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For The New York Saturday Press.

Autopatheia.

DEDICATED TO WALT WHITMAN.

1. Solitary,
Lying in my chamber,
Counting the midnight echoes,
From the senseless swinging hammer,
That tolleth Doom, and knoweth it not—
That tolleth Death to Life, and Life to Death,
And knoweth it not,

2. Came to me, out of the pauses
Out of the sullen intervals
Sharp daggers of thought;
And first, this double-edged dagger:

3. The World is not old!
It is you are ephemeral;
You are affrighted at the deadness of the Ages—
The utter vastness of vacuity of the Past;
Because you cannot arrest Time,—
Not even a fraction of a fraction of any fraction of it;
Because what was, is gone,—
Inevitably, incomprehensibly, dreadfully!

4. And what is to come will be gone;
And after this
All will be gone;
And you will have held to nothing!

5. Came to me,
With a poisoned point,
Second, this dagger:

6. Yes!
You cannot escape!
You are of the multitude;
You are of the passengers;
You are here!
The Beginning was for you, as the End is for you;
And the End is in spite of you,
As the Beginning was in spite of you!
And you are between the Beginning
And the End!

7. You are in a circle;
Necessity:
This is the Circle!

8. Came to me,
With a point heated to whiteness,
Third, this dagger:

9. O, Howl,
Writhe, struggle, struggle furiously,
Curse! The hours march on!
You are of them; you will know nothing beyond them;
You will not go back of them; you will not pause;
For they do not pause. You are in the Circle,
As they are. You must march with them
In the Circle of Necessity—of Mortality!

10. A Funeral?
It is yours, his, hers, any one's.
Is there no way out? Is there? Is there?
There is none! Not even a pause?
None! None! On! on!
And so much gone? O God! so much?
Aye! and more! On! on!

11. Fool! There is a pause! Sleep! I will sleep!
And when you wake? I will sleep!! And
——? I will sleep!!!

SAKRASMID.

Philadelphia.

For The New York Saturday Press.

JE WHITTIKINS,

A STORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN GIANT.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

If there be any one thing in which these United States fail to excel, it is in the matter of Giants.

They have not failed to excel in physical Giants such as the ordinary requirements of society demand; on the contrary, they have produced rather fair samples of six-foot men, seven-foot men, and upward. Nor yet have they entirely failed in turning out a tolerable lot of mental Giants—men who are immense in law, eloquence, art, and literature. The only Giants in which they have not quite come up to the standard, is the romantic style. In these we are sadly deficient.

Of this latter class it is generally and ignorantly supposed that we have, or have had, none. No greater error can possibly exist, as it shall be my duty to show, by relating the history of the great Giant Je Whittikins, and what he did when he was in love.

Once upon a time there was a Giant, Je Whittikins by name, who lived to the Eastward. He was a truly American Giant, and rather proud of his Yankee-blood. In showing this pride he had some eccentric ways; but on the whole, he was a good Giant, very matter-of-fact and practical, though he could bear a joke as well as the next person. There was one thing much to his credit, and that was his peaceable disposition. He was not quarrelsome, did not get into difficulties and fights, though he was not at all cowardly, as he plainly showed once or twice, when the occasion called for it. Nor was he given to eating men, as some Giants are extremely fond of doing. On the contrary, he was rather a hospitable Giant, and did not go about his house fee-faw-fum-ing, and smelling the blood of Englishmen, or any other men, as some other Giants, who shall be nameless, have done. He rather delighted in taking strangers in, and supplying their wants; even going so far, when he had not got what they wanted, as to make it for them—or failing that, to get up a substitute which would fill the imagination if it did not the reality. In fact, so far did he carry this hospitable, obliging way, that he was known all over the world for the same; and the other Giants always said that what Je Whittikins could not do, was not worth doing.

For the mere formality of feet, yards, or cubits, it is quite immaterial to state Je Whittikins' height, breadth across the shoulders, or even his strength. It is quite enough to reassert that he was a great Giant, even in his boyhood, astonishing other Giants who looked at his growing, and making them a little afraid that if he went on that way, it might be just barely possible that there would be trouble brewing for them at some future day if they did not carry themselves pretty straight.

Je Whittikins as a boy was rather fast, but not viciously so. He liked to go ramping over the country, making a noise, and talking loud, but hurting nobody. He chewed a great deal of tobacco, and spit terribly everywhere, over clean floors and dirty ones, over walls, over ceilings, over people's heads, and in their pockets, into Niagara, and the ocean, and even into the face of nature. He was not intemperate, though it cannot be denied that he had not the heart to refuse a little New England rum, or a trifle of applejack, whenever it was slightly pressed on him. He was also somewhat of a brag, though all in an innocent way, for nobody believed more than half the stories he would tell when speaking of himself. With these little shortcomings, Je Whittikins was one of the best of Giants, and in spite of their prejudices, never failed to command the respect of all other Giants, large or small.

Before Je Whittikins had fairly sown his wild oats, and emerged from boydom into manhood, he felt a great want. What that want was, and to define it, was for a long time a puzzler. At first he thought it was hunger, and sought its amelioration through the agency of apple-dumplings, a remedy worse than the disease, of which it only occasioned a temporary distraction, by substituting indigestion. This want whatever it was, acted upon the Giant in a strange way. He lost his usual elasticity of spirits, and went yawning and stretching himself about, with the corners of his mouth drawn down, and declaring that there was not room enough on his own land for a right good stretch. The neighbors rather turned up their noses at this, and said in their own homely way that Je Whittikins 'was getting a great deal too big for his pantaloons.'

But the Giant being a peace-loving Giant, took no notice of these little remarks, but went on stretching and yawning at his pleasure, and growing more stout and lazy, with his want.

At last, one day when his mind was more than usually active, it struck Je Whittikins as an elucidation of his want, that he was in love. Having reached so far, the next question that propounded itself was, whom was he in love with? This was most difficult to answer, from the simple fact that the Giant was of a rather bashful turn of mind when the gentler sex was in question, and never, no! never! from the first, affected ladies' society. With this strongly imbedded in his mental system, it cannot be a matter of the slightest wonder that he should be somewhat bothered to unravel this knot, and failing in his attempts, should determine that yawning was useless, and stretching worse, and the only radical elucidation would be to start away upon his travels, and seek out the fair one who was destined to enthral his affections, and fill the void in his heart.

"Man was not formed to live alone."

So sang the bard, in which assertion there can be no doubt he meant to include Giants, though he has failed to say so. It was with this impression that Je Whittikins set out one fine Summer's day from his home, and struck into the wilds, but in search of a wife.

He had heard for many years of a famous Giant who lived away off a thousand miles, more or less, in a land teeming with the wild luxuriance of nature. Whose herds were numbered by hundreds of thousands, and whose pasture lands were measured by millions of acres. Whose forests were filled with deer and game, and whose home was amid rivers which swept a thousand miles to the sea. He was rich, was this Giant. He had not much gold, silver, or precious stones; but he was rich in lands, in mines, in water power, and in all things which wanted only money and labor to turn them into gold. And this Giant they called the great Giant Wessed. He had two daughters, had this great Giant, one of whom, the eldest, was already married to a very rich Giant, who lived off toward the tropics, and was named Psowth. The other, to whom fame had ascribed the most marvellous beauty, was in the market, and was well understood to be an heiress with her sister, and that the two, in the event of 'anything happening' to the old man, would divide his wealth between them. Under these circumstances it is not at all wonderful that many Giants all over the world cast longing looks at the domains of the great Giant Wessed, and were willing if the thing could be arranged, to marry his beautiful daughter 'out of hand;' but Wessed looked out of the corner of his eye at all these offers, and gave them no encouragement, saving only in one instance, for the old man had an eye to the main chance, and knew that money was necessary to carry out all his great schemes for the improvement of his lands, and that the right way to do this was to get a rich son-in-law, and bring the money into the family direct.

This one instance in which Wessed favored a suit for his daughter, was the Giant Jontaurus, a Giant that in point of size was no great thing, but in strength was wonderful. Jontaurus had many fights, and had always come off victor in some shape, not only beating the ones with whom he fought, but having an awkward way of making them pay for the clothes that were torn, and the gravel that was scratched up, no matter whom they belonged to. If they could not do this he would swallow them whole, and it was not unlikely that Jontaurus would do the same, even if they could pay. By this policy, and by working as hard as he fought, and making all kinds of trinkum-trankums, which he persuaded all the other Giants to buy from him, Jontaurus had become very rich, so rich that he found it rather difficult to invest all his spare cash on his own land, and was therefore always looking round for good speculation, into which he would dash in a bluff, rough, honest sort of a way, not making much of a fuss if he lost his money, but standing ready like a rather clever Giant as he was, to do it again. This was the man that the Giant Wessed had put his eye on for his second son-in-law.

All this Je Whittikins knew when he set forth for the land of the Giant Wessed, but the thought of such a rival did not much disturb him. If there was any one thing of which he possessed ample stock, it was confidence. Some people called it assurance, and some impudence, all of which mattered little to Je Whittikins, as long as he knew, that call it what they might, it was a wonderfully useful commodity. This article he could make excellent use of with men and Giants, but when it came to the tenderer sex Je Whittikins might easily be drawn through a keyhole, without in the least diminishing the size he felt himself to be. Je Whittikins journeyed on for many days, into the very heart of the wilderness, until all tracks of white men were lost, and no sound met his ear from day to day but the howl of the panther, or the baying of the wolf. He journeyed on and on, until one day, one beautiful July day, when the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, he came out from the forest upon a broad opening, in the middle of which stood a girl gathering flowers, twining them into her hair, and around her waist. Her back was turned to Je Whittikins when he came from the wood, giving him time to pass behind a maple tree, and with commendable modesty, look at her from there. From there, he saw a beautiful form, well fitted in a neat muslin dress, and guiltless of trailing skirts, just long enough to show as pretty a foot as one would see in a day's walk. With this, he could see all about her head a wreath of brown hair in curls, and that she had one of the whitest, best shaped arms to be found anywhere. While Je Whittikins was looking at all this from behind the maple tree, she turned, and the moment the Giant caught the sight of her face, he felt like a baby, and knew that before him stood the only woman on earth that could make him happy. All the visions of the great Giant Wessed and his beautiful daughter of whom he had heard so much, and with the thought of whom he had beguiled all that long weary tramp, faded away like snow before the sun. He saw a pair of brown eyes that flashed in the sunshine like two great diamonds, and a face, on every inch of which sat a smile that would have beguiled the most bloodthirsty of Giants, even though he had seven heads, every one of which demanded seven young and tender maidens at every meal. Je Whittikins stood straight up behind the maple tree, and looked and looked upon this beautiful girl, until the blood danced and tingled through his veins at a rate, that had there been any adaptability of its power to speed, would have carried him over the country somewhere, at something more than lightning travel.

While Je Whittikins stood gazing upon this vision of beauty, and literally struck all of a heap, there came out of the forest just opposite, a bear, no common puny bear that would run when a stone was thrown at it, but a real bear, a genuine bear, with a growl that could be heard a mile, and a promise of grease enough to make the fortune of any Broadway barber. As a matter of course this bear made a bee line for the beautiful girl, who stood there all unconscious twining the flowers into her own brown hair, and chains about the heart of Je Whittikins. Up he came, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, and licking his lips, every expression of his face seeming to congratulate the other upon the beautiful meal the bear was about to enjoy on this tender young maiden, who went on twining the flowers, and never knowing anything about the matter.

Je Whittikins saw the bear, and but for the bashfulness that kept him back, would have gone immediately out and attacked the beast. This bashfulness made him argue to himself at first, that perhaps the bear would go by, and save him the necessity of rushing from his snug concealment. When he found that the bear had no such intention, but on the contrary was making directly toward the beautiful girl who sat there twining the flowers, he grasped the oak sapling which he carried in lieu of a cane, and only waited until it was a clear case for conviction that the intentions of the bear were not good. He did not have long to wait to become satisfied on this point, for the bear marching straight up to the beautiful girl who sat there twining flowers, laid his bare paw upon her shoulder, and put his nose around in her face in a familiar way, that carried with it an invitation to come and be eaten. Just at this critical moment the bear was aware that something was struck, and before many minutes knew what it was to a certainty, by a strange feeling of disturbance in a fractured skull, and the great Giant, Je Whittikins, kicking his carcase across the opening.

The cracking of the bear's bones was the first notice the beautiful girl had of the presence of Je Whittikins, so quickly had he sprang across the opening to her relief. When she recovered her presence of mind, and saw standing before her the rather handsome form of the youthful Giant, the smile came back to her face, and the little paleness that had overspread it at the impudent presumption of the bear, gave way to a flush that heightened her beauty, until Je Whittikins was ready without farther parley to drop directly down upon his knees, and swear, then and there, eternal fidelity, and promise never more to think of, or seek the daughter of the great Giant Wessed.

