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1861. Massacres in Syria, a Faithful Account of the Massacres U.t. ages suffered by the Chaistians of Mt. Lebauon, during

1.te crite, persecutions in Syria; with a succinct History of hom tanism, and the r so of Marounes, Druz s, Wahabies, Yes de. B. or . evi -worshippe. B. and o.ber sects, and an Account Tou Und Man of the Mountain, and his Tribe of Assaesing, o ous y Il ustrated. Octavo. pp. 96. New York : Robert M.

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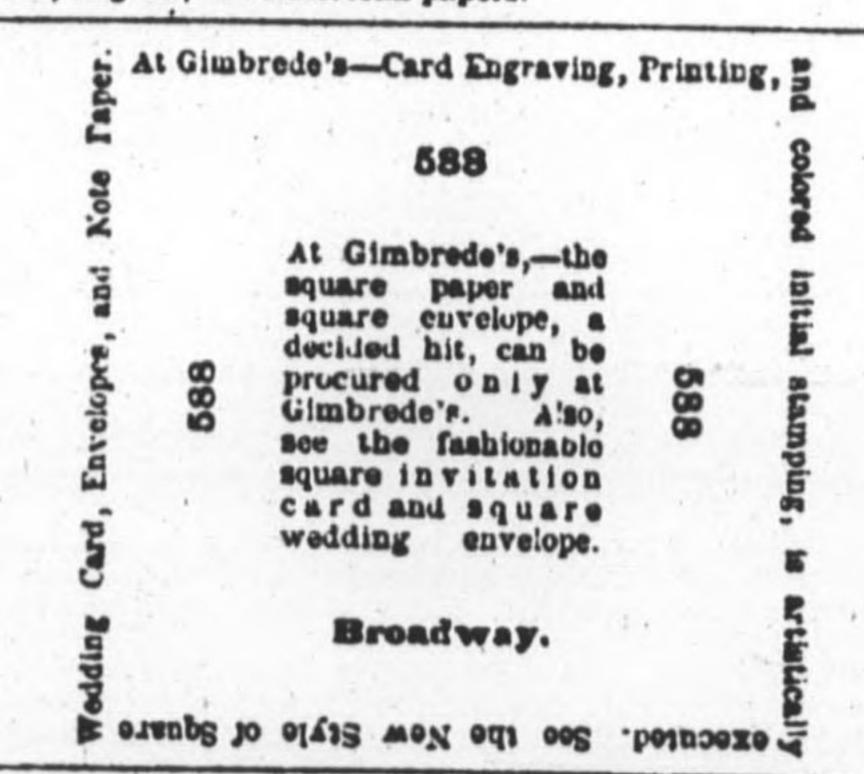
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"The ill fated ship was now one mass of flame from stem ! stern, and it was evident the fire would soon r ach her magazine I was occupied in giving orders for making salt on the Dart, when a terrific explosion was heard, while simultaneously a mass blazing timbers was burried high into the air, and to another moment all that was left of the Funtinima T. inidada was the scatt ed fragments of charren worst which covered the ocean around spot where she so lacely floated! Leaving the deck in charge of Mr. Bowhard, I descended to the cabin to pay my respects to the ladies-the younger one of whom proved to be the Douna Isabelia y Xavier, who, under the escort of her duenna had been to visit her uncle, a rich planter at Rio, and was on her return to Lisbor at the time of our opportune encounter The donna was a most bewitching creature, with a figure whose exquisite proportions a Phidias or Pruxitules migut have envied : her eyes were surge, lously acute. da k, and lustrous; her forebead broad and bigh; and her hair as black and glossy as the raven's wing; her skin was exquisitely smo th and soft, but swarthy as an Egyptian's-indec., I nev. ? like was the melody of voice in which she poured out her gratitude to me for her deliverance .- To be continued.

or purification of the skin from Erysipelas, Salt Rheum Scrotula, Pustuler, Tan, Freckles, Sillowness, Reduces, Sunbury Pimpier, Roughness, &c., nothing can equal GOURAUD'S wonderf Italian Medicated Soap-which is a so exquisite for shaving Law of Wind and Revolving Storms at Sea. With Practical Hints Gour & Cours Suiteles exert a magic influence in e-adicaon Sanitary Measures, required for the European Soldier in India I liustrated by num group Diagrams and Sketches, and a Warranted to color tight for grey hair a beautiful glossy black! Warranted for the Use of Sailo.s. By P. F. H. Baddeley, Sur-Gourage Army. Se. London: Ben & Daidy. cases of Deafnes- where all other remedies have failed. Dr. FELIX GOURAUD'S only depot for the sale of his renowned preparations, is at 47 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway A. S. Jordan, 191 Washington street, Haston; H. Rubinson, Port land ; Green, Worcester ; Callender, Philaselphia, &c.

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From the Ladies' Visitor, New York SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUB seems to be universally welcomed by sekeepers wherever it goes ; it is precisely the ready, reliable, besive substance needed for repairing furniture and household

WISE ADVICE Coventry Patmore, in his new poem, gives the fol-

Wed a dull girl because she's good. To which one might add

The N. Y. Saturday

Lake House. By Fanny Lewald., Translated from the German by Nathaniel Greene. 12mo. pp. 304. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1860

#### HOME BALLADS.

As a poet, Mr. Whittier is one whom we honor. It is therefore with sincere please welcome his characteristic and charming 'Home Ballads,' recently published by Mann. Tick- term of reproach. nor & Fields, of Boston.

and brilliant. In earlier years he seems to beve been have accured for themselves a lasting fame, as soon II- kindly affected toward 'the poor Indian. Hence they have transferred their dulness to one of such poems as 'Mogg Megone' and 'The Bridal of class of books which are so fitly described as works 'ral rule, shall exclude the topic from your columns.' subject at the same time. You observe that I have Pennacook,' in which that rampant and horling ber | which no gentleman's library should be without. barian is idealized and set to music. When however, It may be that they have, though for the peace of the red delusion passed away, he transferredhis affec- posterity we hope that they have not. tions to 'the poor negro.' Hence numerous 'Anti- But whether they have or not is a matter of very views, to any extent. Slavery Poems,' in which 'thoughts that breathe' small importance. have been felicitously married to 'words that burn.' Fame of any kind seems to us a matter of very nevertheless, I have a desire to make a second excep- approach this interesting topic. If my short com. On this theme he is still occasionally eloquets. There small importance. are, in this recent collection, poems which sash and | Certainly posthumous fame should be a matter sparkle with the ardent enthusiasm of the motal reform- | the smallest importance to a living man. er. But in his later years, -which indeed seem to have | For it would seem a truism that life was given us been those that 'bring the philosophic mind'—he has | the purpose of living it. written poems of more genuine inspiration, of higher | Perhaps too the truth that we must live our lives candid reader cannot escape, that the long-missing portant, you are just exactly wrong. To resume: artistic merit, and of larger human interest. In these in the present is more or less self-evident. we recognize a spontaneous and therefore a natural exis certainly entitled to a high place among the very few are timely, that they are suggestive, or amusing, is poets America has yet produced.

those to which all the histories of nations and all the by the touch-stone of immortality than a preacher, a physical aspects of the world can be, at best, buly ac- singer, a banker, or a merchant should be subjected cessories and hints. It is in the marvellous constitu- the same test. tion and interior life of man that the poet's aubliment possibilities of knowledge are garnered up to await his either in speech or in writing, and he does so, to the have said. coming. It was natural, and it was well that Mr. pleasure or profit of those immediately about him, he Whittier should delight in the past, that he should has lived his life well, whether future ages hear of him find congenial and suggestive themes in the rade Amer- or not. ica of long ago. In the mystery of the primeval forest, in the quaint and austere life of the Puritons, in the selves. traditionary lore of New England, in its days of witchcraft and delusion, in its graves and heroisms and st\_ried memories, in its old legends misty and splendid, the spirit of romance that hallows its everlasting hills, haunts its dim woods, sparkles in its waters, and sighs in its sombre pines, there is much to excite and stimu- care of itself. late the poetic mind. This magic Mr. Whittier has felt and obeyed; and thus it happens that he has il- demands upon it for admiration; though it is still too lustrated in poetry,—as Mr. Hawthorne has admirably willing to accord it to the grasping and pretentious. done in prose, - the character of a time and a people passed away. But he has not rested here. In is generally more difficult than to prepare for print all his truest poems we recognise the master any amount of pompous verbosity. spirit of one who in the highest realms of thought and feeling possesses the right of eminest domain. ability and its wonderful wealth of books, the number To the human intellect and the human human, to the of men who can write for Punch, who can condense Ancient, that a good many years ago, not thirty persublime aspirations and conflicts of the one, and a thought into a squib or a satire into a joke, has al- haps, your name was high and honored among those clude the Slavery Question, as a rule, from our columns! to the universal emotions of the other, he has given | ways been extremely few and difficult to find. that just and beautiful interpretation which only And yet shall any one say that the writers for Punch, genius can achieve. Nothing can be finer than many ephemeral though they are, have wasted their lives? of his poems of thought, passion, and sentiment. On the contrary they have done the best work for renunciation? They are at once earnest, true, and tender, vigorous good literature, and what is grander than good literaand splendid as a diamond morning, and stately with ture, for manliness of life, that this nineteenth centhe strong swell of martial music. Of such poems this tury has seen. little book of 'Home Ballads' is not destitute. These constitute its value and its charm, and these commend writers, and of the necessity that men should devote it to the kindly appreciation of all lovers of good | themselves to great and serious works which shall

### THE BURCH CASE.

The Burch case is up again, and all its wretched de- torious warrior. be reproduced at length.

That any pertinent lesson will be drawn from the case is not to be expected.

tastes of the community, and thus sell a few more extra papers. The great fact that when a wife is unfaithful to her

passing remark, will be quietly overlooked. In all such matters, men are indulged with immunity not only from persecution, but from criticism.

To allude to the matter in any way is looked upon as an exhibition of bad taste. It is understood that men are to do as they please.

and no questions asked, while women are to be held to the strictest possible account. Now and then a husband gets found out, but the matter is at once hushed up, and the wife is told by

everybody that all she has to do is to submit, which she generally does and with suprisingly good grace. She can't understand why such a difference should be made between men and women, but that (so we are told) is because she is deficient in intellect.

