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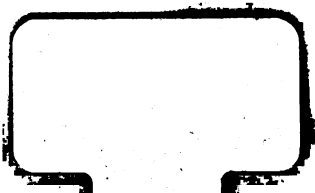
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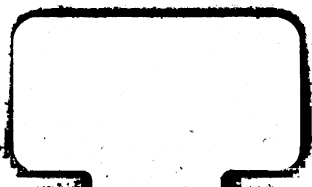
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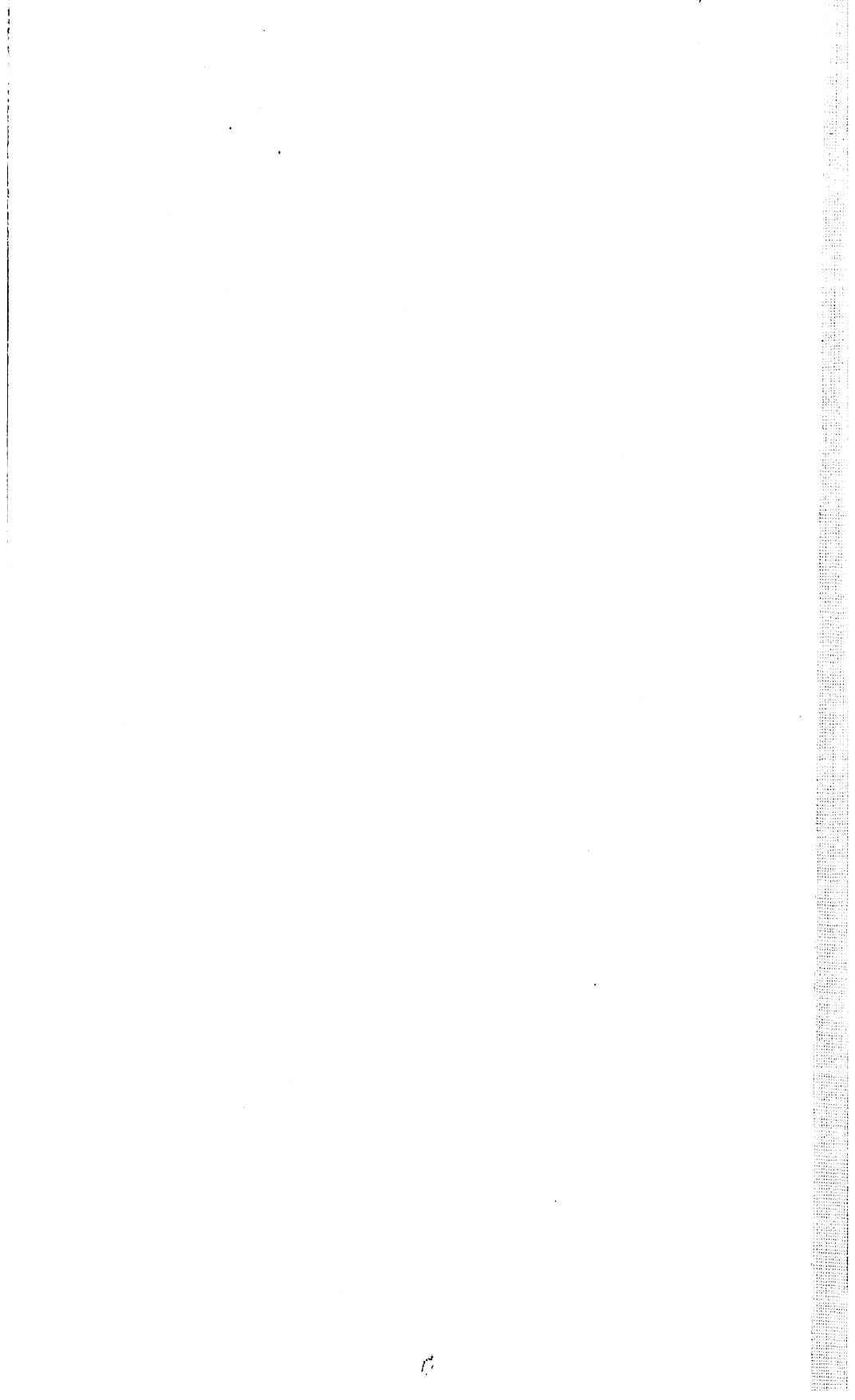
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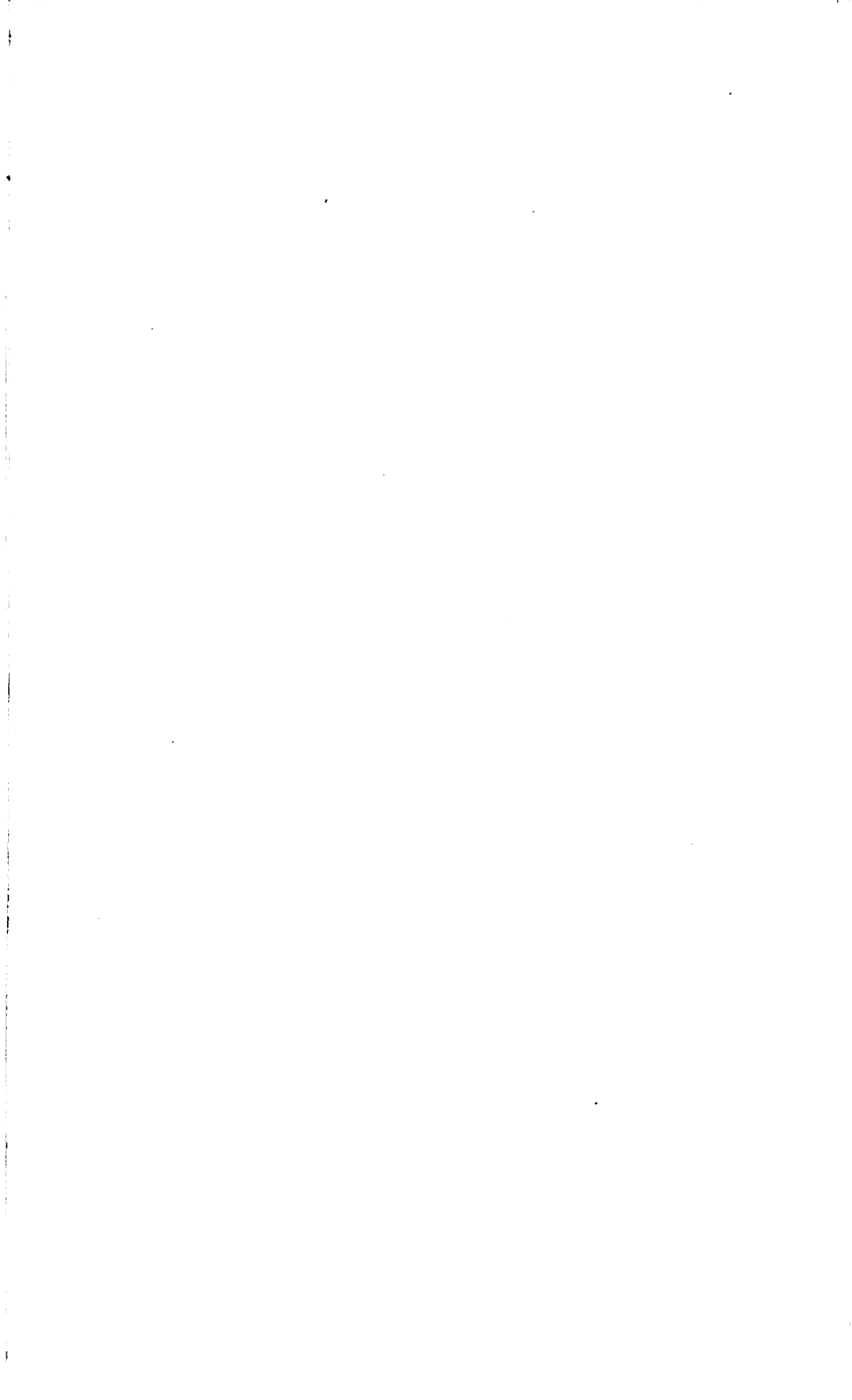








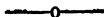






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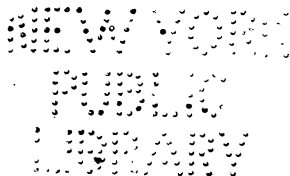
FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.



VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1853, TO APRIL, 1854.

“BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?”—*Farquhar.*



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"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Figural.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1853.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH ELEVENTH.

Sunbury, the "Deserted Village" of Georgia. Ruins of the Old Fort, &c.

"Long, long, be my heart with such memories fill'd."
MOORE.

Reader, you have doubtless dwelt with pleasure upon those images of quiet beauty, which the Poet of Pallas delights to present with such simple pathos. The unaffected grace and tenderness with which he is wont to describe scenes of rural and domestic life, have exerted their calm sympathetic influence upon the mind of every one who has a heart to appreciate their excellence. Had his eyes rested upon the spot where fancy's feet are now standing, he might indeed have gathered themes and characters for another "Deserted Village," no less attractive or fruitful than those suggested by the ruins of Lissoy. Although the town of Sunbury is not what it once was, or promised to be,—although all decorations of art have crumbled years ago,—although the whitening sail of commerce has sought another port, and naught exists of her pristine importance, save a few venerable fragments—sad, yet cherished mementoes of the past,—still the natural attractions presented by the location remain unimpaired. The situation is in many respects truly delightful. Probably a more charming water prospect cannot be enjoyed upon this coast, than the one here afforded. We have remarked and admired its beauties, alike, when the morning sun, lifting his gorgeous face from beneath the Atlantic wave, diffused his bright beams over the Sound, and those low-lying Islands,—when the deep blue thunder-storm has converted those blithesome waves into a dark raging mass; transforming a calm and quiet surface with its ten thousand ripples, glancing in noon-tide radiance, into a black wildly-tossing charybidis, over which the lightning flashed fearfully, and the thunder madly pealed with harsh and warring tone,—again, when all was hushed and still, when the sea-breeze in gentle murmurs, dallying with each leaf and floweret, stole softly over the land;—and when from out yon azure

depths, the "Queen of the silver bow" looked down upon river, sea, and shore, all bathed in her bright sheen, or invested with inimitable beauty, the floating clouds which crossed her track. These attractions will ever endure, for nature's comeliness changes not,—still the same, whether admired by intelligent observers, or manifested in forsaken, deserted places, where the foot of man seldom finds it way. The town stands, (perhaps we might with greater propriety employ the preterit of the verb,) upon a bold bluff, now completely overgrown with Bermuda grass. From the top of this, you look directly out upon a broad sound, through which the river, flowing immediately before us, mingles its waters with those of the Atlantic. The white beach of St. Catharine's Island at a distance of ten or fifteen miles, appearing just above the sea, seems like some pure coral wreath, encircling the shore. The dark-green surface of an extended marsh is here and there relieved and diversified by small islands, or, as some of them may more appropriately be termed hammocks, whose bosoms are thickly wooded with myrtle, live-oak, pine, and cedar groves. One of these, the "Isle of Pines," is owned by the United States. Thence have been obtained excellent spars and masts for vessels. You would scarcely believe that this town, now having not more than six or eight families—these small, and composed principally of four persons, who have located upon this as a deserted and unclaimed spot, once contained a population of three thousand; that it was at one period the successful rival of Savannah; that in this very river where now only a small sloop or sail-boat may be occasionally seen; a score of square-rigged vessels have lain at anchor at one time; that large warehouses, stores, handsome public and private buildings, stood where yonder lie those crumbling chimneys, or piles of broken bricks; that the sounds of music and dancing, life and activity, have been often heard, where now reigns an almost unbroken silence, interrupted only by the lowing herd, the ripple of the tide, or the rustle of the sea-breeze, amid the branches of the "Pride of India" trees. Southey tells us that "When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the 'last supper,' an old Ieronymite said to him, I have sate daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years. During that time, my companions have dropped off one from another, all who were my cotemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! *I look at them, till I sometimes think that they are the realities and we but shadows.*" So might some aged inhabitant,

as with silvery locks and feeble footsteps he stands upon this deserted spot, while memory recurs through many long years to that period, when Sunbury was enjoying the vigor of her prime, indulge in like melancholy emotions; for while the face of nature remains unchanged, the moss-covered tombstone, or the decayed wall, are all that are left to remind him of the companions of his youth. Such has been the fate of many similar villages along the south-eastern coast, and this very day others are smaller than they were a half century or more ago. The selection of a site was in some cases injudicious,—in others, the town sprang into existence as the offspring of uncommon and peculiar circumstances; these ceasing, of course the inhabitants no longer connected together by those necessities, as for example, self-preservation,—left the place in search of more profitable and healthy locations.

Traces of an ancient ditch and rampart are still in existence, surrounding the town, thrown up as a protection against the attacks of the British. But a more remarkable memorial of the of the labors of that eventful revolutionary period now demands our attention. At the lower extremity of Sunbury, stands an old Fort, erected during those memorable struggles, as a defence against all onsets which might be made from the river.—The English cruisers were then hovering around the coast, capturing and burning American vessels, and also plundering such plantations as were unprotected, and within their reach; stealing the cotton, and driving off the negroes. It occupies a commanding position in some respects, with its guns so mounted, that they could range down the river toward the sound for miles, and also sweep it as it flows in front of the town. Now entirely overgrown, the stranger would pass within fifty yards of its deep moat and rampart, and, ignorant of its location, imagine that he was merely viewing a luxuriant grove of pines and cedars. Once he would have found it otherwise. Let us enter and examine its appearance, for places like the present are always invested with a degree of interest, which can be duly appreciated only by the American heart. Forcing our way through a dense myrtle grove, we suddenly find ourselves upon the edge of a deep, wide moat. Just beyond rises a sand embankment of some twenty or twenty-five feet in height.—There is no water at the bottom of the ditch. Long ago have the dried leaves of Autumn commenced filling it up, and now in thick layers they yield and break beneath our feet as we descend. You need no counter-sign in order to gain admittance. The sentinel, whose sleepless eye so often looked out from this post to mark the approach of friend and foe, has gone, and perhaps this very moment

is a watchman upon the walls of Zion—the unshotted guns lie dismantled—the gate is open. Slowly we ascend, for the thorny cactus, and the numerous vines and bushes overhanging, impede our progress. Now we are upon the top of the embankment—now within—for those half buried guns plainly indicate, that the precincts of an ancient fortress are about us. The bastions and angles have lost much of their symmetry and accurate proportions, under the influence of summer showers, and in consequence of the loose character of the material used in their construction. The general outline of the fortification is, however, wonderfully distinct.—There are the apertures in the embankment, whence these very “rust-coated cannon” at our feet, once looked bravely out upon the river and sound—there, the opening for the gate-way, although oaken bars and iron bolts are seen no more. All vestiges of the magazines and garrison houses, have disappeared. Even the large cannon are fast sinking beneath the accumulation of falling leaves, the soft soil also, readily yielding under their weight. All of these bear the impress of the English crown, and were probably pieces originally brought over by the early settlers, or captured subsequently from the enemy during the war. Had they each a tongue, what stirring tales of past events might they not unfold. Even now, they are silently, powerfully eloquent. No standard floats over these deserted walls. Like many others in similar situations, around which the freemen of America so sternly rallied, this has not been borne down in dishonor, but has merely collected its folds beneath those of that great National Flag which, unfurled to the Eastern breeze upon the Atlantic coast, sweeps over the length and breadth of this entire land, with the stars and stripes full high advanced, streaming even above the Western wave.—The view of the river and sound from the front wall of the fort, is truly beautiful on a calm summer's afternoon—as you stand with the cool sea-breeze, fresh from the ocean, fanning your cheek, marking the waves as they roll in upon the shore with the swelling flood-tide—observing the porpoises plunging through the water—watching the herons and ardeas, as standing knee-deep in the river along the sand-banks, they play sad havoc with the small fry, or when the shadows of evening are lengthening—quitting the marshes, they enliven the deep green foliage of the magnolias and oaks with their light blue, and snowy white plumage—closely noting each motion of the graceful sea-gulls, as they for one moment poise themselves on quivering wing, and then with a suppressed note, dart down and dip their pinions in the “breezy tide.” There, too, is the bald eagle, in conscious might and dignity, soaring far above

every bird, bathing his noble form in the pure light of the sun—now wheeling towards the western verge, ere yet it has rested for the last time upon field and forest. His thoughts are not, however, all confined within the bounds of that aerial region in which he now so majestically moves. They are still “of the earth, earthy.” See how he watches that fish-hawk, who, unconscious of the presence of his acknowledged superior, has plunged beneath the wave, and now, rising on rapid wing, is bearing away in his talons a fish to his young brood, who sit screaming in the nest upon the dried limb of that large “live oak” tree. Look! the eagle is folding his pinions upon his breast. He quivers for an instant, and now descends with the rapidity of lightning from above, right upon the fish-hawk. One piercing cry is heard, a rustle of plumage. The terrified bird relaxing his grasp in the alarm of the moment, drops his booty, and the proud eagle, on rapid wing, with one swoop recovers the fish before it touches its native element. The hawk, not daring to dispute the power of the principle, that “might gives right,” deems prudence the better part of valor, and speeds for away to seek another of the finny tribe, while the eagle exultingly soars high in mid-air, king of birds, and feasting upon the toils of another.

[We shall speak more of this Old Fort and its historic associations in our next number.]

JOHN BULL'S MUD CABIN.*

Another Cabin, and this time, for a wonder, a real, *bona fide* one; not a creation of fancy. Let not the reader, however, imagine, on this account, that it is lacking in interest; on the contrary, he will find it yet another illustration of the saying, that truth is stranger than fiction. The author gives us the results of his personal observation, and he backs them with indisputable English authority; and it is well that he does, for his statements are so startling that, otherwise, those who do not know him, might well be incredulous. As it is, he leaves no room for doubt.

He tells the truth of the English landlords, but he tells it with evident reluctance; because a necessity is upon him—because he would be false to the interests of humanity, if he did not. “Gladly,” says he, “would I have said only pleasant things of England—there are the graves of my ancestors; and of all the nations of the earth, next to my own, it has ever held the uppermost place in my regards. From my infancy up, I was taught to hush the name of England with an almost superstitious veneration, and my heart fairly palpitated with emotion, as I set foot upon her shores. If any thing were wanting to fill up the measure of my good will to the brim,

and cause it to ‘run over,’ it has certainly been supplied in the many kindnesses I have received, and the hospitalities I have enjoyed here. But because there are kind hearts and hospitable roofs in England, are we to shut our ears to the cries of her oppressed and suffering children? To be grateful on the one hand, must we be inhuman on the other?” (p. 19.) So does not the author interpret his duty, and it is well for England’s laboring poor that he does not; their wrongs have at length found a tongue, and an eloquent one, and in the name of our common humanity, we thank him. We would that his book could circulate all over England and be read by every voter there, and pondered on, till each and all should feel the absolute necessity of doing something, as they would hold up their heads among their fellow-men, to relieve the poor English laborer from a condition, compared to which the life of our Southern slaves is a paradise. “THE GREAT GULF BETWEEN THE HIGH AND THE LOW (see the title of chapter 16) *must* be bridged over, or, fifty years hence, England will be but the wreck of what she was.

But we are keeping the reader too long from the book. We have but little space to spare, but we must find room for two or three extracts:

“And how do you manage to live in such a place as this?” said I. “We manage, somehow,” said the woman, gruffly. But I should suppose you would get tired of such a world as this, said I, and give up trying to live. ‘It’s mighty little we gets, to be sure,’ said she. And do you ever have to go hungry? quoth I. ‘Lor bless me!’ was her emphatic reply. And do you ever suffer with cold and wet? ‘You sees for yourself,’ she replied.

“And I did see. The water stood in puddles upon the clay floor, which was lower than the ground without; so that, in wet weather, water, saturated with filth, would run in. The walls were crumbling within, as well as without; and, standing upon the ladder, and touching my umbrella to the thatched roof, down came a whole peck of it in powder, filled with vermin, while the end wall was parted from the roof, and leaned outwards, threatening to fall, and exposing the interior to the weather. As in the other case, the small window-hole was plugged with rags, and light straggled in only through the crevices. I looked for another room, but found none; overhead was a sort of floor, extending over perhaps three-quarters of the area below; and this was the family sleeping apartment. Again, standing upon the ladder, I looked into it, and what a sight, truly! In each of the two corners, lay what seemed a pile of rags, but they were the two beds in which slept parents

and seven children, wedged in, I suppose, like pigs.

"As I was about to step down, a ragged little urchin came in with some billets of wood. I asked him where he got them—he made no reply, but appeared terribly frightened, for he had doubtless stolen them from the cove of the manor, and had a lurking suspicion, that I might be the landlord's attorney. I asked the mother if she could buy wood on seven shillings a week; to which she replied moodily, 'It's mighty little wood we gets.'

"She kindles a fire, hangs on the little kettle, with some water in it, takes what seems some dough, breaks off pieces, flattens them with her hands, wraps them around some pieces of turnip, and "*souses*" them in, I in the mean time prolonging my visit to see the sight.

"And now the table is set, and mother and children gather around the dish of turnip dumplings, as their sole repast, seated on stools and benches, the former having about three-quarters of a plate, and a knife worn well-nigh to the back, while the latter had only a small fragment of a plate each, and were armed with one-tined forks, broken spoons, &c. But the dumplings soon disappeared, being devoured with great greediness and with frequent ejaculations from the children, "How good these is!"—"good! good!" &c.—pp. 37-8.

"In Berkshire, a little excursion over hill and dale introduced me into new scenes of rural life, and brought me acquainted with some new phases in the forbidding aspects of want. It was a rural village (lovely name!) which, a little way off, seemed a place where comfort might have dwelt. But as I approached, all its enchantments fled away, just as they had always done in approaching an Arab village in the East, and, so far, a rural village in England.

"In approaching it, I had to encounter the same reeking accumulations in front, and the same stench, and there was the same dilapidation before me. Upon entering one of the hovels, the first object which arrested my attention was an old man with white locks, bending under the weight of years, and sitting upon a stool. After some preliminaries, I asked him his age, to which he replied with a shake of his head. I said to him that he must have seen a great deal of trouble in his day. 'Yes,' said he, 'I've seed trouble enough, but it'll soon be over with me now. I've been in the King's sarvice, and was in the hottest of the fight of Waterloo, under Wellington, and I've sarved master here I don't know how long, and here I am, a poor old body. I gets somethin' from the parish, or I don't know what I should

do. I was in the workhouse last winter, but I cum out this spring, it was so hard.'

"But was you not comfortably provided for there? 'O yes,' said he, 'but it isn't like hum, you know, where I's born, and my old father afore me. There's no place like here; I wouldn't give it up for the Queen's palace, that I wouldn't. I suffers sometimes, but it's not like being away there—human natur can't bear it, it goes agin one so.'

"And you'd be 'nuff better off in the workhouse,' growled out a sour looking object in female attire, as she sat botching an old smock frock, whom I took to be his daughter-in-law. 'I's but a little while to live,' replied the old man, 'and I wants to live here, while I does live;' drawing a deep sigh as he paused. 'And we not wants you here,' replied the shrew, 'and the sooner you gets off the better.'

"A slight groan betrayed his agony, as he sat in silent reverie, apparently absorbed in his own proper reflections. He clenched his staff with a firmer grip, and the big tear rolled from its fountain; his lips began to move, and as I listened to catch his murmuring accents, I distinctly heard him pronounce the words, *home, King, Waterloo, Wellington*; and then, after a sigh, which seemed like the giving up of the ghost, 'It's all cum to this at last.'

"I asked him what part he took in that great battle scene which covered his country with glory, and made his general more than a prince? That aroused him. 'It was drea'ful,' he said, 'to stand and have 'em shot down on both sides, and lyin' a top of one 'nother; but we beat them French at last; *eternal glory to old England*,' his eye brightening, and his countenance lighting up, as he said it. Cruel, cruel, is the fate of that old man, and yet it is the common fate of all of his class, in old age."—pp. 41-3.

Here is a graphic description of "Uncle Pat" and his Irish cabin:

"The Irish peasant's home, though humble and lowly, and to our eye forbidding, and though his paternal domain be but a small spot, is all the world to him, and around it cluster all his earthly hopes. He dreads removal as he dreads death; as though, having vegetated there, he feared, as the effect of transplanting, that he would be certain to die down and perish.

"And it is almost enough to reconcile one to wretchedness and filth, to see Pat sitting upon the manure heap which looms up directly in front of his lowly hut, calmly smoking his pipe, as he looks abroad with ineffable self-complacency over a luxuriant potato-patch; or as he sits at his frugal board, with the humble esculent before him, while the pig (the gentleman what pays the

rint), is domiciled in a recess of the same, and squalls out a craving desire for a participation in the banquet."—p. 87.

Once more; speaking of the aristocracy, the author says,—

"Nor is this all; with all the vast sums they receive, by means of these extravagances their expenditures, in most cases, far transcend their incomes, and most of them have become deeply involved in debt, and they are put to the greatest straits to get along. I am credibly informed, that they often go in debt to tailors and other tradesmen in London, and pay a hundred per cent. above the market price to be waited on a term of years; and honest people complain, that advantage is taken of this by tradesmen to charge prompt pay customers from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more for it."—p. 219.

This reminds us of an anecdote that Y. N., a distinguished member of the bar of E—, used to tell with infinite glee. "When I was in London," said he, "I enquired of a friend where I could get a first-rate watch, and was recommended to No.— street. I accordingly sought out the place, but, on peeping in at the door, found it such an obscure hole, that I thought I must have made a mistake, and said as much to the proprietor; but on my telling him my business, he assured me that I had made no mistake,—that he was the one who could make me the best watch of any man in England. 'What will you make it for?' said I. 'Seventy-five guineas,' said he. 'That is more than I expected to pay; however, you will warrant it, I suppose?' 'Certainly.' 'When can I have it?' 'Not till next spring; I must try it through the winter, if I warrant it. But you can leave your address, and I will send it to you.' I accordingly wrote my on a card, 'Y. N. of E—, United States of America.' 'What!' said he, 'You an American? It will be only fifty guineas to you. I thought you were an English nobleman.'"

* The Mud Cabin; or, the Character and Tendency of British Institutions, as illustrated in their effect upon Human Character and Destiny. By Warren Laham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

RES CURIOSÆ.

— The London "Public Advertiser," of August 2nd, 1776, contains the following interesting letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia. Our New England brethren will find in it an estimate of their character.

"Philadelphia, March 27, 1777.

"Dear Sir—The more I think of this horrid war, the more I am perplexed and puzzled to account for it; and even now were I not full often feelingly reminded of its reality, should almost doubt the possibility of it.

"Things do happen in real life which would be thought marvellous and romantic

in a novel, that a people amidst the most perfect ease and plenty, enjoying all the security of the best government in the world, on better and cheaper terms than any other people in the world, should all at once, and unprovoked, rush headlong into an hopeless rebellion, is altogether incredible. It may well form a new era in the history of mankind, as exhibiting human affairs in a point of view, to which hitherto there has been no parallel. I pity the faithful historian, whose task it may be to trace and develope the causes that have led to it. Even I, on the spot, and, as you know, with no mean advantages for information and observation, find myself wholly at a loss to account for it satisfactorily to my own mind. There is, I believe, in all colonies, as such, a principle of revolt; perhaps I might not less truly say that there is in all governments a constant effort of the governed to break off from the governors. And here, if I mistake not is, the true ground of all the fine systems we are for ever to be seized with, of the original rights, &c. of the people. Certain it is, he is easily satisfied, who can be contented to ascribe this event either to the stamp act, or any other acts of the British legislature, unless it be to her repeated acts of indulgence and bounty to us. Yet, speaking collectively of the people of British America, I am far from thinking that we at all essentially differ from the people of the parent state,—I mean in morals and understanding. I should except those of the four New England governments. They are a peculiar people, being, if I may so speak, independent by birth; and are singular in this beyond any other people I have ever heard or read of; that in a period of more than a hundred years, though under a change of climate, they have not varied one jot from what their ancestors, the old puritans in England, were, either in religion, politics, manners, customs, or language. I should wrong them not to own what I really believe, that, compared with us of the more southern colonies, they certainly are more shrewd and discerning, and of more penetrating understandings. Some of the first men America has ever produced, have been of New England; and at this moment some of America's brightest ornaments, and most distinguished advocates for liberty and loyalty, are of that country. But whilst I do justice to their natural endowments, sorry I am that truth compels me to speak so very differently of those they acquire by education. Pryane himself was not more sour, subtle, and tyrannical, than I think a majority of the New-Englanders are; nor did he labour more earnestly for the dominion of the saints. In fact, this is the religion of a New-England Independent. Guided by this clue, you will find consistency

and deep design in the most irregular and unaccountable circumstances of their story. It is this which determines them to lay their own foundations well, by systems of education adapted to the ends in view; and this too which has engaged men, by unwearied and unceasing pains, to draw pupils to their colleges from the distant colonies. How it has happened that these things have been overlooked by those whom it imported to attend to them, is not a discussion for me now to enter into; suffice it that I remind you of what I believe to be a fact, that a majority of the present active men in America, have been brought up in dissenting seminaries. Let not this be set down as merely an idle and useless reverie of an obscure and speculative man. If it be true, and I am persuaded it is, that a far greater number of our leading men, who have had any education at all, have been educated by dissenters; and that of the few who either are men of really sound learning, or have been brought up in England, there is scarce one who is not considered and maligned as a tory, I may not be so wrong as at first sight you thought me, in laying a stress on this circumstance. But I find I am opening for myself a wide field for reflection and disquisition. I will therefore have done, after remarking, that this extreme inattention of all government to this article of public instruction (I do not mean in schools and colleges only,) though a slow and silent, is yet a very sore and sure evil. Even in England it cannot but have most mischievous effects; in this country, where it has been suffered to work its way without control, were I obliged to name any one cause to which, in preference to others, I should ascribe our revolt, I think, as a philosopher, I should pitch upon this.

"You know the deference here shewn to oratory and public speaking. Our talent lies that way, and our schools have, therefore, judiciously made it a leading branch of their education. I have not, lately, read the uses and abuses of this so popular an attainment. In my present humour, however, I would curse it in the bitterness of my heart, and I think prove that it has done, and will do, infinitely more mischief in the world than it ever can do good. To us, children of the sun, as we are proud to be called, it has been peculiarly fatal. There is a witchcraft in words. Four P's, as some one remarks, carried on the whole revolution of forty-one, — People, Parliament, Property, and Popery. The watch-word, if I may so call it, is indeed changed, but the thing is still the same; and, under pretence of liberty, we have destroyed all liberty.

"Farewell history! which I shall hereafter read, even Livy and my Lord Clarendon,

only as I do well-written romances. It is but little more than a century since our constitution was overturned, on the very same pretences, or very nearly so, and by the same means too, that are now again coming into vogue. So strong indeed is the resemblance that the history of the rebellion in Forty-one, with very few alterations, might serve for the history of that of Seventy-six; our leaders have condescended to copy not only the measures of their iniquitous fathers, but their very words and language, as I could shew you in a variety of instances. For their own sakes, however, I trust the issue of it will be different. Adieu."

HISTORY OF STEAM.

— *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* gives the following condensed history of steam. It is deservedly entitled to a place in our Curiosæ;

About 280 years B. C., Hiero of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco D. Garoy tried a steamboat of 200 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

In 1660, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of steam engines in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Inventions," A. D., 1663.

In 1710, Newcommon made the first steam engine in England.

In 1718, patents were granted to Savary for the first application of the steam engine.

In 1764, James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1736, Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778, Thomas Paine first proposed this application in Amjrica.

In 1781, Marquis Jouffry constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785, two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789, Wm. Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802, this experiment was repeated.

In 1782, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam in New York.

In 1787, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1763, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from Charleston to Liverpool.

— The London *Public Ledger* of April 28th, 1778, contains the following interesting editorial.

“The *Morning Post* of Saturday, with a becoming spirit, exhorted the people of England to unite against the common foe. The present ministers have proved themselves to be enemies to the rights of mankind, to the liberties of America, and to the interests of this country. Englishmen should therefore unite against them, as against those common foes who should be exterminated from the surface of the earth.

“The *Morning Post* of yesterday was a little mistaken. It is not Mr. Samuel Adams who is at Paris. Consequently the Billingsgate ribaldry bestowed on that gentleman, like satire misapplied, is truly ludicrous.

“What a ridiculous piece of business was the embassy of poor Lord Stormont! His agents despised; his negotiations laughed at; his effects sold; and the horses of his COPPER CAPTAIN sent—a grazing! Alas poor Maurepas! And alas old Mansfield! What are become of the precious letters, which passed between these precious pair of worthies! To say that all is known to Franklin, is only to observe that the secrets of mean cunning, are detected by the sagacity of wisdom.

“The Scots began the American war, and they carried it on with a savage-minded cruelty, natural only to barbarians. Lord Dunmore, a Scotsman, laid Norfolk and Falmouth in Virginia, in ashes. Major General Vaughan, a Scotsman, set fire to *Æsopus*, because it was, in his opinion, “a nest of villains.” The Americans have now adopted the law of retaliation. They will bring those miseries home to our losoms, which we taught their wives and children to feel.

“The calamities of the American war will be finally experienced by the people of this country,—measure for measure. Our towns will smoke in their turn. The wanton cruelties committed by Scotsmen in America, will be retaliated by the hand of distribute justice. We should prepare for evils, because we shall very shortly be required to endure them.

“It was impudence to suppose that an island, narrowed in limits, and circumscribed in power, as is that of Great Britain, should reduce the continent of America to slavery. Such an idea might be entertained by the pensioned Bobadils of the court. Or it might suit the miserable wizard of Caen-wood, to instil such a silly notion into the mind of the prince. The subjugation of America was practically impossible, and eventually this country will be ruined by the attempt.

“It is a pity that Caen-wood is not situated a little nearer the coast. The prospect would be more agreeable.

“It is devoutly to be wished, that Lord Bute would visit his estate in Scotland' this summer.

“The Isle of Bute is not inaccessible to an American privateer, should she want to take in water.”

LINES WRITTEN ON MOUNT ARARAT.*

Perchance a weary thousand years ago,
Upon this lofty peak, as I stand now,
Some Indian Warrior stood, and o'er his brow,
Gazed on the tranquil waters, far below,
And dream'd, as I dream now, of future years,
And throbb'd his heart,—like mine,—with hopes and
[fears.

Where lies that frame, with youth and vigor strong,
That panting heart, so full of hope and life,
That sinewy arm so mighty in the strife,
That noble one, who never brook'd a wrong?
The dust has mingled with its kindred clay,
The spirit lives, but where? who can say!

And when another thousand years have flown,
(In the eternal glass a grain of sand,)
Some other rhyming scribbler here may stand,
And thus may muse on years to come, and gone,
And perish in his turn, by Time's rude hand,
Whilst thou, grand mountain! still unmoved shalt stand.

* Mount Ararat is a rocky eminence a short distance from Port Deposit, Maryland, on the Susquehanna river, and rising almost perpendicularly 350 feet from the water, commands a prospect of rare and romantic beauty.

NEW BOOKS.

— *The Lawyer's Story*.—H. Long & Bro., of New York, have published a book with this title, about which much has been said by the press. It recounts the particulars of an orphan's wrongs, and we should judge, develops a story of no little exciting interest. We have not yet had time to read it, but shall do so as soon as possible; perhaps to repon the impressions gathered thereby. The publishers tell us that no story has been written which has attained greater popularity, or been more eagerly sought for while in the course of serial publication. We have some incidents connected with wrongs of

orphans, which we think will form capital groundwork for a story in BIZARRE. These incidents embrace a series of outrages, deep-laid schemes to rob rightful heirs of their inheritance, a web of intrigue, wrong, and peeti-fogging, unsurpassed by any thing of the kind, real or fanciful. The "Lawyer's Story," we notice, may be stirring, nay, undoubtedly is so; but ours, we will warrant, is fully as much so. Shall it be published? That depends upon circumstances, dear readers.

— The *Knickerbocker* has reached us, through Wm. B. Zieber. We thank the publishers for changing the direction from the post office. They have thus enabled us to calculate on receiving promptly their admirable monthly. The October number, by the way, is particularly rich. It contains in original papers, twenty-six articles; five well-written notices of books, and a most delightful melange of Editorial Table-Talk, including one of Mr. Shelton's peculiarly admirable letters from "Up the River." We extract as a specimen of Clarkiana in the October "Knick.," the following about Jullien.

"We have seen and heard JULLIEN! 'Well, there! there's no use talking.' Nothing like him, nothing *approaching* him, as a 'leader,' has ever appeared in America. We used to think, when a little boy in the country, that APOLLOS HOPKINS, when he rose in the centre of the gallery of our great, square, straight-backed 'cathedral,' was the greatest leader *we* ever saw; previously taking out his pine pitch-pipe, (painted red at the same time the roof of our barn was painted, and from the same pot,) pulling it out as far as 'G' on the slide, and with a preliminary, 'Low-low-LUD-low 'um 'um!' 'setting' the tune, in something the same way that an 'expert' would 'set' a saw. Then would he rise, and his 'corps' with him, the women on the right hand and the men on the left, and, with his long blue sheepskin-backed singing-book (its covers rising and falling, like the slow-moving wings of a spread-eagle) in his left hand, and the tips of his great bony fingers resting on the book, giving the 'upward beat, downward beat,' with a short, uneasy motion, until, with uplifted hand and stentorian preliminary voice, he awoke the 'great deep,' of nasal 'execution.' Such was APOLLOS HOPKINS, the great musical leader of our time. But JULLIEN is different. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the styles of the two performers. JULLIEN seems more graceful. HOPKINS wore no gloves, and his coarse hands were as 'brown as the ribbed sea-sand.' JULLIEN wears very white ones; his hands are small, and he 'makes more motions.' JULLIEN is 'more stubbed' than

what APOLLOS was, who was tall and lank; and when he stood up, and was under way, you could see, as they say, the leader 'sticking out.' Not so with JULLIEN. He 'fires and falls back,' in his elegant chair; apparently dead of a surfeit of sweet sounds. But everything *else* apart, JULLIEN is a wonder. He is a true genius. Nothing has ever moved us so much, in the way of music, as the harmony which he compels from his hundred instruments, all sounding in unison, at once. It is the very *perfection* of art in its kind, and is really a 'living delight.' Now, reader, just think whether we ever spoke in this way before of *any* musical performer in these pages, and give us credit for an impression of a 'new revelation.'"

— "*Mysterious Parchment, or, Satanic License.*"—This is the title of a powerfully written story, which we have received from Messrs Jewett & Co., of New York, the author of which is Rev Joel Wakeman, an old soldier in the temperance field. The *Providence Tribune*, a capital paper, by the way, and edited by one whose abilities we well know, says of this work:

"We will pay any liquor seller a small premium, who will read the story, and declare that he neither shed a tear nor felt any sharp twingeings of conscience. It is worth a clever price to read "Doty's License" on page 114-15. It is enough to excite compassion even for a *licensed* Rumseller to hear old Doty relate his odd dream to his wife the night after receiving his license. No wonder such chaps have had dreams, if dreaming "*comes through a multitude of business.*" Old "Sooty" must sit by their pillows all night, and whisper in their ears practical commentaries on their business. This book admirably exposes the tricks of rumsellers and the workings of the system, and will aid our great reform. But go buy the book, read and lend till it is worn out:—it will do every man good who reads it."

— *Godey's Lady's Book* for October was placed on our table some days since. It seems to contain, if possible, a greater variety than ever; while many of the articles emanate from the best pens in the country. Godey has the means wherewithal to maintain his rank, and he uses them with a skilful hand.

— *Southern Quarterly Review.*—An early copy of the October issue of this capital work, has been forwarded to us by the publishers, Messrs. Walker & Burke, Charleston. The contents are varied and able; indeed, we pronounce the "Southern Quarterly," despite a few sectional peculiarities, (not comparable with certain traits which disfigure other reviews at the East,) the most acceptable periodical of its kind in the country. The articles in the present issue are eleven in num-

ber, including the Critical Notices, and all are written with decided power.

— "*The Victim of Excitement, &c.*"—Caroline Lee Hentz is the author of a new book with this title, which comes to us from Mr. A. Hart. It embraces thirteen stories of decided interest, among which, that giving the book its title is prominent. The "Bosom Serpent" is written with uncommon power; indeed, the whole collection is one of the best we have yet seen as to engaging interest, of its very popular author.

— *Harper's Monthly* for October has been received. Never was periodical better sustained than *Harper*. It is made for popularity, and popularity it has to the tune of nearly one hundred and thirty thousand subscribers! Mr. Abbott's romance of Napoleon loses nothing of its interest. "Memoirs of Damascus," is the title of a well-written and handsomely illustrated article, from the pen of Jacob Abbott, the brother of Napoleon. Glorioso Abbott.

— Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston, have sent us "An Account of the Pilgrim Celebration, at Plymouth, August 1, 1853," which is printed in a very handsome pamphlet of 182 pages. It contains a list of decorations in the town, and correct copies of the speeches made at the dinner table: indeed it is a very interesting record of a very interesting event, especially to New-Englanders.

— The new periodical work by Mr. Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair," &c., is thus announced by Bradbury & Evans, London:

"On the first of October will be published, price one shilling, with illustrations on steel and wood, No. 1 of *The Newcomes*, Memoirs of a most respectable family, edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq."

The Messrs. Harper have made arrangements to reproduce this work simultaneously in their Magazine.

— *Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel*. Another volume this from William Gilmore Simms, and published by E. H. Butler & Co., which we shall notice as it deserves hereafter.

— *Graham's Magazine* for October, is full of substantial reading, original and selected. With embellishments from the Messrs. Devereux, beautiful in conception and execution, as a matter of course.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

— Answer to the Enigma of week before last. "Holes in their stockings."

— The Sultan of Turkey, though only thirty years of age, has already fifteen recognized

children, ten sultans and five sultaneses. In 1840, he was a father three times; in 1842 three times; in 1844 twice; in 1846 once; in 1848 twice; in 1849 once, and in 1850 three times. Of those born in 1850, two were male twins.

— "Are my steaks, ready, fellow?" bawled a buck at an eating house. "No," replied the waiter, "but I perceive your *chops* are."

— Mr. W., who was much addicted to the bottle, had performed at different times nearly every male character in a certain drama, at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The piece having been afterwards underscored for further representation, he asked Mr. F., a brother actor, what new character he should go in. "Go in sober," was the reply.

— When Theophilus Cibber made his dramatic essay, the newspapers of the day reviled him for his improprieties. Theophilus ran immediately to his father, Colley Cibber, and with tears in his eyes exhibited the paragraph. "Be pacified, you idiot," said Colley, angrily, "if you wish to be noticed you must be scandalized; and, d'ye hear, when your enemies cease to abuse you in the public prints, do you abuse yourself."

— The late Harry Macklin being in a strolling company, in the State of New York, when the success was even less than moderate; ran up a bill of six shillings with his landlord for drink. Mine host observing that things looked suspiciously, waited upon the comedian, and insisted upon having his money immediately. "Make yourself easy, my honest fellow," said Macklin, "for by the gods, I will pay you this night, in some shape or another." "See you do, Master Macklin," said the landlord, surlily, "and, d'ye hear, let it be as much in the shape of six shillings as possible."

— There was a time, when physicians were bound to a strict attention towards the welfare of their patients, by something besides the consideration of their own credit and future profit; for, at Dijon, in 1386, a physician was fined, by the bailiff, fifty golden francs, besides being imprisoned, for not having completed the cures of some persons, whose recovery he had undertaken. And the beautiful Austrigilda, consort to Gontran, king of Burgundy, had, in the sixth century, been permitted by her husband, in compliance with her dying request, to have her two physicians slain, and buried with her; whether from attachment to them, or by way of punishment for their ill success in her case, is not said.

— The common jocular advice given to persons who are sick from the effects of intoxication, the night before, "to take a hair of

the same dog," seems to be derived from a ridiculous mode of cure, prescribed to persons bitten by a mad dog, in a French treatise, entitled "La Médecine aisee," written by "Le Clerc, Conseiller-médecin du Roy," published at Paris, 1719. He tells us, "Pour la cure de la playe, mettez dessus du poil du chien qui a mordu. C'est la remede de Pare."

— During the progress of a trial in which Counsellor J.'s client seemed to be getting the upper hand, one of the Judges, who till then had not been attending to the case, inquired of Mr. J. for whom he was concerned. The witty lawyer quickly replied: "I am concerned for the plaintiff, your Honor, but I am employed by the defendant."

— The California papers inform us that a boy named Joseph Gates, aged 16, made a remarkable balloon ascension from Oakland, opposite San Francisco, on the 23th. The balloon was of the largest size, but was not sufficiently inflated and would not raise with the aeronaut. The car was then taken off and a small board lashed across the hoop. Upon this the aeronaut took his seat, but he was too heavy. The crowd then called for a boy, and Gates, who was near, peddling fruit, gave his basket to his partner and jumped on board; and without any provisions or clothing more than his ordinary suit, he rose, before the aeronaut could give him any instruction, more than to pull the rope when he wished to come down. The boy sat upon the hoop, (which was only an inch square,) and leaned back upon the cords. When up about half a mile, he pulled the cord and it broke. The balloon flew rapidly to the northeast, at a height of about two and a half miles. The boy retained his presence of mind, took out his knife, opened it, put it in his teeth, and tried to climb the cords for the purpose of cutting the balloon; but the cords were only a quarter of an inch in thickness, and he could not climb them. The gas finally escaped so that the balloon descended about 15 miles from Bernicia, in Suisun Valley, and 50 miles in a direct line from the starting point.

MISS BREMER'S NEW BOOK.

The Harpers will publish, in a short time, Miss Bremer's "Homes of the New World: Impressions in America," a book that will unquestionably have a large sale. It has already appeared in London, and *The Critic* says of it:—

"Miss Bremer went over to the 'States' with the evident intention of being pleased with everything and everybody as far as it was practicable. She is a most catholic traveller, and 'cottons' with Shaker, Qua-

ker, Mormon, Arian, or Trinitarian, if she can find but any good in him. She is catholic and tolerant where most ladies might be indulged in inflicting a gentle caning. She shut her eyes as well as she could on rising expectorators, fast feeders, and incandescent democrats, and never quarrelled with bed or board when she had good reason to do so. All the men in America are handsome—all the women lovely. The scenes are lovely, the rivers are beautiful, the hills are grand, the institutions almost unexceptionable,—she cannot get up a good grumble. Miss Bremer lets us infer that she is on the shady side of forty, otherwise we should speculate on the extensive crop of jealousies she has sown in these volumes for the maids and matrons of America. She takes portraits of her entertainers for her private portfolio, and pen-and-ink sketches of them for her readers. Thus, Mr. Downing, her first host, has 'dark hair, of a beautiful brown, and softly curling,—quite a poetical appearance.' Professor Hart, who tried with Yankee alertness to monopolise the lady's pen for *Sartain's Union Magazine*, is of 'gentlemanly refinement—there is something benevolently good and agreeable in his countenance. I could not help taking a fancy for him.' Dr. How, of the Boston Deaf and Dumb Institution, the instructor of Laura Bridgman, has a 'splendid energetic countenance.' Mr. Harrison, president of Jefferson College, has 'beautiful meditative eyes, and a quiet excellent manner.' He pleased her exceedingly. Lowell, the young poet, has a 'beautiful, Apollo-like head.' Next for the ladies. Mrs. Downing is pretty, little, and delicate—'of a bird-like nature'; and here the authoress *naively* adds, 'and so am I.' Mrs. Putnam is a 'charming, cheerful, agreeable little hostess.' A Mrs. D. is a stately, handsome woman. Miss Sedgwick, the novelist, has a 'figure beautifully feminine.' Were we to proceed extracting more such pen-and-ink portraits, we should probably lead the reader to infer that all beauty and goodness has settled in the west.

"Miss Bremer went through the northern and the slave states, and had a trip to Cuba. Everywhere her pen is busy, noting, jotting, quietly quizzing, or throwing in a touch of the humorous. Of course she saw all the great men, and all the great women—patted all the lions, and was patted as a lion in return; but it is evident that she looks upon the American lion-hunters as mighty great bores."

We subjoin one or two extracts, as we find them in the *Critic*.

BOSTON NOTABLES.

— I remained there (in Boston) several days with my friends, the S—s, amid an incessant shower both of visits and engagements, which sometimes amused me, and sometimes

drove me half to desperation, and left me scarcely time to breathe. A few of these days and hours I shall always remember with pleasure. Among the foremost of these, is a morning when I saw around me the most noble men of Massachusetts; Alcott, the Platonic idealist, with a remarkably beautiful silver-haired head; the brothers Clarke; the philanthropist, Mr. Barnard; the poet, Longfellow; the young, true American poet, Lowell, (a perfect Apollo in appearance,) and many others. Emerson came also with a sunbeam in his strong countenance,—and people more beautiful—more perfect in form (almost all tall and well proportioned) it would not be easy to find. Another forenoon I saw the distinguished lawyer, Wendel Phillips, and Charles Sumner a young giant in person; Garrison, one of the principal champions of the Abolitionist cause, and who, therefore, at a time of excitement, was dragged by the mob through the streets—of Boston, I believe—with a halter round his neck as a malefactor. One sees in his beautiful countenance and clear eagle-eye, that resolute spirit which makes the martyr. Speaking with him, I told him candidly that I thought the extravagance in the proceedings of the Abolitionists, their want of moderation, and the violent tone of their attacks, could not benefit, but rather must damage their cause. He replied, with good temper, "We must demand the whole loaf if we would hope to get one-half of it!"

MARGARET FULLER.

I must say a few words about a lady whose name I have frequently heard since I came to America, partly with blame, partly with praise, but always with a certain degree of distinction, namely, Margaret Fuller. Although devoid of beauty, and rather disagreeable than agreeable in her manners, she seems to be gifted with singular talents, and to have an actual genius for conversation. Emerson, speaking with admiration of her powers, said, "Conviction sits upon her lips." Certain it is that I have never heard of a woman in this country possessed of such ability for a wakening enthusiasm in the minds of her friends. Emerson said of her, with his usual almost alarming candour, "She has many great qualities; many great faults also." Among these latter appear to be her arrogance and her contemptuous manner towards others less gifted than herself. I have also heard that she could repent of and ask pardon for severe words. In haughtiness and independence of temper, in pride and honesty, and in critical asperity, she was perfectly a transcendentalist. The "Conversations" which she at one time gave in a select circle at Boston, are spoken of as of the highest interest. Mrs. Emerson cannot sufficiently praise her fervent eloquence, and the

extraordinary affluence of her mind, and—I believe—half reproaches me for not being like her. Margaret Fuller went to Italy with my friends, the S——s, about two years since and remained there when they left. A report has now reached this country that she has connected herself with a young man (she herself is no longer young, being upwards of forty;) and a Fourierist, or Socialist marriage, without the external ceremony, is spoken of; certain it is that the marriage remained secret, and that she has a child, a boy. She herself has written about it, and about her maternal joy, but not anything about her marriage, merely that she will relate what farther concerns her when she returns to America, which will be next year. All this has furnished subject for much conversation among her friends and her enemies. They who loved neither herself nor her turn of mind believe the worst; but I shall never forget with what zeal one of her friends, Mr. W. R., defended her on one occasion in company, and that merely on the ground that her character repelled every suspicion of any action, which might cast a stain upon it. Her friends at Concord—among these the Emersons, Elizabeth H., and a younger sister of Margaret Fuller, married in Concord—seemed perfectly easy with regard to her conduct, and convinced that it will justify itself in the open light of day. This is beautiful."

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

The Germanians continue their concerts up to the evening of Wednesday, when they say adieu to us, we presume and hope, only for a time. Their entertainments have been of the most admirable character; decidedly the best of the kind ever given in Philadelphia. The company are all artists of the best stamp. The houses which they drew were good, but not great, and we think the fact is a decided reflection upon Philadelphia. When such artists present themselves for favor, and with such support as is given by Jaell and Camilla Urso, the saloon of the Musical Fund should be crowded. It has, however, never been more than two-thirds full! The price of the concerts of the Germanians, with all the attractions they have offered, has been only fifty cents, another cause of surprise to us that they should not have drawn overflowing houses. The truth of the matter is, our people are not fully aroused to their merits. We see at their concerts every night the same faces, indicating that a particular class of people go to hear them, and go all the time. This is complimentary to the Germanians as far as it goes—for this class, be it known, embraces some of our most accomplished citizens;—but it is not what they de-

serve, and what, we hope, they will ultimately secure.

One thing we rejoice at in musical matters. If merit like that of the Germanians, unaided by humbug, only draws paying houses, such meagre entertainments, in an artistic sense, as used to be given by Dempster and others, who, like him, strive for effect by singing pathetic ballads, will not go down at all. The day of such "palm-smiting" is passed; and when Henry Russell, the greatest of living humbugs, returns to us, and again attempts his hobble-de-hoy-dom, ups and down, bass and treble, he will find it out. We must have something artistic. The sing-song-nose-impressed-one-man-and-a-piano style, has gone by; or it is confined to the faded ever-green-draped halls of small towns. It will not do for the large cities, certainly in itself, unaided and alone—it will not do for the magnificent soloon of the Musical Fund.

— We hear nothing more of Sontag's proposed grand concerts. They will come off though, doubtless, in a short time. Let her agent put prices down, if he would secure to the Madam any kind of patronage that will be substantial. Madame Sontag is a great *artiste*, and a most fascinating lady. There was a time, too, when she had a most bewitching voice—rich, full, sweet, flexible, perfect. But the growth of years will steal plumpness, clearness, smoothness, natural cherry freshness from the cheeks, while, at the same time, it pilfers here and there a soft, sweet, clear note from the voice; rendering what was once as a necklace, studded with gems of the purest water, the same necklace after some of its most precious diamonds have been supplanted by paste. The general effect is still *ensemble*, dazzling, rich, even gorgeous; but when you come to examine the various settings, one by one, you find where are the true, and where are the spurious, stones.

— Perelli is getting up, as we hinted a few weeks since, "Il Barbiere," and intends to make it a feature at one of his *approaching soirées*. We hear the part of *Rosina* is to be filled by the beautiful *brunette* Contralto, of whom we have spoken in former numbers of BIZARRE, and especially as connected with Maestro Perelli's re-unions. Other parts will be distributed among his pupils, with the assistance now and then of an "outside barbarian," like Rainer of Sandford's *troupe*. By the way, we hear Perelli has a fine school the present year. He certainly deserves such; no one has done more for the advancement of musical taste in our city than this gentleman.

— We are told that the Directors of the new Opera House, Boston, offer a premium of

\$100 for designs of the most comfortable and convenient seat. "At last," says a cotemporary, "the managers of public amusements seem to be impressed with the necessity of providing for the comfort of the audience. Public entertainments generally have heretofore been considered as necessarily allied to aching backs and cramped legs."

— A correspondent of a morning paper, writing from New York, says one of the uppermost of the upper ten thousand, in the Dress Circle, at the Opera the other evening, boasted of wearing jewelry that had cost \$2500 at a Broadway establishment the day before.— We are told by the same writer, that the receipts at the Italian Opera average about \$2500 per night; the Broadway theatre \$3000; the National \$3000; the Bowery \$2000; Wallack's \$2200; Burton's \$2200; the Hippodrome \$3000; Barnum's Museum \$1500; Julien \$1500; making, with an addition of \$2000 more for the various other places of public amusement, a nightly expenditure of \$22,000! Immense this; but then they think nothing of it in New York.

— The London *Athenæum* copies some paragraphs from the *Le Menestrel*, a Parisian journal, which we transfer to our pages, that those who encourage the outrageous system of high prices among us, may know the mischief they are doing:

"It appears that M. Roqueplan, unable in France to get together an operatic company for the *Académie* (which in its prime possessed at once a Cinti, a Faloon, a Dorus, a Nourrit, a Derivis, a Dupont, a Levasseur,—all French singers,) has been led to look to foreigners: and has made magnificent proposals to Signor Tamberlik, to Herr Formes, and to Mdlle. Cruvelli,—all of whom have declined in favor of more congenial occupation elsewhere, or of better offers. At the same time, it is observable that almost every provincial journal of France contains some new testimony to the inability of managerial skill to satisfy public exigence,—some new tale of company after company broken up, because the *stalles* and *loges* have refused to accredit the *Valentine* or the *Fernand* set before them. This has led to the absurd municipal announcement which figures at the head of certain play-bills prohibiting all open expressions of disapproval on the occasion of *debuts*,—and to the no less queer paragraphs in the local papers registering the state of the poll by ballot according to the result of which new candidates are blessed or banned—admitted or rejected! (How the singers, by the way, endure the tameness and matter-of-fact formality of such a proceeding, we have been totally unable to discover.) But *Le Menestrel* affords stronger and stranger financial facts, derived from the memorial

"put in" by Signor Corti on the occasion of his relinquishing the lessee-ship of the Italian Opera of Paris. In this it was stated that the demands of Mdlle. Alboni and of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario (both given roundly in figures) made all treaty with them impossible,—the latter lady and gentleman having appealed (it is added) to their American engagement as justifying the enormous terms demanded by them in case they should condescend to remain in Europe. Nor is America the only lion in the poor old-world manager's path now-a-days:—Signor Corti having further stated that Madame de la Grange has been snatched away from him by Russia. Now, it might have been fancied that when first-rate, and even second-rate, artists are so able to choose how and where they can amass such glorious fortunes,—the supply of what may be called secondary and tolerable singers should at least be equal to the demand:—whereas composers cannot be produced by any educational process,—training will mature and present singers of talent so long as the natural material of voice is presented to the professor. Yet it is obvious that the number of good, and even of fair, vocal artists and musicians is insufficient to keep the standard of remuneration within anything like reasonable bounds. The causes of an inequality as perplexing as it is obvious claim to a more provident and serious consideration than they have yet met with on the part of any interested in the maintenance and prosperity of the musical drama."

