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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

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Original Poetry.

GOLD.

I.

The glittering end of life is gold.
The "golden rule" is the golden test,
The "golden mean" means gold alone,
And the goldenest thing is e'er the best:
Then bring me wisdom if you will,
But bring me gold, though you bring me ill.

II.

Nought potent is on earth but gold,
Love by its side is but a farce,
While beauty in its presence fades,
And goodness fails where gold is scarce;
Then bring me virtue, bring me truth,
But bring me gold, though you bring me ruth.

III.

God's but a sterner name for gold,
Or gold a softer name for God,
Who tempts us with a golden crown,
And rules us with a golden rod;
Then bring the crown, though you bring the cross,
And bring me gold, though you bring me dross.

IV.

We bow before a golden shrine,
And worship, all, the golden calf;
While those who weep are those who lose,
And those who win alone who laugh;
Then bring me honor, bring me fame,
But bring me gold, though you bring me shame.

V.

"Give us this day our daily gold."
Is evermore our daily prayer,
For gold will make the bad man good,
The good man—bah! all good is there.
Then bring me wisdom, bring me worth,
But bring me gold, and I'll rule the earth.

—H. C., Jr.

THE LAPSE OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

I have little memory of my father, save only as a harsh, cold, stern man, who was feared by his servants and tenants, and loved little by his own family.

This I know is almost an unnatural assertion, but I have used it upon truths forced upon me since I was a child. The first trouble of my life arose from a sympathy with my mother, a pale brown-eyed, gentle creature, who would tremble and start at the sound of his voice in passion, even though it was but raised to the laborers in the fields, and scarcely audible in the distance. She did not bear it long, but one Spring morning, when the birds were singing in their gladness all about the house, and the world seemed too happy to contain the expression of its fullness, my mother passed silently away, closing her eyes, and relaxing her hold upon my hand, as though sleep had gently stolen over her. When this happened, I was ten years of age, and though too young to well know what my loss was, I can remember that I recalled numberless instances wherein the harsh and unfeeling words of my father brought floods of tears from my mother's eyes, and I would not in my heart forgive him, even though he wept bitterly at her bedside, and besought her pardon ere she died.

For many months after my mother's death, I think my father softened. He made more offerings towards gaining my affection, but I did not reciprocate them. I could not forget, and I was still too much of a child to have learned anything of forgiveness, only what was taught by instinct. I think it was his realization of that which induced him, in less than a year after, to send me away to school. My home was not so happy to me that I wished to cling to it. I was an only child, and now that the household was under the domination of a housekeeper, who did not treat me with any more kindness than was absolutely necessary, I felt it as rather a relief when it was announced to me that I was to leave at a week's notice for a distant part of the country, where I was to be prepared for my entrance to college. The week was pleasantly passed in overlooking and inspecting the preparations for my debut on another stage of life, and the day of my departure came without drawing forth any exhibition, between myself and my father, of regret at parting. Four years after, I returned home, to be received with the same stern immobility that I had always associated with my father. In that time he had become an old man. His step was weak, his eye dimmed, and his hair whitened. I looked in wonder at this great change, but I said nothing; there was not one in all that spot, my home, the house in which I was born, that I would have dared to ask for the cause, or who would have dared tell me, even had they known.

I saw plainly that my presence there was not to be desired by any living thing within its walls but the old house-dog, who alone greeted me naturally, and seemed happy in my stay. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that after one month's experience in my father's house, I was right glad to be away and commence my collegiate life. We parted as mere acquaintances meeting for a day, and I never saw him again. When I had taken my degree, without being allowed to visit home, although it was my wish to do so, I received permission to visit Europe, where I remained five years, and from whence I am just returned to take possession of the Wayland estates. It will, perhaps, strike most persons as an improbable tale that I should be living on a property of my own, which has passed, unimpaired, from father to son, being held under a grant from William Markham, Lieutenant-Governor in 1698, when the State of Delaware was considered part of Pennsylvania and held by William Penn, comprising a number of the most fertile farm-spots in the State of Delaware. Such, however, is the fact. My great-great-grandfather, Reuben Wayland, was an English gentleman of good position, and the grantee. It was he who built the original homestead, and lived with the wreck of what had been, in Dorsetshire, his native place, a large fortune, on the American property, frugally and happily.

His son, my father's grandfather, Carston Wayland, fretted under the quiet life his father led, and wished, as the expression goes, "to see the world." With this in view, very much against his father's consent, he sailed out of the port of Wilmington, bound upon a voyage to the East. Thirty years passed away before Carston Wayland's foot again touched his adopted land; for many years all trace of him was lost. He was heard of, penetrating to the nations of Northern India. He was met with at Constantinople, on his way over land, to reach London. He was heard of at Paris, but for ten years after the death of his father, he came not to claim the inheritance of the Delaware lands, and his two maiden-sisters held them in tenure, without knowing whether he was living or dead. When at last Carston Wayland came to Deer Farm, his birth-place, he bore no look about him of the rolling stone; his whole appearance denoted that travel had not stained his garments, or furrowed his cheek. He came as a wealthy, polished gentleman, seeking a spot whereon he could rest, after a surfeit of all the world could offer. It was not many months before Deer Farm commenced undergoing a change, and in time grew into the sturdy estate called Wayland's, of which I am now master by the late death of my father. The present mansion of Wayland's was built by Carston Wayland, who lavished upon its heavy stone walls, its quaint oak-carved panels and staircases, his taste and wealth. Upon its walls hung portraits of our race from the days of Elizabeth, and the same solid, responsible furniture, imported to the order of its founder, stands yet in the spots where it was placed by his directions.

When Mr. Carston Wayland had built up this wondrously comfortable home, he looked about him, and quietly recounted all the past, and thought upon all the future. He was a bachelor of fifty, and there was none to bear the name, and the estates of Wayland. The name certainly could have no hope of perpetuation through either of his maiden sisters, and it was very much to be feared that the Wayland blood and estates stood but little better chance. Under these circumstances, Mr. Carston only acted as such an energetic man could be supposed to act, when he went forth to woo a wife, and succeeded in bringing to Wayland's a fair and wealthy widow of forty, a branch of a proud Huguenot family, in the neighboring province of Maryland. In good time, a son blessed this union, this being my own grandfather. But Mr. Carston Wayland was not allowed long to enjoy his domestic happiness. Ten years from the time he returned to his home, and exactly five from the wedding of his bride, he was gathered to his long home, from the rapid action of an affection similar to paralysis, which carried him away in a few days. His son, in due time, reigned in his stead, and the Wayland-estate went on prospering. I am now the fifth of the line, since first Reuben Wayland set his foot on the Delaware lands.

All this, and more, I know from the tradition and history of our family. What I have since learned, comes to me through the possession of my father's papers, whereby the mystery that always hung about his conduct is unfolded to me.

This evening I am sitting in the little cabinet, that dread sanctuary of the past, into which, in my boy days, I never dreamed of entering. About me are strewed all the openings of the heart which for four generations have preceded me. They are in the shape of letters, from the kindling to the final consummation of love, the argument of business, the hopes and aspirations, the journals of the daily events, a written record of the domestic life, and the thousand faded, or half-defaced scraps, that trace the progress in life of my father, so that, by my daily perusal, I enter as fully into their hearts as though they were present, and I their entire confidant.

Among these papers I have the journal of my father, which, though at times wild and incoherent, is a running history of a life of passion and remorse. I have the accidental notes of my great-grandfather, Carston Wayland, by which I know him to have been a man of deep erudition—a practical philosopher and a thinker. I have here a packet in his handwriting, which envelops a great mystery, and which I find deeply connected with the life of my father, and of which I know all, through his journal. It is of this packet, and its terrible history, I am about to write, by transcribing from my father's journal; on examining which, I find it is unnecessary that I should add anything but the dates.

It will be recollected I mentioned that our lands were granted in the year 1698. At this period, Mr. Carston Wayland was about fifteen years of age. Five years after, he left home, and was absent thirty years. Ten years after his return, in the year 1743, he died, leaving my grandfather a child of three years of age. Late marriages seem a prerogative of the Wayland family, my grandfather having followed in the steps of his father, and taken to himself a bride at the mature age of forty-eight, of which marriage my father was the only issue, having been born in the year 1796, just eight years after the marriage. My father married in 1829, and I, the only child, was born one year from that date. With this premise, I had nothing left but to extract from my father's journal:

August 12, 1853.—At last I am beyond hope, and am bidden by my medical advisers to surrender all thought of life. In two months my career on earth will close. I do not regret it. I do not mourn, or wish to remain. And yet how brightly did I begin life, and how happy was I, until I became master of this accursed secret. Well might my father charge me upon his deathbed to be true to myself, and to the commands of the dead. I am sure he suspected, while he spoke to me.

My father died upon the very day that I was twenty-one—upon the very day that I was about entering upon a handsome inheritance, left specially to me as the first of his grandchildren (and, as it proved, the only one), by will. On this day, instead of entering alone upon the very liberal sum provided by the will of Carston Wayland, I became the master of Waylands, and all the family property. I believe that my grief for my father was sincere. I had really loved him, and through him imbibed a strong family pride, and an especial respect for my grandfather, Carston Wayland, to whom I felt I was indebted for all this wealth. At first, while surveying my estates, I thought only on how I could improve and increase them. As I became older, this became a passion, and I so absorbed in it, that I could see nothing, sleeping or waking, but the broad lands of Waylands, and I never became weary of riding over every inch of my ground, from Deer Farm to Carston's Hollow, counting over and over again the crop that I could gain, and how, by its profits, I could add another field, or another farm, to my thousands of acres.

With all this avarice, I was still too proud to save by stinting my household. I lived as a gentleman should live; but I never lost sight of the slightest chance to press a little more from a tenant, or work a laborer to the extent of his ability. The passion for gain grew upon me, and I married rich and loveless; but withal I had sufficient policy to keep to myself the motive. I have heard many a curse bestowed upon me for my unyielding demand of what I conceived was my own. They attributed it only to my eccentricity, or business rigidity, not to my grasping desire for wealth; and I was well content, so long as I became the possessor.

Since my earliest recollections, I had known of the existence of a packet in the possession of my father, an oblong square envelope, bound with ribbons, and elaborately sealed, which had been left by my grandfather Carston Wayland, with the most solemn injunctions, both verbal and written, that it was not to be opened by his posterity until he had been dead One Hundred Years. And by his pen, and his last spoken words, he called down the most terrible curses upon any that should disobey those instructions. I say that I had known of the existence of this packet, but to be more exact, it is necessary I should say that, when quite a boy, my father had shown me its time-discolored mystery, its ribbons, and its seals; he had bidden me read the superscription on its face, until it was fairly embedded in my memory: "*As the memory of one who has done all for his posterity within the power of man is loved, so does he by that love charge the possessor of this packet to keep sacred its contents for a period of One Hundred Years. May the curse of the dead fall on him who violates this. Sealed June* 10*th*, 1748." And then charging me to secrecy, declared that my happiness, or success in life, depended upon my keeping so sacred a charge, when this packet should come into my hands by his death.

Over his death-bed I renewed the pledge to keep faithfully unbroken the packet, and should I survive until the time of its opening, to obey whatever instructions it might contain.

While the body of my father lay in the house, I took possession of the packet, and sat for hours curiously gazing at it. Oh! the many, many theories, I formed for this hidden mystery—each more unlikely than the last. I forced myself to believe that under its ancient parchment-cover lay great wealth, or the key to it, and I cursed the twenty-six years that must roll away, before I could be master of its contents. Twenty-six years! A lifetime! Perhaps I should not live to see it, and I might be the last of my race, and then what would become of the packet? My father, I argued, was right enough to keep it unbroken while he had a son to whom he could bequeath it; but should I, who stood alone in the world, allow so meaningless a request to deter me from satisfying myself as to its contents.

This was the argument I used; and still farther, I persuaded myself that if Carston Wayland stood now before me, he could not fail to give consent that I should break the seals, rather than leave such a task to one other than a Wayland. Not yet! not yet! I would think still farther on the matter; and yet my argument was strong in favor of its violation; so strong that with a nervous terror I thrust the packet back into its secret drawer and fled away from the cabinet.

For weeks I did not trust myself again to handle it, though it was with me every hour of the day and night. I could not ride it or sleep it away. Why should I weary out my soul to increase the Wayland lands when I held in my own hands perhaps the means to buy a county? I could not doubt but the packet would disclose the hiding-place of great treasure, or tell of its investment, so that I should recover the original sum tenfold. For days and days I walked through every silent and remote spot upon my lands, looking for such as would have been likely to have been selected by Carston Wayland for such a purpose. Several times I struck upon localities that seemed to answer such a supposition, and within the hour I had gangs of men digging for my coveted treasure. I listened calmly to the whisperings that called me mad for the useless labor, and laughed within myself to know that I was never suspected in my real intention. It would have been such folly to think the owner of Waylands should desire any more wealth.

In this feverish way the weeks and months passed on. I grew morose and greedy. I could think of nothing but the packet; and every night, instead of seeking books or sociality to drive away the memory, I would lock myself within the cabinet and look for hours upon my mystery. I would pinch and press its crackling parchment-wrappers, that I might surmise what its interior contained. I would study its seals, and with a trembling heart read its terrible endorsement. And then, night after night, like a guilty coward, I would sneak away, after midnight, with a burning head and a parched mouth, to toss restlessly, and dream of my great desire.

At last came a chance for which I had been waiting for years. A neighboring estate adjoining my own was to be sold in consequence of the death of its owner. This acquisition was one for which my father had longed, and to achieve which I was sure he would have made great sacrifices. The acquisition of Longfields would open my estates to the ocean, and give me all that my heart grasped for; but oh! how well I knew that it must pass into other hands unless I could obtain the purchase money from some yet unseen source. I was rich, very rich; but my wealth lay in land, not in money; and at each time as I had realised a sum of any consideration, it had been appropriated to the enlargement of the estate by the addition of neighboring farms. And now Longfields was unexpectedly for sale, and I had not enough to buy it. This thought haunted me ever. The loss of my right hand would not have been so great a misfortune as that it should acknowledge another buyer than myself. And yet the time passed away, and I failed to realise the necessary sum, which was a princely one.