If she only had the reasoning faculty of man, ab would see the justice of the thing at once. The reasoning faculty is a big thing. The reasoning faculty has decided that if a wife be so much as suspected of infidelity, she shall at once lose her reputation, while a husband may be not only

suspected but convicted of infidelity, and yet stand as well with his fellows as ever. " The reasoning faculty has decided that the infidelit of a wife shall in all cases be published far and wide, and that her character shall forever after be placed or

This wonderful conclusion of the reasoning faculty cannot be stated too often, since it affords the most splendid illustration on record of the subtle power the human brain

The male human brain, however, when it comes treat of woman and her relations, is always mervel-It sees distinctions which perplex the female hume

We mean, of course, the male human brain.

brain (admitting its existence) almost to idiocy." It sees how what is infamy in a woman, is in a mar nothing but gallantry. It sees how that freedom of action which is the glory

of a man, would in a woman be her shame. ed, and the sphere of woman be narrowly circum- manly.

performing the same labor. It sees how man should do all in his power to ex- woman equally with the man. clude woman from industrial pursuits, and then complain of her as a being of limited capacity.

savan, and a learned woman be ridiculed as a blue in the study of the social science of life.

woman has to succumb.

after all it is about right or else it wouldn't babe, of Art. though she sometimes has her doubts.

Reasoning, for example, on simple principles, don't see why an unfaithful wife should make make concludes there may be some reason for this which the large amount by his recent picnic, the 'two orders, 8a- Look to their 'aim or purpose,' if you want to judge can't understand, and so keeps quiet, though her fipl-ings (woman is admitted, we believe, to have feelings) of which he is an officer of the highest degree, united In a are not quite clear on the subject, and if it were proper for the purpose of expressing their sympathy in a prac-(which of course it isn't) she would like to give teles | tion manner.' This they performed after the modern ance to them.

Well, perhaps, after all the world is about right

dulgence of his passions, while woman is restricted, by Mr. G. H. Hicks, B.N.C., S.I.O. of G.S., of first and madness, white and black. under the heaviest penalties, within the narrowest branch (white), and Mr. J. U. B. Smith, R.W. N.G.J.,

conventional limits. record, if only as a convincing proof of the wonderful ed to the Fountain Union Lodge' (dark russet). cleverness and cunning of the male human brain.

#### EPHEMERAL WRITERS.

There is a large class of persons in the community sume of to whom the epithet Ephemeral Writer seems to be a

The writers of dull and ponderous volumes upon all

It would not seem, therefore, that to write for the before the world.

pression of his poetic nature; and judged by these he present, to speak words whose only merit is that they wasting one's talents or squandering one's life. To the true poet, the themes of highest import are There is no more reason why a writer should be tried er side. I will endeavor to do this with as few noisy purpose.

If a man's gift is that of expressing his thought,

In fact the future ages had better be left to them-Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

It is now, here, and to-day, that the literary man has series of observations, not absolutely necessary to a in a work to do that may well engage all his ability. Let him leave to the future its own needs. His fame, either present or posthumous, must take

To speak a true word, to write a condensed article, form the early ring.

In the world of London, with all its literary but have steadily refused.

It tires and disgusts us to hear this talk of ephemeral

worthy of them.

He who amuses and instructs men by his ephemeral |do family-don't start affrighted, this is mere supposiproductions, is better employed than he would be in | tion-and a few get bed-ridden with a loathsome disease. will be so to manage it as to minister to the prurient waste the time of future readers.

## LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA.

husband the whole world is shocked, whereas when a able as serving to popularize and render accessible the Mrs. Jameson's labors in the history of Art are valuinformation which would otherwise require a life-long study to attain.

It is perhaps better that in this American reprint there has been no attempt to reproduce the engravings purpose of the original publication; as a useful hand-book their omission in the reprint should have been perhaps amply compensated for by the introduction of a fu' and accurate index. But at present it seems foolish t expect anything like completeness and perfection of

originality, and it is well for the world that she does!

Her books are more valuable from the fact that they are the results of careful reading and patient observation, than they would be if they were made up of what is called brilliant and imaginative writing.

Though the history of Art is one of the best records of the progress of thought, yet Mrs. Jameson, in comits influence upon the progress and civilization of the modern world. All art, as all action, is merely the result of thought

and serves more as a record than as a motive-power. It is only as men attain to the point which makes put a queer character unto your 'best friends.' trivial affair, not to affect his social standing in any nationality, a cathedral, a steam engine, or a series of revolts. I don't believe your friends ever tried to dance whatever. pictures embodying their religious faith and their ar- 'wheedle' you. tistic culture.

The facts about the origin of the worship of the Madonna, and the dates when the legends about her arose. are worth more in the history of mankind, than any feed at the public trough for the next four years. amount of asthetic or metaphysical discussion as to the peculiar causes from whence they sprang.

In truth, it would not seem rash to say that even in the earliest times the fact that women existed in the world, and were a more or less necessary part of creation, must have appeared evident to any thought ful man whose attention was turned to the consideration of the mystery of life.

It has never been necessary to enforce upon the artis- run away from his home, sike a fugitive slave, to escape from the tic element of our nature the proof that the womanly sand, and all but eaten the old fellow alive. It sees how the sphere of m in should be unlimit part of creation was as divinely mysterious as the

Mor would it perhaps be amiss, even in this age, to

insist upon the fact that women are a necessary half of It sees how a learned man should be praised as a creation, and entitled therefore to some consideration If the practical tendencies of the present should with that. In a word, it sees how with man twice two makes introduce into our daily life the reverence and respect

four, while with woman it makes three, five, or any for the Divinity which stirs within each one of us, a other number which may suit masculine caprice. | glory and a grandeur would characterise this age as for the benefit of the negro, we have no objection. And before this decision of the male human busin, much greater than the culture of the ages which recorded in their pictures the Legends of the Madonna She don't exactly understand it, but she guesses that as the freedom of life is greater than even the freedom

## CHROMATIC PESTIVITIES.

style of practical love and chacity, by getting up 'a way I consoled myself when I read your article. my festival on Nov. 1st, in the Metrop

of second branch of the same order (colored).' Then We repeat that this may be all right, but it is well Mr. Smith was presented with a well-filled purse that the fact should now and then be placed upon (yellow). 'A beautiful bound Bible was then presentunknown lady (blue) then sang several songs. Supper was then announced (dun), and after oysters all went over the fact that Republicanism has no show, its proshome (mauve).

### THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

To the Ancient of the S. P.:

In the last Saturday Press, I find that you 'regret in the anti-Slavery discussion, and, as a general rule, shall exclude Mr. Whittier's career in literature has been peculiar sorts of abstruce and useless subjects imagine that Count Gurowski has lugged in the question our columns. 'tion of Slavery,'-that you 'don't care to mix up in |-is, like number one, an affair of opinion, not to be that 'any way in the anti-Slavery discussion, and as a gene- | disputed about, so I leave it. And I leave the whole

tion to your 'general rule.' years not a sensible word has been written on the is yours, for starting irrelevant ideas. I only desire to for subject, you go on with choice written words of your show that wherever you try to make a point of fact own, thereby offering the intimation, from which the from which conclusions may be drawn, however unimsensible words - a few of them, at least, - are at last | The Slavery discussion commenced a good deal more

Not to push the matter widely, I wish, Ancient, sim- You, Ancient, have an old fame as a prominent antiply to take these words of yours, as arranged in para- Slavery man. graphs, and give a note on each paragraph, from the oth- The anti-Slavery movement has a distinct aim and and unmeaning howls' as circumstances will allow. certainly believe that you afford a capital series of texts for more protracted argument; but I prefer, on the whole, to just look at the precise meaning of what you

Here, then, is your first paragraph: We regret to see that Count Gurowski, in his 'Minor Experi-

ences' of this week, has lugged in the question of Slavery, upon which neither he nor any man in the country, has written a sensible word since the discussion commenced, some thirty years ago. I take it, however, that your rule of exclusion is not rigid, since you accompany its announcement with a

mere declaration of intentions on this point. This is opinion, and I sha'n't touch it, except to say that a good many credulous people believe that the discussion is older than you say; that George Washing-The world has always been too much troubled with ton was in at the beginning with some words more or less sensible; that Thomas Jefferson also got his hand in; and that others, about the same time, helped to

Here is the second paragraph :

We have often been urged to join in the anti-Slavery crusade, This is a delicate business, perhaps; but I do think, who 'crusaded' in the strongest anti-Slavery style. This, too, is rather a universal belief among those who know you. How is it? Tell us. And if so, why the

Paragraph number three is as follows:

We are opposed to slavery of every kind—as the readers of the see how curiously he dodges the whole issue. SATURDAY PRESS are well aware—but we are even more opposed to what is stup dly called anti-Slavery, for the simple reason that it has no distinct aim or purpose, and consists of nothing but a series of noisy and unmeaning how.s.

So anti-Slavery has 'no distinct aim or purpose.' suppose this is a general way of stating the old propo-It is an old saying that he who makes two blades of sition that the Republicans, or anti-Slavery people-I grass grow where one did before, is greater than a vic- speak of them as identical, for the occasion, only because you do-have no definite plan for Slavery abolition, and tails - especially those of a lastivious character-will The same distinction holds in all the business of consequently are without object. Let me be for a moment figurative : Suppose you have a large and well-tomeans nothing, since whoever would disfranchise the

But you see a way to check the spread of the distem- him if he had a chance, since by disfranchising him he per. You set about it, with much labor, and at the already denies his manhood, and thus does all he can, risk of breaking up your household,—the infected at the North, towards sustaining the grounds upon among whom cherish a delusion that their leprosy is which he is enslaved at the South. the only perfect state of being. Very well. Is that a distinct aim or purpose? And candidly, as far it goes, is not this a fair illustration? And does it not go far enough to exhibit a 'distinct aim or

The fourth paragraph, in turn :

No better test of it in this State (where it is in a majority of simply absurd as applied to the SATURDAY PRESS, which over 40,000) can be found than in the fact that it has just refused to the negro the right of suffrage. And yet some of our best has erred, if at all, in the opposite direction. friends tried to whee He us into voting for Abe Lincoln, and taking an active part in the canvars.