The *Athenæum* adds:—"M. Berlioz, we perceive, has been giving two grand concerts of his music at Frankfort,—the journals state with great success.—Times have changed in Prussia since the days when Frederick the Great, who loved to play at musical composition, used to draw his pen through any chord too severe which his Composer in Ordinary, *Quantz*, introduced into His imperial Majesty's essays, with a contemptuous "*O! this smells of the Church!*" Now, the odour ecclesiastical is in favour with Royalty; since we perceive by the foreign journals that the soldiers of the Prussian army are to be taught (part-singing) with the express view of their taking part in the services of public worship. Hitherto, the only military contributions to the performances of the Temple have been, the curious *fanfarronades* and the roll of drums which in certain Catholic countries accompany the elevation of the wafer at high mass.

The burlesques at Sandford's Opera House are truly laughable to those whose interest is worn thread-bare in the original serious productions, which is pretty apt to be the case with citizens. There is generally a period in life when in reading, to get up a laugh we

must resort to "Homer burlesqued," "The Comic History of England," or something in that line; and in theatricals we discover our only hope of fun in "Beauty and the Beast," "Tom Thumb," or better than all perhaps is "Cinderella," "The Bohemian Girl," &c., as personated at Sandford's. The performers here have a remarkable talent in seizing upon the characteristics of certain celebrated actors and singers, and ludicrously exaggerating them.

TO THE MEMORY OF R. W. C.

ASSASSINATED BY STEAM.

Farewell, farewell, my brother!
My inmost heart is stirred
With a grief I cannot smother,
At the utterance of that word.

O, why are all things fairest
Doom'd the earliest to decay?
Why are mortal things the fairest,
Snatched untimeliest away!

Ah! from out the brooding dumbness
Of yon overarching Heaven,
No response to wake the numbness
Of the grief-stunned heart is given.

We had seen, in Hope's foreshowing,
Thy life, a current clear,
With a genial influence flowing
Through full many a coming year.

For a high, peculiar beauty
From the first around thee gleamed,
And to tread the path of duty,
As thy natural instinct seemed.

But now Life's mysterious motion
Is extinguished in thy breast,
And the awful voice of Ocean
Chants a requiem o'er thy rest.

But the memory star-like burneth,
Through the depths of sorrow's night,
And affliction thither turneth
Evermore, for guiding light.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Ourselves.

— With this number of BIZARRE we commence our fourth volume. Plans and purposes are fully laid down in our prospectus, which will be found in our advertising pages, and which, it would give us pleasure to have our country exchanges either copy or notice at length. BIZARRE, it will there be seen, has not been without its support, certainly as to writers of great name. The same eminent people, we would announce, will doubtless from time to time favor us, hereafter, as they have done heretofore, and we shall do all we know, to increase the attractions of BIZARRE. We aim at novelties, particularly in the exhuming of old time-worn facts, and incidents, especially as con-

nected with Philadelphia. We aim, moreover, to be distinct and decided in the expression of views, upon matters of literary and scientific moment; education, music, painting, sculpture. We also hope to present a clear and concise record of authors' doings, both here and elsewhere, to report the movements of publishers, and to notice books according to merit.

The notices we have received from the press have been far better than we deserved. We are grateful, deeply so, for so much kindness,—for such a good degree of charity, we think we might add. Look at our new type, gentlemen; it was all obtained for BIZARRE, and at the admirable foundry of A. L. Johnson & Co. Say, if you please, what you think of it, and if you can say any thing more in our favor, either on this or any other score, "faith we'll print it."

We wish we had about four times as many subscribers as now gladden our lists, but what's the use? Names will come in as we deserve, without a question. We have patronage enough to make a living thing of BIZARRE, and we shall get more, all in good time. Our circulation in Philadelphia is most excellent in quality, while it is also probably as large as that of any other weekly paper printed here. This is a point for advertisers to remember, while it is also a gratifying evidence of BIZARRE's estimation *at home, among the right kind of people.*

Dear Friends,—old and new subscribers, to you who have paid up, we say, much obliged to you who have not paid, we say; please have your money ready. The terms are expressly IN ADVANCE \$1.25; — AT THE END OF THE YEAR, \$2.00. Those who choose, may avail themselves of the last price, though we cannot help thinking it would be better for all parties if the first were with one accord, adopted. Still, we do not dictate touching this point, but leave all to do as they will. We repeat, the Collector will soon be "about," and we hope his pleasant smiling face will be welcomed by patrons.

Town-Talk.

— Every thing looks decidedly like the approach of cold weather. The skies lack the warm, genial hues common to them in summer, and the clouds go chasing each other about, as if to keep themselves in a glow.— The trees and shrubbery in the gardens, are changing their hues to the many-colored aspects of Joseph's coat, and when one goes into the air, especially at morning or evening, one gathers the folds of one's garment about one. Our streets are filled with people who have, for a few months, been out of town, and who have at last returned home, after happy sojournings at the watering places, and the various resorts of the warm months, both public and private. We notice many faces which

have not gladdened our vision for months, many too of our subscribers, whose persons we know, and for whom, on account of their regular reading of BIZARRE, we feel a warm regard, even though we have never spoken a word to them except through these pages.— The Town is, in brief, back within its old retreats, and there it will remain until once more broken up and scattered by a now coming of hot weather.

We have a goodly number of city matters, about which to prattle in our present Town-Talk, and we shall take them up at once.— They will indicate to distant readers some of the more notable doings of Philadelphia—one of the two great cities of North America—while they will be scanned over by our own folks at home, and probably furnish even them, something about which to talk.

— First and foremost is the opening of a new and splendid hotel on Broad street, christened "LA PIERRE." It was built by that enterprising gentleman, Mr. George W. Edwards, and is throughout an admirable establishment. "La Pierre" will accommodate some three hundred boarders delightfully. It is situated on Broad just below Chestnut, and has been leased by Major Tabor & Son, formerly of the American Hotel, New York. The rooms at "La Pierre" are finished off after the latest styles, and furnished with princely magnificence. The lower part of the house dazzles as you enter the grand entrance, and there is a flashing in the eyes even up to the roof. The gas fixtures, chandeliers, &c., the handsomest we have ever seen, are of the manufacture of the world-renowned firm, Cornelius, Baker & Co., while the mirrors, draperies, and other appointments, all superior, indeed, everything, with only one or two exceptions, ordered for furnishing "La Pierre," came from Philadelphia dealers. This fact should be borne in mind. We have had the pleasure of long knowing Messrs. Tabor & Son. We have seen them too, when in charge of a first class hotel in New York; we have enjoyed their hospitality; and we know how well calculated they are to make "La Pierre" a credit to themselves, and to our beautiful city, in which, as an architectural feature alone, it is so considerable an object. Success to them.

— The election is upon us, and the streets are, as a matter of course, noisy with drums and fifes and brazen horns. We suspect, horns of another kind, but to the same purpose, the procuring of votes, are freely indulged in at the taverns. We should like to vote for a paid fire department and consolidation, and if we can find any ticket which will enable us to accomplish these points, without endorsing the mania of temperance, to our view as bad as the mania of intemperance, the thing shall be done. We know no

men now-a-days; our political "principles, principles, Mr. Speaker;" but we won't; we find we are putting our foot upon slippery soil.

— Among the amusements of Philadelphia at present, John Owen's Alpine Rambles, at Concert Hall, do much entertain. We have tripped it with Mr. O. to St. Bernard, hospice; to Chamouni, to the chalet, on the peak, where M'lle Julie resides, and thence Francois, leading us beyond the GRAND MULETS, to the cone of Mont Blanc itself. Our companions in the valley, Mr. Petrikens, Mrs. Partington, her languishing, "gushing" daughter, and the New York dandy, "My, you know, boy," were capital time-killers in their way, but we found ourselves fully as well satisfied, when we were all alone with Owen and the guides, on the *grand plateau*, expecting every moment to be swept by an avalanche into some yawning crevice, there to be put up in ice for thousands of years' preservation. Think of BIZARRE, not a pillar of salt, but a column of never-melting ice, thus preserved, and thus awaiting the coming of the last day!

— Archbishop Hughes has sued the publishers and editor of the *Episcopal Recorder*, for a libel. The case will doubtless cause no little excitement; indeed it must be the subject of an agitation which will be felt, not only here, but all over the country. Now that Bishop Doane's trials are ended, a new ecclesiastical *furor* may be well enough. We think Bishop Hughes will find himself mistaken, if he thinks an American jury can impose a penalty on the press for speaking whatever it may choose to speak, in regard to creeds, or the upholders of creeds, at least, in their public capacities. But we know not the provocation of the suit, when we write.

— We wish to say a word about Manager Perham's new gift project, especially as it is becoming a theme of much Town-Talk. He offers, then, as will be seen by advertisement in our pages, one hundred thousand gifts, embracing among them the Panorama of the Lakes and and St. Lawrence, for so many months a popular sight in our city; a farm near Beverly, N. J.; a superb blood horse; with pianos, watches, hats, and other matters, which we cannot particularise. You get, for one dollar, paid to J. H. Farrand, at the Assembly Buildings, a ticket, giving four admissions to the panorama exhibition, in Chinese Hall, New York, and a chance for one of the many splendid gifts specified in Mr. Perham's advertisement. The enterprize will unquestionably be well carried out, for had we not Manager Perham himself as a voucher of the integrity of the whole thing, there is James H. Farrand to back him;

and James H. Farrand has too high a character at stake, to lend himself to anything dishonest.

— We were introduced to a singular person the other day. He hailed from Kentucky, and professed to possess such a command over horses, that he could make the wildest in a moment docile, nay obedient to word of command, like creatures human. He had a *drum*, with the tap of which he said he could exercise a company of horses, as well as a drill sergeant a company of marines. We did not see him try his experiment, but he has promised an exhibition of the kind one of these days. Our horse friend is full of scripture quotations, which he mixes up with horses, men, women, medicines, phrenology, &c. most ludicrously. Truly we pounced upon a character; one whose head, we doubt not, our friend Elliott, the phrenologist, long ago read and charted, for he it was who introduced to us this extraordinary Kentuckian.

Krawfish Reddivus.

— The fun-loving, pun-moving, absolutely-killing Kittie Krawfish having returned to the city, after a few weeks' sporting at Tinicum, sends us the following, as evidence of the distinguished consideration which BIZARRE still holds in his affections.

— It is becoming the fashion to give the title of *Reverend* to the feminine advocates of Woman's Rights. We believe that a *young lady* may be pleased when she is called *divine*, but doubt if any lady *un peu passe* will like the *Reverend*.

— We don't think it right to exclude ladies from a Convention, when the business is to make speeches. If the members of such conventions were allowed to speak all at once, and to report their own speeches, we think it would expedite business.

— There is not near so much *wickedness* in the city since the introduction of gas, but a great deal more villany.

— The Russian minister says that Koszta is a felon, because he stole the crown of Hungary. If he be a felon for stealing the crown, what is the Austrian government? *It* has stolen every thing but the crown, and would steal that too, if *it* had the chance.

— "May her shadow never grow less."

An advertisement of the new steamship, "Keystone State," says that she is expected to be the *fatest* vessel afloat.

Amusements.

— ARCH ST. THEATRE.—The system of prices adopted at this establishment, combined with the capital entertainments offered, have secured it a patronage almost unparalleled

in Philadelphia theatrical annals. Its stock of actors is unquestionably the best in the city. Miss Ludlam, a golden-haired *Scotch lassie*, we should judge, creates great enthusiasm in her *Pas de quatre nations*. Mr. Wheatley performed the character of Hamlet, on Monday evening, with great taste and feeling.

— **WALNUT STREET THEATRE.**—Ever since the advent of Miss Davenport on the 12th of September, this house has been doing a capital business. Miss D. performed the round of her best characters, and also in a new piece entitled "Camille," which was nothing less than a dramatic representation of "*La dame aux camelias*." If the piece had been advertised under this title, it would of itself have sufficed to fill houses for a fortnight.

Mis Julia Dean has been the star during the past two weeks. She is a very earnest and pathetic actress, but has scarcely enough womanhood for deeply tragic characters. On Monday night last she appeared as the heroine in Mr. Boker's new tragedy, 'Léonor de Guzman,' which was received by a full and fashionable house, with great approbation.

— **VANNUCHI'S WAX STATUARY.**—This is a perfect chamber of horrors, an inspection of which will insure you the constant attendance, for at least a week, of all sorts of spectres and caco-demons. Ladies afflicted with the vapours would never survive a visit here. Parents should take great care that their children, timid ones at least, should not have their peaceful minds disturbed by a sight of these horrible corpses.

— **CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.**—The success of "Uncle Tom" at the National encouraged this establishment to produce the same drama, as originally produced at New York, with some of the same actors, who had there won quite a reputation in their respective characters. The Chestnut Street version is also drawing large houses.

— **CHINESE MUSEUM.**—Mr. Heller, the most accomplished sorcerer by far that we have ever known, still continues his nightly entertainments here. His second sight mystery is the most astounding thing we have ever witnessed, and proves the man to be almost a *Deus ex machina*.

— **NATIONAL THEATRE.**—Uncle Tom's Cabin still continues to attract crowds here. It is a great card for the lessee, and a great insult to the public.

Business Memos.

— Messrs. Durand & Tourtellot opened their new drug store, at No. 184 Chestnut Street, on Monday evening. It is truly a splendidly tasteful affair, and reflects infinite credit upon the accomplished architect, Mr. Joseph

D. Koecker, after whose designs the improvements were made, as well as upon the mechanics by whom the work was done. The *ensemble* of the store is indescribably fine, and when its doors were thrown open for the first time, on the evening stated, admiring crowds surrounded them, while a large number of people occupied the store itself. Among those present, were many of our leading citizens, with their families, who were treated by the young and excellent proprietors of this establishment to a capital supper. The table was spread in a spacious apartment attached to Mrs. Wynkoop's boarding-house in the rear of the store. The entertainment was *recherche* in the extreme, while it was ordered without any apparent regard for expense. While supper was being discussed, there was much pleasant interchange. Sergeant Andrews, one of the guests, prefaced a toast with a neat speech, complimentary to the young hosts, which was well received. Upon the whole, we have rarely, if ever, passed a more agreeable hour, than while enjoying the hospitality of Messrs. Durand & Tourtellot, and we wish them, with all our heart, *bon success*.

— *Scott's Weekly* has the following notice of a gentleman of whom we have frequently spoken in our columns:—

"How true is the assertion that a good man's works will eventually be appreciated; some time ago, our readers will remember that Colonel W. H. Maurice gave a supper to his friends, on the occasion of his opening the new stationery establishment, No. 128 Chestnut Street. Whilst at the table, the Colonel gave a speech that abounded with good advice and common sense. He said, 'as oil was to machinery, so advertising was to a man of business.' That sentiment has been extensively copied all over the Union, and we hope that some of our business men will persevere like the Colonel, and also establish regulations by observing the straight-forward rules of business."

— Charles Oakford, and his magnificent Store, No. 158 Swaim's Buildings, continues to attract a large share of the attention of the town. It is, indeed, the model store, and he is also the model hatter. We see, in his windows, however, not alone his own beautiful Autumn styles, but the last Parisian modes. The man must be fastidious indeed, who cannot suit himself at Oakford's. By the bye, cold weather is coming, and the ladies will very soon be looking up furs. Let them bear in mind that Oakford has a saloon devoted to furs alone, and that it is filled with a most rich and various stock.

— Mr. William T. Fry is now fully established in his new store, No. 128 Arch street. Please send his advertisements.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.

My impression has long been that when any considerable number of persons accept a certain idea and act upon it for a lengthened period, it must be because such idea comprises more or less of truth and practical worth. On this account I long ago concluded, that the followers of Ann Lee, among all their eccentricities of opinion and discipline, must hold some thought which merited examination and analysis, if these might be had; and the elucidation of which might, perhaps, benefit the world. It may be that I have not grasped the formative principle of their organization and life. But I can say, that I made some efforts to this end, during a three months residence among them, as a recognized member of their body.

I need not detain the reader by stating the reasons why I enrolled myself among these unfashionably dressed people, and for a season "cast in my lot with them," though some of these reasons belong, I suspect, to the same class with what are now called "spiritual rappings." In one respect, my "writing myself Shaker" was accidental; since, when I visited the Community, I thought it possible I might stay among them and share their modes of life long enough to understand something about them, without absolutely becoming one of them. At the end, however, of one week, during which I was hospitably entertained, it was gently hinted, that I "must now be able to decide whether I would join them or not." And yet this joining implied nothing beyond a *probation* more or less protracted, since I was told by one of the Elders, that not more than one in ten remained among them beyond the close of the first year. Why this is, will appear from my narrative itself.

Well, I at once resolved to stand the trial, and requested the instant performance of the initiatory ceremonies. I was instructed to retire to the guest-chamber reserved for masculine visitors. Here I was soon joined by the "first Elder" of the "Family," wherein I was stopping. This Family contained some seventy persons, (the sexes being nearly equalized,) lodged in three dwelling houses,

with the accompaniment of suitable workshops for various manufactures. There were three other Families in the town, some less and some more numerous, which, together with this, constituted one Shaker Community.

The Elder entered the room, a rather intelligent, good-natured looking man of forty-five. Without superfluous preliminaries, he said, my first step must be a *full confession* of every sin I could remember having perpetrated, wished or imagined, during my whole life! Something of a demand this on a frail child of Adam, who had passed his thirtieth year. However, having resolved to experiment fairly on that mode of thought and life, which was held by some thousands of human beings, as the way of truth and righteousness and eternal blessedness, I addressed myself in all honesty to the task he assigned me.

It is, I believe, a veracious declaration of the Shakers, that the seal of *their* confessional has been kept no less inviolate, than that of the Catholic Priesthood. Yet I cannot say it was an agreeable office thus to retrace the oft-times painful years of a long Past, that I might reproduce for a stranger's hearing, my faults and sins of whatever description. I did not, however, shrink or conceal, but frankly spoke out every delinquency, which my memory could recall. And—explain it who can—I drew a positive, distinct relief and solace from the act.

The Elder behaved well. Neither by word or look did he imply the slightest reproach. And, more than this, by an occasional question intended by him, as a *possible* aid to my memory, he intimated indirectly, that I had not, after all, been the "chief of sinners" within his knowledge, but that there were misdeeds in the world, which personal experience had never taught me. I think these suggestions were kindly meant by him to console me in the performance of my humbling task.

I finished my disclosures at last, and his sole comment thereon was—"your next step is to have your hair cut!" I had noticed, for it was impossible to avoid noticing, the heads of the "Brethren," but I had gone too far to halt now. So, procuring a pair of keen scissors, he clipped my hair in a fashion, whose supreme ugliness must be seen to be even imagined. On first peering in the glass, after the operation, I thought no created thing ever matched me in appearance. But, on further scrutiny, I concluded that certain others of the Family went even beyond me in the very point where I fancied myself unapproachable. This was some consolation.

I may here mention, that I puzzled myself long to solve the problem, for what imaginable reason such a mode of trimming the hair

should have been adopted. This reason I casually learned at last from a member of several years standing. He said, that one of the primitive elders of the "Believers" being on a certain occasion, in the Spiritual World, noticed that the Angels all had their hair dressed in this way; and therefore, on returning home, he introduced the fashion here. He told this gravely and manifestly believed it.

The Shakers economise time. The hair-cutting was finished about noon, and it was not accordant with their habits, that the remaining half day should be lost. Without delay, then, they arranged me in butternut-colored pants; round-toed, cowhide shoes; a bluish-gray vest shaped like those of our great grandfathers; and a long, tow frock reaching to my ankles; and conducted me to an upper room of a large brick workshop. In this building the business of broom-making is carried on, various simple machines being applied to the several stages of the process.—Many thousand dollars' worth of these utensils are made here annually, and I was told, that the nett profits of the preceding year, were ten thousand dollars. As I was going to commence my apprenticeship, I was inducted into a room where four or five men were trimming the corn for the manufacture with machines, and was seated at one of these myself. So little complex was its make, that a few days taught me to use it with considerable facility.

We labored till 7 o'clock, which was our supper hour, and the time for closing our workshops. Supper, like all our meals, was conducted in a certain invariable order. The men resorted to a special second story room of the building, containing our eating hall, while the women gathered at another room. After waiting here a few minutes, we marched two and two, at the tinkling of a bell, to the door of the two elders' room, when they came out and headed our procession, as did the two elderesses the procession of the women. Thus, mutely and solemnly, we stalked down to a large, half under-ground hall, where two long tables were spread, as far apart as possible, for the two sexes. At a certain signal we all seated ourselves simultaneously, and after dropping our heads for a moment or two, in what purported to be a silent grace, we together commenced the meal. By usage this lasted exactly fifteen minutes, and luckless was he whose alimentiveness was large and his mastication slow. At the close of the quarter hour, both parties simultaneously rose in imitation of the four elders, and returned to the rooms above, the women leaving the hall first. Thence all dispersed at once to their own chambers.

These chambers, though uncarpeted and studiously plain, are otherwise well furnish-

ed and comfortable enough. All, however, are subject to the evil of being overcrowded. Mine, though not over sixteen feet square, had in it three beds, each occupied by two persons. They allow no one in health to sleep alone—a most disagreeable arrangement, which was adopted as an essential part of their moral discipline.

About eight o'clock, a bell summoned us to the evening religious service, which is held in a pretty long, wide hall in the same building which contains our eating room. We gathered there and seated ourselves in grave silence, the men and the women at opposite extremities of the apartment. A few minutes after all had arrived, the elders and elderesses entered, and the service immediately began. The men and women arranged themselves—the former having doffed their coats—in lines across the breadth of the room, the elders and elderesses occupying one extremity of the front line. They then commenced singing some one of their hymns, the air and words being both produced among the Shaker Body, and, as they allege, derived alike from angelic inspiration.

[We shall conclude this paper in the next number of BIZARRE.]

MADAME DE STAEL.*

Bogue, of London, has just published a biography of Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness of Stael-Holstein. It is from the pen of Mrs. Maria Norris, a lady unknown to American fame, whatever she may be at home. Her book appears to be well done; and the London press notice it with decided favor. Madame de Stael, it is well known, was the child of the great Minister of Finance, Necker, and Mademoiselle Curchod, the daughter of a Swiss minister. The reputation of her father was second only to that of Mirabeau at the time immediately preceding the French Revolution. "He began life," says a writer, "behind the desk of the banker Thelluson, and rose to be the first minister of France. Beloved by the people, feared but valued by the court, Necker was the most popular and powerful minister that France had enjoyed since Sully; yet so great was his probity and his deference to the royal authority, that even when at the very height of his power he received a peremptory order from the court to quit the kingdom *without noise*, he made use of stratagem to avoid attracting to himself the protecting influence of the public."

When only fifteen years old, Madame de Stael's literary inclinations first made their appearance, in a Commentary of the *Esprit*

* Life and Times of Madame de Stael, by Maria Norris; Bogue, London.

des Lois, with extracts; she was about twenty-two when she wrote the *Letters on Rousseau*. When twenty years of age (in 1786) her parents married her to the Baron de Stael-Holstein, Swedish ambassador in Paris for Gustavus III.; rather a pusillanimous person, or certainly a person very far inferior to herself.

Madame de Stael, like many literary ladies of our day, was somewhat eccentric. She used to go to court with her dress out of order; and, one morning, paying a morning call upon the Duchess de Polignac, she committed the abomination of leaving her bonnet behind her in the carriage. What was the punishment inflicted upon the Madame for all this, Mrs. Norris does not tell us. She states, however, that on the first breaking out of the French Revolution, Madame de Stael, with an unreflecting enthusiasm, thought she saw in it the prospect of boundless happiness for France; but it was not long before she appreciated at its true value the use made of the revolutionary doctrines. When Louis XVI. was brought back to the Tuilleries, she planned an escape for the royal family. Bertrand Moleville, one of the ministers of the fallen King, gives a detailed account of this plan, which the King's friends never even attempted to carry out, owing to the want of confidence to be placed in M. de Narbonne, to whom Madame de Stael had confided the execution of the project. Madame de Stael defended the royal family, and was finally, therefor, compelled to leave France. Mrs. Norris gives the following account of her flight.

"The order which sent her to the Hotel de Ville involved the traversing of half the city; a task not very easy or delightful for a person in a carriage and six, attended by servants in livery. However, she reached her destination, after three hours of anxiety, during which her horses had been led at a foot pace, through crowds that assailed her with cries of death. These cries she acknowledges were not insults directly personal to her; the people scarcely knew her; but an elegant carriage and embroidered liveries seemed to point out to the populace a person worthy of death. 'Not being aware,' she says touchingly, 'how inhuman man becomes under the influence of a revolution, I addressed myself frequently to the *gendarmes* who passed near my carriage, imploring their assistance. They answered me with gestures of menace and disdain. I was pregnant, but that did not disarm them; on the contrary, I irritated them on this account, because they felt themselves all the more guilty towards me.' The most dangerous point of her journey was its end; on the staircase of the Hotel de Ville several persons had been massacred on the 10th of August, and even

before she reached the staircase she had to pass through a crowd of armed men, whose ferocious eyes seemed eager for the blood of aristocrats. Their vile appearance excited her aversion, and this feeling lent her a little strength. She alighted from her carriage in the midst of this terrible throng, and walked under an arch of pikes. Having reached the staircase, flanked by regular ranks of lances, she proceeded to ascend. One man directed his lance against her, the *gendarme* who had been in her carriage parried the blow with his sabre. 'Had I fallen at that moment,' she says, 'my life would have been over; for it is the nature of the people to respect whoever stands erect, but for a fallen foe they have no pity.' At last she reached the commune, at which Robespierre was presiding; and having escaped from the violence of the mob, she began to breathe again. She had formerly once met Robespierre at her father's house, before he had had any chance of acquiring his terrible notoriety; when, in fact, he was nothing but a poor advocate. That interview had not prepossessed her in his favor; his livid complexion, and the greenish hue of his veins, were not at all calculated to make an agreeable impression, and the positive dogmatical tyranny with which he asserted the wildest opinions had completed the disgust which his appearance had begun. To the mercies of this wretch she was now delivered, His secretary, Billaud-Varennes, sat at his desk, with a beard of fifteen days' growth on his chin; this slovenly precaution was adopted to put him beyond the suspicion of belonging to the atistic party. At the time when Madame de Stael was placed at the bureau of Robespierre, another victim, also seated there, and being no less a person than the mayor of Virien, rose to state that, placed there together, he and the lady by his side had committed no crime in common, and that whatever might be her offence, it would not be fair to implicate him in it. Yet probably this man was gallant enough in ordinary circumstances—would rise to open a door for a woman, and bow her out of a room with grace. His chivalry went no further than comported with his convenience. How true may this be of many of our virtues, and how far we are from knowing it, until some unexpected crisis tears off the flimsy mask of excellence, and exposes the real imperfections of our character! Excited by the want of generosity in her fellow prisoner, Madame de Stael was stimulated to use her own exertions to save herself. She rose, and asserted her right to depart, as ambassadress of Sweden, appealing to her passports in confirmation of this right. Just then Manuel arrived, and it seems his interest in her had been permanently excited by the bold attempt she had

made to save her friends. In spite of all the efforts of men to degrade themselves, they cannot but be touched by a trait of true heroism. Manuel was very much surprised to see her in such a sad position; but asserting that he would answer for her detention until the commune had decided on her sentence, he took her and her waiting-woman to his own cabinet, where they remained for six hours, faint from hunger, thirst, and fear. The window of Manuel's apartment looked on to the Place de la Greve, and Madame de Stael could see the assassins coming back from the prisons, their arms naked and red with blood, while they rent the air with their dreadful cries. Her carriage, still laden with her baggage, stood in the midst of the square, and the people were about to strip it, when she saw a tall man in the uniform of the National Guard ascend the box, and protect her property from the mob. This man resolutely defended the equipage and its contents during two hours. Madame de Stael was at a loss to conceive how a man could devote himself to such a trifle as the preservation of property, while such awful scenes were passing around him. In the evening, this man with Manuel entered the room where Madame de Stael was shut up; she discovered him to be Santerre the brewer. She inquired the reason why he had exerted himself in her behalf, and must have been profoundly affected by his answer. He had lived, he said, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and had often witnessed the distribution of grain, procured by Monsieur Necker during the famine. Of these distributions he had preserved a grateful remembrance, and this was his mode of acknowledging his sense of Necker's generosity. Manuel, as soon as he saw her, exclaimed with emotion, that he had set her two friends at liberty. Madame de Stael says that he was bitterly afflicted by the assassinations that were now constantly committed, and yet he had not power to oppose them. 'A gulf,' she says, 'gaped behind every man who acquired authority, and if he stepped back he fell into the abyss.' Having waited for night in order to avoid the loss of his popularity, Manuel conducted Madame de Stael home in her carriage. The lamps were not lighted in the streets, but many figures bearing torches were passing to and fro. These torches made the darkness appear yet more terrible; often a torch was thrust before the carriage window, and Manuel was rudely asked who he was? When he answered that he was the *procurcur* of the commune, he was allowed to proceed without molestation. It seems that while such respect for authority existed, even for authority in a guise so mean and brutal as the revolutionary government were, all was not lost; and France might have retrieved

herself had she found a man to guide her. When Manuel had seen her safely at home, he assured her that he would exert himself to procure her a new passport, but warned her that she must be accompanied by her waiting-maid only, and that a *gendarme* would escort her to the frontier. This *gendarme* was Tallien, who, twenty months after, assisted in procuring the ruin of Robespierre; and who thus was instrumental in sending to the scaffold the wretch who had supplied it with so many victims."

Madame de Stael despised Buonaparte from the commencement of his career; indeed she seems to have understood him as he was, a bold aspiring villain; to our mind one of the greatest that history offers. This truthful estimate held by Madame de Stael of his character, of course made Buonaparte her enemy. Mrs. Norris thinks, as do we, that the story of Madame de Stael's opposition to Buonaparte being based on disappointment at his rejection of her love, was a lie. When they first met in Paris, he looked upon her as one who read him, and despised him, and hence was excessively rude to her.

"Whom do you consider the greatest woman, living or dead?" inquired Madame de Stael one evening, at Talleyrand's. 'Her, madam, who has borne the most children,' curtly replied Buonaparte. 'It is said,' she resumed, a little discomfited, 'that you are not very friendly to the sex.' 'I am passionately fond of my wife,' he answered, turning abruptly away, to converse with some one else. On another occasion General Buonaparte suddenly joined a circle to which Madame de Stael was delivering a clever dissertation upon the state of parties in France: everybody applauded except Buonaparte, who remained perfectly silent. 'Well, general, don't you agree with me?' Madame de Stael was the reply, 'I have not been attending, because I don't like to hear women talking about politics.' 'You are quite right, general,' she rejoined; 'but in a country where heads are being cut off, it is only natural that we should like to know the reason why.' In 1815, when Buonaparte was on his way from Elba a lady, who was attached to his party, attempted to flatter Madame de Stael, by saying that the Emperor had been informed of her friendliness to him in his misfortunes. 'I hope he knows how much I detest him,' was her uncompromising answer."

Madame de Stael was banished from France in 1803, by order of Napoleon, who sent his message to that effect, by a *gendarme*. Mrs. Norris gives the following account of the affair.

"He, the messenger, announced himself as the commandant of the *gendarmierie* at Versailles, but added that he came out of

uniform lest he should alarm her. He showed her an order of exile, signed by Buonaparte, which empowered the police to secure her departure within four-and-twenty hours, to a distance of not less than forty leagues from the capital. But this agent of despotism treated her with all the consideration her fame and position demanded. To the time of departure she demurred; four-and-twenty hours, she said, might be sufficient notice for conscripts, but could scarcely be enough for a woman with children. Some preparations were needful before she could depart on such a journey; three days at least she must have in Paris. To this no objection was made, and she and her children, accompanied by this officer, set out immediately for the city to which she had so often turned with hope and joy. In passing the house of Madame de Recamier, she stopped for a few minutes, and finding General Junot there, procured from him a promise to speak in her behalf. Then she sadly resumed her drive. Her *gendarme* had been chosen, perhaps, as the most literary of his set, for he complimented her on her writings, and ventured to praise her talent. Pride prompted her to strive at gaiety; and she said to him in reply, 'But see whither all this leads, this genius which you admire. Oh, sir, if any person of your family, should be so unlucky as to possess it, pray counsel her to keep it to herself, or it will assuredly bring her into trouble.' Every morning this man pressed her to leave, and every morning she begged another day; her few friends called on her, or dined with her, 'and sometimes,' she says, 'we were even gay.' No doubt Buonaparte grew tired of this delay; and it was, most probably, on this occasion that Monsieur Talleyrand announced to her the determination of the First Consul that she should leave Paris, and that speedily. He was a man who could fling away a friend with the most exquisite grace. 'Madame,' said the minister, 'I wish you a pleasant journey.' 'A pleasant journey?' 'Yes—a pleasant journey to Switzerland. I hear you set out in three days.' 'Oh, but you have been misinformed, I have no such idea.' 'Nevertheless, I have heard it from the best authority. *Encore, bon voyage. Adieu.*' Joseph Buonaparte made another attempt to save her, and invited her to spend the last few days of her time with his wife at Morfontaine. To this lovely place, accompanied by her elder son, she went for three days. There she left her friends, and addressed her sorrowful face towards the path of exile."

Upon this banishment, she went to Weimar, where she made the acquaintance of Goethe, Schiller, and other German scholars, and where she wrote her *Cyrinus* and *Germany*. The remainder of her life, after

leaving Weimar, Mrs. Norris says, was a sort of flight from Napoleon. "She went to Russia; Napoleon was after her; and as the imperial eagles entered Moscow, she fled to Stockholm by way of Finland. During her stay at St. Petersburg she chanced to be present at a banquet, when the toast was given: *Success to the Russian armies against France.* 'No,' said she, 'not against France, but against the oppressor of France;' and the sentiment was loudly applauded."

Madame de Stael subsequently married Rocca, a young soldier whom she met in Switzerland, and to whom she was ardently attached. The marriage was not published until after her death. She died on the 14th of July, 1817. Those who are nice in the observation of coincidences remark that it was upon the anniversary of the very day on which, twenty-eight years before, the revolution burst forth. M. Rocca did not long survive his wife; for he died in Provence on the 29th of January, 1818.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH TWELFTH.

More of the Old Fort at Sunbury, &c.

But there are thoughts other than those suggested by the interesting natural scenes of which we spoke in our last, and which crowd thickly upon the mind, and demand its consideration. His patriotic feelings must indeed be "wrapped up in triple brass," whose heart does not bound with unwonted emotions as he stands upon the very spot where his forefathers contended for liberty, and views the memorials of their struggles. The English, at this time, were attempting to subdue this portion of southern Georgia, by two separate inroads. Colonel Provost had penetrated into the centre of Liberty County, burning Midway Church, and almost every private dwelling in the neighbourhood, through which he passed. Rice-barns, cotton-houses, and granaries of every kind, shared a similar fate, while plate, bedding, and all other articles which could be carried away, were taken by the enemy. Colonel Fuser commanded the other division, and on the first of December, 1778, appeared off Colonel's island, some six miles from Sunbury, with several vessels, armed with battering cannon and light artillery, and mortars. He was also in command of a body of five hundred men. Succeeding in landing, (which, in consequence of the small number of American soldiers, could not be well opposed,) he prepared to attack the fort simultaneously, both by land and water. A formal demand was sent to the fort, insisting upon an immediate, uncon-

ditional surrender, accompanied with this threat, that in case of a refusal, not a man should be spared to narrate the history of the bloody consequences, and that his troops should sweep through the land like a besom of destruction. Although the works would not have been tenable for more than an hour against the combined assault of such superior numbers, nevertheless Colonel John McIntosh, a gallant young officer, to whom was entrusted the command of the fort, determined upon a desperate defence of this position, with confident anticipations of immediate relief from Savannah. With a Spartan heroism, and a laconic brevity, which well became a son of this young republic, his only response was, "*Come and take it.*" Noble reply! one which will immortalize the hero who made it, preserving his memory ever distinguished, with that of his brave companions, when these ramparts shall be level with the plain. Although the thunder tones of these cannon, dismounted, and rusting upon the soil which they were designed to defend, have ceased their reverberation along the shore,—although these embankments are crumbling away,—this moat overgrown with cedars, and fast filling up under the influence of the winter's frost and autumnal storms,—although the river no longer bears upon its bosom an enemy's fleet,—although the sound of martial music, the tramp of armed men, and the challenge of the sentinel, have all died away, still the associations connected with this locality, and the honor of those who so courageously acted their parts, will never fade in the remembrance of any Georgian, and especially of that one, who has in person stood upon its grass-grown battlements, but be more sincerely cherished, as the lapse of years shall render them even more venerable.

"Yes, honor decks the turf that wraps their clay."

The spirited and laconic reply of Colonel McIntosh, discouraged Colonel Fuser from attempting an immediate investment. In the mean time, hearing of Provost's retreat, and learning the advance of troops from Savannah for the relief of Sunbury, he raised the siege, and embarked for St. John's River. His expedition consequently proved a total failure. Had the conduct of Colonel McIntosh been different, the result would in all probability, have proved a sad one for this section of Georgia.

The fort was subsequently captured by Provost, after the fall of Savannah. Major Lane was then in command, and after a short conflict, was compelled to surrender at discretion, to a force nearly ten times as great as his own.

During the revolutionary war this section

of the country was indeed the

"Nursery of giant men,"

and many are the localities with which their eloquent actions have linked

"The magic of a warrior's name."

When necessity called, every citizen was a soldier,—each soldier, if need be, a general,—every general a hero. Yet many a hallowed spot is fast losing its characteristic features, and soon name and historical association alone will designate the places where once were apparent the physical efforts of our forefathers. "Change sweepeth over all, and in its ruthless career destroys that which we would preserve intact—unaltered.

"O'er cities of old days,
Dumb creatures graze,
Palace and pyramid
In dust are hid;
Yes, the sky-searching tower
Stands but its hour."

How needful, then, that the child of freedom should often repair to these deserted and mouldering remains of former years, to learn the struggles, the daring of his ancestors, to have his own heart strengthened in the support of those generous principles and noble institutions which they died to perpetuate,—to appreciate more fully the price at which the blessings of civil and religious liberty were purchased. With his breast swelling with the emotions suggested; with one's hand on such an altar, like the Carthaginian of old, he may truly swear eternal vengeance against every intruder who would sacrilegiously pluck one feather from the expanded pinions of our noble bird, or erase one star from our spangled banner. Then may these revelatory relics perish, when the memories and virtues, principles and aims of a glorious past, have been indelibly impressed upon the minds of this and succeeding generations, when each American can truthfully say, and find his inmost soul agreeing with the expression of his lips,—

"Tis Columbia alone that can boast of the soil
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile,
Our bosoms with rapture beat high at thy name,
Thy health is our transport—our triumph thy fame;
Like our sires, with our swords we'll support thy renown;
What they bought with their blood, we'll defend with
[our own.]"

At the opposite end of Sunbury, stood a large live oak tree, which tradition designates as the one, beneath which Gen. Oglethorpe concluded a treaty with the Indians, who possessed this portion of the sea-coast, together with the adjacent islands of St. Catharine, Ossabaw, Blackbeard, and other smaller ones. Its majestic arms, clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and extending widely over a grassy

plat, seemed sufficiently capacious to cover with their grateful shade an army of warriors, while the massive trunk and iron texture, might prove suggestive to the imaginative mind of the native, of the perpetuity of their alliance, and the power of those professions of mutual regard. It is also currently reported and generally believed, that beneath this temple of nature's handiwork, the first Masonic Lodge in Georgia was organized. A more suitable place in a newly settled location, could not surely have been chosen, if such was the case.

In the full vigor of manhood, when Sunbury was in its infancy, it remained a silent witness of the many vicissitudes which were experienced by that town—at every period an ornament and a marked object. Although in a very exposed situation near the bluff, the lightning in its wild, terrific sports, flashed in erratic currents around its summit, yet spared this tree, seemingly unwilling to blast that which was at once an honor to the village, and a chronicler of important events in by-gone years. The rude North East wind, and the hurricane, had marred not its giant symmetry and proportions. There it stood, with its waving moss and huge trunk—sole remaining Patriarch of a primeval forest, in a robust old age. There, in all human probability, it would still have stood, had not a ruthless hand, a short time since, when Sunbury had indeed become a "deserted village," wantonly caused its destruction. The destroyer was one of those ignorant men who know little of, and care less for, the associations of the past—regard not the future—and, for the sake of a trifling, childish gratification of the present, will desecrate and deface that, which men and occasions have honored, which no human power can replace, which Nature herself cannot for centuries restore.

EGERIA.*

Mr. Simms has been many years before the public, and in both prose and verse, has been a prolific writer. He is unquestionably a man of some genius, and occasionally exhibits gleams of poetic imagination. But his works are of exceedingly various merit. Some of them, as his versified translations from the Psalms of David, are among the most drearily flat performances within our knowledge. And his poetry generally is, in our view, of that *mediocre* cast, which, it was said, "neither gods nor men can accept."

His prose is better. In several of his novels we have met with occasional passages not unworthy the most distinguished authors,

* Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel, by W. Gilmore Simms, Philadelphia. E. H. Butler & Co.

and which have made us regret, that the mind capable of such, should not always have stood "on the same high level." But, as *wholes*, his books are variously defective.—The narrative drags, and is generally encumbered with much of irrelevancy and sapless verbiage.

He began, we think, to publish too young. He has, moreover, written too much—especially in the form of Magazine Literature.—And again, we suspect he has not subjected his mind to that long and rigorous discipline, which alone can qualify an author to contend triumphantly for the palms of immortality.

The present is, of all his books known to us, the most creditable to Mr. Simms. It comprises some 300 duodecimo pages of apothegms, relating to Literature, Art, Politics, the conduct of life, &c., which, the writer says, have mostly grown out of his individual experience. We have read the volume carefully through, and although we have found little or nothing that throws light into the profounder depths of Man's being, or helps to solve the more perplexing enigmas of his life and destiny; and although we have not been especially thrilled or moved in any way, yet we have found in it much of both pleasant and instructive reading, many passages both ingeniously and poetically expressed, and much, finally, that shows the writer to be alike an observing and reflecting man, if not observing and reflecting very deeply.

We can, therefore, honestly recommend this volume to our readers, and we take our leave of it with the hope, that Mr. Simms will yet give us some work which will do greater justice to his original powers, than any he has yet produced.

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

—Mr. Grave, of the London *Critic*, gives Thackeray a notice in his last gossip. He says:—"The eminent Thackeray has announced his new serial, *The Newcomes*, as not only to make its welcome appearance at the near date of the 1st of October, but as to be edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq., *clarum et venerabile nomen*. *The Newcomes*, moreover is, according to the advertisements, to be illustrated by Richard Doyle, the artistic genius who used to illustrate *Punch*, but ceased so to do because it sneered at Popery, he being a Papist. The eminent Thackeray himself is to spend the winter in Paris, where so distinguished a writer is sure to meet with the warmest social reception. His name, in that case, on the door of the chambers in the Temple, where Oliver Goldsmith once dwelt, will be merely symbolical and associative: *stat magni nominis umbra!* The

eminent man, as is well known, is now a barrister-at-law; he ate his terms at the Middle Temple: he ate, I said—rather he professed to eat them; for members of that venerable inn of court tell you how he left untouched, and with disgusted look, their humble viands upon the table; loudly proclaiming that he was about to dine elsewhere and better! Shortly he will be, if not already he is, that enviable entity, a barrister of six years' standing, eligible to many an honorable post. Alas! how employ usefully, and to himself honorably, in the service of the state that delicate and satiric intellect of his, which plays half-mockingly, half-lovingly about the physiognomies of men and things, 'Tis an abstruse problem, and one which hath long perplexed the present writer. Thackeray is not what they call a 'practical man.' and yet, honour to him for it, he was the first of our 'popular writers' who insisted (in his Irish Sketch Book) on the introduction of the useful and industrial element into the education of the higher and middle classes of these Latin and Greek-tormented realms. He is not a statist, an economist, a publicist, a politician, a jurist; you could not make him a police magistrate; how can he serve the state? I have it. Under the joint superintendence of the Committee of Council on Education and of the Board of Trade, create—as there is already a department of practical art—create I say, a department of practical cookery, and put Thackeray at the head of it! Who forgets those papers of Thackeray's in *Fraser's Magazine*, devoted to a delightful description of the savoury and tasteful mysteries of the Parisian kitchen? Who forgets the scattered indications throughout all his writings of a knowledge of that sublime art,—a knowledge which here, as everywhere, is power? And who that has studied English life but will trace to English ignorance of the more refined niceties of culinary preparation, those faults of coarseness, of torpor, of melancholy sulkiness, with which the English are reproached by their happier continental neighbours. Forward then, O Mr. Thackeray; leap like another Curtius into the gulf which threatens to devour thy much-loved England. The 'great' Carlyle seeks to scourge paupers; let it be thine to teach all England to cook and to eat. Soyer has just brought out his *Pantropheon*, a history of the preparation of food from the earliest ages to the present time: he, having (like Mr. Antony Panizzi) naturalized himself, shall, as Right Honourable Alexis, be Secretary of the Department of Practical Cookery, with the Right Honourable William Makepeace Thackeray for President. Even now (according to the latest volumes of the Committee of Council on Education) the noble art

of cookery is being taught with government aid, and under government superintendence, to the youthful spinsters of Finchley, once celebrated merely for the bandit-feasts of Richard Turpin. Let it be thine, throughout the length and breadth of merry England, to metamorphose, under national auspices, the roast into the stew—greater than Henri Quatre with his fowl, to introduce a fricasse into every pot, to convert the pancake into an omelette, and the chop into a cutlet. *Quel avenir, confus et immense!*"

—Hiram Powers' latest works are thus noticed by a London editor:

"Powers, the American, has realized an extended reputation, principally by his 'Greek Slave,'—though others of his works fully deserve being placed on a par with this—and continues to labour with the energies of unexhausted genius. His 'Washington,' to be erected in the senate house of Louisiana, is now being executed in the marble—a figure rather above life-size, in the quaint and most undignified costume of the time, but in the attitude and expression of which is a quiet self-collectedness, a freedom from all straining to enact the heroic part, that interests and impresses by its strong individuality. 'America,' a beautiful female crowned with a diadem of thirteen stars, is one of the artists' happiest conceptions. She stands with one arm raised in an attitude of command, the other hanging at the side, whilst the hand touches a bundle of rods bound together, as the symbol of force: the upper part of the figure being nude, the lower enveloped in long flowing drapery. As *pendant* to this may be considered his 'California,' the first instance in which the allegoric personification of that country has been produced in art—a very original piece of sculpture, in the graceful but vigorously-moulded limbs and finely-chiselled features of which we recognise, not the Greek, but the Indian type, idealised and softened, it is true, yet still unmistakable. Taking the less favourable view of his subject in its practical aspect, the artist has given to this figure, which is entirely nude, the seductive beauty and subtle expression of a syren, whose object is to fascinate in order to destroy, indicated by the divining rod she holds in one hand, pointing downwards to imply the discovery of a vein of treasure, and the handful of thorns grasped in the other, behind the back, as significant of the dreary and barbarous mode of life, or the dangerous results to social interests, which those must anticipate whom the *sacra fames* impels to these gold-producing shores. 'Meditation,' a figure intended to illustrate the *Pensieroso*, has just been commenced by Powers in the nude; the addition of drapery, which is to be ample,

'flowing in majestic train,' according to Milton's description, being thus prepared for. The peculiarity that strikes us in this sculptor's best works is, that their beauty does not appear borrowed from the antique, but from types existing in his own mind; therefore it is that they suggest reflection, and seem the ideal promise of a yet undiscovered country to the domains of his art. For some time he has worked on a method invented by himself, and apparently with many advantages. Instead of clay, he takes a mass of plaster; builds it up by a regular process of masonry, in small longitudinal pieces, to the height of the projected figure; and works upon this with instruments, alike of his own invention, consisting of flat or concave pieces of iron, perforated like the surface of a grater, but much more minutely; so that the open-work might be compared to a net, whose web is more or less delicate for the several portions or stages of the execution. The plaster figure does not, like the clay, require continual moisture, but may be left at any moment, and its labour resumed after any interval. The necessity of casting is thus dispensed with, and the first offspring of the artist's toil remains permanently in his studio."

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

The following is a list of persons residing in the United States, who have large and valuable collections of Autographs. The list will unquestionably be valuable to a class of the readers of BIZARRE.

- Mellen Chamberlain, . . . Boston, Mass.
- Jas. T. Fields, . . . do.
- Charles H. Morse, . . Cambridgeport, Mass.
- Miss Arnold, . . . New Bedford, "
- Mrs. Z. Allen, . . . Providence, R. I.
- Capt. T. Seymour, U. S. A., West Point, N. Y.
- J. B. Morean, . . . New York.
- Henry C. Baird, . . . Philadelphia.
- Dr. L. R. Koecker, . . . do.
- William Schott, . . . do.
- Edward D. Ingraham, . . do.
- Jos. H. Hedges, . . . do.
- J. J. Mickle, . . . do.
- S. Austin Allibone, . . . do.
- F. J. Dreer, . . . do.
- Dr. J. J. Cohen, . . . Baltimore.
- Dr. J. H. Causten, . . Washington City.
- J. C. McGuire, . . . do.
- Peter Force, . . . do.
- John R. Thompson, . . Richmond, Va.
- Isaac K. Tefft, . . . Savannah, Geo.
- Oscar T. Keeler, . . . Columbus, Miss.
- Lewis J. Cist, . . . Cincinnati, O.
- Joseph B. Boyd, . . . Maysville, Ky.
- Dr. Gibbs, . . . Columbia, S. C.
- Henry T. Oates, . . . Charleston, S. C.

NEW BOOKS.

— *The Illustrated Magazine of Art*, for October, comes to us from Mr. J. W. Moore, filled with entertaining as well as useful articles, and really superb illustrations; well worth three dollars is this periodical.

— *Law Register*.—This excellent periodical has reached the close of its first volume, with, as we learn, a very large list of patrons, It is very ably conducted by its editors, Messrs. Fish & Wharton, while its publication or business department, being still in the hands of its original projectors and proprietors could not have a more effective direction. Lawyers throughout the country cannot obtain better authority, in its way, than the *Register*.

— *The Forged Will*.—This is the title of a stirring story from the pen of Emerson Bennett, which T. B. Peterson has just issued in attractive style. It was published some years ago, and received with so much favor, that the new and beautiful edition in notice, was well warranted. The first we knew of the author was in connexion with a paper he joined J. H. Green—the reformed gambler—in editing, at Cincinnati, some years since. He was then a most powerful tale-writer, particularly of the horror-distilled school.

— *Hook's Church Dictionary*. We have received from E. H. Butler & Co. this excellent standard book; it being from the sixth edition, revised and adapted to American readers, by a presbyter of the Church. The editor says he has undertaken his office with strict reference to the wants of American Churchmen. He has omitted many articles which relate to the peculiar ecclesiastical laws and institution of the Church of England; many articles of architectural detail; several on the more abstruse and mooted points of theology; while he has modified and amended others, by the introduction of much new matter relating to the American branch of the church, in all those points wherein it differs from the Church of England.

The edition, Dr. Hook says, has been enlarged by an addition of more than a hundred articles. The Doctor adds:—"The circumstances of the Church of England have changed considerably from what they were when the Church Dictionary was first published. At that time the Protestantism of the Church of England was universally recognised, and the fear was lest her pretensions to Catholicity should be ignored. But now an affectation of repudiating our Protestantism is prevalent, while by ignorant or designing men Protestantism is misrepresented as the antithesis, not, as it is the case,

to Romanism, but to Catholicism; at the same time, Catholicism is confounded with Romanism, primitivism truth with mediæval error, and the theology of the Schools with that of the Fathers: while, therefore, the articles bearing on the Catholicity, orthodoxy; and primitive character of the Church of England are retained, the articles relating to the heresies and peculiarities of the Church of Rome have been expanded; and strong as they were in former editions in condemnation of the papal system, they have been rendered more useful, under the present exigencies of the Church, by a reference to the decisions of the so-called Council of Trent, so as to enable the reader to see what the peculiar tenets of that corrupt portion of the Christian world really are."

We like the addenda of the American edition, in every instance where we have examined them, believing them to be made with a conservative eye, or rather with a view to harmonize rather than further divide Episcopalians. The Church wants peace, harmony, unity; and those writers regard its interests most clearly, we think, who labour for these at least christian ends.

— We have received the seventh volume of Redfield's beautiful duodecimo edition of *Shakspeare*, with Collier's famous annotations and emendations; a work which, unquestionably, will be in demand, and despite certain attempts that are making by interested parties, both here and in England, to bring Collier into disrepute. We have not read an article in the last number of *Putnam*, written, as we learn, with this view, and by a gentleman who himself soon contemplates getting out an edition of *Shakspeare*, but we hear it has some ability. The *City Item*, by the way, says of this article in *Putnam*, or rather, in reply to an article in the *New York Times*, announcing it as from the pen of Richard Grant White;—"The article from his pen, (Mr. White's) in *Putnam*, is the sole attack made upon Collier in this country, and in England the adverse criticisms have been written by Singer, Knight, Dyce, and Hallowell, all of whom have rival editions published."

—"Notes on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," by the Rev. E. J. Stearns has, we learn, already passed to a second edition. No book was ever more favorably noticed, nor did ever book work its way more single-handed than this identical one. No extraordinary effort has certainly been made to sell it; indeed it has been but scantily advertised; rather a remarkable fact by the way, considering the extreme liberality with which the publishers usually announce their works. These publishers, we should add, are Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., who enjoy a marked reputation from the fact

of their being successors to Messrs. Grigg & Elliott, as well as from other circumstances which always help along in the business of life, and to which we need not more particularly allude. The senior of the firm is a gentleman who has a very severe literary taste. We learn he does not think BIZARRE quite equal to *Blackwood*; nay, it is possible that in his opinion it may fall short of the *Athenæum*.

—"Memoirs of a Stomach" has just appeared in London. An extract will suffice to show the character and style of the work:

THE UNIVERSITY BREAKFAST.

My college career was ushered in by suppers delayed till the morning, and breakfasts till noon. Such breakfasts, too! Being used to a mug of tea, and a round of dear, simple bread and butter, conceive my consternation when a heterogeneous mass was driven into my luckless interior, including every known condiment, and every unknown compound under the sun. Devilled kidneys and moselle; cocoa and curacao; coffee and cognac; anchovy paste and pidgeon pie; mushrooms, marmalade, and potted char; liver, caviar, pates de foies gras; dried fish, Catalonian hams, and Archangel deer tongues; all these, with many other minor delicacies too numerous to mention, very often constituted my first meal; and out of this melange I was expected to select the good from the bad, without grumbling at the additional labor. My friend and relative, Mr. Head, too, had his tasks to perform; and never did two cab-horses on a (people's) holiday work harder than we did; but at length, just as he passed his "little go," I broke completely down, and from sheer incapacity was not to be removed by whip or spur. In vain they tried all sorts of drams and stimulants; I had become so used to them, their effects had ceased. In vain little round pellets of mercury were sent to try their effect. The god himself might have shaken his caduceus in my face with no result. In fact, I could not, would not, stir; and it was only after a long course of almost starvation, that I consented to resume my duties, and then only by slow degrees.

— Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, of Edinburgh and London, announce a new and cheap edition of the Works of Samuel Warren, D. C. L., F. R. S., in 18 monthly parts, at one shilling. The first part of the "Diary of a Physician," is already out.

— Mr. Charles Scribner, of New York, issues shortly, in one large and extremely elegant octavo volume, the collected poems of Gen. G. P. Morris. "These poems," says the *Home Journal*, "have previously existed in a most scattered and inaccessible condition—in annuals, magazines, newspapers, song-books, hymn-books and other poetical collections.

They now, for the first time, appear in a volume together. Many of them have had the good fortune to become household words wherever the English language is spoken or sung. Others have enjoyed a wide but less universal favor. The majority of the pieces, however, will be new to our younger readers, while a few have not been published before in any form. The volume is illustrated by steel engravings, from designs, by Wier and Darley. A portrait of the author, by the late Henry Inman, serves as a frontispiece. The volume will be, in a few days, procurable of all the leading booksellers of the United States; and the price is to be fixed at five dollars per copy." Its sale will unquestionably be very large.

RES CURIOSAE.

We give another story about Vampires, which is from the German, and which is of course mere romance, though there are many who believe these traditions to be authentic:

CURIOUS STORY OF VAMPIRES.