Perhaps Je Whittikins in showing this admiration, may have failed in expressing it according to the laws of romance, but he certainly did not fail in making himself understood by her to whom his demonstrations were addressed. When the beautiful lady smiled upon the Giant, it matters but little whether he hung his head, put his finger in the corner of his mouth, and looked at her out of the corner of his eye without speaking, all of which he decidedly did not do, or straitened himself up like a man, or a Giant, ran his fingers through his hair, put his best foot foremost, sat down beside the beautiful lady, conquered his bashfulness, and asked her in a very giantish voice, if she was afraid of bears, all of which he did do. And to which she answered in a voice that made the hair jump right up on his head, by saying that she wasn't at all afraid of 'em. After which the conversation ran very smooth, and Je Whittikins thought as he sat and listened, that her voice sounded very much like music played afar off, and that he was just the happiest Giant within a thousand miles. They talked a little about the weather, about the fashions, about matters and things generally, and as a perfect sequence, they talked about love, the end of which was that Je Whittikins came out flat-footed, and told the beautiful lady that he had loved her from the very moment he had first set his eyes on her. And how that now he had spoken with her he was confirmed in that love, and was ready to show it by doing anything she might require done. And how he had journeyed into the wilderness in search of the domains of the great Giant Wessed, to whose famously beautiful daughter he had determined to offer his hand and heart, allowing he could love her at sight, but now he scattered such thoughts to the wind, and repudiated the Giant Wessed's beautiful daughter, even though she was ten times as beautiful, and forty times as rich. He would live and die by his first love, and as a security for his truth, he offered to marry the beautiful lady on the spot, immediately, or sooner, if she could tell him the address of any clergyman living thereabouts.

The lady could not do this, but she smiled a concentrated smile of sweetness on the Giant. She told him of the reciprocation of his love, and that she would be his, or nobody's, and then, O! joyful telling, that made the heart of Je Whittikins jump to his throat, she told him who she was. And who did the beautiful lady turn out to be but the Giant Wessed's daughter, Industria—she who was so famously beautiful, and to be so wondrously rich? It only wanted this to fill the cup of Je Whittikins to the full with joy; and when the beautiful Industria stretched out her white hand, and taking his, led him on toward her father's castle, Je Whittikins laughed way down to the soles of his boots with happiness, and with the disengaged hand pinched his own leg, that he might make sure it was nobody else who was enjoying all the pleasure, but only himself, Je Whittikins, the great American Giant. After a pleasant little walk, which was too short by half, they arrived at the Castle of the great Giant Wessed, and entered.

As they entered the castle-gates, Je Whittikins was startled by a terrible bellowing and shrieking, howls and whoops of a most unearthly character, interspersed with the sound of blows, gun-shots, and grunts as though given in satisfaction. At first Je Whittikins halted; and though he had never heard the character of blood-thirstiness ascribed to the owner of the castle, thoughts of treachery and murder ran through his brain, and he looked to his fair guide for an explanation. He did not receive it in words, but there was an expression on the face of the fair Industria that told him at once there was trouble. It took Je Whittikins but a few moments to understand that he could be of use; and picking up the first thing that came to hand, which proved to be a ploughshare, he rushed for the direction of the noise, followed by Industria. He was not a bit too soon; for there, in the midst of a crowd of men of a dark-brown color, half-naked, and painted variously, stood the old Giant laying about him with a will. One after another the foes went down, but the just only fought with more furious desperation, shrieking and yelling all the time in a frightful way. Je Whittikins did not stop to ask any questions, but counting it a free-fight, pitched in; and in a few minutes the enemy, feeling that they had one to deal with who would stand no nonsense, fled in all directions, stricken with a terrible panic.

When this happened, and the Giant Wessed had time to wipe away the perspiration from his eyes and look around, he did not wait for an introduction, but came up and shook Je Whittikins' hand heartily, and said, as no doubt was the truth, that he was really glad to see him, after which he undertook to explain to Je Whittikins the cause of the trouble at which he had arrived so opportunely. It seemed, according to Wessed's account, that these people whom they just defeated, were remnants of a powerful nation, who had once occupied the country thereabouts, and from them it had been taken piecemeal at different times, to which they did not seem inclined to submit, though Wessed had taken great pains to show them that he wanted the land, that he was the strongest, and had improved it, and to cap the whole, that he owned it, and meant to keep it. These men professed not to understand this line of argument, and declared that no one man could own the soil, but that it was the property of all alike, and to support this belief they got up continual difficulties with Wessed, always ending in a fight, though in the long run the Giant always whipped them. Je Whittikins entirely agreed with his host in the belief that these fellows ought to be taught better manners, and by way of showing it he volunteered to stay a month with the Giant Wessed, and teach them. It may be set down as a certainty that the old Giant did not refuse so excellent an offer, and the result was that the cunning Giant Je Whittikins found himself snugly ensconced at once, where he could see the beautiful Industria at all hours, on the simple condition that he would do the Giant Wessed's fighting, a condition that to Je Whittikins was mere play.

In the double employment of making love and fighting, Je Whittikins passed the days with a happiness beyond all expression. He would shoulder his ploughshare early in the morning, and march over the property, until he met some of these brown men, whom before they could say 'Jack Robinson' he would knock into a cocked hat, and then take his way quietly home, and sit down by Industria, or hoe wonderfully for her to wind. After one of these battles, there was always a little bit of policy that Je Whittikins gave way to, which was nothing more or less than while telling the old Giant how he had whipped his enemies, to clap in a word or two about how much he loved his daughter, the beautiful Industria, and how much he wanted her for a wife. At first Giant Wessed would not listen to a word, shaking his head fearfully, and muttering something about Jontaurus. But Je Whittikins was not to be put off so; he felt that he was as good as Jontaurus any day, and what was more, he had Industria's love, which Jontaurus had not, and never could have, and so he told the old Giant. In this way the days went by, until the month was quite up, and Je Whittikins had so completely sickened the brown men of his ploughshare, that they kept well clear of the old Giant's castle, to his wonderful delight, but to Je Whittikins' disgust, for now he had no further excuse to prolong his stay. He therefore, one day demanded a set audience of the Giant Wessed, and told him that he must have his daughter Industria for a wife. At this the old Giant shook his head with a fierce roar that almost took the roof off the castle, but failed to frighten the young one a bit. Finding that he was not to be taken aback this way, Wessed next tried the effect of shaking Jontaurus at Je Whittikins. The only response the young Giant made to this was to button up his coat, and declare emphatically that he would whip Jontaurus the moment he put his foot out to step on the lands of the Giant Wessed, or to claim Industria.

This threat suited the old Giant exactly. He was obliged to confess that he rather liked Je Whittikins personally better than Jontaurus, to say nothing of the fact that he was somewhat desirous of pleasing his daughter, but then Jontaurus was rich, and that counterbalanced all. He was content, therefore, that Je Whittikins should attempt to whip the great foreign Giant. If he were successful no harm was done, and if it came to the worst, he could only accept the young Giant as his son-in-law. But if on the other hand Jontaurus came out victor, it was well, and Je Whittikins would retire from the field altogether. This was the argument the Giant Wessed laid to his bosom, when Je Whittikins announced his intention for a fight.

With this, Je Whittikins went away from the castle of Wessed, after first taking leave of Industria, and telling her his intentions. He promised that very soon he would be back to claim her, when there would be no Jontaurus to stand between them, and her father would be glad to bestow her hand on him. Industria believed all, and with a thousand vows of love and constancy they parted.

After many weary days of travel, wonderfully weary now that he was going away from Industria, instead of toward her, Je Whittikins arrived once more at home. He took no time for rest, but almost every hour he was walking by the sea-side, or watching from the roof of his house, that he might have early knowledge of the arrival of Jontaurus. At last one day while walking upon the shore, he spied something in the sea afar off. As it came nearer Je Whittikins saw plainly that the object was the Giant Jontaurus, bearing a large bundle upon his head. The young Giant waited patiently and saw the foreign Giant land, shake off the seaweed, and after resting himself on a rock, and drying himself in the sun, he undid the bundle, and began to array himself in a suit of the most beautiful scarlet and gold. When this was done, Jontaurus strode up the hill with a great bluster, taking the longest kind of steps, and looking defiantly about.

When Je Whittikins first saw Jontaurus he thought he had taken a hard job on his hands when he promised to whip him; for though the foreign Giant was not tall, he was stout and muscular. But when he marched up the hill so proudly, clad all in scarlet and gold, the very heart of Je Whittikins sank down into his legs, and made his knees to shake. There was no use, though, he thought to himself, of shirking the task he had assumed; therefore, with one thought of Industria, and one short stretch to try his muscles, he walked forward and planted himself direct in the path of Jontaurus. It was not long before that gent saw who barred his progress, and without waiting for any words he rushed forward with a contemptuous sneer upon his face, and tried to poke Je Whittikins out of the way with his elbows. This cool way of settling the matter, brought things to a crisis at once, for Je Whittikins immediately, before the other was aware of the assault, seized his adversary around the body and flung him back into the sea. Jontaurus found his feet instantly, and with a puff of rage that was heard for miles and miles, sprang back to the spot where Je Whittikins was awaiting him.

Ah! then there was a fight. Je Whittikins stood the assault much after the manner of a rock, and Jontaurus felt much afterward as though he had run his head against an article of that denomination. They clinched, they pulled, they thrust, they lifted. They hit out with the left, they hit out with the right, they countered, they parried, they guarded, they threw and tripped. They fought a thousand miles over the land, and a thousand miles along the shore. They fought all the day, and all the night, all the Summer, and all the Winter, and when at last they were both wasted to the bones, Jontaurus with a terrible roar cried 'Enough,' and Je Whittikins stood victor, while Jontaurus hurried off with a flea in his ear, and his beautiful dress of scarlet and gold looking terribly shabby from the rough usage it had received.

Nobody will doubt that Je Whittikins did not let grass grow under his feet in running back to communicate the news of his victory to the Giant Wessed, and the beautiful Industria. The last received it with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, but Wessed shook his head ominously, as though he thought it impossible that Je Whittikins could have accomplished the thing thoroughly, but had only partially whipped the foreign Giant, who would all in good time turn up again. Therefore when Je Whittikins reminded him of his promise, the old Giant only shook his head, and declared that he, Je Whittikins, was too poor to become his son-in-law. To this the young Giant demurred, and promised that if Wessed would consent to his marriage, he would take charge of all his lands, cultivate them, keep the brown men away, and make both himself and Wessed rich beyond his ambition, by industry and ingenuity. This had little effect on the Giant Wessed, who still shook his head, but again bethinking himself that perhaps it would be as well not to throw away his dirty water until he could get clean, undertook to temporize. He therefore declared to Je Whittikins that he should have Industria on one condition, which condition was: That he should bring to him a horse that should run with the speed of the wind and carry a million of pounds; a ship that should go without sails or oars, and yet outstrip the fleetest in all the navies of the world. If Je Whittikins would bring him from the land of the East, those two trifles, as well as something he could present to his son-in-law Psowth, which would make him rich and powerful, he should have Industria for a wife, but on no other conditions.

These modest requests made Je Whittikins wink and gape, and wonder how far it was to Jerusalem, and how long it would take him to get there, and how he was to get back with the things, and how he was to be sure he was not deceived by some sharper, and how he was to be sure he was not deceived by some sharper, and how he was to be sure he was not deceived by some sharper

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending March 17, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the philosophy of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his prospectus of SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in clearly type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

Abridgement of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856, from Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress, from their Register of Debates, and from the official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the author of The Thirty Years' View. Vol. XIII. 8vo, pp. 806. $2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

New History of the Religious Society of Friends. Vol. I. To be complete in 4 vols. Large 12mo. Per volume, sheep, $1 25, cloth, $1 15. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.

The Puritans; or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England, During the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. Vol. II. 8vo, pp. 539. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

The Life of Daniel Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. By Josiah Bateman, M.A., Rector of North Cray, Kent, his son-in-law and First Chaplain. With Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 738. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, author of Sylvan Holt's Daughter, Kathie Brande, etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 436. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

The Avoidable Causes of Disease, Insanity, and Deformity. By John Ellis, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Western Medical College, of Cleveland, Ohio, author of Marriage and its Violations. A book for the People as well as for the Profession. 12mo, pp. 548. New York: Published by the Author, room 20 Cooper Institute. 1860.

Sanders' Analysis of English Words. Designed for the Higher Classes in Schools and Academies. By Charles W. Sanders, A.M., author of a series of School Readers, Speller, Definer, and Analysis. Elocutionary Chart. 12mo, pp. 240. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1859.

Bible History. A Text Book for Seminaries, Schools, and Families. By Sarah R. Hanna (formerly Miss Foster), Principal of the Female Seminary, Washington, Pa. 12mo, pp. 290. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

American Normal Schools: Their Theory, their Workings, and their Results, as embodied in the Proceedings of the First Annual Convention of the American Normal School Association, held at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 19 and 20, 1859. 8vo, pp. 113. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

The Public Life of Capt. John Brown. By James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. 12mo, pp. 408. New York: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly for April contains: The Laws of Beauty, by Rev. Thomas Hill; Found and Lost; An Experience, by Mrs. Eliza Sproat Randolph; About Thieves, by Geo. W. Hosmer; The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties (concluded), by M. A. Goddie; The Portrait; American Magazine-Literature of the Last Century, by Samuel Ratchelder, Jr.; Come si Chiama? by Rev. Walt. W. Mitchell; Baroic Symbols, by Walt Whitman; Hunting a Pass—No. I.—by E. G. Squier; Kepler, by William J. Swinton; Pleasure Pain, by W. D. Howells; The Professor's Story, by D. W. Holmes; Lost Beliefs, by W. D. Howells; The Mexicans and their Country, by C. C. Hazewell; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Harper's Monthly for April contains: Artist Life in the Highlands, by John R. Chapin, with illustrations by the author; How we Get Gold in California, by Wm. V. Wells, of California; The Fight at Lexington, by Thomas Dunn English, illustrated; Captain Tom—a Resurrection, by Charles Nordhoff; Kathie Morris, by T. B. Aldrich; Little Brother—Part III.—by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; The Alexandrians, by Dr. Draper; Yet's Christmas Box; D—'s Remarkable Experience, by C. E. Bellington; The Little Art-Student, by Mrs. Audison Richards; An Icy Flame, by Ed. H. House; On Two Children in Black, by W. M. Thackeray; Oriana Inn: a Disputed Possession, by Miss Chesebro'; The Lost Steamship, by Fitz-James O'Brien; Lovel the Widower, by W. M. Thackeray—Chap. III.; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Master Charley's First Pantaloons, illustrated; Fashions for April, illustrated.