Admitting this, what of it? Say that a negro is not that matter to authorize his bondage, to justify hunt-As a writer on Art Mrs. Jameson lays no claim to ing him with dogs, and branding him with hot irons, the place proves, and as, in fact, nobody doubts. the beautiful system of the South,-and selling his children? Say, now. And moreover, as the principal the discussion some thirty years ago. 'aim' of the Republican party, at which I have hinted above, is a very different thing from giving 'negro suffrage,' I don't see the force of your 'test.' How can you 'test' the fact that a party is destitute of one purlarge (so large, in fact, that an institution has just been pose by showing that it has failed to accomplish anomon with most writers upon the subject, exaggerates ther, of very limited account, and no way specially relevant to the opposition of Slavery at the South? And what do you mean by saying your 'best friends tried to wheedle you into voting for Abe Lincoln?' Don't you see that by impugning their political honesty you nothing about a disease which had attacked some pea par with that of a common prostitute,—while the action possible, that they can leave the record of their is a wheedler? I suppose it is one who dishonestly tries howling about it, and meanwhile denied to the same infidelity of a husband shall be considered as a very advance, whether such record be the reformation, a new to persuade you to do that at which your conscience class of people in their own midst all medical atten-

Then comes paragraph number five : Our uniform reply was that the question of Slavery was not up for consideration, but that the only question which the peop' were about deciding, was which of two herds of swine should

The best answer to this, is to point to the present trepidation of the advocates and supporters of Slavery. had tried to wheedle us into joining what is called the If it is not concerned, if it was not up for consideral anti-Slavery movement, we used wheedle in the diction,' and if the matter in dispute is so trivial as you | tionary sense of 'entice' or 'cajole,'-just as we might say, why these horrid 'noisy and unmeaning howls,' have said, with equal truth, that some of our best to take one of your own phrases? friends had been trying to wheedle us into adopting

And number six : Abe Lincoln himself has found this out now, and has just had to PRESS.

To this I can only say that I know, as well as every-In the fact that mankind have always been divided body else, Abe Lincoln has not run away from his It sees how woman should be paid less than man for into men and women, is to be found the origin of the home, either like a fugitive slave, or in any other way. worship, which, in all imaginative eras, deified the And that the Republican swine, if you fancy to call them so, have not flocked into Springfield by the thousand, or even by the hundred.

Paragraph number seven, brief but significant, says It will be as much as ever if he survives to be inaugurated.

As this depends on its predecessor, it of course falls Now, number eight : If other people choose to be humbugged with the idea that the

Ancient, I never heard in my life that the Republican organization was instituted ' for the benefit of the negro.' You know perfectly well, that its honest object is the benefit of this nation, at least for the free States thereof. The negro is a secondary consideration, From our contemporary, The Angle-African, we politically, if not humanly. It is useless to talk about stir in the world, when unfaithful husbands and as learn that Mr. J. U. B. Smith,—the name seems to have the schemes and trades of the small leaders. They are plenty as blackberries; but, on second thought, the a certain sound of familiarity,—'having lost quite a not the party. The millions who vote are the party.

> In number nine, you say : A little humbug is sometimes good for the soul. Now, Ancient, I think so too; and that is the only

But for ourselves, we know better.

And as to number ten :

and that the chief difference between the two codes is tan rooms, Prince street.' The occasion seems to have surely than yourself the difference between right and such as that man is allowed the almost unbridled in- been a most successful one. 'Addresses were delivered wrying, truth and lies, beauty and deformity, reason

It has merely used the negro as a stepping-stone to power, and is now ready to kick him aside, and let him go to the devil.

Well, Ancient, if you think the Republican party has got safely over, beyond the aid of stepping-stones, how do you excuse your friends for their exultation pects being now hampered beyond extrication by the opposition of the two great coordinate branches of Gov-

Number twelve -

Perhaps, Ancient, this means that you are willing to done nothing but follow very closely, and with very have your own say, on the side you at present lean to, cautious limit, your own expressions. Certainly there but don't care to have others intrude their opposite is room enough to go away outside; but I prefer to keep close. The reason is, I want to show, if possible, Of course you can do as you please about this; but | with what unusual carelessness and recklessness you ments upon your paragraphs are not always specially The reason is, that, after declaring that for thirty relevant to the broad anti-Slavery argument, the fault

than thirty years ago.

The present Southern commotion shows that the only question is not which of two herds of swine, etc.

Abe Lincoln hasn't run away from home. No sort of swine have flocked into Springfield by the

Lincoln has never been in danger of being eaten ulive, or any other way. No Republican claims that his party-organization is instituted for the benefit of the negro.

The party, not having got over its troubles, is not ready to 'kick aside' any stepping-stone, allowing that there are stepping-stones such as you allege. You will understand, Ancient, that my own notion is, that if the 'sensible words' on the 'question of Slavery had not appeared before your article, the deficiency was assuredly not supplied thereby. And moreover, much as I regard your acuteness and cleverness, and good sense, I don't believe it's in you ever to say a 'sensible word' on the pro-Slavery side of the

And that's all there is about it. E. H. H.

How completely the last paragraph in the above communication justifies us in the determination to ex-For here is a really clever young man whom the subject immediately paralyzes, whereas whenever he is et loose upon any other, he invariably says something

bright and to the point. Just throw your eye over the youth's article, and

Our only important point was that we declined, as a general thing, to print anti-Slavery articles, because what is called anti-Slavery has no distinct aim or purpose, but consists of nothing but a series of noisy and

unmeaning howls. We proved this position conclusively (so far as this State as is concerned) by showing that the self-styled anti-Slavery party feels so little interest in bettering the condition of the negro that it has just refused to him even the poor right of suffrage. The retort that this is no reason for enslaving him

-- -- -- -- -- -- cviucnesy go w seep further and enslave

The other matters touched upon by our youthful correspondent are of little import. The intimation that we are willing to have our own say on the side we at present lean to, but don't care to have others intrude their opposite views to any extent, is a very natural one coming from a Republican, but is

It seems that we were mistaken as to the exact number of political swine who have recently visited Springdetails in the arrangement of books published in this equal to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is driven old Abe out of the town, but the spirit of our statement was nevertheless true, as every letter from

> When we spoke of the anti-Slavery discussion as of modern date, we alluded, of course, to the revival of The allusion to our former opinions has no weight with us, since the class of men who proverbially never change their opinions is one which, though still very

established for their detention and instruction), we are not particularly anxious to be identified with. The medical illustration of our young friend would have been more to the point if it had compared the Republican party to a clique of doctors who, knowing

The fact that the South is alarmed by the action of the Republican party proves no more in its favor, as an anti-Slavery party, than would be proved in favor of a set of quacks, by the fact that their presence had produced a panic in the hospitals. Finally, when we said that some of our best friends

the system of puffery, in order to save the SATURDAY PISCATAQUA RIVER.-1860. BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Thou singest by the gleaming isles.

By woods and fields of corn,

Thou singest, and the heaven smiles Upon my birthday morn. But I within a city, I, So full of vague unrest. Would almost give my life to lie

An hour upon thy breast.

To rest upon the oars.

To let the wherry listless g And, wrapt in dreamy joy. Dip. and surge idly to and fro. Like the red harbor-buoy To sit in happy indolence,

And catch the heavy earthy scents That blow from Summer shores To see the rounded sun go down. And with its parting fires Light up the windows of the town.

And burn the tapering spires! And then to hear the muffled tolls From steeples slim and white. And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,

The Beacon's orange light. O River! flowing to the main Through woods and fields of corp. Hear thou my longing and my pain This sunny birthday morn!

And take this song which sorrow shapes To music like thine own, And sing it to the cliffs and capes And crags where I am known

#### READING FOR THE YOUNG.

Whatever may be the apparent physiological absurdity of the statement, yet we have it upon no less authority than the philosophic Wordsworth that the child is father to the man.

In an educational sense we will however accept this statement, since we find that children in the matter of | the whole course." self-instruction are much wiser than their natural

Imagine the dreadful moral condition the next generation would display, if it should not in its early days What was the color of Hegel's eyes and the shape of overcome the evil influences of the moral tales written his head? for its special improvement, by a pretty free indulgence in its childish fancies, if not in such stories as the child- that I had tried to learn his system, and had attended ish mind instinctively loves.

Perhaps many of our readers can remember with the color of his eyes or the shape of his head. what pleasure the turned from the Sunday-school | She looked down rather contemptuously upon me. story of the pious boy who did not beat his sister, and I became somewhat excited, and explained that as I who was consequently rewarded with a piece of cake, was a disciple of Hegel's I had followed the teachings an approving conscience, and his aunt's commendation, of my master, who in his great work Phænomenologie to the story of Prince Nosey, the history of Crusoe, des Geistes (Phenomenology of the Soul), a metaphysithe prowess of the Scottish Chiefs, or, if the moral | cal and not a spiritual work, slurs at and despises physdose had been long continued, to the horrors of the lognomy and phrenology. Pirate's Own Book, or the terrors of Tales of Magic.

It is a matter of wonder that those persons who pre- as authorities in favor of the faith, and could not be sume to write for the young should not consider the made to believe that physiological deductions from fafact that children are children, as of some importance. | cial angles, as well as those made from phrenology, It is Mr. Samivel Weller who insisted that postboys | craniology, etc., are not accepted either by physiologists

never grew old. We would be more inclined to accept or psychologists, or that these cheap displays of sham his theory if we could justify such an exception in na- knowledge are not recognized by science or admitted ture's regular laws by the compensating belief that the as authorities into her sanctuaries. Also that craniomwriters of instructive and moral tales for youth had etry is in the same category, since small shot is a poor 1. Q e3-f4 never been young.

such dreadful and dreary persons have been during that period of their lives.