Many years ago, a Heiduque, an inhabitant of Medreiga, in Poland, named Arnold Paul, was crushed by the fall of a load of hay. Thirty days after his death, so say the records, four persons died suddenly, and in the manner of those, according to the tradition of the country, who are molested by Vampyres. It was then recollected that this Arnold Paul had often related that in the environs of Cessova, and on the frontiers of Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a Turkish Vampyre; for he believed also, that such as were passive Vampyres during life, became active ones after death; that is, those who have been sucked, suck likewise in their turn; but he had found means to cure himself by eating some of the earth of the Vampyre's grave, and sprinkling himself with his blood, a precaution which, however, did not prevent his becoming one after death, since being disinterred, forty days after being buried, all the marks of an arch Vampyre were found on the corpse. The body was red, his hair, his nails, and beard were grown; and his veins filled with fluid blood, and flowing from every part upon his shroud. The bailiff of the place, in whose presence he was taken up, and very expert in vampyrism, according to custom, had a very sharp stake driven through the heart of the deceased, passing through his body, which made him cry out horribly, as if alive. This done, they cut off his head, and burned the whole. The same was done to four other persons who had died from vampyrism, lest they might in turn kill others. All this could not, however, prevent (that towards the end of the last year, that is after five years) the renewal of these prodigies,

and the unhappy death of several inhabitants. In the space of three months, seventeen persons of different ages and sex, died of vampyrism; some without any indisposition, and others after languishing two or three days. It is stated, that among them, one Stanoska, daughter of the Heiduque Sotuitzo, who had gone to bed perfectly well, awoke in the middle of the night, trembling and crying frightfully, saying that the son of the Heiduque Millo, who had been dead nine weeks, had nearly strangled her in her sleep. From that time she lingered, and died in three days; what she stated, made it known that Millo's son was a vampyre, and on taking him up it was found to be the case.—The principal people of the place, the physicians and surgeons, examined how the vampyrism could have been renewed, after the precautions taken some years preceding. At length it was discovered after much research, that the deceased Arnold Paul, had killed not only the four persons spoken of, but also several animals, of which the new vampyres had eaten, and the son of Millo amongst the rest. On these indications, they resolved to disinter all who had died within a given period; and of forty, they found seventeen with the most evident signs of vampyrism; they therefore thrust them through the heart, cut off their heads, then burned them, and threw their ashes into the river.

—How could there be a more ridiculous representation than this?

RELIGIOUS PANTOMIMES.

On one of the hills near Naples, there is a village, whose rustic habitations are overshadowed by lofty pines, green laurels, and the fragrant orangeries of the neighboring villas, in the arrangement of which Nature has been more consulted than art. There the votaries of ancient usages may enjoy the satisfaction of imagining themselves in the very bosom of the middle ages—of those blessed days into which some of the musty brains of our times would fain reconduct their restive contemporaries. At the festivity of Easter, an immense statue of St. John the Baptist issues from the Parish church of Arenella, for such is the name of the village, borne on the shoulders of four lusty peasants, who every year dispute the honor of being crushed beneath its ponderous load. The figure moves along at a slow pace, and gives one the idea of a person who has lost something. It turns restlessly about from the right to the left; it goes prying into every door, and finds its way into every court yard, and down every street. It was thus, perhaps, that, in the Eleusinian mysteries, Ceres went about in search of her daughter Proserpine, who had disappeared from her eyes, amid the yellow plains of Sicily. After many fruitless rescarches, it seems,

if it be not very much mistaken, to hear at a distance, the festive hymns that announce the resurrection of the Saviour. It would fain hasten in that direction, and make some advance to meet him, but Mary Magdalen, who has followed him at some short distance, comes to remind him of the promise he has made to the virgin, not to monopolise the first embraces of her son. St. John bows to this request, and politely falls back, to yield to the virgin the happiness of so propitious a greeting. But the heart of a mother has anticipated his coming. Behold she advances with majestic pace, amid the loud congratulations of the people, who advise her to lay aside the black mantle in which she is wrapt. In effect, at the appearance of the Redeemer, no longer habited as a man of sorrows, but resplendent in gold and jewels, the holy virgin shows herself to the longing eyes of the spectators, at the same moment peopling the air with a number of birds, which escape from her bosom. The people dance around the sacred group, which re-enters the church amid the ringing of bells and the firing of small mortars.

But a still better pantomime, of the sacred kind, is that represented on holy Thursday, at Soccive, a small village in the district of Aversa. A strapping bellman, arrayed like the man of Nazareth, crowned with thorns and bearing on his shoulders a ponderous cross, sets out to ascend the hill of Calvary. His escort consists of twenty or thirty fellows dressed as Roman soldiers, with helmets and cuirasses. From time to time the sacred victim makes a feint to fall under the load of the cross, and the executioners that follow drive him along, like very Jews, by blows of their lances, by kicks and cuffs, applied in such good earnest that the poor fellow remains most soundly pummelled, and his only consolation is that such harsh treatment will be turned to good account by being accepted, in the other world, in expiation of his sins.—Meanwhile the Virgin and the Magdalen, bathed in tears, follow the Redeemer, who, after traversing the principal paths about the village, returns, accompanied by the whole population, who are highly edified, and melted to compassion at the affecting spectacle.

— A London paper of late date says: “A few days ago died in an obscure corner of France one of the many claimants to the name and honours of Louis XVII. Some twenty years ago the wheel of Fortune—nowhere so capricious in its jerks, as in France—had thrown two men into the same dungeon of St. Pelagie. They were both little, round, fat men,—with a taste for good wine and good dishes; one, lively, shrewd, sparkling, a ready talker, an ultra-liberal, and a dandy,—the other slow and prosy, much addicted

to sentiment and roast capons. The first was, Armand Marrast, editor of the *National*, and one of the most formidable of Louis Philippe's discontented subjects; the second was, the so-called Baron de Richemont,—in whose coarse and kindly face the chivalry of France believed it traced the royal lineaments of Louis XVII. Marrast, in his kindly banter, called his friend what his friend called himself, Capet; made jokes for him, laughed at him, and praised his cookery—for Capet, like all his supposed race, was great in the kitchen. Another jerk of the wheel of Fortune! and the two men were once more face to face. This time it is in the Hotel de Ville,—Marrast is the mayor of Paris, and his friends are masters of France. Capet is before him with a memorial, claiming from his old friend one of the great thrones of the world. Marrast smiles:—since he put on those exquisite yellow gloves and scattered on his person those wondrous scents, he has learned to smile less sardonically than of old. He cannot give up France, even to the best of cooks,—for he is already Mayor of Paris—has the Presidency of the National Assembly in his grasp,—and the office of the Capets seems within his own possible reach. Capet founds a newspaper, and attacks his old friend of St. Pelagie. One more whirl of the wheel! Capet and Marrast are both lost to sight and to remembrance. The world goes on its way, and no one thinks of the aspiration and the despair of these rivals for place and power, till one bright day some solitary tourist, hearing a passing knell, inquires the name of the obscure dead, and hears—not without emotion perhaps—that it is Armand Marrast or the Duke de Richemont.”

ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

The following parody on Southey's *Widow* appeared some time since, in an English paper.

Boy, sweep the shop; the chocolate prepare, wife;
Here comes the Countess rattling down the high street
Hark! 'tis her chariot turning round the corner—
Boy, clear the counter.

Madam, permit me, (opening the coach door,
Placing the step and holding out his elbow);
Sure the young Lady will not like to wait long—
Better get out, Miss.

What will it please your Ladyship to see first?
Dimity, sarrnet, lawn, or India muslin?
China silk hose, what all the ladies wear now—
Cloaks at the ancle?

This too, deserves, my lady, your attention;
Where will you see so sweet a callimanco?
None can excel it in Margate, I assure you—
No, nor in London.

May I presume your Ladyship to tempt now?
 Ne'er did I see so elegant a lutestring!
 Boy, put her La'yship's things in the coach—"And
 Now, for my bill, sir."

Three yards of cambric, eight and forty shillings;
 Hose, calimanco, calico and muslin,
 Just twenty-two pounds, seventeen and sixpense—
 Right to a farthing.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

The closing concert of the Germanians, on Wednesday evening, the 5th instant, was the finest of the series. The occasion was honored, too, with the largest as well as the most enthusiastic gathering the band have attracted. We were pleased with the disposition thus shown by the public, to offer the Germanians "a bumper at parting," as well to honor their excellent leader, Mr. Bergmann, for whose benefit the entertainment was set apart. The programme by the way, embraced some of his compositions, and of a very high order they were. It also gave us little Camilla (Japonica) Urso, in a duett with Jaell, on themes of William Tell, which was most exquisitely executed by both. Little Urso emphatically won the Japonica,—as we call her,—on the evening in question, being several times showered with bouquets, in which we observed a plentiful sprinkling of that charming flower. Jaell too, we think, came in for floral offerings, some of which, if report speaketh truly, were very nearly as considerable in height, if not in breadth, as himself. He is a favorite, and deserves to be; for if he is not one of the most bold and striking, he is one of the most graceful and bizarre pianists we ever heard.

The Germanians have gone to Baltimore, from whence we learn they will proceed to Boston, where they propose to give a series of grand concerts, introducing among other attractions, Miss Pintard, our beautiful and popular young Philadelphia *contralto*. We bespeak for her, among the Boston musical critics, a warm reception; not because she is a Philadelphian, but because as an *artiste* she stands among the very first of her class of voice, in the country. We shall miss this charming young vocalist at Perelli's *soirees*, but there will be some comfort in the conviction that if she is absent from us, she is warming up the music-recesses of Boston soul.

— Mr. J. E. Gould, the successful publisher, of this city, has sent us the following pieces of music, which we take pleasure in noticing:—"Oh Ever Think on Me," a Swiss Melody, words by Miss Pickering, music by Gustave Blessner, and sung by Miss Richings;—"Cameronian Quadrilles," composed by Charles D'Albert;—Plantation

Song and Chorus, "Poor Sister Sue," written and composed by F. F. Merceron;—"La Danse des Fees," arranged for the piano, from Godfroie, by J. Blumtal; "Make me no Gaudy Chaplet," simplified and arranged for the piano, by the same skillful hand;—"The Naiad Queen Polka," composed and executed by Auguste Cockerl;—and "The Lilly Dale Schottische," composed by Franklin Harris.

Mr. Gould has also sent us two new and brilliant compositions of that wonderful young American Pianist, Gottschalk. The former is entitled, "The Water Sprite Polka de Salon," dedicated to Miss Mary J. Smith, of Philadelphia;—the latter is called "Ernest Glade," and is a "polka brillante," dedicated in the warm-hearted young Creole's own words, "To my dear Cousin Leonard Meyers, of Philadelphia." Gottschalk has true genius, and he has also an abundance of true soul. These, with the education he had in Paris, have made him one of the most extraordinary artists of the day.

— Bellak is constantly producing new and beautiful waltzes, polkas and ballads, which, as a general thing, our friend J. E. Gould publishes. Bellak is an excellent musician, a thorough-bred one indeed; and his teachings of the piano, we are happy to learn, are well appreciated by the public.

— We have been again and again asked, when is Jullien coming to Philadelphia? Once for all, then, we don't know, and cannot say. Possibly manager Brough will soon announce the period, and give some inkling of what is to be the programme.

— Sandford has just brought out a burlesque of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which will make his Opera House, at Twelfth and Chestnut, more than ever a place for crowds. We perceive he has Foghel back again; though we believe that clever nay, remarkable but not always tasteful violinist, has stipulated that he shall appear minus the burnt cork. Sandford is coining money.

— The Philharmonic Society are making the most extensive arrangements for their approaching series of concerts. With such indefatigables as Mr. Waterman for a file-leader, they cannot fail. There is no such word in the Philharmonic vocabulary. The improvements which have been made in the Musical Fund Hall, will render the Philharmonic Concerts more brilliant than ever, for they always attract all the beauty and chivalry of Philadelphia, and all is now ordered for an imposing ensemble.

— M. Berlioz has been giving two grand concerts of his music at Frankfort—the journals add, with great success.—Colonel

Ragani, an old officer of the Empire, widower of the once-renowned Grassini, and uncle to Grisi, has been *impresario* of the Italian Opera at Paris.—Grisi and Mario were privately married a few days ago at St. John's Wood. The recent death of M. de Melcy (Mme. Grisi's late husband) had, *on dit*, hastened the union of the two celebrated *artistes*.

—The French journals mention that the Singing Society of Cologne Gentlemen, so favorably noticed in London, have received magnificent offers to give concerts in America, which there is some possibility of their accepting. The *Athenæum* is informed, on tolerably good authority, that Madame Goldschmidt intends to go to England next year, to make a concert tour.—Early in the present year, the *Conservatoire* of Brussels offered as prize a gold medal, to the value of 1,500 francs (\$300,) to the composer of the best Symphonies. Thirty-one works, it appears, were sent in.—and the medal has been awarded to an amateur, Herr Ulrich, of Berlin.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—The *Dublin Evening Post* announces the grant by Her Majesty of a pension of 80*l.* a year—"out of the Literary Fund, says the *Post*, by some confusion of ideas—to the Rev. William Hickey, the popular agricultural writer under the well known name of "Martin Doyle."

—The *Córréspondence* of Turin says:—"A new and ingenious application of electricity has been much spoken of here lately. The Chevalier Bonelli of this place, director of the Sardinian telegraphs, has invented electric weaving machines, destined to replace with advantage the frames *a la Jacquard*, for weaving figured stuffs. Details are as yet wanting respecting this invention, which appears destined to produce a great change in industrial matters."

—Two nieces of Jacquard, the well-known inventor of the loom which bears his name, have been compelled by poverty, to offer for sale the gold medal bestowed by Louis XIV. on their uncle. The sum asked was simply the intrinsic value of the gold, 20*l.* The Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, becoming acquainted with the circumstance, agreed to become the purchasers of it for 24*l.* "Such," says the French Journal, the *Cosmos*, "is the gratitude of the manufacturing interest of Lyons for a man to whom it owes so large a portion of its splendour."

—A University for Australia has been founded and endowed by the local legislature at Sydney; and the latest tidings from that

colony speak of a project being on foot to establish a new college in connection with the University there for educating Ministers of the English Church. So says the *Athenæum*.

—At the mass meeting at Metropolitan Hall, New York, on the evening of 22nd ult., in honor of Captain Ingraham, the following gentlemen were unanimously nominated a committee to get the proposed medal in honor of Capt. Ingraham: Henry H. Morange, Felix Foresti, Julius Krahl, Dr. Schramm, John P. Hale, John MacMullen, Charles Corniss, Alexander Maluski, Gasper de Betancourt, Dr. Martinache, and H. Forbes.

—The London *Times* has some quite democratic remarks on a Buckinghamshire Agricultural festival, where Mr. Disraeli made a speech, and among other things, prizes were distributed to model-laborers. For some thirty years of unexceptionable devotion to his landlord, and affection to his family, a peasant was awarded thirty shillings as a prize—a shilling a year! This magnificent foolery, adds *The Tribune*, and some other cognate cases of exemplary bumpkin virtues, Disraeli is eloquent and affecting upon, in a set speech. *The Times* draws a parallel between the country loon so befooled, and the American slave.—to the advantage of the latter.

—The *New York Tribune* has the following speaking paragraph:

"Prof. Bayerhoffer has just been sentenced at Marburg, in Hesse Cassel, to fifteen years' imprisonment to hard labor, for treason. He has already been in the United States two years. Will the Hessian coward and tyrant send ever and catch him?"

—M. Meyer, a Hanoverian geometer, sent the following communication to the *Weser Gazette*:—"In an arid plain near Donner lies a block of granite of about 7½ feet square, named by the neighbouring inhabitants Drachenstein (dragon's stone). On it is the figure in alto relievo of a serpent, formed into twenty-three folds, and being somewhat more than 11 feet in length, the head hanging down by the side. At about two feet from the head a very wide part is to be seen, as if the reptile had been crushed there. Although the body of the serpent appears to be formed of the same material as the stone, it is supposed to be a petrification, and not the work of man, inasmuch as there is no mark whatever of the chisel of an artist in any part of it."

—Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Ivry* and the *Armada*, have just appeared at Leipzig in a very tolerable German translation; and the German critics are pleased to find that, like Voltaire and Schiller, Macaulay is both a poet and a historian. The *Lays* have been published in our

country in charming style, by Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. These gentlemen, by the way, are about removing from their old stand in Minor Street, to a new and splendid store in the magnificent building of Messrs. Thomas & Sons, Fourth Street.

— Mr. W. Chambers, of Edinburgh, has come to America, for the purpose of writing a descriptive tour through the United States and Canada, and collecting accurate information respecting the condition and prospects of emigrants in this country. So say the London papers.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Town-Talk.

— The election is at its height as we write. We do not know which party will triumph, but we do well know that the country will be safe, whichever way the political scales may go between Democrats and Whigs. There has been a good deal of personality in the present canvass; much more, if possible, than usual. Aside from the immediate parties interested, however, nobody cared about the hard names exchanged. A lawsuit has grown out of certain charges made by a Mr. Davis against Mr. Flannigen, editor of the *Daily News*, the result of which most probably will be damage to somebody.

— Have you ever noticed the stout colored man who stands for hours at the corner of Eighth and Chestnut Streets? He is stone blind, and makes a living by selling matches. Never was there a more patient dealer, never one, who, if appearances do not belie him, felt more grateful for custom. There he stands, sometimes, seven or eight hours on a stretch, one hand extended, containing two or three boxes of matches. He only asks a penny a box. It is worth a hundred times the amount to see the smile of satisfaction which lights up his countenance, as you drop a penny into his hand, and take your box of matches. "Thank you, gemman," is uttered with a soul-felt tenderness; while there is a wreathing of the whole face in smiles; the heart fairly dances; there is a heaven-light all about it. Poor old blind negro, to be so thankful for one penny! What would be the consequence, perhaps it is asked, if the sum were increased? Just the same "thank you, gemman," the same smile, the same evidences of inward joy. We have seen fips, levies, and quarters dropped into the old blind negro's hands, and he has returned the same intense, heart-felt "thank you, gemman," accompanied by the same joyful expression of countenance; nothing more. His heart acknowledges, with gratitude, the gift, for the motives which inspire it, not for the value which it

has in the scale of dollars and cents. It is, in other words, the godlike in the old blind negro's bosom, responding to the same godlike, as it hurries along the thoroughfares of our great city. Buy a box of matches, "gemmen," as you pass the old colored man. You get a first-rate article, to say nothing of the godlike, which is at the same time bestowed on you.

— Mr. Owens continues his *Mont Blanc* a few evenings longer, at the request of certain prominent citizens. The entertainment is good, and calculated to please the mass of visitors. We have heard it said that Owens' painting is better than Albert Smith's, and think most probably it is. By the way,—those who have been interested in the story of *Mont Blanc*, should read Albert Smith's book, not long since republished by Putnam & Co. of New York. It may be found at any of the book-stores, we presume.

— "George R. Graham, editor of *Graham's Magazine*, will speak for Total Abstinence and the Maine Law in our city, on Monday evening next—probably in the Duane Street Methodist Church. Mr. Graham understands both sides of the question, and, being enlisted for the war, will henceforth be heard and felt on the right side."

We find an editorial paragraph of this kind in the *New York Tribune* of last week. If mankind were all like Graham, Graham's eloquence in favor of temperance would nobly avail. But then mankind generally, and especially drunkards, are self-willed, stubborn, slow to yield to conviction; though you may at times win them over by kindly appeals to their hearts; you can never compel them by law, to the adoption of temperance, or any other purely moral course. We used to be told, when a boy, that "to kill the devil, you must throw a smooth stone." The experience of life has taught us, we may add, the truthfulness of this maxim, and much of the propriety of acting upon it, certainly in matters of expediency.

Business and Pleasure.

— *Arch Street Theatre*. — The romantic French drama of *Pauline* has been performed nightly for the last two weeks to full houses. Though quite an impracticable story, it is really fascinating and startling. To those who have never seen the play, we can give a general idea of its nature, by simply stating that the hero, though *un homme de bonnes fortunes in Paris*, is a bloody assassin and robber in the country, consequently we have him in straw-coloured gloves and patent leather boots, in a Parisian *salon*, upon one scene, and upon the next, in a deserted part of the country, coarsely dressed, murdering travellers in general, and a nabob from India in particular.

— *Walnut Street Theatre*.—Mr. Boker's new piece continued to draw pretty well all last week. It is an interesting and well-arranged drama, but we cannot help thinking that the legitimate wife of King Olphonso could, in our author's hands, have led off, as heroine, to far greater advantage than Leonor de Gazman. In fact, we think the wronged queen, with her constant love, and never-dying, (but killing,) jealousy, an unusually good subject to invest with the romance of poetry and the stage.

Mr. Forrest, as ever, is doing a great business at this Theatre, the present week.

— *Chinese Museum*.—M. and Mlle. Heller present nightly their impenetrable mysteries. The second-sight mystery should be witnessed by all, for we can scarcely believe that any succeeding necromancer will be able to accomplish it.

— Mr. A. D. K. MOORE has removed his stationery and periodical establishment from 220 to 374 Chestnut Street, a locality which is in the very heart of fashion, and hence of the patrons who have ever favored him. He has a beautiful store, and, if possible has added to the choiceness and variety of his stock. He continues, we notice, to engrave cards and to furnish wedding and other stationery. (See advt.)

— OAKFORD is in the matter of hats and furs, grrat authority in Philadelphia. We presume there are people among us who could not be induced to procure their head furnishing elsewhere than at his exquisitely ordered establishment, No. 158 Chestnut Street. They have the best confidence in his conception and execution in the hat-world, or the world of hats. Very reasonable is their reliance, for never an exception could be taken to any hat, or cap, or fur, which Oakford warranted. We notice he imports from Paris and London. Ladies will find at his place, just now, a large and beautiful assortment of furs.

— COL. WILLIAM H. MAURICE, No. 128 Chestnut Street, supplies everything in the way of blank-books, and of the most excellent quality and character. He also deals largely in papers, envelopes, inks, stationers' hardware, &c. He enjoys the best patronage, and retains it by excellent stock, low prices, and the most polished address on the part of himself and assistants.

— The *Inquirer* has the following which we copy with pleasure. "A writer for one of the papers from New York, and who is reputed never to tell the truth, when a falsehood will pay better, speaks of Mr. Parham's gift enterprise as a failure, at the same time he intimates that it is a humbug. This

is a slander, and we hasten so to pronounce it. Mr. Parham is well known here, and we are satisfied, will deal honestly by all who buy his gift tickets. They secure four admissions to his Seven-Mile Mirror, and one of the \$100,000 worth of gifts. Tickets are for sale by J. H. Farrand, Assembly Buildings." — F. H. SMITH, Arch Street, below Sixth, keeps a constant supply of all varieties of porte-monnaies, pocket-books, portfolios, &c. and sells at reasonable prices.

— Mr. McCULLOUGH, at the Musical Fund Refectory, is famous for his Greasy-back and Chincoteague Oysters. We have seen individuals of both of these species, at his place, as large—well there's no use of saying.

Compliments

— from our brethren of the press, flow in thick and fast, especially since we commenced our new volume: and in new type. Observe; the *Boston Transcript*, the most popular sheet of the kind in the country, of Thursday the 6th instant, says:—"BIZARRE. In answer to the queries of our friends, respecting what they term the 'unknown author,' 'BIZARRE,' we would state for the information of our readers, that the selections in our columns, credited to that source, are clippings from a periodical published in Philadelphia. The 'BIZARRE' is an original weekly journal, for fireside and wayside, published by Messrs. Church & Co., at \$1.25 a year. Many of our selections are taken from the editor's 'sans-souci.' It is sold in London and Paris, and being in octavo size, can be conveniently bound into a volume. We have few more welcome visitors to our table than the racy, unique, and original 'BIZARRE.'"

— We find in the *Home Journal* of October 8th, the following:—"We have received from Philadelphia the first two volumes of this periodical, neatly bound. In another column the reader will find an advertisement which explains the objects of the BIZARRE, to which we invite his attention. Mr. Church, the editor, is a man of decided and peculiar merit, and he is fully resolved to render it a periodical of unsurpassed value and interest."

The Princess Belgioso.

— The French correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says:—"The Princess Belgioso has died at Constantinople of her wounds. It may be remembered that when travelling in the East she was stabbed by a discharged attendant. The last time I saw her it was in her palace in Paris, just before she set out to go to Rome, to bring comfort and relief to the poor Republicans hunted down by Republican France. Who would have anticipated that she was to die by the steel of an assassin in Asia Minor!"

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Parquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

AN ADVENTURE.

Some summers ago, I had been for a month or more, enjoying in the society of a party of pleasure-seeking travellers like myself, the various attractions of mountain, wood, and water, offered by one of the fairest villages of New England. We had scaled the mountains, threaded the wood-paths, followed the streams, sketched, fished, boated, and exhausted our vocabulary in seeking new terms of admiration for the exquisite beauty which nature seems to have showered with unwearied hand over this truly favored region. The site of the hotel at which we were staying had been very judiciously chosen, and the windows of the very neat apartment allotted to my use, commanded a view of such wonderful loveliness that whatever my employment, it was sure to yield its interest to the far greater attractions of the magnificent landscape that lay spread before my delighted eyes. The little village, as you looked down upon it, lay apparently a mere handful of white cottages, clustering in the very heart of the greenest and richest of valleys, through whose ripe luxuriance glittered the beautiful Connecticut; mountains magnificently wooded to their very summits, enclosing, as it were, all this loveliness within their broad, friendly arms, and sweeping up in grand imposing lines to the very heavens. One afternoon, in the latter end of August, I had been sitting for more than an hour, completely absorbed in my usual contemplation of this charming panorama. It was rather late in the afternoon, and the sun gradually nearing the horizon, was sending up magnificent shafts of light,—bringing out fresh points of beauty everywhere. The river reflecting the bending trees upon its banks, in a mirror of gold,—the gilded vanes and village windows glittering like sparks of fire, while broken masses of purple shifting clouds threw over the beautiful expanse of mountain, wood, and valley, that ever varying glory of light and shade so dear to the artist, so entertaining to every lover of the picturesque: and of the latter class I felt I had certainly a right to call myself, if an ardent worshiper of the beauties of nature could give me a claim to

the title. So, feeling an unusual desire to make my own, to transfer to paper a feeble image of what lay so gloriously spread before me, I seized my drawing materials, and, well sheltered from the sun by one of the broad-leaved straw hats usually worn by the girls of the village, I went forth alone to find some point of view where I might, unperceived, and free from intrusion, enjoy what to me had always been one of my most highly cherished employments,—that of sketching from nature. Passing through the principal road or street, as it is called, from the fact of its having a monopoly of shops, a tavern, and a market house, I turned to the right, and after pausing a dozen times at least, to admire the tasteful elegance of the endless variety of cottages that peeped here and there through clustering foliage and blooming flowers, I at length emerged upon a broad green expanse, called the common, from either side of which starts a charming road, each offering its many attractions of sun and shade to the approaching traveller.

That to the right, as the guide-post told me, led to the pretty town of D——, and overlooked, at the point where I then stood, an asylum for the insane, whose stone towers rising from the valley below, added not a little to the effect of the landscape; a situation no doubt expressly chosen with a view to the soothing influence of so fair a prospect upon the irritable nerves of its unfortunate inmates. Nevertheless, the sight of this building invariably produced an unpleasant effect upon me, whenever I chanced to approach it, and I was by no means envious of the proprietor of a very charming villa, whose vine-covered facade looked down upon those iron-barred windows, and whose inhabitants must surely have been often waked, perhaps in the dead of night, from their peaceful slumbers, by hideous shrieks and yells of the frantic, fierce enough to rend the throats that uttered them. I had been told that some of the more tractable patients of the asylum were occasionally allowed, under the superintendence of one less affected than themselves, to cut wood upon the mountains, and I must acknowledge that my companions and myself never attempted the ascent of these noble heights, without feeling just enough trepidation to add additional charms to our pedestrian exertions. Having, as I have said, a decided distaste to anything connected with this melancholy establishment,—which never failed to impress me disagreeably,—I resolved to take the left hand road, which at its very entrance offered a fine object for my pencil, in the form of a stupendous elm tree, whose majestic trunk bore up its grand canopy of fresh foliage some seventy or eighty feet in the air, while the wide-spreading limbs swept

entirely across the road,—their graceful, pendant verdure almost touching the humble roof of an opposite cottage. What a cool, broad shadow spread beneath its ample branches,—what soft music seemed to wander through its glorious “wealth of leaves!” There seemed a sense of protection in the grandeur of its proportions, and I looked upward to the green roof above me with something allied to a feeling of veneration. Some twenty yards beyond, the road suddenly descended, and then as abruptly mounting an opposite hill into the sunlight, ran along the edge of a wood, into whose dim recesses, nothing daunted, I immediately resolved to wander, instead of pursuing my original intention of endeavouring to procure a sketch of the village landscape for my portfolio. Having reached my point of attraction, I found an opening in the fence as if on purpose for my convenience, while the broad tracks of wheels, diverging in all directions, the piles of wood standing here and there, together with a noble forest-giant, lying prostrate, his crown of glory withered, his monstrous limbs cruelly hacked and torn, too plainly betrayed the fearful destruction going forward within. The woodmen were evidently gone; an axe left by one of them was leaning against a log, and an empty cart stood on one side of the opening through which I had entered, but no sound disturbed the perfect quiet, except the gentle quivering of the leaves, or the rustling flight of some solitary bird, startled, perhaps by my approach. As I walked musingly forward, and beheld on every side these melancholy wrecks, I could not help thinking how strange it was that these mighty children of the forest should at last perish by the hand of man, hundreds upon hundreds of whose race had been swept away, and mouldered into dust, while they were yet bearing their “leafy honors” up proud and unshaken, through countless howling storms. Filled with a thousand thoughts suggested by the eloquent beauty of the place, I had unconsciously wandered deeper into the wood, and looking behind, found myself almost surrounded by a magnificent growth of cedars, enclosing a spot of singular wildness, that had evidently once been the bed of a mountain torrent; though now quite dry, and completely choked up with enormous masses of granite, brought down from some rocky heights above, by some irresistible force, some fierce convulsion of nature. One group of these huge grey boulders, many tons in weight, was so exquisite in mellow coloring of many-tinted mosses,—with the half-decayed trunk of a once noble oak, richly clothed with golden fans of fringe, lying across it, as to cause me at once to seize my pencil and proceed to imitate it; and striking

enough in its accidental arrangement to have haunted the dreams of an antiquary for a month, and to have filled his brain with endless unsatisfactory conjectures.

Just as I was beginning thoroughly to enjoy the feeling of a perfect independence, which this being alone with nature excited,—the thousand charms of the place, the scarcely perceptible breeze lightly lifting the leaves, the pleasant smell of the wood-plants, the misty loveliness of countless crossing branches, flicked here and there with golden drops of sunlight,—and was wondering at my own presumption as I gazed upon the wretchedly feeble imitation rapidly growing under my unskilful hand,—I more than once became sensible of a rustling movement near me, caused, as I at first supposed, by some little animal among the dry leaves, and not having that instinctive horror of all creeping things peculiar to my sex, had scarcely noticed it until it became gradually so distinct that I could not help fancying the stealthy approach of a human footstep close at my back. Much startled I quickly turned my head. There was no one there; nothing met my eyes but the grey masses of granite which rose about me on every side, and the noble belt of dark cedars. Again! some one surely was moving near me,—one of my companions from the hotel, perhaps had discovered my whereabouts, and was seeking to amuse herself at my expense. Half convinced of this I continued my employment, though the nervous tremor of my hand betrayed the uneasiness I could not help feeling, for at that moment the towers of the hospital rose like an unpleasant vision before me, with their usual train of terrible associations, and awoke my old dread of the mountain wood-cutters. The nervous agitation which was gradually taking possession of me, suddenly increased to an absolute terror, when an outcry, like the savage yell of a wild animal, rang through the wood with frightful distinctness. My first quick impulse was to fly, but my trembling limbs refused to move; I felt as if chained to the spot, and could only look about me in momentary dread of beholding some hideous maniac, who perhaps had been following me from my first entrance into the wood, and had succeeded in tracing me to this lonely situation. Oh why did I come here? what romantic folly induced me to wander out alone? I scarcely dared to breathe, a dropping leaf sent the blood to my heart, and every distant group of wood-plants was exaggerated by my fears into the crouching form of a human being, ready to spring upon me, and with his axe dash out my brains. The sun, too, was getting lower, the shadows deepening, and my friends did not even know of my absence.

I knew it would be better, if possible, to avoid letting my tormentor observe my extreme terror, and endeavoured to govern the movements of my trembling fingers, but the moment I tried to fix my gaze upon the rocks before me, a pair of glowing eyes seemed to glare from between them into mine, while I distinctly heard a low, wild, chuckling laugh, as if the terrible creature were enjoying the horror I vainly endeavored to conceal. Where was the path by which I had entered? I was completely surrounded by rocks and trees, now growing more and more gloomy in the deepening shade. I now sat motionless and chilled with terror, and had unconsciously crushed my drawing in my convulsed grasp. Oh! I dreaded to hear again those fearful cries. There! there! I closed my eyes, I put my hands to my ears, to shut out sight and sound; I felt that I could not support this much longer. Footsteps, footsteps, faster and nearer; not now creeping cautiously, just stirring dry leaves, but rapidly coming nearer. Oh who can describe that agony of fear! awaiting thus alone, far, far from any possibility of help; perhaps a frightful death! With a strong effort I rose to my feet, and looked about me. Too surely were my worst fears realized. The figure of a man was approaching with incredible swiftness, leaping and bounding from rock to rock. His face was ashy pale, his lips flecked out with foam;—he carried a woodman's axe in one hand, while the other pointed an outstretched finger towards me. In an instant he was at my side; I felt his feverish breath upon my cheek. That ghastly distorted visage close to mine. Those burning eye-balls glaring upon me. That hideous dog-like stare!—oh heaven! and I, a feeble, trembling woman, stood alone before him, cold as death itself, with a heart that had almost ceased to beat. How I lived I know not. He muttered something; scarcely articulate sounds they seemed to me, but fear was gradually taking my senses from me. He spoke again with frightful gestures, and flinging his axe from him with prodigious force, hissed into my ears, as he glared down upon me, while his fingers worked convulsively, "Will you let me feel your throat?"

At this terrible moment God lent me strength; and though shuddering throughout my frame, I answered in a voice of wonderful calmness,—the words, as I thought, of my own death-warrant, "Yes, you may feel it,"—and throwing my head back, in one moment I felt his burning fingers about my throat. The pressure came closer, closer,—my senses reeled, an azure light swam before my eyes,—when suddenly his grasp relaxed, another frightful cry rang through the wood, and whether diverted from his murderous

intention by some new hallucination of his wandering brain or alarmed by the fancied approach of his keepers, I know not, but before my benumbed faculties were fully restored, he had fled bouncing from my sight. The extreme terror I had suffered was succeeded by a death-like faintness, to which, however I knew I must not yield, but bringing all my little remaining strength to my aid, I sought for, and to my inexpressible joy, found the path by which I had entered. A haunting fear of the maniac's return, and the fancied sound of his rapid leaps behind me, lent wings to my feet. How, in my fearfully excited state of mind, I contrived to find my way, I am unable to explain. Some instinct must surely have guided me through the perplexing intricacies of a path which I had at first found by no means easy to follow; and running with a swiftness almost equal to that of my imaginary pursuer, I soon found myself once again out on the open road, down which I ran without pausing for one moment to take breath. Oh joy! I beheld in the distance—the great elm tree and the little cottage under its shadow. That cottage,—could I but reach it! I paused not until I did. Its friendly door was open, an old woman sat knitting within the threshold. How the venerable dame must have been startled from her quiet employment, as rushing in with a prolonged scream, my overtaxed strength at length gave way, and I fell fainting at her feet.

TO THE NEW MOON.

Thou peerest through my window pane, young Moon,
And smilest sweetly,—and thy tremulous beam
Is bright with youth and hopefulness,—and soon
Thy rounded orb shall pour a broader stream;
And then shall wane thy glory day by day,
Thy luminous fulness waste, and thou must die:
The inevitable hour no charm can stay;
The common-lot thou sharest of mortality!

Burning beside thee is a beautiful star,
In full-orbed radiance evermore the same;
No change doth its *unborrowed* splendors mar,
Nor the strong rush of ages waste its flame,
Though, for a season, earth may veil its ray,
Thine to our eyes alone,—its quenchless light,
When from our sense earth's shade has rolled away,
Burns in its far blue shrine unalterably bright.

The Spirit's low, sweet voice falls on my ear,
Bidding me, beautiful Moon, behold in *thee*
A type of joys gliding this mortal sphere,
A fair but frail and short-lived progeny,
And *thou* dost image forth a joy, bright Star,
That owns no fealty to the sway of Time;
Above or waste or change exalted far,
It shineth ever clear, unchangeable, sublime!

Infinite One! so will *this* joy be mine!

If present, visible things would weave a charm
To bind my worship to a mortal shrine,

Guardian! do Thou the perilous spell disarm!

Or should Earth's blinding shadow intervene

To hide the blessed splendors of the sky,

Forbid that ought should from my spirit screen

The ever-burning Star of Immortality!

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

After thus chanting for a considerable time, they commenced a march around the hall, the men and women in separate lines of two and two. It was a queer sight. The gait and general movements, in the vast majority of cases, were awkward and ludicrous even to sublimity; the hands being incessantly brought together and thrown asunder to the arms length, and the march being that of a "half-curtsyng" trot. Often, during this ceremony, the singing was also kept up by all the marchers who could sing at all. Often, too, at intervals in this march, the whole assemblage would suddenly change their advance into a strange species of stationary shuffle, which they call a "dance." It was customary, and I believe invariable, during this procession, to have a band of male and female singers occupy the centre of the room, and chaunt for the purpose of timing our steps.

There are several kinds of these "dances," not greatly dissimilar, and neither intricate in construction, nor very graceful in appearance. They are all an essential part of the Shaker worship, and in authentication of it, they quote the fact of "Miriam and all the women going out with timbrels and with dances;" of "David's dancing before the ark," &c. &c. The *manual gesticulation*, too, which is incessant with them, is an act of worship, and justified by such passages as "glorify God in your *body*, and in your spirit," &c.

I believe I witnessed all their various dances on this my initial evening. As the marching, the dancing, the gesticulation, and the singing went on, the assembly became wrought up to a state that reminded me of what I had read of the whirling Dervishes of the East. For suddenly the whole company broke from their ranks into a wild whirl, traversing and retraversing the room in all directions, and each two, on meeting, kissing each other with no slight *impressment*. (Of course it must be understood that men only kissed men, as did women, women, for any other proceeding would have horrified the "Believers.") For myself, I found the operation very little to my taste, since the men were mostly, both stolid in aspect, and

extremely *rough-faced*, from the fact that shaving above twice a week was interdicted by law.

I should have stated that the leading Elder made a brief address at the opening of the meeting, (as I found afterwards was his usual practice.) Occasionally he was followed by the second Elder, and one or both the Eldresses. It was not very unusual, either, for one or more members of either sex to address the assembly in the course of the meeting. These addresses, for the most part, differed from any I had ever heard in other professedly religious gatherings. *Wherein*, I will presently explain.

One other scene will suffice to complete my account of this evening. Towards the close, the second Elderess, an Englishwoman of some twenty-two, suddenly began whirling on her axis with considerable velocity. She continued this rotation for ten minutes or more, never pausing an instant, till I expected to see her drop from dizziness. How any normal brain could endure this movement with impunity, amazes me. even now. She stopped, apparently unaffected, and with great volubility poured forth, for several minutes, a stream of words, or articulate sounds, totally unintelligible, and resembling no language I could recognise, if I had ever heard it. As she was uneducated, it could not have been a series of passages in some oriental tongue, committed by her to memory for purposes of delusion. If she had *devised* and committed this protracted jargon to memory with the same view, she must have had a marvellous invention, and an incredible memory. The Shaker explanation was, that this woman had the "gift of tongues," and that the present was a specimen. They declared also that such exhibitions were caused by the presence and operation of "Spirits" at the moment. The effect of their operation did not uniformly take the same shape; for at other times this same person would merely profess to deliver a *message* from "Spirits then with us, or a brief exhortation. There were one or two other women, also professing to speak from spiritual dictation, though no other endowed with the "gift of tongues." But all alike went through uncouth bowings, and other movements, before beginning to speak in tongues known or unknown. I couldn't but think something wiser and brighter might have proceeded from so high a source.

I was told that some stranger, versed in the oriental languages, being once present, and listening to this "unknown tongue," pronounced it Arabic or Hebrew. And this was apparently the belief of the Shakers; I could not, however, decide how generally the anomalies, of which these are specimens, were actually accredited; for I saw and

* Concluded from part 2, vol. 4, of BIZARRE.

heard not a little, during my stay, which looked like anything but faith. It was hazardous, however, for any one to *seem* unbelieving, for reasons I shall indicate hereafter.

I have been thus minute in describing the proceedings of my first evening, because three or four evenings per week were invariably spent in the same manner,—no one being allowed to be absent without special leave, and because the Sunday routine at Church was principally the same. At the latter place I witnessed neither the “kissing worship,” or the speaking unintelligibly or intelligibly from instant spiritual dictation. Whether or not this was owing to the presence of the “world’s people,” as spectators, I cannot tell.

Our services lasted from one to two hours, when we were dismissed to our rooms. It is rather “contrary to order,” (in the customary phrase,) to sit up after nine o’clock, and indeed both then and on after evenings, I got so excessively fatigued with the unfamiliar labors of the day, that I was glad enough to retire at that hour.

MISS BREMER IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Harpers have published Miss Bremer’s “Homes of the New World,” in two volumes of nearly seven hundred pages each, and we are indebted to them for an early copy. We have already, thanks to the English journals, made some general extracts from the work, which we doubt not were read with interest. This week we add a few more, which are taken from the beautiful issue of the Messrs. Harper. Selected, it will be seen, from the author’s impressions of Philadelphia, they cannot but be acceptable to our readers, although crowding out, as they do, many other very agreeable matters.

Miss Bremer’s book completely disarms criticism. She is either delighted with everything she sees, or else finds an apology for exception-taking which acts as a most irresistible salve. We have glided through its pages with decided pleasure, and doubt not they will be perused generally by Americans with satisfaction. We are a great country, and a great people. We thought so before reading Miss Bremer’s impressions; we are more than ever disposed to that conviction now that we have accomplished that pleasant task.

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

“I was met at Philadelphia by the polite Professor Hart, who took me to his house; and there have I been ever since, and there am I still, occupied, both soul and body, by

social life and company, and by a great deal which is interesting, although laborious.”
—p. 400, vol. 1.

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LUNATIC ASYLUM.

“I could not help weeping tears of joy when I visited, the other day, the great Philadelphia Lunatic Asylum—so grand, so noble appeared the human heart to me here, the work and the tenderness of which seemed to present itself in everything. The Asylum is situated in large and beautiful grounds, in which are shady alleys, seats, and flower-gardens. The whole demesne is surrounded by a wall, so managed as to be concealed by the rising ground, both from the park and the house, so that the poor captives may fancy themselves in perfect freedom. There is also a beautiful museum of stuffed birds and other animals, with collections of shells and minerals, where the diseased mind may divert itself and derive instruction, occupation and amusement being the principal means employed for the improvement of these unfortunates. For this reason, lectures are delivered two or three times a week in a large hall. They frequently meet for general amusement, as for concerts, dances, and so on, and the appliances for various kinds of games, such as billiards, chess, &c. are provided. I heard, on all hands music in the house. Music is especially an effective means of cure. Many of the patients played on the piano remarkably well. They showed me an elderly lady, who had been brought hither in a state of perfect fatuity. They gave her a piano, and encouraged her to play some simple little pieces, such as she had played in her youth. By degrees the memory of many of these early pieces re-awoke, until the whole of her childhood’s music revived within her, and with it, as it seemed, the world of her childhood. She played to me, and went with visible delight from one little piece to another, while her countenance became as bright and as innocently gay as that of a happy child. She will probably never become perfectly well and strong in mind; but she spends here a happy harmless life in the music of her early years. Many of the ladies, and in particular the younger ones, occupy themselves in making artificial flowers, some of which they gave me, and very well made they were. The men are much employed in field labor or gardening. A niece of the great Washington’s was here: a handsome old lady, with features greatly resembling those of the president, and well-bred manners. She was very pale, and was said to be rather weak than diseased in mind. The number of beautiful flowers here, particularly of roses, was extraordinary; and even the incurables, if they have a moment of sane consciousness,

find themselves surrounded by roses."—pp. 400-1, vol. 1.

* * * * *

GIRARD COLLEGE.

"Girard College is a large school, in which three hundred boys, otherwise unprovided for, are instructed in every kind of handicraft trade. A naturalized Frenchman, a Mr. Girard, left the whole of his large property for the establishment of this school. The building itself, which is not yet completed, is of white marble, and in imitation of the Grecian temple of Minerva; it has cost an unheard-of sum of money, and many persons disapprove of spending so much on mere outward show, by which means the real benefits of the institution are deferred. As yet there are scarcely one hundred boys in the school."

"The statue of Mr. Girard, in white marble, stands in one of the magnificent galleries of this scholastic temple. It is an excellent work, as the faithful portraiture of a simple townsman, in his every-day attire; yet an extremely prosaic figure, presented without any idealization, but which pleases by its powerful reality, although it stands almost like a something which is out of place in that beautiful temple."—pp. 403-4, vol. 1.

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PENITENTIARY.

"In the centre of a large rotunda, into which run all the various passages with their prison-cells, like radii to a common centre, sat, in an arm-chair, comfortable and precise, in his drab-coat with large buttons, and broad-brimmed hat, the quaker, Mr. S., like a great spider watching the flies which had been caught in his net. But no! this simile does not accord with the thing and the man—that kind, elderly gentleman, with a remarkably sensible and somewhat humorous exterior. A more excellent guide no one can imagine. He accompanied us to the cells of the prisoners. The prisoners live here quite solitary, without intercourse with their fellow-prisoners; they work, however, and they read. The library is considerable, and contains, besides religious books, works of natural history, travels, and even a good selection of polite literature. It is with no niggard hand that the noble seed of cultivation is scattered among the children of imprisonment, 'those who sit in darkness.' The spirit of the New World is neither timid nor niggardly, and fears not to do too much where it would do good. It is careful merely to select the right seed, and gives of such with a liberal heart and a liberal hand. I have often thought that beautiful stories, sketches of human life, biographies, in particular of the guilty who have become reformed, of prisoners, who, after being liberated, have become virtuous members of

society, might do more toward the improvement of the prisoner's state of mind and heart than sermons and religious books—except always the books of the New Testament—and I have therefore wished much to do something of this kind myself. And I now found my belief strengthened by what "Friend S." told me of the effects of good stories upon the minds of the prisoners. He had lately visited one of the male prisoners, a man noted for his hard and impenetrable disposition during the whole time he had been in prison, upward of twelve months. This morning, however, he appeared much changed, very mild, and almost tender.

'How is this?' asked the quaker; 'you are not like yourself! What is the meaning of it?'

'Hem! I hardly know myself,' said the prisoner, 'but that there book'—and he pointed to a little book with the title of 'Little Jane'—'has made me feel quite queer! It is many a year since I shed a tear; but—that there story!'—and he turned away annoyed because the stupid tears would again come into his eyes at the recollection of "that there story."

Thus had the history of the beautiful soul of a little child softened the stony heart of the sinner.—The man had committed murder."—pp. 405-6, vol. 1.

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QUAKER MEETING.—LUCRETIA MOTT.

"I yesterday was present at a meeting of the Orthodox Quakers. About two hundred persons were assembled in a large, light hall without the slightest ornament, the men on one side, the women on the other, and with these a number of children. The people sat on benches quite silent, and looking straight before them, all except myself, who looked a little about me, but very quietly. It was a very hot day, and the silence and the immovability of the assembly was oppressive to me. And I kept thinking the whole time, "will not the Spirit move some of the assembly?" But no! the Spirit moved not one. An old gentleman coughed, and I sneezed, and the leaves of the trees moved softly outside the window. This was the only movement I perceived. There sat the women, with their drab bonnets all of one color and form, like upturned flat-bottomed boats, and appearing less agreeable to me than common. Nevertheless, I saw in many countenances and eyes an expression which evidently testified of the depth of the Spirit, although in this depth I failed to find—light. And the children, the poor little children, who were obliged to sit still and keep awake, without occupation and without any object for their childish attention—what could they think of? thought I, who cannot think deeply on a subject unless when I am walking. Thus sat

we, in heat and silence, certainly for an hour, until two of the elders, who sat in the gallery, rose up and extended to each other their hands, which was the signal for the general breaking up, and I was glad to get out into the open air. On Sunday I shall visit the meeting of the Unitarian Quakers, and see whether the Spirit is more alive among them. Here it was deep, perhaps, but it did not come out of the depth into the day. As discipline, these silent meetings may, in any case, be excellent. Of the undisciplined, who talk at random, without purpose or effect, one has enough in the world." * * * *

"After this preacher had sat down, and all had been silent again for a time, there arose from her seat a short, handsome lady, with fine features, and beautiful clear eyes. It was Lucretia Mott. With a low, but very sweet voice, and an eloquence of expression which made me not lose a single word, she spoke for certainly an hour, without interruption, without repetition, and in a manner which made one wish her to continue, so lucid and powerful was her delineation of the principles of non-conformity (the Quaker principles), so logical and excellent was the application of these to the practical questions of life, now so much contested, and which the speaker represented as being peace, slavery, and the rights of women. I listened with the greatest pleasure to this excellent discourse, which was permeated by the inner life of the speaker as by a strong though somewhat imprisoned fire. There was talent, power, clearness, light. Yet for all that, the warmth of inspiration was wanting. I am, in the mean time, glad to have heard a female speaker, perfect in her way. The room was quite full, and she was listened to with evident admiration."—pp. 426-7, vol. 1. * * * *

"I have dined with Lucretia Mott, in company with her children and grandchildren, a handsome, flourishing multitude. She interests, rather than attaches me. Her husband, Mr. Mott, is a strong old gentleman, who seems to maintain his place, though he is obscured somewhat by the publicity of his wife's glory. It is said that he is pleased by it, and it does him honor.

"At a public lecture, lately delivered by a distinguished *littérateur*, Mr. Dana, on Shakspeare, he instanced Desdemona as the ideal of woman in all ages, beyond which none higher could be found. When, however, the lecture was ended, Lucretia Mott rose, and said,

"Friend Dana, I consider thou art wrong in thy representation of what woman ought to be, and I will endeavor to prove it."

"She therefore proposed to the assembly to meet her on a certain day in that same

room. The assembly did not fail to be present, and Lucretia M. delivered an excellent lecture, permeated by that love of truth and integrity which is the very foundation of Quakerism. Lucretia is a splendid woman and speaker, and would be still more splendid if she listened a little more attentively to other people's observations and thoughts, especially on the slave question, which she does not."—p. 432, vol. 1. * * * *

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

"Ah, my child, how delighted I am with the drawing academy for young girls which I visited yesterday! It is an excellent institution, and will effect an infinite deal of good. Here genius and the impulse for cultivation in young women may receive nourishment and development, and patient industry and the power of labor have occupation and pecuniary profit in the most agreeable way. Young girls can receive instruction at this academy (the poor free of cost, the more wealthy on the payment of a small sum) in drawing, painting, composition; in the making of designs for woven fabrics, carpets, or paper-hangings; in wood engraving, lithography, &c.; and the establishment has already been so successful, and so great is the progress made by the pupils, so numerous are the orders for designs, wood engraving, &c., and so well paid is all, that the young girls are able already to make considerable earnings, and there is every prospect that the establishment will, within very few years, be able fully to support itself."—p. 553, vol. 2. * * * *

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—DR. ELDER.

"The same excellent and agreeable gentleman (Dr. E.) who took me to the drawing academy, accompanied me to-day to the medical college for ladies, which was established here a year ago, and which will enable ladies to receive a scientific education as physicians. This institution has not been established without great opposition, but it has nevertheless come into operation, to the honor of the spirit and justice of the New World! To this ought also to be added the steadfastness and talent of a young American woman, and the reputation which she obtained abroad. Elizabeth Blackwell, after having for several years, by hard work, helped to educate and maintain several younger sisters, devoted herself to the profession of medicine, firmly resolved to open in this way, a career for herself and other women. She was met by a thousand difficulties; prejudice and ill-will threw impediments in every step; but she overcame all; and finally studied and graduated as physician at the city of Geneva, in Western New York. After this she went abroad, desirous

of entering and passing the Medical College of Paris. The head of the College was shocked: 'You must dress yourself as a man,' said he, 'otherwise it will be quite impossible.'

"I shall not alter a ribbon on my bonnet!" said she; 'do as you will; but your conduct shall be made known. You have seen my certificate; you have no right to refuse me admission.' Mr. L. was obliged to comply.—p.555, vol. 2.

RES CURIOSAE.

Sir Walter Scott tells the following singular story of a guilty phantom. Sir Walter was a believer in ghosts it is said. His "Tapestried Chamber," which appeared originally in the London "Keepsake," and which is now embodied in all the complete editions of his works recently published, he assures his readers was founded on fact. So it appears he believed to be the basis of the

THE GUILTY PHANTOM.

I cannot forbear giving you an instance of a guilt-formed phantom, which made considerable noise some twenty years ago or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in the details, though I have lost the account of the trial. Jarvis Matcham—such, if I am not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay sergeant in a regiment where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, (then a large sum,) and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment, from a town where he had been on a recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived that discovery was at hand, and would have then deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and make his escape: he meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime, and changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly; but long after remembered that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words, as he awoke were, 'My God! I did not kill him.'

Matcham went to the seaport by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine, I know not which. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he enjoyed in the army. He was afloat for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, amongst whom was Jarvis Matcham, were discharged as being too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city, that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened: he expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of the elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his usual companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him: he desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, but did not pursue the other. 'But what is worse,' he added, coming up to his companion, and whispering with a tone of mystery and fear, 'who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?' 'I can see no one,' answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate. 'What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons!' exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade that he conjured him, if he had anything on his mind, to make a clear conscience, so far as his confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable.

Having overcome his friends objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of guilt. But before the trial, the love of life returned. The prisoner denied the confession, and pleaded not guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and

deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found guilty, and executed. When his last chance for life was over, he returned to his confession; and, with his dying breath averred, (and truly, as he thought,) the vision on Salisbury Plain.

Winter is coming, and doubtless the following advice how to keep warm on a cold night will be received by our readers with the favor it deserves. It appeared many years ago in one of our city papers, but from whose pen is not stated. "Res Curiosæ" will be none the less enriched by so excellent a bit, anonymous though it be.

HOW TO KEEP WARM ON A COLD NIGHT.

Reader—in Winter's storm and thou in bed
Hast ever said—
Good gracious! I shall freeze
My knees,
My back, my toes,
My nose;
And then in great distress by frost,
Hath toes'd,
Like mighty Fuzbos, who of old,
Flounc'd off his clothes and starv'd of cold;
Then let me tell thee how to warm
The chilling blood throughout thy form—
If thou'rt a man and sleep'st alone,
Then be it known,
That if thou'rt old,
And feel the cold,
Or even young and tender,
The way to render
A cold night comforting,
A hot sling
Is not the thing:
But rub thyself with cloth and crash—
Don't think it rash,
For I know,
It is not so,
But gives a glow
From head to toe.
Then jump between cold linen sheets,
Thou'lt soon be custom'd to such feats;
Next roll thyself, (in this there's knack,)
One side and t'other, till snug thy back
Fits well the covering,
Like wings of hen o'er chickens hovering;
This in most cases keeps one warm,
From nine at night till next day's dawn.
But, should a case occur, because
Thou'st gone to bed without thy draws,
That thou art like to freeze
For want of flannel 'bout thy knees,
Then take them in although 'tain't right
To wear thy flannel draws at night.

SINGULAR ARABIAN ROMANCE.

The following singular romance is taken from an immense work of nearly one hundred volumes, entitled "Bibliothèque Uni-

verselle des Romans," for July, 1777. It is entitled "The History of Hai, son of Jokdan," and has been translated into Persian, Turkish, and even Latin, by the learned Poccocke, who attributed it to an Arabian named Abougiafar.

"Hai had no mother,—he arose out of the earth, heated and fecundated by the solar rays, and thus sprang into life, on a desert island, wherein at the moment of his birth, no human being existed; but there were animals, and he was nourished by a goat.—When he attained the age of reason, his natural lights, the view of nature, and his reflections on all that he saw, led him by degrees, to a knowledge of his proper existence; afterwards to suspect and even to believe in that of God: and finally to have some idea of good and evil, both physical and moral; to conclude that we should seek the one, and avoid the other, and that there ought to be punishments and rewards for those who led a good or wicked life. He looked upon animals as his society, and conceived that he was bound by certain duties to them, until he knew of beings similar to himself, towards whom his duties would be more extensive. Hai is thus shewn to have made great progress of himself, in speculative philosophy. The same occurred, says the Arabian author, in the exact sciences, and in such as depend on physics. He imagined geometry, astronomy, and even astrology; and even deduced rules and principles for this last; from stronger reasons, he did the same with respect to the motion, weight, extension and other qualities of bodies. A knowledge of botany, and some rules in medicine were acquired by the use of his senses, and by observing the sufferings of animals, and what he found useful in relieving them. Finally, the effect of the sun's heat taught him chemistry. A greater singularity was, that he became acquainted with grammar, eloquence, and poetry, by noticing the manner in which animals express their desires, and complaints, by their cries; the recurrence of the same sounds, the tones, softer or more base, taught him to sing before he could speak any language.