The Cornhill Magazine for March contains: A Few Words on Junius and Macaulay; William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher; Mabel; Studies in Animal Life; Framley Parsonage; Sir Joshua and Holbein; The Changeling; Lovel the Widower—Chap. III.; The National Gallery Difficulty Solved; A Winter Wedding Party in the Wilds; Student Life in Scotland; Roundabout Papers—No. II.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1860.

"THE MARBLE FAUN."

Previous to the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," no American author was so little known as Hawthorne. Such a remark he used sometimes to make of himself. But that book bore him at once to the summit of renown as a romancist, and amply justified the verdict which gave him a high place among the prose-writers of this country. His literary career since then has lain in the sunshine of illustrious success. His position in literature is positive and immutable. Unlike those authors who, as Johnson once said, "make themselves public without making themselves known," he is a celebrated without being a popular writer. As Dr. Channing has felicitously remarked, they have not the largest audience who speak to the largest number of people.

The sympathetic readers of Hawthorne, the most cultivated of his own countrymen and of Europeans, welcome with enthusiasm and delight his new romance of "The Marble Faun." It is published in two elegant volumes,—not too elegant though, for the treasure which it is their happy fortune to preserve,—by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

Few readers are very grateful to the critic who prematurely destroys for them the novelty of a romance, by unveiling in dry analysis the secrets of its plot. We intend our readers no gratuitous unkindness in this respect. There seems to be no reason why we should do more than indicate in general language our general impressions of this book.

The romance of "The Marble Faun" is comprised in fifty chapters. Its principal action is in Rome, though there are scenes in Perugia and in a castellated retreat among the Apennines. Its prominent characters are four in number; namely, Donatello, Count di Monte Beni,—a young Italian nobleman, whose wonderful resemblance to the Faun of Praxiteles forms the key-note of the narrative; Kenyon, a young American sculptor, located in Rome; Miriam, the heroine and the mystery of the drama;—and lastly, Hilda, an American girl, and like Miriam herself, a painter, but in whom the cardinal virtues and all the saintlike attributes of woman are harmonized in a lovely though somewhat frigid union.

These four persons are at first presented as occupying towards each other the relations of friends. Ultimately, however, at different times and under different circumstances they assume relations more tender and interesting. Donatello loves Miriam, and Kenyon loves Hilda; and, as it is refreshing to know, the affection is in both cases returned,—though not with spontaneous reciprocity. For Donatello and Miriam there is crime, remorse, penitential sacrifice,—all the tragedy of passion and of life: for Kenyon and Hilda, there is pure love, made altogether charming by every accessory of romance, and at last fulfilled by marriage and 'wedded bliss.'

Our promise to refrain from analysis of the plot will not preclude us from commenting on the characters in this story, which are artfully peculiar and representative.

Hilda is a young girl who dresses in white and lives in a tower. She has brown ringlets, a delicate healthful complexion,—probably 'sea-shell pink,'—an intelligent, sensitive face, pretty hands, and a graceful figure. Her character is well indicated by a remark of her own, describing herself as "a poor lonely girl, whom God has set here in an evil world, and given her only a white robe, and bid her wear it back to Him, as white as when she put it on." This young lady is a good painter in oils and water-colors, and has an ardent affection for multitudinous doves. She is at one period [illegible] the guilty but magnificent Miriam, who tells her she wo[illegible] an angel, but as a human creature, and a woman, among earthly men and women, she needs a sin to soften her. The character is finely drawn. All of us know it exceedingly well. But, as Tom Moore once observed,

"Be an angel, my love, in the morning—
But O be a *woman* to-night!

Kenyon is one of those commonplace persons who have 'high promise' and 'increasing celebrity.' He is learned in Art, moral to a degree, rather talkative and very fond of Hilda. Altogether he is not interesting, and we neither wonder nor grieve at his consignment to the secluded paradise of matrimony.

Donatello is the hero. He is of the lineage of Monte Beni, descended from a progenitor not altogether human, a sylvan creature who long ago wooed and won a mortal maiden, and whose characteristics, affecting his whole progeny through many generations, are sometimes vividly illustrated in some individual of the race. Donatello realizes in nature the mythical Faun of antiquity. He is breezy and beautiful as morning; strong, ardent, and tender, though not intellectually developed till sublimated by his love for Miriam, his crime for her sake, his awful remorse and penitence. The author remarks, somewhere in the second volume, that the contemplation of an imperfect portrait bust of Donatello, made by Kenyon, originally inspired him with the idea and design of this romance.

But the grand creation of the story is Miriam. She is described as springing from English parentage, on the mother's side, but with a vein, likewise, of Jewish blood; yet connected, through her father, with a princely family of Southern Italy. A creation we say, though the author seems to intimate that he has taken a hint at least for the character, from real life. His mysterious remark is that "the reader—if he think it worth while to recall some of the strange incidents which have been talked of, and forgotten, within no long time past—will remember Miriam's name."

Very early in the progress of the story, Donatello visits the studio of Miriam, who shows him her own portrait painted by herself. This felicitous occasion is thus improved by the author for a description of his heroine: "She was youthful, and had what was usually thought to be a Jewish aspect; a complexion in which there was no roseate bloom, yet neither was it pale; dark eyes into which you might look as deeply as your glance would go, and still be conscious of a depth that you had not sounded, though it lay open to the day. She had black, abundant hair, with none of the vulgar glossiness of other women's sable locks; if she were really of Jewish blood, then this was Jewish hair, and a dark glory such as crowns no Christian maiden's head. Gazing at this portrait, you saw what Rachel might have been, when Jacob deemed her worth the wooing seven years and seven more; or perchance she might ripen to be what Judith was when she vanquished Holofernes with her beauty, and slew him for too much adoring it."

The character of Miriam combines all that is proud and majestic with all that is passionate and tender in the nature of woman. In depicting her subtle and varied emotional experiences,—the slow pursuit of a haunting and deadly horror; the dim presentiment of impending evil; the struggle of hatred and fear; the triumph of crime; the bliss and the agony of love; the long, moonless desolation of remorse,—in this Hawthorne has richly displayed that power of subtle, introspective analysis for which he is preeminent among the writers of the age.

In this romance of "The Marble Faun," considering it as a work of art, it is not possible to discover many faults. It is compact and symmetrical. Excepting the odd and pleasing phantasy of the Faun, its plot is marked by no peculiar originality; but that plot is developed and managed with unerring skill and with perfect grace. There are several scenes in the story thrilled with the fervor of a wild imagination, and awful in their mystery and gloom; so that it will not be surprising if those critics who discovered, in other and greater of Hawthorne's works, a tendency towards what they call the unnatural and the tragic, should augment their violence in outcries against the present. It is sufficient to express a belief that there are more things in heaven and earth—and literature—than are dreamt of in the philosophy of commonplace people; and to add that, laugh we ever so gaily, human nature has its tragic side, and human experience its tragic aspect,—which perhaps it might not be altogether vain sometimes to contemplate.

There is one intensely disagreeable feature in this romance, which we shall mention without comment: that is, its incidental, labored, and inelegant puffery of certain American artists, now or formerly located in Rome. The reader will notice this distasteful nonsense alike in the preface and the body of the work.

In his preface the author explains that "Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be in America. . . . Romance and poetry," he adds, "ivy, lichens, and wall flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

The questions here raised might well stimulate discussion. It is our own opinion that Hawthorne is never so truly himself as when on his native soil and with an American theme. He is thoroughly an American, and peculiarly a New Englander. His romance of "The Scarlet Letter" expresses his nature, and is his greatest work; and to that, the romance of "The Marble Faun" is inferior in all essential respects.

But, waiving the choice between that hallowing sanctity of poetic sentiment which haunts "the mouldering lodges of the past," and that fiery breath of song which glows with the living action of the present, and is instinct with the vitality of a progressive age,—one thing is certainly true and certainly charming in this romance, that it realizes and reflects all the majesty and pathos of venerable antiquity and of desolated empire. All is here that is romantic in old, deserted ruins, gray with the storms of age, and green with the benediction of ivy. The subterranean horror of the Catacombs, the dim superstition of vast Cathedrals, the varied charms of historic association, the poetry of storied scenes,—all unite to enhance the power and the splendor of this romance. It is youthful with the youth of Nature, and glorious with the golden lustre of Art.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

I can well understand how Hawthorne could create two characters like Hilda and Kenyon, believing them to be lovable, after seeing his bust at the Dusseldorf Gallery. It has been done by Louisa Lander, a young New England lady, whose talent is said to threaten a serious rivalry to that of the celebrated Harriet Hosmer. Hawthorne's bust witnesses for itself as a good likeness; it is evidently copied from a stern, strong original; the imagination has not been allowed to enter there. The very beautiful statue of Evangeline is by the hand of the same young lady. The heroine of the pastoral poem is represented to be asleep; her sleep is so natural that you are constrained, while near her, to speak in whispers for the fear of awakening her from her slumbers.

The Dusseldorf Gallery is the only place in town where a lady, in the toils of shopping, can at the same time rest from her labors and amuse her mind. In that respect it is invaluable.

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Women and men,—I mean to say those without any very deep sentiment or profound thought,—are apt to have very vague and eccentric notions about morals. With them, every minor variation from an inflexible routine of life is recorded under the head of problematic morals. Their diagnosis of the supposed virtuous malady is a wondrous one, for the given symptoms of that disease embrace every development natural to the unchained mind. An acquaintance with general literature, a frankness of speech and manner with men, a disposition to dress becomingly, a sensitiveness to dramatic pathos, a good appetite, a cheerful expression of countenance, an inability to worship ministers, a craving for sugar-plums, a love for piano-music, an occasional acquaintance with Lubin's powder *rouge*, an aversion to lying, an ability to think for one's self, the power in case of extreme thirst of drinking from a pump, are all set down as sure symptoms of an invalid moral system.

This arises from the fact that men, above all the professionally moral ones, suppose women to be virtuous only because they are slaves to custom. They imagine the female mind to dwell in the kingdom of virtue only when they are fast locked in with a padlock, and that the least chance of getting out of their prison is made the opportunity of rushing headlong into promiscuousness.

Virtue, on the contrary, only exists where there is freedom of action. So necessary is this element of freedom, that the constrained woman can never be said to be virtuous, however pure she may be. The laws of society, the social and religious code, may construct a quality called morality, but they have no acquaintance with virtue. For it is as much an inherent, self-sustaining quality as courage, generosity, truthfulness, or any of the attributes that go to make up the human soul.

Virtue is that quality that keeps a woman pure and incorrupt through whatever scenes in life she may pass, whatever knowledge she may acquire, whatever she may do. The virtuous woman knows nothing of worldly temptations, nor social lies; her instincts come directly from nature and from God. In her soul there lives a bright flame that burns away corruption, and leaves all subjects clean and pure before her eyes. She avoids vice as she does pestilence, because it is a horror to her; all prurient views of things disgust and sicken her; a defamation of her own body she regards as though one should blot the stars with mud.

To bind her with the shackles of convention and the terror of public opinion, were as superfluous as to prevent the populace by law, from walking into the mouths of hyenas, or from thrusting themselves into blazing furnaces.

The freer the mind of the virtuous woman is, the less chance there is of her degrading herself. Nothing is more easy than to cheat the tribunal of society, but where the only tribunal is one's own heart, who can deceive that?

A woman can hardly be said to be virtuous, in the active sense of the word, before she has fully loved, just as a man is brave only in the passive sense of the word, until that quality has led him to face danger. A young maiden can be called chaste; the term virtuous does not apply to her.

Virtue is begotten of love and freedom. It seems to be very hard for men to understand this. Perhaps it is that the miserable errors into which the precepts and example of their own sex lead them ere they are able to judge for themselves, render them incapable of comprehending incorruptible purity in woman. As it is, the great body of men persist in believing, against all record and the witness of their own eyes, that the woman who can accept one man can accept all men. The least unit of the collective body is made to stand for the whole. Such atrociously illogical deductions would not be allowed to stand for an instant in any other reasoning but that of a metaphysical character.

How would it sound to argue that because we can eat strawberries with impunity, therefore we can with pleasure devour any of the objects included in the vegetable kingdom, strychnia and sulphuric acid for example? Is it strictly logical to state that because a lady can train a lap-dog into a legitimate pet, that she could therefore teach a hippopotamus to run before her by a silken string, sleep upon her pillow, and drink from a baby's spoon?