At last came the eve of the day on which it was to be brought to the hammer, and I, almost maddened at the thought of my non-success, sought the cabinet. The packet, as usual, was soon in my hand, and hour after hour I gazed upon it, until my eyes seemed covered with a film of fire. Hour after hour I walked through that confined room, as it lay upon the desk, reciting all the arguments I had used for and against my desire a thousand times. Midnight came and passed: I called upon the spirit of my father, and of my grandfather, to support me by some token, and inwardly upbraided the dead for not answering my impious summons. The day was just breaking with a long line of grey sky in the East, and the thought came to me that ere another twelve hours were passed, Longfields, the dream of so many years, would have gone from my reach forever, while there in that packet was the power to obtain it. Of this I was well persuaded from my own mind. "And yet," I said, as I grasped it wildly in my hand, "I deny myself that, which if the dead were here, they would accord me. Fool! Coward! Idiot! For whose benefit was this package sealed but for yours, and you would throw away by a senseless obedience the benefits that it would bring. If there be a curse upon its opening, let it come; better death than this horrible suspense."

And I crushed the frail thing in my hand until the seals cracked, and the parchment-covering gaped. In a frenzy I tore away the ribbons, and in a moment the whole contents lay before me.

Were it my privilege to live through all time, I think forgetfulness would never come to me for that dreadful hour, when the seals and fastenings of the package were broken, and I sought, shiveringly, through its contents without success, for the wealth, or the key to it, I had so coveted. The first article that attracted my attention was a crystal phial, carefully wrapped and sealed, and containing a small quantity of colorless liquid. The only other thing the packet contained was a manuscript, of which this is a copy:

"Into whosoever hands this may come, may they be rewarded in their earthly endeavors as they strictly obey my requests and injunctions, and may they be punished on earth and hereafter for disobedience and neglect.

"It has been my lot in life to pass through many strange scenes, and be witness to many things which, if told, would be dismissed by well-thinking people as only the imaginary tales of a traveller, who could relate wondrous things when he knew there could be no chance of dispute. I have always had a deep passion for the abstruse sciences and studies, and have attempted an entry into the Rosicrucian mysteries. I have sought and cultivated the friendship of the Eastern dealers in miracles, and looked enquiringly at the fetishes and charms of the African medicine-men. I am not disposed to be a believer in these things, and yet there are most strange matters connected with them, that stagger philosophy, and put all reason and argument at defiance.

"Twenty years ago, curiosity led me into the Northern departments of India, over spots seldom trodden by European feet. While making a stay in one of the cities, it was in my power through my slight surgical skill to save a chief of a tribe of native jugglers from great pain and permanent deformity, and thereby secure his real gratitude and devotion, causing him to render me many services of a most powerful nature. This man was much above the people of his class, and was celebrated through all Northern India for the wonderful skill of many of his deceits, so wonderful and well-managed, that all the knowledge of the wisest men of his nation could not detect by what means they were accomplished. Among these was one of suffering himself to be treated as a corpse, wrapped in bands, shrouded and coffined, and buried for any length of time it suited the experimenters to pay for; when, after remaining in this state of death perhaps for many months, he would, upon being exhumed, come gradually back to life, declaring that during the period of his burial, he had realized the most beautiful visions without cessation. It was this experiment to which I was witness when the man was kept under ground four months, that first drew me towards him, and created a desire on my part to learn the secret of so throwing the body into a torpid state, as to resist the action of decay, and keep life suspended. Circumstances favored me beyond all my expectations, though I did not learn the exact secret of which I desired to become possessed. For what reason he should deny me the lesser secret, and give me the greater, I was never able to discover, unless it was he reasoned that should I ever betray his confidence, the secret with which he did entrust me, could do little harm to him, while the other might be the means of depriving him of one of the most powerful of his effects to exercise the minds of his followers, and secure great profits.

"It was through my solicitations that he should impart the secret of his suspended animation, that he finally told me in words of great solemnity, that he would confer on me the secret of living a thousand years. It may be supposed I received such a promise with entire disbelief, and ridiculed the assertion of his power to confer a thing so much at variance with all the known laws of nature. With the gravity of the Eastern disposition, he repeated his promise, declaring quietly that he would give me evidence which should satisfy me beyond all cavil, if I would in return solemnly pledge myself never to allow this secret to become known out of the direct line of my own family, and immediately upon his imparting it, to leave India, and return to my native land. Both these things I promised faithfully, still disbelieving his power, and looking upon it only as a *ruse* to divert me from my pursuit of that which I knew he had the means to accomplish.

"It was then he related to me that for thousands of years this secret had been the heir-loom of his family, and he was now about to impart it for the first time since its discovery; that a knowledge of his having done so, would doom him to death without the hope of revival from his kindred, and only the immense gratitude he owed me, and the knowledge that I would carry it into a far distant land, and guard it honorably, induced him now to impart the secret. Death had no more terrors for him than sleep, but I had saved him from that which was the greatest of known misfortunes, pain and deformity. He therefore would confer on me the power to live a thousand years, awaking after each natural death in exactly One Hundred Years, and living another life which would be repeated until I had existed on the earth ten centuries, and lain perhaps many more in my tomb.

"He had promised me proofs of his truth, and I demanded them. At an appointed time he led me away by night to the tomb where for three thousand years his kindred had lain during their periods of death. Here I saw by the light of the torches we bore, the bodies of men of every age, from manhood to white-haired, shrivelled infirmity, clothed in their garments of every-day wear, and lying on pillows as though in sleep. The hue of death was upon their faces, and stiffness in their limbs, but no sign of decay, and no odor of offensiveness. There they lay, like a line of ghastly sleepers, only waiting for a trump that should startle them into life. My guide placed his hand reverently upon the brow of one, and said 'This is my father, this time he has lain here sixty years. It is his fifth death when he awakes in forty years from now, he will have been dead five periods of one hundred years each, and have lived five lives, amounting in all to four hundred and twelve years. It is therefore nine hundred and twelve years since he was born, and he has yet to live five hundred and eighty-eight years to complete his life of one thousand years upon earth. When he is ready to be awakened, he will appear as a man of forty, and it will be my duty if I am living, to give him the draught of revival. Women, and those who have not reached manhood, are debarred the possession of our secret, or the privileges arising from it.'

"I listened to this in the deepest astonishment, and looked on the faces of the semi-dead about me with an awe I had never before known. I felt convinced of the truth of all that he was saying, though it utterly overthrew my conceptions of the past, and the recognised facts and theories of life. From a secret place in the corner of the tomb, he took a little phial of crystal, and putting it in my hand, he said, gravely: 'In this is life, take it, and use it with care. It will not aid you in disease, or prolong your periods of life, in this you must submit to the fate of other men; but in one hundred years from the time of your decease, if one drop be rubbed in the palm of the right hand, by one in whose veins runs your own blood, it will restore life, and renew a certain portion of youth with it. By this means, you can live through many periods, making in all, one thousand years. Take this phial, and leave this land forever.' As he said this, he bent and kissed my hand, and then continued: 'I love you, I owe you deep gratitude, but when to-morrow's sun sets, I shall bid my kindred slay you wherever they may find you on Indian soil. Fly for your own safety!'

"The old chief's eyes were filled with tears, we embraced, and that night mourned on my way to my American home.

"For months and years this lingered in my mind almost every hour, and yet it yielded to the fascinations of travel, to the gayeties of Paris and London, to the pursuit of wealth, and so ten years passed away before I came again to my home. Here, in the interest of building up my abiding place, my phial and the secret was partially forgotten. I remembered that it was a part of the injunction, that its contents should be used by one in whose veins ran my own blood. I will confess that this was the reason for my marriage at an age when such a thought is usually dismissed. And now, here upon my bed, stricken by paralysis, which strangely enough, leaves me only my right hand, of all my limbs, I write this record, declaring myself clear and unclouded in intellect, and still a believer in the truth I have here related. I am convinced I am on my deathbed, not because I am so informed by my physicians, but from an instinctive prompting from within. With this in view, I enclose this history and the phial in a package, which I shall seal with my own seal, and endorse praying whichever of my posterity, into whose hands it may come at the end of one hundred years, to rub in the palm of my right hand one drop of the fluid, as I shall lie in the tomb, which I have built to receive my body.

"CARSTON WAYLAND."

And thus ended the manuscript in the package, and thus ended my structure of wealth built upon it. There was nothing more, and there I sat stunned and shivering over my terrible discovery. Oh! how I cursed now, when too late, the knowledge I had obtained. How I prayed to go back upon my wretched breach of the confidence of the dead. I listened to hear my father's and my grandfather's curses upon the air; and while I strode through that confined room the morning sun arose beautiful and bright, as though mocking the darkness that reigned within my own soul.

Longfields was sold that day, and within a few months the new master came to take possession. At first I was disposed to regard him as my natural enemy, but soon I heard that the master of Longfields had a daughter, who was spoken of as a young, fair, and gentle creature, and a new light broke upon me. She was an only child, and I would play the wooer if she was to be heiress of those fine acres. And like a wary man, I went forth enquiringly, and soon found that there was none other to inherit, and it required but a few months to make her mistress of Waylands. The old man would hear of no delay; the match was a good one, more than her equal in wealth, birth, and position, what could she want more? He was a good sound man of business, he had made the price of Longfields out of hemp and hides, and in the same way he closed the bargain that gave me his daughter. She came to me and said she loved another, that she did not, and never could love me, and I laughed and told her she would learn in time. She threw herself at my feet, and implored me to spare her, and I lifted her up, and said that such humility was unworthy the heiress of Longfields and the future mistress of Waylands. And so we were wed, and my poor wife went on dutifully and unresistingly until her heart broke; but I got the estate, and Longfields and Waylands became one.

But, oh! those weary years, that broken package lying in the secret drawer, if it haunted me while the mystery was unknown, how much more terrible was it now. Every hour but drew me nearer the moment when I should be called on to test the truth or falsehood of the contents. And then I argued: Why should I test its truth, why should I risk the return to earth of one who would deprive me of all my lands by right, and assume jurisdiction over me. All this was optional with myself. No living person but myself knew of the packet. What if I destroyed the manuscript and the phial. Who would be the wiser. But on the contrary should the contents of the phial bring Carston Wayland again to life, would he not know of the premature opening of the packages, and make that the plan for depriving me of all, and turning me out upon the world a beggar?

It was this which gave me sleepless nights and wretched days. It was this which made me grow old and haggard before my time. I *was* a coward, for I would stand hours looking at the vault where lay all my family since the days of Reuben Wayland, wishing that I could enter and gaze upon the face of my grandfather, Carston, without having the courage to do so. I wished to look and see whether his flesh had decayed, or whether, like the forefathers of the juggler, who lay in their East Indian tomb, he still preserved somewhat of the semblance of life in death.

They say that time is a great softener of disquiet. This may be true; but I am also sure it is a great intensifier of it. And when I stood once more alone in the world, having sacrificed every friend by my forbidding manner and passionate outbreaks—having broken my wife's heart, and alienated the affection of my child. Having lost my own self-respect, and become a coward to my conscience, I still felt all the memory of my action with tenfold force, and could I have restored my peace of mind by a compromise, I would gladly have given up Longfields, to have purchased peace, and immunity for my crime. This was the first great cause, so I persuaded myself, and I was willing to make it a peace-offering; but, when the terrible thought came, that I might lose all, it was too much, and I shut away the vision, and sought by occupation to drive it entirely from my brain. I labored in the fields, I rode, I lived in the open air, and sought fatigue, that I might sleep more soundly. And yet the parchment of that broken package rattled in my ears, disturbing me in my labors and making me wakeful through the long hours of the night.

The day approached. The one hundredth recurrence of the day of Carston Wayland's death. On the 18th of June, 1843, he would have lain one hundred years in the tomb. All the language I possess cannot give any portion of the terror that hung above me. I can realise the position of a murderer when once condemned to die, knowing there is no reprieve, and that, at a certain hour, upon a certain day, he *must* appear before the great tribunal. I can understand that he can resign himself to seeing that day and hour approach without fear, or desire to avert it—rather feeling it a relief from suspense. But, to me, hanging upon this horrible indecision, this worse than death, what could I realise but that every fleeting moment only brought me nearer to annihilation, body and soul. What had I to expect, even in death? Only that I should stand, face to face, before those whom I had betrayed, as a perjurer, and a parricide in thought, if not in deed.

At last came the day. Within the month previous, I had spent nearly all my time in the cabinet, gazing upon the phial, and poring over and over again the manuscript accompanying it, until every word upon its pages had found an everlasting home upon my brain. A score of times had I gone forth with that and the phial, to destroy them, and have no more of the accursed thing in my sight, and as many times had I returned and replaced them in the secret drawer, acknowledging myself too much a coward to accomplish the act. There was a strong power upon me that compelled me to retain them. A power which I, in my superstition and cowardice, believed to originate from the magical effects of the phial itself. There was a strong power upon me that compelled the retaining, until the day upon which they were to be used—aye! that my punishment might be greater.

With my own hands I opened the tomb. I wanted no witnesses, even of my desire to visit the dead. The very situation and building of the resting-place of my fathers, showed that Carston Wayland had constructed it with reference to its becoming the spot wherein he should lie, with as little likeness to the tombs as possible. It was a beautiful spot, built entirely above ground, dry, well ventilated, handsomely decorated, and shut in by trees, and silence.

I threw open the door, and for the first time since my father's death, entered the tomb. I had never looked upon the body of Carston Wayland, it had been my father's wish, in our very few visits made previous to his death, that I should not, and as I could gain nothing by it then, I had no desire. It was only in years after the breaking of the package that I had any such prompting, and as I have said, I had not the courage to gratify it.

I knew where lay the body, alone by itself, in an apartment especially made for its reception. I advanced towards it, and started as I perceived in the dim light, that the coffin was without a top. A further glance showed me the body dressed in the usual dress of the time he died, instead of the cerements of the dead. In my hand I held the phial, and stood over the coffin until my eyes should become accustomed to the light. Already from looking on the rigid body I had persuaded myself that the manuscript was false, the phial a delusion. I would acquit myself of the task of dropping the liquid in the right hand, and feel that, however I may have shrank from the risk heretofore, I would now obey the injunctions of the dead man, given in life. How weak and absurd had been the supposition that any truth existed in them, or that he who had lain a hundred years in the tomb, should return to life, and deprive me of my beloved lands!

With this thought I raised the right hand of the dead man. What! was it a delusion? The hand had warmth. The face was flushing with a slight color. Great heavens! The lips were separating, and—and the eyes—the eyes were opening. Should I be the instrument in bringing back a corpse to life, that he might deprive me of my wealth, my lands, to curse me, to shame me before the world, to make me an outcast, and a beggar. No! and I flung the hand from me, and with one great burst of shivering passion, dashed the phial upon the stone floor of the vault, shivering it into a thousand pieces.