"At length a succession of curious adventures brought to his island both men and women. The sensations and the sentiments which the sight of beings like himself excited, furnish very interesting details. Hai already knew how to conduct, rule and express his passions, before knowing their name, and at the very moment of experiencing their effect: in a word Hai knew all, without having learnt anything.—Such is the idea of this Arabian romance. Such a subject, to be well treated, required much genius and knowledge; and in order to credit it, much complaisance on the part of the reader is de-

manded. The success of the education of Hai is as unlikely a tale in metaphysics and morals, as the fabulous history of his birth in physics."

SCENES AMERICAINES.

A volume of travels in the United States, bearing this title, has lately been published in Paris. It is written by a Mr. Charles Oliffe, the author of 'The Waverly Sketch Book,' and we presume, an Englishman. He says that French is not his native language. The following is a translation of his account of our own city.

"Next to New York, this last city, [Philadelphia,] is in the first rank, as to the number of its inhabitants, whose present total amounts to four hundred thousand persons, precisely as much as Manchester in England. The Greek name, Philadelphia, which means, as every one knows, the place of 'brotherly love,' is, at present, applied to this city by way of antithesis, and in a sense quite contrary to that in which the Quaker, William Penn, who had invented it, understood it in 1682. In fact, in no other part of the universal American Republic are quarrels of all kinds so frequent. It is especially in a district (faubourg) called Moyamensing, that fisticuffs and all sorts of blows have become perfectly acclimated.

"One grows tired, in the long run, of the uniformity with which the streets of Philadelphia cut each other at right angles; in many of them, two rows of trees maintain an agreeable shade during the heats of summer, which cannot but be excessive in June, July, and August, owing to the completely flat nature of the plain on which the city has been built. The cleanness of the streets of Philadelphia is probably due in part to the multiplied display on the part of the police, in their great cities, where certain offences on the part of those passing might be dreaded,—“Look out delinquents.” This threat, however, is not always sufficient, one may suppose, to intimidate the refractory.

"The only point of resemblance that the capital of Pennsylvania presents to Baltimore, consists of the white marble ornaments that you see on the fronts of a great number of the houses. This calcareous saccharoid (marble) is met with in inexhaustible quantities in different parts of Maryland and Kentucky; but it is far from equalling that of Carrara in whiteness. It would be difficult to find, even in Europe, a building entirely of marble, as vast as a palace called the Girard College, in the environs of Philadelphia. The form of its central part, for it has two enormous wings likewise of marble, immediately calls to mind that of

the Church of the Madeleine at Paris, the dimensions of which it also displays. As to the portion which constitutes the masonry, there is not a single stone in it, either inside or outside, that is not of white marble, properly so called. This wonderful building owes its existence to a French philanthropist, named Stephen Girard, who, dying in 1831, bequeathed a sum of two millions of piastres, (ten millions of francs) for the construction of an asylum destined to the education of orphans.

"Following the same suburban road in which this Girard palace rises, we are not long in reaching the famous Penitentiary prison of Pennsylvania, which has already served as the model for so many houses of detention in a multitude of places in Europe, for putting in operation the cellular system. After having studied it in detail, I have not been able to adopt an opinion put forth by the most brilliant English novelist of our days, who visited it twelve years ago, relative to what he styles, "the horrors and atrocious effects of solitary confinement." At present, the prisoners who observe with docility all the regulations, have permission to go and work, during the day, outside their cells, in some part or other of the buildings or grounds attached to them. Nothing but this simple relaxation of the old severity of the establishment is able to procure for the prisoners a healthful distraction of mind, sufficient to stifle the seeds of that dreadful mental derangement which develops itself there, as they say, with an appalling rapidity. Every male convict has, independently of a very clean and neat cell, a little yard for himself, where he may breathe the open air at a certain hour of the day. As to the women, each of them has two cells, to make up to them for the deprivation of a separate yard. In short, in the most civilized cities of the old world, there is a considerable number of domestics of both sexes, who are not, in their masters' houses, as commodiously lodged as the convicts are in the Penitentiary of Philadelphia. The warden of this prison is a quaker.

"If on quitting it, you pass over a space of two miles [one mile] in a north-western [south-western] direction, you reach a charming little park, in the midst of which is the remarkable hydraulic pump, by means of which the course of the Schuylkill river is partly diverted, for the benefit of the worthy inhabitants of Philadelphia. The waters of the magnificent Delaware river, on the right bank of which the city rises, are too brackish, [!] owing to the salt waters of the ocean, to be capable of being drank. Those of the Schuylkill, on the contrary, are so pure and sweet, that they do not precipitate nitrate of silver. It must be admitted that on this

account they are imperfect, owing to an opposite deposit to that of the first mentioned waters; for science, and especially experience, teach us that the presence of a minute quantity of the chloride of sodium, or even of the chloride of potassium in the water, occasions effects more beneficial to the animal economy, than if the liquid were entirely deprived of them. In the Delaware river; sturgeons are caught in considerable abundance, but according to the information that I collected upon this subject, on the spot, it did not appear that they have the swimming bladder for the manufacture of ichtyocole, as is done on that part of the shore of the Mediterranean, where the taking of this same fish is carried on.

"One of the most interesting objects that we remark, whilst exploring the interior of the city, is Independence Hall, or the old City Hall. In one of its rooms, which is religiously kept in its primitive state, was signed in 1776, (July 4) the declaration by which they throw off the yoke of England for ever, and proclaimed the existence of an independent republic. But when we extend to the men of genius of past times the enthusiastic admiration which they deserve, we experience a still deeper emotion when, on walking through certain streets, we perceive the humble house in which Franklin, destitute of means, put himself, in his youth, as an apprentice to a printer, the day after he was thrown upon the bank of the Delaware, owing to the shipwreck of the little sloop which had carried him from Boston to the mouth of this river; and when in another quarter, we discover the identical roof upon which he fixed the first lightning rod that had ever been constructed, a memorable application of the prolonged experiments which he had just made in electricity. Lastly, you see upon a modest tomb covered with wild moss, [!] about a kilometer from the house wherein the immortal Doctor breathed his last sigh, this curious epitaph, composed by himself, many years before his death :

Here lies the body of Benjamin Franklin, printer;
 (Like the cover of an old book,
 its contents torn out,
 and stripped of its lettering and gilding,
 Lies here, food for worms.
 But the work shall not be lost,
 For it will (as he believed) appear once more,
 In a new and elegant edition,
 Revised and corrected
 by
 The Author.

"Although Franklin passed the greater part of his life at Philadelphia, he was a Bostonian by birth. The sect of the Quakers, to which he belonged [!] is now in a great minority, especially compared to the catholic

population, which amounts to fifty-three thousand persons; the capital of Pennsylvania includes besides, a considerable proportion of Anabaptists, Unitarians, Methodists, &c."

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Mlle Tourny gave a concert at Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening last, assisted by one or two people of whom we never before heard. We have not seen any one who attended the concert, and therefore can say nothing of the character of the entertainment.

—We have heard Jullien's band, and enjoyed the entertainment they afforded heartily. The great leader sat in the midst of quite one hundred performers, and it was curious to see how wonderfully his *bâton* marshalled forth various strains of music. It came in floods, and in calm-flowing rivulets, through seven or eight contra-bassos, as many violoncellos, at least ten or a dozen drums of various kinds, and a small army of violins, to say nothing of trumbones, trumpets, and other brazen instruments, a dozen or so each. Wonderful ensemble! Real soul-stirring bursts of melody!

We never heard anything more inspiring than the "American Quadrilles," as performed by Jullien's band. The composition bears within its bosom all of our national airs, among which "Yankee Doodle" is prominent, as a matter of course. You hear

"Father and I went down to camp,
 Along with Captain Gooding,"

according to at least twenty different measures of time; fast, slow, high, low, *fortissimo*, *pianissimo*, with now and then an intermingling of *hurrah*, *hurrah*, *hurrah*, which draws you quite out of your patent leathers, and which is managed in such a manner as to seem like the cheerings of a distant concourse of people. The arrangement is all Jullien's, and it is truly magnificent in whole and in detail.

But our readers will soon have an opportunity of hearing Jullien. He comes here next month, after playing a few nights in Boston, and brings with him his whole force. He goes to Concert Hall;—the agent preferring that room to the Musical Fund;—and remains with us two weeks. We have received a letter from a friend connected with the Musical Fund, in answer to an enquiry we made last week, as to when Jullien was coming, whereby we are possessed of the reasons given by Jullien's agent for not taking that, in preference to Concert Hall. The letter says,—“He” (Jullien's agent) “considered our Hall completely out of the question, *too small, bad location, ceiling too*

low, and the architectural finish such as would annoy Mons. Jullien; especially the massive chandeliers, which he (the agent) said, Mons. Jullien would imagine all the time about to come down upon his head!" The public may judge how much force these objections have, and to them we leave the matter. The place selected is a very good one, particularly for instrumental concerts, which Jullien's mainly are.

Madame Anna Zerr, Jullien's vocalist, is good, very good. She however cannot be said to be *great*; certainly as compared with others who have visited us, led off by such as Jenny Lind and Madame Sontag.

There are several solo instrumental performers in the party, however, who are superior to anything of the kind we have ever heard before. Among the eminently prominent is Bottessini, the contra-bassoist, and the greatest, we presume, living. The names of others have escaped us as we write. All will be along in a few weeks, however, and then readers may judge for themselves.

—The Musical Fund Society are getting ready for a grand concert, which commences their regular winter series, and which takes place on the 31st of the present month. It will doubtless be a grand affair. Messrs. Meignen and Cross are said to be actively engaged making arrangements as to musical preliminaries.

—We find in a morning paper the following paragraph:—

"The sum of \$50,000 required by the Act incorporating the American Academy of Music, having been subscribed, the Company has been organized, and purchased an eligible site on Broad and Locust Streets, for an Opera House. Before any contract for its construction can be made, it is necessary that the sum of \$200,000 shall have been subscribed, and they call upon the citizens to aid them. It is proposed that the edifice shall accommodate four or five thousand persons. The stockholders of \$500 each are to have the privilege of free admission. The subscribers, therefore, may by the sale of this privilege, receive interest on their investment, even if the stock should pay no dividend. As a refined or rational entertainment, and a means of presenting proper attractions to the public, the opera is deemed indispensable to the commercial interests of a community like Philadelphia."

—A correspondent of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, writing from San Francisco, states that Miss Kate Hayes, and Madame Biscaccianti are setting the South Americans crazy with their musical warblings, if one may judge from the accounts, both public and private, received there every mail from the South. Kate is in Chili, and Biscaccianti

at Lima. The former contemplates visiting Australia, after her southern tour has ended, and the latter Montevideo and Rio Janeiro, and thence to New York. Madame Biscaccianti will be welcomed heartily on her return to her native land.

—The New York *Tribune* takes exception to the Germanians having paused while performing a symphony of Beethoven's the other evening, at Washington, and striking up "The Star-spangled Banner," in honor of the entrance of President Pierce. It says:—"The Germanians should remember that the president is a public servant, and not a king or imperial master: that they had no right so to treat the rest of the auditory: to ignore their existence, and caricature a concert into a bastard Yankee-Doodleism. Let politicians come and go like other people: when they do so, Equality will be interpreted, and not before." "Ditto to Mr. Burke," say we.

—Jenny Lind, or Madame Goldschmidt, writes a letter to a friend in Brooklyn, denying the truth of stories circulated in this country, to the end that her husband does not treat her kindly. We believe her. Why will not the gossips let poor Jenny and her husband alone? She loved him—married him; and he doubtless ever feels sugar-plums for her in return.

—Madame Sontag commences a series of concerts at the *Musical Fund*, on the evening of the 22nd. She is well sustained, and will doubtless draw good houses, but they will not yield so much in the end as they would do, if the prices were more reasonable. However, we have said enough on this score.

—A new opera, in two acts, by M. Limnander, is to be produced pretty speedily in Paris; and shortly afterwards MM. Scribe and Gounod's 'Nonne Sanglante,' a grand five-act work, the music of which is understood to be completed.

—The opening of the third opera-house in Paris, the *Théâtre Lyrique*, for the season has taken place,—the new work chosen being 'La Moissonneuse, with Music by M. Vogel. This gentleman, who has heretofore enjoyed a certain reputation as a composer of *romances*, is, we believe, the grand-nephew of the well-known composer of 'Demophon.'

NEW BOOKS.

— "Cookery as it should be; a New Manual of the Dining Room and Kitchen."

—Mr. Willis P. Hazard, of our city, has just published a new Manual of the Dining Room and Kitchen, containing original receipts of every branch of cookery; domestic beverages; food for invalids; pickling; to-

gether with bills of fare for every day in the year, rules for carving, &c. It comes from a practical housekeeper, and a pupil of the celebrated Mrs. Goodfellow, who, the publisher informs us in his advertisement, "was for many years, in this city, pre-eminent in the art of cooking." The book has appropriate illustrations, is handsomely printed, as are all of Mr. Hazard's publications, and we are satisfied will at once become authority for housewives. We have marked certain passages in the introduction, bearing upon the duties of women in their domestic relations, but we have not space to publish them entire. They are of most sensible, proper cast, and we hope may be received by the fair ones, to whom addressed, with the favor they deserve. We agree with the author, when she says "an intellectual domestic woman is most attractive;" that "knowledge does not unfit her for the attention to be given to the comforts of those about her." We also coincide with the author, when she says "in no country, as in this, does its future destinies so entirely depend on woman." The author, we further maintain, gives woman the proper direction to accomplish what she deems so desirable. Mothers should be well educated; home should be a spot dearer than all others; the sunshine of love and the exercise of the domestic affections should be cherished, that they may dispel "all the vapour and malaria threatening moral destruction to home influence."

Our author is clearly right, too, when she adds, "let not women listen to that mental ignis fatuus, 'women's rights,' but keep her head and heart clear from all that may cause her to lose sight of her true destiny, and be content to be the keystone in that beautiful temple of liberty, designed and executed by those noble spirits who risked all in its execution. To woman is entrusted the training of the heart and head of those who are to guide the model republic."

Our author, with equal truth and clearness adds: "Time was when ladies looked to the ways of their household. Now such matters are left to inexperienced foreigners who swarm our shores. On them has fallen the domestic mantle. The consequence is, the young and uninitiated wives must be taken to a hotel or boarding-house to spend that most important period of their married life, instead of enjoying the quiet of their own fireside, there to become familiarized with each other's characters, and binding their young hearts more closely by domestic intercourse, for a man feels his responsibility more in his own home. Their individuality is lost in a crowd, and they soon cease to be necessary to each other's happiness. How many estrangements, if nothing worse, will boarding-house annals give, all arising from paternal neglect.

Club houses are increasing; what a commentary on the times! American mothers must cease to be like Circassian parents—giving their daughters Mahomedan educations—training them for the ball-room and gala nights as for a market arena."

"The first object of a woman's care must be the family laboratory—the kitchen. On that being well looked to, the health and happiness of the household depend.

"She need not degenerate into a drudge, but let her initiate her uninstructed domestic—and then she will be only supervisor, not operative. Surely she has a compensation sufficient for a daughter, wife, or sister, in witnessing the pleasure with which those so nearly allied to her, assemble around a neatly arranged table, spread with wholesome food, if not prepared by her hand, at least under her direction; which will produce in her mind the most pleasant emotions! A morning spent often in idle lounging and heartless visits, or one given to these much neglected household duties?"

But we must desist. Get the book, readers, especially if you be women. Peruse and profit by its teachings. It is a complete thing, and ought to sell by the thousand.

The Conflict of Ages.

—A book with this title comes to us from Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. It is a post 8vo. of 552 pp., and embraces "the great debate on the relations of God and man." It emanates from the pen of the Rev. Edward Beecher, and is addressed to "beloved brethren in Christ, of every name." The author alleges that he writes not as a controversialist, aiming to promote the interests of any particular party, but simply "as a Christian brother, endeavouring to remove the causes of paralysis and disunion from our common christianity, and, thus to promote the interests of the church as a whole." He thinks "we need a system that shall give us the power intelligently to meet and logically to solve all the great religious and social problems, which we are called on to encounter, in the great work of converting the world, and changing, re-organizing souls; for this work is not to be done, even in part, by infidel philosophy, but solely by the gospel of Christ, in its purity and power, as applied to all the relations of human wants."

The object of the book is to give the writer's views in the premises, and they are given with unquestionable ability. We leave the reader to judge of the worthiness of the doctrines declared, and to say whether the great conflict to which the reverend author alludes can be effectually sustained in the manner he suggests.

Home Life in Germany.

— Mr. Charles Scribner of New York, has just published a book with this title, from the pen of Charles Loring Brace, author of "Hungary in 1851," which will be noticed as it deserves hereafter. It is from the pen of a popular writer.

Second War with England.

— Another work is this from the celebrated house of Charles Scribner, New York. It embraces two handsome volumes of 325 pp. and upwards, and owns its paternity to Mr. J. T. Headley, a gentleman who has been variously estimated by critics. We shall have more to say of him as connected with the present work, in a future number.

Correspondence of Dr. Chalmers.

— The Harpers have published a handsome volume of 500 pp. and upwards, embracing selections from the correspondence of the late Dr. Chalmers, edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, L. L. D. A delightful book, of course. We hope to make extracts hereafter.

Behaviour Book.

— Mr. Willis P. Hazard, of this city, has already issued a second edition of Miss Leslie's very original "Behaviour Book." We shall notice it, and give copious extracts next week. Some of the suggestions are excellent, not a few such, as if followed, would make the daily incidents of life far less ragged-edged.

Lectures on the Formation of Character, Temperance, and Mission of Young Men.

— Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, have published an elegant octavo volume of 380 pp. with this title. It was written by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, author of "Memoirs of Emerson," "Heaven and its Emblems," and other works. The subject is a good one, and is treated by the author in a most happy manner. We should delight to make extracts from the body of the book, but our limits forbid. We cannot desist, however, here offering the following brief bits from its introduction, especially as they relate to the cause and course of the book.

"There is, just at the entrance of Boston harbor, a reef of rocks, so dangerous, and so completely hidden at certain states of the tide, that it is called by the sailors "The Graves." Upon this reef, almost every year, some ship strikes, and is wrecked. Many a poor mariner, within sight of the city church spires, and with beacon lights around him, has here found a grave. But there are dangerous reefs within the city, that might well be designated by the same title. Against them many youth have struck, and suffered the wreck of all their hopes and happiness. In the darkness of night, or in storms of temptation, or when the mists of error or

delusion have gathered about them, they have been driven against them, and have perished.

"If it is important to save men from temporal suffering, it is, at least, equally important to save them from calamities that are disastrous to their spiritual and eternal interests. And, if this volume but serves as another beacon-light along the shore of time, to guide the young safely to a haven of rest, the object of the writer will be accomplished."

Fun Jottings.

— Mr. Charles Scribner has just published this very pleasant book, embracing a gathering up of the lightest pieces of the popular author, N. P. Willis, written when he was younger, but not less clever, in their line. Willis was more profoundly serious, and irresistibly comical, when a young man, than he is, if possible, at the present time. Evidence of the former may be found in his sacred poems, published twenty years and upwards ago, while the capital book in notice gives us authority for the latter. We shall doubtless return to this book again. Like everything from Willis, it is in great demand.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

— The Hon. Tristram Burges, for many years a distinguished representative of Rhode Island in Congress, died at his farm near Providence, last week. Mr. B. retired from public life some eighteen years ago. He has made a mark on the history of our country which will never be erased. His readiness at repartée as well as his freshness of thought and eloquence of expression, were of the most remarkable kind. No man ever spoke in the halls of Congress with more effect.

— The London *Athenæum* has a favorable notice of the Works of William H. Seward, originally published in this country by Redfield.

— Francis Dominique Arago, the celebrated French savan, is dead. His death will be severely felt in the scientific circles. He was born at Estagel, in the south of France, on February 26th, 1786, and was consequently in his sixty-eighth year at the time of his death. His contributions to the various scientific "Transactions" and "Memoirs" of Paris are numerous and important. With Gay-Lussac, he was the founder of the "Annals of Chemistry and Physics." His writings are remarkable for the clearness and beauty of their expositions, in the most difficult branches of science. "In the sphere of politics," says *The Tribune*, "the influence of Arago has been conspicuous and effective. He took an active part in the Revolution of

July, in favor of the Republican party, and used his efforts to persuade his friend Gen. Marmont not to fire upon the people. In 1831, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from Perpignan, and took a prominent rank at once with the party of the extreme left. During the Revolution of 1848, Arago was a member of the Provisional Government, in which he acted for a short time as minister of marine, and afterward as minister of war. His political predilections were in favor of the institutions of the United States. With Marrast and Marie, he headed the republicans who desired a similar form of government for France. By his great popularity in his native district, he prevailed on the excited population of the Department of the East Pyrenees to abstain from acts of violence and bloodshed to which they were disposed. He was chosen a member of the National Assembly from this Department. After the Provisional Government was discontinued, he was appointed by the Assembly a member of the Executive Committee. In this office, he showed great courage and sagacity in the June outbreak. After this event, he was made a member of the War-Committee. He early declared himself an opponent of Louis Napoleon, and since his accession to power, has taken little part in politics.

—The *Brussels Herald* says:—"The archives of Belgium were last week enriched by one of the most curious documents which have recently been discovered. It is the autograph confession of Balthazar Gérard, the assassin of Guillaume le Taciturne, Prince of Orange,—written immediately after his arrest, the 10th of July, 1584. The assassin gives most minutely, in detail, all the plans which he had formed in the six preceding years, for carrying out his project. —This historical paper came accidentally into the hands of a bookseller named Jacob of the Hague, and was purchased of him by the Belgian Government."

—On the night of the 11th of September, Mr. C. Bruhns, of the Observatory at Berlin, discovered a pretty large nebosity in the constellation Lynx, near the stars α and γ of Ursa Major,—which was ascertained to be a new comet by its motion. At 1 hour 12 minutes after midnight, its right ascension was $126^{\circ} 59'$, and its declination $44^{\circ} 52'$ north, the former was increasing at the daily rate of $1^{\circ} 27'$, and the latter was diminishing about half a degree. This object was easily seen by the "comet-seeker."

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Peter the Great

—once crossed the Pruth, and came near

being taken, with his whole army, by the Turks. Nothing indeed, we may add, but a bribe of the Grand Vizier, through the Czar's then mistress, but subsequent Empress, saved him. The accounts say that the Czar made some effort to extricate himself from the difficulty in which he found himself. His soldiers in a few small engagements gave the enemy a sufficient proof of their bravery; but being too sensible of the inequality of engaging such superior numbers with so small a force, and rather than expose his army to be inevitably destroyed by action, the Czar thought it more advisable to save his soldiers' lives, by surrendering as prisoners of war, and himself took the resolution with a small body, to force his way through the enemy, in which attempt should he fall he had bound his arm with a white ribbon for distinction sake; but this was a resolution so desperate, that it drew tears from all about him, so it made them think of every remedy and expedient rather than than their Prince should run such a risk of life, whose preservation they declared themselves willing to ransom at the expense of their own lives and fortunes. On emergency, the thought very fortunately occurred to the Empress, to bribe the Grand Vizier. The same she no sooner proposed, than it was approved and resolved upon, and a trumpeter sent to the Grand Vizier, who accepted the proposal, and came immediately to a treaty with the Czar. It is said she had a great sum along with her in gold and jewels, which she had frugally hoarded up as the tokens of his royal favor, and that now, though sorry for the occasion, she expressed her joy to the Czar that she was capable of making this application of them for his Majesty's service and preservation. Her example and influence was so successful as to make a large collection in the army to answer the demands of the Grand Vizier: and by this public stratagem the Czar and his army were happily delivered from the last misery and ruin. No sooner was the Czar got out of this labyrinth, than in the face of the whole army he gratefully acknowledged her the author of his deliverance, and with due applauses for her undaunted courage and noble presence of mind in such imminent danger, he proclaimed her his wife, and her children by him legitimate. And from this time the Czar received and treated her as his Queen with all the honors and dignities of that character: and what was a singular and rare example to his people, with the most endearing and undissembled friendship and conjugal affection, at length crowned her empress, at Moscow, on the 7th of May, 1724.

Whether Nicholas will, in his present war with Turkey, get into the same difficulties as did his predecessor,—illustrious truly,—

remains to be seen. We do not think, however, that he will find their conquest so easy. Great results hang upon the struggle between Turkey and Russia. Results, too, which all Europe will feel. As for the United States, we shall suffer a little at first by the tightening of the foreign markets, but by and bye, we shall have our hands full, what with the profitable fetching and carrying we shall be expected to do; and for which we can name our own price. The whole of Europe must be involved in this Turkish quarrel; and the services of a to all friendly party, even ourselves—the great Jonathan,—must be required.

Imitation large!

— Some years ago, one of us, heard the following story, and related it in the columns of a daily paper with which we were at the time connected. We are told it will be acceptable in our own BIZARRE, so here goes:

“It seems that while the Bishop *troupe* were in this city, a queer individual, called on *le grand* musical director, and with a twang peculiar to ‘Down East,’ expressed a wish to attach himself to his company.

“‘De name,’—said Bochs, scanning the stranger from head to foot.

“‘Smith Spaulding,’ was the reply.

“‘Schmidt Scaldeen. Ah! var well—Monsieur Scaldeen, tell me what you know of musique.’

“‘Wall, Mounseer, I will,’ replied Mr. Spaulding, ‘but fust let me elukidate to yeou, why I have got an idee to jine your troop.’

“Mr. Bochs took a pinch of snuff and bowed,—so did his visitor in return, as nearly after the same fashion too as he could, with his stiffened Yankee limbs.

“‘Yeou see I’m a bit out at the elbows—I’ve got nothin pertickler to du—I’ve tried sevral things sens I come to Philamylink. Fust, I carried reound’ cards, and shoved um under the doors, for a doller a week, but that would’nt pay,—then I tuk eout a few newspapers, but I feound that business awful overid,—then my cousin sent me the patint right of a new sassige merchine, and wanted me to sell it, but that wouldn’t du at all,—then I driv a min’ril water waggin for a spell, but that life wus tu sedumtery,—then I got hired as an osher in a school over in Jarsey, but the boys cleaned all my larning out in no time. Then—’

“‘But sair,’ said Bochs, ‘I’ve not de time, you must tell me what you know of de musique.’

“‘Wall, I will. You see, then, I ken imitate a Kent bugle fust rate—just listing.’

“Here Mr. Smith Spalding braced himself back against a door post, and screwing up his mouth into a most remarkably odd

shape, with bulging eyes and protruding cheeks, launched off into Yankee Doodle, not badly after the fashion of a bugle, as played on a general muster parade ground, in New England.

“Bochs listened for a moment, and then with an expression of most intense annoyance, suddenly disappeared, leaving his visitor hard at work upon a finishing flourish of the tune he was trumpeting, every muscle engaged in the effort. What became of him afterwards we never heard.”

Satin subversive of order.

— We translate from the *Salut Public*, of Lyons, the following amusing incident:—

Yesterday evening, about seven o’clock, the promenade grounds of Bellecour were put in a state of great excitement by the apparition of a genius clothed in white satin from head to foot, with a cigar of extravagant dimensions between his teeth, strutting amid the crowd of promenaders. The curious soon deserted the music and their chairs, to get a nearer view of the grotesque visitor. A *cortège* of more than a hundred people was formed behind the *quidam*, who, nevertheless, calm and smiling, lent himself with the best humour, to the questions, the jokes, and jeers of the crowd, and not at all embarrassed at the character he was performing, the success of which he had evidently counted on. He had not, however, counted upon the *sergents de ville*, who, after ten minutes of this triumphal march, politely requested him to leave off his promenade. He replied with great *sang-froid* that he saw nothing subversive of the government in his adjustment, and that he had been under the impression that a good citizen might circulate in white satin if such was his pleasure, without damage to the public; but the police officers entertaining most decidedly a different opinion, he at length submitted to their gracious invitation. The individual had probably performed this freak for a wager.

The Match-Man.

— The story we told last week about the old negro match-seller has, we are happy to learn, done him some good in a pecuniary sense. The pennies flow into his coffers more fleetly than ever. He has also received one or two considerable presents, a gross of matches being one item. Pray, oh abolition gentlemen, turn ye for a while from the negroes of the south, who live in comfortable cabins, and are thoroughly cared for by all really good masters,—to such worthy objects of sympathy as the old blind match-seller. Winter is coming on, you know. Can’t you feel its icicles, in every north wind? Can’t you feel the presence of an *avant-coureur*, whose cold bow of a morning tells to how frigid a party he belongs?

"REMARKS, REMARKS, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Figurative.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

WHISPERS FROM ELLA.

"The beautiful is vanished and returns not."

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not,—of how many a pleasure may this be said, on the tomb of how many a buried hope be inscribed! Yet, would we have it otherwise? We would not, save only when we have to condemn ourselves, for banishing that beautiful whatever it be. I think with Alice Carey, when she says, "It has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful provisions of Providence, that circumstances, however averse we may be to them at first, close about us presently like waves, and we would hardly unwind ourselves from their foldings, and standing out alone, say, let it be thus, or thus, if it were possible."

And yet how are we changed by circumstances. In childhood's years, with what whole-heartedness did we give ourselves up to enjoyment. To our ears the birds never sang a requiem hymn; the winds never wailed a dirge; the trees to our eyes never bent their heads in sorrow;—no, the song was ever a joyous choral lay—the wind's voice was a rejoicing voice—the trees in their motion sympathized only with gladness. But in after years we can detect the undertone of sadness, we can see beneath the mark of joy, and even as we look on lovely things, with the sense of their loveliness comes also the presentiment of their fading. All of us as children loved to go into the country, and watch the sun going away, and listen to him bidding farewell to the flowers. Now let us go, and see wherein we differ from long ago.

It is sunset—a summer evening's glorious sunset. The sun is departing, leaving in his wake a flood of light; it is passing through the thick foliage of the chestnuts, it is forming a bright background to the delicately-pencilled branches of the willows, it is gilding the spire of the old church seen in the distance, bearing the cross above the din and dimness of the village. How beautiful is the cross when viewed in heaven's tempered light! The noontide rays of the sun glorify it, we think not of looking at it then; in the dark black night, we cannot see it. So of that of which this gilded cross is but an em-

blem, we forget it in prosperity,—despair hides it from us; but let a ray of heaven's light, fitted for our weak visions, touch it, how beautiful it becomes!

The sun is departing—he is lighting his beacon fires in the west, to warn us of the approach of night; how he is kissing the flowers! they offer their evening sacrifice of fragrance, they bend their heads, they close their eyes, they sleep!

The sun has departed—he has wrapped the gray mantle of sun-light around himself, so as to enable him to enjoy the companionship of the flowers, without disturbing their repose.

In the light of that summer evening's sunset we are children again, though imaginings come to our souls, such as never visited us in childhood's years. We look upon the fleecy clouds, their shapes are beautiful; while we are admiring they leave us, others come to leave us also, but ever as they vanish from our sight, leaving the clear blue sky beyond visible; and we think how like our hopes and the bright promises of our childhood,—too often the clouds that hide heaven from our sight. We look upon the flowers we love so dearly; as we look, their bright blossoms die, their beauty gladdens us for how short a time—were time measured by our wishes; and we think how like the loved and cherished friends we have lost;—the one-time gladders and beautifiers of our life. And the stream that glides at our feet, calmly-flowing, verdure giving, making its way to the river, to be mixed up with its impure waters; how like the young trusting souls we know of, so gentle, so joy-dispensing now, so soon to mingle with the world, to carve out their way: for they have—all have to fight the battle of life. Joy to those who go prepared to conquer; but for the weak, the negligent, woe and sorrow.

These are some of the thoughts which suggest themselves to our minds while watching the fading glories of day, but these are not all. We stand by the hushing water, and recall words of love, we think of the dear friends who speak only loving words to us, and thank God they are yet spared. We look around at the wild flower-spangled fields, listen to the murmuring of the bee, and watch the home-returning birds, and we forget that beauty fades, that happiness is short-lived, while recognising in all the loveliness, the type of the enduring loveliness of that land,—

"Where the bright things never wither, and the fair things never die."

It is well that there are green fields somewhere. It is well that we can sometimes wander in Nature's domain, and still the sighing of our hearts. It is well that we

can listen to the sweet tones, and to the soft whisperings of the flowers; for ever after we bow down to listen, we rise up to praise—to praise Him who made them, to bless and to cheer us.

A lovely mission is their's—bright field flowers—we all love them, sweet “wildings of nature,” as they are; their beauty is free to be gazed upon by every one,—they drink of the dew, and the sun shines more lovingly on them than on their sisters of the greenhouse—they are scattered everywhere—they are the flowers the birds love, and the stars gaze upon.

Were I to leave a wreath for one I loved, not roses and myrtle would I select, but the tassels of the woodbine, and the clusters of the violet should yield fragrance and beauty to the garland of love.

God's presence cannot be forgotten in the country, where he has written the declaration of His love for us, in characters of light, and in lines of beauty on hill, and dale, and green field.

“And 'tis good to go forth among scenes like these,
Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees,
If 'twere only to waken the love that springs,
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.”

TO ———

Tell me, Beloved, wilt thou think of me,
When stretch between us long-drawn, weary miles?
And shall I find no shade of *change* in thee,
When I return, yearning for thy dear smiles?

Some shadowy doubts there will for ever rest
Upon our hearts, when from a loved one going.
“Shall we e'er meet again to be so blest,
Again to feel our souls so warmly glowing?”

“Will not the envious moments steal away
Some particle of that divinest feeling,
Which *now* is seen in the bright flush to play,
And which the eye's keen glances are revealing?”

Such are the queries, which perforce will start,
And vain it is we strive their stings to banish;
They spring from deepest places in the heart,
Nor e'er, while throbs the heart itself, will vanish.

But for myself, I fear not to proclaim,
My heart no change will know from time or distance;
The hurrying hours will find me still the same,
Time's wasting force fronting with firm resistance.

May I, with equal trust, rely on thee,
Beloved one, as proof against all changing?
In thy regard shall I no tokens see
Of a light heart to other objects ranging?

O be the blissful, golden Past a spell
Bidding thee think of me, when far away;
Bidding my image in thy soul to dwell
Through night's dark hours, as in the light of day!

HOW TO BEHAVE.*

The Behaviour Book, by Miss Leslie, has already passed to a third edition, and will probably become standard in its way. It certainly contains some very good hints, and we hope the ladies to whom it is more particularly addressed, may profit by them. Coming from Miss Leslie, it of course has, now and then, a little of the *vinaigre aromatique*, but this of course only gives it the more life and energy. We append extracts, under proper heads, and only wish we had space for more extended selections. The book is very handsomely printed; Mr. Hazard has, of course, as he usually does, taken care of that matter.

It would seem from the author's preface, that she expects certain young ladies will see their own faults so reflected in those she strives to reform away, that they will at least pout a little. She begs such to pause and reflect before they “take umbrage too much.” “Let them keep in mind” she says, “that the purpose of the writer is to amend, and not to offend; to improve her young countrywomen, and not to annoy them.”

TITLES.

“We regret the custom of continuing to give military titles to militia officers. Foreigners are justly diverted at finding *sou-désant* generals and colonels among men who fill very subordinate stations in civil life—men that, however respectable in their characters, may be deficient in the appearance, manners, or education that should belong to a regular officer. This foolish practice can only be done away by the militia officers themselves (those that really are gentlemen—and there are many) magnanimously declining to be called generals, colonels, &c. except on parade occasions; and when actually engaged in militia duty. Let them omit these titles on their cards, and request that no letters be directed to them with such superscriptions; and that in introductions or in conversation they may be only addressed as plain Mr. It is still more absurd to continue these military titles long after they have ceased to hold the office,—and above all, to persist in them when travelling in foreign countries, tacitly permitting it to be supposed that they own commissions in the regular service.

“English tourists, (even when they know better) make this practice a handle for pretending, in their books, that the officers of the American army are so badly paid, or so eager to make additional money, that they exercise all sorts of trades, and engage in the humblest occupations to help themselves

* “The Behaviour Book; a Manual for Ladies: by Miss Leslie.” Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard. 1863.

along. They tell of seeing a captain stitching coats, a major making shoes, a colonel driving a stage, and a general selling butter in the market—sneeringly representing them as regular officers of the United States army. Is it true that we republicans have such a hankering after titles? If so, 'reform it altogether.' And let one of the first steps be to omit the 'Esq.' in directing a letter to an American citizen, for whom the title can have no meaning. In England it signifies the possessor of an estate in the country, including the office of justice of peace. In America, it means a magistrate only; who may live in a city, and own not an inch of ground anywhere. But why should all manner of men, of all trades, and professions, expect to see an 'Esq.' after their name, when with reference to *them*, it can have no rational application."—pp. 55-6.

CONDUCT IN THE STREET.

"When three ladies are walking together, it is better for one to keep a little in advance of the other two, than for all three to persist in maintaining one unbroken line. They cannot all join in conversation without talking across each other—a thing that, in-doors or out-of-doors, is awkward, inconvenient, ungenteel, and should always be avoided. Also, three ladies walking abreast occupy too much of the pavement, and therefore incommode the other passengers. Three young *men* sometimes lounge along the pavement, arm in arm. Three young *gentlemen* never do so."—p. 65.

OMNIBUSES.

"If, on stopping an omnibus, you find that a dozen people are already seated in it, draw back, and refuse to add to the number; giving no heed to the assertion of the driver, that 'there is plenty of room.' The *passengers* will not say so, and you have no right to crowd them all, even if you are willing to be crowded yourself—a thing that is extremely uncomfortable, and very injurious to your dress, which may, in consequence, be so squeezed and rumpled as never to look well again. None of the omnibuses are large enough to accommodate even twelve grown people *comfortably*; and that number is the utmost the law permits. A child occupies more than half the space of a grown person, yet children are brought into omnibuses *ad libitum*. Ten grown persons are as many as can be really well seated in an omnibus—twelve are too many; and a *lady* will always regret making the thirteenth—and her want of consideration in doing so will cause her to be regarded with unfavourable eyes by the other passengers." * * *

"If the driver allows a drunken man to enter an omnibus, the ladies will find it best to get out; at least those whose seats are

near his. It is, however, the duty of the gentlemen to insist on such fellows being refused admittance where there are ladies.

"No lady should venture to ride in an omnibus after dark, unless she is escorted by a gentleman whom she knows. She had better walk home alone, even under the protection of a servant. If alone in an omnibus at night, she is liable to meet with improper company, and perhaps be insulted."—p. 69-71.

DEPORTMENT AT HOTELS.

"At a boarding-house, the guests are very soon made to understand that if they are late risers, they need expect nothing but the cold leavings of the breakfast. At a hotel they find more indulgence. You there choose from the bill of fare such dishes as you may prefer, and they will be brought to you, after you have been supplied with tea and coffee, and bread and butter to begin with. To each person is a separate dish or plate of the articles selected; and it is understood to be for yourself alone, and no other person has a right to partake of it, or to meddle with it in any way. Yet even from your own dish, never help yourself with the knife and fork or spoon you are eating with; but always use a spare one, with which the waiter will furnish you. Do not eat different sorts of relishes off the same plate. At a hotel there is no scarcity of plates, or of servants to change them. Always take butter with the butter knife, and then do not forget to return that knife to the butter-plate. Carefully avoid cutting bread with your own knife, or taking salt with it from the salt-cellar. It looks as if you had not been accustomed to butter-knives and salt-spoons.

"Ladies no longer eat salt-fish at a public table. The odour of it is now considered extremely ungenteel, and it is always very disagreeable to those who *do not* eat it. If you breakfast alone, you can then indulge in it.

"Speak to the waiter in a distinct, but not in too loud a voice, and always civilly. Thank him for any little extra attention he may show you. If you do not like what he has brought you, or find that you cannot eat it, make your objection in a low voice, so as not to be heard by the neighbouring guests; and quietly desire him to bring you something else."—pp. 103-4.

DRESS AT BREAKFAST.

"It is ungenteel to go to the breakfast-table in any costume approaching to full dress. There must be no flowers or ribbons in the hair. A morning-cap should be as simple as possible. The most genteel morning-dress is a close gown of some plain material, with long sleeves, which in summer may be white muslin. A merino or cashmere wrapper (grey, brown, purple, or olive),

aced or trimmed with other merino of an entirely different colour, such as crimson, scarlet, green, or blue, is a becoming morning dress for winter. In summer, a white cambrie-muslin morning robe is the handsomest breakfast attire, but one of gingham or printed muslin the most convenient. The coloured dress may be made open in front, with short loose sleeves and a pointed body. Beneath it a white under-dress, having a chemisette front down to the belt, and long white sleeves down to the wrist. This forms a very graceful morning costume, the white skirt appearing where the coloured skirt opens.

"The fashion of wearing black silk mittens at breakfast is now obsolete. It was always inconvenient, and neither useful nor ornamental."—p. 105.

LARGE DRESS PATTERNS, ETC.

"Whatever may be the caprices of fashion, a lady of good taste (and we may add, good sense,) will not, in buying dresses, select those of large figures, and high glaring colours. There is something peculiarly ungenteel and ungraceful in a white ground with large red flowers and green leaves wandering over it. Even if the fabric is brocade, it has a look of calico. Red and green is only beautiful in real flowers. In a lady's dress, it somehow looks unlady-like. A great variety of bright colours is only suited to a carpet. For a dress, two are quite sufficient. And then, if one is blue, pink, scarlet, or orange, let it be contrasted with brown, gray, olive, or some chaste and quiet tint that will set it off. Few silks are more becoming than those in which the figure is formed by a darker shade of the same colour as the ground. Silks of one colour only, form the best—variegated trimming looks confused and ineffective. No colours are more ungenteel, or in worse taste, than reddish lilacs, reddish purples, and reddish browns. The original tint of aronetta, or anatto, is the contempt of ladies; but by previously washing the article in strong, warm potash water, before it is put into the solution of aronetta, you will obtain a beautiful bird-of-paradise colour, entirely free from all appearance of the unpopular powder.

"Buy no silk that is stiff and hard, however thick and heavy it may seem. It will crack and split, and wear worse than a soft silk that appears much thinner. Venture on satin that is not of excellent quality. A thin satin frays and ravel, and is not worth making up. * * *

"If you cannot get lace that is tolerably fine, wear none at all, rather than have it coarse. We have seen lace called Brussels, so coarse that it looked as if made of cotton, though in truth it was of thread. There was

no real beauty in it. Genuine Brussels lace is exquisitely fine.

"Large showy ornaments, by way of jewellery, are exceedingly ungenteel. They always tell their own story, of glass stones set in gilding, not gold. If you cannot obtain real jewels, never attempt sham ones. It requires no practised eye to detect them—particularly false diamonds."—pp. 80-2.

GOING UP STAIRS.

"If when about to ascend the stairs, you find that a gentleman is going up at the same time, draw back and make a sign for him to precede you. He will bow, and pass on before you. When coming down, do the same, that the gentleman may descend in advance of you.

"A very polished man will not wait for a signal from the lady, but will bow and run up-stairs, passing her as a thing of course.

"Do not idly detain a parlour newspaper on your lap, for half an hour or more, after you have done reading it. As soon as you have read all you want, replace it on the table, or transfer it to another lady, who may wish to read it, and who may have been waiting anxiously to see you lay it out of your hand. You have no right to monopolise anything that is intended for the benefit of the whole company."—p. 119.

LOOKING AT PRINTS.

"By the bye, in taking up a print to look at it, always extend it carefully with both hands, that the paper may be in no danger of cracking or rumpling, which it cannot escape if held but in one hand, particularly if there is a breeze blowing near it. To show a large engraving without risk of injury, spread it out smoothly on a table; keeping it flat by means of books or other weights, laid carefully down on the corners, and, if the plate is very large, at the sides also. And let no one lean their elbows upon it.

"It is an irksome task to show any sort of picture to people who have neither taste, knowledge, nor enjoyment of the art. There are persons (ungenteel ones, it is true) who seem to have no other pleasure, when looking at a fine print or picture, than in trying to discover in the figures or faces, fancied resemblances to those of some individuals of their own circle; loudly declaring for instance, that 'Queen Victoria is the very image of Sarah Smith; 'Prince Albert an exact likeness of Dick Brown; 'the Duke of Wellington the very ditto of Captain Jones,' &c. &c. To those 'who have no painting in their souls,' there is little use in showing or explaining any fine specimen of that noblest of the fine arts. We have heard a gentleman doubting whether a capital por-

trait of Franklin was not General Washington in his every-day dress. We could fill pages with the absurd remarks we have heard on pictures, even from persons who have had a costly education put at them. There are ladies who can with difficulty be made to understand the difference between a painting and an engraving—others who think that 'the same man always makes both.' Some call a coloured print a painting—others talk of themselves painting pictures in albums—not understanding that, properly speaking they are water-colour drawings when done on paper and with transparent tints—while pictures are painted with oil or opaque colours on canvas or board. Frescoes are painted on new walls before the plastering is quite dry, so that the colours incorporate at once with the plaster, and dry along with it; acquiring in that manner a surprising permanency."—pp. 239-40.

We give here a pithy note, which the author appends to the matter of Prints.

"We were a few years since, told by one of our principal booksellers that a young lady came into his store when he chanced to be at the counter himself, and, showing him a small English prayer-book elegantly bound, and with fine engravings, she enquired if he had any exactly like that. On his replying in the negative, she desired that he would get precisely such a prayer-book *made for her*, in time for church on Sunday morning—(it was then Friday)—as she had set her mind on it. It must have just such pictures, and just such a beautiful gilt cover. He endeavoured in vain to convince her of the utter impossibility of performing this feat of having one single book printed, and bound, with plates engraved purposely for it, and all in the space of a day and a half. She seemed much displeas'd, and went away, in search, as she said, of a bookseller that was more obliging."—p. 240.

CONDUCT TO LITERARY LADIES.

"When in company with literary women, make no allusions to 'learned ladies,' or 'blue stockings,' or express surprise that they should have any knowledge of housewifery, or needle-work, or dress; or that they are able to talk on 'common things.' It is rude and foolish, and shows that you really know nothing about them, either as a class or as individuals.

"Never tell an authoress that you 'are afraid of her,'—or entreat her 'not to put you into a book.'" Be assured there is no danger. * * *

"Recollect that to a woman who gets her living by her pen, 'time is money,' as it is to an artist. Therefore, encroaching on her time is lessening her income. And yet how

often is this done (either heedlessly or selfishly) by persons professing to be her friends, and who are habitually in the practice of interrupting her in her writing hours, which should always be in the morning, if possible. They think it sufficient to say, like Paul Pry,—"I hope I don't intrude,"—knowing all the time that they *do*, and pretending to believe her when civility obliges her to tell them they do *not*. Even if the visit is not a long one, it is still an interruption. In one minute it may break a chain of ideas which cannot be reunited, dispel thoughts that never can be recalled, disturb the construction of a sentence, and obliterate a recollection that will not return. And to all this the literary lady must submit, because her so-called friend 'chanced to be out that morning shopping,'—or 'happened to be visiting in that part of the town,'—and therefore has called on her by way of "killing two birds with one stone." Very likely, the visiter will say to the unfortunate visited, 'I know it is inconvenient to you to see your friends in the morning, but I never feel like going out in the afternoon. As soon as dinner is over I must have my nap; and by the time that is finished, it is too late for anything else.' * * *

"If, when admitted to her study, you should find her writing-table in what appears to you like great confusion, recollect that there is really no wit in a remark too common on such occasions,—'Why you look quite *littery*,'—a poor play on the words *literary* and *litter*. In all probability she knows precisely where to lay her hand upon every paper on the table: having in reality placed them exactly to suit her convenience. Though their arrangement may be quite unintelligible to the uninitiated, there is no doubt method (her own method, at least) in their apparent disorder. It is not likely she may have time to put her writing table in nice-looking order every day. To have it done by servants is out of the question, as they would make 'confusion worse confounded;' being of course unable to comprehend how such a table should be arranged.

"If you chance to find an authoress occupied with her needle, express no astonishment, and refrain from exclaiming, 'What! can you sew?' or, 'I never supposed a literary lady could even hem a handkerchief!'"—pp. 259-262.

"In desiring the autograph of a literary lady, do not expect her to write in your album 'a piece of poetry.' Be satisfied with her signature only. There is a spice of meanness, in requesting from her, as a gift, any portion of her stock in trade. As well might you ask Mr. Stewart, or Mr. Levy, to present you with an embroidered collar or a

pair of gloves. For the same reason, never request an artist to 'draw something' in your album. It is only amateur poets, and amateur artists, that can afford to write and draw in albums. Those who make a living by their profession, have no time to spare for gratuitous performances; and it is as wrong to ask them, as it is to invite public singers to 'favour the company with a song,' at private parties, where they are invited as guests. It is, however, not unusual for professional musicians to kindly and politely gratify the company by inviting themselves to sing; saying, 'Perhaps you would like to hear my last song.' And sometimes, if quite 'in the vein,' a real poet, when modestly asked for merely his signature, will voluntarily add a few lines of verse. But do not expect it."—p. 267.

"Whatever article you may wish to borrow from a friend in the same house, apply first to persons whose time is comparatively of small importance to them, before you disturb and interrupt a literary lady. Do not trouble her for the loan of umbrellas, over-shoes, hoods, calabashes, &c., or send to her for small change.

"We once lived in a house where coal-fires were scarce, and wood-fires plenty. Our own fire-arrangement was wood in a Franklin stove, and no other person in the house was the fortunate owner of a pair of bellows. Liking always to be comfortable, we had bought a pair for ourselves.

"Ten times a day we were disturbed by a knock at the door, from a coloured girl who came 'a-borrowing' this implement to revive the fire of some other room. She called it by a pleasing variety of names—running through all the vowels. Sometimes she wanted the bellowsas; sometimes the bellowses; or the bellowsis, the bellowsos, or the bellowsus. These frequent interruptions, with others that were similar, became a real grievance. We thought it would cost us less, to present the bellows to the house, and buy another pair for ourselves. We did so—but very soon the first pair was somehow missing, and our own was again in requisition.

Since that winter we have burnt anthracite, and have therefore no bellowsas to lend."—pp. 272-3.

RES CURIOSAE.

ABUSES OF EXERCISE.

A writer in an English medical journal gives the following sensible views in regard to exercise. They may be read with profit. We have long thought great injury was done by violent exercise; indeed it has been remarked by us, that in many cases those about us most remarkable for their long

walks, and their athletic displays, have been just the persons to die suddenly. Moderate exercise is healthful. Violent exertion, and particularly to those whose constitutions are weak, must be injurious.

Our esteemed and venerable friend and correspondent, Dr. Coxe, of this city, wrote an article for his capital *Esculapian Register*, on the subject, and presented much that is admirable, especially as regards walks before breakfast. He thinks a half mile, generally, and at the outside two miles, quite sufficient; that the least languor or fatigue should be a signal to cease our exercise, and partake of our breakfast. He regards the main objects of the walk to be thoroughly to rouse the dormant faculties, and furnish the lungs with a supply of pure fresh air. The Doctor adds in his own peculiar, curt style: "Having finished our breakfast, and rested a reasonable time, (which may be agreeably and suitably occupied by the perusal of a newspaper) we are prepared to undertake the active exertions of the day, which can be better performed now than at any other time. We should always however, endeavour to have half an hour or more before dinner to rest, and allow the digestive organs to make ready for their approaching duties. 'After dinner, sit awhile.' Exercise as little as conveniently can be after the principal meal of the day, that all our powers may be centered in the digestive apparatus. But 'after supper walk a mile,' that the internal organs which now begin to flag somewhat, may be roused to a little further exertion, and that we may not be prevented from enjoying a refreshing sleep."

So much for our admirable and venerable friend the doctor; now let us proceed to give the article on abuses of exercise to which we alluded in the opening of this paper:—

"Physicians and philosophers, in every age, have extolled exercise as the grand prophylactic in guarding against the accession of all diseases. That man was designed for exertion, cannot be doubted; but that much injury is every day done by invalids, and those confined to sedentary occupations, attempting to strengthen their constitutions by strenuous exercise, at intervals, I am well convinced. Violent exercise did great harm, even when nations were nearer a state of nature, than they now are. Galen, in his discourse to Thrasibulus inveighs against the athletic practices of the Gymnasium. A smart walk of a mile is, to a valetudinarian, what a furious wrestle would be to an athlete. If we trace those dreadful aneurismal affections of the heart and arteries in early life, we shall find their origins in violent exercise, or sudden over exertion, in nine cases out of ten, where age and ossification

are not concerned. In the long catalogue, therefore, of nervous diseases, where there is any suspicion of functional or organic lesions, indicated by palpitations, shortness of breath, and flushings of the face, let long continued or strenuous exercise be dreaded. The passive exercise of a vessel or carriage is safe; but quick walking is extremely prejudicial. Because we see the laborious classes of society robust, having been inured to labour by long habit, we are not to expect that we can exchange debility for vigour, by imitating their manners, in the middle, or latter periods of life.

"It is with exercise, indeed, as with food and drink. By long habit we may become gluttons and drunkards, apparently with impunity; and so, by early and long-continued habit, we may become capable of walking a thousand miles in as many successive hours, or of labouring hard, sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. But although no organ or part gives out at the time, we are inevitably laying the foundation for future diseases in all three instances. If habit cannot secure us from the injurious effects of inordinate exercise, how can we expect to escape, when we fly to it, or indulge in it, at irregular periods? In fine, moderate and slow exercise in the open air is extremely salutary; but where it is carried to the length of much accelerating the velocity of the circulation, it endangers derangement of the heart, lungs, brain, or any weakened viscus, in valetudinary constitutions. In the healthy and robust, active exercise may be indulged in to a considerable extent, though even here it has its limits.

"There is not a year that cricket matches do not lay the foundation for aneurisms and diseases of the heart. It is on this principle, also, that hard labour is said by the vulgar, and most truly, too, 'to wear a person out.' Blacksmiths, porters, and all those who are accustomed to inordinate muscular exertion, or in the habit of lifting heavy burthens, are particularly liable to diseases of the heart and arteries, that shorten their lives. Even that noble animal, the horse, is very subject to disease of the heart, in consequence of his spirited muscular exertions in the chase, in drawing heavy loads, and in racing.

* * *
 "Moderate, or even pretty free pedestrian exercise is, in general, extremely salutary, and is probably the most natural, were we in a state of nature; but, in proportion as we recede from this state, by advancing civilization, and particularly as we congregate in large cities, where every thing around us, almost to the air we breathe, is artificial, our muscles lose their tone, and incapacitate us for those athletic exercises so praised by the ancients. Fortunately, there is another species of ex-

ercise within the reach of the upper classes of society, to whom it is most necessary, and which has not been duly appreciated by the profession, but to which we would draw the attention both of patient and practitioner—this is *passive* exercise, in carriage or on horseback, including sailing, swinging, &c. Where the invalid is unequal to pedestrian exercise, he should gradually increase his carriage or horse exercise in the open air; but pedestrian exercise is to be resorted to whenever he is able to endure it, for it is upon this that the great hope of health must ultimately rest."

SILK AND TOW.

The following humorous verses appeared in one of our journals many years ago. They were suggested by the marriage, at Pittsburgh, of Mr. William Silk to Miss Lucinda Tow:—

This buxom damsel made a net,
 Intricately of Tow,
 It seems that she was fully set
 To catch the Silken beau.

I have read the metamorphoses
 Of Cupid o'er and o'er,
 But such an uncouth change as this,
 I never heard before.

What strange fantastic whims do well
 In both high and low,
 She likes to handle Silk full well well,
 While he prefers the Tow.

Now every day this new-made wife
 May honey sip and milk,
 And if she dont dress well through life,
 'Tis not for want of Silk.

VAMPYRES.

The following account of a Vampyre is from the *Jewish Letters*, No. 137:—

"We have had in these parts of Hungary, a scene of Vampirism, which is duly attested by two officers of the tribunal of Belgrade, who came hither, and by an officer of the emperor's troops at Gradisch, who was an eye witness of the proceedings.

"About the beginning of September, in the village of Kisilova, three leagues from Gradisch, died an old man of sixty-two years, &c. Three days after his burial, he appeared at night to his son, and having asked for something to eat, it was given to him; he ate it and disappeared. On the morrow, his son related what had happened to the neighbours. This night the father did not come; but the succeeding one he showed himself, and asked for some food; it is not known whether or no he received anything, but the son was found dead in his bed in the morning: the same day five or six persons suddenly sickened in the village, and

died successively in a few days. The bailiff of the place, informed of what had taken place, sent a statement of it to the tribunal of Belgrade, who despatched to the village two of its officers, with an executioner, to examine into the affair. The imperial officer, from whom this relation comes, also went to Gradisch, in order to witness a fact of which he had so often heard.—They opened all the graves of those who had died within six weeks; on coming to that of the old man, they found him with his eyes open, of a rosy colour, with natural respiration, although motionless and dead. Hence it was concluded that he was a notable Vampyre. The executioner drove a stake through his heart. A pile was erected and the corpse was burned to ashes. No mark of Vampirism was discovered in the body of his son, nor of the others."

VULGAR SUPERSTITION.