One strong love, and a physical looseness of character, are the two things farthest apart in this globe. They are the two poles; you can only approach the one by steadfastly leaving the other behind you.

The difference between the moral and the virtuous woman, is that the one reverences the law, and the other reverences God; the one takes harsh, self-righteous views of everything, the other treats all subjects widely and with brave charity; the one wishes to crush and ruin the erring ones of her own sex, the other desires to bring them back to nature and truth; the one makes chastity a matter of show, the other a divine feature of the soul.

Above all things I desire to express here the vast gulf that lies between one love and miscellaneous attraction. In all metaphysical sciences,—love above them all,—what is gained in intensity is lost in universality.

There are women, I know, daily trading themselves away at the very noble price of esteem, worldly prudence, an establishment, a good name, male protection. For these I cannot answer. I know no standard for judging of them. But those who have not weighed themselves in the balances against sand, who have followed in full faith the dictates of the divine law of love, may not stoop to profane the temple of the body, without falling millions of leagues below themselves.

These women love, and therein they save their souls alive. That sublime fire utterly consumes their unchaste thoughts, their false theories, their canting falseness, their envious and uncharitable feelings toward their own sex. The bright fires that have reverently fed on heavenly food, will not stoop to feed on baser prey; they turn their pure flames hungering upon their hearts, and burn them up to virtue.

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The brilliant Editor of the *Sunday Courier* wishes to know in whose favor I make the exception with regard to Hawthorne's position in American literature. I don't mind answering the question to him, as, though he may not agree with me, he will certainly understand me. I mean Miss Harriet Prescott. If the respected Editor has read 'The Amber-Gods,' he will not be astonished to hear me say, that in my mind, its style for superabundant power and eloquence, stands above all American prose-writing. Hawthorne never did, never can equal it.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

XI.

He who sneers at Nature might better scoff at his own mother.

It is said and truly, that one spark of her life, revives the sense of kindred in all, and the heart must be as dead as the annihilated that it does not renew.

I knew a woman who had offended her husband mortally, because she had not only spent in extravagance all his own money, but that he had borrowed from a friend to prevent the destruction of his business. She had not acted thus in ignorance, although perhaps she refused to allow herself to believe or even think of the disastrous consequences of her own wilfulness and folly. Her conjugal partner was now confronted by disgrace and ruin, but terrible as they were to one who prided himself on his honor, they did not cut him so much to the heart as the total want of feeling his wife had shown for him. He cursed her heartlessness, and vowed to discard her from his home and affections forever.

She who had been borne away in the vortex of pleasure and excitement till her head had grown too dizzy to think, now beheld the dire fruit of her rashness with feelings of repentance and dismay she strove hard to conceal. She tried every art to regain the love she had forfeited, but found her husband's heart steeled against her. In vain she dressed herself in the beautiful attire which had cost him so dear, looked her loveliest, lavished her smiles and caresses upon him, sang and played in tones so sweet that they ought to have softened the heart not only of a brute of a husband but even of a polar bear. The wretch remained as insensible to her blandishments as a granite rock or an iceberg, and she in turn, filled with resentment at his obstinate coldness, left him with an angry expression and a face flushed with passion.

But she returned soon and meekly. She approached him softly, took his hand, kissed it, and let fall upon it something

"Too dangerously dear,"

[illegible] which opened Paradise to the Peri a bright tear of repentance. He gazed upon it after she had mentally gone; his heart saw it and melted, and (could you doubt it?) she was forgiven.

Art had proved of no avail, but one touch of Nature, fresh and warm from the heart, had dissolved the resolute man, as the sunbeam melts the snow away.

A relative of mine lost an only and beloved son, and long remained utterly inconsolable. Her health began at last to suffer from her excessive sorrow, and it was feared she would die of grief. In vain the doctor prescribed for her; in vain the clergyman preached and prayed over her; in vain she was taken to scenes of pleasure and beauty: music, wine, eloquence, remonstrance, intimidation, and coaxing had no effect upon her, and failed to dissipate her grief. At last her son's son, a little fellow about five years of age, was brought to her, and being of a noble nature, regarded her weeping with sympathy and a wish to condole her. He put his little arms about her neck, kissed her, and offered his pretty consolation with such childish ingenuity, that the woman's heart, with its one idea and solitary grief, was opened to another being, even to the little prattler that sat upon her knee. From his work of consolation to play was a quick transition for the juvenile, and as he smiled after his gambols, full in her face, looking for an answering smile, how could she deny him it.

The philosophy of Art in all its ingenuity and polish she could resist, but not Nature. The heart must be more than dead that could. The child conquered where man had failed, because one spoke with the voice of that spell which had caused and could dissolve her sorrow, and the other in the language of dry erudition.

Let a speaker in addressing a multitude once feel earnestly what he says, and he will carry the passions of his hearers with him as the flowing of the mountain current. The nearer the elocutionist can come to Nature's tones, the nearer he is to perfection; but after all the copying and combining on the part of the actor, the sculptor, the painter, the poet, and the novelist, Nature remains still supreme, their everlasting original, perfect, unattainable, and infinite.

R. W. P.

CONCERT AT GOLDBECK'S MUSIC HALL.

It is often remarked that the progress made among us here in New York, in the study of music, has been very rapid indeed during the last few years. There could be no stronger evidence of this fact than an entertainment which took place at Goldbeck's Music Hall a few days since. It was an afternoon Concert, given by Mr. Goldbeck's pupils to their friends, under the direction and superintendence of their master. Of its kind, a more delightful exhibition has not been given this season. The scene itself was very attractive; there was the handsome Music Hall, well filled with the pretty women who always rush to all the matinées; then the groups of young people, immediate friends and relatives of those who were about to make their privately-public debût; then the proud fathers, banishing for the nonce all knowledge of Wall street; and the happy mothers, intently watching the youthful musicians, but full of a tremulous anxiety, fearing lest some little accident should disturb the effect of what had been so well rehearsed; then last, but by no means least, the young performers themselves, chiefly young girls, intelligent and handsome as American girls are, their youth set off in pretty dresses, and their fresh faces glowing with excitement; all combined to make what is called "a very interesting occasion."

Mr. Goldbeck has been long known in New York as an admirable Pianist; but, added to his special executive talent, he possesses what many Pianists cannot boast, the faculty of bringing the ambition of his pupils up to his own level, and inspiring them with not a little of his vigor and enthusiasm. It is no slight merit in a master, that he can make his pupils love work, and these young people must have worked earnestly before they could have executed the programme drawn out for them. The system of combination and emulation by which this gentleman teaches, seems to produce almost miraculous results, judging by the advance these young musicians have made. The programme was chosen with the taste and judgment of a true musician, including names almost unheard among us, a few years ago. One of the gems, was a beautiful Trio of Bache, for violin, organ, and piano, arranged by Gounod, one of the greatest musicians of our day; it was very well given, Mr. E. Mollenhauer assisting with his violin. A brilliant Scherzo, composed by Goldbeck, for piano and violin, was played with much animation by a very promising pupil; a movement from Beethoven's D. Sonata, was also excellently played, in a way that showed thorough understanding of the composer, and command over the instrument. There were also selections from Schumann's Album, played with the utmost steadiness and nerve by a very juvenile little Pianist, scarcely as high as the instrument she managed so well. In short, the selection was various as the capabilities of the players, but all admirably selected. Without space to specify further, we may add that the concert concluded with an overture by Marschner, arranged for eight hands, which made a spirited finale. Altogether the performance was so satisfactory and interesting, that we shall hope 'again to meet Mr. Goldbeck and his pupils before the season be past.

PICKINGS.

Patriotism.

It is astonishing how the virtues of our citizens are brought to serve their country under the banner of patriotism. The illustrious names of our heroes and their deeds have been handed down to us, and we love constantly to hang fresh wreaths around their memories;—so perchance some reflection of the glory of their patriotism may fall upon those who live for their country's good in this our own day and generation.

Truly there is a wonderful spirit of emulation pervading all classes of our community. Our men of mind, our men of money, our men of influence, and our men of retirement, high and low, rich or poor, each man sometimes in his self-ship sees a possible President of this great Union. Or, it not a President, a long perspective stretches in the line of his vision, in which are displayed, diminishing not by distance but by importance, the figures of Statesmen, Senators, Congressmen, Mayors, Aldermen, and Councilmen, with an innumerable line of subordinates. And the true patriot is, of course, ready to serve his country in some guise or other.

Besides, with consciences morally and theologically tutored, how can these true lovers of their country neglect any occasion to devote themselves? It would be a criminal sin of omission equally grave, as one of a positive commission.

Thus regardless of circumstances, unmindful of poverty, or even with utter inability to wield either sword or pen, they heroically, though unarmed, unequipped rush to the rescue of their country, "this glorious republic!" And this panoply of bravery and zeal, secures for them the applause, nay the support of their virtuous fellow-citizens.

It is not then the weapons a true patriot bears, but the ability to act, the intuitive perception of things and people.

Endowed with a metallic countenance, volability of speech, a bibulous temperament, and induced with shabby habiliments, he figures in scenes and localities where a true gentleman would be only an intrusion.

He knows how to wield the different masses; how to insinuate his patriotism into the most exclusive cliques; how to sway even the very polluters of society. He is applauded by the immense crowd of our emigrant citizens, either as a party man, or a man of no party; he is at times black, and at times white; in fact he assumes every color in the political kaleidoscope, except *green*, to suit circumstances and exigences.

It is the soul-stirring spirits of whiskey and gin, the phantoms that seduce in the fumes of segars, even the very wives and children of the inner circle of his life which come to his aid, until with shouts of conviviality he is proclaimed the man of all others for the country, for the people. In a word, he shows himself a friend of all, and through him, all hope to have a voice in the councils of the commonwealth.

At last our patriot becomes a public functionary, and takes his seat among his fellow officials. O what emotions burn within his heart! He desires to raise his patriotic voice in his country's behalf, but he is restrained by the mere reflection that 'eloquence rarely accompanies a ragged coat.' The election excitement being over, the daily wants of his family stare him now more boldly in the face, and the friends who have sustained him through the ordeal of his election are to be requited; all of which demands the presence of hard cash. He realizes the full sense of the poet, "unde habeas quærit memo; sed opertit habere," and immediately speculates upon the possible profits of his new position; for power is money.

The public seem to appreciate the necessities of their favorite, and he is allowed the privilege of his position, a sort of divine right to live on the fat of the land; even his single vote assumes the marketable value of two thousand dollars, more or less, as avowed lately by Acibius Glabrio Brady.

The true aim of all civil regulations is to supply the citizens with the necessities or conveniences for their real comfort and happiness; to secure to them their rights, and to protect them in the enjoyment of their liberty and property against all sorts of agressions.

It is erroneous to suppose that we are enjoying any such protection. Nous avons changé tout cela!

Patriotism must feast at the public board, while society famishes upon the crumbs which fall from the table, even though it provide the feast, at the enormous cost of some ten or eleven millions of dollars yearly; and if a grumble or a groan for better fare should burst from the children, the city Fathers, with all the sensitiveness of their dignified position, feel highly insulted.

So, if Society, broom in hand, begins to sweep away the nuisances which threaten the health and lives of the people, the very dust so raised is an insult to the dignity of these Asturii.

Nor is this systematic, corruptive, and bare-faced rascality confined to our city, or municipal affairs. The whole land suffers from the perversion of patriotism to individual aggrandisement.

Spoils and patriotism have become synonymous terms.

The effluvia of these national corruptions has so offended the public nostrils, that at length even Congress has deemed it necessary to appoint a Committee of investigation into the acts of the very Executive itself.

I cannot commend the philosophy which laughs at, and regards all the actions of men as mere follies, for I think we have too much reason to weep, because they are no trifling follies, but real miseries.

To me the proceedings at Washington look too much like playing the old game. I cannot hope much good will result. The task is Herculean; the only alternative is, to turn the tide of public sentiment into this Augean stable.

R. W. P.

— A correspondent speaks in high praise of two portraits recently completed by Mr. William Willard, of Boston. One is a portrait of the late Rufus Choate; the other of Matilda Heron.

— Messrs. John R. Thompson and John Esten Cooke, of Richmond, are the editors of a volume entitled "The Poets and Poetry of the South," soon to be issued by Derby & Jackson of this city.

— Hawthorne's new novel is published in London under the title of "Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni."

— Alexander Dumas has completed his life of Garibaldi. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have made arrangements with the French publishers to issue it in Boston. As fast as the sheets are received from Paris, they are to be translated here, and the English translation will be published in Boston at about the time the original work is published in Paris.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, March 17, 1860.

A Treatise on Musical Sounds, and an Explanation of Tillman's Tonometer, or Revolving Scale, showing the relative position of all the True and Tempered Notes in the Major and Minor Modes in every Key now known. By Samuel D. Tillman, M.A. New York: Hoffman & Pennal, 7 Spruce street.

Kit Kelvin's Kernels. With illustrations. 12mo, pp. 270. New York: Rollo. 1860.