How or when I returned to the house, I have no memory of. Many days after, I was informed that some workmen coming to their labors, next morning, discovered the door of the vault open, and on going in, through curiosity looked at the body of Carston Wayland, and found it as free from decay as though just placed in the tomb, and, still more extraordinary, it was lying upon its side in the coffin.

It was not so when I stood beside it.

This became common talk through all the county; and coupled with the fact that my hair, which before was entirely black, grew gray within a week after the occurrence, I have become more than ever a thing to be dreaded and avoided by my neighbors.

One only thing more let me tell of this last visit. By the mouldering of the clothes for some months past, I had noticed a small folded substance, having the appearance of paper, coming from an apparently secret pocket in the vest. That day I summoned courage and drew it forth. It proved to be a parchment on which was written, by the hand of Carston Wayland: "Should he whose duty it becomes to rescue me from the tomb, prove false or cowardly to the trust, this manuscript will tell him, that by his neglect or cowardice, he has lost more wealth than usually falls to the lot of man. It has been my fortune to achieve, while in India, immense riches, to which the Delaware estates are but a bauble. Their hiding place is known only to myself, and I reserve until my awakening, the disclosure, that I may thereby benefit my rescuer."

It is from this last blow that I am dying. May Heaven have mercy upon me.

This is the last entry in my father's journal.

A GOOD THING OR TWO FROM THE N. Y TRIBUNE.

"One of our poets, a remarkably cadaverous looking man, recited a poem descriptive of a country walk, in which the following couplet occurred:

"The red breast, with a furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance."

Upon which a wag exclaimed, 'Gad, if it had been a carrion crow, it would have stared you full in the face!'—a remark so humorous and unexpected, that it was received with a unanimous shout of laughter."

Apropos of the above, from *Harper's Monthly*, BYLES, the rare-occasion-al Braintown correspondent of the *Tribune* goes on in this stlye:

The joke *was* a good one; but it was made by the late Lord Dudley on Rogers, "the bard, the beau, the banker," whose lines, slightly damaged, are the ones quoted. I advise the editor to use next month the other *mot* of the same eccentric nobleman, *apropos* to the cadaverous looks of the poet: "Why, Rogers, now that you have made your fortune and can well afford it, I wonder you don't set up your *hearse!*" Rogers, however, had his revenge on Lord Dudley when he was Mr. Ward, before his father's death—for these quips, and for his review of his Vision of Columbus, in *The Quarterly Review*, by the famous epigram which he composed, as he admitted, with some little assistance from Conversation Sharpe:

"Ward has no heart; they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart—*he gets his speeches by it!*"

It used to be attributed to Byron, but Rogers claimed it as his own.

And "in this connection," as Mr. Everett says (and a many after him), I would here express my gratitude to Lord Dudley for a phrase which I have occasion to use almost every day of my life. He was a man of fine literary taste and a great lover of reading, and used to say that he considered the happiest human condition would be to have an income of £1,500, and a lodging over a bookseller's shop—his own income being £80,000—but he hated new books, a particular in which I have the honor to resemble him. Accordingly, when he was asked whether he had read such and such a book just published, he would reply, "No, not yet, I shall wait a little. *Perhaps it will blow over!*" How many books I have known to "blow over," by just waiting a little while.

Again, in the last *Atlantic Monthly*, in the clever article on Thomas Paine, the writer says that Paine resembled the French lady, who naively said to Dr. Franklin, "*Je ne trouve que moi qui ait toujours raison!*" "I find no one but myself that is always right.' Now, was there a French lady who said this to Dr Franklin? I dare say there was, if the Doctor says so, but if so, she stole her *mot* from the memoires of Madame de Stall. Now don't let your compositors go and earnest my spelling and make my authority Madame de Stael, on the mistaken notion that she was

"Nectar's fair daughter, Stael the Epicene,"

for it was a totally different person, Mademoiselle de Launay, first the lady's maid, and afterwards the friend of the Duchesse du Maine, the daughter-in-law of Louis XIV., and granddaughter of the great Condé. In her

memoires, published after her death, in 1750, she attributes this saying to the Duchesse de la Ferté. And, by the way, you did us honor overmuch two or three weeks ago, in an editorial, in laying the venue of the epigram on its mattering not

"—— a toss up,
Whether you whip Barry, or Barry whip Mossop,"

in Boston. It was written not of the manager of the Boston Theatre, Mr. Thomas Barry, but of Spranger Barry, the rival of Garrick, a hundred years ago, and of Henry Mossop, the rival of Barry, as any one may see by turning to Churchill's Rosciad.

I was diverted the other day by meeting with the very first joke I ever made acquaintance with walking about with a cocked-hat on its head and a gold-headed cane in its hand—such as Walter Scott used to give to the stories he kidnapped from his neighbors. I think it was the very first unexpected appropinquation of dissimilar ideas that ever glanced upon my fancy—for I remember it had to be explained to me before I took the joke. The Old Farmers' Almanack used to have, and very likely has still, a select quantity of very slender jests at the end of it; but which we used to look forward to at school, where, after the strictest sect of our religion, I was brought up, at Andover, from year to year, as the best of the kind we could get. There could scarcely be a more mournful proof of the jejunity of our intellectual fare. This jest was concentrated into these three lines—scarce being an object with the Sage of the Almanack: "A lady asking a sailor the reason why a ship was called *she*, he answered, because the rigging is worth more than the hull." Within a month or so I met this early friend, as good as new, taking the air in one of your city papers, I forget which, dressed out after this fashion: "The other day, as one of our first merchants was visiting one of his magnificent ships, just returned from India, he jocosely asked a sailor if he could tell him the reason why a ship was always of the feminine gender. Jack reflected a moment, and then turning his quid in his cheek, and hitching up his trousers, replied, 'I don't know, your honor, unless it be that the rigging is worth more than the hull!'" I stand by the original edition. The eminent hand who adapted it to the present time, half-spoilt it by making the interlocutor a man instead of a woman.

And this put me in mind of the first joke I ever made myself, or the first that is on record. Shall I repeat it? It would be too great a violence to my natural modesty, if it had not been made. Well, no matter how many years ago, but I wasn't more than ten years old. It is still extant in a sprawling school-boy hand in a letter to my mother. I was giving an account of the great event of the week, which was the capture of a young alligator in the woods at Andover, not far from the school. Then followed the explanations of this phenomenon by different persons, the most probable of which was that it had escaped from some travelling showman. I, however, dissented from all the theories advanced, and set up my own, that the stranger was on his way to join the Theological Seminary, or Mill for making Ministers, as the profane used to call it, close by the school, because *his face was so long and his back was so stiff!* I think that was very well for a beginning. Indeed, I don't believe I could do any better now.

This letter does not contain a great deal of news, or what a schoolmaster would consider useful information; but you must consider that it is a very unnewsable season of the year—a very dry time, for all the rain we have had. We have had only a couple of rows to speak of, one over the brass body of Mr. Webster, the Defender of the Constitution, and the other over the flesh and blood one of Mr. Heenan, the Benecia Boy. The committee having in charge the Molten Image really had not brass enough in their compositions to consent to the setting up of such a caricature of the comely and portly Mr. Webster, when it came to the point, and the majority at the first general meeting disallowed the proceedings of the sub-committee in proposing to erect it in the State House yard. And this, in spite of Mr. Everett's having ceased, for a season, his missionary effort for Mr. Washington, and coming to the rescue with a speech proving that it was more like Mr. Webster than he was himself, and an amazing fine work of art into the bargain. But since then they have been round feeling of the committeemen to see which of them are soft, and it is said that enough have been found so, to give in. The other *scrimmage* was in consequence of some disappointment of our scientific men about a practical exegesis on the principles of the Noble Science by Mr. Heenan. He was fallen upon by a crowd of ruffians, supposed to be partisans of the great Morrissey, and finally knocked down and seriously wounded, after doing all one man could in self-defence. The result of the two rows, you will observe, was painfully opposite—for the Benicia Boy came down, while the New Hampshire Boy will probably go up. So different is the fate of great men.

Not knowing what might happen, I took occasion lately to ask a learned magistrate, who is a judge in art as well as in law, whether it would not be well to charge the Grand Jury that this statue, when erected, was a public nuisance, and as such, a thing to be abated by anybody. He did not seem to think that the evil could be best reached in this way; but was clear that no indictment could hold for any injury done to it, it being a thing *which could not be defaced!* And talking of judges, puts me in mind that the new Superior Court erected on the ruins of the Common Pleas, goes into effect about this time. You must know that we have great respect for the permanency of the judicial office in this State, and utterly abhor your elective system; but we abolish a Court every now and then and turn the judges adrift. We never throw a judge overboard, you understand, excepting in the case of a Jonah, like Judge Loring, and then in the regular constitutional way—we merely scuttle the ship and let them all go down together. I will end this paragraph about Judges, and with it this letter, by a fact illustrative of the extreme liberality our Courts show on the admission of evidence. An officer not long since approached the Judge on the bench in the Police Court, and said: "Your Honor, here's a gentleman who says he is a nephew of President Buchanan, who wishes to make a complaint." "Certainly," replied the Judge, "let him sign his complaint, by all means. He may be an honest man, notwithstanding."

— We are happy to announce that the Bonner-fever has at last reached its crisis. This fact is made evident from the following doggerel (or Bonnerel) copied from the N. Y. *Express*:

ON A LIKENESS OF BONNER.

How have I wondered at the *Ledger's* race,
Bright as the sun and limitless as space—
Thought, beauty, virtue ever in it glowing,
And joy on all the continents bestowing.
Now, when I look upon these truthful eyes,
Where stern determination deeply lies,
But mellowed by a certain nameless grace,
Shedding a genial sunshine o'er the face;
And when I mark his brow, so broadly wrought
Into a throne for great and earnest thought,
Sitting imperial, with his flag unfurled,
'Mid hopes and fears, and passions of a world—
When I do this—myself a thoughtful wight—
O! gentle reader, on my sacred honor,
No more I wonder at the *Ledger's* might
And all the laurels won by Robert Bonner!

PHILOLEDGER.

MILWAUKEE, *June*, 1859.

— The *Sunday Times* gets off the following string of Epigrams apropos of Bonner and his new horse.

AN EVIDENCE OF LEARNING.

Mister Bonner has bought famous "Lantern," 'tis said,
To add to his stallions full-blooded:
So, although people say that he is not well read,
Not a soul can deny he's—well stud-ded.

A SPAN OF FANCIES.

Ten thousand hard dollars has Bonner down laid,
For a race-horse—a "stunning" price—rawther!
Ten thousand for Everett he formerly paid:
So the nag's on a par with the author!

THE REASON BONNER GOES.

"What's the reason," men ask, "that our fresh millionaire,
Who has built a new church, must indulge in fast horses?"
Answers great Parson B—— (who himself drives a pair),
"Bonner buys the good nags from a motive most rare—
He would keep them away from bad courses!"

A STEEPLE CHASE.

Bonner buys a fast horse, and the people ask why,
Does the man mean to run for a wager?
"No!" says Bonner—"Good friends! I'm just going to try
If I can't keep the run of my Ledger?"

A HIPPODROME PERFORMANCE.

Ten thousand our editor pays for a horse;
And the wonder all reason surpasses:
But a sight still more curious follows, of course—
Horse and rider supported by—asses!

Special Notices.

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FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on
THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.
DANIEL GALE, PROPRIETOR, CALDWELL, N. Y.
The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship BREMEN, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, July 9, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

EXPLANATION.

We incline to think that the charge of intentional plagiarism made in THE SATURDAY PRESS of June 25th against Mr. N. G. Shepherd, was entirely unfounded. The similitude between the poem he sent us, and a poem of the same title by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, may have been—and probably was—purely accidental.

Our only apology for making the charge is, that plagiarism has got to be so common of late that we had resolved to make the first instance of it that came under our notice the occasion of prompt exposure. But the fact is we were much too hasty, since, after all, the similitude between Mr. Shepherd's poem and that of Mr. Aldrich was only in the first verse, and, moreover, was one that might easily have been explained without reflecting in any way upon the author.

We have only to add, in mitigation of our offence, that having published both the poems in reference, the intelligent reader had a chance to judge for himself as to the correctness of our judgment.

RAMBLES AMONG WORDS.

Rambles Among Words: Their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By William Swinton. 12mo. pp. 302. New York: Chas. Scribner. 1859.

In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God; or, in profane phraseology, speech is divine. It is equally human also, for is not the human divine? Divinity inwraps us all. "In Him we live, move, and have our being," is the declaration of an apostolic Pantheist whose authority the orthodox reader will not call in question.

Man's interpretation of himself (the microcosm) and the external Kosmos—nature translated ideally by human nature, or the mind's experience of the physical creation—this is language. Hence language represents the sum of human knowledge, and reveals infallibly the steps of development in man's spiritual and physical progress. The histories, the poetries, the religions, the ethics of culture, and the manners and customs of races and ages, are embalmed in words.

This transcendental conception of language as a living organism, is essentially modern. Plato's Cratylus—which stands as high-water-mark of Greek speculation on philology—is a curious example of how impossible it is for even the loftiest mind to rise very far out of the atmosphere that surrounds it. The dreams of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries about Hebrew and the "mother tongue," are diverting enough—scientific they are not. It was not, in fact, till our own times that language became a subject of philosophical investigation, and, under the hands of such master minds as Grimm, Bopp, and Humboldt, that sublime science of comparative philology was evoked, which is destined to found the history of humanity on a new basis.

Growing out of these profound speculations are the attempts to popularize studies on our vernacular, by investing them with the charms of poetry, history, and wisdom. Here Horne Tooke, in that piece of pure inspiration, "The Diversions of Purley," is first to be mentioned. Other lights, greater or lesser, follow, among which Dean Trench's little volume must not be forgotten.

To this department of popular philology Prof. Swinton's "Rambles Among Words" is a valuable contribution. The latest and—as it ought to be—the best, it is far richer in original illustrative examples, far more catholic in its treatment of the subject, far more entertaining and instructive, than any previous work of the kind.

It is not so much our intention to "review" the "Rambles"—one of the very neatest specimens of the Scribnerian typography, its pure white paper, double-headed lines, wide margins, and large type, rendering it a positive luxury to the eyes—as to express our high sense of the merit and usefulness of a work which, if our advice be followed, every reader of the SATURDAY PRESS will procure and "inwardly digest," and to notice a few of its more striking features.