The extravagance of vulgar opinion is exemplified by a fact given by M. Cangiarni, in his *Embryologia Sacra*; in the pontificate of Benedict XIV., as follows:—

"An infant being carried to a church at Parma, as dead, and exposed in a confessional till the office had been performed, and the moment arrived when it was to be put into the ground: the beadle had entertained the strange notion, that if a body supposed to be dead should discover any signs of life after the burial service had been performed over it, such body ought immediately to be killed outright, by knocking it on the head with the cross, which in those countries they use as a bier. It happened that this sagacious servant of the church, found to his great astonishment, that the poor infant which he was about to bury, was not dead, Happy it was for the child, that a doubt that moment came into his head, whether it ought to be knocked on the head with the great cross, on which adults were carried, or with the little one on which they carried children. In this dilemma he had recourse to the priest, and the good father fortunately prevented the murder which would otherwise have been certainly committed."

VARIETATES.

— A case is related in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 65, p. 830, of a young man, who in the course of one day, drank fifteen bottles of Dorchester beer, twelve pots of porter, eight quarts of milk with a bottle of brandy in it, and three bottles of sweet wine.

— The body of a young Swedish miner was once discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia,—fresh, and in a state of perfect preservation from the action of mineral waters

in which it had been immersed. An old woman recognised it as the body of her former lover; he had perished fifty years before!

— Hydrophobia:—Vinegar is said to have proved (originally used by accident) a prime remedy in this disease! We were also told recently, that dashing water over the patient is an admirable and efficacious expedient.

— Dr. Moyes, a blind philosopher, who many years ago gave lectures on natural philosophy, in a lecture on chemistry, delivered in Edinburgh to aid an institution for persons deprived of sight, said, in speaking of the dog,—"His fidelity endears him to the sons and daughters of sensibility; but amid the wonders we daily see, it is not the least, that the number of this animal in England amounts to two millions, which, at an expense of only one shilling per week, gives upwards of five millions sterling, (nearly \$25,000,000) a sum capable of building seventy ships of the line, and far exceeding the revenues of several vast empires." Has any one ever calculated what the useless ours in Philadelphia cost?

— Dr. Franklin, in his Journal, says, that at Southampton Salt Water Baths, he fell asleep while floating on his back, and slept one hour by the watch, without turning over at all! It is a very easy bed, he says.

— Many persons have been made very sick from eating confectionery coloured with verdigris—sugar of lead. &c. for beauty, and to facilitate sale. Too much of our own confectionery is the vilest trash, and unfit for any stomachs, especially those for children. Look out! the holidays are approaching.

— Will some of our readers translate for us the following. It was published originally in Dr. Coxe's *Æsculapian Register*, but without, so far as we can learn eliciting a translation:—

A Deaf Man.

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis.

Non camana sonans tonitru non ab Jove missum,

Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Vix clamosa suas mulier jam percutit aures.

SARACEN FABLES.

I.

In the days of Isa, three men were travelling together. By the way they found a treasure, and it rejoiced them much. They continued their route, but they were seized with hunger, and one of them said: "We want something to eat, but who shall go and seek for food?"—"That will I" answered the second. He departed, he purchased food, but he thought within himself that he would

poison the meats, for then, said he, my companions will be put out of the way, and the treasure will rest with me alone. Meanwhile, during his absence the two others agreed to kill him, that his share of the treasure might be theirs. He arrived, and they killed him accordingly; they ate of the meats that he brought, and they died. Thus was the treasure left without an owner.

II.

One evening after supper, my father, my brothers, my sisters and myself were all seated together round the fire. I meditated for some time, and then opening the holy Koran, began to read aloud; but my brothers and my sisters fell asleep, my father alone listened to me. Surprised, I said to him, "My father, is it not shameful that my brothers and sisters should fall asleep, and that you alone should listen to me?" But he answered "My son, dear part of myself, would it not be better that you should sleep like them, than be vain, as you are, of what you are doing?"

III.

A king having condemned one of his subjects to death, the unhappy victim solicited pardon in vain: the king was inflexible. When the man found that he must perish, his heart was irritated, his tongue swelled, and he loaded the monarch with reproaches. The monarch saw that the man spoke, but could not hear him, and asked of one of the courtiers what the man said. The courtier replied, "Prince he says that they who practice mercy in this world shall obtain it in the next, where we shall be judged." The monarch was moved with what he heard, granted the culprit his life; but another courtier taking upon himself to speak, said to the first that it was not for men like them to lie to their sovereign. Then turning to the sovereign, he told him that the man had broke out into the bitterest revilings against him. To this the prince replied: "I prefer the other's lies to thy truth. They made me perform a deed of mercy; thy truth sought to make me perform an act of severity. His falsehood saved life, thy truth would have destroyed it." Then turning to the first, he said, "I will not, however, have any one lie to me."

THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.*

We have received from Scribner a couple of his handsomely got up duodecimo volumes, under the above title, covering nearly 700 pages. They are from the pen of J. T.

* "The Second War with England," by J. T. Headley: New York; Charles Scribner. 1863

Headley. It is a curious fact how often men get planted in one "location" in life, when their peculiar abilities and tastes point clearly to another. Thus Whittier was born amid the peaceful and unexciting influences of the sect of Fox, and yet, of all our poets, he rings out the most stirring battle-song. So Headley, bred to the clerical profession, is never so completely in his element, as when describing the shock and crash and hideous havoc of contending armies and navies. "Exclude nature by the door, and she returns through the window."

We have already touched in BIZARRE on the author's leading traits, and need not here repeat ourselves. In the present work he has shown his wonted vividness of conception, graphic vigor of expression, and his honest industry in gathering facts; and if he sometimes fails in the last item, it is not from fault of intention. It is less uniformly *intensified* beyond what good taste allows.

In a word, we can recommend these volumes not as an absolute substitute for all other narratives of the war of 1812, but as a clear, lively compendium of its leading events.

That the author is a pretty strong partisan, as against both England and the Federalists, will by many be considered a defect,—not by us, however,—but even the aggrieved parties will be carried along by the stream of his narrative.

We subjoin an extract:—

FATE OF THE WASP.

"The Wasp put to sea, from Portsmouth, the first of May, and giving her canvas to the wind steered boldly for the English channel. Leaving the British fleet blockading our ships at home, her commander, Captain Blakely, sought the English coast, resolved to strike at the enemy's commerce, assembling there from every sea. It required constant watchfulness and great prudence to cruise on such dangerous ground as this, and had not all suspicion of an enemy in that quarter been removed, she would doubtless have been captured. The unexampled daring of the act alone saved her.

On the 28th of June Blakely gave chase to a sail, which proved to be the English brig of war Reindeer, commanded by Captain Manners. The latter, though inferior in strength, showed no disinclination to close, and came down in gallant style. As they approached, the Reindeer, by using a shifting twelve-pound carronade, was able to fire it five times before Blakely could get a gun to bear. At first within sixty, and afterwards within thirty yards, the crew stood for twelve minutes this galling fire without flinching. But when at length a favorable position was obtained, the broadsides of the American was delivered with such awful effect, that Captain

Manners saw at once his vessel would be a wreck unless he run her aboard; and setting his sails he drove full on the Wasp. As the vessels fell foul he called to his men to follow him, and endeavored to leap on the deck of his antagonist. But coolly, as on a parade, the crew of the latter steadily repulsed every attempt to board.

"Captain Manners had been wounded early in the action, but still kept his feet, and just before boarding was struck by a shot which carried away the calves of both legs. In this mangled condition he gave the orders to board, and leaping into the rigging of his own vessel in order to swing himself on that of his adversary, he was struck by two musket balls which entered the top of his head and passed out through his chin. Waving his sword above his head he exclaimed, "Oh, God!" and fell lifeless on the deck.

"After the enemy had been repulsed three times, the Wasp boarded in turn, and in one minute the conflict was over. The English vessel was literally a wreck, and had lost in killed and wounded sixty-seven out of one hundred and fifteen, constituting her crew, or more than half her entire number. The Wasp had but five men killed and twenty-two wounded.

"Captain Blakely took his prize into L'Orient where he burned her to prevent recapture. Up to this time he had taken eight merchantmen. Remaining here till the latter part of August, he again set sail, and on the 1st of September cut out a vessel loaded with guns and military stores from a fleet of ten sail convoyed by a seventy-four. Endeavoring to repeat the saucy experiment he was chased away by a man-of-war. The same evening, however, making four sail, he in turn gave chase to one, which immediately threw up rockets and fired signal guns to attract the attention of the other vessels. But Captain Blakely held steadily on, crashing along under a ten-knot breeze, and as he approached the stranger fired a gun and hailed. His fire being returned, he poured in a destructive broadside. Notwithstanding the swell was heavy and the night was dark, his fire was terribly effective. For a night action it was remarkably short, and in forty minutes the enemy struck. But as the boat was about being lowered to take possession of her, Blakely saw beneath the lifting smoke a brig of war within musket-shot, and two more vessels rapidly closing. Ordering the boat to be run up again quickly, and the men to hasten to their posts, he filled away and catching the wind dead astern was soon out of sight. The enemy gave him one broadside and then turned to the captured vessel, whose guns of distress were echoing loudly

over the sea. She soon sank. This vessel was afterwards ascertained to be the Avon of eighteen guns.

"Continuing his cruise, Blakely took three more vessels, among them a valuable prize, the Atlanta, of eight guns, which was speedily dispatched to the States.

"This was the last direct tidings ever received of the gallant Wasp. Various rumors were afloat concerning her fate, but nothing certain of her after cruise, or the manner in which she was lost, was ever known. One report stated that an English frigate had put into Cadiz, badly cut up by an American corvette, which had sunk in the night time, and so suddenly, that her name could not be ascertained. This was thought at first to be the Wasp, but no confirmation having been received, it was discredited. The spirited conduct of this little vessel had made her a great favorite with the nation, and a deep sympathy was universally felt for her mysterious fate. Years passed by, when an incident occurred which awakened a fresh interest in her. Two officers on board the Essex, when she was captured at Valparaiso, had gone to Rio Janeiro, but were never after heard from. Inquiries were made by friends in every direction, but in vain. At last, it was ascertained that they had taken passage in a Swedish brig for England, from which they had been transferred to the Wasp. The commander stated that on the 9th of October he was chased by a strange sail, which fired several guns, when he dove to, and was boarded. The boarding officer, ascertaining there were two American officers on board, took them with him to his own ship. On their return, they told the Swedish captain that the strange sail was the Wasp, and they had determined to accept a passage in her. They did so, and nothing more was ever heard of them.

"This was sixteen days after the prize left her, and, according to the Swedish brig's reckoning, she was at the time nearly a thousand miles farther south, and where she naturally might be. Added to this was another rumour, which seemed to throw still more light on her fate. Soon after her rencontre with the Swedish vessel, it was said that two English frigates chased off the southern coast an American sloop-of-war, and while in pursuit were struck with a heavy squall. After the squall was over, the sloop was nowhere to be seen. If the rumour be true, that vessel was no doubt the Wasp, for we had no other sloop-of-war in those seas at that time. Besides, when met by the Swedish brig she was evidently bound in that direction, and should have arrived off the coast about the time mentioned in the rumor. Nothing is more probable than that she capsized and went down, while carrying

a press of sail to escape her pursuers.
 "At all events, whatever was her fate, the sea never rolled over a more gallant commander and crew. Watchful, full of resources, indefatigable, and fearless, Captain Blakely was the model of a naval commander, and had he lived would no doubt have reached the highest rank in his profession."—pp. 167-172, vol 2.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

We republish our list of Autograph Collectors, corrected by the addition of several names, which the accomplished friend who furnished the original catalogue, overlooked.

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|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| Rev. Dr. Sprague, | Albany, N. Y. |
| Mellen Chamberlain, | Boston, Mass. |
| Jas. T. Fields, | do. |
| Charles H. Morse, | Cambridgeport, Mass. |
| Miss Arnold, | New Bedford, " |
| Mrs. Z. Allen, | Providence, R. I |
| Capt. T. Seymour, U. S. A., | West Point, N. Y. |
| J. B. Moreau, | New York. |
| Henry C. Baird, | Philadelphia. |
| Dr. L. R. Koecker, | do. |
| William Schott, | do. |
| Edward D. Ingraham, | do. |
| Jos. H. Hedges, | do. |
| J. J. Mickley, | do. |
| S. Austin Allibone, | do. |
| F. J. Dreer, | do. |
| Charles S. Ogden, | do. |
| George M. Conarroe, | do. |
| Frank M. Etting, | do. |
| Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, | Trenton, N. J. |
| Dr. J. J. Cohen, | Baltimore. |
| Brantz Meyer, | do. |
| Dr. J. H. Causten, | Washington City. |
| J. C. McGuire, | do. |
| Peter Force, | do. |
| John R. Thompson, | Richmond, Va. |
| Isaac K. Tefft, | Savannah, Geo. |
| Oscar T. Keeler, | Columbus, Miss. |
| Lewis J. Cist, | Cincinnati, O. |
| Joseph B. Boyd, | Maysville, Ky. |
| Dr. Gibbs, | Columbia, S. C. |
| Henry T. Oates, | Charleston, S. C. |
| W. Lyon McKenzie, | Toronto, U. C. |

receive honor from your adoption. I merely wish to speak on a subject in which you have a perfect right to be interested, as it concerns our bodily and temporal well-being; the domestic comfort and prosperity of our households, and the health, happiness, and usefulness of our children." [Our children! It strikes us that the writer is single;—however, no matter;—she speaks, we presume, as one of the sex of mothers.] The fair writer of this "word" then goes on to sustain the system of practice adverted to in this tract,—the Chrono-Thermal, in opposition to the blood-letting, or depletive, and does it with a will. She believes in that system; she believes in Dr. Turner of New York, who has been the means of introducing it in our country. She says:—

"There is reason and common sense in it. It opposes the life-destroying practice of *bleeding*, breaking up the stronghold of life by interrupting and weakening its sustaining current. It opposes the system of treating every local development as a separate disease, and teaches the sustaining and restoring of the general health and tone of the system.

"Ladies, Women, it is time for you to examine and judge for yourselves. Be no longer weak and ignorant followers of the 'Doctor,' blindly submitting to whatever he may prescribe. Consider your own natures, your feelings and liabilities. Observe the workings of all healthful or diseased action upon your constitution. Reason upon the nature and effects of the medicines prescribed for your use. Read, mark, learn, and act!—not the part of puppets, but of rational beings, having personal interests at stake, and a right to obey or refuse."

The tract in notice is published in New York by Samuel Francis, No. 151 Nassau St. Zieber sells it in Philadelphia.

Williams and others on the Water Cure.

— J. W. Randolph, of Richmond, has just issued a book, embracing the views of Dr. J. C. B. Williams and others, on the Water Cure, with explanatory notes by J. Timberlake; designed, as the imprint assures us, chiefly to point out or delineate the safest, the most efficient and the most beneficial modes of bathing, as to all, but more especially for invalids, or the delicate and the weak. A free use of cold water we hold up both hands for; whether it is beneficial as a remedial appliance in cases of sickness, no matter what may be the constitution, we are not prepared to say. The little tract in notice contains a mass of interesting views bearing upon the subject to which it relates, as well as the fruits of practical testings of the principles involved in what is known as the Water Cure.

NEW BOOKS.

The Destructive Art of Healing, or Facts for Families.

— Here is another medical tract; the first American, from the second London edition; to which is added, a Word to Women, by Lydia Jane Pierson. This "word" thus spicely commences:—"Be not alarmed, ladies, I am not about to recommend to you pantaloons, edge tools, or the ballot-box; yet it is my private opinion that each and all of these attributes of the moustache, might

Theory of Politics.

— We have received from the Harpers a volume thus named, by Richard Haldreth,—not a stout one to the sight, but one not to be finished in a day, or even two days. To those fond of such studies, we can commend this treatise very strongly. The writer showed in his *History of the United States*, that he had a vigorous, concentrative mind, and a style stripped of all non-essentials. The same qualities are found here. He traces the history of political forms from the time when—

“ Wild in woods the noble savage ran, ”]

down to the present moment; exhibiting everywhere a familiar acquaintance with facts of every kind, historical or other, which bear on his subject. This very circumstance, aside from his own disquisitions and conclusions, makes the book worth far more than its cost.

Memoirs of Judson.

— Two elegant volumes, post 8vo. of some 550 pages each, embracing a memoir of Dr. Judson, by President Wayland, come to us from Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. Notice of them will be given hereafter, if possible, with extracts. The subject, and the man who treats it, both demand deliberate examination. Judson sacrificed his life to help the cause of his divine master: his biographer, honored by us for early teachings and counsels, which, would that we had better heeded,—more than any other within our knowledge, was the man to record the particulars of such a sacrifice; first, because having a lively appreciation of the spirit inspiring the sacrifice, and second, because he who made it was both a clergyman of the same denomination with Dr. W., and we think, also a personal friend.

God with Men.

— This is the title of a volume of about 270 pages, which comes to us from the house of Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston. The author is the Rev. Samuel Osgood, a gentleman of the highest order of literary attainment.

The Countess of Charny.

— The second volume of this exciting romance by Dumas, has just been published by T. B. Peterson. It is illustrated.

Visit to Europe.

— This book of Professor Silliman's, lately published by Putnam & Co., New York, awaits notice at our hands.

— Mr. J. W. Moore, of our city, announces as in the press, a *History of the Protestant Refugees*, from the revocation of the edict of Nantes, to the present time; by Charles Weiss, 2 vols. 12mo. The same publisher also announces—*A Manual for Practical*

Surveyors, containing methods indispensably necessary for accurate field operations; by E. H. Beans, County Surveyor. 1 vol. 12mo. A work, as its name imports, for practical men.

— The London *Athenæum*, in its notice of Miss Bremer's book about America, says: —“ A considerable part of the three volumes ought never to have been printed—perhaps never to have been written. We allude to those numerous passages occupied wholly in dilating on the characters and capabilities of the private persons with whom, as a guest principally, Miss Bremer became acquainted. We are fully sensible of Miss Bremer's delicacy in scrupulously refraining from all harsh reflections in these cases. But the course actually taken is only one degree less objectionable than it would have been to fill a book with severe criticisms on men and women from whom infinite kindness had been received. As the matter really stands, Miss Bremer has injured literature, that she might gratify her friends!—for, we cannot but regard as indefensible and injurious those constantly-recurring pages in which we find personal descriptions manifestly governed by a desire to see only the bright side of the picture. We admit the amiable nature of the motive—but we object decidedly to literature being converted into a vehicle of private gratitude. Miss Bremer's acknowledgments, we make no doubt, were expressed with becoming warmth and dignity, and there the matter should have had an end. It was inadvisable that any book which she might write on America should attempt to make public characters of the sensible Mr. A; the amiable Mrs. B; the attractive Miss C; and so on to the end of a procession of alphabets, simply because she had received from them great civility. We desire to speak strongly on this point,—and on this occasion,—because the practice to which we refer is becoming prevalent and offensive; and if it is to continue, we cannot help saying that it would be a blessing to mankind if authors and authoresses as a visible race should become wholly extinct,—and literature, like the ancient Oracles, proceed entirely from unseen and thoroughly anonymous professors.”

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

— Madame Sontag gave the first of her series of farewell concerts, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the storm, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed generally with the entertainment. The prices were put at a dollar the ticket, a change from the former extravagant charges, which will be appreciated by the public, while it will

produce as large receipts as ever, certainly in the long run. We have written much against the old exorbitant system, now happily abandoned, and are disposed to think that our feeble words may have had some effect in producing so gratifying a change. Whether they have or have not, the change has come; and we say, all honor to Madame Sontag, and her agent, for it. We did not know, by the bye, that this change had been concluded on, when we wrote the paragraph which appeared in our last number, bearing upon the point; prepared before the announcement of the programme was made, and on the strength of information received from one who we thought ought to know something of the arrangements. Madame Sontag proposes shortly giving a concert for the benefit of the public schools, and as she has placed the whole of the preliminaries of the affair in the hands of Mr. A. G. Waterman, it will be unquestionably of the best character. He is experienced in such matters, and will bring to his work great influences, from quarters too, which will render him the most efficient aid. We wish him, and the generous *artiste* who conceived this enterprise, all the good luck which we know they both desire, and shall be happy to aid them in our pages, in any way that shall be deemed an effectual one. Possibly the entertainment may take place before our next number is put to press; should this be the fact, the expression we have made, we trust may satisfy all concerned, of the disposition we have in the premises.

But a few words of the concert: Jaell played in his usual graceful bizarre style, and was, as he always is, applauded. Rocco sang as formerly. He enters into the spirit of his music almost to acting it outright. He has a fine comic vein, and a good voice, but lacks musical cultivation. He is but little more than nature made him; and nature rarely ever does more for any man than she has done for Rocco. Madame Sontag sang charmingly. We never heard her more effective. The "Ricci Waltz," (quite new as rendered by this lady,) was a gem. So was the simple Scotch ballad, "Whistle, and I'll come to you my lad;" so its encore, another exquisite Scotch song. For our part, we do not care to hear better singing than Sontag gives us, and the more simple ballads she introduces, in the present state of her voice, the more brilliant must be the effects she produces. Paul Jullien was the favorite of the evening. We say it brutally; nevertheless, plain truth it is, and brute though we be, truth must out. The lad surpassed all former efforts; and it was about impossible for the audience to rein in the gratification he afforded. They stamped, they clapped, and in the "Ma Selme" from *Massaniello*,

they fairly screamed. The young violinist was called out a second, and even a third time, playing the quaint old conceit which last year gave so much satisfaction. Upon the whole the concert was admirable, as was doubtless that which succeeded it on Wednesday evening.

The programme, we should add, was marked with a new feature, and quite a business-like one. All of the songs of Madame Sontag were followed by,—"See Concert Guide," &c., referring to a complete collection of songs, ballads, arias, scenas, and duetts, prepared by Mr. Ullman, her little manager, as a small private speculation, and hawked about the saloon. The programme of Monday contained seven of these notices, "See Concert Guide," or—"buy one of Mr. Ullman's books," and there was a brisk business done in the "yaller kivers." The book is a very good one, for it contains "not only" (we quote from the advertisement,) "the pieces performed on the evening of one Concert, but a complete collection of all the songs, ballads, arias, scenas, and duetts that have been or will be sung at all the Concerts given by Madame Sontag, or any other artist." They embrace "ten pages, containing the entire Music of the Swiss Song, the Ricci Waltz, the Polka Aria, with variations, the Aria from "Linda;" with all the original ornaments, as sung by Madame Sontag, most elegantly, and withal simply arranged as Piano-Forte Pieces."

— M. Jullien commences his concerts in Philadelphia, on the 10th of November, at Concert Hall.

— The following is the very ridiculous plot of the new comic opera of the Nabob, now performing at Paris with great eclat. It is from the pens of MM. Scribe and St. George, two famous librettists:—

Lord Evandale is an English Nabob, residing in Calcutta, who has married "a star of the theatre,"—a certain Corilla (one of those theatrical ladies who are occasionally marrying somebody), with whom he reciprocates the liveliest—no, the most languid—sensations of antipathy. She chooses to go to balls, accompanied thither by his cousin Sir Arthur,—he sits at home and sulks, until the *ennui* of such a partner in such a climate becomes too much for him, and like a true English Nabob, he determines (in a lazy sort of way) on "shuffling off this mortal coil" by aid of a bottle of opium. The poison is in the wine, and the drink is at the doleful gentleman's lips, when an intercepting angel appears in the person of a long-lost friend, one Dr. Clifford, supposed dead during many years, but who had been learning life, cheerfulness and philosophy under the knout of Russian captivity, and who

takes Calcutta in his way home. He undertakes to cure Lord Evansdale—if the latter will implicitly abide by his directions,—depart on the spot for England, and play the part of a poor workman for twelve months. Lord Evansdale consents (having previously it should be told, made a will bequeathing all his earthly possessions to this same Dr. Clifford). Also, before the first act closes, he is exhibited as doing a generous action by a lovely maiden, Dora; who, belonging to Wales (and, as a Welsh girl should, wearing a *Mary Stuart* hat and a plaid petticoat,) and finding herself alone in India, naturally wishes to get home,—and applies to the *blase* Nabob to pay her passage for her. Betwixt the first and second acts, the sea is crossed, and we find ourselves in Uncle Toby's snuff manufactory (!) in Wales. Here Dora is book-keeper; here Lord Evandale has worked a twelvemonth, and, we are sorry to say, has made love to the book-keeper, who, of course has no idea that he is her Indian benefactor in disguise. Uncle Toby, however, suspects something. This so-called George Preston is a first-rate *solo* performer on the violin (!), and accordingly must be turned away. Dora, however, prevails in his favour, and he is retained; and as it happens, that very day, that Dr. Clifford turns up to look after his patient, bringing with him the news that Lady Evandale, and her cousin *servente* Sir Arthur, who were coming in quest of the run-away, have been lost on the voyage to England,—our hero can propose honorable wedlock to Dora. He does so, to the infinite joy and thankfulness of the young lady of the tartan skirt. That very same day, however, the *ex-prima donna* and her cavalier turn up at the snuff manufactory in Wales also; since the report of their shipwreck was a lie of their own making, promulgated for the express purpose of mystification. 'Tis inconvenient, their arrival; and none the less so because Dr. Clifford has invested his friend's fortune in the purchase of the estate on which Uncle Toby's snuff mill is situated, including castle, manufactory,—Uncle Toby, workmen, and all. But commend us to M. Scribe for cutting the knot of an inconvenience! It turns out that Lady Evandale is not Lord Evandale's wife at all, but the long lost spouse of this capable Dr. Clifford! The *dénoûment* may be foreseen, and it is charming and comfortable:—since the most sluggish imagination will not hesitate (after the curtain has fallen) to hope—nay, to be sure—that some measure of delivery, too, awaits our *Esculapius*, and that long before Corilla was Mrs. Clifford, she may—must—have been *Madame* somebody else.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

— We read in the *Journal du Midi*, of Mont-

pellier, France, the following: "It is not unusual to meet in a will, as a legatee, the name of an author who had afforded some amusement or distraction to the testator during life. But this is a positive fact which we think is without example;—Monsieur X—has bequeathed 20,000 francs to the publisher of this paper, upon condition that a detailed biography of the testator shall appear in our columns."

— The New York papers speak of a new discovery, which promises to make a revolution in the production of newspapers as well as books. It consists of a paper made entirely of straw, which it is said is as good as any that can be manufactured of rags. The inventor, Mr. Mellier, is a Frenchman.

— Arago, on the very day of his death, it is said, revised for a new edition, his tract on thunder, and sent one of his secretaries to find out the exact length of certain undulations in a given column of air. Three hours before his death, he said to M. Biot, his colleague in the meridian experiments of Spain, "I must hand in my resignation as perpetual Secretary of the Academy, as I can no longer fill the duties." "Very well, do," replied M. Biot, "and we will come in procession, to give it back to you, and reproach you for your ingratitude."

— A letter from Berlin says—"It is well-known that the paper prepared for photography grows more or less black by rays of light falling upon it. One of our young painters, M. Schall, has just taken advantage of this property in photographic paper to determine the intensity of the sun's light. After more than 1,500 experiments, M. Schall has succeeded in establishing a scale of all the shades of black which the action of the solar light produces on the photographic paper;—so that, by comparing the shade obtained at any given moment on a certain paper with that indicated on the scale, the exact force of the sun's light may be ascertained. Baron Alexander von Humboldt, M. de Littnow, M. Dove, and M. Pongendorff have congratulated M. Schall on his invention; which will be of the highest utility not only for scientific labours, but also in many operations of domestic and rural economy.

— A Rochester paper announces the death of the "Sleeping Man," Cornelius Vrooman, who "died at his brother's residence in Clarkson, on Monday, the 17th instant. While on exhibition in New York, he was taken sick, which seemed to induce a wakeful state for a short period, and then a stupid condition, with intervals of wakefulness, until he was brought home on the 14th. He talked but very little, inquiring after his mother, who had been dead two

years, his father and brothers, whom he seemed partially to recognise. He complained of great internal heat, and soreness of his throat and stomach. On the morning of the day of his death he called for food, and ate a hearty meal, and from that time he seemed to be in pain till 3 o'clock, P. M., when he died without a struggle. His age was thirty-four years.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Franklin Institute.

— The exhibition of the Franklin Institute the present year, at the Chinese Museum, attracts crowds of visitors. The machinery department is remarkably good, and the *ensemble* has, at least, never been better in quality. We note certain prominent features.

In the upper saloon, Oakford, of No. 158, Chestnut Street, exhibits a case of his superb hats and furs, which attract great attention, as Oakford's displays always do. The hats are of various styles, among them Oakford's own, always popular, and hence always elegant. We never knew Oakford to do anything half way; if he gets up a store, it is, as is his at No. 158 Chestnut Street, one of the handsomest in the world; if he sends hats to the Crystal Palace, or the Franklin Institute, they are always among the first. He is accustomed, in fine, to be among the first everywhere.

The New Hat Company also exhibit their uniformly low three-dollar hats, at the Franklin Institute, as well as caps, and children's jockies. Their store is at Sixth and Chestnut, a magnificent establishment.

We also notice among the exhibitors,—Henderson & Co., who have sent a case of beautifully bound books. Fry, likewise, exhibits his handsome desks, pocket books, &c.; so also F. H. Smith, of Arch Street, below below Sixth. There are, moreover, soaps and perfumeries, of Bazin; daguerreotypes of Root, and chandeliers, candelabras, &c. from the world-renowned house of Cornelius Baker & Co.

Again, Gould, of No. 164, Chestnut Street, shows the famous Hallett, Davis & Co.'s pianos; George Vogt has some excellent instruments, while our old friend Robt. Bates, has placed in a conspicuous point the admirable instruments he uses in the cure of stutering. Last, but not least, there is Francis Zerman, with his unapproachable tooth-wash, an article which sweetens the breath, whitens the teeth, and gives healthy vigour to the gums; the best article of its kind say prominent dentists, now in use.

So much for a running glance at the Franklin Institute Exhibition.

Home Journal.

— This delightful paper, edited by the world-renowned George P. Morris and N. Parker Willis, is every day obtaining a larger hold upon the affections of the reading masses. We consider it unexceptionably good; so good, that we shall be satisfied if BIZARRÉ ever approaches within rifle shot of it. Both of the editors we have long known, and we may add, long admired. The senior may well count us as "an old friend," for it is now some twenty years since we first received evidences of his kindness, and hence made the returns which a grateful heart prompted. Enough:—look at the announcement of the *Home Journal* in our advertising pages.

— The public life of a man teaches us to know his public character; it is his domestic life that teaches us to know the man. One day, in a hot summer, Marshal Turenne was leaning out at the window, with only his waistcoat on. A servant, who passed through the room, mistaking him for a fellow servant, came softly up to him, and gave him a hearty slap behind. The Marshal turned round, when the servant, terrified, threw himself on his knees, entreating his forgiveness, and assuring him that he thought it had been James. "And if it had been James," said the Marshal calmly, "There was no occasion to strike so hard." What do we learn from such a reply?—That this great man was no less calm and composed in his house, than at the head of his army.

Revolutionary Landmarks.

— The building in Chestnut Street, below Fifth Street, for several years occupied by the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and lately torn down to make room for their new banking house, was the head-quarters of General Howe, during the time that the British occupied Philadelphia, in 1777 and 1778. The house was owned at the time by Chief Justice Allar, and was of course, one of the finest of the city. The head-quarters of Lord Cornwallis were in the Norris house, directly opposite, which was removed about thirty years ago, to make room for the United States Bank, now the Customs House. Was any drawing or daguerreotype taken of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank before its destruction?

French Anecdotes.

— When Fontanelle was ninety-nine years old, he received a visit from Madame Grimaud, who was one hundred and three years of age. My dear sir, (said she to him) Providence seems to have forgotten that there are two such beings in the world as you and me. Fontanelle put his finger to his lip, and with a very arch look, said *silence!*

— Fontanelle was very fond of asparagus, but preferred it dressed with oil. One of

his friends calling on him one day to dine with him, Fontanelle said that he would make great sacrifice to him, and have half of the asparagus dressed with butter. Before the time of dinner arrived, the visitor was taken ill, and fell down in a few moments in an apoplectic fit. Fontanelle immediately ran to the kitchen, crying out, "All with oil, all with oil."

Common Errors of Speech and Writing.

— Perfection is the highest point of excellence. Whatever is perfect cannot become more perfect, and if it falls below the point of perfection, it is not perfect at all. Hence the common expression, "a high degree of perfection," is utterly absurd. There may be a thousand degrees of imperfection, but none of perfection.

A similar error prevails with the word *unanimity*. Unanimity means that all persons taking part in the decision of any question are *of one mind*. Hence there can be but one decision that is unanimous. Yet an expression has crept in which should be denounced and discontinued. When the majority for anything is large, many persons say that the question was decided with great unanimity, whereas, there has been no unanimity at all, supposing that there could be two kinds, great and little.

French Borrowers.

— The French language has no words to express the ideas of home and comfort, perhaps because they are fond of crowds, and take their pleasure from home. They have lately borrowed *comfort* from the English, spelling it *confort*. They have absolutely introduced the word *shawl*, which they spell *chale*.

What is a Letter?

— This question is answered by a poet, thus happily:—

What is a Letter? Let affection tell!—

A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell;

A silent language uttered to the eye,

Which envious distance would in vain deny;

A link to bind where circumstances part,

A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,

Formed to convey, like an electric chain,

The mystic flash,—the lightning of the brain,—

And thrill at once, through its remotest link,

The throb of passion, by a drop of ink.

More Compliments.

— BIZARRE is completely overwhelmed with compliments from its brethren of the press. In part one, we copied what the Boston *Transcript*, and Morris & Willis's *Home Journal* had to say. This week we offer a few more of the same sort. Let it be understood that in virtue of these compliments we stand with our right hand on our left side, just where our heart is supposed to be, our body bent gracefully at the same time in a bowing

attitude, while the most refreshing of smiles lights up our countenance. But to the compliments:—

The Literary World, admirable in all respects as a critical journal, says BIZARRE is "one of the most select and spirited weekly publications in the country. It is spicy with the topics of the day, and seasoned with the attic salt dug out of past times. The contributed matter is uniformly good, and the editorial gentlemanlike, and to the point. Philadelphia should cherish such an enterprise, and set the country at large a good example to follow."

We follow up the above with the same style of good things from various excellent sources:—

"Church's BIZARRE, which commences this week a new volume, is steadily working its way to a very pleasant eminence in the higher walks of literature."—*Model Courier*.

"A queer quaint publication, containing all sorts of out of the way and curious miscellany, and much that is valuable and instructive."—*Iowa City Reporter*.

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"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Fortnightly*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

Inexpressibly tired as I was, my head had no sooner touched the pillow, than I fell into a profound, dreamless sleep. It seemed to me, that no interval whatever had elapsed, when I was awaked by the ringing of the bell. On looking, I could dimly note, (for it was yet almost totally dark) that my room mates were all up dressing. On inquiry, I found that this bell was the signal for getting up and commencing work. Of course I "followed suite." After dressing, I noticed that each kneeled, and with bowed head remained a few minutes silent. I was told, that "according to order" all must offer a mute prayer on rising each morning.

There were no means of lavation in our chambers, but we were obliged to traverse the broad inner yard, to an underground room in the edifice containing most of the workshops, where I found a sufficiently abundant supply of water.

We then dispersed to our various shops, and by lamplight pursued our labors for an hour or two, till the bell summoned us to breakfast. Fifteen minutes having been allowed for this, we worked again till the dinner hour of twelve. Another fifteen minutes, and we labored till darkness brought the supper hour.

On going to my room after supper, I noticed that my companions were brushing up, and somewhat changing their working dress, and I was told that I must do likewise in preparation for the evening's conversation meeting. (I will not be confident that "conversation" was the qualifying word, but this was the meaning.) Well, the old familiar bell sounded, and we "put out" for meeting. This sort of assemblage differed wholly from the worshipping one before described. From half a dozen to a dozen of each sex, assembled in some one of the inhabited rooms in the edifice containing the worshipping hall. On entering *our* room, I noticed two rows of chairs, with some eight or ten feet between, extending along either side of the chamber,

with as much regularity as two ranks of soldiers on parade. The women seated themselves in one row, and the men in the other.

The avowed purpose for which we were sent here, was that the two sexes, who, "according to order," had elsewhere hardly a chance to approach or speak to each other, might converse, compare notes, &c. &c. But it was a decided failure, so far as concerned any real interchange of thought and feeling. To me this first evening was at least supportable, for it was a novelty, and I was buoyed up by curiosity. But on the whole, these were the flattest, emptiest, dreariest social gatherings I ever attended on earth; and this is a seemingly extravagant saying. For those who had long been "believers," apparently had neither thought nor feeling strictly deserving the name. Their Shaker life seemed to have extinguished, or at least put in abeyance, both mind and heart, and left only a sort of material vitality. Reading neither books nor newspapers; never going beyond their own precincts; and none of them originally having had more than a "reading, writing, and ciphering" education; of course they had nothing to think of, feel, or talk about, save what occurred among themselves. And these occurrences being impressibly monotonous, their souls of necessity were very like stagnant pools encircled by mountains, which shot out from their surfaces all passing benefits.

And those who had recently become members, if they possessed either education or thoughts, were quashed from uttering the latter, by an instinctive perception, that this was neither the time nor the place for them.

I cannot, for the life of me, recall what used to be the staple or character of such conversation as did actually take place. I do, however recollect that all seemed burdened more or less with *ennui*.

One or two diversions of the tedium were often brought into action. One was, the singing of our various songs. And this music, though not of the highest order, did actually prove an inexpressible relief to the dreariness of the hours. Another was, the reading of extracts from a certain reform paper, taken by some member,—a paper which contained some quite interesting and able things. This reading was always done by a member of two years' standing, who had joined with his wife and two children,—much to the discontent of the wife. He was perhaps thirty-three years old; was originally a shoemaker; next a Millerite preacher of the most zealous kind; and now a Shaker, with large additions to his primitive zeal. He was an enthusiastic, active, restless man, of considerable native sagacity, and some

*Continued from Part 3, of *Bizarre*.

imagination, ingenuity, and general ability. His besetting sin was a love of dictation and rube, which not seldom embroiled him with such as did not like being incessantly inter-meddled with. He was, at the outset a great friend and patroniser of myself, but it was not long before we clashed on many accounts which need not be specified. Well, his reading, with some casual remarks, which could scarcely fail to be suggested by the subject, coupled with the singing, did enable me to get through these conversations *alive*, and that was all.

These meetings were from one to two hours in duration, and none could absent themselves therefrom without the express permission of an elder or elders. The evenings of the week were divided between these and the worshipping assemblies, so that every evening was occupied by one or the other.

Thus, from my description of the day's and the evening's employment, it will be perceived to be the Shaker's policy to leave, so far as may be, no moment of idleness, leisure or solitude. Social work; social worship; social eating; social sleep even; together with the social meetings for conversation, in which Shaker life is about the whole and only subject that can be talked about: unavoidably absorb every moment of the time. The main reason for this I may touch upon when I come to speak of the Shaker beliefs.

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY.*

This volume comes from Charles Scribner, and is from the pen of Mr. Brace, so universally known for his Austrian experiences. We consider this gentleman one of the most fortunate of our rising authors. First, because his incarceration by, and escape from, the brutal Hapsburgh, was the best of advertisements for attracting popular attention to what he might write. Second, the strong interest so widely felt in Hungary, made an account of that country the most reasonable of all books, especially as coming from an eye-witness. When to these things you add that our author has a host of admirable qualities as a writer, you see why we deem him among the fortunate ones.

The present volume, in its way, is fully equal to, and perhaps even richer in good things, than his Hungarian one. Its interest is of a more, every-day and domestic kind. Its title indicates its character exactly. He carries us among Germans of all classes, rich and poor, the denizens of city and coun-

try, the learned, the artists, and the professional; and lets us see just how they live, talk and act, in their seasons of privacy and unrestraint. We feel that he is a reliable witness. His whole manner of speech betrays it.

His mind, indeed, is not highly ideal and imaginative, nor is his style very poetic or eloquent; but he is a sagacious, honest observer and thinker, and he notes down what he sees and thinks very agreeably after all. He has made in this volume an exceedingly readable book.

We give a few extracts:

MANNERS.

"In general, the contrast in manners between our lower classes and the European, is very striking. It has often surprised me. The cultivated classes, in that respect, are very nearly the same, the world over. But why a poor man, or an educated man with us, so much less polished, than one in the same position in the old world, I have never been able to explain.

"I used formerly to think it was a natural result of our new society, not softened as yet by the appliances and influences of an old civilization. But I have seen the manners and courtesy of the most complete gentleman in a Hungarian cattle-driver, whose whole civilization had not carried him above undressed sheepskins and half-cooked meat. It is the more remarkable, as we are not naturally a grumbling, or whimsical, or domineering race, like the English; or a strict and pragmatic people, like the mass of the Scotch. We seem to have in our character all the elements, of high courtesy, fearlessness, generosity, kindness—yet few of us are habitually courteous.

"The causes begin early—manner, expression of any feeling is laughed at in childhood; later in life it is called a humbug; and afterwards in the gigantic, absorbing plans and pursuits of our American society, so small a thing as manners, or the promotion of others' happiness in these petty ways is altogether lost sight of and neglected.

"As though feeling could grow where its expression is always pruned, and as though all our grand outward success were worth anything, if there be a basis in home-life of cold, unsocial, disagreeable intercourse.

"The type also of religious character most revered, and very naturally so among us, has not included courtesy as one of its traits. We have forgotten the old patriarch, with his simple hospitality and native courtliness; and Paul, who could "become all things to all men;" and have taken to ourselves as a model the severe, ascetic, form-hating Puritan. A character whose faults men have caught but too easily,

* "Home Life in Germany," by Charles Loring Brace. New York: Charles Scribner. 1853.

but whose grand and massive virtues become more rare every day. There is a feeling too among our sturdy farmers and Western "boys," that any courtesy is unmanly. A feeling, boyish as it is, connected with our old English gruffness which we have inherited. If Kossuth has done nothing else in this country than show that a tact and politeness, like a woman's, is not inconsistent with the strength of an indomitable manhood, he has not been without his use to us.

"There is something higher in Politeness than Christian moralists have recognised. In its best forms as a simple, out-going, all-pervading spirit, none but the truly religious man can show it. For it is the Sacrifice of self in the little habitual matters of life—always the best test of our principles—together with a Respect, unaffected for man, as our brother under the same grand destiny. In its lower and more common development in every-day life, we have very much to learn of the Europeans."—pp. 124-5.

LADIES' PROFANITY.

"In colloquial language, nothing will so utterly surprise the stranger—yes, shock him—as the universal profanity among the ladies. In the best circles of Germany, I have heard more oaths in one evening, than I would in the same time from a ship's crew. 'Ach Gott! Mein Gott! mein Gott! Jesus Christus!' rung over and over at the veriest trifles.

"It was some time before I could accustom myself to it. Of course the words have no irreverent sound to them, and are used like the French '*Mon Dieu!*' still how so foolish a habit could have become so general among sensible people surprises me."—p. 137.

LITERARY CONVERSATION.

"It is singular in the usual literary conversation, how little is said of modern German literature. Goethe and Schiller are 'classics' now; and Jean Paul, is even quite passé, so that few of the young people know anything about him, except his inextricable sentences. This would not be so strange, for the great Teachers of a nation are seldom discussed in common talk; but among all the many romances read, there is scarcely one of the German. And an American is surprised to find himself discussing the naturalness of Johanna (Jane) Eyre's character, or the morality of Bulwer, or laughing over the remembered jokes of 'Bots,' (Boz) as they call him, just as he did at home. Cooper and Irving I find everywhere, and the children all know 'Leatherstocking,' and the Indian Chiefs perfectly, and have confident hopes of meeting him, if they should ever cross to the New World. In fact, the English and American novels are the

mode at present in Germany, and there has scarcely appeared one of any worth for several years, without being speedily translated into German. But the foreign work, which of all others has been read most eagerly by thinking men in Germany these late years, and which is exerting a most happy influence, is Macaulay's History of England. And if Macaulay never does any other good through it, than what is effected in this land, he will have accomplished a great work.

"It is almost the first instance to the Germans, of history made dramatic; and in its exposition of the English Constitution, and its vivid account of the English Revolution, it is of incalculable benefit, and singularly appropriate to the present state of Germany. It is a new thing too, to the Germans, to see in union a gentle Christian belief and an ardent love of liberty.

"There is another writer too of England, the freest, truest, most earnest spirit of this century, whose influence seems to have been as great here as in his own country, or in America—Dr. ARNOLD. It is very grateful to those who have admired and loved Dr. Arnold in secret, to find that in distant lands and under foreign languages, that simple, truthful spirit, that warm heart, that free, practical reverent mind are equally known and appreciated. Strange, how little is ever said of the man, and yet how wide and deep is his influence.

"Though our American novels were spoken of warmly on this evening, and one or two of our scientific men, the tone was generally of pity at our devotion to 'the practical,' and our neglect of the intellectual. 'But it must be;' said one of the learned gentlemen present, 'it will be long before your people have leisure to give themselves to Art, or to any high intellectual cultivation in one direction. You must clear the forests first!'

"I assured him we were not quite all 'pioneers,' and that he must remember the national mind had thus far been most applied, apart from directly practical subjects, to oratory and politics. In these, in specimens of eloquence, and in a philosophical understanding of political questions, I thought our short records would bear a very favorable comparison with the best of classic times."—pp. 137-9.

PICTURES.

"I am disposed to think that Art has reached a higher grade of cultivation in Germany now, than in any other country. Of the fine and elaborate school, we in America, have had very good specimens in the Dusseldorf paintings. But in the grand and bold works, one must go to Berlin or Munich, for the masters. I know nothing in modern

painting, which can equal in genius and boldness, these frescoes and paintings of Kaulbach and Cornelius. They are the reaction of strong minds against modern frippery. Ornament, decoration, gaudiness—are nothing. The thought—the reality they demand and utter with uncompromising sternness. Beauty! for beauty is the highest expression—but if that is not possible, let the truth be bare and strong, is their principle. Not many words, not many lines, but a few bold and grand strokes!

“An excellent specimen of their style, is Kaulbach's ‘Battle of the Huns,’ in Count Raczyński's Gallery in this city.

“There has long been a tradition among various nations that those who perished in some great world-battle, in the very moment of fierce conflict, met again in fiercer fight after death. There is such a tradition in regard to a spirit-battle between Attila's army and the Romans. This picture takes its idea from that tradition: The scene is a battle-field, with corpses strown about, and beyond, the towers and battlements of Rome rising in the distance. The light is a pale, cold, unnatural light, like the light of early morning. From the battle-field the forms of the dead are rising. They are stupefied, half-unconscious at first; the warrior only faintly clasps the sword; and the spearman can hardly raise the lance; but as they comprehend the strange scene above, they seem to burst from the earth as if into a new existence. Imagination never pictured or scarcely dreamed of such a conception of motion. They do not fly, nor are they wafted, but they rise with a free eager movement, as if their own spirit and passion pressed them up; as if they had powers of moving not possessed by man, or were creatures of a new element. Among the rising forms is a woman's, her face towards Heaven, and her hands clasped together above her head. The features are hardly visible, but the outline of form is the most free and graceful, I ever remember to have seen in a painting. All have human features; but there are strange, fearful expressions on them, and there is something bloodless and unnatural about them all. Faces once seen, not easily to be forgotten; such as one sees in night-mare dreams.

“Above is passing a strange, terrible scene. On one side, moving swiftly on through the air, is a host of wild forms—the army of the Huns. At their head, in half-oriental robes, supported by four slaves on a shield, stands Attila. He holds a scourge in his hand, and drives on before him a crowd of fugitives, who are grappling in fierce fight among themselves, or are fleeing before him, and on whose faces are the most terrible expressions which the mind ever dreamed of; looks of unearthly wrath, and fear, and ma-

lice, and revenge. On the other side are seen the warriors of the Romans, with noble and dignified faces, but saddened and almost fearful. They do not move so swiftly; and they look and point at the cross which is borne in their centre. Before them, is their king leading them on as if to desperate battle; yet still with confidence, apparently in the cross. Two timid, youthful forms, his sons, are clinging to his sides. Far in the heights of the air, other forms are struggling, seemingly in fierce conflict, but so mist-like and uncertain that one can hardly tell whether they are shapes only of the morning clouds; or the spirits of the dead. Both armies appear to have risen from the field of battle, and others are continually rising to join passionately in the strife.

“There is no coloring scarcely in the picture, except a faint yellow. But the outlines and expressions are bold beyond anything I have ever seen in painting. The forms seem as if they might melt away with the first morning light, yet they are animated with a passion which is almost superhuman. I do not believe throughout painting, such intense, absorbing rage and hate is pictured as in those faces, and always a passion which does not seem to belong to this life.

“The first sensation before it is almost of shuddering. You remember the name which mankind gave in fear to this conqueror, ‘The Scourge of God;’ his own conviction that he was sent by the Almighty; and the traditions even among the Christians of his connection with the Unseen. And as you gaze at the wild, dream-like picture, a feeling crosses over the mind, not easy to describe or account for. A glimpse for a moment as it were into what is not of earth.”—pp. 151-3.

THE GULF STREAM.

Lieutenant Maury's movements in England have excited not a little interest among scientific men. Lord Wrottesley has published a pamphlet which we find noticed in the *Athenæum*; he adduces many facts in proof of the value of scientific knowledge; as urged by Lieut. Maury, even in cases where it would hardly seem available. The story of Franklin and his thermometer is a good evidence of his kind. Franklin, as everybody knows, was great at experiments. He had a passion for ascertaining facts, whether isolated or other. When crossing the Atlantic he had been in the habit of dipping his thermometer into the sea, and noting the record. These simple experiments, though he had no notion of their special importance at the time, caused one of the great internal revolutions in America—transferred the trade and wealth of Charlestown to New

York, from the south to the north, from the Slave States to the Free. This important transfer was effected thus:—

“When Dr. Franklin was in England, the merchants of Providence, Rhode Island, petitioned the Lords of the Treasury, (it was before the recognition of Independence,) that the Government packets that usually sailed from Falmouth to Boston, U. S., might in future sail from London to Providence; and they supported the prayer of their petition by the allegation that the average passage from London to Providence was fourteen days less than from Falmouth to Boston. Now Falmouth and Boston being between London and Providence, this statement seemed rather startling; and Dr. Franklin, who was always on the alert when his country's interests were at stake, hearing of it, sent for Capt. Folger, an old New England Whaler, who happened also to be in London at the time. The old Captain immediately accounted for the fact that had puzzled the Doctor. ‘The London packets,’ said he, ‘are commanded by New England masters, who know something about the Gulf-stream; the Falmouth by Englishmen who know nothing about the matter.’ This hint was enough for Dr. Franklin. He had either previously or subsequently taken the temperature of the Gulf-stream, and had found it considerably higher than the surrounding ocean; dipping a thermometer into these, therefore, showed when you entered and left it. He and the old Captain laid down its limits according to the best of the existing information on the charts, and the result was a complete change in the course taken by vessels trading between England and America.”

By using or avoiding the Gulf-stream as circumstances required, for which the thermometer served the purpose of a sextant, the distance between London and New York was shortened from sixty to thirty days. In this way New York became nearer to England than Charlestown. It grew into the point for all vessels bound to the New World to touch at,—and so, assumed the importance of a great commercial depot. Charlestown lost its chance of ever growing into the metropolis of the Republic:—and, to use the words of Lieut. Maury, “all these results are traceable to the use of the water thermometer at sea.” This is an answer to be pondered by those who affect to sneer at the temperature-registrations of the Dolphin.

The Gulf-stream, Franklin's observation of which led to such important results in America, is still a comparatively unknown ocean current. Yet it is one of the most interesting streams in the world,—and for European and American commerce it is far the most important.—

“This astonishing current [says Lord

Wrottesley] is always from 8° to 20° warmer than the surrounding ocean, and it imparts its temperature to the superincumbent atmosphere, thus generating fearful storms. But another very curious purpose seems to be answered by this extraordinary stream, in addition to the benefits which accrue from its transporting as it were on its waves a mild and genial climate to the shores of Europe, it acts as a great thawing laboratory for all the ice that comes down into it, in two streams from the inhospitable shores of Baffin's Bay and Greenland; it is possible that the weed may help to arrest the course of these frigid mountains, till they are completely dissolved in nature's furnace, and while their course is so stayed they gradually disappear, and are prevented from intruding on the more genial climes of the South.”

Lord Wrottesley very properly adds:—“surely a current which seems to exercise such an important influence upon navigation and meteorology is worth examination till all worth knowing is known.” Major Rennell, who paid great attention to the Gulf-stream, as the highway of nature between the two worlds, writing thirty years ago, says:—

“But nothing less than a great number of observations of every kind, and those made through many seasons, in order to embrace all the variety of cases, can enable the most diligent enquirer to make himself master of the whole subject; and this can be the work of Government only: for individual enquiry can produce little more than unconnected facts.”

America is doing her part in the great work. Holland has also given in her adhesion to Lieutenant Maury's plans. England could not keep aloof from such an enterprise,—so important for her trading interests, so precious in the scientific results. To those who would still object to the trouble and expense involved; and we may say in passing, that these are very small—Lord Wrottesley offers a striking illustration of the practical uses of real knowledge, whether it be gained by accident or by design. He writes:—

“The man who would laugh to scorn the philosopher experimenting on the leg of a dead frog would stand amazed in silent admiration before the wonderful performances of the electric telegraph; yet the connection between the one and the other is known to every tyro in science. Who could have foreseen that Worcester's rude experiment on the expansion of the vapour of water contained the germ of that great invention, the steam engine? These are instances in which the ore was slowly worked into the finished manufacture; but there are cases in which discoveries which seemed likely to continue

long unfruitful have been suddenly and unexpectedly applied to the arts. Thus, about forty-five years ago a gentleman was surveying through a particular kind of prism, the light of the setting sun reflected from the windows of the palace of the Luxembourg; this led to the discovery of a property of light which gave a new character to the science of Optics. Light was observed to undergo certain modifications on being transmitted through, or reflected from, certain substances. To these changes the name of 'polarization' was given; many interesting experiments were made, beautiful colours and tints exhibited, men cried out,—How pretty! but what is the use? Now, your Lordships will be surprised to hear that this property of light has been lately employed by the French in the manufacture of beet-root sugar."

YOUTH-DREAMINGS.

I was sailing one day in my bark on the tide,
And came to a shore which invitingly seemed;
Unheeding I fastened my boat to its side,
And thoughtless of danger the day-long I dreamed.
That sleep, with its fancies, how quickly 'twas past!
Alas, that the dreamings of youth will not last!

I woke from my slumber, the sun had gone down,
The tide swiftly flowing had turned from the strand;
I sought to return, but in sorrow soon found
The bark which had borne me, a wreck in the sand.
The heavens their gloomiest forebodings wore,—
I was left sad and helpless alone on that shore!

O thus in our youth, when with pleasure before us,
We linger to dream life's best hours away;
Till deserted by Fortune, which favoring bore us,
We are left by its tide in our prime to decay!
While the visions which hope did so fervently cherish
Remain but a wreck on Life's quicksands to perish!

RES CURIOSAE.

SPECULATION.

Speculating on false bases is not uncommon now, and never has been, since inquiring mind was first created. For instance, an extraordinary case was some time since mentioned in a magazine, of a game-cock, which, when placed upon a table, and a circle of chalk drawn round it, was rendered apparently perfectly senseless, and incapable of moving; and it would, the writer alleges, had it been left in that situation, certainly have expired. A solution of this mystery is asked by the writer, but none is given in the succeeding numbers of the magazine. There is good reason to be doubtful of the fact. If any readers of BIZARRE wish to satisfy

themselves in the premises, however, they have only to try the experiment.

The following anecdote of the Royal Society is sufficient to check the disposition to speculate on subjects, the validity of which has never been proved:—

Soon after the institution of the Royal Society, in the reign of Charles II., under the patronage of that facetious and witty monarch, his majesty graciously condescended to request of those learned academicians, the philosophical cause of a very remarkable phenomenon, namely, 'that if a fish of a certain weight (as suppose two pounds) be immersed in a vessel sufficiently filled with water, and permitted to swim therein without touching either the sides or the bottom of the vessel, the whole compound of fish, water and vessel, will weigh no more than the water and vessel together did, before the fish was put therein.'

Immediately upon receipt of his majesty's commands, our illustrious philosophers applied themselves with the utmost diligence to investigate the rationale of this wonderful appearance, and after mature deliberation gave the answer as follows:—

"Your majesty's observations on the immersion of the fish in the vessel of water, are most undoubtedly just; for as water is a perfectly elastic fluid and liquid, and, it being a general law of nature, that action and re-action are ever contrary and equal, it certainly follows that the particles of water acting against the bottom and sides of the vessel must in opposite directions, by their elasticity, mutually destroy the gravitating force of the fish, and thereby diminish its absolute weight in the exact proportion of its magnitude, so that if the fish either remains at rest, or swims about in the liquid element, without adhering to the sides or bottom, it cannot make any addition to the original weight of the vessel and water taken together."

The members of the society then present, were just upon the point of setting out to wait upon his majesty with the above determination, when Mr. Boyle accidentally came in, to whom they communicated the affair, he being also a member of the society, and desired him to examine the answer, which they had agreed to present to the king. Mr. Boyle read it over very carefully and, after a short pause gave his opinion thus:—"His majesty, I am apt to believe, never saw the experiment tried, which might either confirm or refute the conjecture; and notwithstanding your solution is philosophically very curious, yet I think it will be a much safer way, before you give in this answer to be assured of the fact, by the result of an experiment, which may be very readily made for that purpose."