It is a pity that their career could not have met | Harvard was an astronomer in search of an observa- 1. b2-b3 as timely and efficacious a corrective as did the imi- tory; the same person who subsequently acquired contative virtue of that youth, who, fired with the siderable notoriety for losing one which had been enhatchet story of Washington's boyhood, destroyed his trusted to him. father's pet pear-tree, and, after waiting impatiently This savant, from time to time, published in the at the Morphy Chees Rooms. until the fact was discovered, rushed eagerly out of newspapers letters which he had just received from his hiding-place, exclaiming in the well-known words: Alexander Humboldt, which letters were always com-"Father, I did it. I cannot tell a lie;" and received, mendatory of him, the astronomer, and of several litethen and there, instead of the anticipated commen- rary notorieties in Park or Beacon streets, Boston. dation, a sound whipping for his mischief.

were young, it is amusing to see the ignorance of a word about either the astronomer or the other Americhild's keenness of perception displayed by the writers can travellers who repeatedly sounded through the of moral stories.

Children are as slightly influenced as adults, by the interest in them. promised rewards of suppositious cake. While a child I had always wondered and had my misgivings at confine the human mind within the barriers of impossiis never too young to learn the lesson of his personal these advertisements of themselves, as I had some bility, are apt to be treated to more surprises than responsibility for his actions.

In fact, his life, even from the cradle, is but a con- his habits and mode of intercourse. tinued lesson of this truth.

since they have not yet acquired a self-respect, cunning same social latitudes, I showing the respectful defer- blindfold Chess we have been favored with latterly by in concealment, fearful of blame, and impressible, as ence which was the duty of a much younger man, and MM. Harrwitz and Kieseritzky, who have both carchildren are, there is perhaps no worse influence to Wilhelm and Alexander Humboldt treating me with ried this branch of Chess to its highest point." Harrwhich they can be subjected, than reading the selfish | cordial affability. and mean morality, the flimsy hypocrisy, and narrowminded dogmatism which makes the staple of what is called the religious reading for youth.

It is only from the example of those for whom they visits of great American travellers and visitors. have a natural and instinctive respect, that children can learn the necessity for truthfulness, and be taught to respect themselves.

tastes in the same matter, association and their in- tific progress of his age. But what branch of science der of the kind in India. According to Dr. Duncan stincts will guide them.

As the songs of Mother Goose are more pleasing to a lican travellers, or by the peripatetic astronomer? Read, and De Foe, be more useful and interesting than pressed of all zones and climes. The sympathy of the any amount of moral fiction about the apocryphal vir- great American explorer was concentrated in himself, taneously to concentrate his attention on twelve or

As it is now, however, we are forced to spend the greater part of our lives in freeing our minds from the diote, and Christian under Moslem rule, had his scorn prejudices and errors we have had forced upon us dur- instead of his sympathy. ing our youth.

In this process perhaps consists our mental growth. We should therefore be careful that in educating our children, we do not impose too severe a task of this kind upon them.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

Finally I tried my hand at lecturing.

My first essay was upon Russia, for the professors and other dignitaries of Cambridge; the next was for We sought him in his lonely room, and there the students of the law-school upon the history of the Roman Law from the period of its origin, down to the epoch when from the influence of learned jurisconsults among the civilians and the clergy, the Roman law became a scientific common law in force among all the nations of Mediæval Europe, permeating the peculiar common laws of France, Germany, England, Spain, and even of Russia, who, together with some ideas of Christianity, received a notion of the Jus Civile from Bysantium.

est attention in following my lectures. So did the students, who attended the course numerously and listened to me with forbearing deference.

Forbearance was necessary on their part, since my pronunciation must have wounded their tympanums He was a relic of the days gone by. norribly.

and yet they watched me with sparkling and attentive Such attention was an encouraging testimony to me,

since I took it as a proof that at any rate they had con- He brought into the rush of modern days, fidence in the conscientidusness of my efforts to bring before them the best stores of my mind and memory. My grateful feelings towards the students remain unchanged

One day I received a polite note from Miss --and Miss ----, requesting me to call upon them. went. They were rather elderly maiden ladies, teachers in one of the higher-class schools. They asked me to read Homer, Virgil, and Thucydides, with them. remarked that I had no objection to expounding the great historian to them, but confessed my inability to commentate the two great masters in poetry.

The misses seemed a little slighted at this, supposing that it was a species of pride on my part, and that I did not wish to condescend, as they said, to instruct school-teachers. They declared, furthermore, that if I suspected I should not be paid, I was wrong, and Gered to do so as generously as I wished.

It required all the powers of my rhetoric, dialectics, and sentiment, to convince them of the great veneration in which I held the class of feminine school-teachers, and above all, such as desired to make themselves There now he rests, and if his life can teach familiar with the classics; but that the fact of my having a certain familiarity with the Roman law, or with history in general, did not make me a philologue or a scholiast of classical poetry.

They called my objections nonsense, and pointed to examples of some so-called learned men, who were ready to lecture, teach, or instruct, upon any required subject, and ended by saying that I ought to lay aside my European notions and conceits.

Finally I told them that I did not wish to make myself a fool by treating subjects which I had never studied, except superficially.

We parted. I met them often afterwards, and they always preserved a grudge against me. Some of the Professors explained to me, that all they | commendation, and is noteworthy as an instance of probably wished, was to advertise themselves as pupils our artistic advance.

of Count ----It had never occurred to me that I was so great a personage, or that such an advertisement could have

been of use to any one. At an evening gathering in the house of Theodore Parker, he said to me that a lady wished to make my acquaintance, as she had heard I had been a student of

German philosophy under Hegel. I was introduced to the lady, and felt rather unessy, to be precipitated in some metaphysical dis-

"You studied philosophy?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Under Hegel?"

"Yes, Madame."

· How long ?" "Two years, a time hardly sufficient to go through

"You know him ?" "Yes, Madame."

And if they were not, what would become of the | She paused and appeared thoughtful, I expected some terrible metaphysical riddle, when all at once

I stood abashed, almost stupefied, then answered only to his words without ever having thought about

Madame answered by quoting some American names substitute for brain, and the analogy between the vol- 3. Q 18-17+ Certainly if the child is father of the man, what must | ume or weight of the two is considered absurd.

She was not however convinced. Among the scientific hangers-on about the venerable

It is a curious fact that the recently published corre- 6. For those of us who can still remember when we spondence of the Berlin sage does not contain a single | 8. R hi-hs: press their intimacy with Humboldt and his fatherly

slight knowledge of Humboldt's turn of mind, and of were the jailors of the irrepressible Jack Sheppard. In this is naturalness of color, in exquisite warmth of tone, in deli-

Quick to observe and to imitate, prone to deceive was such as is common among people belonging to the in 1850, without noticing the brilliant exhibitions of at all in the treatment.

some curious and instructive revelations of how Humboldt was not only annoyed, but has even dreaded the

And no wender. Humboldt's each step over the globe struck luminous sparks, which science diligently gathered and trans-For their early reading, as well as for their after formed into beacons, illuminating for all time the scienwas ever illuminated by the so-called celebrated Amer-

child than the Assembly's Catechism, so will Marryatt, Humboldt's great heart beat in unison with the optues of the good girl of six, or the pious school-boy of and in those distinguished persons who offered him their hospitality. But the oppressed Fellah, Hindoo, Chinaman, Can-

(For The New York Saturday Press.) THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

We missed him from his long-accustomed round-His dress, well-worn, but scrupulously neat, And pensive eyes that never left the ground, As he paced daily down the village-street.

We found him, lying on his pallet, dead; Alone - without a human being near -Lay the cold clay from which the soul had fled.

The charity his pride would not receive. The while he lived—the love he would not call Upon for aid, while there was chance to give,-Now gave his ashes decent burial.

The professors of the law faculty displayed the kind- As the damp earth received his lifeless clay. In that sad spot where weeds grow not amiss, The lesson of the life, now passed way, Seemed in my mind, to shape itself to this:

In the quick hurry of the present age a I was sure that they could understand only a little, His life was strange, as to the modern eye The letters printed on an antique page.

> The thoughts and feelings of an age no more In harmony with our present ways, Than the old-fashioned garments which he wore.

The world had grown beyond him, and the stream Of thought, which makes the progress of mankind, Had rippled past him, as the while we dream. Time marches slowly, though we lag behind.

The learning of the days when he was young. The fear of spoiling if he spared the rod. The old distrust of human kind, which flung Its pall upon the mercy of our God.

The stately bearing, the conventions, all The dogmas and traditions of his youth.

Had passed away, in what we moderns call 'The glorious advent of the reign of truth.'

The need to keep our minds forever young. 'Tis more than high philosophy can preach, And more than poetry has ever sung. EDWARD HOWLAND.

AN AMERICAN PICTURE.

Mr. S. P. Avery and Goupil & Co. have published a line engraving from a picture called 'Morning in the Tropics,' by F. E. Church, which is an admirable re prices, this rendering by an American engraver a picture by an American painter, is worthy of high

Now Movement at Cambridge. Professor Felton, the new President of Harvard Uni versity, is about to call a Convention for the revision and improvement of the Human Constitution.