We think the volume christened happily. The principal title is light, airy, musical, and the "sub" a verbal trinity—three words of equal power and goodness, of one substance, and united in one capital essence. But this is not the only merit of the title-page. It completely defines—what is seldom the case in the titulary art of now-a-days—the character of the contents of the book. We quote the following passage from the author's "prefacitory" chapter:

"With Rambles spells I design to evoke the pagan wanderers (words) from their homes in the visionary dld—to read some of the strange lessons they teach, to catch of the wit and the wisdom, the puns and the poetries, the philosophies, the fancies, and the follies, that lurk in and flash out from them, and to seize, flaming down, as it were, from the 'firmament of bards and sages,' some of the deep analogies, the spiritual significance, the poetic beauty and the rich humor that sport and dwell in even our common, every-day words and phrases.

"Of course we shall ramble, now chasing some gay etymologic butterfly, anon lingering beneath the palm and plantain of genius, or lonely wandering amid

'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale or piny mountains,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths.'"

Of the author's *style* the above is a favorable specimen. In general, it is the raciest, sweetest, purest, chastest style imaginable—sufficient of itself to entertain and charm the reader from the first to the last page of the book. We say, generally it is thus excellent. We could have said always, had not the author unfortunately—in an æsthetical point of view—thought proper, here and there, to reconstruct the pages of his early manuscript. Mr. Swinton tells us, in his preface, that the "Rambles" was written "half-a-dozen years ago," and intimates that since its composition his intellectual progress has been great; that the work, although distinctly claiming the admiration of the public, on the score of original investigation, new classifications of words, and new methods of handling the topics discussed, has, with regard to himself, "but a biographic significance."

This statement, although in place, is quite superfluous. We could mark with a pencil every passage that has been "retouched," and trace in the emendations the direction of the author's studies. With regard to these we have only words of eulogy to express. He has evidently turned his great mental powers to the best account; and if we are not much mistaken, the public will next hear of him in a work which will startle the mind of the nation with its radical philosophical research and lofty idealism.

But it is against the *style* which these few emended passages indicate the author to have recently adopted, that we wish to lift up our voice. The difference between the style of these paragraphs and the style of the book is striking indeed. One could hardly believe, for example, that page 277 and page 287 were the product of the same pen. One would suppose that our author had recently gone into literary partnership with Alcott, the Orphic philosopher of Concord, and that this perversely ingenious mystic had revised and interpolated the original manuscript of the "Rambles."

The prevailing style of the book, as we have said, is fresh, pure, sweet, simple, charming, natural. In the emended passages it is ragged, abrupt, unmusical, obscure, grotesque, unnatural. This new style is not English in hardly one rhetorical particular. It is essentially a translation from the French, seasoned with a few idiocratic extravagances. Abbreviations, such as "'tis," for "it is," are, in prose, never in good taste. The continual sundering of members of sentences,—naturally separated only by a comma or semicolon—by a period, requiring more than one-half the sentences on a page to begin with a preposition, a conjunction, or an adverb, is certainly an ungraceful way of writing, if it be not positively improper.

"How much has the French language been to the English!" the author exclaims somewhere; "How much has it yet to give!" he adds. Judging from the rhetorical tendencies of the rising generation of American authors, we think we are justified in replying to the first interrogative exclamation, "More, much more, alas, than it should have been!" and to the second, "Infinite Della Cruscan effeminacies and barbaric uglinesses!"

The French style belongs to the French mind—to the Gallic brain that thinks the Gallic style of thought. There it is as appropriate and beautiful as an orange grove in the tropics; but coming as an imitation from the pen of a Saxon to give expression to Saxon thought, it is detestable. The mind of our people is not Celtic, but Tentonic, and between these two classes of minds there is, in the tone and tendencies of their thinking, in the mode of their intellectual operations, in the way they treat the most superficial questions, a radical dissimilarity, almost necessitating a separate psychology for each. How out of place, then, these recent exertions of American authors to teach the American eagle to imitate the crowing of the Gallic cock? Much do we prefer the "barbaric yawp" of Walt. Whitman to such Della Cruscan dilettanteism.

But enough upon this point, which we should not have noticed thus formally if Mr. Swinton were not a young author of whom we are expecting great things, and from whom we should be sorry to receive a work, whatever its essential excellence might be, written in this latest fashionable French style of his.

Very appropriately has our author called the twelve chapters of his volume "Rambles." They are not abstruse philosophical treatises, as we have already said, but delightful talks about classes of words, interspersed with pertinent anecdotes and happy illustrations.

The reader will recall a little conversation in Longfellow's "Kavanagh," between Mr. Churchill, the schoolmaster, and his wife:

Mr. C.—I was thinking to-day how dull and prosaic the study of mathematics is made in our schoolbooks.

Mrs. C.—For my part, I do not see how you can make mathematics poetical. There is no poetry in them.

Mr. C. (taking down a book).—That is a mistake. Here is a book of mathematics quite of a different stamp from ours. It is the Lilawati of Bhascara Acharya, translated from the Sanscrit. *(Reads):* "Ten times the square root of a flock of geese, seeing the clouds collect, flew to Manus Lake; one-eighth of the whole flew from the edge of the water amongst a multitude of water-lillies, and three couple were observed playing in the water. Tell me, my young girl with the beautiful locks, what was the whole number of geese?"

Swinton's "Rambles" is a philological Lilawati, and would doubtless have delighted infinitely that Yankee schoolmaster, whose experience in teaching children had convinced him that their slowness of learning was due, in a great measure, to the needless dullness of our schoolbooks.

With all due regard for the opinions of a sapient critic in a recent number of the ponderous last-*Century*, we think the absence of stupidity a positively valuable feature in a book. He prefers "the old mode of treatment." He thinks "knowledge may be made too familiar, and of familiarity comes contempt." "We would fain," he continues, "still bow down to learning in the cumbrous quarto or more majestic folio. We would not destroy, if we could, the mystery of darkness and uncertainty. We would let etymologists dig, and grope, and quarrel, in the dark labyrinth of antiquity. *The difficulty adds to the value of the acquisition!*" Worthy the flambiferous organ of old fogyism that! If the readers of the last-*Century* value the "knowledge" they acquire "of politics, commerce, finance, economy," etc., by the "difficulty" it gives them to "grope and dig" for it in the columns of that "dark labyrinth of antiquity," how little soever it may be, it must be a valuable "acquisition" indeed.

We differ, however, with regard to this matter, from the eulogist of dullness; preferring, anything, in fact, rather than dullness; preferring, therefore, Professor Swinton's "Rambles" to any work of the genus gotten up on the "Thesaurus"-plan. Here are fifteen hundred words—a larger vocabulary than most men use—not with dry definitions appended to them, but dissected, illustrated, introduced with pleasant remarks, and dismissed with apt and apposite reflections. The significations of words in an ordinary lexicon must be looked out by the learner many times before they are remembered. Words treated according to the Swintonian method will hardly be forgotten when once seen. And to ten readers out of twelve, we believe that these fifteen hundred words have never been clearly defined to their understanding by Webster or Worcester.

According to the plan of the "Rambles," no exhaustive discussions or philosophical outlines of treatment are in place or attempted. The author commences at the end of the subject and leaves off at the beginning. That is, there is no reason why Ramble the tenth should not be Ramble the second, and *vice versa*. With his method, it makes little difference to him in what direction he goes, and little to the reader, who finds, in the company of such a charming companion, one walk as agreeable as another.

See how attractive the names of these twelve "Rambles," and how suggestive of entertainment: "Premonitory;" "The Work of the Senses;" "The Idealism of Words;" "Fossil Poetries;" "Fossil Histories;" "Words of Abuse;" "Fancies and Fantastics;" "Verbal Ethics;" "Medals in Names;" "Synonymes and their Suggestions;" "The Growth of Words;" "English in America."

Of these, the author claims that "The Work of the Senses," "The Idealism of Words," "Words of Abuse," and "The Fanciful and Fantastic in Words," "will be found new constructions of the English language."

If we were disposed to find fault with the chapter on "The Work of the Senses," we should say that it was too brief and incomplete for a "new construction of the English language." The concluding assertion, that "the principle does not extend far," is calculated to mislead the reader who has not carefully considered the general statements of the preceding chapter, and comprehended especially the passage there quoted from Frederick Schlegel. Instead of this principle not extending far, it is a law pervading universal language. There never was a word uttered by human lips of which the senses were not the Adam and Eve. Religion, piety, spirit, idea, abstract, cause—is one of these, the subtilest metaphysical term, or the most etherial poetic expression, not derived from the world of the senses?

And the process by which these objective words become clothed with subjective meaning, is clearly illustrated in the third "Ramble." As the former chapter might be called "On the Primary Signification of Words," so this, "On the Secondary Signification of Words." All words, when they leave the realm of the senses, immediately become ideal. We give an instance or two from numerous examples furnished by the author: "Scruple," primarily contributed by the senses, derived from the Latin *scrupulus*, signifying a little stone, or piece of gravel, such as used to get into the open shoes of the Romans, and hurt the foot; secondary signification, "doubt," which causes mental pain. "Hearty," from sensuous *heart*; secondary, or ideal signification, "cordial." "Scandal," from the Greek *scandalon*; primary sensuous signification, *a stumbling-block*; secondary, or ideal signification, "a defamatory report," which causes one to *fall* in our estimation.

The particular faculty of the mind which thus elevates words—which spiritualizes material forms and facts, is that of comparison, or the *fancy*. Hence the chapter on "Fancies and Fantastics" is of precisely the same nature as that on the "Idealism of Words." It only treats of another species of words belonging to the same genus. The sensuous significations of external acts and subjects being received into the mind, the imagination, detecting their corresponding spiritual analogies, generates poetical, fantastical, ethical, and every other kind of derivatives from them. The noblest words, like the noblest men, if you trace their genealogy back, have, thus, always, a mean ancestral origin. The most royal name, clothed in the purple and fine linen of mysticism, sitting upon the white throne of a metaphysical abstraction, or presiding in sacred pomp over the ceremonies and solemnities of religion—so holy as not to be uttered without profanity—descended from the humblest progenitor. Words primitively were all born "free and equal"—were all agrarian socialists, red republican democrats, wild savages, autochthons,—grew out of the ground like so many cabbages or turnips in a field. "Sacrament," an oath taken by cut-throat Roman soldiers. "Christ," smeared with grease. "God," strong. The origin of the unspeakable Hebrew "Jehovah" is lost; but, of course, it was equally base with the other sacred terms.

Notwithstanding the author's favorite chapters are evidently those just noticed, we think the tenth "Ramble," on "Synonymes and their Suggestions," the ablest and most interesting. Here, too, Mr. Swinton provokingly suggests a verbal law, follows along the shores of it, crosses and recrosses it half a dozen times in the course of the "Ramble," and yet states it not. It is this: *Every noun in the English language has, or may have, a Latin or Greek adjective.* The rich adjective-department of our language has been almost exclusively constructed by this rule, and is to be indefinitely enlarged by it. No matter if the noun possess an adjective of its own kindred, the Latin or Greek is still in place. (Grass, grassy, gramineal.) Consequently, if no Latin or Greek adjective of a noun be found in the dictionary, because no author has felt the need of one, any person, coming to require it, would be legally authorized, by this law of our language, to adopt, introduce, and employ a derivative of the classic synonym. Hence Senator Winthrop, in an oration delivered some months ago, very appropriately employed a new adjective, *arctinian* (from the Greek *arete*—Latin *virtus*), to describe the genus of reformatory institutions to which abolition, peace, temperance, and the like societies belong. The word is so elegant and convenient that it will probably be universally adopted in this country.

One little question to the author shall close our examination of these interesting chapters. What do you mean, Mr. Swinton, by deriving "news" from (N)orth, (S)outh, (E)ast, (W)est?—(we find that we have written the points of the compass in another order than they stand on page 141—but no matter)—and this, when the German, French, Latin, and almost every other language from which ours has borrowed anything, have the same word meaning *new!* It has occurred to us that the Professor, not finding readily any illustration sufficiently "fanciful and fantastical" for the climax of his paragraph, illustrated the exuberant wealth of his own fantasy, by inventing this outrageously funny absurdity. It deserves the distinction of capitals, in which it is printed, and merits the additional honor of the exclamation mark at the end.

We should not properly close our notice of the "Rambles" did we fail to inform our numerous orthodox readers that it is eminently a *safe* book! In these times, when infidelity is so rife, when the skeptic so insidiously, in elementary works on Chemistry, Geology, Geography, and History, attacks the bulwarks of our children's faith; and in seductive works of fiction, and by all the snares which unregenerated hearts, given over to the great arch-fiend, can devise, seeks to entice our young men and young women from the straight and narrow path of salvation and eternal life, it is refreshing to find in our author—one destined, doubtless, as we have said, to wield a vast influence over the minds of our nation—a humble believer, a man of ardent piety, saintly aspirations, and a meek and lowly disciple of the Cross! It is, indeed, an unlooked for and welcome spectacle! And we cannot be too thankful that he has made his *début* in literature at a day when the institution of the Church (seemingly trembling to its foundation) and the hands of the clergy (seemingly so weak) especially need the support of a devout laity. Can one read his remarks on that flagrant violation of the third commandment (pp. 133-6) without being sensibly affected, and admiring the ingenious method, the high literary art, we may say, by which they are introduced? True religion and the sacred cause of morality are evidently ever uppermost in his mind, and ready to break out in stern rebuke of sin whenever his style admits of an appropriate parenthesis!

To the orthodox and the unorthodox, to the old and the young, to the grave and the gay, to the ignorant and the learned, let us say, in conclusion, Swinton's "Rambles Among Words" will prove a suggestive book. A thousand new hints are thrown out, curious and invaluable, in addition to the thousand new matters which are charmingly discussed. If his periods are nearly always silver, the ample spaces of silence between them are often golden. We know of no more interesting, entertaining volume to read by the fireside in the city, or on the brookside and hillside in the country: no book that will lay up more valuable treasures in the storehouse of the memory. It is an epitome of poetry, history, and wisdom. The public will anxiously await our author's forthcoming volume, on "THE UNWORKED MINES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," which we are happy to learn is already nearly completed.

A BOGUS-DICKENS.