This was certainly wholesome advice, and in consequence thereof the experiment was immediately ordered to be made, which confirmed, *what?* why the very contrary to what had been before designed for the answer. The reader need not here be told, that it became necessary for those philosophers to cancel their former opinion, and draw up an answer of a very different kind, which they did in the following manner:—

“We most humbly beg leave to represent to your majesty, that according to the general received laws of matter and motion, it doth not appear possible for the total weight of the compound, namely the vessel, water, and fish, to be the same with the weight of the vessel and water only, before the immersion of the fish, for as the quantity of matter is always found proportionable to the weight thereof, it must follow, that whether the fish be put into the water or into the scales by the side of the vessel, the difference of weight will be exactly the same, and that constantly equal to the real weight of the fish.”

RECESSION OF NIAGARA.

Mr. Lyell, the famous geologist, in a lecture delivered some years since, remarked in regard to the recession of Niagara, that that river had certainly cut its way back from the whirlpool, three miles below where the falls now are, and that the whole body of water once fell over the rocks at the whirlpool. He spoke of the changes still going on in the shape of the falls; the American fall was getting to be like a crescent, and the Horse Shoe getting straight. The recession now is a foot in a year; and therefore it had taken 15,000 years for the falls to go back from the whirlpool to their present position. In 1675 Father Hennipen saw them; and there was then a third fall or cascade on the Canada side, which fell across the Horse Shoe Fall from west to east. In 1750, Karl, a Dane, saw them and all this was gone; but in his letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1751, he says there had been a third fall, but the rocks had all tumbled down. One great argument that the falls were miles further down is that on the top of the limestone at the falls on Goat Island, and on each shore there is a fresh water formation twenty-five feet thick; it contains shells, muscles with the valves united, that have been quietly deposited in still water. Three species of the melania, one of the limnia, one of the planorbis, and one of the valvata, are found buried in this deposit; and all these species are found now living in the still water near Grand Island. Half a mile below the falls we also found these shells in the soil above the limestone. So that the falls must have been so far below

this spot, as to place it out of the reach of rapids, and to make the waters in which this deposit was made, as still and calm as they now are at Grand Island. And if they have cut their way up three miles from the whirlpool in 15,000 years, why not have receded seven miles in 35,000 years. Though when the falls were at Lewistown, there were several falls, as is now seen at Rochester in the Genesee Falls; one fall over the hard quartz ore sand at the bottom; one over the hard protean group; one over the limestone. A mastodon's tooth was found twelve feet down in the fresh water deposit opposite the falls; this mastodon's tooth was there when the falls were at the whirlpool, and twelve feet of mud and sand were afterwards deposited on it by the river. This will give us an immense number of years in which to effect the recession of the falls.” Mr. Lyell thought further that the re-union in the cliffs near Lockport, (N. Y.) was merely one of those bays where the sea broke farther into the land. He also said that perhaps in the course of the next 10,000 years, the falls would recede two miles more, and that then they would be only eighty feet high, and fall over a solid mass of limestone, and would take an immense time,—ages, to get back to Lake Erie and drain that. The dip of the beds was twenty-five feet in a mile; and the slope of the river thirteen feet in a mile; so that every mile the falls went back, they lost forty feet in height. When at Lewistown they were nearly four hundred feet in height. Since Mr. Lyell delivered the lecture, the breaking away of table rock has occurred.

PORTRAITS OF DEATH'S CABINET.

The following portraiture of the Ministers of Death, is taken from the *Seatonian Prize Essay on Death*, by a late Rev. Bishop of London.

At his right hand, nearest himself in place,
And frightfulness of form his parent—SIN
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Buses herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom, drawn
From her infernal store—around him ranged
In terrible array and mixture strange,
Of uncouth shapes stand his dread ministers?
Foremost OLD AGE, his natural ally
And firmest friend. Next him DISEASES thick,
A motley train—FEVER with cheek of fire,
CONSUMPTION wan—PALSEY half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump—joint-torturing GOUT;
And ever-gnawing RHEUM—CONVULSION wild,
Swain DROPSY, panting ASTHMA, APOPLEXY
Full gorged. There too the PESTILENCE that walks
In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
At broad noon day. These and a thousand more
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when
By Heaven's command DEATH waves his shorn wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

MIXED RACES OF AMERICA.

Dr. Tschudi, a distinguished German naturalist, in a work published by him some time since, entitled *Travels in Peru*, gives a list of the crosses resulting from the intermixture of the Spanish with the Indian and Negro races in that country. The settlement of Mexico by the Spaniards took place at the same time, and the intermixture of races has been perhaps greater in that country than in Peru. An officer of the army states that the Mexican soldiers present the most unequal characters that can be met with anywhere in the world. Some are brave, and many others quite the reverse, and possessing the basest and most barbarous qualities. This, doubtless, is a result in part of the crossings of the races. The following is Tschudi's list of the crossing in Peru:—

Parents.	Children.
White father and negro mother	Mulatto.
White father and Indian mother	Mastiza.
Indian father and negro mother	Chino.
White father and mulatto mother	Cuarteron.
White father and mestiza mother	Creole, pale, brownish complexion.
White father and china mother	Chino-Blanco.
White father and cuarterona mother	Quintero.
White father and quintera mother	White.
Negro father and Indian mother	Zambo.
Negro father and mulatto mother	Zambo-negro.
Negro father and mestiza mother	Mulatto-oscuro.
Negro father and china mother	Zambo chino.
Negro father and Zamba mother,	Zambo-negro, perfectly black.
Negro father and quintera mother,	Mulatto, rather dark.
Indian father and mulatto mother	Chino-oscuro.
Indian father and mestiza mother,	Mestizo-claro, frequently very beautiful.
Indian father and china mother	Chino-cola.
Indian father and zamba mother	Zambo-claro.
Indian father and china-cholar mother	Indian with frizzly hair brown.
Indian father with quintera mother,	Mestizo, rather brown.
Mulatto father and zamba mother	Zamba, a miserable race.
Mulatto father and mestiza mother	Chino, rather clear complexion.
Mulatto father and china mother	Chino, rather dark.

The effect of such intermixture upon the character is thus stated by Dr. Tschudi:—“To define their characteristics correctly would be impossible; for their minds partake of the mixture of their blood. As a general rule, it may be fairly said, that they unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues of their progenitors; as men they are generally inferior to the pure races, and as members of society they are the worst class of citizens.”

. VARIETATES.

In a magazine for July, 1815, we find under the head of *Chronicle*, the following notice respecting the communication of the Plague! We notice it, more to show from how vague a basis, too many of the deductions are derived in the important science of medicine.

“Through the medium of advices from Malta, we learn that after diligent, but for some time ineffectual inquiry, it has been by accident discovered that the infection of the plague was transferred from that island to Gozo, by some beads, which were sent by the order of a person who died of the complaint, to a friend in the latter. The poison was held suspended in the string by which the beads were connected!”

This almost equals the statement made by the illustrious Boyle, respecting the same disease, that the pestilential contagion “was long preserved in a cobweb.” (1. p. 415.)—He gives, it is true, Forestus as his authority, but the proof of the fact is altogether wanting, and we may therefore believe it or not, as suits our own theories on the subject.

— Copy of an advertisement from an inoculating Weaver in the west of England, published many years ago:—

“I George Ridler, near Stroud in the county of Gloster Broadweaver at the desier of people hereabout do give Nottis That I have Inockilated these too Seasons past between 2 and 800 for the Smale Pox, and but too or three of them died—A Mainy people be afeard of the thing but evalith it is No More than Scraffin a bit of a haul in theier Yarm A pushin in a peece of Skaped rag dipt in Sum of the Pocky Matter of a Child under the Distemper—That every body in the Nashion may be sarved I Will God Willin Undertake to Inockillat them with the pervizer they will take too Purges before hand and loose a little blud away, for half a Crown a head; And I will be bould to say Noo body goes beyond me.

“NB. Poor Volk at a Shillin a head but all Must Pay for the Purgin.”

Dr. Pangloss should have been called in to administer to George's “kakography.”

— The *Furet de Londres* once had an account of a most singular spit, that of the Count de Castel Maria, which belonged to one of the most opulent Lords of Irevise. This spit turned 130 different roasts at once, and played 24 tunes, and wherever it played corresponded to a certain degree of cooking, which was perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton a l'Anglaise was excellent at the twelfth air; a fowl a la Flamande, was delightfully juicy at the eighteenth, and so on. It would be difficult

perhaps to carry further the love of music and gormandizing. Some of our hotels would do well to get one of these spits, for it would at the same time it cooked the dinners afford the boarders delightful music.

— An old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, tells of a Miss Gardener, only daughter of Fred. G. Esq., of Blossom Hall, in Wiltshire, who, being dreadfully frightened by a bull, was so strangely affected, that in the space of a few hours, her hair, which was of a fine brown, became as gray as that of a person of fourscore.

BRITISH FORCES IN AMERICA, IN 1761.

A valued correspondent, "Monkbarns," furnishes us with the following list of her Britannic Majesty's land forces in North America, in the year 1761. It is extracted from an Almanac of the period. Our correspondent promises us a list of the naval forces; and from the same source should it be desired. "Send it along."

2d Battalion of 1 (or Royal Scotch Regiment) of foot.—Colo. Lieut. Gen. James St. Clair, Lieut. Colo. Wm. Foster, Major Frederick Hamilton.

15th Regt. of foot.—Colo. Maj. Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, Lieut. Colo. James Robertson, Major P. Cornelius Ewing.

17th Regiment.—Brigadier Gen. Robert Monckton, Lieut. Colo. John Darby, Major John Campbell.

22d. Regt.—Colo. Edward Whitmore, Lieut. Colo. Andrew Lord Rollo, Major Alex. Money Penny.

27th Regiment (or Inniskilling)—Colo. Lieut. Gen. Wm. Lord Blakeney, Lieut. Col. Wm. Hayland, Major Archibald Gordon.

28th Regiment.—Col. Lieut. Gen. Philip Bragg, Lieut. Col. Hunt Welsh, Major Ralph Cory.

35th Regt.—Col. Lieut. Gen. Thomas Otway, Lieut. Col. Henry Fletcher, Major Thomas Addison.

40th Regiment.—Col. Peregrine Thomas Hopson, Lieut. Col. James Grant, Major Christian Aldrid.

42d Regiment of foot.—Col. Major Gen. John Lord Murray, Lieut. Col. Francis Grant, Major George Graham, 2d Major J. Reed.

43d Regiment.—Col. James Kennedy, Lieut. Col. John Dalling, Major Robert Elliot.

44th Regiment.—Col. Major Gen. James Abercrombie, Lieut. Colo. Wm. Eyre, Major John Beckwith.

45th Regiment.—Col. Major Gen. Hugh

Warburton, Lieut. Col. Montague Wilmet, Major John Tullikens.

46th Regiment.—Col. Major Gen. Thomas Murray, Lieut. Col. Eyre Massey, Major William Browning.

47th Regiment.—Col. Maj. Gen. Peregrine Lascelles, Lieut. Col. Royer Morris, Major John Spittle.

47th Regiment.—Col. Daniel Webb, Lieut. Col. Ralph Burton, Major Robert Ross.

49th Regiment.—Col. J. A. Dickinson Prington, Lieut. Col. Alex. Murray, Major Alex. Duncan.

58th Regiment.—Col. Gen. Robt. Anstruther, Lieut. Col. Hon. Wm. Hone, Major James Agnew.

60th, or (Royal American) Regiment.—Col. Major Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, Col. Commandants John Shannon, Jas. Prevost, Chas. Lawrence, Jas. Murray, Lieut. Cols. Henry Bouquet, Fred. Haldimand, Jno. Young, Sir Jno. St. Clair, Majors Thos. Oswald, Augustus Prevost, Wm. Walker, Herbert de Munster.

72nd, (or new raised Highland) Regiment, consisting of two battalions.—Lieut. Col. commandants Archibald Montgomery, Simon Fraser, Majors Jno. Mansall, Alex. Campbell, Jas. M'Pherson, James Abercrombie.

70th Regiment of Light armed foot.—Col. Brig. Gen. Thos. Gage, Major Henry Gladwin, Robert Rodgers, Major of Rangers.

NEW BOOKS.

Ellen Montgomery's Bookcase,

— Is the title of a series of books from the pen of the author of "The Wide Wide World," which G. P. Putnam & Co. of New York, have just commenced, the first volume of which we have received through Willis P. Hazard, of our city. It comes at a good time for the young folks, to whose entertainment its story, "Mr. Rutherford's Children," is especially directed; for the long evenings are now abroad, and there are the usual reading circles consequent on their incoming. The author of "Wide Wide World" is especially a favorite with young people, and particularly those of them who are of her own sex. We know of one delicate, tender, pure-hearted orphan-girl,—dear to us by the warmest blood-ties,—who has read Miss Wetherell's books again and again, and whose dark eyes will brighten with intensest joy when she sees the announcement that a series of her stories has been commenced. No doubt her innocent pleasures in the premises will be shared by thousands of others, and that "Ellen Montgomery's Bookcase" and its companions, will be fully as popular as anything which has preceded it from this

same pen. The volume eliciting this notice is beautifully illustrated.

Chanticeer.

— This admirable thanksgiving story, from the pen of Cornelius Mathews, has been beautifully illustrated by Darley, Dallas, and Wilcott; and will be published by Redfield, New York, in the course of a few weeks, under new auspices. We have seen the illustrations in sheets, and consider them of superior quality. They will undoubtedly give a new impetus to "Chanticeer," among the youthful reading masses of our country. Apropos of Mr. Matthews:—the editor of the *National Democrat*, of New York, says he has been taking fame at a hop, skip, and jump of late; for his "Witchcraft," which met the hearty approval of no less an esthetic critic than Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and which was so successfully played by Murdoch, has been published in London, translated into French by Philarète Charles, acted with a "hit" in Paris, and floating back on the popular tide and in a Parisian dress has appeared in the *feuilletons* of the French papers of New York. Nevertheless, adds the *Democrat*, Matthews we understand talks as usual with his old friends, and does not seem at all excited.

Village Sermons

— by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," are soon to be published by H. Hooker. Sermons from this author must partake of the earnest and striking attributes of his mind and style, and will no doubt have a freshness and originality which will make them sought after by many who do not ordinarily read sermons. We note that Mr. Hooker has recently filled his store with a collection of the most popular books of the day; such as are suitable to all tastes, and such as we doubt not will be in lively demand. His store is most favorably situated for business, and ladies as well as gentlemen go there with perfect confidence in being promptly and courteously waited on. Mr. Hooker has fine literary taste, and gentlemen in the country desiring books, on this account as well as on account of his great knowledge of the book trade, to say nothing of his high standing among the best classes of our citizens, we think might correspond with him to advantage. He will send any books that may be ordered of him, by mail, if such conveyance be preferred.

The Boy in the Cloud.

— E. H. Butler & Co., of our city, have published a charmingly conceived and executed religious annual, with this title, understood to have been edited by the Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, the honored and popular rector of St. Andrew's Church, in Philadelphia. Among the articles are the following:

— "Affliction" by J. Buchanan; D. D.; "Uses of Chastisement," by James W. Alexander, D. D.; "The Stones of the Heavenly Temple Prepared on Earth," by W. Bacon Stevens, D. D.; "Jesus Veiling his Dealings," by G. Winslow, D. D.; "Silent Suffering," by Dr. Doddridge; "Songs in the Night Season," by W. Bacon Stevens; "The Well-Spring in the Desert," etc. The volume is illustrated by nine engravings, and very beautiful engravings they are.

The Harpers

— have just published the following books, which we shall notice hereafter.—"Louis XVII., his Life, his Sufferings and his Death," by De Bauthesne; "History of the Insurrection in China," by M. M. Callery and Yvan. "The Czar and the Sultan." The last two will be found particularly interesting at this time, the former by reason of the rebellion, of which it gives a complete history; the latter on account of the interest which is now felt in Nicholas, by reason of his difficulties with the Porte. We hope to give extracts from both of these books in our next, as well many other matters of interest connected with current literature.

The American Law Register

— for November, is promptly on our table, and contains many very valuable papers, among which are some remarks on the opinion of Judge Black, in the matter of municipal subscriptions to the state railroad companies, and the opinion of Judge Lowrie, dissenting on the same subject. We also find in the number, abstracts of recent English cases of great value. The *Register*, we are happy to learn, is well sustained by the public.

"Light on the Dark River,"

— or Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, missionary in Turkey, has just been published in a beautifully finished 12mo. volume, of 321 pp., by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. It is from the pen of Margarette Woods Lawrence, R. S. Storrs furnishes an introduction, and there is also a charmingly written dedication by the author, "To the little Daughters of Mrs. Hamlin."

The Magazines.

— "Harper," "Putnam," the "Knickerbocker," "Graham," and "Godley," for November, are all on our table, filled to the brim with good things. The two former are models, each in its way; "Old Knicker" never was and never can be made by its admirable editor, anything but entertaining; while "Godley" for the ladies, and "Graham" for ladies and gentlemen, are thoroughly known and thoroughly appreciated.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Madame Sontag closed her concerts in this city on Monday evening, to, as we learn, a good house. Her success during this visit upon the whole, has been indifferent. Why, we cannot say. She offered attractions embracing herself, Badiali Rocco, Jaell, and Julien; a combination which, at only one dollar the ticket, ought to have drawn overflowing audiences. The performances were of the highest order. Julien was the favorite; indeed whenever he appeared there was a perfect furore. Some of the critics think him the best violinist we have ever had. This is extravagance without bit or curb. Madame Sontag goes from hence to Richmond. The concert given by Sontag to the girls of the Public Schools was a most brilliant affair. We regret that we could not attend. The arrangements were made under the superintendence of Messrs. Waterman & Smith, and could not have been better. The National Theatre, where the festival took place, was crowded in every part. The children were in ecstasies with Madame Sontag, and from all accounts, nearly buried her in bouquets. Julien also came in for the most enthusiastic demonstration, on their parts, while Badiali, Rocco, and bizarre Jaell, were warmly applauded. Mr. Smith presented Madame Sontag with a beautifully bound bible, understood to be a gift from the scholars. Of course the presentation was graceful, and the acknowledgement what one might expect from La Comtesse. The event will be long remembered in our city as one of the most interesting of the kind that has ever transpired.

— Ole Bull is in town again, and with Adelina Patti and Straakosch, is giving concerts at the Musical Fund Hall. His first was announced for Wednesday evening, the 2nd instant; his second and last for Friday evening, the 4th instant, will be found advertised in our pages. The object of these concerts is to procure money for poor suffering Norwegians, settled on land in the north-western part of the state, at Oleona. There have been some difficulties attending this tract, which Ole Bull purchased some time since, and set apart as a colony for his countrymen, but exactly what they are we have not been able to learn. At any rate, the noble-hearted Ole Bull calls on the public for aid in the premises, and gives his services in behalf of the charity; and we are sure he will be promptly seconded by the public. The entertainments offered are worth twice the admission price, embracing as they do, the wizard performances of Ole Bull, the remarkable vocalism of little Patti, and the stylish and at the same time classical piano

playing of Maurice Strackosch. They merit full houses. The noble cause, independent of the concerts themselves, should attract such:

— Julien will be with us next week. Already the fences and walls are covered with his announcements. "American Quadrille" stands out in bold black letters, from the stars and stripes. Everything, indeed, indicates the approach of the mighty man with the magic wand; and soon his four-and-twenty fiddlers, with their trimmings of brass and sheepskin will be delightfully palpable at Concert Hall. Let us prepare for the grandest of musical effects. The ensemble will be unprecedented, unparelled!

— Miss Pintard has been brilliantly successful at Boston, and the Germanians have unquestionably secured a capital card in her engagement. She is on all hands declared by the press to possess attractions both personal and professional of the most substantial kind. We congratulate her on her good fortune.

— As a singular continuation to that singular story, the life and genius of Paganini, says the *Athenæum*, comes the paragraph now going the round of the Continental papers. On the decease of the great violinist ten years ago, the ecclesiastical authorities of Nice, where he died, refused his remains admission into consecrated ground. In these cases, three appeals to the courts are permitted, ere the decision must be considered as final. Two appeals have been made by the nephew of Paganini, and rejected:—the third, however, is still pending, and the body is still in its provisional resting place.

— The London papers speak loud in praise of a quartett written by an American named Perkins, and recently published at Leipsic. The *Athenæum* says:—"The themes appear pleasing—the working of of them neat—and the taste of the whole laudable, as eschewing the modern defects calling themselves roman-facisms against which there is reason to warn American musical imagination. We fancy that this may be too apt to begin were other worlds have ended. The minor German composers and *kapellmeisters*—who have emigrated in such profusion to the Land of Promise—are not (as the race now goes) calculated to exercise a favorable influence on Transatlantic invention." Other musical items gathered from the *Athenæum* and other sources, by the last Steamer, we append: Grisi and Mario are positively not to visit us the present season. Signor Mario has "signed and sealed" to sing at the Italian opera in Paris during the coming winter,—the season to commence on the 15th of November. It is, as yet, undecided whether lady Grisi and this gentleman will appear at Covent Garden,

On Signor Calzolari is imposed the difficult task of filling the place in the opera company at St. Petersburg vacated by the resignation of Signor Mario.—Signor Federico Ricci, the composer, will direct the orchestra,—and a new opera of his writing will be produced during the coming season.—A new opera by Signor Biletta is to be given during the carnival of 1854 at Parma.—Among other operas by English composers announced is a new work by Mr. Duggan, a gentleman who was some time in America, and who has considerable genius.

—Among Italian operas forthcoming during the winter season, in Italy, the *Gazette Musicale* announces on Italian authority, 'Ida di Benevento,' by Di Gioia, 'Matilda di Ostan,' by Pistilli; 'Valensia Contadino,' by Moscenza; 'Margarita di Ostorgogna,' by Petrorni; 'Cesare di Bazan,' by Traversari; 'Angiola di Ghemme,' by Nicosia; 'I tre Peccati di Diavolo,' by Cortesi; and 'L'Alchimista,' by Rosi.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The London *Athenæum* of October 15th says—'The return of the Phoenix steamer, which, our readers will remember, was despatched with a transport to convey stores to Sir E. Belcher's searching squadron—puts us in possession of intelligence from the Arctic regions of a most interesting and at the same time a very painful nature.

'The leading feature of interest lies in the fact, that the problem of a passage for ships between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, north of the American continent—a problem which has engaged the enterprise of maritime nations, and particularly of our own, for upwards of three centuries—has been finally solved. Capt. M'Clure has succeeded in navigating his ship from Behring's Strait, in the west, to within about sixty miles of Melville Straits,—and was, according to the last accounts, waiting only for the disruption of the ice to pass through those straits and return by the eastern outlet to England.—The problem had long since been stript of all that portion of its interest which was reflected on it from the field of commercial speculation; but its solution, after ages of such perilous adventure as that by which it has been sought, is a great scientific triumph,—and adds fresh glory to the old and famous flag of England.—(Good for Bunkum. Eds. BIZARRE.)

'The secret of ages has been yielded up at last, we have too much reason to fear, on heavy terms. The proud satisfaction which Englishmen must feel at the discovery of a North-west—or rather, North-east—passage,

is clouded by the sad fact, that the intrepid conquerors of this mysterious route have come on no traces of Franklin and his unfortunate companions.

"When on the eve of sailing, Capt. M'Clure emphatically declared that he would find Sir John Franklin and Capt. Crozier, or make the North-west passage. He has, geographically speaking, redeemed the latter part of this pledge—but the fate of those gallant Commanders and their crews is hidden yet amid the dark and labyrinthine ice-paths of the Arctic seas. The scientific secret of centuries has been wrenched at last from the Spirit of the North;—but the human secret which in these latter days the heart of more nations than our own has so yearned to solve, he guards yet, in spite of all questioning, in some one of his drear and inaccessible caves."

Intelligence from Nineveh

—is always welcome to many of our readers, and the following extracts from a letter sent to a friend in Paris, by M. Victor Place, the French Consul at Mossoul, have special interest connected with scriptural facts:—

"Last week the town of Mossoul kept a three days' fast, followed by a day of rejoicing, in commemoration of the penitence imposed by Jonah upon the Ninevites. Being kept here from time immemorial, it is so little spoken of that last year I only heard it named some time after it had taken place. But this year I have been an eye-witness of it, and you may now affirm it upon the authority of a French consul, present upon the spot, that a whole town commemorates every year one of the most interesting and ancient facts of the Bible. And it is the more striking from the circumstance that the Musselmén equally respect this tradition, and that they keep it on the same day as the Christians. It is true that the Koran contains an entire chapter devoted to Jonah, and that in the front of Mossoul there is upon an artificial mount a highly venerated mosque, said to cover the remains of that prophet. This mosque is held in such veneration that, although we have most indubitable proofs that this mount contains the most precious remains of Assyrian archeology, we have found it impossible to get permission to make excavations. To attempt to touch the ground supposed to contain the tomb of Jonah would be simply risking a revolution. Every Friday, at the hour of prayer, large numbers from Mossoul make a pilgrimage to this sacred spot. Bring these facts together, with the respect that still surrounds the tomb of Daniel at Susa, where men of various religions go to pray, and which could only be violated at the risk of being massacred, and then tell me whether there is any country that could more deeply interest the

student of the Bible. But there is another souvenir of the Bible, all the more interesting, as its existence is in no wise dependent upon the will of man. You will remember the celebrated fish of young Tobias. It has formed a difficulty with some how a fish large enough to frighten a man could exist in a river. Nevertheless, such a fish really does exist; it is often caught in the Tigris, and I assure you it has most formidable teeth. As soon as I am less occupied, I intend to try, along with some men, to get one of the largest size, and if I succeed, I shall send its skin to the Museum of Natural History in Paris. I had one brought to me yesterday. But then this was not of my own taking; besides that, I considered it too small, weighing hardly three hundred pounds. I have divided it amongst my Christian workmen, who were keeping a fast day."

—A Providence paper states that about three weeks ago, the wife of Mr. Henry Colvin, of Coventry, in Rhode Island, rose in the morning, complaining of a pain in her side. She soon after fell asleep, or died as was supposed. When her friends came to attend her funeral, they were struck with the remarkably life-like appearance of the corpse, and the funeral was deferred. Since then, she has been in the same condition, and many have visited Mr. Colvin's house, none of whom can discover any signs of decay. There had been no alteration on Friday, 21st, a period of about three weeks. This case may turn out like several noted in BIZARRE some weeks since, in connexion with cases of trance and catalepsy which were cited; the most remarkable being that of a Reverend gentleman in New Jersey.*

—The *Tribune* says,—"It has been reported that the distinguished correspondent of *The Tribune*, the Princess de Belgiojoso, died recently in Asia Minor, from wounds inflicted by a servant whom she had discharged. In consequence, we were about to publish an ordinary notice of the Princess from the pen of a European gentleman now resident in the country, who long enjoyed her friendship and was one of the circle of literary and artistic personages that used to throng her *salon* at Paris. We are happy to learn that this obituary may be reserved for a future, and we trust a very distant day. The *Journal des Debats* states that letters have just been received from her at Paris, which announce that she had recovered from her wounds, and was in excellent health. The assassin injured her but slightly."—Good news this, doubtless to our heroine loving readers. Madame Belgiojoso may yet

visit our shores, and be lionized in Philadelphia.

—A London paper well asks:—"Who would have thought six years ago, that the laws of America would have to be published in English and Chinese for general circulation?" and adds:—"Yet so it is. The ninth section of the act passed by the California Legislature for the collection of foreign mineral tax, has been printed in the Chinese language, for the information of more than thirty thousand Chinese in the new State. Tong Aehich, a Chinaman, certifies that the translation is faithful and good."

—A great thought is the following:—"To satisfy the sentence of labour, which God wroth with his finger on the brow of Man, sureties can be found; the houses of the rich are filled with offices and servants who take pains in their fields, prune their vines, carry corn to the mill, go to the ocean to fish for habits and attires for them; and many times live within four fingers of death to give them means to flow in delicacies. Only Death it is, that takes no surety. For which cause, man dies in his own person, and labours by deputy. If death would give a little way, no great man would die but by Attorney."

—Among the recent arrivals from Europe are the following:—E. Joy Morris, late Minister of the United States at Naples; Signor Martuscelli, (and Secretaries) Minister from the Neapolitan Government to the United States; D. D. Barnard, late U. S. Minister to the Prussian Government; Messrs. Lofty and Samuel Effendi, Egyptian Commissioners to the World's Fair; Senator Douglass, of Illinois, and other notables.

—It is estimated that the present year the yield of gold in the world, from all sources will amount to £40,000,000. In 1846, the production of gold in all the mines of the world, amounted to only £5,846,752.

—Late London papers give us the following literary and scientific gossip:—Her Majesty has been pleased to assign a literary pension of 100*l.* a year to Sir Francis Head, the popular author of "Bubbles from the Brunen of Nassau," and other popular works.—The widow of Mr. M. Moir, of Musselburgh—well known in the world of letters as the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*—has also been assigned a pension of 100*l.* a year.—Mr. Thorpe, the editor of various Anglo-Saxon and other works connected with early Northern literature, is preparing for the press a new edition and translation of Beowulf, founded on a collation of the Cottonian MS. made more than twenty years ago, when it was in a less damaged condition than it is at present.—Mr. Bailliere intends to publish a series of Monographs, written by distin-

* See BIZARRE, vol. 2, No. 40, New Curious.

quished Ethnographers of this Country and America, on the history of the different Tribes or Races of the Human Family! The Volumes will be entitled the "Ethnological Library," and will appear at short intervals, efficiently illustrated by coloured plates, maps, and wood engravings.—Mr. Washbourne has re-issued another edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, embellished with Martin's Series of his large illustrations, and to which great care and attention have been paid as regards the working of the Impressions, and the colour of the Ink.—Dr. William Freund, the well-known lexicographer, has just returned from a scientific tour through the Grisons and Tyrol, the ancient Rætia; where he sojourned during the summer by order of the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin. The results of his researches, ethnographic and linguistic, he will embody in a volume which he is now preparing for the press.—A Series of Drawings to illustrate the Heraldry, Inscriptions, and Devices carved on the Walls of the Beauchamp Tower, of the Tower of London, by Political and other Prisoners, during the eventful time of the 15th and 16th Centuries, with Descriptive and Historical Letter-press, will soon be published in London by subscription.—An important discovery has recently been made in this useful art of printing, viz: the application of producing impressions from the stone by a steam-press, which multiplies the copies as quickly as if worked from type. The only drawback to a more general use of lithography in the various branches to which it could be usefully applied, was the expense of printing by hand. In producing for instance, ordinary circulars, &c., "time and the man" were sacrificed to "steam and the hour," hence the impossibility of competing with machinery, either as to celerity or cheapness. This has been at last overcome; for it is well known that both brains and gold have been at work for years to arrive at the solution of the problem. Messrs. Maclure and Co., the eminent lithographers of Walbrook, London, are the Patentees of the "Self-Acting Lithographic Machines by Steam Power."

—Mr. Adolphus Asher, bookseller of Berlin, whose establishment was the common rendezvous of literary natives and strangers in that capital, died at Venice on the second of this month. Mr. Asher was one of the Continental purveyors for the British Museum.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Town-Talk.

—The Franklin Institute Exhibition was to close its doors on Thursday, the 3rd instant,

The attendance has been large, particularly during the earlier days of the exhibition. The address of Mr. George Harding, on Saturday, the 29th, intended to close the exhibition, was a clever production; eminently practical, of course, like everything from its author; one of the most promising young men of Philadelphia. The object of the lecture, the author declared to be to give a sketch of the progress of the Mechanic Arts, and therein to show that the present advancement of arts and manufactures resulted from and depended upon an intimate union of art and science. Mr. Harding said:—

"From Bacon men first learned that science and the arts should walk hand in hand together, and since his day they have sojourneyed. The good of mankind thenceforth became the aim of philosophy. Deep was the root which the new doctrine took in the minds of men, and from it has grown the tree of modern science."

"Bacon died in 1626. The tumults and troubles of the reign of Charles I, the revolution of 1642 and the disorders which ensued; for a time delayed the progress of science; but immediately after the restoration in 1660 it began to advance with rapid strides."

"About the year 1660 the Royal Society commenced its operations. This society was originally founded directly upon the motto and philosophy of Bacon."

"The barbarous state in which science had been left, by the Alchemists, greatly embarrassed their early investigations. Many fables and falsehoods had been bound up with a little true knowledge, and a large portion of their time was occupied in investigating subjects, which now, excite our ridicule when mentioned. Thus, their recorded transactions inform us, that on one occasion, a member was ordered to provide some fresh hazel sticks, to try the experiment vulgarly called the divining rod. Another member was subsequently ordered to bring his box of little animals called the death-watch, and at the next meeting, there were, accordingly produced before the academy, two of these dead insects for inspection and experiment."

"On the 5th of June the Duke of Buckingham was enrolled a member, and contributed a piece of Unicorn's horn. The Society proceeded to try an experiment with it, recorded in the minutes as follows:—'A circle was made with powder of Unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out. The trial being repeated several times, the spider once made some stay on the powder.'

"The instrumental collection of the society appears through the first year to have been limited, showing the low state of ex-

perimental science at that day. An air pump presented by Boyle, a rude microscope and a load stone seem to have comprised their collection. With these, however, they conducted a great variety of experiments. Every thing that was deemed worthy of investigation was either placed under the air pump or submitted to the microscope. The academy were nevertheless proud of their instruments. Their experiments were tried with great solemnity, and foreign ambassadors and princes were taken with pomp to see them."

— A second "Grand Hop" was announced to come off at "La Pierre House," on Thursday evening. The following invitation sent to BIZARRE office speaks for itself:—

"You are respectfully invited to the Second GRAND HOP at La Pierre House, on Thursday Evening, November 3rd, at eight o'clock. J. Taber & Son, Proprietors."

The chances are, that the dancing editor of BIZARRE will be able to avail himself of the kindness of Messrs. Taber & Son. Should he do so, all he asks is plenty of room for a display of his graces! Much obliged to the "La Pierre" folks for the board of invitation. At another time, perhaps both of "us" may be at liberty to "cut a pigeon's wing" with them; only one of "us," however with his feet. "La Pierre House" is already very popular, and will without a question win the most approved claims to being considered the pink of West-end-dom.

— Mr. Hayne, the excellent editor of the *Southern Literary Gazette*, has been to this city and favored BIZARRE with a call. A charming half hour was passed with him by us, in conversation. We hope to see more of him hereafter. His paper is a most welcome visitor to our table. We perceive, by the way, that Mr. H. corresponded with the *Gazette* while in our city. An extract from one of his latest letters, and bearing upon an acquaintance he made while here, with the "veteran magazinist," (what will Mrs. G. say to the "veteran?") deserves a place in our "Town-Talk":

"Of the associations connected with Philadelphia, none will be more pleasantly reverted to than the acquaintance I have formed with the accomplished editors of the 'Lady's Book.' I visit Mr. Godey's sanctum daily, where the veteran Magazinist, despite the complicated cares and labors of his office, always has time to bestow a beaming smile and a kind word upon his friends. Godey's person is as considerable as his repa'taition, and his face is as full, genial, and radiant, as a harvest moon. There is about the man a heartiness, *bon homie*, an unmistakable and sincere benevolence, rare and precious truly in this 'what of all possible worlds.'

He is one of the 'Brothers Cheerful'—stepped out from 'Nicholas Nickleby,'—or a near relation of these worthies, I am sure. The idea that Godey ever could be melancholy, or morose, or desponding, or otherwise than as Nature made him, joyous, hospitable, hopeful, energetic,—never, I suppose, entered the mind of a sane individual. It is really encouraging to see him—to meet in the most crowded part of a great city, and engaged in a profession of the most harassing character, one so fresh in feeling, so elastic and unruffled in temper, so overflowing as it seems, and is, with the charities of life."

—Mont Blanc was again ascended by Mr. Albert Smith, and eight other gentlemen, with thirty-four guides, on the 21st ult. Accounts say the whole party sat down next day to a capital dinner, at Chamouni, with Mr. Albert Smith as chairman. The bridge was illuminated, guns fired at intervals, the Englishmen made speeches, and the guides sang lugubrious songs. "The moon," writes Mr. Macgregor, one of the gentlemen, "looked on, too, brightly, but with a calm radiance; and an immense soup-tureen full of capital punch was distributed among the guests with an enlivening effect." Every body can ascend Mont Blanc who has good weather, good guides, a good head, and sufficient energy for a walk of twenty-four hours, chiefly over deep snow, and without sleep. Mr. Albert Smith is said to be immensely popular in the neighborhood of Mont Blanc, his liberal entertainments having quite gained the affections of the people. Those of our readers who wish to travel over the tracks of Smith and his party, in company with an excellent companion, Mr. John Owens, may do so until Saturday evening, the 15th inst., by dropping into Concert Hall.

—The editors, authors, publishers, and practical printers of Philadelphia and vicinity, met, on Tuesday evening at the County Court House, "to deliberate upon the ways and means to erect a suitable monument over the remains of Benjamin Franklin." What was done had not transpired when we went to press. BIZARRE will aid any plan which may be proposed to accomplish the object, and with the greatest alacrity. It has, moreover, a large number of scholars, bookworms, curiosity-hunters, and droll chaps of all kinds, among its contributors and well-wishers, who will warmly second its efforts in the premises.

Resolves.

—The coal venders assemble together and *Resolve* that a ton of coal shall consist of a tenth less than a ton of anything else, and coolly announce that the *question is settled*. We rather imagine that if a purchaser should

order a ton of coal, and should receive only 2000 pounds instead of 2240, that the settlement of this question by a much more satisfactory tribunal would be a materially different one.

The Deaf Man.

—The Latin verse which we published last week under this title was written by Deaf Swift, as we should have known had we reflected for a moment. A correspondent forwards to us a translation, which it appears the Deaf himself made. We append the original and translation:—

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus
amicis,
Non campano somans tonitru non ab Jove
missus,
Quod mage mirandum, saltam si credere faset,
Vix clamosa suas mulier jam percudit aures.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown,
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

Other translations, since writing the above, have been sent to us, but being first, and really best, it takes precedence.

French Anecdotes.

—A miser, who was not less attached to his pleasures than to his money, had some difficulty to reconcile two inclinations so much at variance, and the combats between which were the torments of his life. The method which he took to arrange the matter was this. He had made it a law to himself never to expend above a certain sum annually. When some fancy exposed him to the temptation of infringing the law, he held a conference with himself and then going down upon his knees before his strong-box, stated to it in the most pathetic manner the great want he was in of some extraordinary assistance, begging as a loan the sum he wanted. But as a security to himself for returning the money he always deposited in the strong box a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger, and never permitted himself to resume it till, by economy in his other expenses, or by some new speculation, the full sum was returned for which the pledge was laid down.

—The anecdote of Anne Owfield, a celebrated actress on the London stage, who in her last moments was so entirely engrossed with the dress in which she should be arrayed after her death, puts us in mind of a similar anecdote related of the Princess de Charolais. Although in the agonies of death it was easier to bring her to receive the last

sacraments than to take off her rouge. No longer able to resist the entreaties of her confessor, she at length consented—"but in this case," said she to the women who summoned her "give me some other ribbons, for you know that without rouge yellow ribbons look frightful upon me."

—The Abbe de Mably used to think that the English system would not last ten years and that the Senate of Sweden would last forever. The work in which he made this fine prophecy was not yet quite printed when the Senate of Sweden was set aside. He was informed of it; he made answer *The King of Sweden may alter his country, but not my book.*

—A conjuror of Venice, who had boasted the performance of the greatest of miracles, that of re-calling the dead to life, had the audacity to exercise this wonderful power upon a corpse whose bier he saw passing at the time when he was haranguing the populace; he summoned it several times in the most unjust manner to arise and walk home. But as the corpse still turned a deaf ear, he concluded by saying to his auditory with a most imposing impudence—"Never did I see so obstinate a corpse."

Droll Interview.

—Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long time, met the other day, at the Exchange. "How are you?" said one of them. "Not very well," said the other. "So much the worse; What have you been doing since I saw you last?" "I have been married." "So much the better." "Not so much the better for I married a bad wife." "So much the worse." "Not so much the worse, for her dowry was twenty thousand dollars." "So much the better." "Not so much the better, for I laid out a part of the sum in sheep which have all died of the rot." "So much the worse." "Not so much the worse, because the sale of their skins has brought me in more than the original price of the sheep." "So much the better." "Not so much the better for the house in which I had deposited the money has just been burned." "So much the worse." "Not so much the worse, for my wife was in it."

Was he a Scholar?

—A contemporary, in not very choice language, takes Bishop Doane to task for calling Shakspeare a *ripe scholar*, because the familiar phrase that "he knew little Latin and less Greek," was so carelessly spoken of him. Some late developments by Collier and other Shaksperian scholars, prove that Shakspeare was a hard student and a *ripe scholar*, if indeed it is possible for any mind to require any other proof than that borne in his writings themselves.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1853.

ENIGMATICS.

The incidents related below are not inventions, but literal facts, of which I was myself the subject. The first illustrates the power of excited imagination, and the other is an example of what pranks may be played with us by disordered nerves. They might teach very important lessons to not a few, were such disposed to learn.

The first of these incidents was as follows:

I was so much of a child at the time that I still attended a woman's school. Our teacher was very remarkable for her story-telling gift, nor have I ever since heard one, who by mere words could bring scenes and events so vividly before my eyes, or make persons so live and move and act to my perceptions. This gift she often exercised for our amusement and instruction. Especially on Saturday forenoons, if we children had done pretty well during the week, she would bring it largely into play. Her most frequent custom was, to take one of Shakspeare's Dramas, or Spenser's Allegories, and narrate the story thereof in her own graphic speech.

On one occasion, her theme was the visit of Spenser's Red Cross Knight to the Cave of Error. The latter, it will be remembered, was a gigantic woman down to the middle, and a monstrous serpent for the rest. The scene and persons were powerfully described, and made upon me a most terrifying impression, especially the woman-serpent. The whole afternoon, though holiday time, I could not drive the monster from my thoughts, and as night drew on, I grew more and more uneasy, particularly whenever I thought of going to bed. The cause of the latter fact was, that I was accustomed to sleep alone in an attic, and, child as I was, having no childish fears of the dark and its bugbears, I always went to bed alone, and without a light. But this evening, when bed-time came, tired and sleepy as I was I lingered in my dread, till my father peremptorily told me to go to bed. I started, and moved slowly till I reached the attic door. Here I paused awhile in augmented terror, but finally opened the door. Horror of horrors! Right in the doorway appeared the

gigantic woman-snake precisely as described her head almost reaching the ceiling, and the serpent portion extending up the stairs, till the extremity disappeared in the darkness. I never in my life saw any person or thing more distinctly, and after the lapse of more than thirty years can see it in my mind's eye, as I saw it then. It was not very unnatural that in my overwhelming affright I should, childlike, have begun to cry. My father hearing this, and not being in the most genial of moods, without stopping to inquire what ailed me, called out, "go directly to bed, or I'll be up with a stick." I had sore occasion to remember that stick, for though not often used, when it was used, it was anything but a joke. So being pressed in the rear, as well as in front, I made a dive forward, fully expecting to impinge against the monster before me. No such event occurred, however, and I ascended, and crept into bed, where I long shivered, before the agitating power of the impression had passed off.

I have often, since then, had imaginations so distinct and vivid, as to project themselves before the external eye, or become perfectly audible for minutes together, to the outward ear. But I have never experienced sight or sound of this description, which so terrified and shook me as the one described above.

The other of these incidents was the following:—

I was away from home, in a strange city, and though in sufficiently good health to be abroad on my feet the whole day, I was yet in that physical state which, for lack of a better name, we entitle "nervous." I retired early to bed, though indisposed to sleep. After lying some time awake I heard suddenly what seemed to be a continuous knocking on the doors of the chambers, on the side of the passage opposite to my own room. These knocks were, even at the first, rather loud, but speedily they grew so loud, that I could not help thinking of the ancient battering ram, as dashed against the gates of a besieged city. After listening attentively a few minutes it occurred to me, that this noise might be out of doors, instead of in the house, as I had supposed. So I arose, and looked forth from my window. Some hundred yards distant, on the opposite side of a street, running behind my hotel, was a large building, in full blaze, from top to bottom. At some little distance was an engine, with a hydrant emptying into it, worked with intense rapidity by a throng of active men. While I was looking on the fire bells began to clang and clash all over the city, and the street, above and below. The burning edifice became filled with people, among whom were a great number of fire companies, dragging their engines to the rescue. The flame was so fierce and bright, that I could distinctly

see the reddened faces of numbers, and its light enabled me to view the snow covered streets and roofs, and the gathering masses of people in either direction. My chamber being at the back part of the hotel, looked forth on the out-buildings, and on a portion of itself one story lower than my room. On these out-buildings were perched several men, and on the projection from the hotel, several men and women, (the latter bare-headed) and most seeming domestics and attachés of the house, all watching the fire intently, and conversing about it. I could distinctly hear their voices, and often what they said. So I could distinctly hear the clangor of the bells, the noise of the engines, and the whole of those myriad mingled sounds attendant on a great fire,—as distinctly in all respects, as at any scene of the kind I was ever present at in my life.

Several times the supply of water seemed to run short, and then the engines stopped playing, and their noise ceased. The fire would blaze up more furiously than ever. Anon the engines would begin anew, and the flames would be partially got under. What, however, struck me at the time as singular, was that, though I had been looking full twenty minutes, the burning edifice presented the same appearance as when I first saw it. The immense consumption of material by the conflagration had made it no smaller, or altered its shape or appearance in the slightest.

Snowy chilly, I at last got into bed and slept. My first act, on going down in the morning, was to ask the attendant what was the result of last night's fire. "What fire?" said he. "What fire? why the fire at the back of the hotel." "I didn't hear of any fire there or any where else," was his rejoinder. Astonished at this, I went directly out, but could find no traces of the building I had seen. And not only this, but there was no such street running behind the hotel, nor was there any such projection to the house, nor were the out-buildings either such as I had seen, or situated where I had seen them.

Now will some philosopher explain this phenomenon? Whence came this scene with its multitudinous particulars? I did not imagine I saw and heard all these things, but I did absolutely see and hear them as much as I see this paper, and hear the carriage roll in the street. Be it remembered oo, that I never before had witnessed in ac-
e life, any scene or place resembling these.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

I have thus described the ordinary routine

* Continued from Part 5, of BIZARRE.

of life among the "Believers." As I before suggested, the mode of worship at the church, or "meeting-house," on the Sabbath, differs in so few and unessential particulars from the tri-weekly domestic worship already described, that it were superfluous giving it a separate notice. I will simply mention that there is but one public Sunday service.

As I purpose, before concluding these sketches, to give some account of the peculiar dogmas of Shakerism, as also of the peculiar traits of character produced in the "Believers" by these dogmas, coupled with their general life-discipline, I will now briefly chronicle whatever is personal to myself, and thus leave the ground clear.

For four or five weeks I continued my labors in the room where I was first stationed, preparing the broom-corn for use by help of a simple machine. At the end of this term, I was advanced a degree in the rank of my employment, and, I may add, its laboriousness also. My work now was to polish the handles of the brooms. These handles were first turned in a machine invented by one of the members, and so smoothly were they rounded, that most persons would have thought any additional polish superfluous. Not so the Shakers, whose boast it is to offer nothing for sale which is not superior to what is elsewhere produced or prepared. My task now was to rub those handles briskly with sand-paper of two qualities, a coarse and a fine, until their surface was to the touch like satin or marble. The concluding touch was to fasten a sheep-skin loop, for hanging up the besom, in a hole made by mechanism in the upper extremity.

I had thought thirteen hours per day, steadily devoted to broom-corn cutting, laborious enough for one whose only implement of toil had previously been the pen; and many a time I had finished my day's work some hours before the others. And to do the "Elders" justice, they had cheerfully acquiesced in this, and had shown themselves very tolerant to the "weaknesses" resulting from my "bad education." But in coming to the "polishing," I found my former employment had been mere child's play in the comparison. My present work was excessively severe, and I would get so tired, that I could scarcely drag one foot after the other, but every muscle was so strained that a thorough cudgelling could scarce have made me feel lamer or sorer. My only room-companion, a German, the most irritable and mal-content of mortals, was so dissatisfied at my quitting my employment so early in the afternoon, and turning off so few handles per diem, that he kept fretting and grumbling without a moment's cessation,—a circumstance which did not add to my comfort.

My time here, however, was brief. I was next transferred to the largest of the work-rooms,—the broom-making,—and put to the task of uniting the handle with the brush, or completing the manufacture for the market. Great help is afforded in this process by one or two simple machines, invented by the same person before mentioned, and a single day sufficed to familiarise me with them sufficiently to enable me to produce a broom “after a fashion.” A very different looking article it was, however, from that wrought by my half dozen companions, who had been long engaged in the process. There were those among them who could make six, eight and ten dozen per day, every one finished with an exactitude and nicety which I have never seen approached in these domestic implements manufactured elsewhere. As these were sold at \$2.50 per dozen one may here catch a glimpse of the reasons why Shaker communities invariably grow rich, since for all this profitable labor the workman receives nothing, save food, clothes, and shelter.

Although in the six or seven weeks of my broom-making, I so far improved as to turn off a tolerably handsome article, I never got able to finish over three or four dozen per day, and even to do this often fatigued me so excessively, that many a time I have flung myself on the floor in mid afternoon, and instantly sunk into a sleep hardly less deep and dreamless than that of the dead. I had moreover, my full share of hurts, especially by thrusting into my hand and wrist the big needle used in a part of the process. On the whole, however, I felt quite proud of my broom-making skill.

A few weeks after this last change, a lucky accident gave me rest for a week or more. An immense boil appeared on the back of one of my wrists, and for a while completely disabled me. I was transferred to an apartment in the Hospital building, which fortunately was vacant at the time. Here, with a room, bed, and rocking-chair to myself, and served with my meals where I was, I spent several days quite agreeably in reading all the books and pamphlets I could collect relating to the history, doctrine and rules of Shakerism. The information thus obtained, with my inferences therefrom, as also from what I personally observed, I shall hereafter present in an abbreviated form.

On my recovery I returned to my brooms, and there continued till I quitted the community.

It would require so much space to detail the reasons for my leaving, that if I give them at all, I will defer them till I have spoken of the history, the doctrines, and the discipline of these people, which I shall enter upon in my next.

THEODORE PARKER.*

Perhaps our readers have not heard of him, for though famous (or rather infamous) in Boston, and especially in the “twenty-eighth Congregational Society,” Boston is not all the world, nor is the “twenty-eighth Congregational Society” all Boston.

Who is Theodore Parker? A “baptized infidel,” a “brainless wit,” or rather a witless brain, a little great man, who has sought notoriety by attacking a big great man, and who has gained, *à la Eratosthenes*, the notoriety he sought; at least in Boston and its vicinity; and now is likely to gain a notoriety he did not seek, all over Anglo-Saxondom.

We have on our table, sent us by Wm. S. Martien, a pamphlet of 89 pages, whose title will be found below. It isn't the first time that Theodore Parker has had a scoring. In the “Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin,” which we noticed a few weeks since, he got what one of the newspapers called, a “most unmerciful exhortation.” But then, he was only scratched; now he is flayed alive.

His rhetoric was his hobby; the vain peacock actually thought himself a master of style, as well as a “Sir Oracle:” but the beauty of his rhetoric was only skin deep; the reviewer has taken the skin off, and the rhetoric, aye, and the logic, have gone with it. “Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns, so let indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw. The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.”—Psalm lviii. 8, 9.

When we saw the reviewer's *nom de plume* on the title page, we confess we thought it rather presumptuous; but we had not dipped far into the Review before we changed our mind, and came to the conclusion that, whatever others might say of it, Theodore, at least, would think the severity of “Junius Americanus” fully equal to that of his English namesake.

The mottoes on the title page are admirable; so are those at the head of the several chapters, some of which we give further on.

The preface contains a statement of the reasons which led the reviewer to undertake the task, and the object he had in view in it. The latter may be gathered from the following extract:—

“The intention of the reviewer is not only to show up the Discourse and take away its power for evil, but to serve the author of it

* “A Review of ‘A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Daniel Webster, preached at the Melodeon on Sunday, October 31st, 1852, by Theodore Parker, Minister of the twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston.’ By ‘Junius Americanus.’ Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1853.”

in the same way." To make a stethescopsis of his cardiac region,—to probe his probity with the probe of probabilities. To sound his depth,—ascertain his specific gravity,—approximate a fair market valuation of his "notions." Lay down on chart the shallows and quicksands of his theology,—ascertain his electrical condition, and see if he is not too positive to be a good conductor,—study his metallurgy and see how much of him is brass; assay the coinage of his brain, and see how much of it is spurious; examine the vaults of his mind, to see how much of the deposits is specie, and how much specious, and also if there has not been an over-issue of paper; to ascertain the amount of his indebtedness to others, and inquire into the propriety of getting some Rev. Sidney Smith to inscribe *Ere alieno* on his forehead. Finally, to calculate how much the public would probably lose by taking him, and his 'properties,' at his own personal valuation.

"By an unheard of ferocity of attack upon a dead man's fame, in a *funeral sermon*, this man has put himself beyond the pale of conventional protection. He has shown no mercy to the dead, we shall show none to him living."

The review opens with a "story, *not** to be found in 'Plutarch's Lives,' or 'Cæsar's Commentaries,'"—the story of *Minutius Specius Spectacus*, and a capital story it is.

Chapter second shows up the cool, *calculating* dishonesty,—we use the words advisedly,—the scoundrelism,—the moral rottenness, of the man.

Chapter third is devoted to the exordium, and is introduced with a motto from Shakspeare, which is in itself a full-length portrait of Parker.

"In this man's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light."

Chapter fourth touches Parker on his sore point,—his rhetoric. We give an extract:—

"A great man is the blossom of the world; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men."

"The above sounds very oracular, *very*.

"So a great man is all for show, and not for use,—he is a *blossom*, is he? Botany forbid! The 'prophetic flower,' prophesying of what? 'Parent of seeds that will be men,'—prophesying of 'seeds?' But unless that flower matures into some sort of fruit, its chance of a seedy progeny is very small. Is it not so?

"It is not true that a great man is the blossom of the world;—he is rather the 'crowning fruit of an era.' In the *fruit*

stage, the 'seeds' are matured. What is the destiny of the individual blossom? It is to become an individual *fruit*.

"This," continues the preacher, 'is the greatest work of God; (this 'blossom!') far transcending earth, and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It (the blossom) is 'a little lower than the angels,' and, like the aloe tree, it (the blossom) blooms but once in an age.'

"Ye gods, and little fishes!" There is a figure, or rather a concatenation of figures. Hereafter, when our professors of rhetoric wish to illustrate, by an unmistakable instance, the subject of mixed metaphors, they will only have to refer to 'Theodore Parker's Discourse,' etc., top of the third page; and there they will find such an instance. They will there be taught that an apple blossom is greater and more perfect than an apple; that the great man *blossom* is the *greatest* work of God!—greater than the great man *fruit!* that this blossom blooms like the aloe tree!

"But he says, 'the great man is the blossom of the world,'—that the world is by comparison a tree or shrub that blossoms like the aloe, only once in a century, and the product of that blossoming is a great man! A great blow out, certainly.

"But the world is *not* like the aloe that blooms but once in an age. It blossoms evermore, continuously, with myriads of lovely infants, which day by day unfold until they drop off the white petals of negative innocence, and year by year, as fruits, they grow and ripen for eternity; and once an age there grows a great 'apple of gold,' which posterity put in the 'silver pictures' of history for the benefit of coming ages.

"Such a fruit was Daniel Webster, the generous wine of whose great mind shall revive, and exhilarate, and nourish the nations, long after this generation shall have ceased to scowl at the acrid verjuice of this sermonizer."—pp. 28-9.

Chapter fifth goes on with the rhetoric, and also takes up the logic. The following is admirable:—

"After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842 in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn the littleness of party, and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought he had just scattered the thunder which impended over

* Those who have read Parker's discourse will understand the emphatic "*not*."

the nation: a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,—the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

“It is with unfeigned reluctance that we meddle with this metaphor. We would have much rather let it stand, for it escapes as it were by a mere half inch being truly magnificent—worthy of the subject, worthy of the occasion. But it must be done. The knife must go into this gas-bag, and down must he come without even a parachute to break his fall. We hope and trust, if it does not break his neck, it will teach him to fly in a safe and proper manner hereafter, or else remain below, which latter is the course we would recommend to him.

“We pass over the dubious question of the propriety of impending ‘thunder,’ which he uses instead of thunder-cloud, because he wanted to use cloud again in the next line, and proceed to remark that it is a well established fact that ‘ground-lightning’ makes no noise, and therefore it is a blunder to represent Webster as *thundering* ‘ground-lightning’ into the cloud. Many a man has seen a thunderbolt dart downward to the earth, and heard the deafening thunder; but who has ever seen a thunderbolt go up into a cloud with any similar explosion?—and if they have seen it, did it seem to hurt the cloud? The fact is, to treat this matter good-naturedly, it wont do at all, Theodore. It is contrary to nature. Yes, contrary to the classic writers, also. You have read the classical dictionary, Mr. Parker,—you know some Latin, and some Greek. You are aware that Jupiter, *Olympian* Jupiter, had a seat up aloft, and when he was in ill humor used to discharge his wrath and his thunderbolts together upon mortals below; while deep in the bowels of mother earth old Vulcan had set up his forge, Mount *Ætna* was his chimney, and there he forged the thunderbolts for the Father of gods and men: but do you think that Jupiter would ever have tolerated the carelessness of having the new thunderbolts shot up into the Olympian regions, with *Olympian* noise and ‘power’? No, no. He would have had Juno and the young ones about his ears incontinently if he had. You must acknowledge it would look *careless*. But Vulcan knew better. The ‘lame Lemnian’ had an eye to business, and, when he had a quantity sufficient for a load, he sent them up quietly on a dumb waiter!”—pp. 54-6.