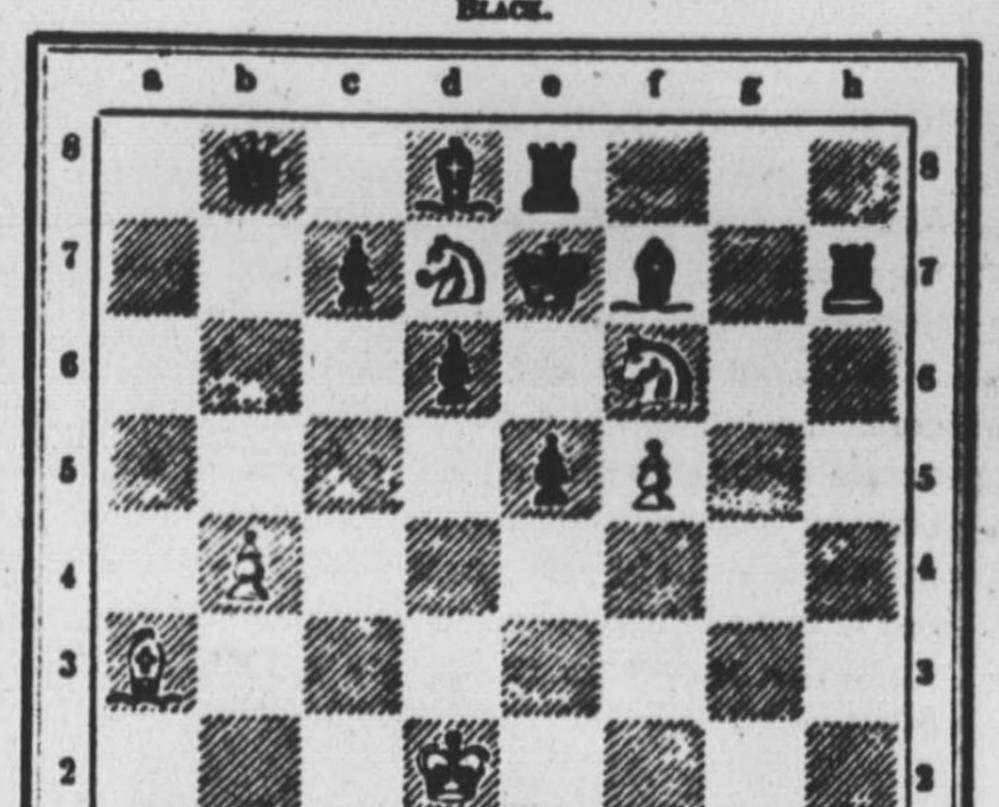
How to Secure a Good Dinner. Bolt it. Cotton Drilling

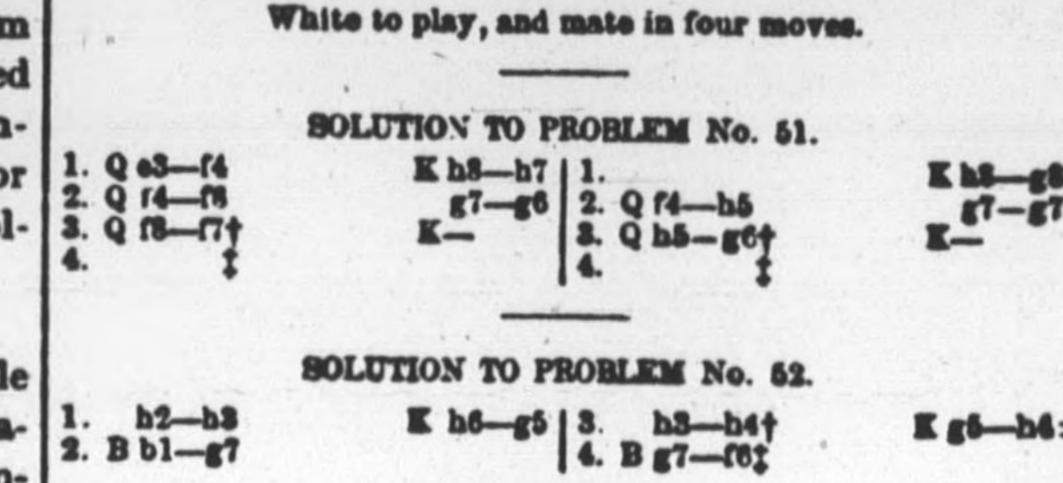
Chess Column

The New York Saturday Press. NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 54.

By J. H. GREEN, of New York.





KING'S CAMBIT. MARKS. | 9. Q d1-d30 65—64 | 11. Q d3—h7 g7—g5 | 12. Q h7—h8: B f8—g7 | 13. B c1—f4: d7—d6 | 14. B f4—b6†

b7-b6 | 15. B b6-g6 . See Chess Monthly for October, '60.

Checker-Work. Those wonder-struck individuals who undertake to

wits and Kieseritzky had been playing three or four A former American Minister to Berlin could give games at once without seeing the boards, and in his wonder and admiration at the feat, Walkerimmediately took it for granted that the limits of the possible had been reached. But before his book had been published ten years, three different players-Morphy, Harrwitz, and Suhle-were contesting eight simultaneous games, and a fourth, Paulsen, no fewer than ten, twelve, and fifteen! And now we have another won-Forbes, Allen's Indian Mail for May 12th last, contained the following account of an Eastern rival of Paulsen:

> "A Brahmin has lately been exhibiting at Bellary extraordinary powers of memory; he is able simulmore different subjects. He performed the other day before a large audience of influential natives of the place, and gave proof of a truly wonderful scope of memory. At this exhibition he played two games of Chess and one of cards without looking at the boards-While thus engaged, verses in Tamil, Telugu, Marhatta, Hindustani, Persian, and Sanscrit, were dictated to literature. him; the words of each verse being given promiscuously, but with the number of their order. The Hindu calendar for three days was at the same time read to him; a bell was struck, and several small pebbles were thrown at his back. The above occupied about three hours, after which he remained perfectly silent for one hour, and then, to the intense astonishment of all present, he named every one of the moves on the Chessboards, every card played, and by whom, repeated all the verses correctly, with the words in proper order, gave the calendar verbatim, and to crown all, told the number of strokes on the bell, and how many pebbles had touched his back. This man has been exhibiting his powers of memory in Bombay, Poona, and other places, and holds among other testimonials, one from Lord

Elphinstone.' "If the above account is true," says Dr. Forbes, " the Madras Brahmin beats our Transatlantic cousins all to nothing." We are disposed to think that this conclusion is still more hasty than that of Walker. The Brahmin does not excel Paulsen in the number of objects upon which he is able to fix his attention, and several of his feats are trivial in comparison with that of conducting a game of Chess. Counting the strokes of a bell and the number of pebbles striking one's back is mere child's play. And even allowing Half-Battle Words from Theodore Parker. Proto-Leaf. each part of his performance to be as difficult as each 'Few deeds are equal to his words. His prose was a half battle.'

—Jean Paul Richter on Martin Luther. one in Paulsen's case, the Brahmin would still have the easiest task to perform. It is much easier to remember a number of things widely different from each other, than the same number of things which are very much alike. The Brahmin evidently understood this Adams, General Taylor, Daniel Webster, Washington, John Adams, when he introduced such a diversity into his exhibition. He could not have played twelve simultaneous games of Chess without a much greater effort. For this reason, blindfold players endeavor to vary their openings as much as possible.

- A duplicate of the missing number has been forwarded to J. L., of London. If it does not come to hand he will please inform us of the fact, and we will | And Prepared by him under the Official Sanction of the Government try again.

- In Samuel Daniel's Collection of the History of England (1634), it is related that, "after the two Princes had beene there awhile, they went to visite the King of France at Constance; where feasting certaine dayes, upon an after-dinner, Henry won so much at Chesse of Louis, the King's eldest sonne, as bee grew into Choller, called him the sonne of a Bastard, and threw the Chesse in his face. Henry takes up the Chesse-board, and strake Louis, with that force, as drew blood, and had killed him, had not his brother Robert come in the meanetime, and interposed himselfe; whereupon they suddenly tooke horse, and with much ado recoved Pontioise, from the King's people that pursued them. This quarrell arising, upon the intermeeting of these Princes (a thing that seldome breedes

ed this passage, he omitted the last sentence. this passage, he omitted the last sentence.

This Book presents the legal and historical aspects of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. The two remembers of the subject, as "L'Amour" does the sentimental and medical. to indulge in a Problem Tournament. He offers a set | dering of an excellent picture. In comparison with of Staunton Chessmen for the best three problems in the recent engravings foisted upon the public at high three, four, and five moves; a copy of the English edit tion (which one?) of Morphy's games for the best | Mirthright. single three-move position; and a copy of Staunton's Ruis Chess Praxis for the best problem in two moves.

- The first section of the Free Tournament at the Buttery of Dower and Jointa Morphy Chess Booms will close on Saturday of the

The Best Ber

Queen Victoria.

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Rudolph Urich Wertmuller. From the New York Daily Times.

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From the New York Express.

Few Paintings have been seen in America at all comparable with Walker's Chess and Chess-Players we find the follow- cacy and correctness of drawing, and in most of the attitudes of a My acquaintance with both the brothers Humboldt ing note: "The author cannot reperuse this paper great painting. The indelicacy is altogether in the theme, and not

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### [F.om the New Orleans Sunday Delta.] The City.

profit of it. Beulah!

NOT BY WALT WHITMAN.

1 I beg you will read my poem - you that are come from Osyka--Osyka, the village in the country, away up on the Jackson Railroad. I am indifferent, however, Whether you are of Osyka, or Jersey City, or Terry. or Hong Kong, or Canton. So that you come from the country, read it, and

2. I will show you great sights, I will; the elephant and her brood. The zebra, the boa constrictor, the aquaria. Sight.

8. You that dwell in the rural districts, that eat corndodgers, smoke Kilekenick, and go to bed at eight P.M., with your boots on, come with me.

4. Ramble over the city - the city! huge, grand, vast, very long and Crescent-like, very low and flat, filled with brick and wires; with large People, small people, short prop'e and long people, and thin people and thick People. Come, unsophisticated male wood nymph! Perambulate!

5. You shall see cotton, in bales, and tobacco, and and rice, and sugar, in very Large parcels, stowed on the levee promiscuously, ment from the curtains and mirrors. clerks attending to the same!

C. You shall ga; e with wonder thereat-at the steamboats, at the sleek, Large, powerful, well-developed, happy, laughing negroes. Reflect upon the Immense amount of cash of which the whole is the representative!

You shall behold Celtic, Saxon, and Teutonic draymen; Tandems, One-horse carts, furniture and express wagons, trunks, hat-boxes, etc.

Wrinkled and old, colored, crones calling out g imbo, and rice; boatmen, rogues in buckram, Jemim's Ann, Jenkins-the inevitable J-loungers, business men, Human amphibians, that delve and sleep under Knuck men, huge clouds of dust, smoke, and so incessantly.

You like Lager! so do I, and me, and Schweitzer kaese! Das ist recht brav! You speak German, evi dently! Same case.