Life Before Him. A Novel. 12mo, pp. 401. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

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Mrs. Ellis's Housekeeping Made Easy; or, Complete Instructor in all branches of Cookery and Domestic Economy. Containing the most useful and approved Recipes, of daily service in all families. Edited by Mrs. Mowatt. 12mo, paper, pp. 120. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

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The Life of Daniel Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. By Josiah Bateman, M.A., Rector of North Cray, Kent, his son-in-law and First Chaplain. With Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 738. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, author of Sylvan Holt's Daughter, Kathie Brande, etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 436. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

The Avoidable Causes of Disease, Insanity, and Deformity. By John Ellis, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Western Medical College, of Cleveland, Ohio, author of Marriage and its Violations. A book for the People as well as for the Profession. 12mo, pp. 548. New York: Published by the Author, room 20 Cooper Institute. 1860.

Sanders' Analysis of English Words. Designed for the Higher Classes in Schools and Academies. By Charles W. Sanders, A.M., author of a series of School Readers, Speller, Definer, and Analysis. Elocutionary Chart. 12mo, pp. 240. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1859.

Bible History. A Text Book for Seminaries, Schools, and Families. By Sarah R. Hanna (formerly Miss Foster), Principal of the Female Seminary, Washington, Pa. 12mo, pp. 290. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

American Normal Schools: Their Theory, their Workings, and their Results, as embodied in the Proceedings of the First Annual Convention of the American Normal School Association, held at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 19 and 20, 1859. 8vo, pp. 113. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

The Public Life of Capt. John Brown. By James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. 12mo, pp. 408. New York: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly for April contains: The Laws of Beauty, by Rev. Thomas Hill; Found and Lost; An Experience, by Mrs. Eliza Sproat Randolph; About Thieves, by Geo. W. Hosmer; The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties (concluded), by M. A. Goddie; The Portrait; American Magazine-Literature of the Last Century, by Samuel Ratchelder, Jr.; Come si Chiama? by Rev. Walt. W. Mitchell; Baroic Symbols, by Walt Whitman; Hunting a Pass—No. I.—by E. G. Squier; Kepler, by William J. Swinton; Pleasure Pain, by W. D. Howells; The Professor's Story, by D. W. Holmes; Lost Beliefs, by W. D. Howells; The Mexicans and their Country, by C. C. Hazewell; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Harper's Monthly for April contains: Artist Life in the Highlands, by John R. Chapin, with illustrations by the author; How we Get Gold in California, by Wm. V. Wells, of California; The Fight at Lexington, by Thomas Dunn English, illustrated; Captain Tom—a Resurrection, by Charles Nordhoff; Kathie Morris, by T. B. Aldrich; Little Brother—Part III.—by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; The Alexandrians, by Dr. Draper; Yet's Christmas Box; D—'s Remarkable Experience, by C. E. Bellington; The Little Art-Student, by Mrs. Audison Richards; An Icy Flame, by Ed. H. House; On Two Children in Black, by W. M. Thackeray; Oriana Inn: a Disputed Possession, by Miss Chesebro'; The Lost Steamship, by Fitz-James O'Brien; Lovel the Widower, by W. M. Thackeray—Chap. III.; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Master Charley's First Pantaloons, illustrated; Fashions for April, illustrated.

The Cornhill Magazine for March contains: A Few Words on Junius and Macaulay; William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher; Mabel; Studies in Animal Life; Framley Parsonage; Sir Joshua and Holbein; The Changeling; Lovel the Widower—Chap. III.; The National Gallery Difficulty Solved; A Winter Wedding Party in the Wilds; Student Life in Scotland; Roundabout Papers—No. II.

Special Notices.

American Geographical and Statistical Society.

CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE.

New York, March 1st, 1860.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY will hereafter be issued quarterly, each number comprising at least 128 royal octavo pages. The first number, which will appear on the first of April, will, by the addition of extra matter, comprise nearly 150 pages, and among its contents will be original articles by the following eminent scientific writers:

Com. Matthew F. Maury, LL.D., Paul B. Chaillu, Esq.,
Prof. Alexander D. Bache, LL.D., David Livingstone, D.D.,
Prof. Arnold Guyot, LL.D., Joseph C. G. Kennedy, Esq.,
E. George Squier, Esq., James Wynne, M.D.,

together with late Geographical and Statistical Intelligence, and careful notices of new scientific works bearing upon the objects embraced in the Society's labors.

A large edition of the first number will be printed for gratuitous distribution among the learned associations, the public institutions, and the men of science of Europe and America.

The subscription price to those not members of the Society will be three dollars a year.

An advertising sheet, similar to that accompanying the *Journal* and *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society, will be inserted in each number. The following scale of charges has been adopted for advertisements:

A whole page ..... $8.
A half page ..... 5.
A quarter page ..... 3.

Subscriptions, advertisements, books for review, and letters in reference to any matters connected with the JOURNAL should be addressed to DANIEL WILLARD FISKE, General Secretary.

Academy of Languages, 920 Broadway, corner of Twenty-first street. Instruction given in French, Spanish, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and English. Ladies' classes from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.; Gentlemen's classes from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Terms, in classes, $10 per quarter. For further information, apply to F. MARTINELLI, Principal.

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GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents, Boston.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship NEW YORK, for Southampton and Bremen, Saturday, March 17th, will close at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Madame Busque, No. 6 Rue de la Michodière, begs to inform the American residents in Paris that she has removed her establishment to

NO. 40 RUE GODOT DE MAUBOT.

Dinners, Breakfasts, Pumpkin Pies, Gingerbread, Buckwheat Cakes, etc., etc.

WILLIAM E. CHAPIN,

BOOK, CARD, JOB, and *NEWSPAPER PRINTER,* 113 Nassau street, New York,

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Faits Divers.

And so Piccolomini has really gone and done it! Got married, they say to an Italian prince, 'a relative of one of the cardinals (not Antonelli, I hope, his morals are not nice), and 'a man of some fortune for Italy.' Bless em both! Bad thing for Whiskers, but he should have escaped on her track. *Comme parte*, Mademoselle.

The last thing at the French Theatre is Dumas' *Dame de Lys*. It is one of the adulterated plays and is rather stupid. Miss Laura Keene tried a translation of it by Mélanie Marguerittes, the friend of virtue and of Mackenzie, but it couldn't answer. The French piece is almost as heavy as the Marguerittes' translation which Dame Lys or Windship couldn't lift.

The Florentine correspondence of the *Daily Times* announces the astonishing and purely novel fact, that Florence is one of the best schools for the female voice in Europe. Among the 'voices' there, now, the correspondent mentions Miss Field, Miss Chapman, and Miss Fay, of Boston, and Miss Bodenheimer, of New York; of all these, says our authority, the Chapman crows the best. Miss Greenough, who has "one of those sweet and bird-like voices *which one does not often hear*," rather bad, that has gone to Rome. The letter-writer is quite in love with the teacher, Romani. I thought the old fellow was dead, long ago. He is a twenty franc and I won't give you a lesson unless I like customer, and is nine hundred years old. How many prima donna clippers he has planked, and caulked, and rigged, and got ready for sea, no one can tell. Some have stuck on the ways, others have been sold on account of creditors, many have put out to sea and have never been heard of afterwards. Learning to sing is a sort of crinoline penance, and, therefore, undoubtedly a foreordained Providential institution.

The old Bowery people announce "a new drama, by Mr. Siddons, called *The Dead Heart*." This is the play which Laura Keene intended to do some time ago, and of which I gave you a 'synopsis' at that time. In its Englishness, at least, this piece belongs to Mr. Watts Phillips, and so I am fain to ask, who's Siddons? Is he dead from the celebrated Sarah? And if not, shouldn't he more properly be called Walker? No replies to these queries will be received at this office. Send them to *The Programme*.

Another eminent Briton, Captain Morton Price, has turned up this week in an 'Entertainment' at Hope Chapel. The captain would do well to 'abandon Hope.' He tried himself on the Metropolitan public some time ago, at Burton's Theatre, and he was a miss-fit. The Captain will not, as the Duke would remark, wash. Miss Lucette, who sings with the man-of-battle, is a sunny blonde of the real South Down type. There's no mistaking it any more than the mutton. She is a good singer, Lucette, and would be a good thing for any of our theatres. As for the Captain, he might volunteer for Mexico or Venezuela, where there is a good bit of fighting going on.

Mrs. John Wood and Col. A. H. Davenport get underway for New Orleans on Tuesday. Mrs. Wood has engagements for April, May, and June, and a Summer season with her, at the Winter Garden, is talked of. The next novelty at the W. G. is Mrs. Bateman's new play, *Evangeline*, with Miss Kate Bateman. The family will come out strong on the occasion, so everybody says. For my own part, I never, since the awful period when a tailor's boy sat on my first dress-coat through a five-act tragedy, two farces and a pantomine,—judge of my new clothes before they come home. Miss Bateman has, without doubt, more acquired cleverness, culture, education, and accomplishments, than any woman now on the American stage, and her début is a very important dramatic event.

Operatic things look like war. Part of the Maretzek chorus and orchestra have already been engaged to commence on the 9th of April. I have heard the new prima donna Fabri. She is engaged by the opposition. I had heard of her under her proper name, or rather the name by which she sung in Germany, Agnes Schmidt. In appearance and manner, Fabri reminds you of Gazzaniga. She has any quantity of voice, and sings, so far as I could judge, perfectly well. The remark as to Miss Bateman's case applies, however, equally well to Fabri.

Ullmann, on dit, has a big thing in the provinces. Brignoli, being ill with inflammation of the throat, did not go to Philadelphia, and Broad street had to stand Scola in the *Barber*. That *was* an infliction! Ullmann has advertised that he will return to Irving Place on Easter Monday; but if he can make the provinces pay, I do not suppose he will be in a hurry to come back. Opera management is a queer thing, however; and the managers are queer fellows. The French say that what is dinner enough for one is dinner enough for two; but I never heard that what was *not* enough for one could be made to answer for two. Yet that is the theory of opposition Italian Opera in this city, and every other, in fact.

Gayler's burlesque upon the *Romance of a Poor Young Man* has been done at the Broadway Boudoir. I believe it was Edmund Quincy who said, when he was asked if he had read a new book which had made some talk, "No; I am waiting, in hope that it will blow over." Now the Boudoir is an embodiment of the drama on the half-shell; and as for doing a burlesque even decently there, it is a matter of impossibility. So I have been waiting for C. G.'s piece to blow over, or the Boudoir to go under, which latter event cannot be postponed a great while.

Wallace's new Opera, Lurline, has been brought out at Covent Garden, with Louisa Pyne, and the greatest (biggest) tenor of the age, Harrison. The librette is by the illustrious, but unappreciated, Fitzball, and is 'suggested' by the old ballet, *un-line*, which was taken from a German legend—never mind, see the *Dispatch* for the rest. No reliable criticisms have come to hand. Wallace writes for the music shops, and they manage many of the London dailies.

The *Evening Post* announces that "Max Maretzek has arrived at Havana on his way to this city." Considering that Max has been in Havana since November, this item would have been more appropriate for the *Journal of Commerce*. Max is in town.

I heard the new Seventh Regiment Band play at the Academy on Wednesday, for the Matineer's Library Association. I do not think the Grafulla Band plays so well as Dodworth's, and that seems to be the general impression. The Band Master is the mildest-mannered youth I have seen this many a day. While he was conducting the *Attila* quickstep, I couldn't help thinking of a young lady at whose début I assisted, once upon a time, and who stood upon one leg during the whole performance of *Othello*.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are drawing full houses to Niblo's, and Mr. Lester Wallack's *Poor Young Man* has reached his forty-eighth jump. The author's rights to be divided between Messrs. Wallack and Edwards, amount to $1,440. Very good pay for translating and gymnastics.

Jenie Deans netted over $10,000 profit.

Thalia Exiled.

The illustrious Mr. Richard Swiveller, of immortal memory, declared, in the bitterness of his heart, that he never nursed a young gazelle but when it began to know and to love him well, it went off and married a market-gardener.

The theatre-going public mingles its tears with those of Mr. Swiveller, not once, nor twice, but many times.

The inconstancy of crinoline in private life has made trouble in all society of which we have any account. Even the old Greeks were bothered a good deal with it. On the stage, matters are still worse. We have plenty of actresses, but very few good ones. These latter cannot resist the temptations offered by Attakapas and Peoria. People whom we don't care for; people who have bored us for years; people at whom even Peoria turns up its pastoral nose; such people never go out of town, and do all they can to keep good people from coming into it.

Regard, if you please, the case of Mrs. Thalia Wood, the Dejazet-americaine, as De Trobriand calls her. Just now she is the newest and freshest sensation in town, and she is going to Attakapas in the first bloom of her metropolitan laurels. Going to cotton and tobacco, and up-river steamboats with gentlemanly captains and obliging clerks, going to levées, and perhaps to crevasses; going to hog, hominy, green peas, strawberries, the Shell Road, Dan Hickok, revolvers, bowie-knives, the New Orleans Picayune, Jeems Otis, Octoroons, lottery tickets, and other Southern rights and institutions, which I (or one (and I don't mind giving my word of honor) never will interfere with in the world.

As A. M. would say, isn't it horrid?