In printing the following communication, we beg to observe to the author that if we should undertake to expose all the bogus operations of the kind it refers to, we should have, at once, to double the size of our paper. Moreover, most of them—and Mr. Harris's among the rest—are such as would not be likely to deceive any reader of the SATURDAY PRESS:

Mr. Editor:—As you have done good service before now in exposing the tricks of book-publishers in advertising bogus books, I would draw your attention to the enclosed circular of a periodical called "Harris' Illustrated Novelist." Mr. Harris purports to give a series of articles entitled "The Dickins Papers," and in his circular says they are written expressly for his paper by that celebrated writer. Now, Mr Editor, who is that celebrated writer? I have heard of Dickens (you will observe the difference of the fifth letter of the two names), but never of the popular writer Mr. Harris mentions.

It is evidently the design of Mr. Harris to deceive the public by announcing a writer with a name similar to the author of the "Pickwick Papers." Probably many persons have been deceived by it. The circular has been quite extensively distributed throughout the city, and the deception should undoubtedly be exposed.

K. E.

— A correspondent of *Figaro* writes: I have been amusing myself by making an anagram of three of the great names now in everybody's mouth:

Napoléon Trois, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi,

and I find that, vowel for vowel, consonant for consonant, they give the following curious result:

Montebello, Puis Grande Victoire à Milan.

There remained four letters, which form the word Taro, a Sardinian river, which rises in the Apennines, traverses the duchy of Parma, and empties into the Po.

— The *Christian Examiner* for July commences a notice of four obituary sermons with the following felicitous sentence: "It is our grateful service to record the four obituary discourses of" etc., etc.

— Winthrop Sargent, Esq., of Philadelphia, has in preparation the life of Major André, for which he is said to have collected much new and interesting matter.

— J. F. H. Claiborne, of Mississippi, is engaged in preparing for the press the life of Gen. Quitman, and is anxious to obtain copies of all letters that will give interest or value to the work.

— Judge Veech, of Uniontown, Pa., is preparing a memoir of George Croghan.

— John Esten Cooke, Esq., of Richmond, Va., is engaged in preparing a history of Virginia.

Correspondence.

MY FIRST AND LAST PANTHER HUNT.

HARTFORD, CONN., July 4, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—I ended my last letter with the conclusion of "Uncle Paul's" bear story, at the close whereof the bar-room inmates at the old Canada tavern imbibed largely at the expense of the two strangers, my friend and myself.

(I must remark here, in parenthesis, that I am sure I did not write, in my last, "*without neither* books nor newspapers," though the Devil prompted a compositor in your office so to make me say, and the same Evil One influenced your proof-reader to overlook the error. I gnashed my teeth at the sight of it.)

After we had "smiled, and smiled," we again seated ourselves about the room, and an ominous silence fell upon all.

Burly John Canada piled more wood upon the fire, and then sauntered to the door, which he opened to gaze forth upon the weather. A thick blackness had overspread the sky while Uncle Paul was speaking, and a chill gust of wind burst in at the half open door, shaking the bottles and glasses behind the bar till they jingled again, and throwing great puffs of smoke out of the broad fireplace.

Burly John closed the door again, and retired to his seat upon the bar, and presently the rain began to fall, and, being driven against the windows by the fierce wind, beat thereon the Devil's tattoo with a vengeance.

Far down the valley the mounds of fire burning on the "clearing," gleamed with a dull and sombre red, till they became quenched and dead beneath the pelting storm. Then the wind increased and the old house shook and trembled beneath its fury.

"It's a bad night for Pete," quoth John Canada, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and preparing for a fresh smoke.

"A bad night it is," assented the others.

"He's ben through badder," soliloquized Uncle Paul, from behind his rum and water.

"Who is Pete?"

"He runs an express," John Canada explained, "from here to North Adams and back, twice a week; takes out fresh meat and so on, and fetches in groceries and store stuff. He's a dark road to go, 'specially through the 'long holler.'"

The men about the room assented with many ejaculations. Then all fell into silence again, while the tempest without rather increased than diminished in its fury.

There was no lull in the storm, which made too much disturbance about the little hostelry to enable any other outside sounds to be distinguishable, when the door was suddenly burst in, as though by the combined force of the wind and the rushing rain, and a man was precipitated violently into the middle of the apartment.

He was a tall, bony fellow, clad throughout in butternut colored woolen, and bearing a broken, unlighted lantern in one hand and a whip in the other. From every portion of his angular frame ran streams of water. From his old felt hat, from his nose, from his hands, knees, shoulders, elbows, from the skirts of his coat, and the heavy lappels upon his old-fashioned vest, the water ran in pattering streams upon the floor, forming about him a mimic lake, in the centre whereof he stood, like a grim, butternut-colored river-god.

"Give us some gin!" gasped the river-god. The rain had got into his throat, and he gurgled in his speech. "Give us some gin, an' look after m' 'orse."

Whilst Burly John poured out a glass of liquor for the soaked expressman, Dwight thrust his long arms into a heavy coat, put a glazed hat over his whity-brown locks, lighted a lantern, and struggled out into the storm.

"Ah-h" gasped the new comer, striding towards the fire—the slush! slush! of his feet in the heavy boots he wore spoke of a good two quarts of water within their expansive cowhide—"Ah! that goes to the right spot! What a night 'tis!" He shivered from head to foot, as he spoke, and it was only with considerable effort that he succeeded in getting off his wet boots and his coat and vest.

Theo, as he stood in his shirt-sleeves, with his back to the fire, drying himself as best he might, he said suddenly:

"That blamed *cat* followed me through the 'long holler' again! Damn her ugly body! I had my gun this time, but 'twas too dark to fire with any certainty. She must be hard up to chase a man's wagon sech a night as this! Ah! I'm down on her sometime, sure! I saw her eyes like two coals in the darkness behind me, and I swear! I think she jumped into my wagon once!"

Dwight rushed in, with a tempest of rain, through the door, which he closed behind him and bolted.

"Where's the codfish you were going to fetch us?" he said.

"In the wagon," said the river-god.

"That's a lie!"

The expressman seemed to take this remark in perfect good part, as though it were only a common form of denial amongst the class he associated with.

"'Tisn't there, eh?"

"Nary codfish!"

"That cat *was* in my wagon!" shouted the stranger, swinging his long arms about. "She's followed me for three year, blame her ugly countenance! Eleven cubs I've killed for her, and still she keeps on runnin' in that confounded holler, an' I can't get a shot at her, blame her picter! What's a feller goin' to do? She'll be luggin' *me* out o' the wagon some o' these nights, see if she don't, an' *then* I'd like to know where you'll get your codfish an' store-duds! D——n the cat! John—blame you, 'tisn't no laughing matter!—give us some more gin!"

The expressman stood in the centre of the room, a cloud of steam rising from his wet clothing, and swallowed his second glass of gin.

I enquired where the "long hollow" was.

About two miles from the tavern, they said. It was a long, narrow gorge in the mountains, through which ran a small stream, and was infested by a certain female panther of fabulous size, that was known to have made her abode there for at least ten years past, and managed always to escape from those who went in pursuit of her. She brought forth a litter of young every year, which were easily killed, but, for herself, she was so cunning and active no man had yet succeeded in slaying her, and she was the terror of all the dogs in the neighborhood. They all agreed that Pete, the expressman, was right, and that the chances were that some dark night he would become "cat's meat" before his time.

My Cambridge friend and I—I may as well call him Jones, for want of a better name whereby to distinguish him—retired to rest full of the panther! I presume we dreamed of it through the night. We awoke early and found a clear and pleasant sun shining over the strips of meadow-land that formed the narrow valley, and, looking out thereat, Jones spake:

"I say, *we'll kill that panther!*"

"We will, or perish in the attempt!"

Jones fervently grasped my hand and I returned the pressure.

Enquiring more about the beast, we learned that it kept itself hidden during the day, but frequented the road through the "long hollow" after nightfall, and that from ten o'clock in the evening to midnight was the best time to get a chance at it.

We procured two guns. Mine was a heavy, long barrelled rifle, carrying a large ball, while the weapon procured by Jones was a very ancient musket, whose old flint-lock had been supplanted by a more modern and efficient percussion-arrangement. Full of ardor, we passed the day in anticipation of our midnight hunt.

The hands of my venerable pocket time-piece—inherited from a deceased grandfather—pointed to thirty minutes past nine as we stepped from the clear moonlight into the pine-shadowed portal of the "long hollow."

The thick woods upon either hand stood darkly on the steep hillsides, and the overhanging branches met above the narrow roadway, leaving only an indistinct glimmering of sky through their interlacing ends to mark where the winding path crept up into the heart of the mountain. A small stream, swollen by the previous night's rain, foamed and roared down the narrow gorge, now rushing beneath a rude bridge of unhewn logs, and anon tumbling and plashing down the steep at our side.

There was no sound save that of the water and an occasional gutteral cry from some swift-gliding owl, as he slid through the air on downy and noiseless wing; passing like a night-spirit, seen and gone with a weird, swift silence of passage.

It was well for us that there was no foliage upon the trees, as yet, for, otherwise, we should have been in the midst of a darkness so dense as to have precluded any possibility of hunting. As it was, there was a faint light from just overhead, that struggled down to the foot of the glen where we stood.

We sauntered slowly up the road till we came to a place where the valley widened, and we could hear, by the silver running of the brook, that it was spread into a more shallow and less fiercely rushing stream, and ran over pebbles. Here there was a sort of pause in the ascent; a short, narrow plateau, where the sides of the gorge curved inly, leaving a broader space for the stream and the winding road. Thick bushes, principally young birch and alder, grew at either side of the path, and at about the centre of the level a tall, bare, and fearfully gnarled oak towered high above, throwing one knotty and crooked limb entirely across the road.

At this place we paused. It was the only spot we had found where we could keep within sight of each other and still be some little distance apart.

Jones stationed himself at the lower end of the level, while I took my place above him, just at the point where a sudden curve and ascent hid the road beyond from sight.

Our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and our ears to the gurgle and plash of the waters. We could see each the other's outline, and could hear each other's steps when we occasionally changed place.

Here we stood or sauntered while the night grew older.

At length I took out my watch. By dint of a long scrutiny I had made the time to be fifteen minutes past eleven.

I was putting it up when I heard a low "Hish!" from Jones.

"What do you hear?" I whispered, clutching my rifle.

"I hear a rustling in the bushes just beside me!"

I was not frightened, but a chill ran through me, and I felt myself shivering from head to foot.

"Do you see anything?"

"I see the brush bending and swaying—some animal is creeping past me on its belly!" Jones retreated across the road, facing a dense patch of brush, and raising his gun.

"For God's sake, don't fire till you see the creature plainly!"

Jones put down his gun, and I stole towards him.

I paused. *I* could hear it now, gliding through the brush, and breaking an occasional dead twig. Very little noise though.

Now I saw it; a dark body slowly approaching the spot where I stood, but never in plain view, from the thick underbrush about it.

There was a heavy plunge through the brush, followed by a plash in the brook.

Jones had thrown a large stone at the slow moving shadow.

We had not noticed till that instant that we had followed the movement in the bushes to the foot of the gnarled oak—but we were aware of it then.

For, with a fearful cry between a growl and the hissing snarl of a cat, a large animal glided up the tree and out upon the branch just over us!

Daylight could not have made it plainer.

It crouched upon the limb with flashing eyes and white fangs gleaming from the distended mouth. Its short, thick tail waving from side to side; its back humped, with each particular hair standing on end with rage, and its ever-changing, savage face, glancing from one to the other.

We both stepped back, and, at the motion, a cry the most savage I ever heard came from the terrible creature above us.

I believe it had determined to spring upon me!

It drew its legs up under it, and turned its hideous countenance full upon me.

Still stepping back I raised my rifle, and at the instant Jones fired.

The beast slid around the branch and hung by its forepaws, uttering cry after cry of pain.

It hung for a half-

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston Fourth of July Literature—A Protest against Rockets and Firecrackers Mr. G. Sumner's Oration—Confusion of Historical Dates One Hundred and Forty-one "Newspapers and Periodicals" published in Braintown New Books in Press

Boston, July 6th, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—The Fourth of July, with its "glorious hallooc-ination," as you say, was duly celebrated in Boston. Of course it was. An enthusiastic writer in the *Daily Advertiser* declares: "I don't believe there is a city in the world which provides such a fund of amusement for its residents and strangers as the city of Boston furnished yesterday." Of course he don't. The same writer states that "from early morning until late at night there was something to see or hear all the time. The weather was charming. Nobody would have it a degree warmer or a degree cooler, and I agree with a remark which I overheard, that the Committee of Arrangements could not have provided a better day if they had made one themselves." It is safe to say that the American flag with its thirty-three stars (for one star was added on Monday in honor of the new State of Oregon) nowhere floated over a happier concourse of people than that which gathered within sight of the dome of the Boston State House, the "hub of the Universe."

With your special interest in Fourth-of-July-literature, you cannot fail to appreciate, Mr. Editor, the foregoing description by a native of Boston. Need a "stranger within the gates," "O Boston!" add a single word to it? He may venture to say, however, that the crowd, which three times filled the Common in the course of the day, first to hear the military concert, then to witness the balloon ascension, and lastly, to see the fireworks—seemed to him to count more "strangers" (including country people, Lowell factory girls, Germans, *and* almost innumerable Irish) than "residents." And he was assured that nearly all "Bostonians," properly so-called, live "out of town," and always stay there on the Fourth of July. But a few more are left, as the razor-strop man (now here) says, for a next generation of "Bostonians," if we may judge by the happy children who thronged the Public Garden. The children's festival was the best feature of the celebration. This, and the regatta, and the procession, and the dinner at Faneuil Hall, and the fireworks, as well as Mr. George Sumner's capital oration, the Boston dailies have already given you in full.

To revert a moment to the literature of the occasion, a Boston weekly, the *Gazette*, gave in advance a clever burlesque report (by Mrs. Partington Shillaber) of the "Celebration at Frothville." I cannot lay my hand on the paper, or I should be tempted to extract some of the good things in the "report." The loudest and best was the inscription, in blazing stars, I believe, beneath a portrait of the Father of his Country: "G. Washington—He *can* keep a hotel!"