10. 'Hilf gamiel! hilf! Encore, cheese and lager, hand-here-I am cold-God bless you -" Iche gebe mit, l'ipes.

11. Now let me introduce you to Smith. Bully for Smith! hip! hip!-

palaces. There's where the Cotton money goes. Umnibuses, lovely women, cabs, Clay monument ! Signs of a street railroad. Business people hurrying to and from the P. O. St. Charles in the distance; Daguerreotype saloons; newspaper Loys showing; drays rumbling and knots of idle

men on the corners: 13. Those spruce, natty-sleek, fancy, half vulgar dressdundance of jewelry, Are second-class sports from Chicago-

Chicago! a beautiful place! Famous for trunkbreakers and special policemen. Been there. 14. Those with tin-plates on their breasts are perlice-

Of the faith which keeps them in employ. . They are conservators, Men-grabbers, ferreters out of malefactors, of snap-Inconsidered trifles; bogles, thimble-riggers, and such like animalculæ. They are hydra-eyed: they see to the right, to the left, up, down, Back-ways, side-ways, across-ways, length-ways, right angle, Left angle, and all ways except right ways, Which, they don't see it!

16. This is the bar-room of the Hotel, Large, dark, noisy; auctioneers crying off wares; sheriff selling out People who can't pay; cigar stand and two stoves; Per glass; sandwiches without ham, hungry lunch Promise nous crowd: dog dealers, dog fanciers, and dog steulers; Black and Tan and St. Ber-

chameleons, cotton man,

Stewards, ropers, sweaters, men-about-town; Sugar man, coffee man, bullies, blowers, bulgers, and burglars!

16. The Shell Road, 2:40; fancy drivers. The Lake, shallow in depth The bridge, the toll-gate, the race track; Martin, Hickok's porter-house steaks, fish, French brandy,

17. The procession by night; gas lights, torch lights, oil lights; politics! Every one hurraing for Bell, for Douglas, for Breck-'Not one shout for Rome,' and Lincoln. The renegade : Schulah ! Banners, wreaths, flowers, statuettes, miniature ships and White Houses!

dermata; the Arab! Burnt cork in the Academy ; the Ethiopian comics ;

19. The Phænix, next door; the restaurant, the bar, Tenpins, the pictures, Bidwell, Many guns, pigs' feet and toasts.

20. The Club, merchants, ship brokers, cotton brokers, politicians, lawyers, waves of society. young prodigals With rich relatives (who go to witness horse-races

and fist fights On Sunday) engaged in smoking, drinking, talking Reading newspapers, playing dominoes, billiards; abstract morality. Openly practice, but legitimating sins by flexible

Which admits of their going home blind as bats, soggy and sociable.

21. The Saloons - supper at eleven-the Jack and the Eight spot The Turn - the winners and the losers - the checks, red, white, and blue, The Rolette Tuble-Pootty boy behind it: 25 black; plenty of silver, Gentlemen, loufers, spongers, clerks, employers, sharps, flats, fish. Buffers, bummers, buckers, sweaters, assisters, Dealers, insiders, outsiders, case-keepers, cappers,

22. The Faubourg-Champagne; Kirsch Wasser, sar-Garrote collars, fancy neck-ties. 'Portrait charmant, portruit de mon ami!" Shangha's - short-waisted coats with immense long skirts, Hoosiers,

and oysters. 28. The misunderstanding—the reproof valiant—the conutercheck quarrelsome, The lie circumstantial—the lie direct. The blow -to a French citizen ; The melee-Derringers, the knock-down and dragout, bouleversement! Watchmen (what of the right?), the arrest-in-

carceration. The calaboose! 24 The Recorder (Hemlet), the dock, the vagrante. The arraignmen

The Stern Crier, the black eye, the headache, and The good-natured reporters. The 'won't do so no more '—the release.

25. These are the sights of the city—the city with its tall spires ; With its rights and its wrongs; with its humani-

ties and coldnesses; With its charities and unforgivenesses; with its brick houses and frame houses; With its high doggeries and low doggeries. Its squalor and its affirence.

With its first class Puffers and second class readers; Better stay away from it, you that dwell in subur-Which, of course, you don't see it. Beulah!!!

[ From Harper's Monthly for December. ]

#### HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RAN SMOOTH.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Square granite pavements, and telegraphic posts rain, raved about the villa on Thorley's Point. In along-shore beginning to assume their autumnal garb gentleman—and therefore worthy of her companionspite of the comfortable fires, the warm carpets, the of russet, gold, and crimson. double windows, and the excellent construction of the "Too fine a day to be enjoyed within four walls," building, a damp and dreary atmosphere pervaded it. said he; "I must have a good long stroll down the furniture assumed ghostly forms in the mysterious half- in water-colors, to-day."

every keyhole like the ghosts of the mariners whom, here and there to examine some curious shell, or sea- of choice Burgundy, was pronounced delicious.

one could but think, that fearful storm had wrecked. | weed, or bit of drift. rom, was the saddest, dreariest of all. There, on the but Mark was repaid by the beauty of the view when wide and luxurious bed, lay Squire Thorley, owner of he arrived. The tall white light-house, with its apex | She paid you a compliment the other day." the villa and estate, rich and influential, respected, painted black, stood boldly out against the sky, now honored, and loved, but now in the clutches of that mottled with pearly clouds. The little buildings ocawful sovereign who claims our allegiance one day, cupied by the light-keeper and his men were picturwhether we will or no, and laughs at our houses and esque enough, with their green blinds and red roofs, as I looked, perhaps?" Card-writers, hackmen, baggers, smashers and lands, our wealth and influence, our respect, honor, and a group of stunted, storm-swayed cedars gave a and love, alike!

grown and comely young fellow of two-and-twenty, colored by the oxydization of its paint, lay like a dead knelt beside his father's couch praying and sobbing sea-monster on the beach, with its chains covered with turn?"

Of course, and Limberger! Zwei glasses for you man; "my time has come-why should I stay! I am felt that if he had arranged the scene, expressly to going - I am going to meet your mother, Mark. Be suit his own eye for the picturesque, he could not have true to yourself, boy-be just to others-never do that | done better than accident and nature had here. which you would not have known-I-give me your The afternoon was on the decline when the sketch That was all.

The wind roared and wailed about the mansion, and frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or away-a task at which Lois merrily assisted - that the Smith is one of our first citizens! the whirling, driving rain beat upon roof and window, ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of young folks discovered it was raining. but neither Squire Thorley nor his son took heed. The these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he "It is nothing," said Mark confidently; "the wind This is Canal street! one lay cold and moveless in the embrace of death, lay down on the cool grass that grew almost to the is westerly; it can't rain long." The Rue de la rue, isn't it? See the dry goods and the other's passionate grief burned out all his beach, watered by a small stream that there emptied Lois waited, while he smoked his chibouque and grosser senses.

After the funeral the house seemed the desolate of the brook, fell asleep. sane if he remained there. Each object that met his home. eye serve I to recall his great bereavement, and to open With worked bosom shirts and red cravats and re- already exhausted to his grief-jaundiced vision. The the Point, when he heard the sound of hurried foot- between the drops." love he had borne his father was peculiarly intense, steps and quick breathing close behind him. and while he thought only of the sundering of that worthy in the present.

activity. I will henceforth be a hermit."

constant companion, in study and in recreation-for ing disorder. Blushing and panting, with fresh lips they were more like two college friends than like father | half opened, disclosing her white and even teeth, her and son—they had built a sort of Summer-house on bosom heaving and her eyes flashing, she presented the farthest end of the Point, aided by the remains of beautiful and unexpected vision to Mark's appreciative an ancient lime-kiln that stood there. A strata of faculties, attuned as they were, by a day of asthetic point, and a former owner had quarried it pretty ex- gain her breath for a moment, and they stood looking am drowned." ping it from a rough pier close at hand.

The pier had long since been washed away, but the walls of the kiln were stout; and as the graceful woodbine had covered the ruin, making it a pictureslowed it to remain.

A rough roof, a floor, and some benches, made it a when I returned found the book near by." Steamboat captains, clerks, pilots, engineers, deck | convenient shooting-box in the wild-duck season, and a pleasant place to take a book and a cigar to for a cool he left his sleeping-place. hour on a hot day.

both myself and the world." Assisted by a mason and carpenter, the young man Heavy blows, knocking things to smash; the light- soon contrived to make his hermitage quite an agree- anybody, and I am a famous walker." able babitation. The floor was evened, the window Their ways lay in the same direction, so they con- all events, to gain her home, and quiet the alarm she almost comical expression. fire-place, pantry, book-shelves, writing-desk, etc., ters until they reached the long, low promontory, on put up inside, and with a few articles of furniture from | the extremity of which the hermitage stood. The Canal, Major Ranney, Chacun a son Gout. the villa, the kiln assumed a really cheerful air of "It is but a few steps to my den, out yonder," said set out boldly in the driving rain and wind, accompa- ing state of mind about it."

The plain and simple food he required he either pre- I can offer you?" pared for himself or had brought him from a neighexercise. When more amusement was wanted he partially sheltering herself under a plea of desiring t sketches of the scenery about.

An indolent, aimless life, and one which must of ne-

less waters washed the Thorley estate. The villa was advertised to let, and soon found a had met his death in Florida, while acting in the ca- young lady, she departed, gently refusing Mark's prof-Old fogies! bald-headed offenders, who lecture on pacity of major in the regular army, finding herself | fer of escort to the villa. serted house, and lived there with her only daughter, dreamy." almost as secluded as Mark in his kiln.

parties, tea-drinkings, and other provincial festivities, him to-day on the beach." before he consented to let her have the villa. She, too, ably well sustained, as they never met except on quar- pale gray wreaths of smoke-a fine maidenly face, with of the widow appeared in the hermitage for half an and growing, till, angry with himself, he went is and hour, with wonderful punctuality. The rent paid-al- took to his books. ways in gold - and the receipt signed, the young man invariably invited his tenant to take a biscuit and a ed himself, "a living proof of the good of peace and glass of sherry, which she invariably accepted. In a solitude, to be finally upset by a girl's face?" Muscular Christians-parasites-denisens-orgies rude cellar, hollowed out of the rock beneath the floor, Mark kept a small supply of excellent wine—a part of dry or wet, fair or stormy, that he had really felt lonethe stock left by the late Squire, who had been a con- some. noisseur. Thence he produced a bottle of golden sher-

> tion-all he ever held with his tenant-ensued. "Do you find the house comfortable, Madame!" "Very comfortable, I thank you, Sir."