They say Thalia will return; but when the Muses become vagrant there is no more dependance to be placed upon them than upon any other women. Suppose that Mr. Seward should be elected President, and the Union should be dissolved, and things generally should get mixed up, so that Attakapas refused to give Thalia her passports! What then? I can't bear to think of it.

However, as the Chevalier says, things will run rough some times, and we must wagon along as well as we can with the old stock.

After the present week, Thalia abdicates her throne at the Winter Garden. Jefferson has distinguished the event, which is a solemnity, by another dangerous and difficult expedition into the catacombs of dramatic literature. He brought out this time a fine old mummy, packed away in the time of Cleopatra Inchbald, and in very good preservation. It was formerly called (see Abbott, Gliddon and Sir G. Wilkinson's Egyptology) *Animal Magnetism*, but the Jeffersonian appellation is *The Quack Doctor*. It is rather clever as a curiosity, and I recommend Le Chauve to present it to Doctor Abbott's Museum.

The theatre has been crowded every night, and Thalia's soirée d'adieux will be a raspberry jam.

Mr. Boucicault as a Moral Philosopher.

It was not Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, nor Bunyan's, nor the Youth's, that Mr. Boucicault dished up for Laura Keene this week, so all the penny-wit of the Sunday papers goes, as usual, for naught, and we didn't see Laura Sharp as Becky Keene.

It was a French *Vanity Fair*, a Parisian *Pendennis*, a Quartier Breda *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Mr. Boucicault has gone into the moral philosophy business in so thorough a way, that if Dr. Peabody had not accepted the Harvard Professorship for the Christianization of the Juniors, the author of *London Assurance* would be quite a prominent candidate for the post. The gatherer of the "Leaves from Nature" would have no chance against him.

Mr. Boucicault's exordium is Ciceronian. He says it is very wicked for people to be vain of their vices, that they must all pull up and go slower, and that by paying half a dollar to see his version of *Les Fanfarons de Vice*, the jeunesse dorée and the demi-monde may be saved from late suppers, headaches, long bills, and gubernatorial wrath to come.

In point of fact, Laura Keene's Theatre, like Do-the-Boys Hall, is now exclusively, preëminently, and particularly, the shop for morals.

I expect to see it announced, some fine Sunday, that Mr. Boucicault supplies the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Bellows; Miss Laura Keene, that of the Rev. Mr. Beecher; Miss Agnes Robertson, that of Grace Church; Mr. Mark Smith, that of Doctor Chapin; and Mr. F. A. Vincent (with some new gags), that of the Rev. Dr. Tyng. There'll be a chance for the dailies!

I must say that Mr. Boucicault's morality is not of the most rigidly stoical school. His men are not Josephs, even when they are reformed; nor are his women Dianas at any time.

The comedy is intended as a picture of Parisian manners. The manners of that Society which reaches the extreme of wickedness without the slightest tinge of vulgarity. That is its peculiar fascination over and above common, ordinary, every day sin. The fate of the play rests entirely upon the way in which these pictures of manners are presented to you, and the actors at Laura Keene's could as easily carve an exquisite cameo as to give anything like a correct representation of the esprit, the elegance, and the refinement of the characters they try to represent. Miss Keene, who plays the part of a *lionne*, was the best of the lot, but even she was a little vulgar, and spoiled her best scenes by over-acting. Mr. Boucicault, essays the jeune premier (aged 22—he is really 26), and has already brought Mr. G. Jordan and Lester Wallack to a pale-green and yellow melancholy. Mr. Boucicault's blasé man is clever, but there is in it just a little too much cynicism, and an apparent attempt at hardness. The duel-scene was admirably played. All the others, except Miss Agnes Robertson, a charming peasant girl, and Peters, were more or less stupid, generally more.

As to the merits of the play distinct from its acting: I think it well written, full of real epigrams and mots which are bon. I don't like the idea of teaching people lessons out of the mouths of lorettes, and gamblers, and chevaliers d'industrie, and I don't believe implicitly in the virtue of French artillery officers and peasant girls who give young men their latch-keys,—but those are matters of taste. I think the plot is too weak for three acts, and I think that generally Peoria will not see the piece. If that be the case, then away it goes, for Miss Laura Keene has to cater for Peoria. No Clarendon or Fifth avenue dinners for her audiences. Sweeney's and the Fulton Market, and plenty of it, is the word for them. Plum both!

Adieu! Effendi (ain't you glad?), I have given you a long story, and I apologise. But I have a grand passion, and that sort of thing varies in its diagnosis with different people. It gives me the cacoethes scribendi. Hinc illæ lachrymæ. Trés devoué.

Personne.

(Written for The New York Saturday Press.)

DUSIMORA AND DUSKY MAID.

BY GARRY BRAY.

I sat by the fire musing, and was just thinking whether or not I had better punch a particularly bright coal with the new steel-poker which had been lately given me by an old flame of mine—the same who married the grocer—when the coal subsided, and "I drew back my slippered feet a few inches from the grate, and turned over a page in the book I was engaged in reading." Suddenly the titlepage of the book flew open, and there was an engraving of one of the pictures I had seen in the 'Dusseldorf gallery.' Instantly the image of the superb Dusimora—whose father owns a soap-mine in Connecticut—came grandly cruising up the tide of my feelings, gorgeous in her jewels and laces, and entirely eclipsing my little Creole in the tropics—who wears fig-leaves in her bosom and poppies in her hair, and who always look at me so meekly from under her dusky eyelids. I own I am weak whenever I meet Dusimora. When she steps imperially by me on the Avenue or Broadway, I always feel tremulous just above my boot-tops, and if she deigns—as she sometimes does—to bend her regal head to me, I rush dizzily home, and seek the sympathy of my friend the hair-dresser.

I saw Dusimora at 'the gallery' the other day. She was standing alone before the 'Battle of Ascalons,' and I knew by the contraction of her brows that she was full of the spirit of the painting, and I hesitated some time before I dared accost her; but when at last I ventured, she took me kindly under her care, and together we slowly paced the gallery. I ventured to admire 'Diana and her Nymphs' at the bath; when Dusimora said emphatically that it was 'good,' and I became confirmed in the opinion I had launched at a venture. I failed at this time to detect about Dusimora the perfume of toilet-soap; and consequently began to doubt the vast possessions of her father in that line, and thought I could resign her complacently to the youth with a yellow cane and table-spread pantaloons; when, turning to view the 'Fisher-girl,' there stood the man, pantaloons and all. Dusimora, to my great disgust, spoke to him civilly, and together they admired the statue, while I admired Dusimora. I observed with some surprise that the attraction of gravitation seemed to operate very much the same upon Dusimora and her accessories as upon other people. Her skirts flowed downwards—gracefully, to be sure; but downwards—and so did her bonnet-strings; and once she dropped her card-case, and to my infinite chagrin the youth with the auriferous cane and stunning pantaloons reached it before me, and as he handed it back to its queenly owner, I was conscious of a sidelong look from her in my direction, that to my imagination partook largely of the scornful.

I saw that Dusimora was angry; and all my bright dreams of colossal vats, boilers, and ash-barrels, faded slowly and sadly away as the ghastly wick of an extinguished affection lay smouldering before us, prematurely pinched by the cold snuffers of a cruel misunderstanding. I saw the youth and Dusimora move toward the door. They stopped a moment as the sun was flinging his last rays with splendid effect upon the pictures. She looked in my direction: but it was at the 'Diana' and not at me, and then she was gone. I rushed to the door just in time to catch the last 'flow' 'flow' of her skirts, and then I walked sadly homewards, determined to give to the flames the piece of orange-peel which she had carelessly dropped on the carpet—and which I had treasured so fondly beneath my vest ever since—and ever after remain true to my little Creole in the tropics.

(From the Edinburgh Review.)

MACAULAY ON BOOK-PUFFING.

The puffing of books is now so shamefully and so successfully practised, that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of the national taste, or for the honor of the literary character, to join in discountenancing it. Devices which in the lowest trades are considered as disreputable, are adopted without scruple, and improved upon with a despicable ingenuity, by people engaged in a pursuit which never was, and never will be considered as a mere trade, by any man of honor and virtue.

We expect some reserve, some decent pride in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be obtained, is thought too abject for a man of letters.

It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last few years. The publisher is often the publisher of some periodical-work. In this work the first flourish of trumpets is sounded. The peal is then echoed, and reechoed, by all the other periodical-works over which the publisher or the author, or the author's coterie, may have any influence. The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs of all the various kinds which Sheridan recounted,—direct, oblique, and collusive. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. 'Pathetic,' 'Sublime,' 'Splendid,' 'Graceful, brilliant wit,' 'Exquisite humor,' and other phrases equally flattering, fall in a shower as thick and as sweet as the sugar-plums at a Roman carnival. Sometimes greater art is used. A sinecure has been offered to the author if he would suppress his work or soften down a few of the incomparable portraits. Sometimes it is thought expedient that the puffer should put on a grave face and utter his panegyric in the form of admonition! "Such attacks on private character cannot be too much condemned. Even the exuberent wit of our author, and the irresistible power of his withering sarcasm, are no excuses for that utter disregard which he manifests for the feelings of others. We cannot but wonder that a writer of such transcendent talents, a writer who is evidently no stranger to the kindly charities and sensibilities of our nature, should show so little tenderness to the foibles of noble and distinguished individuals, with whom, it is clear, from every page of his work, he must have been constantly mingling in society." These are but tame and feeble imitations of the paragraphs with which the daily papers are filled, whenever an attorney's clerk or an apothecary's assistant undertakes to tell the public, in bad English and worse French, how people tie their neck-cloths, and eat their dinners in Grosvenor Square. How any man who has the least self-respect, the least regard for his own personal dignity, can condescend to persecute the public with this rag-fair importunity, we do not understand. Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree be an excuse for employing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in the one way as in the other.

It is no excuse for an author that the praises of journalists are procured by the money or influence of the publisher, and not by his own. It is his business to prevent others doing what must degrade them. It is for his honor as a gentleman, and if he is really a man of talent it will eventually be for his honor and interest as a writer, that his works should come before the public, recommended by their own merits alone, and should be discussed with perfect freedom. If his objects be really such as he may own without shame, he will find that they will, in the long run, be better attained by suffering the voice of criticism to be fairly heard. At present we too often see a writer attempting to obtain literary fame as Shakespeare's usurper obtained sovereignty. The publisher plays Buckingham to the author's Richard. Some few creatures of the conspiracy are dexterously disposed here and there in a crowd. It is the business of these hirelings to throw up their caps, and clap their hands, and utter their vivas. The rabble at first stare and wonder, and at last join in shouting for shouting's sake; and thus a crown is placed on the head which has no right to it, by the hurrahs of a few servile dependents.

At present, however contemptible a poem or a novel may be, there is not the least difficulty in procuring favorable notices of it from all sorts of publications, daily, weekly, and monthly. In the meantime, little or nothing is said on the other side. The author and the publisher are interested in crying up the book. Nobody has any very strong interest in crying it down. Those who are best fitted to guide the public opinion, think it beneath them to expose mere nonsense, and comfort themselves by reflecting that such popularity cannot last. This contemptuous lenity has been carried too far. It is perfectly true that reputations which have been forced into an unnatural bloom, fade almost as soon as they have expanded; nor have we any apprehensions that puffing will ever raise any scribbler to the rank of a classic.

It is indeed amusing to turn over some late volumes of periodical works, and to see how many 'immortal productions,' how many 'profound views of human nature,' and 'exquisite delineations of fashionable manners,' and 'vernal, and sunny, and refreshing thoughts,' and 'high imaginings,' and 'young breathings,' and 'embodyings,' and 'pinings,' and 'minglings with the beauty of the universe,' and 'harmonies which dissolve the soul in a passionate sense of loveliness and divinity,' the world has contrived to forget. Some of the well-puffed novels of the last, hold the pastry of the present year; and others, now extolled in language almost too high-flown for the merits of Don Quixote, will line the trunks of the year to come.

But though we have no apprehensions that puffing will ever confer permanent reputation on the undeserving, we still think its influence most pernicious.

Men of real merit will, if they persevere, at last reach the station to which they are entitled, and intruders will be ejected with contempt and derision. But it is no small evil that the avenues of fame should be blocked up by a swarm of noisy, pushing, elbowing pretenders, who, though they will not ultimately be able to make good their own entrance, hinder, in the meantime, those who have a right to enter. Some men of talents, accordingly turn away in dejection from pursuits in which success appears to bear no proportion to desert.

There are few who have sufficient confidence in their own powers, and sufficient elevation of mind, to wait with secure and contemptuous patience, while dunce after dunce passes before them. Those who will not stoop to the baseness of the modern fashion, are too often discouraged. Those who stoop to it, are always degraded.

We have of late observed with great pleasure some symptoms which lead us to hope that respectable literary men of all parties are beginning to be impatient of this insufferable nuisance. And we purpose to do what in us lies for the abating of it.

We do not think we can more usefully assist in this good work, than by showing our honest countrymen what that sort of poetry is which puffing can drive through eleven editions; and how easy any bellman might, if a bellman would stoop to the necessary degree of meanness, become 'a master-spirit of the age.'

— It is suggested that our once cheerful contemporary, *The Century*, which now devotes its most prominent columns to obituary notices, should change its name to *The Cemetery*.