The "verbal pyrotechnics" of the programme of the Boston fireworks were almost as brilliant as the fireworks themselves, and, let me add, infinitely less dangerous. A suggestion which I have heard made, that the fireworks should be exhibited on rafts constructed for this purpose and floating on the river, so that the rockets, when they "come down sticks," may fall in the water with no risk to limb or life, deserves the serious consideration of the city authorities. A hundred thousand people—the number said to have been assembled, the other evening, on the Common—could admire the spectacle as conveniently, and with greater safety, on the mill-dam alone. No rockets should be sent up from private houses, pistol-shooting in the streets should be prohibited, and every accident on the Fourth of July occasioned by firearms, bonfires, and all kinds of fireworks, should have its origin investigated as carefully, and its originators should be punished as severely, as on any other day in the year. Say, for one, and I believe I am not the only one, I should rejoice to learn that firecrackers as well as tea had so provoked the Bostonians as to make them emulate the famous old Tea Party and throw overboard the Celestial, or rather infernal, tormentors. Firecrackers are only fit for what they were originally made—to aid the Chinese in their heathenish "devotions." Even the Chinese, so far as I know, don't use them at their annual Feast of Lanterns. At least, T. T. T., in his description of it in "The Porcelain Tower," doesn't mention them. He makes his page fairly blaze with "striking and resplendent fireworks," and "myriads of starry lights that studded the air all around, that sprinkled the sky, and were reflected from the water." He makes it ring with "shouts of applause and laughter," and "the more melodious tones of musical glasses and other instruments supplying a sort of magical harmony in keeping with the wonderful sights." But he says not a word about firecrackers. Yet if I say a word against him, I am afraid that his wicked Fun of Pekin, and even the boys of this Christian land, will never forgive me. The Boston boys, at all events, should be prevented from firing pistols in the streets, and thereby swelling the sad chapter of accidents on "the day we celebrate," and rockets should perhaps be used only as signals in time of war.

Mr. Horace T. Rockwell, Clerk of the Committee of the City Council, has published an interesting account of his ascension in the "Queen of the Air," the largest of two balloons which the city sent up on Monday.

But the most valuable contribution to Fourth-of-July-literature, is the oration of Mr. George Sumner. It places his name honorably, with the names of his father and his brother, on the roll of Boston orators. I should like to refer to several facts which he brought into new light in connection with the old familiar story of the Revolution. Our national obligation to Europe, and especially to Spain, were never more distinctly set forth than by Mr. Sumner, who showed that it was to the eminent Spanish statesman, Florida Blanca, that maritime nations are indebted for the principle of armed neutrality and the doctrine that "free ships make free goods," as embodied in the famous declaration of Catharine II. of Russia, towards the close of our Revolutionary war. The orator drew a picture of the actual condition of Europe, and defined our national duties in view of the contest now raging there. One of these duties he affirmed to be that of giving to European nations the example of a good government, founded on law, and so well balanced that neither of the three branches can encroach upon the other. This led him to allude to the Supreme Court, in regard to which he took the same conservative ground as Hamilton, Story, and Judge Curtis, while he pointed out, as in the case of the Dred Scott decision, that Jefferson's warning against the possible encroachments of the Court on the constitutional liberties of the country, deserve attention. In opposition to these encroachments, said Mr. Sumner, all opinions might unite, and all shades of party blend, for no party in this country could bear up under the opprobrium of a measure which tended to undermine our institutions. But I need not dwell on this admirable oration, which most of your readers have by this time seen in print, as well as Mr. Sumner's happy reply at the dinner, to the abolition of sectional feeling, natural enough in itself, on the part of Gen. Palfrey, of New Orleans. I must add, however, an amusing incident, which may not have found its way into the papers. While the valiant General was firing away hotly at the orator of the day, he aimed at the latter's devoted head a quotation, which unluckily broke off in the middle. Three times the General tried to mend it, mutely, but in vain, appealing to his neighbor at the table, Mr. Burlingame, for help. At last, Mr. Sumner himself, who sat near the General, took pity on him and supplied him with the quotation.

As final specimens of Fourth-of-July-literature, and as illustrations of the fact, which will be new, perhaps, to some outsiders, that not all Bostonians think alike, let me cite two comments on the oration of Mr. Sumner. "What propriety, we may ask, is there in the offer of an orator to revise the decisions or the dicta of the highest court in the world in the presence of a popular assembly on the Fourth of July?" So asks the *Courier*. On the other hand, the *Atlas and Bee* answers, Yankee like, by another question: "What day more appropriate than the Fourth of July, to denounce in the strongest language the atrocious doctrines contained in that decision (the Dred Scott decision), and where could it be more properly done than in the city of Boston, where first the fires of the Revolution were lighted?"

All agree that the weather, on the Fourth of July, was, like the prayer we've heard of, "the finest ever offer offered to a Boston audience." It was like old Herbert's Sunday,

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,"—

all but the "calm." The "cool" was perfect as well as the "bright"—in fact, it was a Fourth of July *frappée*, or iced. Thanks to the Boston East winds, blowing from off the icebergs, which Church has gone to paint, most Summer days are iced here, and, sometimes, towards evening, agreeably so. During the whole of last month, it was June by the Boston Almanac, and "the leafy month of June" by Boston Common, but the East winds almost daily contradicted those authorities. It was so cold, and windy, and foggy, and rainy, that Dr. Holmes's "raining" song was reprinted by the Boston journals, and the Bunker Hill celebration, at Charlestown, was partially postponed. The balloon, it was announced, wouldn't go up, or the fireworks off, "until fair weather." It was thought that the Seventeenth of June would have to be celebrated this year on the Fourth of July, as the Fourth of July, you remember, was first celebrated in Boston on the Eighteenth of July. This confusion of dates would hardly, in the former case, add a new historical question, When was the battle fought? to the old one, Where? The monument has, perhaps, made some forget, already, that the Battle of Bunker Hill was actually fought on Breed's Hill.

To come back to Boston—or to "Braintown," as you call it. Now why shouldn't you call it so seriously? If "numbers count" for anything, you will be overwhelmed when I tell you on the authority of the Boston Directory (just issued by Adams, Sampson & Co.), that the "Newspapers and Periodicals" published in Boston amount to one hundred and forty-one: six appear annually, ten quarterly, two bi-monthly, thirty-eight monthly, six semi-monthly (not to mention one bi-weekly added in the Directory), fifty-three weekly, six semi-weekly, nine daily, and six or seven semi-occasionally, I presume, as no time is designated on the list. Only two are described as "literary," and those are weekly (pray, spare the pun you're tempted to commit). Only think of ten quarterlies, ten ponderous quarterlies! But perhaps they are not all ponderous. And if not all equally "heavy," the number also may be diminished like that of Falstaff's men in buckram.

In fact, I notice that the list comprises one quarterly at least, the *British Journal of Homœopathy*, which is doubtless printed abroad, although its titlepage may bear the name of a Boston publisher, and one monthly, the *Albany Cultivator*, which probably comes from its hailing place. There are a few others which, perhaps, appear simultaneously in several cities, some of them being printed in New York. But the number still left will be large enough to surprise many readers, especially when I add that there is one omission quite as remarkable: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and we find that (who would believe it?) the *Atlantic Monthly* is omitted from the list in the Boston Directory.

The publishers in Boston have but few works in press which you have not already announced. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have in press: De Quincey's Logic of Political Economy, 1 volume; Womanhood, by John Neal; Life of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, a new edition; The Money King, and Other Poems (a new volume), by John G. Saxe; Rev. F. W. Robertson's Letters on Theological, Scientific, and Social Subjects; Rev. F. W. Robertson's Sermons, vol. 4th; A Sequel to the Plant Hunters, by Capt. Mayne Reid, 1 vol. 16mo.; Robert Burns, and Other Poems, by Gerald Massey, 1 vol. 16mo.; Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 1 vol.; Lockhart's Life of Walter Scott.

Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have in press: The White Hills, Their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry, by Rev. T. Starr King, illustrated with nearly sixty engravings on wood (it is to be hoped that the engraver will do justice to the drawings of the clever artist who is said to have contributed to this work); Frank Wildman's Adventures on Land and Water, by Frederick Gerstaecker, author of Wild Sports in the Far West, with eight fine engravings, printed in colors, from designs by Harrison Weir.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have in press: Commentary on Ephesians, by Rev. R. E. Pattison, D.D., late President of Waterville College; Kind Words for Children, to Guide them in the Paths of Peace, by Rev. Harvey Newcomb; British Novelists and Their Styles, by David Masson, M.A., author of a "Life of Milton;" The Leaders of the Reformation, Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox, by J. Tulloch, D.D., author of "Theism;" Religion and Botany, by Prof. J. H. Balfour; Nehemiah, A Model for Business Men, by Rev. Hugh Stowell; Essays in Philosophy, by Prof. A. C. Fraser; The Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church, by Rev. Wm. Wilson.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will publish shortly a capital book for the seaside, prepared under the eye of Professor Agassiz, and treating of Sea-Anemones and Corals, Coral Reefs, Hydroids, Jelly-Fishes, Star-Fishes, and Sea-Urchins. It is entitled First Lessons in Natural History.

Most of the above works will probably be ready for the Boston Book Trade Sale, which will begin on Tuesday, August 2nd. P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending July 9, 1859.

Life of Milton. By Professor Masson. With an Estimate of his Genius and Character. By Lord Macauley. 18mo., pp. 267. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859.

Red Gauntlet. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859. [Library of Sterling Novels.]

The Bravo: a Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

History of the City of New York, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By Mary L. Booth. Illustrated with over 100 engravings. 8vo., pp. 846. New York: W. R. C. Clark & Meeker. 1859. [Announced last week, by a stupid mistake, as published by John Wiley].

The Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register. Edited by J. Smith Homans. Vol. 9, No 1. July, 1859. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr.

The Little Pig Monthly: a Child's Magazine of Funny Tales and Fairy Stories. Vol. 1, No. 2. New York: Dinsmore & Co.

The American Journal of Photography and the Allied Arts. Vol. 2, No 3. July, 1859. New York: Scully & Garbanati.

Tracts for Missionary Use. Edited by the author of "Letters to a Man Bewildered by Many Counsellors." 12mo., 2 vols. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

Lectures on the Early History of Christianity in England, with Sermons Delivered on Several Occasions. By Thomas Winthrop Coit, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy, N. Y. 12mo., pp. 339. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries Concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. III., No. 7. July, 1859. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson.

Agnecheek. 12mo., pp 336. Boston: Shepherd, Clark & Brown. 1859.

Consumption: its Nature, Prevention, and Homœopathic Treatment; with Illustrations of Homœopathic Treatment. By William Hitchman, M.D., F.L.S., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, author of "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Homœopathy," formerly Resident Surgeon Liverpool Homœopathic Dispensary. 12mo., pp. 184. Philadelphia and New York: William Radde. 1859.

The Science and Art, or the Principles and Practice of Medicine. By J. C. Peters, M.D. Vol. I., No. 1. Pamphlet, pp. 96. New York: William Radde.

—It is reported that the Florences are about to bring out a play entitled "The Little Witch," from the pen of "Getty Gay," one of our most popular newspaper writers.

Love-Matters.

—Our printer is having his babies "set up in small caps."

—The application of Mr. Forrest to have the evidence of certain witnesses taken *de bene esse* relative to the conduct of Mrs. Sinclair, has been granted by the Superior Court. It is probable now that the lovers of scandal will be gratified.

—Thompson's Saloon, in Broadway, is closed.

—The wife of Theodore Hopkins, of Lancaster, Pa., has eloped with a "young student" of the Centre College, Danville. The husband, when he heard it, quietly said, "Let her slide!"

—A curious trial was recently held at Middlesex Sessions, in England. Thomas Saverland, the prosecutor, stated that he was in the room where the defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister, who had come from Birmingham, were present. The latter jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that no man should kiss her while absent. It being holiday-time, Saverland considered this as a challenge, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke, but her sister, the defendant, said she would like as little of that fun as he pleased. Saverland told her if she was angry he would kiss her also; he then tried to do it, and they fell to the ground. On rising, the woman struck him; he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose. The action was brought to recover damages for the loss of the nose. The defendant said he had no business to kiss her; if she wanted kissing she had a husband to kiss her—a better looking man than ever the prosecutor was. The jury, without hesitation, acquitted her; and the chairman said that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will, she had a perfect right to bite off his nose, if she had a fancy for so doing.

—The Admiral of Castile said that he who marries a wife, and he who goes to war, must necessarily submit to everything that may happen.

—A divorce-case of a peculiar character is interesting the courts and the good people of Philadelphia. A Mrs. Bennett, after living with Mr. Bennett nearly twenty years, confessed in his presence, and that of some of his friends, that she had been untrue to him, and that a certain Dr. Leon was the father of her youngest child. She don't deny making the confession, but now says she made it through fear of her husband.

—A complaint was made before Justice Blachley, on Friday, 17th inst., by Miss Elizabeth Keers, of No. 23 East Twenty-third street, New York, charging a young man named George Wyckoff, with bigamy. As charged, Wyckhoff married Miss Keers on Tuesday, under the assumed name of Wm. Smith Engils, and that in consequence of some suspicious circumstances, which subsequently transpired, her friends were induced to make inquiries, and found that he had a wife and child living in Fulton street, Brooklyn. A warrant was issued for his arrest.

—A curious, as well as interesting case, is before the courts in this city, which in brief is this:—A Mrs. Ray obtained a divorce from her husband, on the ground of adultery, but, notwithstanding the decree of the court against it, he married again, but died a few months afterwards, leaving a will bequeathing the bulk of his property to the children of his first wife. Subsequently his second wife gave birth to a posthumous child, and has since applied for an injunction to restrain the executor from disposing of the property referred to, according to the will, on the ground that the second marriage took place after the making of the will. The Court concluded to hold the case open for argument, and granted a temporary injunction.

—Poor Caudle said he dreamed that he had angel by his side, and upon waking up found it was nobody but his wife.

—Philip Steinnerts, of this city, petitions for a divorce from his wife, on the ground, among others, that she beats him with a stick, and being "a very weak and sickly man," he cannot stand the discipline.

—Dr. Young says, that man and wife are like soul and body—always at variance, and yet loth to part.

—Kisses, says the author of the *Tin Trumpet*, admit of a greater variety of character than perhaps even my female readers are aware, or that Johannes Secundus has recorded. Eight basial diversities are mentioned in Scripture, viz: The kiss of

Salutation	Sam. xx. 41. 1 Thess. v. 26.
Valediction	Ruth ii. 9.
Reconciliation	Sam. xiv. 33.
Subjection	Psalms ii. 12.
Approbation	Prov. ii. 4.
Adoration	1 Kings xix. 18.
Treachery	Matth. xxvi. 49.
Affection	Gen. xiv. 15.