There! we will match that last figure—the reviewer’s, be it observed, not Theodore’s—with any figure you please, from any of the great masters of style.

Chapter sixth treats of “the higher law.” Chapter seventh, “the character of Web-

ster.” Chapter eighth, “the ruling principle.” We give this chapter entire.

THE RULING PRINCIPLE.

“The star its Heaven appointed course obeyed.
Nations a report of its orbit made:
And while the nations live its course shall be
Emblazoned on the life charts of the free.

“On page 85 Mr. Parker says of Daniel Webster, ‘His course was crooked as the Missouri.’ Truly, ‘I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.’ His course *was* as crooked as the Missouri, and as nobly consistent with the varying interests of the country through which it held on its mighty way. A good comparison truly. He could not have found a better. Let this notable reformer straighten the Missouri!

“We commend to Mr. Parker the following quotation from Coleridge’s translation of ‘Wallenstein:’

“The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning’s path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies, and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches!

My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes, and goes, doth follow
The river’s course, the valley’s playful windings:
Curves round the cornfield, and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure, though late, leads to its end!”

“In considering Daniel Webster’s public course, we shall resort to an illustration.

“In the order of the heavenly bodies we observe this fact, that all the orbs, superior and inferior, revolve about their particular centres; They all in their proper place gravitate inevitably to that body which, by reason of its superior size, or its greater proximity, stands in the relation of their greatest immediate attractor. The satellites circle about the planets; the planets, taking their satellites with them, revolve around the sun: the sun, taking his planets and their satellites with him, is wheeling around some central star of our sun’s cluster: doubtless our sun’s cluster is wheeling around some mighty orb or other cluster in the unknown realms of space: and the whole universe is said to spiralize around the throne of the Eternal God.

“Man in like manner has his attracting centres, some nearer, some more remote. He also obeys that force, which, either by position or by power, is the immediate ruling force.

“Suppose, now, we project upon a map the course through infinite space of the satellite, for instance our moon, as it revolves around the primary, the earth, and, in com-

pany with the earth, goes around the sun, and, in company with the earth and sun, goes around their central star, and then, in company with the earth, sun, and central star, goes around some central object, and so on, until the vast array of worlds move on their infinite journey round about the throne of God. Did it ever enter the mind of the reader what a complicated series of gyrations the moon goes through in this grand ballet of the stars of heaven? Take a sheet of paper, and try to draw the paraboloidal lines her course describes. You begin by placing your pen to the paper at one side, and, while moving your hand in a circle, you describe little continuous would-be circles with the fingers, and at the same time walk around the room. This gives a circle consisting of so many manuscript e's, but then this circle is itself but a single manuscript e of a larger circle, which circle is but the manuscript e of a larger circle still, and so on. The fact that all the centres and all the revolving bodies are in motion together, renders the movement too complicated to conceive of.

"Now, to apply this, let a being who could see nothing but the moon, and her course through the heavens, be told that she was obeying strictly the laws which obliged her to revolve around the throne of God. 'What!' he would exclaim in indignant astonishment, 'do you call that wild, erratic flourishing through the skies a direct and consistent track around the throne of God?'

"Again, suppose he should be told, that in all this apparently aimless, giddy circumgyration, the moon was only plodding on her monthly mill-horse journey round about our earth! He would kick at the idea, even as Theodore Parker and his one-view friends and admirers do at the assertion, that Daniel Webster's course in regard to slavery was consistent with the grand central idea of his life, and with precisely the same amount of intelligent appreciation of the matter.

"The grand central idea of Daniel Webster's life, to which, when the time of any direct antagonism came, all and any of his other ideas had to bend, in subservience to the laws of God, was the *preservation of the hopes of eventual liberty for all mankind, by insuring the perpetuity of the Union, and our Constitution.*

"But in his narrow mindedness and imperfect vision, quite unable to see this comprehensive consistency, Theodore Parker must go out and 'bay the moon,' because she does not fly from her appointed sphere, and make a bee line for the court of the 'higher law!'

"It is not pretended that Daniel Webster never changed his views and opinions, however. At one period, honest as he was in his love of his country, and his whole coun-

try he even for a short time imagined he could stand on the Buffalo Platform. It is lucky for him that he did not trust his entire weight upon its flimsy fabric. What if he did put one foot upon it, like the elephant trying the strength of a bridge before venturing fully upon it? He took that foot off, after demolishing the bridge with its pressure, and on the 7th of March, 1850, contemning all such deceptive assistance, he forded the stream in its deepest part, and drew everybody worth taking on a raft behind him.

"Daniel Webster, thank God, did change as often as he found he had gone out of the way in 'following the multitude to do evil,' and his latest change will be considered by posterity as the noblest change of all."

"Is it a crime to change?

How criminal are they,

Who from the paths of wickedness

To virtue change their way!

Consistency 's so bright a jewel,

That to preserve it we must do ill,

And having started wrong, should travel

Staunchly consistent to the devil!

The man that changes oft

Is termed 'a weathercock,'

That veers with every wind; the man

That's firm is called a rock:

Let those who choose be changeless stones,

Stiff stumbling blocks to break men's bones.

While seeking truth I'd rather show

Which way heaven's blessed breezes blow."

Chapter ninth is entitled, "The Vindication." Chapter tenth, "The Conclusion." From the latter we intended to have given a long extract, but our limits forbid. We advise our readers to get the work, and assure them that we have not given a tithe of the good things they will find in it.

THE WAR THEATRE IN TURKEY.

The *Journal des Debats* gives an interesting description of the probable theatre of the impending war, and the fortresses which defend the Turkish bank of the Danube. The line of this river from Orsova to the Black Sea has a length of more than 200 leagues. Eighteen fortified posts defend the passages of the river on the right, or Turkish bank. They are Orsova, Berza-Palanka, Forentino, Widdin, Arzal, Lom, Zibron-Palanka, Rahova, Nikopoli, Sistaw, Rutschuk, Turtukai, Silistria, Kassova, Hirchova, Matschinn, Isatchi, and Toultscha. The most important of these are Widdin, Rutschuk, Silistria, Matschinn, Isatchi, and Toultscha, not as being great fortresses, but because they observe the mouths of the Danube. The Turks have no fortresses on the left bank.

Formerly, when the Russians have crossed the Danube, they have encountered none but the natural obstacles of the passage, the Turks never having been able to oppose them on its banks; but at the present moment a powerful army is prepared to dispute with them the passage. In time of war the Russians keep on the Danube a flotilla of gun boats and small vessels, constructed expressly for the purpose, carrying guns of great calibre. The Turks have also flotillas of armed barques, which have their stations in the ports of the river under the guns of their fortresses, which are employed to provision them and to aid their defence in case of siege. The course of the river between Wallachia and Bulgaria divides itself naturally into three regions—the Upper Danube from Orsova to Widdin; the Middle Danube, from Widdin to Rutschab and Silistria; and the Lower Danube, from the latter town to the sea. At Orsova the channel of the Danube widens considerably. Here the fortress of Orsova rises from an island. It is a rectangle, flanked by four bastions, *a la Vauban*, constructed in the seventeenth century. Five leagues below, opposite the Wallachian town of Tehernitz, are the ruins of Trajan's bridge. The river here attains the breadth of a quarter of a league. Lower down are rapids, which, without intercepting navigation, render it difficult. The first important fortress which we meet is Widdin, with a population of 20,000. It has been the form of a semicircle with the Danube for the diameter. It is an irregular and prolonged pantagon, with an *enciente* flanked with radans, and counterflanked by five bastions of tolerably good construction. It has never been occupied by the Russians, who have not been accustomed to employ great military forces on the Upper Danube. Nikopoli, a commercial town, was ruined and entirely destroyed by the Russians in 1811. It has now from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants. It is a point of passage which it behoves the Turks well to guard. Thus, the *enciente* of Nikopoli has been re-instated, and Omer Pacha at this moment is constructing new works there. The right bank of the Danube is for the most part higher than the left, which gives the Turks a certain advantage; but there are intervals where the valley enlarges and where the passage is not rendered difficult by the configuration of the soil. At all these intervals fortresses have been raised, most of which are of mediocre construction, but are sufficient to oppose a first resistance, and to serve as a *point d'appui* to a body of troops employed to obstruct the passage, or to manœuvre on the rear of the enemy, should the passage be accomplished by a superior force. It is on a point of this character that in descending the Danube we

find the town of Sistow, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, and an *enciente* flanked with towers. This town was destroyed by the Russians in 1811, but has been rebuilt, and the fortifications carefully reconstructed on a more modern plan, and augmented with several outworks. It is one of the strongest places on the line of the Danube. Giourjewo, which once covered it on the left bank, has been lost to Turkey as a fortification, but there is an island in front of it where some new works have been raised. Turtukai, having opposite to it the Wallachian village of Oltenitza, is a point of passage which the Russians have several times seized, and before which they have at this moment a numerous cantonment. The town, which has 5,000 inhabitants, is closed with an *enciente* like all the small towns of Turkey. Its military importance is considerable, for the ground presents no obstacle to the establishment of bridges or boats, and the town occupies the head of a route which leads into the interior of Bulgaria by Rasgrad. Omer Pacha has carefully fortified Turtukai with the aid of European engineers, who are now tolerably numerous in the Turkish army. Silistria is one of the best fortifications of the Danube. Notwithstanding imperfections which no longer exist, the Russians had great difficulty in obtaining possession of it in 1829. General Diebitsch, although master of Varna, dared not undertake the march to Adrianople before having taken Silistria; a circumstance which strongly demonstrates the utility to Turkey of the fortresses on the line of the Danube; they have always held the Russians in check for twelve or fourteen months. We may remark, *en passant*, that fortresses have never hindered an army from crossing a river. The Rhine has been crossed whenever it has been found necessary, notwithstanding that it was defended by fortresses stronger than those of the Danube. In each of their wars on the latter river the Russians have been able to cross easily; but with a warlike people like the Turks, all of whom are accustomed to bear arms, it is dangerous to penetrate far into the country having fortified towns in the rear. It was on this account that the Russians in 1828 were obliged to lay siege to three places before they could carry their operations further into the country.

But to return to the Lower Danube: its breadth augments and its rapidity diminishes, but it preserves a speed of a league an hour. Some leagues from Silistria the river makes a great bend toward the north as far as Galatz, where it resumes its easterly direction, until it discharges itself into the Black Sea. Leaving Silistria, the first town which we meet is the town of Rossova, where the passage of the river is impractical on account

of the marshes on the left bank, which are fed by the waters of the Bertscha. It is twelve leagues from Rossova to the port of Kustendje, a fortified town. Further on we find the small fortress of Hirsova, under the guns of which in time of peace there is a bridge of boats. From this point to the mouths of the Danube a vast low and marshy plain extends, having in it numerous lakes. The communication between the towns and villages is kept up by means of some very bad roads, but the country is fertile.

The forts of Matchinn, Isatchi and Toulcha, near the mouths of the Danube, are rather posts of observation than fortified places. They serve to keep watch over the opposite bank, to protect the Turkish flotillas, and, in case of need, to fire on the Russian vessels.

Many persons appear to expect every morning news of the passage of the Danube by the Russians or the Turks, but the whole of the Danubian country is impracticable during the winter, and must be during the present autumn, if the season is as wet there as it has been in Central Europe. The alluvial soil is easily broken up by the rains. The roads and routes, not being well kept up, are in bad weather nothing but mud. All transports of commerce by land, which in the dry season are very active between Varna and Rutschuk, absolutely cease. Then, an army can no more manœuvre in the country, through the impossibility of carrying with it its artillery and necessary baggage. The irregular cavalry of the Turks and the Cossacks of the Russians are the only troops which can then keep the field. In the preceding campaigns the Russians have always withdrawn into their cantonments in Wallachia, ever raising the sieges which they may have commenced, and leaving behind them only some Cossack scouts and garrisons in the *tetes-des-ponts*. The Danube, before it is divided to form its delta, has a width of about 4,000 yards, which is broken up by little islands. It is frozen almost every year. Wallachia and Bulgaria, although situated under the latitude of Provence and Tuscany, are subject to extremely rigorous winters, not being sheltered from the glacial north-east wind which blows directly upon them from the vast steppes of Russia and the pinteaux of Upper Asia. The frost lasts from the month of December to the month of March, and the country at the thaw is more impracticable than ever.

RES CURIOSAE.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

The Automaton Chess Player, fifteen or twenty years ago, excited much attention

in this country, as it had done previously in Europe. It was taken to the principal cities of the Union, and every where attracted crowds. The following history of the invention, translated some years ago from a French Journal, called *La Garde National*, will be read with interest. Many of our readers may have seen the history before; it will, nevertheless, we think, be re-perused by them with pleasure:

Never perhaps has the appearance of the most brilliant phenomenon attracted more attention in the learned world, than that of the Automaton Chess Player, invented by Baron Kempelen.

This automaton was first known at Presburgh in 1770. It challenged the best players to combat, from which it was always sure to come off victorious. We can hardly form an idea of the delight with which the foreign journals related the wonders performed by this marvellous machine, nor the exaggeration of the flattery lavished upon the inventor: a second Prometheus, he had stolen fire from heaven to animate his work.

Every possible combination of chess playing appeared to have been foreseen by his genius, so admirably did the movements of the automaton accord with those of his adversary.

Public curiosity, excited by such repeated descriptions, soon assembled at Presburgh a numerous concourse of amateurs, mechanics and artists.

The reception room of the Baron Kempelen was continually thronged.

The automaton, dressed in a magnificent turban, and the rich costume of an Asiatic Sultan, was seated before a chess-board, covered with his pieces, and placed upon a cabinet three feet high, two in width and five in length, and moved on rollers.

In this cabinet, the wheels, the cylinders and levers necessary for the use of the machine are placed. Before the automaton commenced playing, the inventor carefully opened the doors one after the other, and remarked upon the multiplicity of wheel-work with which it was filled, showing it to be impossible to place any one within.

As soon as a player exhibited himself, the exhibitor, furnished with an iron key, wound up the machine with studied gravity, when the noise of the wheels could be distinctly heard catching in a cog-wheel like that of a clock.

The eyes of the automaton were then cast down on the chess board, and after some moments of apparent meditation, he slowly raised his arm, directed it to the piece which he wished to take, seized it firmly between his fingers, raised it, and moved it to the square where it should be placed. It was in vain to endeavor to disconcert him by a

wrong movement; the slightest departure from the rules seemed to make his brow darken; he shook his head as a sign of discontent, and replaced the piece ill-played to the square from which it came.

When it was about to announce a check, the lips of the automaton were agitated, and there escaped a hoarse sound like the pronunciation of the word *chet* or *che*, which, though feebly articulated, was sufficient to warn the adversary.

Thus nothing which could complete the illusion had been neglected; it was not long, however, before the surprise of the spectator began to diminish; the more the movements of the automaton were executed with promptness and facility, the more it became evident that they were subjected to a directing force. The inventor himself acknowledged it; but what was this invention! so skillful, and in a game too in which one can excel only after close study and long practice? Every eye intently fixed upon Mr. Kempelen, sought in vain to discover in his looks, in his manner, in his slightest gesture, some indication of the means which he employed; sometimes he turned his back to the table, and again walked away several steps, leaving the automaton to move once or twice in succession without approaching it. He moved the table to any situation the spectator wished, thus rendering all communication with the floor or the next room impossible.

The examination to which the machine had been submitted, removed all supposition that a child or dwarf could be concealed besides, how at the bottom of this cabinet, almost hermetically closed, could they see and direct the play of a chess-board upon the table above?

The mystery remained a long time impene-trable. Master of its secret, the automaton visited the capitals of Germany and France; everywhere it was received with extreme curiosity, and often excited transports of surprise and admiration. Arriving in Paris in 1785, his star became dim before the celebrated players of the Regent Coffee House. But one can without shame acknowledge themselves conquered by the Philidors, and the Legals, and have yet a brilliant career to run. On its return to Berlin, the automaton challenged all the Lord's of the Court of the great Frederic, and was even admitted to the honor of playing with this prince, a great amateur of chess. In a moment of enthusiasm, Frederic, at a great expense, became master of the machine and its secret; a minute account developed to him all the mysteries of this innocent magic. From that time the delusion vanished; the automaton dethroned, disdained, covered with dust, was exiled to an obscure apartment of the palace, where it remained nearly

thirty years hidden and forgotten.

It owes its resurrection, in part, to the presence of Napoleon at Berlin. It was taken from its obscurity, recovered its former splendor, and proud of having triumphed over the conqueror of Austerlitz, it again commenced its travels. London and Paris received it with renewed pleasure.

We will pass rapidly over some years of the adventurous life of our hero. Accompanied by an exhibitor, educated in the school of Mr. Kempelen, and always wonderfully aided by his directing power, without which it could not move a step, the automaton sought eagerly every occasion to distinguish itself, and never quitted the battle field without being able to say with Cæsar: *Veni, vidi, vici*. At length, preceded by an unprecedented reputation, it arrived at the court of Bavaria.—There the astonishment and enthusiasm which its play never failed to excite, were renewed. So great was the impression it made, that Prince Eugene could not resist the temptation of becoming possessor of this chef d'œuvre, and to be initiated in the occult science which performed so many wonders. This wish was gratified; and the price of his initiation was fixed at the sum of 30,000 francs.

The time was now at hand when the veil was to be raised, when he was to know this invisible genius, this superior intelligence which ruled the chess-board. He was left alone with the exhibitor, who, for the whole explanation opened both doors of the machine at once; the wheels had disappeared; a man, a true chess-player, occupied their place. He was seated upon a low cricket with rollers, and seemed very ill at ease. We can judge what at this sight was the disenchantment of the new purchaser. The solution of the principal problem was reduced to a mere juggler's trick. These levers, these cog wheels, this cylinder were but thin paper cuttings, placed on partitions and removed at will.

Whilst the examination of the interior mechanism took place, as the doors only opened one after another, the player was concealed in the back of the automaton, his limbs folded under him, sometimes leaning to the opposite side, with his head down and his hands before him; he thus by turns hid himself as the doors opened alternately.

One or two repetitions were sufficient to habituate him to this exercise, and to teach him first to turn the crank for directing the arm of the automaton, then to put in motion the elastic spring which was to move the fingers; and last, to pull the cord that the automaton might give utterance to the word check.

The player is lighted in his box by a taper, and has before him a chess-board on which

all the squares are numbered: another chess-board, likewise numbered, is placed in the ceiling above his head, and forms the reverse of that upon which the automaton plays. The pieces strongly magnetised at their base, by their attraction open some little traps adapted to each square of this back board. The player, attentive to the rise and fall of these, knows precisely the move played by his adversary; he immediately repeats this move upon his own chess-board; plays his own move and causes it afterwards to be done by the automaton.

The ingenious means invented to establish a connection between the exterior and interior of the machine alone, fixed the attention of the prince; perhaps he found he had paid too dear for the secret. He said nothing, and even amused himself a while in the presence of some intimate friends in playing the part of exhibitor. But that he might enjoy his knowledge for a length of time, it was necessary that a skillful player should be employed, which would have soon opened all eyes and given a key to the enigma.

The prince found himself reduced to this alternative; either to employ this skillful player or again to condemn the automaton to obscurity. He was uncertain what part to take, when Mr. Maelzel, that skillful mechanist, who separated himself with regret from his beloved pupil, asked the favor to continue the exhibition of its brilliant talents, engaging to pay the interest of the sum disbursed. This proposition was accepted: and Mr. Maelzel left Bavaria and exhibited the automaton with great success. He was received in France and England like an old acquaintance of whom we just retain a recollection; it seemed to have renewed its youth; although the reign of sorcerers had passed away, it still possessed the power to fascinate every eye; in more simple language it always astonished by the ingenuity of its machinery, and the skill of its concealed player. To one or two celebrated players was confided the internal direction of the automaton; Mr. Baelzel in Paris, and Mr. L—w—s in London, made it triumph without difficulty over all who presented themselves for combat; when Mr. Maelzel formed the plan of working on the curiosity of several cities in England, Scotland and Holland, where the automaton had never been. To accomplish that design, it was necessary to have the assistance of a travelling companion who had a superior knowledge of chess: he proposed this plan to Mr. M., a very amiable and lively man, who consented to accompany him, and become his associate in the benefits of the enterprise.

The most complete success signaled the course of our travellers. Wherever they pitched their tents, spectators gathered in

crowds to witness the combat. The automaton, like a chevalier in a tournament, offered to his antagonist the advantages of arms and ground, that is to say, in the language of chess, the pawn and first move, notwithstanding which he was always successful.

The speculation was profitable; perfect harmony existed between the associates, whose accounts were regularly settled with scrupulous exactness. After a while, however, Maelzel owed the player a large sum; of which, under different pretexts, he delayed the payment from week to week and from month to month. A year thus passed away, and Mr. Maelzel refused to settle the account, when Mr. M——t found an infallible means to decide it.

The automaton was then at Amsterdam; the King of Holland had early in the morning engaged a fourth part of the hall and paid for it a sum in florins equivalent to 3000 francs; Mr. Maelzel ran to announce this news to his associate. They breakfasted gaily together; Mr. Maelzel hastened to make the necessary preparations to receive the King; the Assembly were to meet at half past twelve; twelve struck, and the player, who should have been in his machine, is not yet at his post; Mr. Maelzel, out of patience, went to inquire the cause of this delay. What is his astonishment to find Mr. M——t in bed, and trembling as with an ague fit. What do I see? What is the matter? *I have a fever.* What is that you say? you were well enough an hour since. *Yes it is a thunder stroke.* The King will come. *He will go away again.* What shall I say to him? *That the automaton has a fever.* A truce to your jokes. *It is no laughing matter.* The receipts were never better. *Return the money.* I pray you get up. *Impossible.* I will go call a physician. *Useless.* Is there then no means of preventing this fever? *Yes; one only—it is to pay me the 1500 francs you owe me.* Well, be it so this evening. *No—No—this moment.* Mr. Maelzel seeing no other alternative went for the money. The cure was wonderful, the automaton never played better. The King did not play, only he advised his minister of war, who played for him. The coalition were completely beaten; but the defeat was laid entirely to the account of the responsible minister.

The exhibition of our travellers had scarcely terminated, when Maelzel engaged a player to go with him to America. A young man, a native of Mulhausen, a pupil of the best players in the Regent Coffee House, was this time chosen for confidant. The exhibitor taught him the art of concealing himself, and above all not to make the least noise which would excite suspicion; and finished his instructions with these

words: "If you should hear fire cried, don't move, I will come to your aid." The following anecdote, it is said, determined Mr. Maelzel to give this advice to those he initiated.

In some of his early travels, he was at a German city, where was a celebrated juggler, a pupil of the Conus, and Pinetts, giving exhibitions.

The automaton soon eclipsed the juggler, who piqued, and jealous, went to see his rival; guessed the secret, and aided by a confederate, all of a sudden cried "fire." We can judge the alarm of the spectators; the automaton in his fright pushed his adversary over and rolled and turned himself about; he seemed to have become crazy. Fortunately, Mr. M—e—l had presence of mind enough to push the machine behind a curtain, when it soon became calm.

The trick of the juggler was soon discovered, but did him no good. His rival still bore away the palm.

DEGREES.

The origin of literary degrees is involved in obscurity. Some have ascribed it as an invention of Justinian, instituted by him for the promoting the study of law; others to Charlemagne; others to various sources, religious and secular. The account we give in the following, refers more particularly to the University of Paris, though it may properly be considered as an accurate outline of the proceedings of every other University.

After two years study of grammar and philosophy, the scholar became a determiner, that is, he proposed himself, if twelve years of age at least, to be taken on trials, in order, after some years more, to his obtaining the degree of Bachelor. The design of this proposal, made so long before, was, not only to subject the candidate to certain examinations, but to excite attention to his general conduct.

The word Bachelor is derived, according to some writers, from the French word *batailler*, to fight, because the young candidates were trained to impugn or oppose one another in literary discussions. Some have derived it from the rod (*baculus*) with which they were invested on receiving that degree, a vestige of the feudal, or still more ancient custom, of training youth to fight with oaken clubs before they were entrusted with swords or spears. Some writers, observing the analogy of literary degrees to those of chivalry, have no doubt that the word bachelor is a corruption of *bas chevalier*, a candidate for knighthood. But the most probable etymology seems, on the whole, to be *baccalarius*, from *baccis lauri*, the wreath or crown of ivy berries with which the candidate was crowned on obtaining his degree. He was

required to be 21 years of age. In consequence of passing as a bachelor, he wore a round cap, frequented the national holy mass, and commenced a candidate for the degree of licence and Master of Arts. He attached himself, probably, to some master of a school and occasionally, as a tutor, taught privately the young scholars.

After two years study and private teaching in this manner, and after frequent and severe examinations, if found qualified by the examiners annually appointed by the Chancellor, the candidate was presented or recommended to the Chancellor as worthy of license or authority to teach the seven liberal arts included in the Trivium and Quadrivium; viz: grammar, rhetoric, dialect, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astrology. He was licensed by receiving the bonnet, and other ensigns of master, in a manner somewhat resembling the Roman mode of emancipating a slave. Thus the candidate was publicly and solemnly declared a Master of Arts; or qualified to teach philosophy, implying the arts above enumerated.

Other degrees followed, various forms being adopted for initiation. The degree of Doctor was conferred not by the Chancellor only, but jointly by him and by the faculty, who admitted and acknowledged the candidate, with the solemnity of an oath, as their Peer, their Fellow, a Member of their body, and entitled to their privileges. A Doctor was not permitted merely, he became bound to preach and to teach: and by a bull of Nicholas III, Doctors of the University of Paris only, enjoyed the privilege of teaching every where without re-examination; a privilege of which the University of Oxford particularly complained, as an undue and invidious preference.

To distinguish the Students at all times from the people, they were required to wear a cap and gown of particular form, and which varied with their standing, or degrees in the University. The determiners wore a hooded short black gown with sleeves; the bachelors a round cap and long gown of the best black cloth, or silk; and the master's gown was to flow down to his heels, at least when it was new. All were prohibited from wearing the long pointed shoes with curved beaks turned up to the knees, as then used by the *petit maitres* of the 13th century. The Students in Arts were required at the lecture of their masters to sit, not on benches, but, in token of modesty and profound humility, on the ground, which for that reason was covered with straw.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Norton's *Literary Gazette*—an admirable

booksellers' paper—gives the following particulars regarding various public libraries represented in a late Librarian convention held in New York. The institutions touching which these invaluable facts are presented, are doubtless the principal of the kind in the Union. Should there be any of real importance omitted, we would thank parties interested to inform us in the premises, and we will make such information public through our pages. We would add that we send BIZARRE to each of the institutions specified in the following:

The *Portland (Me.) Athenæum* was founded in 1826; is a general circulating library of 7,850 vols.; has a fund of about \$6,000; adds 400 vols. annually, at a cost of \$450; circulates 9,000 vols. yearly; is open on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 2 until 5 P. M.; the last catalogue appeared in 1849. JAMES MERRILL, Librarian.

The *Boston Athenæum* was founded in 1807, and contains 57,000 vols., including bound pamphlets; the character of the library is a general one, and partly circulating; the funds amount to \$25,000, but an effort is now making to raise a fund of \$120,000; the annual expenditure for books is \$1,000; average annual circulation, 20,000 vols.; the library is open from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.; the reading room until 9 P. M., during nine months of the year. A catalogue was published in 1827, and a supplement in 1840. A new catalogue is now preparing. The institution has an excellent manuscript catalogue of its pamphlets. CHARLES FOLSOM, Librarian.

The *Boston Mercantile Library Association*, founded in 1820, is a general circulating library of 14,500 vols.; has no permanent fund, but expends about \$2,000 annually in books and periodicals; added 2,500 vols. in 1852, and circulated 78,000 vols. The library is open from 1 to 10 P. M., the reading room from 6½ A. M. until 10 P. M. The last catalogue appeared in 1849, and a supplement in 1851. WM. F. POOLE, Librarian.

The *American Antiquarian Society*, at Worcester, Mass., was founded in 1812, and is devoted to the collection and preserving of materials for American history. Has a permanent fund of \$30,000. The library of 22,000 vols., is for reference only, increasing at the rate of 1,000 vols. annually, and is open daily from 9 A. M. to 12, and from 2 to 5 P. M. An Alphabetical catalogue of 570 pp., 8vo., was published in 1836. S. F. HAVEN, Librarian.

The *Worcester Young Men's Library Association*, founded in 1853, possesses 2,500 vols.; is a general circulating library, depending on the receipts from annual members. It is open two evenings a week; has published a catalogue in 12mo. JOHN GRAY, Librarian.

Library of Brown University, at Providence, R. I., was commenced in 1768, and now contains 25,069 vols., besides 10,000 unbound pamphlets. The library has a permanent fund of \$25,000, and adds about 1,500 vols. annually. It is chiefly intended for reference, but circulates 6,000 vols. a year. The last catalogue, an 8vo. of 586 pages, was prepared by Prof. Jewett, and appeared in 1843. It is open daily during term time, from 9 to 1. R. A. GUILD, Librarian.

The *Providence Association of Mechanics*, founded in 1821, has a general circulating library of 3,500 vols., increasing at the rate of 200 vols. per annum; circulation, 6,000. Open on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 9 o'clock. Catalogue published in 1850. CHAS. W. JENCKS, Librarian.

The *Providence Athenæum* was founded in 1836, and has a library of 18,021 vols. It added, in 1852, 775 vols, and circulated about 20,000. In the summer, the library is open from 9 A. M. until sunset: in the winter, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. A catalogue is just ready for publication. THOMAS HALE WILLIAMS, Librarian.

Yale College Library, at New Haven, Conn., was founded A. D. 1700; is a general library of 25,000 vols., besides 8,000 unbound pamphlets, and is intended chiefly for reference purposes; permanent fund 21,000; number of vols. added yearly, about 750; circulation not ascertained. It is open during term time from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. The last printed catalogue, 102 pp. 8vo., was published in 1823. EDWARD C. HERRICK, Librarian.

The *Linonian Society*, of Yale College, was established in 1753, and contains 13,000 vols. It adds 600 vols. and circulates 30,000 yearly. It is open during term time daily, from 1½ to 2 P. M. A catalogue was published in 1848. MR. RILEY, Librarian.

The *Hartford Young Men's Institute* was founded in 1838, and has a circulating library of 10,000 vols. It adds four hundred vols. a year, at a cost of \$500. Circulation 24,000. Last catalogue published in 1852. Open daily, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. HENRY M. BAILEY, Librarian.

The *New York Society Library*, founded in 1700, possess 36,000 volumes, chiefly intended for circulation. It has a building fund of \$65,000. The library is open from 8 A. M. until sundown; the reading room from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.. Last catalogue 621 pp. 8vo., appeared in 1850. PHILIP FORBES, Librarian.

Columbia College Library, was organized about the date of the College charter, 1754, and contains about 16,000 vols. It increases at the rate of 150 vols. a year, and circulates 500. It is open during term time, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 1 to 3

P. M. No printed catalogue, but a good manuscript one, prepared by Ex-President Moore. W. A. JONES, Librarian.

The *New York Hospital Library*, was founded in 1796, and possesses 6,000 volumes, pertaining to medicine and the collateral sciences. Annual increase, 100 vols.; circulation, 500. It is open from 12 to 2 daily. A catalogue, of 194 pp. 8vo. was published in 1845. JOHN I. VANDERVOORT, Librarian.

The *New York Mercantile Library Association*, was organized in 1820, and now contains 39,486 vols. The number of vols. added in 1852 was 4,346, at an expenditure of \$4,800. Annual circulation, 120,000. Library and reading room open from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. A catalogue, of 376 pp. 8vo., was published in 1850, and a supplement in January, 1852. S. HASTINGS GRANT, Librarian.

The *Apprentices' Library*, of New York city, was established in 1820, and now contains 17,000 vols. About 700 vols. are added annually, at a cost of \$1,500. Circulation, 40,000. The library is open from 6 to 9 P. M.; the reading room from 6 to 10 P. M. Last catalogue was issued in 1849. JOHN C. SWAN, Librarian.

The *New York Law Institute* was founded in 1830, and contains 4,695 vols. relating to law. The annual expenditure, circulation and rate of addition, not stated. Open in the summer from 8½ A. M. to 6 P. M. It has no printed catalogue. WM. CURTIS NOYES, Esq., Librarian.

The *New York University*, has a library of 1,500 vols. Commenced in 1821. Little attention has heretofore been paid to this department, but efforts are now making to place it upon a permanent footing. Prof. HOWARD CROSBY, Librarian.

The *American Institute Library* was organized in 1833, and now contains 7,000 volumes, chiefly of a statistical and scientific character. The amount annually expended for books and periodicals is \$1,000 and the number of volumes added about 600. The rooms are open daily from 8½ A. M. to 6½ P. M., and on Thursdays and Saturdays until 10 P. M. A catalogue, of 212 pages octavo, was published in 1852. E. A. HARRIS, Librarian.

The *Mechanics' Institute Library* was founded in 1853, and has now 5,000 volumes. Rate of increase, 300 volumes a year, and expenditure \$500. Average circulation, 10,000 volumes. It is open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. A catalogue was issued in 1844, and one is now in preparation. JAMES HENRY, Jr., Librarian.

The *Library of Union Theological Seminary* was begun in 1840, and now has 18,000 volumes, principally of a theological nature. It adds about five hundred volumes annually,

and circulates 1,000. It is open daily, excepting Saturdays, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. There is no printed catalogue, but one is now preparing. Prof. HENRY B. SMITH, Librarian, and J. L. LYONS, Assistant.

The *New York Free Academy*, established in 1851, has a library of three thousand volumes, a large proportion of which are text books for the use of students. 2,500 of these were added in 1852. It is dependent for its increase upon the appropriation from the State fund. It is open daily from 8½ A. M. to 3 P. M. Prof. J. G. BARTON, Librarian, and WM. OLAND BOURNE, Assistant.

The *Brooklyn Athenaeum* and Reading Room opened in April, 1853, and has since added 2,000 volumes. These are not yet in circulation, nor has any catalogue been prepared. Library open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. JOSEPH F. NOYES, Librarian.

The *Library of U. S. Military Academy*, at West Point, was founded in 1812, and contains 16,000 volumes principally devoted to military and scientific works. The amount annually appropriated by Government for the Library is \$1,000. The number of volumes purchased is 500, and the circulation about 12,000. The Library is open from 8 A. M. until sundown. A classified catalogue was published in 1830. Capt. HENRY COPIE, Librarian.

The *Troy Young Men's Association* has a circulating Library of 8,000 volumes, established in 1834. The amount of money expended on books in a single year varies from \$400 to \$3,500, and the number of volumes added also varies from 750 to 2,500. The circulation is 30,000. The rooms are open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and from 7 to 9 in the evening. A catalogue appeared in 1850, and a supplement during the present year. HENRY P. FILER, Librarian.

The *Troy Lyceum of Natural History* was organized in 1818; has a library of 500 volumes. It has at present no fund for the purchase of books, and consequently depends entirely upon donations. No catalogue has been printed. The rooms are open on Tuesday evenings. W. T. WILLARD, Librarian.

The *Library of Hamilton College*, Clinton, N. Y., was begun in 1812, and now contains 3,225 volumes. It added 178 volumes last year, principally by donation, and circulated 524. A catalogue appeared in 1826. Prof. ANSON J. UPSON, Librarian. In connection with the College are two Society libraries, each containing over 3,000 volumes.

The *Young Men's Association*, of Buffalo, was organized in 1835; is a general circulating library of 7,000 volumes, increasing at the rate of about 1,000 volumes annually. Number of volumes circulated, 500. Annual expenditure, \$800. The rooms are open

from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. A catalogue was published in 1848, continued by annual supplements. WILLIAM IVES, Librarian.

The *Newark* (N. J.) *Library Association* was organized in 1846, but not opened until 1848. The present number of volumes in the Library is 4,400, and the circulation 2,000. The rate of increase and amount expended are not stated. The rooms are open from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. F. W. RICORD, Librarian.

The *Library of Rutgers College and Theological Seminary*, at New Brunswick, was established in 1770, and contains 7,000 volumes, principally Theological. It adds 400 volumes annually, at a cost of \$500. It is opened on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8½ A. M. The last catalogue appeared in 1832, and a new one is now in preparation. Prof. C. R. V. ROMOND, Librarian.

The *Library of the College of New Jersey* (Princeton) was commenced as early as 1765, but was entirely consumed in 1801. The present number of volumes is about 10,000. The rate of increase is three hundred volumes, at a cost of \$450. Circulation 600 volumes. The only catalogue ever published was in 1760, in 12mo. The Library is open on Mondays and Tuesdays, from 12 to 1. Prof. G. M. GIGER, Librarian. The Literary Societies contain about 4,000 volumes each.

The *Library of the Theological Seminary* at Princeton, N. J., was established in 1812, and now contains 12,600 volumes. About 200 volumes are annually added by donation. The Library is open on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 2 to 3 P. M. No catalogue has been printed, but one is now in preparation. Prof. Wm. HENRY GREEN, Librarian.

The *Library Company of Philadelphia* was founded in 1731, and now has, including the Loganian Library, 65,000 volumes. The amount annually expended for books and periodicals, \$2,800. The number of volumes added and the circulation are unknown. The Library is open from 10 A. M. until sunset. The last catalogue was published in 1835, a supplement in 1844, and a second in 1849. LLOYD P. SMITH, Librarian.

The *Law Association of Philadelphia* was organized in 1802, and possesses 3,000 volumes strictly pertaining to legal science. The number of volumes annually added is 150, at an expense of \$600. The Library is open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., excepting during the months of July and August. An alphabetical catalogue was printed in 1849. JOHN WILLIAM WALLACE, Esq., Librarian.

The *Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore* was founded in 1839, and has now 10,286 volumes, with a circulation of 22,000. Number of volumes added in 1852 was 830, at a cost of \$1,100. The rooms are open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., excepting, from

2 to 3 P. M. A catalogue was published in 1851. JAMES GREEN, Librarian.

The *State Library of Ohio* (Columbus) was established about forty years ago, and now contains 15,000 volumes, 5,000 of which are law books. The annual increase about 900 volumes, and expenditure \$1,000. Circulation, 6,000 to 8,000 volumes. The Library is open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., excepting when the Legislature is in session, when it remains open until 8 P. M. The last catalogue was printed in 1849. ELIJAH HAYWARD, Librarian.

The *Young Men's Library Association*, of Cincinnati, was founded in 1835, and now owns some 14,000 volumes. It added in 1852 1,500 volumes, and circulated 14,000. R. H. STEPHENSON, Librarian.

The *St. Louis Mercantile Library Association* was organized in 1846, and has now 9,619 volumes. It expends about \$2,000 for books, adding 1,500 volumes. It is open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. A catalogue was published in 1850, and a supplement in 1851. Wm. P. CURTIS, Librarian.

The *New Orleans Fisk Free Library*, established in 1847, is open for reference daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. It contains now 7,000 volumes, and depends upon contributions for increase. No catalogue has been published.

NEW BOOKS.

"A Visit to Europe in 1851,

—by Professor Silliman. 2 vols. pp. 886. These neatly got up volumes, forwarded by G. P. Putnam & Co., must and will be popular among a wide circle, both on the author's account and their own. On the author's account, because, even in his life-time, he has become one of our country's brightest historic names. No individual now lives, to whom American Science, in many departments, especially in that of Chemistry, by many esteemed most beautiful of all, is more indebted than to Professor Silliman. For during some thirty years, he has not only instructed personally, thousands of young students, in his favorite themes; sent them abroad through the land as missionaries of science; but for a large portion of that time he has been a main supporter of the *Scientific Journal*, whose reputation is hardly less European than American.

Many have doubtless read, as we have, the travels of the same writer in Europe, performed thirty-eight years ago. Such will remember how interesting and popular were the volumes recording those travels, not merely because they were among the earliest American books of the sort, but from their intrinsic merits. In the present volumes the reader will find the same excellent properties in full. Without much of the ideal and

poetic, and therefore not specially qualified to criticise the products of the Fine Arts, the Professor is yet a sagacious and admirable observer of facts, whether relating to the sciences, or to human life in all its multiplied departments of thought and performance. With a healthy, genial, lively organism, both intellectual and moral, he always strives and generally succeeds in seeing all things under their best aspect, and his observations and reflections are registered in a style so limpid, easy and flowing, that the reader is carried along deeply interested all the while, without the exercise of his own volition.

To us, one of the most interesting facts touching these volumes is the evidence they furnish of the writer's still youthful mind and heart. He must, we think, have reached threescore and ten, and as a College Professor, a scientific editor, and a not infrequent lecturer abroad, his life must have been uncommonly laborious. And yet we defy any one to detect in these volumes the slightest traces of age, exhaustion or debility.

"Life in the Mission, the Camp—and the Zenáná; or Six Years in India;" is the title of a new book (2 vols. 12mo.) just published by Redfield, of New York, and forwarded to us through Baird, of our city. It is from the pen of Mrs. Colin McKenzie, who forwarded the materials to her family during a protracted residence in India. She wrote her manuscript as the events it embraces occurred, a fact which will account for the miscellaneous character of her book, and for the personal details which it contains. This miscellaneous character, and these personal details impart, to our minds, a greater interest to the volumes. However, our readers shall have a taste of them hereafter, in some extracts which we shall present to them as soon as we can find space.

"Louis XVII, his Life, and his Death," just published in 2 vols. 12mo. (400 pp. and upwards in each,) is complete; being embellished with vignettes, autographs, and plans; and indeed, embracing the whole of De Bauchesne's celebrated book. It settles past hope, we think, the claims of Rev. Eleazer Williams to the Dauphinship of France. However, we will await patiently Rev. Mr. Hansen's new book, which is announced to appear shortly.

"History of the Insurrection in China."—This book, by MM. Callery and Yvan, will command a very large sale. It has been re-published by the Harpers, in excellent style. The English papers have noticed it very favorably, and we had hoped at least in our present issue, to have given extracts;

but are constrained to postpone them, perhaps indefinitely.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

—Ole Bull's concerts were well attended, and gave great satisfaction. The object for which these concerts were given, was a noble one; and we trust and believe the proceeds were of substantial amount. The colony at Oleona really needs assistance. It embraces strangers to our soil and customs, planted in a cold and forbidding section of the country, on the summit of the Alleghanies, as it were. We know nothing about the circumstances under which the land was purchased. They may have been discreditable to the parties selling; if they were, those parties were by no means originals in land-shaving. They have had illustrious predecessors ever since the days of ancient Judea.

We recollect something touching the purchase of Ole Bull and the excitement it created at Williamsport. Indeed a scene which took place there, and of which the editor of the *Democrat*, (Col. Carter,) gave a most laughable account, we never shall forget. Ole Bull went to Williamsport, and was invited to play for the citizens in the church of that village. He complied, and greatly to the delight of all who heard him, Col. Carter says, was introduced to the people of Williamsport by a citizen, in the following original, yet at the same time shrewd style:—"Ladies and gentlemen, This is Monsieur Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist. He has concluded to favor you with some music on an old fiddle. Ladies and gentlemen, we have sold Monsieur Ole Bull a large tract of land, at Kettle Creek, at the very small price of _____ dollars per acre; and, ladies and gentlemen, let me add, we have a few more of the same sort left." We have not given the exact words of Colonel Carter's report, but we have certainly presented its spirit, only, however, as bearing upon the introduction.

Another item concerning the purchase of Kettle Creek, we present in the following, which we quote from *BIZARRE*, (vol. 2, part 2, page 47) and which was communicated to us by a friend of Ole Bull's then all-absorbing enterprise:—

"Ole Bull is building two villages at his new purchase in Potter county, and connecting them by a splendid avenue, which, when completed, will be several miles in length. He has three hundred of his countrymen at present among his settlers, and the probabilities are, that by the coming spring, the number will be greatly increased. Ole Bull intends to build himself a home, capable of entertaining one hundred friends. The exterior will be constructed of coarse logs,

while the interior will be finished in the highest style of art, and stocked with the most magnificent furniture that can be purchased. One feature of the in-door appointments, it is said, will be a superior piano, manufactured in our city, at a cost of one thousand dollars. Mr. Bull goes in for a plain unobtrusive exterior, and an elaborately finished interior. This peculiarity, indeed, marks him as a man; certainly, never lived a more gifted artist, and at the same time a plainer, and, we might add, more awkward man. An anecdote let us relate to the point: Not long since, a friend of Ole Bull's, and in company with whose family he was stopping at the Washington House in this city, promised Mr. G——, a friend of the writer, that he would make him acquainted with the great Norwegian. G——, announced the fact to us the other day at the Washington, adding as he pointed his finger to two gentlemen, who sat earnestly talking together, "there sits my friend, with that rough-looking countryman; I should'n't wonder if he were to introduce me this very morning to Ole Bull; he certainly would do so, if the bushwhacker, who now has him by the buttonhole gets through with his palaver, before the dinner-gong rings." "Rough-looking countryman! bushwhacker!" exclaimed we, on looking at the individual designated, "why G——, that's Ole Bull himself." Of course, some one was greatly surprised.

So much for something of the past touching Kettle-creek. We hope matters touching it will be on all hands amicably arranged. Certainly as it is, the noble-hearted Ole Bull has made a good beginning for the suffering emigrants settled there, which, we trust, may be as successfully continued and ended.

— We were much pleased to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded last Saturday evening, of burying the busy cares of a closing week beneath the sweet sounds of music, by attending the first concert of the season, of the Musical Fund Society, at Musical Fund Hall. We may safely affirm that no public performance ever more fully equalled our expectations. The professional members of the society, under the spirited conductorship of Mr. L. Meignen, gathered in full force, and performed some choice solos, pieces, overtures, &c. with much artistic skill. M'lle Caroline Lehman was twice enthusiastically encored. The audience was both numerous and brilliant; and not only ourselves, but all present, were evidently delighted with the entertainment. We congratulate this society on its continued and deserved success.

— Respecting Jullien's splendid concerts in our city, we must reserve our comments for our next week's issue.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

False Savages.

— We translate from a Marseilles journal, the following:—In one of those booths in which such, so-called, extraordinary things are exhibited, the public crowded to observe two African savages, male and female, whose ferocity was such, (they said at the door,) that the keeper was obliged to chain them in an enormous cage, to protect visitors from their fury. The credulous shuddered with horror as they beheld the cannibals, devouring eagerly the stumps of cigars, as they were thrown into their cage, and adoring at intervals the sun and the moon: nor did they dissimulate their fears, when a gentleman, more audacious and less credulous than themselves, boldly passed his hand through the bars of the cage, applied it to the cheek of one of the anthro-pophagi,—and withdrew it perfectly black with burnt cork, or lamp-black! The public, unable to restrain its hilarity upon discovering such a trick in the midst of the nineteenth century, would have carried off in triumph the gentleman who had exposed the deceit, had not the police interfered. One of the savages being stripped of his disguise, a spectator recognised in him his boot-black, who had disappeared from home upon the opening of the fair,—to adore the sun and moon for a week and to diet upon a course of cigar stumps.

— Louis XV. who was very absent one day, asked of Graderigs, the ambassador from Venice, "of how many members does your Council of Senat Venice consist." "Of forty," answered the ambassador. The King paid no more attention to the answer than to his own question.

Colossal Purchase.

— The Castle and grounds of Islay, in Scotland, the largest estate, perhaps, ever offered at public sale in the world, was knocked down a few weeks ago, at Edinburgh, to Morrison, (of the great commercial house of Morrison, Dillon & Co., of London,) for £451,000 sterling. Mr. James Baird, of Gartsharrie, member of parliament for Falkirk, was a competitor up to £450,000.

A Cook extraordinary.

— A Lady being in want of a cook, a few days since, published an advertisement in the *Ledger*, and was waited on by any quantity of *Ladies* wanting situations. Amongst them was one who, on being asked some questions, cut them short with "Never mind about me, Marm, let me see first if the place will suit me, then you can inquire about me afterwards."

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1853.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

With the *specialties* of Shakerism I am not acquainted. Indeed I am not aware that any such history has ever been drawn out. During my residence among these people, I never met with or heard any such mentioned. The reason why the fortunes of this sect have never been recorded may possibly be, that the sect itself has, even to the present day continued so insignificant in numbers, and has exercised so little influence on the general course of events, that no one qualified for the task, has deemed it worth the requisite labor.

Nor can I pronounce myself familiar with all the items of their religious creed. Certain beliefs do exist among them, and are supposed to be accepted by the members of their communities; but whether a complete schedule of Shaker dogmas has ever been noted down, I know not.

In what I have to say, therefore, of Shaker History and Doctrine, I shall not assume to exhaust either topic, but shall merely throw together the miscellaneous items, gathered from my three months' associates and some pamphlets then casually encountered.

Shakerism, if I mistake not, is now some seventy years old, it took its rise from Anne Lee, the wife of an English blacksmith. She evidently must have been of very considerable native ability and practical energy, and in the absorbing and persistent vehemence of her religious enthusiasm, she reminds us of Jemima Wilkinson, George Fox, and numerous others of kindred type. She regarded herself as a recipient of Divine inspiration, commissioned to gather a religious community, far purer and holier than the world had witnessed aforetime;—a community, which, spreading till it embraced the entire race, should reinstate on earth the primeval Eden. The dogmas she proclaimed, and the mode of life she inculcated, were, in many respects different from and condemnatory of those generally prevailing about her. And as those were not

days of religious liberality or even toleration, she encountered no slight persecution, and was once, at least, imprisoned for a considerable time. Like all of her class, she claimed for herself, and her followers claimed on her behalf, certain preternatural endowments, such as prophecy, reading the unspoken thoughts and looks of others, &c. &c.

How large was the number of persons she prevailed upon to admit her claims, and adopt her peculiarities and belief and practice in England, I never learned. The fact, however, eventually was, that on account of persecution, and maybe other considerations, she emigrated to this country, with sundry converts, male and female. Her husband accompanied her, though, according to one of her dogmas to be noticed hereafter, she no longer reckoned marriage as permitted by heaven—a dogma which, it seems, her husband at first himself accepted. He, however, not long after his arrival here, abjured his new faith, and, I think, took another "help-mect."

On first coming to this country, she resided for a while in the neighbourhood of the township named "Watervliet," but then, if I err not, entitled "Niskeuna," six miles from Albany and Troy. Here she busied herself in propagating her views, and made some accessions to her numbers. Finally she purchased,—with funds derived I know not whence,—a tract of land in Niskeuna, and commenced the establishment of a community, organised and conducted, both theoretically and practically according to that peculiar plan which she professed to have received through inspiration.

This land was sandy, lean, and indifferently productive, as it came into her possession. But as,—whatever else may be said of her followers,—it cannot be denied that they execute in the most skilful and thorough manner, whatever they undertake; they transmuted, by proper cultivation, this poor waste into one extended, exuberantly fertile and admirably kept garden. And the four several "Families," growing ultimately out of this single small group,—two of them numbering, probably, one hundred individuals each, and the other two something over half that number apiece,—have accumulated wealth supposed to exceed a million of dollars. The "family" I was in was located on the very spot, where "Mother Anne" first entered on her work of organization.

The largest Shaker community now existing is in New Lebanon, N. Y., some forty miles from Watervliet, and numbers, I think, several hundred members. It is reckoned the Head Establishment, or what might be named, "The Metropolitan See"

* Continued from Part 6, of BIZARRE.

of Shakerdom, and is the customary residence of the two "Ministers," who are the acknowledged "Heads" of the sect, from whose decisions there is no appeal, and to whom an appeal lies from all subordinate jurisdictions. Of the Shaker system of government I shall speak with something more of detail hereafter. I will now note down what I ascertained to be some of their cardinal doctrines.

Anne Lee is held to be, as she declared herself to be, the "Logos," — "Word," — "Christ," or "Messiah," in that "second coming" predicted by Jesus of Nazareth. The first incarnation of the Divine "Word" was in a man, Jesus, who, through this indwelling Power, became the Redeemer of the male sex from the primal "curse." By the second incarnation of the same "word" in Anne Lee, she became the Redeemer of the female sex, from the same "curse." In other phrase, her followers held her to be the "Christ" or "Messiah" as literally, and in precisely the same way as was Jesus, the son of Mary.

They do not regard her, or Jesus, as the Supreme God, though the only audible prayer I ever listened to from our first "Elder" was addressed directly to her. As, however, abstract notions and metaphysical distinctions are foreign to the Shaker mind, they probably have no very definite ideas of the essential nature of either of these two beings, or of their rank in the universe.

The popular dogma of the Trinity is not among their beliefs. Their Supreme Being is *dual*, or male and female,—the one entitled "God," and the other, "Mother Wisdom."

They accept the doctrine of the "fall of Man," though not the ordinary views of the cause or occasion of such "fall." This cause (taught Mother Anne,) was the abuse or pollution of the marriage relation. On this ground she based, what was with her a cardinal doctrine, an absolute *sine qua non*, the doctrine, that in the existing fallen depraved condition of the race, marriage was a positive sin and glaring impurity; or indeed any other relation between the sexes, than such as exists between man and man, and woman and woman. When pressed with the remark, that the adoption of their views would, in a single generation, leave the earth a depopulated waste, their reply is, "so let it be, if it must be so,—better an empty world, than a world filled with depraved sinful creatures." To which they generally add, that "if Shakerism should ever once cover the earth, and, by gathering the entire race within its fold, should restore them to their pristine purity, an Omnipotent Being would be at no loss in devising measures to provide the globe with inhabitants, were it His

pleasure that it should continue inhabited."

Concerning the future state their ideas are not very definite, though perhaps as much so as those of most other sects. They do not hold punishment to be eternal, though adequate penalties will be inflicted for the sins perpetrated in the body. The life beyond the grave is probationary, like the present,—something, in short, distantly resembling the Catholic Purgatory, and the "middle state" of Swedenberg. It will probably surprise many readers to learn what persons, sufficiently well known on earth, have been converted to Shakerism in the spirit-world, and how unlike are the present occupations of some of these to their favorite pursuits here on earth.

Of these and other matters I shall speak hereafter.

"OTIUM DIVOS."

Hor. ll. 16.

Amidst the lashed Ægean's roar,
When moon and stars are clouded o'er,
The tempest-tost in vain implore

The gods for peace.

For peace the Thracian, fierce in fight,
For peace the Mede—peace, sole delight!
Not got by gold, nor purple bright,

Nor costly gems.

For wealth, dominion, royal state,
Cannot the troubled breast abate,
Nor chase from out the palace gate

Invading care.

Who lives on little, lives a lord,
That views content his frugal board,
Or calmly sleeps,—protecting sword

His poverty.

And, (short-lived mortals as we are,)

Why seek for rest in lands afar?

Though fled from home, and household Lar,
Who flies himself!

Care climbs the vessel's brazen side,
And Care the horseman sits beside,
Swift as the deer, or clouds that glide

Before the wind.

Enjoy the moment as it flies,
Nor think of ills that 'chance may rise,
For none on earth—the brave—the wise,
Are wholly blest.

Death pierced Achilles with his dart,
Nor spared old Tithon's aged heart,
And from thy life may take a part,

To add to mine.

The lowing herd—the neighing steed—
Sicilian cattle round thee feed,
And, robed in purple, little heed

Thou hast of harm.

But give me, Fate, what more I prize,
To court the Muse in humble guise,
And from my simple cot despise

The vulgar throng.

DÉCREE

of the principal orthodox Doctors of Europe, upon the subject of the Encroachments of the Republic of the United States.

[Translated from the *Charivari*.]

We the undersigned, doctors in *utroque*, united to confer upon the important questions of the day, have consecrated an entire session to a discussion of the American question.

The following is the result of this conference:—The existence of the Republic of the United States is, in our opinion, and in that of all intelligent persons, a continual subject of scandal.

It has been well enough to tolerate it so long as it has confined itself tranquilly to its forests and to the banks of its lakes and rivers; there was no harm, perhaps, in allowing it to extend itself to the South, and even to California; but since the election of their last President, it is towards Europe that their encroachments tend.

No one could fail to observe how opportunely the Americans inaugurated their new policy—at a period of time when all the great European powers are absorbed in the Eastern question.

We think that the incontrovertible and still increasing prosperity of the United States can be tolerated no longer.

1st. Because the nation subsists under the most absurd, ridiculous, and subversive governmental conditions; and its example might exercise a deplorable influence upon the people of Europe.

2nd. Because the Americans are not orthodox in politics, no more are they so in religion, having among them neither Jesuits, Capucins, nor ultramontanes of any description. Whence superficial minds might conclude, upon comparing the United States with Italy and Spain, miserable countries it is true, that orthodoxy is not a necessary condition for the prosperity of a people.

To those who make their observation from a high position, as ourselves, and are inaccessible to vulgar prejudices, it is beyond a doubt that the prosperity of the United States is entirely exceptional, and cannot consequently be of long duration. Still, as it is difficult to fix the period of its termination, we have deemed it our duty to take certain indispensable preliminary measures, and decree the following:

1st. The United States of North America are suppressed. We erase them from the map.