— At a meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, held at the Medical College in Boston, March 7th, the new President, Mr. Felton, appeared for the first time in his official capacity. The appointment, by the Corporation, of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Peabody, of Portsmouth, as Plummer Professor, in place of Dr. Huntington, resigned, was reported and referred to a committee of the Board. The degree of M.D. was conferred upon 32 young gentlemen, graduates of the Medical School.

— The American Geographical and Statistical Society was founded in 1852, and chartered in 1854. The objects contemplated in the establishment of the Society are:

1. To collect, register, digest, and print, in a cheap and convenient form, such useful and interesting Geographical and Statistical facts as the Society may from time to time acquire.
2. To collect a Library of Geographical works, ancient and modern, including Voyages and Travels, Gazetteers, and works on the Natural History of the Earth, and to establish a Bureau of Maps and Charts for the benefit of commercial and scientific men, and of the public in general.
3. To form a collection of Statistical works, including Official Publications of the various governments of the old and new worlds; Reports of Societies, Boards of Trade, educational, charitable, and commercial Institutions, and such Registers, Digests, Journals and Almanacs as will illustrate any of the departments of Statistical science.
4. To correspond with similar associations in different parts of the world, and with foreign individuals engaged in Geographical or Statistical pursuits.

The number of Honorary, Corresponding, and Ordinary Members is now over six hundred. The Library contains four thousand volumes, and is rapidly increasing. The Publications have been a *Bulletin* in two volumes; the first volume of a Geographical and Statistical *Journal*, and a number of pamphlets. The regular meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month from October to June. The quarterly *Journal* of the Society, forming an annual volume of about six hundred royal octavo pages, is sent gratuitously to all members. The initiation fee for persons resident in New York is five dollars, for non-residents three dollars; the annual subscription is five dollars for residents, for non-residents three dollars; life-membership, fifty dollars. The offices of the Society are in Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

— Herr Castendyk, a German traveller and native of Bremen, is setting out on an exploring expedition to West Africa, West and Northwest of Monrovia, under the auspices of Sir Roderick Murchison of the London Geographical Society.

— Mr. Joseph Dow, A.M., of Hampton, N. H., is about to publish his history of that town, including North Hampton, Hampton Falls, and other towns embraced in Ancient Hampton.

— It is said that the late Mr. Hallam and his useful follower, Mr. Rowland, are to be succeeded by Lord Brougham, who, at eighty-one years of age, is preparing a History of the British Constitution.

— The new MS. Bible discovered by Professor Tischendorf in the library of the monastery on Mount Sinai, is to be printed in St. Petersburg with great magnificence, under his care and at the cost of the Imperial Government. Professor Tischendorf finds strong reasons for fixing its date in the first half of the fourth century; and, he says, that as a means of determining the text of the sacred writings, especially those of the Apostles, it is far more important than even the MS. of the Vatican. The age of the new MS. has already been the subject of lively controversy, a concerted attack having been made upon Professor Tischendorf's deductions by a number of St. Petersburg Academicians. His replies were, however, so satisfactory that his opponents have become converts to his belief. This MS. is the oldest MS. of the Bible which has been preserved in the Christian world. It is far older than any other except the Vatican MS., to which it is superior in age and in completeness; for the MS. of the Vatican lacks five books entirely, and one in part. Its authority is also confirmed by the quotations of the early Fathers, which agree with it more nearly than with any other MS. Professor Tischendorf has already filled ten folio volumes with Bible documents, and may be presumed to know as much about the correct version of the Bible as anybody. His seventh edition of the New Testament is the standard. He will illustrate this edition profusely with philosophic fac-similes; and while he is sure that the original MS. will as it becomes known be esteemed throughout Christendom as a great national treasure for Russia, he hopes to make the edition princeps of it a worthy monument of Imperial munificence, and one which the whole Christian world shall receive with grateful thanks.

— A singular law-suit is going on in London, a gentleman having sued a confectioner for putting too many portraits of Mr. Spurgeon upon a supply of bonbons he had ordered. He had ordered the lids of the bonbons ornamented with portraits of celebrated living personages, and the confectioner had put five Spurgeons in each dozen. The plaintiff had no objection to a fair proportion of Spurgeon in his sweetmeats, but he thought five out of every twelve was more Spurgeon than he or his guests could stand. The case was adjourned in order to obtain information as to the list of portraits from which the confectioner selected.

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[For The New York Saturday Press.]

TO A CELEBRATED HARPIST:

On hearing him improvise Spring, Autumn and Winter.

I.

Strike, strike the harp again!
Its chords thy magic touch obey,
But on my heart-strings lost thou play—
Thy spirit wakes that vernal lay,
And mine repeats the strain.

II.

Strike, strike the trembling chords!
Yet not from their vibration springs
The music which takes shape and wings
Of songsters, whose wild carollings
Are joy's unwritten words.

III.

Strike, strike! from out my heart
Come forth those warblers—every tone
Is shaped by rapture all my own;
My soul with verdure is o'ergrown,
And flowers around me start.

IV.

Strike—thrill me yet again!
This heart is overrun with sweet,
All Spring-time odors in me meet,
Glad sounds, glad sights my senses greet
Delight swells into pain!

V.

Strike, strike the Autumn dirge!
Lo! now the flowers begin to die;
Joy's verdure fades; lone winds sweep by;
Each carol changes to a sigh—
I tread on Winter's verge.

VI.

Hark—what a wintry roar!
Those shivering chords a wailing make;
How cold that touch! My senses quake;
O God! my very heart-strings break—
Nature can bear no more!

VII.

Magician of the lyre!
Is all this through thy sleight of hand?
Is music in thy power a wand
The human spirit to command,
As suits thine own desire?

VIII.

No—something more divine!
Thy hands fly o'er the harp like wings,
But unseen fingers wake its strings,
Not Magic's touch—'tis Genius brings
Forth melody like thine.

IX.

Go, in the vernal time,
Go play beside some singing rill—
'Twill pause to listen! Birds shall thrill,
And, with the charmed air, keep still
To catch thy notes sublime.

X.

And when is hushed the strain,
Delighted Nature shall cry "Hail!
Welcome to ORPHEUS!" hill to dale
Repeating the ecstatic tale—
"The god has come again!"

—F. C. KINNEY.

VILLINO BUCCELLINI, Florence, Italy.

A Pen-Portrait of Sheridan.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

So freely, in latter years, has Ireland poured out upon our shores the useless refuse of her ignorant population, and so strong is the natural prejudice excited in regard of this barbarous influx, that few, if any, of our countrymen, in common life, care aught for a closer acquaintance with Irish history, or have any custom of doing justice to the genius and literature of the Irish nation. Yet it were unjust to judge of the entire people by these specimens; and wretchedness, which is the result of tyranny, deserves compassion and relief, rather than hatred and neglect. And if we but once realize how much that genius has given to the world, we shall feel that our debt of gratitude to the Irish race cannot be too often or too warmly acknowledged.

To how many hearts is 'The Deserted Village' a treasure! Goldsmith was an Irishman. How many generations of men have reverenced the tremendous intellect which arraigned Warren Hastings at that august tribunal in Westminster Hall!—Edmund Burke was an Irishman. How many of the dearest moments of life have gained new sweetness from the tender sentiment of those melodies which glorify eternally the name of Thomas Moore! Do the lips of beauty breathe out the murmurs of 'The Stilly Night,' the plaintive sorrow of 'The Last Rose of Summer,' the silver music of 'Those Evening Bells,' any less sweetly because their author was an Irishman? As Americans, as men, we admire and love the Roman virtues of the patriot. Let us not forget that Irish Grattan, whom Lord Byron well declared to be,

"With all that Demosthenes wanted, endued,
And his rival, or victor, in all he possessed."

There are bright memories of noble men for the children of the Emerald Isle, and for all mankind. There are names to which the mother can point with lofty pride, saying, as said the Roman matron, "These are my jewels!" Among these names is written that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

I will view him as a type of that character in which is predominant the instinct of practical activity. He is the Man of Action; and the Man of Action is the Man of the World.

There is no record in the annals of literary biography of any life more varied in experience, more erratic and brilliant, than that of Sheridan. He was the son of an actor. His father had rivalled Garrick. His mother was a lovely and accomplished woman. She had written a novel which won the admiration of Fox, and a play which Garrick declared was the best comedy he ever read. She died when her son was fifteen years old, leaving him in Dr. Parr's school at Harrow, with the reputation of having talents which nobody could bring into action. "I take for granted," said the Doctor, "that he knew well the little which he did know." If it was true of his youth, it was not less true of his riper years. Like Byron, he did not often study; but he studied hard when he studied at all. Time brought him increase of knowledge; but it was of that superficial kind which springs from partial acquaintance with many things, and complete familiarity with few. He used, indeed, to speak of himself as 'wofully ignorant.' But few men understood half so well as Sheridan the mysteries of human nature and the hidden depths of the human heart.

I have said that his career was erratic and brilliant. He was born in 1751. He died in 1816. His life was spread over a period of sixty-five years. During that time he rose from an humble station to the highest pinnacle of worldly renown. In all that he undertook he succeeded as no other man could succeed; and he undertook nothing which did not astonish his contemporaries. Every success was a surprise, and every surprise was dazzling. In love, in literature, in public life, it was always the same policy, secret and sure. Throngs of suitors had crowded round the footstool of the beautiful Eliza Linley. Her father was a musician, and leader of the orchestra in Drury Lane Theatre. By him she had been educated in music; and in her profession—that of a public singer—she gained the rapturous admiration of thousands. London was ravished; Oxford bewitched. At the latter place especially, there occurred a most merciless breaking of hearts. The town became one sounding mausoleum of sighs. Miss Linley was then eighteen years of age—lovely, modest, amiable, accomplished. Rumor had at different times betrothed her to men of high rank and large possessions. Sheridan's own brother was in love with her, and so, too, his dearest and most intimate friend. But neither the public, the brother, nor the friend had any suspicion that Brinsley Sheridan had won the prize. He was twenty years old at this time, handsome in person, generous in disposition, of captivating manners, and sparkling conversational powers. If ever man knew how to conduct a wooing gracefully, Sheridan was that man. They ran away together into France, and were married near Calais, in 1772. For one year it was kept secret. During that time he fought three duels with one of the lady's aggrieved admirers—a villanous fellow named Matthews. And when the marriage was announced, it had the ill effect to displease and alienate his father. For twenty years they lived happily together. At the end of that time she died. But she had lived to be admired by the most brilliant society in England, and to behold her husband recognized as one of the foremost men in the British nation. Sheridan felt his loss deeply, though his manners seemed cheerful. "I have heard a noble friend of Sheridan say," observes Moore, "that, happening about this time to sleep in the next room to him, he could plainly hear him sobbing throughout the greater part of the night." Three years afterwards, however, he married the daughter of the Dean of Winchester. It has been quaintly remarked that 'nothing dries sooner than a tear.'

Sheridan, as a literary man, achieved a great and a worthy renown. The eighteenth century was comparatively a barren season in the annals of English literature. The glories of Anne's reign were things of memory. Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley were yet unknown. Men were called poets then, who would be derided or despised at the present day—Hayley, and Blackmore, and the shoemakers of Capel Lloft. Few bright names relieved the respectable dullness of those transitional years. Cowper and Rogers, Gray and Goldsmith, were the real poets: Burke, Johnson, and Gibbon were the masters of Prose. Sheridan came as the Dramatist. For seven years after his marriage, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. As he went on from step to step, his march became a swelling triumph. In that time he wrote the comedy of the 'Rivals,' the Opera of the 'Duenna,' the Farce of 'The Critic,' several minor pieces, and that greatest of modern English comedies, 'The School for Scandal.' But he had long had a predilection for Politics. He had scribbled political letters; he had constructed a reply to Dr. Johnson's defence of Taxation in the American colonies. And, at length, in 1780, having allied himself to Mr. Fox and the Whig Party, he stood for the town of Stafford and was elected to Parliament. Never, after that, did he produce anything in the Drama, worthy of his genius and his reputation. Between his literary and his political life, the line is sharp and well defined. He had attained the highest degree of success in the one; it now remained for him to astonish the men of his generation by his signal triumph in the other. In the policy which had governed his actions thus far, he had unshaken confidence. And indeed, with his genius and abilities, it could not and did not fail him to the end. "In all undertakings," says he, "which depend principally on ourselves, the surest way not to fail, is to determine to succeed." How well is that principle illustrated in the familiar anecdote of Woodfall regarding his first speech in the House of Commons! The editor sat in the gallery. Thither came Sheridan to learn the effect of his speech. "I am sorry to say," said Woodfall, "I do not think this is in your line—you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits." For a moment he rested his head on his hand. Then came the answer: "I have it in me, and by G—, it shall come out!"

It did come out. His political career was equally triumphant. He rose in public life to be the equal of Burke and Pitt and Fox—"the worthy rival of the wondrous three." Seven years after his first election to Parliament, on the 7th of February, 1787, his great speech on Warren Hastings was pronounced in the House of Commons. No report of it has been preserved. But Burke—himself the master of oratory—declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Fox said that "all he had ever heard, all he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapor before the sun." And Pitt said that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." This was his highest flight. It marked the culmination of his greatness in public life. Afterwards, at the trial of Hastings in Westminster Hall, he delivered a second speech. In it there is one little sentence which breathes his political spirit and is the key to his political life. "Patience," said he, "patience under the detested tyranny of man, is resistance to the sovereignty of God!"