But the most honorable kiss, both to giver and receiver, was that which Queen Margaret of France, in presence of the whole court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Alien Chartie, whom she one day found asleep, exclaiming to her astonished attendants: "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things." Ah! it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prise rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

—An ardent young man in Springfield, says the *Republican*, who fell in love some time since with the portrait of a woman on a bank-bill, wrote to the cashier of the bank to know whether it was a fanciful picture or "the representation of a breathing woman." If the latter, he was resolved to have her or die in the attempt. The cashier replied to him after a few days delay, which he hoped had "not tended unduly to aggravate the fierceness of his disorder," thus:

"I am unable to give you the abundant consolation of a letter of introduction to the original of the portrait, if it had an original, which I am not disposed to question. My knowledge of her is quite scanty and unsatisfactory. The story told by our engravers is, that she was a teacher in the ——— schoolhouse in New York, at the time of that cruel disaster a few years ago, when, upon a false alarm of fire the children rushed down the stairway, which gave way, causing the death of a large number of the 'innocents.' Our heroine is said to have saved all her pupils by that presence of mind that shines in her face, and to have then leaped from a third story window. Whether in so doing she broke both her legs, irreparably damaged her lovely nose, and forever dimmed one lustrous eye, I am not told. My own belief is that she came out unscathed and unharmed, and at once proceeded to Brady's, who photographed her, and thus gave her unparalleled lineaments to immortality on a bank note. I am further inclined to the notion that shortly thereafter she married the 'man of her choice,' (she never would do anything else,) and is now the happy mother of four 'small children,' and one 'at the breast.' Of course you'll take no stock in this theory of mine, and if you are bent on further investigation, I can only refer you to our engravers, who can possibly put you on the track. Go in and win, and be sure in such a happy consummation to ask me to be *there*. If it calls me to Kamschatka I shall surely obey; indeed were I not sufficiently blessed in the woman line, you would have received no reply at all to your inquiries"—etc.

One Thing and Another.

—Remembering that the initials of Mr. Douglas are S. A. D., the reader will say that the following, which we clip from the Albany *Statesman*, is not bad:

Little Dug will be sadly offended,
Whene'er his political foe,
He'll remind S. A. D. if elected,
And he S. A. D. if he's not.

—Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-dealer, with whom he was negotiating for a "gift for his fair." "Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from canary seed." It was deemed sufficient proof of their purity.

—Mr. Tom Broock has recently added to his English racing-stud a young horse named "Chiel." We presume it was a progenitor of his that Burns referred to in the line—

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes."

—In exposing Stephen Arnold Douglas's treason to the South, why don't the Southern Able Editors say he is *Bene-dict* (well called) Arnold.

—The Chicago *Leader*, of the 3d inst., has the following: "Mr. George Star, of this city, has returned from Pike's Peak. He was with the very Chicago company alluded to in Horace Greeley's statement, and pronounces that statement a humbug. Mr. Star was in the mines nearly a month, and he neither saw nor heard of any man or company of men who had obtained $1 50 a-day as the result of their labor. Mr. Star's opinion is worth that of a dozen Horace Greeleys, and ought to be regarded as a timely warning."

—Mr. Alfred Legoyt is the author of a work published by Messrs. Guillaumin, of Paris, with the title of "The Resources of Austria and France," in which he makes the following comparison, stating that the figures have been invariably taken from State documents, or the next best available source: "The Commerce of Austria grew, between 1850 and 1858, from less than six hundred and eighty-six millions of francs to very nearly one thousand five hundred and ninety-one millions—the value of the imports having doubled, and that of the exports trebled in eight years—thus far surpassing even the great increase that has taken place in France, which amounted to about 68 per cent., between the years 1847 and 1856, the nearest epoch of comparison furnished by official returns." The work was written before the present war, and is, therefore, not a partisan work. The fact would seem to show, that if the people of Austria were satisfied with the Government, they could contribute plenty of money to carry on the war.

Literary Notes.

—One of the most interesting papers in the July number of *Harper's Monthly*, is the "Death of Walter Butler: a Ballad of Tryon County," by Thomas Dunn English. The author has taken a simple revolutionary incident, and in the true ballad-spirit, put it into a series of quaint yet melodious verses, which,—considering the quantity of sentimental trash which is palmed off on us, now-a-days, as poetry,—it is a positive luxury to read. Why our American poets will persist in writing upon old and threadbare topics, when every page of their country's history is rich with incidents such as the one which Dr. English has thus felicitously versified, we are at a loss to conceive. But evidently the time has not yet come for us to look for anything deserving the name of a national literature.

—The contents of the second number of Bentley's Quarterly Review, are as follows: The Faction Fights; Popular Preaching; Lord Cornwallis; Modern German Philosophy; Adam Bede, and Recent Novels; Mommsen's History of Rome; France; The Drama of the Day; The Campaign in Italy; The Art Exhibitions of 1859.

—Messrs. Ward & Locke, London, announce a new book under the title of "*Aunt Sally Come Up, or the Nigger Sale, by Horace Greeley.*" A 12mo. volume of 136 pages.

—The London *Athenæum* of June 11th anounces the death of Charles Ollier, a poet and a friend of poets. Mr. Ollier was born in 1788, and was consequently in his seventy-first year. His first connection with letters was chiefly that of a publisher; and his name will be found on the titlepage of some of Keat's and Shelley's early works.

—The Medical Society of Geneva offer two prizes, of 1,000 and 500 francs, for the best and second best essays 'On the Diagnosis of Small Pox, Vaccination, and Revaccination.' The essays, which may be written in Latin, French, German, English, or Italian, must be sent in on or before the first of June, 1860, addressed to the Secretary of the Society.

—Prof. David, of Louvain, has edited the second volume of Jacob 'von Maerland's celebrated work 'Rymbybel,' at the expense of Government. Belgium has but few works to equal this in typographic luxury. The Royal Belgian Academy has now undertaken the publication of this master-work of old Flemish literature, as a national monument.

—The town of Damme, in East Flanders, has been permitted by a royal decree to erect a monument to the old Flemish poet, Jacob van Maerlant, who was born at Damme. At the same time, prises are offered for the best critical biography of the poet (written in Flemish) and a poem in his honor. The expense of the monument will be covered by voluntary subscriptions; the prises (two gold medals and two purses of 1,000 francs each) are given by the Belgian Government.

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Your Baby.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.

Out of all the little people
That you know,
Great folks' children, poor folks' babies,
High or low;
Big or little, blondes, brunettes,
Dark-haired beauties, blue-eyed pets;
Or the ugliest of abortions
With pug-noses for their portions—
Noses pug for facial handles;
Hair that curls like pounds of candles—
Out of all the little people
You can bring,
Nine miles round, from any steeple,
In a ring—
Did you ever see a darling
Whom its "ma," like Hotspur's starling,
With unending iteration,
Didn't say beat all creation
Into bits?

No, ma'am—no, sir—miss, or master—
Never came such sad disaster
To maternal bosom tender—
No! one horrid doubt would send her
Into fits.

Don't you pity Mrs. Snivens?
Don't you feel for Mrs. Bivins?
Snivens' baby has red hair;
Bivins' squints, I do declare
Did you ever?
But my baby—oh, the precious!
Ain't he perfectly delicious?
Papa's nose, and mamma's eyes:
And so good: he never cries—
Never! never!!

This, and nothing more, my moral,
(And with it who dares to quarrel?)
Babies are to women given
By the special grace of heaven,
And that alone;
By divine interposition,
To compel from her admission
That one perfect thing may be,
Yes, a baby!—Hum! what baby?
Wretch! her own.

—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

Song of a Family.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

O make our house Thy Sanctuary!
Come in to us, a friendly guest,
And in our circle ever tarry;
Then shall we be forever blest,
And Thou, a house-mate, shall these walls
Transfigure into royal halls.

Joy dwells, O Lord, where'er thou stayest,
There blooms a heavenly blessedness;
In silk, Thy poorest, Thou arrayest,
Though men see but a ragged dress.
The purest high delight is there,
And even in want is wealth, to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
And graciously to prayer dost call.
The household cares Thou undertakest;
Thou knowest what is best in all.
And care, though 'twere a leaden load,
Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
A heavenly bond Thy hand hath wove:
The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,
Illumined with God's peace and love.
Grace is the sunshine of our home,
And there God's angels go and come.

Man.

If he wears a good coat,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though he but a bloat,
Lift him up.
If he's not common sense,
And can boast a few pence,
Lift him up.

If his face shows no shame,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though crime is his name,
Lift him up;
Though disgrace be his sport
Let your daughters him court—
Lift him up.

Woman.

If woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down;
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down;
Though her tears fall like rain,
And she ne'er smiles again,
Kick her down.

If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down, kick her down;
Redouble the smart—
Kick her down;
And if low in condition,
On, on to perdition,
Kick her down!

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM—VI.

Test-Mediumship.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir—Lord Bacon, in speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, says: "All His miracles were consummate about man's body, as His doctrine respected the soul of man." "No miracle of His is to be found to have been of judgment or revenge, but all of goodness and mercy, and respecting man's body."

These remarks are equally true of the manifestations of to-day. No harm is done, though the power to do it is present, for it is restrained by an overruling intelligence and directed for our welfare, and that welfare the elevation of our moral nature.

One portion, however, of Bacon's remarks, is not strictly true of what is before us. The marvels of the present day are not "consummate about man's body." Aiming still at his moral elevation, they go further than a mere appeal to his senses. They address his emotions and his reason as means of his regeneration, and this may properly be termed mental proof of Spiritual Intercourse.

Foremost in this class is Test-Mediumship, showing at once the presence of the power and the identity of the communing intelligence.

It must not, however, be understood that this testing process is confined to the mental manifestations, for it is apparent in all kinds of mediumship. And there has sprung up among us a class known as Test-Mediums—a class *sui generis*—and I have frequently heard it said, "We cannot answer that question through this instrument; you must go to a test-medium."

I do not understand, and cannot explain, why this is so. I only know the fact that, through some mediums, tests are easily given, while through some they are given only incidentally.

It is through this testing process that the objections to the reality of intercourse between us and the spirits of the departed have been met and overcome. And it has come to us in such a variety of forms that it will be difficult to give anything like an enumeration. The utmost of my effort must be to give a general idea.

First: Even in the sounds and the table-tippings, irrespective of the words spelled out, there will often be observed the characteristics of the individual. Thus, a strong man will be loud and vehement, a child soft and light—a calm man will be slow and deliberate, an impatient one quick and hurried. Sometimes they will be bold and dashing, and sometimes sorrowful or joyous, in accordance with the emotions of the moment.

The feeling against this subject is so strong in many minds, that I cannot give names without inflicting pain. If it were otherwise, I could mention several persons well known in this vicinity, whose manifestations would be recognised at once as characteristic. Two I can mention without danger of wounding any one, and that will illustrate my meaning. My wife comes gentle and joyous; Isaac T. Hopper, prompt, clear, and decided.

Second: Names, ages, dates, and places are given; sometimes by writing several words on slips of paper, and so folding them as to hide the writing, and the right one be picked out; sometimes by pointing in succession to several names, and receiving the manifestation at the right word; sometimes by speaking or writing the word; and sometimes symbolically.

Occasionally, however, mistakes are made, and it may be a mere reflex of the mind, or the product of clairvoyance. But it is most frequently correct, and often the word given is unknown to the medium, and not recognised by the inquirer. One instance of this is where the inquirer, at the moment, insists the word is wrong, but afterward finds it to be right. Another is when the word given is unknown to any one present.

Third: Letters carefully sealed and enclosed in envelopes are returned unopened and correctly answered. A medium in Boston, by the name of Mansfield, has answered hundreds of such letters, thus showing that there is a power at work which can read what is inside the sealed envelope, and, by the character of the answer, that it must be the spirit it professes to be. Sometimes this is tested by the answers also containing a copy of the letter thus concealed.

Fourth: Another phase is exemplified in *The Banner of Light*, a newspaper of Boston. For many months there have appeared in its columns communications from spirits whose existence and names were alike unknown to the medium, but who have been recognised, not merely by the names, but also by incidents told and traits of character displayed.

Fifth: Seeing mediums have described the spirits present so that they have been recognised. This has been common at my house for several years, and hundreds have witnessed it. I have myself occasionally that power, and I mention, as an illustration, that a young man, unknown to me, was once at my house, and I saw the spirits present, and from my description he recognised one whom I had never seen or heard of before.

Sixth: Through speaking and writing mediums the characteristics of the spirit are at times unmistakably displayed. Sometimes this will be in the language used, being in a brogue of broken English, or some peculiar idiom; sometimes by peculiarity of thought, and sometimes by the tone of feeling.

Seventh: Incidents are related or alluded to, which are known only to the inquirer and some one who has died. For instance, not long since I received a letter from Maine, purporting to be a communication from Professor Hare. It referred to interviews between us, known only to us.

Eighth: Another instance, with is a test rather of the presence of the power than of individuality, is where thoughts concealed from every one are openly revealed. Often have I beheld this, and observed how the inquirer has been startled at thus realising the truth—often proclaimed, but seldom believed—that every thought is indeed known to the intelligence which is ever around us, and carried—where?

I have not space to enter into the details of these things. They would fill many pages of your paper. I must content myself with appealing to the experience of the many who have availed themselves, as I have, of the opportunities afforded them, and with adding that all may witness them if they wish. They have but to seek and they will find.

If they so seek, one thing will strike them as it has me, and that is that while all history, sacred and profane, is full of the evidence of spiritual intercourse in all ages and conditions of mankind, it has not been till now that it has come in the definite form of identifying the spirit.

There is surpassing wisdom in this, come from what source it may.

If the spirit that comes is one whom I have never known, how can I be certain that it is him? But if he comes as one whom I have known intimately when on earth, whose form and features appear to me as of old, or are accurately described to me, who speaks of incidents known only to us, who displays his peculiarities of character, who gives correctly names, dates, ages, and places connected with his earth-life, who evinces the emotions natural to him, and all this unknown to the instrument through whom it comes, how can the sane mind resist the conclusion that it is a departed friend who is thus communing with me? And the still weightier conclusion that if he thus lives beyond the grave, I must too?

Already have many inveterate disbelievers in a future life been convinced by this argument. And yet we are told it is all devilish!