"Whatever repairs or alterations you may desire beg you will attend to. The expense incurred may be deducted from the rest.

"Thank you, Sir. You are very kind." " Not at all."

"Quite. Has your health been good ?"

" Very good, thank you." " And your daughter?" "She is well, I thank you, Sir. Good morning."

"Good morning, Madame." month, this dialogue was held, during the communption of the wine. Not a word more or less was spoken, the only variation being in the widow's re- To be brief, the truth was just what these trifles inmarks about the weather. These, of course, were dicated. Lois Brydon had thawed the ice of the hermi- each side of the fire-place as quietly and domestically as

the two saw nothing of each other. It was on a charming morning in September, a little

Perhaps the corner chamber, over the first drawing. The day grew warm and the walk was a long one, ish your good mother by calling upon her." cooling mass of dark green to relieve the brilliancy of Mark Thorley, the old Squire's only son, a well- the bay. A great iron buoy, stained with rust and disa draggled mass of sea-weed, making a capital object "Take comfort, boy," whispered the old gentle- to enliven the foreground of the picture; and Mark

was finished, but the heat was at its highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest and it was not until the dishes were cleaned and put

place that only a country-house can seem after death | Awakening, he found that the bay was all aflame investigation into the weather, and found that the has visited it. Every room had its especial phantom, with the reflected glories of the autumnal sunset, and wind had shifted. It was blowing steadily from the day or night, and young Thorley, being of the dreamy, the dark shadows that began to creep over the Eastern northeast, and the rain came with increased force. imaginative sort, felt that he should soon become in- horizon warned him that it was time for him to be at

He hurried on at an accelerated pace, refreshed and afresh the wounds that would not heal. Life seemed strong after his nap, and had already come in sight of

Turning around, he came face to face with a young love, he could see nothing bright in the future or girl-a tall, slender creature, with splendid brown eyes and a warm brunette complexion, heightened by "Let me live in solitude and peace," he said; the rosy flush of exercise. Her wide straw-hat had there is, after all, more enjoyment in apathy than in | fallen back from her head, and the dying light of the sunset fell full upon her forehead and hair, the blue-In the halcyon days when his father had been his black masses of which lay upon her neck in a charmlimestone, cropping out above water, produced this, idleness, to the worship of beauty. She could not retensively, burning it into lime in this kiln, and ship- at each other in an animated silence, if I may use the

> "Miss Brydon, I believe " said Mark, at length, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Sir. Excuse me, but I think you left this que and pretty feature in the view, Squire Thorley al- | book back yonder by the creek, did you not? I saw you sleeping there as I passed down the shore, and In truth Mark had forgotten his sketch-book when

"I am greatly obliged to you," he said; "it was

and there, in a simple and studious life, I will forget you to restore it to me. I am sorry, however, that constantly increasing noise of the gale and the surf, repaid me." you fatigued yourself so." "Oh, that is nothing. A little exercise never hurts

glazed, a rustic porch built over the narrow door, a | tinued in company, chatting about commonplace mat- knew her mother must feel.

Mark; "and you seem tired. A glass of wine will in- nied by the hermit, who, for the first time since for-Here the self-appointed recluse took up his abode. | vigorate you. Will you accept of the poor hospitality

As young girls are not generally famous for want of limidly at his side. boring farm-house. His days were passed in reading, curiosity, and as Miss Brydon's life was not diversified writing, and meditation, with an occasional walk, for by too many novelties, she found a refusal impossible; thick with salt spray, nearly took them off their feet. that of your daughter already—to my assumption of caught fish, dropping his line from the window of his examine the sketch-book she had saved from loss. 18. The Museum! Ah, ha! The hippopotamus, pachy- cell, which directly overlooked the water, or made | She herself was fond of drawing, she said, and always | only manner in which they could advance with any | cerning my charge-may I not say my wife?" liked to see the work of others.

Once inside not an object escaped her quick eye. cessity become terribly ennuyeux, sooner or later, to a She took in everything at a glance—the desk, with its the path for a few feet, and then returning for his mitted Mark to take. cultivated and intelligent man. But it was good for pile of manuscripts; the book-case, laden with well- charge. Even this slow and dangerous progress, how-Mark in his then condition. There is nothing like worn volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking uten- ever, was soon abruptly terminated. outward calm to soothe a fire within. Grief consumes sils hung in a corner; the strange pipes, and antique itself-wears itself out-if it has nothing to prey urns for tobacco; the handsome rifle and fowling-piece the promontory had been blasted away, its whole ing?" upon; and Mark found, in the course of a few months, suspended from the rafters; the fishing-tackle, over width, below the high-water mark, so that at full tide Judges, idlers, floats that drift, chip-like, on the that his first agony had subsided into a softened regret. the mantle; the bed in its curtained alcove; the few the waves flowed freely through the inlet thus formed, He no longer felt horror in contemplating his loss; pictures, mostly water-color views, with one portrait cutting off the communication between the kiln and Bores, ne with, and men without incomes. Fast but found, indeed, a pensive pleasure in recalling the in oil, representing Squire Thorley in his shooting cos- the main shore. This inlet had, of late years, been happy hours he had passed with his father on the tume-in a word, the entire inventory of the hermit's filled up with sand and earth, washed into it, and was Point, in the woods, or upon the bay, whose ever-rest- goods and chattles was taken in a moment by his fair as solid a causeway as could be desired, with grass,

After the simple hospitality of the place—theretofore

too much reduced in means to keep up her fashionable "What is the matter with you, Lois?" asked her residence in the city, became the occupant of the de- mother, that evening; "you seem uncommonly lated upon their rocky island.

"I'm sure I don't think so, mamma. I feel stupid, The young man had judged, from Mrs. Brydon's to be sure; but that is my normal condition, you haughty and reserved manner, that she was not the know. Did you ever notice, mamma, what a very ing!" person to disturb his solitude by invitations to card- handsome young man we have for a landlord? I met As for Mark, his head was quite full of the unwont-

self upon her before she consented to become his ten- porch, in the fading twilight, thoughtfully puffing a be done?" plainly enough. ant; and under these auspices the relation was remark- long chibouque, after supper, a face kept arising on the ter-day, when the stately form and black piercing eyes flashing eyes and rosy cheeks-growing, and fading, let is ten feet deep, and swift as Niagara !"

" Have I lived here in this way two years," be ask-Yet that was the first night in two years, hot or cold, dry and comy apartment.

It may have been very foolish-no doubt it was- though-very vexatious, isn't it?" ry, filled two glasses, and the stereotyped conversa- but it was certainly very natural also, for Lois Brydon to be suddenly seized with such a passion for nature. She passed nearly half her time on the beach, and the pleasant time anyhow. We will read and sing and number of sketches she made, the shells and minerals draw. I will get up a late supper-just a trifle, you she collected, the walking-shoes she wore out, and the know, by-and-bye- and we shall be famously merry! per published in Littleton, N. H., in announcing his facts she learned concerning tides, winds, etc., were All I'm sorry about is, that your mother will be so beyond belief. Mark Thorley, too, seemed to have alarmed."

less fancy for in-door studies than formerly. He lost 'blisses,' kisses,' and the like. His hermitage bore when they discovered the inlet. a neater order in its arrangements, and upon its walls ever ing the initials 'L. B. in their corners.

made to suit the facts. Then for three months more tage, and was on the most excellent terms with its two old married people. Mark whiffed thoughtfully hitherto gloomy and misanthropic inhabitant.

more than two years after Mark had begun his hermit | confidence. She did not know how intimate the young | some prophetic pictures in the coals. life, that he arose late, after his custom-for he was people were, though Lois had told her of their graduout of his vine-embowered window, saw that the bay known, she would have considered it very improper; a peaceful slumber, so he preferred to look at her withwas smooth as glass, the sunshine warm, the sky blue, but Lois was quick at reading character, and had di- out awakening her. A cold easterly wind, laden with a sharp and pitiless with here and there a fleecy cloud, and the woods wind that Mark was thoroughly a man of honor—a

Moreover, she loved him!

One night, after an unusually agreeable afternoon, As duck fell the long parlors became intolerable. Their | beach. I'll make a sketch of the light on Gull Rock, | Mark persuaded Lois to take supper with him, in order to test the kind of fare that a recluse could enjoy. the night's adventures, swept down in wavy masses, light, and myriad shapes seemed starting every mo- After catching a fine fat sea-bass from beneath his His stock of bread, butter, and eggs, was freshly prowindow, and broiling it artistically, the young man cured from the neighboring farm-house; and he pro-Nor was the rest of the house one whit more cheery. breakfasted and equipped himself for a walk. He set posed to catch some fresh fish, wherewith to made a The spacious bedchambers were chilly and moist, and out at a leisurely pace - for Gull Rock was seven miles savory broil. The young girl consented; and the supcold currents swept the halls and entries, moaning at away-and as he strolled down the beach, lingered per, further enlivened by excellent coffee and a bottle

"I will escort you home," said Mark, "and aston-"She will be astonished, but not displeased, I think.

"No! did she? What was it?"

"O, I can't. She said I was not so much of a fool

"That I knew what good company was?"

"That-that-I could cook a blackfish just to a "No. That is true, but she doesn't know it."

"Then I can't guess. Tell me." "Well; she said you were too much of a gentleman, and too handsome-too handsome, mind you-to live the life you had chosen, and that it was a shame!"

"O, spare my blushes!" In light and playful conversation the supper passed

itself into the bay, and, lulled by the trickling music told her a story—some quaint little fancy of one of the old writers that he loved. Then they made another

> "This begins to look serious," said Lois, with a shade of anxiety in her brown eyes.