Sheridan had powerful intellect, vivid imagination, fertile fancy, and brilliant wit. A man who is versatile in mind, will commonly be of a volatile temperament. He will attempt many things: he will achieve many objects: but in many projects he will fail. It was so with Sheridan. He completed but few things. Where he succeeded at all, it was a preëminent success. "Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do," said Lord Byron, "has always been the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, the best address; and to crown all, he has delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country." On hearing this remark Sheridan was affected to tears, and this circumstance being repeated to Lord Byron; he wrote that if they were tears of pleasure, he had rather have said those few, but sincere words, than to have written the 'Illiad.'

His animal spirits and gayety of disposition made him the delight of all society, and refreshed the most barren debates of the House of Commons. But this wit was not always spontaneous. His public speeches were carefully prepared; for while other men were sleeping, he was often at work. Many of his jokes in society were not without premeditation, though he probably wished the world to believe that they were careless and accidental. It is known that in 1790, he went to a country house in Wanstead, and there spent several days, preparing to argue some question in the Hastings trial which was still in progress. Yet when his brother manager, Mr. Taylor, asked him what course he would pursue, he answered like a man to whom the subject was indifferent, that he would "abuse Ned Law—ridicule Palmer's long orations—make the court laugh—please the women—and in short, with Mr. Taylors' aid, would get triumphantly through his task."

Most wits are obtrusive and presumptuous. Sheridan was never so. No man practised a more courteous regard for the feelings and opinions of others, and this graceful kindness won him multitudes of friends. It was said of Burke that no man could stop five minutes with him under a shed to avoid a shower, without learning something. It is probable that few men were ever in the company of Sheridan, without feeling the happier for it. There was something bewitching in his person, his manners, his conversation. He lived in an atmosphere of life and gayety, and no calamity could break him down. When Drury Lane Theatre, which he owned, was on fire, he is said to have gone to a tavern hard by, where he could sit, drinking, and watch the conflagration; and he there remarked that "a man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." Fond of all sorts of excitement, he did not, we may be sure, neglect the excitement of wine. "If the thought be slow to come," he said, "a glass of good wine encourages it; and when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it." So when his friend Richardson died, Sheridan coming too late to Bagshot to attend the funeral, induced the clergyman to repeat the ceremony. And afterwards he spent the evening at a tavern, "draining the Cup of Memory to his friend till he found oblivion at the bottom." When occasion called, he did not spare a sarcasm. Replying to Mr. Dundas, in the House of Commons, he said—"The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts." Nor did he ever lose an opportunity for a joke. Walking with the Prince of Wales one day, he offered to bet that passing through the same street, one upon either side, he would see more cats than his friend. They met at the end of the street. I have seen but two, said the Prince. I have seen seven, said Sheridan—and the bet was won. The Prince desired an explanation. "I took the sunny side of the street," answered the wit; "and cats, when they sit in the air, prefer the sun rather than the shade."

In all extraordinary characters, great virtues and vices are commonly united. So it was in the character of Sheridan. But, as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, "Let not his failings be remembered: he was a very great man!" The last years of his life are mournful to contemplate. Age brought him sickness and woe. His old friends were dead: he was alienated from his party: he had lost his property: he had lost that royal favor in which was his last hope. The rich and great who had thronged around him in his prosperity, fell off now, and left him 'naked to his enemies.' Byron was in a foreign land. Moore and Rogers did what they could to smooth the pillow of the dying man. And thus, old and poor, sick and miserable, he went down into that rolling darkness which had gathered over the portals of the tomb. It was a sun which rose in golden splendor; which blazed in meridian glory; and which finally, through clouds and storm, sunk away to its solemn rest. It was a life which began in health, hope, and ardent vigor; which, in manhood, was full of prosperity and honor; and which ended in disappointment, denial, and utter despair. What is the secret of this lamentable end? God knows it! No man can tell!

The funeral of Sheridan was an imposing pageant. Throngs of the great and titled followed him to Westminster Abbey. Two Earls, two Lords, a Bishop, and a Duke were his pall-bearers. The Princes of the blood-royal, with numerous noblemen, as mourners, arrayed in 'the trappings and the suits of woe.' Moore, whose ardent spirit scorned this heartless mockery, has recorded his feelings on this occasion, together with his view of Sheridan's character, in an elegy from which I will cite a few stanzas. It is thus he rebukes the heartless cruelty which could suffer a great man to die of want, and then follow him in pomp to his grave:

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow—
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by nobles to-morrow!"

Is the world much changed since then? Have we kinder hearts, and hands more generous?

This is Moore's summary of the character of his friend. It is a noble tribute, and it speaks much for the heart whence it sprang:

"Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall—
The orator, dramatist, minstrel,—who ran
Through each mood of the lyre, and was master of all!

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers,—
Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its showers;—

"Whose humor, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

"Whose eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant at ide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave?"

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

PHANTOMS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

"Why do you stand so still, so still,
Staring into the night?
There's nothing you see in the window,
But your own face by the light.
Come to the fire and sit with me,
And rest your head upon my knee."

The maiden stands at the casement,
Looking into the night,
She sees but her face in the window,
By the quivering fire-light—
Flushed with a false and fading bloom—
A shadow on the glare and gloom.

"Darling, I cannot come to you,
For if I leave my place
The window will lose from its darkness
The look of a pretty face,
And in the storm my face will go,
And the wind will beat it to and fro."

The ghost of the dead lover rises,
Moves without step or stir,
Creeps and gazes over her shoulder
Into the dark with her—
Wan, wide-eyed, and deathly white,
A phantom-shadow in the night.

Then she knows her lover's ghost is there,
In the chamber soft and warm,
She shuddering turns, and the faces together
Vanish into the storm.
Hath any one wed them in the gloom,—
A look of death, a look of bloom?

[From The N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE ASTOR LIBRARY VISITED BY A GHOST.

For several days past there has been a bit of personal gossip afloat up-town, which, as in all similar instances, has been highly exaggerated. Yet even allowing for these exaggerations, the facts or the suppositions—whichever they be—as related by one of the principal actors, are of themselves strange enough to satisfy the most inveterate admirer of the marvellous; and as the story has been solemnly asseverated before a mixed company of some twenty persons, and afterwards retailed and repeated so much as to be almost the town-talk, we are committing no impropriety, we trust, in stating the circumstances, as far as we have been able to discover them.

The numerous literary persons and others who frequent the spacious halls of the Astor Library will be interested, therefore, in learning that their favorite retreat is haunted. Of course on seeing the comfortable well-lighted rooms in the day time, when filled with careful readers, and enlivened often by the presence of a gaily-dressed lady and other visitors, nothing seems more preposterous than the idea of ghosts. But let the reader imagine these wide halls as they are at night, swathed in darkness, the gloomy alcoves casting yet deeper and gloomier shadows—when a foot-fall reverberates through the wide expanse with mysterious echoes, and when the lamp borne by the startled explorer along tortuous passages and among musty tomes sends but a feeble ray, that scarcely serves to make the darkness visible, and the aspect is very different. At this time the Astor Library—and, for that matter, all large libraries at such a time—is a rather dismal place, and suggests, unpleasantly enough, to any one who may be there alone, Hood's lines:

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirited daunted,
Which said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

It was at such a time, in such a place, and to one lonely explorer, that the ghost of the Astor Library appeared.

To understand the circumstances of this remarkable apparition the more fully, the reader should remember that Dr. Cogswell, the efficient librarian, has been for some time engaged in the compilation of a complete catalogue of the library. Although over a year since it was commenced, the work has only reached to the letter P. Dr. Cogswell is an unmarried man, and occupies a sleeping apartment in the upper part of the library, the janitor residing in the basement. It is the rule of the library to dismiss visitors at sunset, and during the evening and night no individual besides Dr. Cogswell and the janitor and his family remain in the building.

Against the advice of his friends, Dr. Cogswell devotes hours of night that should be given to repose, to the pursuance of his work on the catalogue. Naturally anxious to hasten forward its completion, and fired with all the enthusiasm of a professed bibliopole, his labors in this tedious and difficult task are almost incredible. At the same time the work is of that day, statistical character, which is by no means suggestive of fanciful apparitions, nor is the indefatigable compiler a man easily swayed by the passing delusions of the eye or brain.

Some two weeks ago Dr. Cogswell was at work as usual on the catalogue. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and having occasion to refer to some books in a distant part of the library, he left his desk, took his candle, and, as he had often done before, pursued his course among the winding passages toward the desired spot. But before reaching it, while in an alcove in the southwest part of the older portion of the building, he was startled by seeing a man respectably dressed in citizen's clothes, surveying a shelf of books. The doctor supposed it to be a robber who had secreted himself for the purpose of abstracting some of the valuable works in the library; after stepping back behind a partition for a moment, he again moved cautiously forward, to catch a glimpse of the individual's face, when to his surprise he recognized in the supposed robber the features of a physician (whose name we forbear giving) who had lived in the immediate vicinity of the library, and who had died some six weeks ago! It should be borne in mind that this deceased person was a mere casual acquaintance of Dr. Cogswell, not an intimate friend, and since his death Dr. Cogswell had not thought of him.

But the apparition was in the presence of a man not easily scared. The librarian, so far from fainting or shrieking, as might reasonably be expected, calmly addressed the ghost:

"Dr.———," said he, "you seldom, if ever, visited this Library while living. Why do you trouble us now when dead?"

Perhaps the ghost did not like the sound of the human voice; anyway it gave no answer, but disappeared.

The next day Mr. Cogswell thought over the matter, attributed it to some optical delusion, and in the evening proceeded with his work as usual. Again he wished to refer to some books, and again visited the southwestern alcove. There again, as large as life, was the ghost, very calmly and placidly surveying the shelves. Mr. Cogswell again spoke to it:

"Dr.———," said he, "again I ask you, why you who never visited the Library while living, trouble it now when dead?"

Again the ghost vanished, and the undaunted librarian pursued his task without interruption. The next day he examined the shelves before which the apparition had been standing, and by a singular coincidence found that they were filled with books devoted to demonology, witchcraft, magic, spiritualism, etc. Some of these books are rare tomes, several centuries old, written in Latin, illustrated with quaint diagrams, and redolent of mysticism; while on the next shelves are their younger brethren, the neat spruce works of modern spiritualists, of Brittan, Davis, Edmonds, and others. The very titles on these mystic books are suggestive. There are the Prophecies or Prognostications of Michael Nostrademus, a folio published in London in 1672; Albamasar de Conjectionibus; Kerner's Majikon; Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers; Glanvil on Witches and Apparitions; Cornelius Agrippa; Bodin's Demonomania; Lilly's Astrology, and others, a perusal of any of which would effectually murder the sleep of a person of ordinary nerve for at least half a dozen nights. It was these volumes that appeared to attract the apparition.

The third night, Mr. Cogswell, still determined that the shade, spirit, delusion, or effect of indigestion—whatever it might be—should not interfere with his duties, again visited the various books to which he wished to refer, and when occasion demanded, did not fail to approach the mystic alcove. There again was the apparition, dressed precisely as before, in a gentleman's usual costume, as natural as life, and with a hand raised, as if about to take down a book. Mr. Cogswell again spoke—

"Dr.———," he said boldly. "This is the third time I have met you. Tell me if any of this class of books now disturb you? If they do, I will have them removed."

But the ungrateful ghost, without acknowledging this accommodating spirit on the part of its interrogator, disappeared. Nor has it been seen since, and the librarian has continued his nightly researches since without interruption.

A few days ago, at a dinner party at the house of a well-known wealthy gentleman, Mr. Cogswell related the circumstances as above recorded, as nearly as we can learn. As some eighteen or twenty people were present, the remarkable story of course was soon spread about. A number of literary men, including an eminent historian and others, heard the recital, and though they attribute Mr. Cogswell's ghost-seeing to the strain and tension of his nerves during his too protracted labors at the catalogue, they yet confess that the story has its remarkable phases. Both Mr. Cogswell and the deceased physician were persons of a practical turn of mind, and always treated the marvellous ghost-stories sometimes set afloat with deserved contempt. And, as they were not at all intimate, it will be at least a curious question for the psychologist to determine, why the idea of this deceased gentleman should come to Mr. Cogswell's brain and resolve itself into an apparition, when engaged in dry, statistical labors, which should effectually banish all thoughts of the marvellous.

Acting on the advice of several friends, Mr. Cogswell is now absent on a short trip to Charleston, to recuperate his energies. His indefatigable industry, his devotion to the interests of the Library, and his great efficiency as a librarian, render it highly desirable that he should enjoy recreation and repose, and not endanger his health by a too close application to his duties. In regard to the apparition we will make no comments, but give the story as related by Dr. Cogswell, as we are credibly informed, and as it has already been talked about in various literary and domestic circles in this city.

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36 per cent. to all members since	1853.
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Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
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WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
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This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

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

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856,	Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857,	" " " "	649,719 54
" 1858,	" " " "	751,908 52
" 1859,	Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
"	Liabilities,	16,514 37

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

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,
APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,
698 Broadway.
(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

GRAUMANN'S CORDIAL,
Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
TONIC, ANTI-FEBRIFUGE, ANTI-DYSP