Will it be thought strange that this feature should now be first known? Such are not uncommon occurrences in the history of man. We are in the habit of speaking of the art of printing as being discovered within the last few centuries. Yet we read that among the ancient Greeks and Romans they knew the art of stamping letters on their medals and vases, and at other periods the ancients practised the art. But they were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the value of their discovery, and it slumbered for ages. So the leading principle of the Copernican system of the planetary world was announced two thousand years before it was finally demonstrated by Galileo and Tyche Brahe and received by mankind.

And now with this feature of spiritual intercourse—it is but the legitimate result of human progress. Instead of worshipping the spirits as did the Pagans of old, and calling them our gods; instead of saying as did the Pharisees, it is of Beelzebub; instead of being frightened at it, as the world was in the days of witchcraft, we, in this day, have had the good sense to inquire what it is; and we have learned that, like everything connected with humanity, it is capable of improvement by cultivation, and of contributing to our advancement.

And thus, out of apparently incongruous elements has grown up a system of Test-Mediumship by which the long mooted question of our immortality is settled, and is demonstrated to the simplest as well as the brightest mind by irresistible appeals to the senses, to the emotions, and to the reason. Yet with many it is true now as it was of old—they will not believe, though one rise from the dead.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, June 12, 1858.

P. S.—Permit me, in this form, to answer some of my correspondents, and particularly one who calls himself "Knox." The consent which gives birth to these papers confines their main scope to the phenomena, rather than to the theological questions they may give rise to. But if "Knox" will inform me how he can be reached, I can send him a paper which I think even he will admit to be something of an answer to the Rev. Dr. Hutton's satanic theory.

The American Hero.

Written in the time of the American Revolution, at Norwich, Conn., October, 1775. By NATHANIEL NILES.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and Destruction in the field of battle.
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all His dealings,
Never-repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Then to the wishes of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for:
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bombshells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grapeshot like a storm of hailstones,
Tortering ether.

Whilst hostile hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your bloodhounds—ay, your British lions,—
As Death undaunted, nimble as the whirlwind,
Frightful as demons!

Let ocean waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible in nature;
Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow!
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

—The *Athenæum* is responsible for the following qualified praise of Mr. Bryant's "Letters from Spain and other countries:"

Of Mr. Bryant's book we cannot say much. It is a mere prosaic diary, written from that sort of stern feeling of imaginary duty that impels dull people to write their travels. This cannot surely be Mr. Bryant, the American poet; if it is, we advise him to keep carefully to his poetry, and leave humble prose alone. It is written in a tiresome, business-like way, and is as matter-of-fact as the merest blue-book could be, except here and there where the author sticks on a spangle or two of rhetoric. Almost the only anecdote in the book, a Pyrenean legend, we transcribe:

"'Our Saviour,' said he, 'was passing over the mountain, when he met with a shepherd and his dog. The dog flew at our Saviour and bit him, the shepherd making no effort to prevent it. Since that time a curse has rested on the mountain; it is covered with perpetual snow, and the shepherd and his dog keep their station there yet. They were seen not long since, but, on being approached, they disappeared. You understand now why the mountain is called the Maledetta or the Accursed."

This book of travels has none of the usual vivacity and freshness of American writing. There is not even a spice of nationality in it.

— At a recent sale of coins in London, forming the cabinet of the late Rev. J. W. Martin, the first three lots, which consisted of silver pennies of Eegbeorth, of different type, brought £32 15s.,—penny of Alfred, with head to the right, struck at London, £14 14s.,—another penny, of different type, £12 10s.,—a halfpenny, without the portrait, £18 10s.,—penny of Edward the Elder, £10,—another penny, slightly differing, £15,—halfpenny, of great rarity, £23,—penny of Athelstan, £14,—penny of Eadgar, £15,—penny of Harthacnut, £11 5s.,—another specimen, with different moneyer, £13 5s.,—penny of Stephen, £10 10s.,—gold penny of Henry the Third, of the highest rarity, £130,—the quarter-florin of Edward the Third, almost unique, £145,—half-angel of Henry the Sixth, £31,—sovereign of Henry the Seventh, £39,—shilling of the same reign £12 12s.,—sovereign of Henry the Eighth, £20,—half-sovereign of his 36th year, £19 5s.,—George noble of the same monarch, £20 10s.,—the fine sovereign of Edward the Sixth, £20,—the angel of the same, £59,—rial of Mary, £71,—half-angel of the same, £35,—sovereign of Charles the First, £14,—half-sovereign of Charles the First, of the Bristol Mint, £50,—a series of interesting siege-pieces, £109 10s. 6d. Among the coins struck for America, may be mentioned the Lord Baltimore penny, said to be unique, £75,—a copper-piece struck for the Summer Islands, £29,—New England halfpenny, £15 15s.—the fifty shilling piece of Oliver Cromwell, £46,—gold five-shilling piece of Charles the Second, £29 10s. Among the Scotch coins worthy of note are, the gold noble of David the Second, £41,—forty shilling piece of James the Sixth, £20—two-thirds of Lion, £15 10s. The competition was spirited throughout the sale, and the prices were considered high, but the specimens, generally speaking, were rare and of high quality. Total £2,623 18s.

Art Items.

— Mr. Gibson, the English sculptor, in whose studio at Rome, Miss Hosmer studied, has decided, it is said, upon coloring his statue of Bacchus as he did his Venus and Cupid.

— Mr. Mozier, the American sculptor in Rome, has just completed a statue of Esther, presenting her petition to the King, which is said to be the best work he has yet produced.

— Mr. Rogers, to whom the task of completing Crawford's designs for the pediments to the new wings of the capitol at Washington, was entrusted, has ready for casting most of the figures necessary to complete the design.

— Mr. Chaffer's collection of engravings sold recently in London, brought large prices. The following may be deemed worthy of note:

Heliodorus, and companion print, by Anderloni, £6; Angelo with the body of St. Catherine, beautiful proof by Felsing, £5 2s. 6d.; The Little Gardeners, a charming work by Mandel, proof before letters, £10 10s.; Magdalen at Devotion, after Murillo, by Morghen, a fine proof, £12; the principal work of Toschi, beautiful proof, £90 5s.; Madonna della Passeggio, after Raffaelle, by Anderloni, proof, £8 8s.; The Immaculate Conception, after Murillo, by Bridoux, first India proof, £17 17s.; Francesca da Rimini, after Ary Scheffer, by Calamatta, an artist's proof, £11; Descent from the Cross, after Rubens, by Claessens, proof, £24; Holy Family, called La Vierge au Bas Relief, after Raffaelle, by Forster, proof, £15; The Reading Magdalen, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Longhi, £17; Marriage of the Virgin, after Raffaelle, by the same engraver, proof, with letters, £20; The Transfiguration, after Raffaelle, by Morghen, the last work of the great painter, £15 10s.; Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci, by Morghen, an open letter proof, £32; Madonna di S. Sisto, after Raffaelle, by Müller, a fine impression, £12; Assumption of the Virgin, after Titian, by Schiavoni, proof before any letters, £26; The Annunciation, after Guido, by Travalloni, £11. The 124 lots produced £611 5s. 6d.

— A new process has been invented in England for taking photographic portraits upon cloth, by a process that renders them able to resist atmospheric influences, and allows them to be carried loose in the pocket, without glass or any other protection, and without being injured.

— Travelled artists and connoisseurs know well enough the riches of the Madrid Museum, but students and many others will be surprised to learn that the collection includes 34 works by Michel Angelo, 22 by Van Dyck, 19 by Poussin, 62 by Rubens, 23 by Sneyders, 53 by Teniers, 43 by Titian, and 24 by Paul Veronese.

— A statue of the first Emperor Napoleon, representing him as a pupil of the military school of Brienne, holding in his hand a volume of Plutarch's Lives, has been erected in Brienne.

— On the 7th of July, an equestrian statue of Nicholas I., by the German artist Freiherr von Clodt, intended as a companion to the well-known statue of Peter the Great, will be erected in St. Petersburg. The horse is represented as rearing. Among the bas-reliefs adorning the pediment, that relating to the conquest of Hungary in 1848 has given great offence to the Court of Austria.

— The colossal statue of Hugh Miller, to be set up at Cromarty, is nearly completed. It is by Mr. Handyside Ritchie, and is said to be a very successful likeness.

— It is reported that the Venus recently discovered at Rome, is about to be sent to St. Petersburg, having been purchased by the Russian Government for 75,000 fr.

— Those of our readers who remember the pictures of Meissonier in the exhibition of Mr. Belmont's collection, will feel interested in the following, which we take from the London *Critic:*

Meissonier, who produced such wonderful miniature paintings, is gone to Italy; and the way in which his journey was brought about was somewhat singular. It is said that the painter had a great desire to visit Italy, but not having Fortunatus' cap, he could not obtain the means by wishing. His friend Alexandre Dumas, fils, recommended him to write to the Emperor; Meissonier took the advice, and the Emperor sent him back immediately an order for either one or two pictures representing the principal personages engaged in the great military drama, or a scene from the war itself, at the painter's option; the remuneration to be 50,000 frs. Within the letter of the Emperor was an order for 12,000 frs. on account. And so by this time Meissonier is in Italy.

— The Austrian Kaiser, determined not to be behind his French brother in his patronage of art, has also *his* painter at the seat of war. It is said that Herr Eugen Adam, from Munich, known by his representations of former Italian wars, has gone to the Austrian headquarters to take part in the campaign as battle-painter.

— Boston proposed lately to buy the "Campana Museum" and Dr. Abbot's collection, for their new museum. We see by the following paragraph in a London paper that Brain Town has lost the former, and we hope the Historical Society will forstal them in the purchase of the latter.

Letters from Rome confirm the statement that the Pontifical Government has determined on purchasing the Campana Museum. It will be remembered that, in order to acquire the collection, the Marquis Campana was guilty of appropriating the funds of the Mont de Piété at Rome, for which he is now imprisoned. A section of public opinion in Rome has considered it a point in the marquis's favor that he "fell a victim to his passion for the fine arts." That is a phrase which would stand him, however, in poor stead at the bar of the Old Bailey. The value of his property is, however, more than sufficient to supply the amount of the defalcations, and it is expected that the determination of the government to purchase the museum will have the effect of letting him once more at liberty. It is stated that it is the intention of the Pope to place this splendid collection of archæological and art-treasures in a receptacle worthy of it.

— There is on exhibition at the office of the Commissioner of Public Buildings in the Capitol, a statuette, from a design by R. S. Greenough, a brother of the sculptor of the Washington statue. It represents an old Indian, robed in the wild garments of his race, sitting on a log, and, whilst warming his hands over a few dying embers, gazes around, half in curiosity, half in distrust, at an axe which, apparently, just stuck into the log, warns him, as it were, that the fallen branch on which he sits is a token of his race, even as the axe that hangs over it, like a master, is an emblem of power before which he flies in vain.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 9, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

The China Mission. Embracing a History of the Various Missions of all Denominations among the Chinese. With Biographical Sketches of Deceased Missionaries. By William Dean, D.D., twenty years Missionary to China. 12mo. pp. 396. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Tracts for Missionary Use. Edited by the author of "Letters to a Man Bewildered Among Many Counsellors." 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

Lectures on the Early History of Christianity in England, with Sermons delivered on several occasions. By Thomas Winthrop Coit, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's church, Troy, N. Y. 12mo. pp. 334. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

HISTORICAL.

Notes on the Floridian Peninsula—its Literary History, Indian Tribes, and Antiquities. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.B. 12mo. pp. 202. Philadelphia: Joseph Sabin.

The First Records of Anglo-American Colonisation—their History. By John Wingate Thornton. 8vo. pp. 12. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut, May, 1678, to June, 1689. With notes and an appendix, comprising such documents from the State archives, and other sources, as illustrate the history of the Colony during the administration of Sir Edmund Andros. Transcribed and edited in accordance with a resolution of the General Assembly. By J. Hammond Trumbull. 8vo. pp. 588. Hartford: Case, Lockwood & Co.

History of Middle Tennessee; or, Life and Times of Gen. James Robertson. By A. W. Putnam, Esq., President of the Tennessee Historical Society. 8vo. pp. 668. Nashville, Tenn.: Printed for the Author.

History of the City of New York, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By Mary L. Booth. 8vo. pp. 846. $3,50. New York: W. R. C. Clark & Meeker.

The War in Europe. Being a retrospect of Wars and Treaties, showing the remote and recent Causes and Objects of a Dynastic War, in connection with the Balance of Power in Europe. By A. J. H. Duganne. 8vo. pp. 72. 25cts. New York: Robert M. De Witt.

POETRY.

The Hermit of the Pyrenees, and other miscellaneous Poems. By Wm. D. S. Alexander. 18mo. pp. 126. Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fourty-Four Years of the Life of a Hunter. Being Reminiscences of Meshach Browning, a Maryland Hunter, roughly written down by Himself. Revised and illustrated by E. Stabler. 12mo. pp. 400. $1,25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Botanical Memoirs, extracted from Vol. VI. (New Series) of the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. By Asa Gray, M.D. 4to. pp. 86. 2 Plates. Paper. N. Y. B. Westermann & Co.

A Manual of Scientific and Practical Agriculture, for the Farm and the School. By J. L. Campbell, A.M., of Washington College, Lexington, Va. 12mo. pp. 442. $1. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Boston Directory, for the year ending July 1, 1860. Boston: Adams, Sampson & Co.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Cranston House. A Novel. By Hannah Anderson Ropes. 12mo. pp. 388. $1. Boston: Otis Clapp.

The Bravo: A Tale of Venice. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Being Vol. VI. of the new edition of Cooper's Works. Illustrated by Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

ENGLISH.

POETRY.

The Poetry of Germany. A Selection from the most celebrated German Poets of the two last centuries, chronologically arranged, and accompanied with a Historical Survey of the German Poetry from Haller to the present time. By Dr. F. Ahn. 1 vol., 8vo., 4s. London: Trübner & Co.

Pastoral and Other Poems. By Mrs. George Halse. 2s. 6d. London: Harrison.

Poems and Songs. By Thomas Newbigging. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

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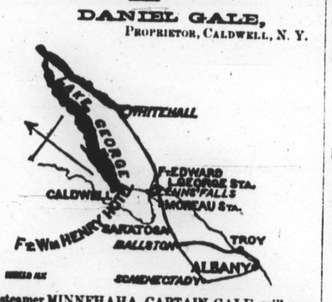

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