"It is going to be a storm, sure enough; but it must lull soon, and we can hurry over to the house No lull came, however. Thick darkness settled

down upon the bay. The wind roared louder and louder, and the waves broke in long lines of sheeted foam upon the weather side of the promontory. Lois began to be frightened, and Mark did his best to allay her fears, though he himself foresaw a tem-

Meanwhile every moment served to augment the fury of wind and rain. It was the equinoctial storm, and one of extraordinary violence. "My poor mamma will be frightened to death," said the young girl. "I only wish she knew I was less agony, until daylight. As soon as the storm per

weather, Lois. The path is none of the safest by day- joy. light, through those old quarries, and now one might

easily get a few broken bones in the attempt." "But what can we do? This storm will not abate significant smile. before morning."

No signs of a calm could be seen though from the my prayers-" window. A long wind-row of phosphorescent light; showed that worse weather was yet to come.

At nine o'clock, meterological affairs being no bet- some face, giving token of his earnestness. ter. Lois decided that she would make an attempt, at Mrs. Brydon looked from one to the other with an

swearing the world, found a pair of soft white hands

surety was by Mark's going ahead with a lantern, which he had thought to bring with him, exploring away, covered it with one hand. The other she per-

During the quarrying days of the Point a portion of loses to the other. There! do you want my blessweeds, and even small shrubs growing upon it. The terrific violence of the wind, and the softening influnally washed away every vestige of this filling up, leavjagged shores, and leaving the unhappy travellers iso-

"My God!" shouted Mark, trying to make his voice audible above the tumult of the storm, "we are cut off! The bank is washed away, and the tide is still ris-

The lantern's light showed Lois to be very pale, as words were borne far away as soon as they were utterhad seen that he was as little likely to intrude him- ed experience of the afternoon. When he sat on the ed; but her expression and gesture said, "What is to

"Back again!" shouted the young man, pointing toward the kiln; it is of no use to stay here. The in-She clung to him now in terror, and went submis

light glowed out upon the darkness and gloom. "Thank heaven, we are at least out of peril," he, as he closed the door and cast a glance around the

ment; "but it can't be helped-it is very awkward, nonsense. Both laughed a little.

"Never mind, Lois," said Mark; "we can have a

After the first embarrassment wore off, the programthe millow, thin look that he had formerly worn, and | me he had laid down went on quite prosperously. He "The weather has been quite favorable since I saw his shoulders broadened with open-air exercise. His read aloud to her from his favorite books. He mended dress began to evince something of its ancient elegance. the strings of an old mandoline that ornamented the and-fatal sign! - the most of his writings now, instead | wall, and they sang all sorts of pleasant songs. They Fund Insurance Company of being learned essays, treatises, etc., were rhythm- sketched each other's portraits; and Mark made a ed and metred, with lines ending in 'sighs,' 'eyes,' dingy India-ink drawing of their supposed appearance

Thus the time passed charmingly till after midnight, Once every three months, on the first day of the appeared new sketches, in pencil and in color, exe- when they began to feel hungry, and the hermit-a cuted in a more delicate style than his own, and bear- strange sort of hermit now!-brought his culinary knowledge into play once more.

The supper and coffee finished, they sat down on away at his fragrant cherry-stemmed chibouque, and Mrs. Brydon was not altogether in her daughter's Lois, seated in his arm-chair, gazed meditatively at

"I say-" began Mark suddenly, but looking up not without some luxurious habits still—and glancing ally formed acquaintanceship. Doubtless had she he discontinued his observation. Lois had fallen into

The fitful red light of the fire played across her face, bringing out its fine, high-bred features in rich relief of shine and shade. Her blue-veined lids with their long black lashes concealed her eyes, but gave an expression of holy calm that atoned for want of vivacity. Her wealth of shadowy hair, somewhat disheveled by upon her shoulders. So she sat, her head bowed a little forward, her rosy lips parted in slumber, her fair hands listlessly folded on her lap-a picture fit to make a hermit of a lover, or a lover of a hermit!

Long and carnestly did Mark study this lovely vision of repose and beauty. What his thoughts may have been I cannot guess, of course; but as he gently four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Persona knocked the asnes from his pipe, he heaved a very Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms deep sigh, and a broken sentence, only half audible, low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the tu came to his lips.

"Yes; I am tired of this eternal introspection-

there is a better life than this -" The rain plashed and beat; the wind howled and moaned; the waves rose and fell in angry chorus upon the sharp-toothed rocks without; but within, all was peace, and calm, and rest. Mark sat musing by the fire, or noiselessly paced the narrow apartment until Lois awoke-awoke blushing, with a pretty surprise, as if she was conscious of what awoke her, but dared not speak of it lest it was only a dream.

In sooth, was it her own fancy, that tender pressure of his lips to hers? Or had he, emboldened by the tranquillity of her sleep, dared thus to risk her dis-

My very dear reader, you may suppose just what you please; theories are easy to support. My own belief is, that Lois looked so incomparably pretty that Mark could not help himself, and so - and so he kissed her ! The cold gray light of dawn was beginning to shine

in the lowering East, and the fury of the storm seemed to be abating. By eight o'clock Mark had another CASH CAPITAL, - meal prepared, with Lois's aid, and when it was over the rain had nearly ceased. It was time for dead low | The attention of the community is respectfully called to tide too, and their best chance for crossing the inlet | the following features, in connection with this Company : was at that hour; for the tempest was liable to arise FIRST :- By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a again, and the larder of the hermitage was running low: so that, if imprisoned there much longer, th horrors of starvation might be added to their other

Sallying forth they found the way clear, and the inlet, through which a fearful torrent had roared the night before, now contained only a brawling stream, asross which one could easily step. In a few moments Lois and her mother were locked, half fainting, it each other's arms.

Mrs. Brydon had sat in her chamber—the same in which Squire Thorley died-by a sea-ward-looking window, trying to pierce the thick darkness with her July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co., eyes, the whole night long. The servants-much as they loved Lois's gentle presence-could not be prevailed upon to make more than one effort to face the pitiless elements; and so, giving her only child up for lost, the poor lady had sat alone, in a calm and tearsafe. I did not tell her where I was going when I left mitted she had sent out several parties of neighbors the house this afternoon, and she will surely think I and servants to institute a general search along-shore. Before these returned however, Lois was restored to "It would be very dangerous to try a walk in this her, and her great grief was swallowed up by a great

She heard the story of the strange night passed by H. H. LAMPORT, Mark and Lois in the hermitage with a gracious but

" I do not know what to say to you, Mr. Thorley, "I am in hopes that there will be a temporary calm said she, "nor how to express to you the gratitude I 19 NASSAU STREET, AND feel for the kindness you have shown my child. If

"Do not speak of it, Madame, I beg of you. The CASH CAPITAL ever shattered and ever renewed as the waves broke pleasure I found in extending these rude hospitalities "The kiln," said Mark, "shall be my hermitage; very careless of me to leave it, and very thoughtful of upon the Point, was all that was visible, while the to one so—so worthy as your daughter has more than

His eyes sparkled, and a fine color suffused his hand-

"Have you thought, my children," said she, quietly, Stoutly wrapped up in Mark's oil-cloth coat, with a "of the terrible scandal that will arise from this rohandkerchief tied over her hat and under her chin, she mantic adventure? The neighbors will be in a shock-

"I have thought of it," said Mark, eagerly; "and clinging closely to his arm, and a girlish form nestling I have also thought of a way to silence evil tonguesor, at least, to compel them to speak at their own peril. The tremendous gusts sweeping in from the sea, All I require, Madame, is your consent - I think I have and the sharp rain blinded them so that they could the post of protector to Lois. I shall then have a scarcely tell which way they were going. Indeed, the right to repel all malicious or thoughtless words con-

Lois blushed more rosy still, and turning her face "I see how it is," said Mrs. Brydon; "you two

She patted their heads playfully, but lovingly, and a CASH CAPITAL.....\$200,000 solitary ray of sunshine, breaking through the cloudrifts, illuminated their faces like a benediction from

The hermitage is untenanted now. It has relapsed into its ancient condition of Summer-house and shooting-box; but the villa is in a state of splendor and populousness never seen in the old Squire's day. M tenant. Mrs. Brydon, a widow lady, whose husband sacred to quarter-day-had been partaken of by the ence of the rain, had now loosened, crumbled, and fi- Brydon reigns there supreme, a 'notable housewife;' of its Stockholders, will hereafter and when Lois suggests that she may be of service in Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured. ing a wide torrent raging and foaming between its lightening the self-imposed duties her mother has chosen, the old lady laughs at the idea.

Yet Mark does his best to encompass that end.

And now, my dear reader, let me indulge in a little she turned her face imploringly up toward him. Her gush of egotism. I flatter myself that I have performed a miracle. Did you ever-0 wise youth! O beauteous maiden !- did you ever before read a story wherein the course of true love ran smoothly

> "And sweetly, on and on, Calming itself to the long-wished-for end, Full to the banks, close on the promised good!

Look back upon these fair pages and marvel! No sively back to the hermitage, whence a cheery red fire- designing villain, no wealthy but headstrong uncle. no obdurate parent, no sad circumstances of poverty and separation, have marred the happiness of my hero and heroine. They have simply met, loved, and married, without anathemization of fate-without wail- Hugh Maxwell, "Yes; what a terrible night-" she mused a mo- ing over the 'cold, hard world '-in a word, without John J. Crane,

> Let me bid you farewell, dear reader, in the comfort- Joseph Stuart, able consciousness of having refuted Solomon's dictum | Silas Davis. by producing, at last, something 'new under the sun.

AN UNCOMMONLY HAPPY EDITOR. -The editor of a paretirement, says: "I have no regrets to make-not a mistake to atone for, or a blunder to mourn over."

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e the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the men

R. O. GLOVER, Secretary. have been playing the game of hearts, wherein each The Resolute Fire Insurance Co., No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,

JULY 1st, 1860. in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums. "There, my child," she says, "go and play with time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege. your babies. Mark can never spoil them without N. B.-Inland Navigation and Transportation Einks taken at to.

C. F. UHLHORN, President. WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellers. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyer New Fork, July 1st, 1859

COMMONWEALTH Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York.

CASH CAPITAL OF \$250,000,

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