2nd. The territory of the United States is conceded to whomsoever shall care to take possession of it.

3rd. We authorize by letters patent, the

creation of the company now being formed for this object, under the name of Tartempion, Barbanchu & Co.

4th. This company may establish itself in America upon agreeing to conform to the following conditions:

To found in this country an absolute monarchy, to replace the factious institutions which now govern it.

To establish there Capucian monasteries, upon an understanding with the *Univers*.

As soon as this Company subscribes to these conditions, it may embark to take possession of the United States.

This decree will at first be found rather severe, but in the actual condition of Europe no half-way proceeding will suffice: the evil must be extirpated by the roots, and for too long a time now has the United States abused our *longanimity*.

Done and published at Paris, the 19th day of October, 1853.

CAPEFIGUE, LORD WARVILLE, A DE CESENA,
REV. FATHER GONDON.

Having been detained at home by indisposition, which has prevented me from taking part in the labours of the conference, I hasten to give my adhesion to this decree, upon condition that a chapel of ease of the Order of Malta be established at New York.

Signed: LAURENTINE.

A true copy: CLEMENT CARAGUEL.

MEMOIRS OF DR. JUDSON.*

The time is fast nearing, when a different meaning will be given to the term "hero," from those it has mostly borne hitherto. The conqueror, the warrior, the armed and plumed knight have been its chief monopolisers in days foregone. But the hour is at hand when "heroic" and "chivalrous" will designate those who have manifested the same daring energy in doing good, as have been exhibited in the work of destruction.

In literal verity, what warlike enterprise demands, under any conditions either the courage or fortitude, which must needs be exercised by the missionary to a barbarous people? Without the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" to inflame the senses, or the hope of glory to dazzle the imagination, his whole life is a warfare,—a wearisome, disheartening conflict with ignorance, error and vice in all their repulsive varieties. He must moisten with his sweat and his tears, and may be with his blood, the soil which, after all may show no green

* "A Memoir of the Life and Labors of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D. By Francis Wayland." 2 vols. Boston; Phillips, Sampson & Co.

blade in reward for his endeavors. In fine, this "soldier of the cross" must fight through his long battle day, content if he hear, not the inspiring shouts of men, but the low whispers of an approving conscience. Is not such a one a "hero?"

Such a hero was Dr. Judson. He was born for it, and an over-ruling Providence led him on in the path indicated by his constitutional impulses. We regard these volumes, as among the most valuable lately published. For they not only furnish much information respecting lands little known before, but better than this, they give full, vivid portraits of both a hero and a heroine of the Christian stamp. A heroine, for Mrs. Ann Judson is quite as admirable for a woman, as her husband for a man. Without reading this work, one could have little idea of what men and women can dare, perform and endure, when impelled and sustained by genuine religious zeal.

Dr. Judson has been fortunate in a biographer so eminently able and judicious, so pure in character, and so universally beloved and respected, as Dr. Wayland. The latter's own sermon, or sermons, on the Missionary Enterprise, published some years ago, are among the noblest tributes to this good theme.

In a work so interesting it is difficult selecting for quotation. The following fragments, however, from a letter of the first Mrs. Judson to her brother, describing certain incidents of her husband's twenty-one months confinement in that earthly hell, an Oriental prison, will show the reader that heroism is not yet extinct in either man or woman.

THE DEATH PRISON.

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer,—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I; 'I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected. The masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying;

the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated of the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes; but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moug Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson: but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

"The officer and his gang proceeded to the court house, where, the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moug Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavoured to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the veranda, and continually called me to come out, and submit to his examination. But previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When the work of destruction was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of every thing I knew; then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed."—pp. 338-9, vol. 1.

"The next morning, I sent Moug Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the death prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving!"

"I then procured an order from the governor for my admittance to the prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that wretched, horrid situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison,—for I was never

allowed to enter,—gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.'—pp. 341-2, vol. 1.

* * * * *

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration, and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was, permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time."—pp. 351, vol. 1.

* * * * *

"As soon as I had gone out at the call of the governor, one of the jailers rushed into Mr. Judson's little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes excepting shirt and pantaloons, took his shoes, hat and all his bedding, tore off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court house, where the other prisoners had been previously taken. They were then tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of the lamine woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile, when your brother's feet became blistered; and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. Mr. Judson's debilitated state, in consequence of fever, and having taken no food that morning, rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners. When about half way on their

journey, as they stopped for water, your brother begged the lamine woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful malignant look was all the reply that was made. He then requested Captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period, Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and, seeing the distresses of your brother, took off his headdress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried by him the remainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, your brother thinks he should have shared the fate of the poor Greek, who was one of their number, and, when taken out of prison that morning, was in perfect health. But he was a corpulent man, and the sun affected him so much that he fell down on the way. His inhuman drivers beat and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the court house.—pp. 356-7, vol. 1.

ARRIVAL AT OUNG-PEN-LA.

"The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small-pox, the natural way. She, although young was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued, in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighbourhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the small-pox, that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious.

At the same time I inoculated Abby and the jailer's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take; she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder."—pp. 358-9, vol. 1.

We close our extracts with the biographer's account of Dr. Judson's

VISIT TO AMERICA.

"Dr. Judson arrived in Boston on the 15th of October, and remained in this country until July of the following year, or a little less than nine months.

"Of the manner of his reception here it is hardly necessary to speak. His sufferings at Ava, and his labours as a missionary for more than thirty years, had made the world conversant with his history. In the United States his name had become a familiar word. He was the only missionary remaining in a heathen land of those who had first left America for India, and, with a single exception, the only one of that number now living. But of the millions here who had known of his labours, and revered his character, probably not fifty had ever seen him. A new generation occupied the places of those venerated men who were the active supporters of missions at the time of his embarkation. Hence the desire to see him was intense. The largest houses of public worship were thronged long before the usual hour of divine service, if it was known that he was to be present. Men of all professions and of all beliefs were anxious to make his acquaintance. His movements were chronicled in all the papers, both religious and secular. In a word, a spontaneous tribute of homage, love and veneration awaited him in every village and city that he visited.

"But never was a man more completely out of his element on occasions of this kind. The manner of his reception was wholly unexpected to him. When he arrived in Boston, before coming on shore, he was much troubled with the apprehension that he should not know where to look for lodgings. The idea that a hundred houses would at once be thrown open to him, and that as many families would feel honoured to receive him as a guest, never entered his mind. He had, but six weeks before, buried a beloved wife amid the rocks of St. Helena. His own health was exceedingly delicate, and our rough autumnal winds brought back, with renewed violence, the disease of his throat. Public speaking greatly aggravated his com-

plaint. Simple attendance upon the evening meetings which were summoned to welcome his return agitated his nervous system painfully, and frequently deprived him of quiet rest for the whole of the following night. Nor was this all. He shrunk with instinctive delicacy from crowded assemblies where he himself was the theme on which every speaker dilated. He seemed to himself to stand up, for he could not speak, merely to be exhibited. In this matter he appeared to me a little nervous, and somewhat to err in judgment. When earnest Christian men sought to make his acquaintance,—men who would never have done it, but because they honored his services for Christ,—his manner of receiving them was sometimes chilling, if not repulsive. He seemed to himself to have done nothing that called for any special token of respect; and he therefore too readily concluded that he was only looked at as a somewhat unusual specimen. I witnessed myself some instances of this kind, and regretted to perceive that he had, as I thought, mistaken the motives of those who really honored him as a man who had borne hardness for the sake of Christ."—pp. 213-4, v. 2.

TO.

I have been abroad to roam,
And now I'm coming home;
What reception shall I meet,
When my darling one I greet?

Fear or doubt full often moves
The fond heart that truly loves;
Fear—lest some unlucky star
May have risen his hopes to mar;
Doubt—if he, on his returning,
Shall behold affection burning
With the same bright, genial ray
As on his departing day!

O this Love's a teasing elf
In his best and noblest self
Wherever he doth reign,
There, be sure is many a pain
Intermingled with the pleasure,
Which ('tis true) transcends all measure.
And yet who, that once has felt
His whole heart with true love melt,
Would exchange Love's very pain
Any other joys to gain?

O give me the vivid life,
With which these the soul is rife!—
The bright thoughts that crowding roll
O'er the agitated soul!—
And the tide of rapturous feeling
Through the heart's full channel stealing!—
And the brilliant fancies high
Flashing then athwart the eye!—
All uniting to give birth
To a new fresh heaven and earth,
Wherein all things live and move
By the one sole light of Love!

RES CURIOSAE.

CONSUMPTION.

If this fatal disease is ever cured, it will probably be by the inhalation of vapour that will act directly upon the lungs. This system is not so new as many suppose. Grimon in a letter to the Duke of Saxe Gotha, written in 1771, gives the following account.

An officer in garrison at Rochefort, wearied with having pursued for a long time without effect, the usual remedies for an obstinate cold, abandoned them at last, and resumed his ordinary course of life. He soon began to spit blood, and his lungs appeared seriously affected; still he persisted in abstaining from his remedies. One day having bottled off a cask of wine in his cellar, he had half a pound of rosin and half a pound of yellow wax brought into his room, which he set about heating over a brazier, to seal down the corks of the bottles. This operation having lasted an hour and a half, he thought that he spit more freely and that his cough was less dry and frequent. It then occurred to him that this might be the effect of the fumigation he had undergone, and he determined to renew the experiment; he accordingly walked about his room, keeping the doors and window close shut, in a perfect cloud formed by the smoke, and in four or five days found himself perfectly cured. He imparted the discovery to the surgeon of his regiment, who, without having any great faith in its efficacy, thought there would be no harm in trying the experiment on a soldier in the hospital, who was dying of a pulmonary complaint. He had him brought to his house, and made him, at intervals of four hours, a fumigation proportioned to his strength; for being in a very weak state, he might have been suffocated in too strong a smoke. From the second day the patient's cough began to abate, and in six weeks his health was perfectly re-established.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL CATINAT.

At the time when he commanded in Italy, a young officer full of presumption, and impressed with a high idea of his own courage, came and requested with great eagerness the honor of being permitted to serve under him. Catinat, on the faith of a physiognomy which pleased him much, accepted the young man's services, and promised him employment. A few days after, he sent him at the head of a small detachment, to execute some orders. He was attacked. Scarcely had the action commenced than he was wholly bewildered, lost his self-possession entirely, and fled. His misconduct passed in the presence of too many witnesses to remain concealed;

all the details of it were known to the Marshal, and he alone did not consider it with severity. He immediately presented the young man to the officers of his company and said, "Gentlemen, I entreat of you to do more justice to your comrade; I wished to put his obedience to the test; what he has done was by my orders." After loading him with compliments in public, he spoke to him in private, representing how much his confidence would be betrayed if he did not justify it immediately in some very distinguished manner. The young man fell on his knees, acknowledging that he owed him much more than his life, and assuring him that he had the most ardent desire to repair his fault. An opportunity was given to him on the same day; he distinguished himself exceedingly in a very perilous action, and was from that moment one of the bravest officers in the army.

Few instances could be cited of greater forbearance and presence of mind,—few examples more striking of that art so rare and so sublime, of elevating minds of an ordinary cast above themselves; or at least of restoring to a mind suffering under a temporary depression, all the energy of which peculiar circumstances had deprived it.

ANECDOTE OF CATHERINE II., OF RUSSIA.

Sumarakoff, a Russian poet, and the author of several tragedies, being at Moscow, had a violent quarrel with the first actress there. One day, the governor of this capital, having commanded the performance of one of Sumarakoff's plays, the poet opposed it, because this actress was to play the principal character. This reason not being sufficient to induce the governor to change his order, the poet's head was turned to such a degree that when the curtain drew up he leaped upon the stage and, seizing the actress, who had made her appearance arrayed in all her tragic pomp, pushed her behind the scenes. After thus disturbing the public tranquility, he wrote, with equal indiscretion and temerity, two letters to the Empress herself, filled with complaints and invectives against the actress.

Her Imperial Majesty received the letters, and after issuing her orders relative to the Archapelago, to Moldavia, to the Crimea, to Georgia, and to the borders of the Black Sea, she had still time to write the following answer:

"I have been much surprised, Mr. Sumarakoff at your letters of the twenty-eighth of January, and still more at that of the first of February. They both contain, as it appears to me, unfounded complaints against Belmontia; since she has done nothing but follow the orders of Count Soltikoff. The

field marshal was desirous of seeing your tragedy performed; that was to your honor. It was proper that you should comply with the wishes of the first person in Moscow; and if he ordered the representation of this piece, his will was to be preferred without any dispute. I think nobody can be more aware than yourself of the respect due to men who have served with glory, and whose heads are white with age. I therefore counsel you to avoid similar disputes in future; by this means you will preserve the tranquillity of mind necessary for pursuing your occupations; and it will always be more pleasing to me to see the passions represented in your dramas, than to read them in your letters.

For the rest, I am your affectionate
CATHERINE."

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE MARQUIS
D'ARGENS.

The following stratagem was employed by the King of Prussia to draw the Marquis D'Argens back to Potsdam in 1776. He had given him permission to make a visit in Provence, his native country, when fearing that the bright sun by which that delicious spot is warmed, would have powerful attractions for the chamberlain, who was one of the most chilly of men; that he would grow accustomed to it, and not like to return, he was resolved to find the means of preventing his farther stay. He accordingly sent to the Marquis's *valet-de-chambre* several copies of a printed document purporting to be an Injunction from the Archbishop of Aix against the Marquis's writings, ordering the valet to put one of them upon the Marquis's mantel-piece. The artifice succeeded; the Marquis, alarmed, packed up his things immediately, and set out without losing a moment's time for Potsdam, not confiding to any one the motive for his hasty departure, and changing his name in traveling through France. At every place where they stopped for the night, the valet took care to give one of the injunctions to the innkeeper, with orders to give it to the Marquis casually, as one of the productions of the day. This made the Marquis increase his haste to regain a country where the sun, indeed is not so bright as in Provence, but where he had no fear of the Archbishop and his injunctions.

GIVE THE BEARER A HUSBAND.

The passion of Frederick the Great's father for tall soldiers is well known. One day he met with a young country girl, tall and well-made, and thinking that a fine race of children might be produced by marrying her to

the first Flugelman of his tall grenadier he gave her a note to carry to the officer commanding the barrier nearest to Potsdam. The note contained an order signed by the king, to marry *the bearer* immediately to the person named in it. The young woman suspecting there was something in the note not much for her advantage, took the opportunity on meeting an old woman of her acquaintance by the way, to consign the delivery of it to her, by which means she herself escaped the husband destined for her. The king and the Flugelman were so well pleased with the result as she was.

THE BELL RINGER.

An inhabitant of the mad-house at Zurich who was rather afflicted by imbecility than by madness, was allowed his liberty, which he never misused. His happiness was confined solely to ringing the bells of the parish church. But when he grew old, whether he was really less capable of filling this august function, or whether the jealousies and intrigues that reign in republics penetrate even their hospitals, the poor creature was deprived of his employment. This stroke plunged him into the utmost despair, but without making any complaints he sought the master of the great works, and said to him, with that sublime tranquillity which is inspired by a determined resolution: "I come, Sir, to ask a favor of you. I used to ring the bells, it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, and they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head; I cannot do it myself, or I would spare you the trouble." At the same time he placed himself in an attitude to receive the favor he solicited. The magistrate to whom this scene was related was extremely touched by it, and determined to recompense the desire of being useful, even in the lowest of the citizens. The man was re-established in his former honors, some assistance only was rendered him in case it should be wanted, and he died ringing the bells.

CARD PLAYING FOR MOURNERS.

The pleasures and amusements of the queen of Louis XV. were very simple and very uniform. She was exceedingly exact in adhering strictly to the arrangements of the day, and anything which interrupted the established order of it, disconcerted her much. One evening M. de Maurepas coming into the drawing room where she was, surrounded by the ladies of the court, and perceiving nothing but an expression of lassitude and ennui upon every countenance, he endeavored to discover the cause of it.

Oh! don't you know," said one of the company, "that this is the first day of mourning? We cannot have our little party at cards, and her Majesty is extremely ennuyé." "But there is piquet," said M. de Maureas, with the most serious air possible: "Piquet may be played in mourning."—"Piquet may be played in mourning," said the company eagerly. The happy discovery was announced to the Queen, and the gloom was immediately dispersed.

Roscius was the first player at Rome that made use of a mask, and he did it because he was cross-eyed, but the people liked better that he should perform without his mask, because of the extreme sweetness of his voice.

NEW BOOKS.

"God with Men,

—or Footprints of Providential Leaders; by Samuel Osgood." We have already acknowledged the receipt of this book, from the publishers, Crosby, Nichols & Co. of Boston; but a careful perusal of it has satisfied us that it deserves a more extended notice. We have been agreeably disappointed in the work. It contains much, very much less than we should object to, theologically, than we had anticipated. The author shows himself, on every page, an earnest-minded man. Unlike many of his brethren of the "liberal" school, he deals in affirmations, rather than negations. The arrangement of his topics is excellent, and their titles striking. In the compass of 269 pages, fifteen characters with their adjuncts, pass in review before us. "Abraham, and the Empire of Faith;" "Moses and the Law;" "Aaron and the Priesthood;" "Saul and the Throne;" "David and the Psalms;" "Solomon and the Hebrew Wisdom;" "Isaiah and the Prophets;" "John the Baptist and the Precursors of the Messiah;" "The Messiah in his Ministry;" "Peter and the Keys;" "Paul and Gospel Liberty;" "John and the Word;" "The Disciples and the Unseen Witness;" "The Theologians and the World to Come." These topics are treated in the main, satisfactorily. The author has, indeed, a slight tincture of Rationalism; not half so much, though, as some "orthodox" theologians; and the little he has, peeps out, for the most part, in connexion with Hierarchical Polity, Liturgical Worship, and Sacramental Grace, of which Trinitinism seems, with him, to be the exponent. We would suggest to him that there is another system which claims to be a more adequate exponent, the distinctive characteristics of which he will find in Maurice's Kingdom of Christ. He tells us, p. 51, that

"The ministers were never [in the New Testament] called priests in the ancient sense." If he will look into the Greek of Romans xv. 16, we think he will find that they are there called so by implication; and a clear implication is even better than a direct assertion. But we have not space to go further into the subject, nor is this the place for it. We must make room for a single extract; it is the closing paragraph of "David and the Psalms:"—

"What a view of his influence is given by thinking of the numbers moved by his Psalms in a year, or a month, nay, a single day! It is said that the power of sound is never lost, and the vibrations of every word ring eternally through the all-pervading air. If so, how the universal ether vibrates to the tones of the Hebrew harp and the words of its hallowed Psalms! Each day, nay, each hour, the whole Psalter is many times repeated by men, and the whole earth thus rings with the old temple chants. Could we listen to the sounds that are borne on the winds of the winter night, every breeze would come to us laden with a Psalm, as from Sinai to the Alleghanies, from China to Oregon, those anthems and litanies are repeated, whether by assembled worshippers or solitary devotees. Let the strain continue till the end of time, encircling the earth continually, when drums shall beat and cannons sound no more. Let the strain continue till the end of time, the world's matin and vesper, noonday, midnight hymn. Add our voices now to the strain, and let the air bear it on in the everlasting current of vibration:

'Give unto the Lord the glory due to his name;
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.'

P. S. in the thirteenth chapter, Mr. Osgood mentions several Commentaries on the Apocalypse, but the one most satisfactory, —indeed, the only one at all satisfactory, —to us, he does not mention, and probably has not met with: we mean, that of Dr. Wordsworth, republished by our friend, Dr. Hooker. We think it would come nearer satisfying him than any other.

The Czar and the Sultan.

—Harper, Brothers, have, as we recently intimated, published a little volume with this title. It will be read with special interest at the present time, when its heroes are about going at each other, in a rough and tumble. The author brings to his work great knowledge of his subjects, having resided for some time in the Danubian Principalities. He says the Moldo-Wallachian boyars, in the midst of which he lived, are admirably situated for ascertaining the truth between the two autocrats, who dispute the privilege of protecting them.

The book has no political bias, and one can certainly gather from it a plain unvarnished tale, regarding all upon which it treats. The author presents the following historical contrast, or rather two pictures showing how Russia and Turkey have changed shoes in only two hundred years:

"In 1850, I saw at Constantinople the new palace of the Russian embassy at Péra. I was greatly struck by the colossal proportions of this edifice—rebuilt after its destruction by fire in 1844. It seemed that I was looking on the material image of the absorbing power which the Czar has acquired in Turkey. It is in this palace that Menschikoff was installed, surrounded by a regal pomp. It was there he received deputations from a great part of the Sultan's subjects. It was from thence he issued his audacious commissions of inquiry in various points of the Turkish empire. Finally, it was from thence that he emerged to attend the audience at the Pachalik—with insolent message—and dressed in the disrespectful paletot of which so much has been said.

"On the 25th of January, 1668—nearly two hundred years ago—under the reign of Sultan Mahmoud IV., an ambassador of the Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch was conducted to the seraglio, to be received by the Sultan. The Russian of 1668 was no more disposed to humility than he of 1853. The introducing functionaries found that he did not bow low enough before their master. Faithful to a barbarous and degrading custom, they applied their hands to the back of his head to force him to bend it as much as possible. The Slavonian courageously stood upright; but the chamberlains, instead of loosening their hold, only pressed the harder, to such a degree that the visitor fell to the ground.

"His dragoman, seeing this, lost all self-possession, and was not in a state to offer a single word.

"The Sultan, out of patience, ordered his kaimakam to relieve him of the infidel's presence. The minister obeyed, and drove out with a cudgel, which he applied with his own hand, the ambassador, the secretary, and the dragoman.

"Et nunc erudimini."

"Tzar, Tsar, or Czar (pronounced Tchar) is derived, according to some from Cæsar; according to others, it is the same word as the termination of the names of the Assyrian emperors—Nabopolas-sar, Phalasar, &c. However it may be, the word formerly was used to designate the Emperor of Constantinople, the Grand Khan of the Golden Tribe the sovereign Tartars of Keptcheck, of Kusan, &c. Peter the Great, who strove to imitate all Western forms, introduced the

spelling of Cæsar at the same time as he assumed the title of Emperor—*imperator*. Previously the Czars had called themselves *povetletét*—Master Autocrat."

We add to the above a portrait of Nicholas:—

THE CZAR.

"Nicholas Paulovitch, the son of Paul the First and Maria Fevdorowna, is the fifteenth sovereign of the Romanoff dynasty, if the imperial historians are to be believed. In reality, he is the eighth sovereign of the Holstein-Gotorp dynasty, the Romanoff race having become extinct with Peter III. The Holsteins are of German descent; their name is even difficult of pronunciation to Russian lips. Nicholas is far from unaware that the Muscovite pride would feel but little flattered to owe the sacred person of their sovereign to the detested race of *Nemetz* (Germans); he has, therefore, carefully suppressed his real family name. The courtiers maintain, in spite of all proof to the contrary, that the blood flowing in the veins of the Czar is Russian to the last drop. Golovine, however, informs us that the poet Pouchkin was of a contrary opinion. 'He had,' says Golovine, 'a habit of illustrating the nationality of the reigning family in a whimsical manner. He would pour into a vase a glass of pure red wine, in honor of Peter I., whose Russian origin could not be disputed. He should, justly speaking, have stopped there, and turned the glass upside down; but, faithful to the principle of the Russian government, which makes the Gotorps pass for the Romanoffs, he would pour in another glass—of water—in honor of Catharine II., Princess of Anhalt. This time he should perhaps have poured a glass of wine, but tearing to compromise himself, would pass on, and pour another glass of water for Maria Fevdorowna, the mother of Nicholas I.; then a fourth for the reigning Empress; and he obtained at last a liquor so slightly tinged with red, that he would excite a general laugh when he called upon the audience to decide as to whether it was wine or water he was showing them, and whether, by comparison the reigning Czars were really Russians or Germans.' This Muscovite pleasantry has the merit of expressing the exact truth with reference to the ultra-national pretensions of the Emperor Nicholas.

"It is, however, curious to remark, by-the-way, that in spite of the strong desire of the Gotorp race to pass for Romanoffs, they do not carry it so far as to abandon the titles that belong to them at representatives of the elder branch of Holstein; thus Nicholas invariably adds to the qualifications attached to the Czarate those of—Heir of

Norway, Duke of Schleswig, of Stormar, of Ditmorsen, and Oldenburg.

"The firmly-established reputation of Nicholas as a handsome man imposes on us the obligation of giving his portrait. Several writers, at once brilliant and faithful, have undertaken this task, but none among them has acquitted himself so ably as the Prince Peter Kolofski, for which reason we quote him in preference.

"Nicholas," he writes, "has the noblest face I have ever seen in my life. The habitual expression of his physiognomy has a certain severity which is far from putting the beholder at his ease. His smile is a smile of complaisance, and not the result of gayety or *abandon*. There is something approaching the prodigious in this prince's manner of existence. He speaks with vivacity, with simplicity, and the most perfect propriety; all he says is full of point and meaning—no idle pleasantries—not a word out of its place. There is nothing in the tone of his voice or the arrangement of his phrases that indicates haughtiness or dissimulation, and yet you feel that his heart is closed."

"The Russian portrait painter, it will be seen, confines himself to generalities, and carefully avoids enveloping his model in the fantastical graces habitual to court writers. The reader shall now hear what a young artist of our acquaintance, who has resided some time in Russia, has to say on the same subject. 'The Emperor is of a great height, and is very proud of it—too proud, perhaps, as he has acquired the habit of certain airs, which often give him a strong resemblance to a peacock when about to spread his tail. It is a fact well known in St. Petersburg, that every well-grown man newly recruited for the guard is called into the Emperor's presence, who measures heights with him. His air is serious, his glance wild—even a little savage; his entire physiognomy has something hard and stern in it; his gestures are abrupt, and he cuts his words in pronouncing them. The Emperor never shows himself but in the military costume, the stiffness of which is in perfect keeping with his tastes, and which makes his great height still more conspicuous. Meanwhile, there is a want of ease in his movements; since a fall from his horse, he drags one leg after him in a disagreeably inelegant manner.'

"The Empress Alexandra Fevdorowna is a fair and gentle specimen of a German princess, contrasting oddly with her noble spouse. In her youth, her fair and amiable countenance gave her the appearance, when in company with the son of Paul I., of a victim by the side of the executioner. Let us hasten to say that he has proved nothing of the kind; the marriage of Nicholas for

some years presented the rare example of a princely union in which the husband was as faithful as the wife. Such is not exactly the state of affairs now. The Emperor is never without a certain number of mistresses: he is said to be constant in his amours. But what he chooses to allow himself he will not tolerate in others, and he has several times displayed the greatest severity towards his courtiers for offenses of this description."

Having submitted our author's picture of the Czar, now let us present his picture of

THE SULTAN.

"Sultan Abdul Medjid, the twenty-first child of Mahmoud, was commencing his seventeenth year when he ascended the throne. He looked a little older than he really was, although his appearance was far from announcing a robust constitution. Some months previously an inflammation of the lungs had endangered his life. He had been saved by the care of an Armenian Roman Catholic, Merjem-Khadoun, who was renowned for his cures. Slender and tall, he had the same long palé face as his father; his black eye-brows, less arched than those of Mahmoud, announced a mind of less haughtiness and of less energy. His lips are rather thick, and he is slightly marked with the small-pox. At this epoch of his life, his features did not present a very marked expression, as if no strong passion had yet agitated the young breast. But his eyes, large and very beautiful, sometimes became animated with a most lively expression, and glistened with the fire of intelligence. Although Abdul Medjid had not been subjected to the captivity usually reserved for the heirs to the throne, his education, which had been directed according to the custom of the seraglio, had been very superficial, and had not prepared him for the heavy responsibility which was hanging over him.

"Abel Medjid was much indebted to nature: he afterwards perfected his education, and has become a most accomplished prince, remarkable above all for his passionate love of literature and the arts.

* * * *

"The first time the young Sultan presented himself to the eyes of his subjects, he was dressed in the European trousers and coat, over which was thrown the imperial cloak, fastened by a diamond aigrette. On his breast he wore the decoration of the Nicham-Ifichar; his head was covered with the fez, surmounted by a diamond aigrette. The new king, while thus continuing the costume of his father, nevertheless presented only a pale resemblance to him. Simple without affectation, he cast around him glances full of softness and benevolence.

Everything announced in him the *debonnaire* successor of an inflexible ruler; nothing hitherto had indicated what great and precious qualities were concealed beneath the modest and tranquil exterior. He was received favorably by his people, but without any demonstration of enthusiasm. It was feared that this delicate youth could scarcely be equal to the importance of his duties. People pitied him, and, at the same time, trembled for the future prospects of the country. The women alone, touched by his youth, and his appearance of kindness, manifested their sympathy for him openly. When he went through Constantinople to the Mosque of Baiezd, they ran toward him from all parts: 'Is not our son handsome?' they cried, adopting him with affection.

"Abdul Medjid would not inhabit the old seraglio. This palace recalled to him too many melancholy souvenirs; too much blood had been shed there; too many innocent persons had perished there: and, above all, too many sultans and brothers of the Sultan had been murdered there. Abdul Medjid forsook it, proving thus that he wished to break off all connection with the sinister history of his ancestors. Abdul Medjid is not married. He has only his concubines. A legal marriage is forbidden to the Sultan. It has been feared that families, honored by so high an alliance might become too powerful. Democratic equality, beneath an absolute master, is the foundation of the institutions of Turkey.

"Thus the Sultan alone is deprived of the four lawful wives which the Koran allows to those who can support them. The harem is composed of about thirty *cadines* or ladies, and a still greater number of *odalesques* or waiting-women.

"Among the *cadines* two or three only are looked upon as favorites. There are also dancers and singers, who by a caprice of the master, may sometimes be raised to the rank of sultana.

"The women belonging to the Sultan are never either Turks or Greeks. It is forbidden to shut up a free woman; and since the suppression of piracy, European women have ceased to be brought to the seraglio. The seraglio is recruited, then, exclusively from Georgians, Malays, and Abyssinians. Accordingly, the Sultan having only slaves for his wives, is himself the son of a slave—a reproach which the Turks do not spare him when they are discontented with him.

"At the moment of our writing, Abel Medjid has already nine children, among whom five are daughters. He had a great number of sisters, for whom he always testified considerable affection. He has now only three alive. They have been married to high functionaries at the court. Formerly it was

enacted that male children sprung from similar unions should be put to death immediately after their birth. It is useless to add, that this barbarous custom no longer exists. Abdul Medjid has only one brother."—pp. 79-83.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—The Franklin Monument meeting took place at the County Court House, on Tuesday evening, November 1st. On motion of George R. Graham, Jesper Harding was called to the chair. The following gentlemen were elected vice-presidents and secretaries:—Vice-presidents, George R. Graham, Joshua S. Fletcher, Benjamin Mifflin, Edw. D. Ingraham. Secretaries, John D. Watson, Joseph R. Fry.

Col. James S. Wallace, of *The Sun*, stated the objects of the meeting. The idea of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Benjamin Franklin had originated with the press of this city, and the movement had been warmly seconded by the entire press of the Union, that a few gentlemen have deemed it their duty to take the initiative steps in the matter. There was a movement in the South in favor of the subject that was gratifying, and he was satisfied that a little effort here would present a very satisfactory result. He concluded by reading the following preamble and resolutions:—

"The printers, publishers, and authors connected with the business of publication in the United States, feeling it eminently due to the merits, genius, and philanthropy of Benjamin Franklin, who conferred so much honor, and reflected so much lustre on the professions to which they respectively belong, that a suitable monument should be erected to his memory: and as from the fact that Philadelphia was the scene of so many of his labors and triumphs, and is now the resting place of his remains, there is a peculiar propriety in originating such a movement in this city: therefore,

"Resolved, by the meeting now assembled, that immediate measures should be adopted to procure the necessary funds for the purpose indicated, and that an Executive Committee of Fifty-six be appointed by the Chairman, to take general supervision of the whole subject, and prepare an address to the printers and literary men of the Union."

Robert Morris, Esq., of *The Inquirer* seconded the motion in a very appropriate speech. The resolution was then unanimously adopted. Colonel Wallace said that he had placed the number of the Executive Committee at fifty-six, as Franklin was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and it would enable the Chair to include all classes engaged in the printing

business; viz. the Printers, Publishers, Authors, Compositors, Magazine Publishers, Editors and Reporters, Employing Printers, and Wood Engravers. The Secretary read a communication from the President of the Woodlands Cemetery, handed in by Mr. Birney, of *The Daily Register*, tendering a lot in their ground for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument. The meeting then adjourned.

We hope with all our heart that the purpose toward which this meeting was an initiatory step, may be accomplished; but we fear all was too much of the cut-and-dried stereotype stamp, to promise any very vigorous action, and produce any very decided result. It is disgraceful to Philadelphia that Benjamin Franklin should be without a monument.

—The London *Athenæum* says;—"There is in a recent number of 'Household Words' an amusing paper on the corruption of our language by what in 'slang' language is called 'slang.' If our contemporary be right, as, to a great extent, we think he is,—the virus of cant phraseology is spreading throughout our literature, and our conversation in a manner threatening the purity of a noble tongue. This 'slang' is both of home growth and of foreign growth. We receive much of it as we do our imports;—cant for the higher classes coming from the lands which send us hock and claret,—cant for the lower classes coming to our shores with the cotton of America and the wool of Australia. In one or other of its forms it is met with in the drawing-room and in the stable,—in the cabinet of the statesman and in the hut of the costermonger,—behind the counters of Regent Street and the footlights of the Theatres. It revels at the Temple, and rejoices on the race-ground. It prospers by the Isis and is rampant by the Thames. Sometimes it creeps into the study of the author, too,—as our pleasant satirist himself asserts in the theory and proves in practice:—for in warning his readers against the use of unauthorised words, either in speech or in writing, has he not borrowed from the forbidden source the very title of his paper?—The vicious habit which he laughs at and condemns, is one against which every man who feels how great a legacy has come down to us in the shape of our mother tongue, and how important it is that we shall transmit it in its majestic simplicity to the millions who are to come after us—to the rising Anglo-Saxon Empires of America, Australia, and Africa—should set his face. We should tend our language with as much care as we tend our houses and gardens—guard it against the intrusion of cant words as we do our roses against grubs and caterpillars. The

great evil—especially with the non-literary public—is, the absence of any recognised standard of good English. We have no book of authority,—as the French, the Spaniards and even the modern Greeks have. It is true we have a great number of classic writers; and the works of these writers have been at all times the chief mainstay of the language. But even these are of unequal and disputed value. Not a little of Shakspeare is obsolete. Milton is often pedantic. The writers of the age of Queen Anne are generally adopted as models; but Addison, though pure and elegant, is tame. The language of Swift is stronger, manlier, and more varied. Dryden, again, is richer, warmer, more sonorous in expression. Charles Fox, nobly jealous for the purity of English speech, would not use a word for which he could not quote the authority of Dryden. Yet there are words in Dryden—more in Swift—which no one would think of using. But were it otherwise—were it possible to lay the hand on any book as a perfect model—it would still be useless as an authority in the schools, until systematized and arranged in the form of a dictionary, like that authoritatively published by the French Academy for the idiom of their own country. The subject is full of difficulty, and can be met by very sound objections. But the growing evil of licence outweighs them all,—and something like the above remains as one of the great works to be done in England. Meantime, we would refer our readers to the article in 'Household Words' for a very amusing exposure of the extent to which the vice in question has engaged itself on the stem of our noble Saxon tongue."

—The Hartford *Courant* of October 29th, speaking of the inauguration of Rev. Calvin Colton to the professorship of Public Economy in Trinity College, says:—Professor Colton styled his theme "Public Economy," rather than Political Economy, in order, as he stated, to lift it quite out of the arena of party politics. In his lecture Dr. Colton avoided everything of a party character; as no doubt he will do in his future lectures and instructions in this department. As was natural to such a position, the Professor magnified the importance of his favorite science; which he took out of the region of the absolute, and brought down to the familiar interests of every day life. He made it consist in a judicious and skilful adaptation of legislative care and action to the peculiar situation, capabilities and wants of each nation. The tone of the lecture was very enthusiastic. It was delivered with a great deal of action and energy, and the students not only received it with a hearty appreciation during its delivery, but warmly

applauded the Professor at its close. We congratulate the authorities and the friends of Trinity College on having secured for the department of Public Economy one of the ablest men in the country. Why would not this lecture which is altogether of a popular character, be adapted to Lyceums and Institutes?

— We learn with pleasure, says the London *Athenæum*, that the Lords of the Treasury have granted the application which General Haug has made to them for a new exploration of the northern part of Australia. The sum to be placed at the service of the gallant Hungarian is \$12,500. The General proposes to start from the mouth of the Victoria River, with a carefully selected body of guides and explorers; to ascend this fine river to one of its sources; to continue the journey from that point in an easterly direction—the precise route being determined by the nature of the soil and its overgrowths. This movement across the country will bring the party to one or the other of the many affluents of the streams running northward into the Gulf of Carpentaria. Afterwards, General Haug proposes to strike into the interior, and settle the great question of whether there is, or is not, a great central desert on that continent. It may be hoped that the practical difficulty which now confines the colonist in his movements, and prevents a rapid settlement in many parts of Australia, will now be removed by the lights of an ample knowledge of its internal geographical features.

— Letters from Rome state that the agents sent to Europe by the Government of Bolivia have selected sculptures for the great national monument of their great Liberator after a new and unusually eclectic fashion. The statue itself is entrusted to Signor Guaccherini. The twelve allegorical figures which are to surround the statue are to come from the studios of eleven different artists of eleven different nations:—the South American agents having so far relaxed the severity of their eccentric rule as to have commissioned Signor Gajassi to execute two of these figures.

— Letters have been received in England announcing the arrival of the American Arctic Expedition, under command of Dr. E. V. Kane, U. S. N. at Upernavick, in Greenland, and their departure from thence for the head waters of Smith's Sound. Captain Inglefield, with the screw steamer Phoenix, with stores for Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, reached Upernavick three days after Dr. Kane's departure, and reports that he had secured the services of Paterson, the Esquimaux interpreter, who was with Penny on a former voyage. Captain Inglefield states that all

were as well and as prosperous as possible. Dispatches and letters from Dr. Kane, officers and crew, may shortly be expected by way of Denmark.

— Since the discovery of gold in California, six hundred ships have gone round Cape Horn, into the Pacific, which have not returned. Some were broken up at San Francisco, and some found employment in the Pacific. The abstraction of this large fleet from the Atlantic Ocean is one of the causes of the activity which has prevailed in our ship yards during the last few years. And besides this, it made room for the wonderful clippers.

— One of the seven hundred Turkish cannon which guard the Dardenelles is charged with 230 pounds of powder, and throws a stone shot of one thousand pounds weight. Of course such immense guns are more formidable in appearance than reality, the firing is not unattended with danger to their own artillerymen. Certainly this is one of the canons of the Mahommedan creed.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

— The first concert of the Philharmonic Society came off on Friday evening, the 11th inst. at Musical Fund Hall. The attendance large, but the saloon was not quite filled. The performances did not come up to the usual standard heretofore maintained by this meritorious association. The selection of music was very unfortunate and very unsatisfactory to the public ear. The instrumental performers seemed to rival each other in various difficult *tours de force* interesting only to themselves. Only one performance was styled in the programme a *capriccio*, but most of them were so in effect. A solo on the violin of Herr Schumache was commenced by the repetition of two notes at least a score of times, till at last the good-natured part of the audience broke into open merriment, whilst others were intolerably bored, and wished the good Herr had never forsaken the "Imperial Theatre at Moscow." Signor Pasquale Rondinella's performances on the piano were even more ornate and fantastic than his name. Signor Quinto seemed to give great satisfaction, but there was a somewhat of harshness about his voice that we could not be deaf to. Signorina Constanza Mauzini had *un tres joli succès*, but her manner is not favorable. Signor Mauzini was not superior to his brethren. The overtures by the orchestra were delightful.

— Julien's concerts are in full blast, and will be noticed at length in a future number.

— From a London paper of late date we extract the following Musical Gossip:—

The Frankfort papers announce the recent death of Madame Mendelssohn Bartholdy, widow of the composer, at the age of thirty-five,—and her interment in the Free Town with solemn musical ceremonials. The event had been for some time expected by the friends of the deceased lady, since her health was by them known to have been slowly and steadily declining for more than twelve months. It must not pass without a word of respectful commemoration; since whenever the story of the life of the composer of 'Elijah' is told, a place of no ordinary love and honor must be kept for the worthy wife of the greatest modern artist; who rejoiced in the extraordinary triumphs of his brilliant but short career, with a simplicity, cordiality and modesty excellent in one so beautiful and accomplished as she was; and who supported his loss and accepted the trial with a quiet and dignified resignation, made all the more touching by the depth and earnestness of affection which she loved to express when speaking of him who went before her—by but a little while—to the grave.

Our contemporaries mention that there is an idea of reviving the 'Wednesday Concerts,' at Exeter Hall, during the coming winter. Should this be done, M. Benedict will be the conductor. That the current tales of coming war and famine, and the assurance of pestilence come do not deter or delay preparations for pleasure during the winter, we are further reminded by observing that the first 'Réunion des Arts' was to be held on Wednesday, and the first rehearsal of the 'Sacred Harmonic Society' last evening. We wait with some curiosity to see what new or unfamiliar work it is the intention of this Society to present to the public during the season 1853-4.

To the list of singers announced as engaged by Mr. Wood for his Italian operas in Edinburgh, we may add the name of Signora Crespi, a lady from Genoa, who has not we believe, as yet, sang in England.

—The London *Athenæum* states that Madame Sontag was on the point of leaving America, "if indeed she have not already arrived in the old country." We of course know this to be a false report. Madame Sontag being still with us, and from what we can learn, likely to remain sometime longer.

—The death of Mr. Blewitt, a well-known composer and singer of comic songs, is announced in London. He is said to have left behind him a widow and family in a state of the uttermost destitution.

—The following item is not strictly musical but may as well come in under this head, as it shows what the spirit of enterprise which marks amusement, creates in our day. We extract it from a London paper:—

"Mr. Brooke, as we have stated, has been re-engaged for twelve more nights by the lessee of Drury Lane. In accepting the re-engagement, Mr. Brooke observed, that 'he was in the hands of Mr. Wilton,' whose consent was necessary. From an American paper we learn some particulars which illustrate the present complexion of theatrical transactions of the nature apparently implied in the above remark. 'Mr. G. V. Brooke,' it is said, on the authority referred to, 'is now the property of three speculative Californian gentlemen, to whom he is under an engagement to perform for eight hundred nights, which will run over a term of four years, and for which, exclusive of travelling and other expenses, he receives £16,000. During this engagement he visits London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Dublin, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Havana, San Francisco, Sacramento, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Melbourne.'—We have also been informed that the forthcoming American engagement of Mr. James Anderson is effected on similar extraordinary terms.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

French Anecdotes.

—A great number of persons lost their lives at the celebration, in Paris, of the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. Among them was a famous hair-dresser, named Legros. He was found stifled. His wife returned to the field of the slain about three o'clock in the morning, when some one began telling her the fate of her husband, in as tender a manner as possible: "Tis very well," said she, "but I must feel in his pockets for the keys of the house, or else I cannot get in." And so saying, this disconsolate widow went quietly home to bed.

—It is difficult to be concise in telling a tale, and people addicted to narrating would do well to bear in mind Madame Geoffrin's lesson. The Count de Coigny, one day, when dining with her, was telling stories to which there was no end. Presently a rib of beef was served, when he drew a small knife out of his pocket to cut it, still continuing his histories. Madame Geoffrin, growing quite impatient, said, "My good Count, at dinner we wish for large knives and little stories."

—Rouelle was a French chemist, who flourished about eighty years ago in Paris. He

was very absent, and was assisted in the experiments which he performed at his lectures by his brother and nephews. When they were not at hand, he would cry, "Nephew, why, Nephew!" and then go into his laboratory to seek him, still continuing his lecture as if he were with his auditors, and at his return, had commonly finished the demonstration he was about, concluding, according to his usual custom, with "Yes, Gentlemen." One day, in the absence of his brother and nephew, being left to perform his experiments by himself, he said, "Gentlemen, you see this cauldron upon this brazier.—Well, if I were to cease stirring for a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air." This was no sooner said than he forgot to stir, and his prediction was accomplished; the explosion took place with a horrible crash, all the windows of the laboratory were dashed to atoms and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden: fortunately no one was seriously hurt, the greatest violence of the explosion having been in the direction of the chimney; the demonstrator himself was quit with only the loss of his wig.

He disliked Dr. Borden, a physician of considerable talents and reputation: "Yes, Gentlemen, [he would say regularly every year at some part of his lecture] he is one of your people, a plagiarist, a smatterer, who has killed my brother that you see here." He always insisted that Borden had blundered exceedingly in his method of treating his brother during a severe illness that he had.

Rouelle was demonstrator at the public lecture given at the King's Botanic Garden, Dr. Bourdelin being Professor, who commonly concluded his lectures with these words—"As the demonstrator will prove to you by his experiments." But Rouelle, instead of proceeding to the experiments, often said, "Gentlemen, all that the Professor has been telling you is absurd and false, as I will prove this moment; and, unfortunately for the Professor, he was commonly as good as his word.

—An Englishman, who went to visit Voltaire at Derney, was asked by the philosopher whence he came. The traveller answered that he had just passed some time with M. de Haller. "He is a great man," said Voltaire, "a great poet, a great naturalist, a man of almost universal knowledge." "What you say, sir," said the visitor, "is so much the more to be admired, since M. Haller does not do you the same justice." "Alas," answered Voltaire, "perhaps we are both mistaking."

—The study of grammar was the great passion of the Abbé Daugean. One day, some-

body was talking to him of the apprehensions entertained that some great revolution was about to take place in public affairs: "That may be," said the Abbé, "but whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed." This satisfaction resembles and contrasts with the deep despair of another grammarian, who, upon some occasion exclaimed, "No! participles are not yet known in France!"

—Monsieur de la Vaupilièze was very fond of gambling. His wife sent him as a new year's gift, a box, such as are used to contain counters, on one side of which was her own picture, and on the other a picture of the children, with this motto,—*"Think of us."*

—M. de Saint Auge, translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, had in his conversation and deportment, that languishing and mawkish air, which has been sometimes remarked in his poetry. Having called to pay his respects to Voltaire, when the latter paid his last visit to Paris, and being desirous of concluding his visit with some stroke of genius, he said, twirling his hat prettily between his thumbs: "I am only come to-day, Sir, to see Homer, another day I shall come to see Euripides, and Sophocles, afterwards Tacitus, and then Lucien." "Sir," answered Voltaire, "I am very old, could you not make all the visits at once?"

—Rail-roads are being generally adopted in the city of Paris, and no doubt will be eventually in all large cities. A Parisian paper says: the railroad called that of the *Central Markets* will become the great artery of circulation in Paris, and will present a series of works of art of a remarkable style. The boulevards will be traversed upon a viaduct supported by arches ornamented in the style of the triumphal arches. The railroad constructed of wood for omnibuses, to the Champs-Elysées is completed. The first section extends from the barrier of Passy to Chaillot; the second from the western extremity of the Queen's Courts to the house of Francis I. The first section is in operation with complete success. As this system of roads is very cheap, all the little towns and villages in the vicinity of Paris will no doubt be soon united with it.

—*Ting, Tong, Tung.*—At a recent public meeting in New York, the principal speakers were Dr. Tyng, of that city, and Mr. Tong, of China.

—As keys in the plural of key, so moneys in the plural of money, and attorneys the plural of attorney. Some persons who ought to know better, spell these words monies and attornies.

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

PURSUIT OF A MURDERER.*

"I hate the cumbersome chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the fire."

Abas placed a purse, a small roll of parchment, and a dirk about his person, and falling on his knees before his tutelary saint, covered his face with his capote and prayed fervently: rising from his prostrate attitude he darted from his home, manned a small skiff, and arrived at the island of Cos, only to hear that his father's murderer had disappeared.

Cato like Sancho Panza stood in Catholic fear of the "Holy Brotherhood," and hastily arranging his affairs, betook himself to flight, embarking for Egypt, under pretence of pressing business.

Egypt, the country of antiquity, of the arts and of science, the country upon whose fertility many nations depended, was from the reign of the Ptolemies to that of the Fatimists, a period of one thousand years, in the fallen state of a province; each new dynasty introduced individuals much more anxious for personal aggrandizement and wealth, than for the welfare of the country; even the Fatimite caliphs sought more assiduously the pomps of empty show, extracted by oppressive taxation of the populace, than the ample resources of improvement which was spread forth by the borders of the Nile, and the productive plains of the Delta. These causes, united with ephemeral and rapid changes, the result of stratagem and hoarded wealth, soon corrupted the leaders in the government, and formed opposing factions every way calculated to produce a distracted and desert country.

At this juncture Naser Mohammed rose to the throne of the Fatimites: his wisdom and financial talents were to Egypt as the bursting of a radiant sun, in a dark and stormy

atmosphere: at his personal expense he disseminated public works of vital importance, and from the year 1310 to 1340, he laid the foundation of a firm and good government, renewed the ancient and dilapidated improvements of the country, restored to the Delta and the Nile, their creative and bountiful supplies, by converting their arid sands into the black alluvial soil so peculiar to the Cenopean and Pelusian boundaries of this equinoxial and celebrated *Abavi*, the Father of Waters.

Seven years after the death of Naser Mohammed, Egypt was scourged by the plague, and after its appalling ravages we find in 1365 the Marmalukes of Cairo, and the Ottomans of Asia Minor, struggling for the ascendancy in the scale of power; the intervening islands in the Mediterranean (then partly possessed by the Western Christians) became a desirable acquisition to the strength of either party, and consequently entangled the Hospitallers in this bloody conflict. They contended heroically for their possessions, and, after a severe struggle, a peace was concluded between the Egyptians and Hospitallers which lasted for many years, until again interrupted by their wars with Tamerlane, Mohammed II., and Solyman, his grandson, which brings our history to the period A. D. 1510-23.

It was early in August, when the Nile had attained its proper height, and when the Etesian winds were blowing; that the young Greek wended his way over its swelling tides, and reaching the quay of Cairo, he hired a djerm, which conveyed him through a canal to a carravansary: disguising himself as a Saracen, he returned to observe from the djerm the ceremony and wild fanaticism, which was exhibited by the populace on the arrival of the tapestry destined for covering the Caaba at Mecca; it was transported from Constantinople by way of Syria, and as soon as it was announced the Mahomedans ran from all parts of the city, and most happy and fortunate was he who could approach sufficiently near to kiss a part of the trappings, or the footprints of the camel which had the honor of bearing it. The city was full of festivity, and from the houses were suspended the most gorgeous drapery of scarlet, crimson, blue, and yellow. There was juggling in the streets, and beneath the wide-spreading sycamore-fig might be heard the ringing of bells, answering as castagnettes, and attached to the fingers of individuals who moved in the primeval, yet degrading and revolting dance of the *Almehs*; again groups were collected to hear the story of some man of genius, whose strong memory and poetical gifts, gave him temporary control over the minds and feelings of his au-

* Extracted from an unpublished MS. written by an American Lady.

ditors. Towards the latter our traveller was particularly attracted; and calling to the boatman to push off from the canal, they landed on an island of the Nile called Rhouda, where, beneath tall clusters of palm and cypress, and upon a verdant sward reclined an Apollo in gifts of imagery, in figure, and in grace.

The poet sat cross-legged, according to the fashion of his country, his eagle eyes gleaming with etherial fire, and radiating his handsome and manly countenance almost with a superhuman expression. Clapping his hands until the crimson feather of the flamingo vibrated on his snowy turban, he commenced his dramatic story, just as the young Greek placed himself within a convenient distance to hear, in the Turkish language, (in which he was well versed) the following history.

THE POET'S STORY.

Followers of Islâm, and in courtesy to the truce of Issevi also, listen to the history of the Marmeluke Silar, and seek even Alif Lila va Lilin,* and you will not there find in its thousand stories, one more replete with wisdom for the sons of Ben Adam, than this you are about to hear; even the Sultan [he touched the earth with his forehead] delighted so much in its relation that he called it "The Casket of Pearls and Tears."

The Mamelukes were originally Tartars, sold by Syrian merchants, while children, to the Sultans and nobles of Syria and Egypt; and educated to arms in their camps, it is well known that they became the strength of these governments, and, as might have been expected, the ambitious often attempted intrigue, and some even reached at the overthrow of the empire. Among these was the Emir Silar. His mind was capacious, and his views were enlarged, but his soul the seat of insatiable cravings for wealth and power, united to a nature cold, luxurious, suspicious and melancholy. He had won the confidence of the Sultan by apparent disinterested prudence, and his sovereign was not slow in showering wealth and honours upon him. As he rose to distinction, he oppressed the people, but this was always achieved by insidious means, and never in a direct manner. Many of his agents, or tools suffered from the bowstring and dirk, by the maizes of his measures; but this appeared to make but little impression on him.

One day in autumn, soon after he returned

to Rosetta from an incursion in the desert, for the purpose of making treaty with a Sheik of the tribe of Bedouins at Saccara, a saloon in his marble palace was thrown open for the entertainment of some of his most distinguished adherents: there he was seated on a cushion of azure satin, while many slaves, sumptuously dressed in spangled turbans, with silk caftans, spangled and embroidered in silver and gold, were engaged in spreading the finest napkins, on which confectionery and fruits were placed, in salvers of pure gold; when these were removed, slaves more splendidly attired knelt before each guest, with silver censers of burning perfumes, while others sprinkled rose water from flagons enclosed in a net-work of gold and diamonds.

It was now, while the apartment was filled with the odour of Arabia, and while the outer court resounded with the din of kettle drums, and the shrill notes of the Cathara, that Selar was complimented by his satellites. "Live for ever, great Emir, for in what lackest thou, that the Sultan or Caliph themselves might desire? thy counsels are commands to the throne, and thy wealth conveys to thy palace the luxuries of the whole world! Who is like Selar the wise, the strong, and the magnificent?" Just now, a rapid clatter of horses' hoofs were heard at his gates, and a cry of;—"Make way for the courier of the King of Kings." The doors flew open, and an emissary of the Sultan, covered with dust, called loudly for Selar. He rose from his luxurious cushions, and prostrated himself, while the messenger informed him that "The great leader of the faithful, before whom all nations veil their faces, awaited his coming upon important business." It was enough. Selar was in his saddle, and his fleet courser bore him on the wings of the wind to the feet of his sovereign.

Here the Poet rose, adjusted his turban, dropped his robe over his folded arms, rested his hand upon his bosom, and with an expression of the wildest despair, exclaimed—"Selar is now a wretched captive, damp and cold stone forms his resting place. The light of day is excluded from his sunken and lacklustre eyes. Hunger and thirst are preying upon his vitals; he has scarcely strength to stand erectly. Now his prison door opens, he starts, it is the first sound he has heard in ten suns. "What! is the Sultan appeased?" cries he with a hollow scream. Lo! a covered dish of solid gold is handed him—he seizes it with the grasp of famine, the cover is raised by his trembling hand: Is there refreshing fruits and cooling water? No, no. A dish of coin fresh and brilliant from the mint of Cairo. "Oh! Alla, Alla!" cries the wretched Emir, "what is gold? the

* Arabian Nights,

wealth of Indostan, for a drop of cold water and a dry crust of barley bread! Just art thou all-powerful Alla," he whispered, as the memory of his former extortions now added to his horrors. He raved until he fell upon the hard pavement of his prison, and sank into a troubled dream—it was of shade and water, of his sumptuous and luxurious halls, wrung from the little stores of the thousands he had oppressed and tortured. He wakes and all is still—yet no—the iron door turns upon its hinges. Another golden dish. Oh! Hope, true is it that thou lingerest, even when thou art compassed by wretchedness! Despair, thy gladiator, combats thee on every side, yet nothing but death can vanquish thee! His eyes re-animated, his frame becomes invigorated, his outstretched arms show that now he believes his parched tongue will be cooled; and his insatiable hunger mitigated.—He seizes the dish—dashes the cover from him; a priceless chaplet of pearls lay spotless and limpid before his distracted gaze. Selar falls to rise no more—the blood gushes from his mouth, and flows over his unchanged yet princely robes.

At this moment a wild cry burst from the surrounding auditors, for as the Poet fell the rich vermilion streamed and bubbled from his firm set lips, and ran in rills to his girdle; another moment, and he was seated gravely upon his carpet wiping the juice of the *vici-nut* from his mouth and beard.

Our young Greek looked around the crowd with a disappointed gaze, and setting forth, returned to his lodgings at the caravansary. Late one evening, after having searched in vain throughout the city for Cato, he was attracted by the figure of a man in the habit of a Turk, whose back was turned towards him, and who appeared earnestly engaged in conversation with another individual, so much shaded from a pillar against which he leaned, that he could not distinguish him. As he entered the narrow street where they were standing, now almost as dark as night, he heard the concealed person say, "Hast thou the Stygian water, Mezzo?"

"Verily I have," was the reply, "with the blessing of the Prophet, fresh from Arcadia; it is deadly and cold, just as it was distilled in dew-drops from the rock *Nonacris*, and sealed up in an ass's hoof; the only substance that can contain it; and it is almost priceless; for know infidel, it is now a lost secret, and since the death of the all-conquering Macedonian* has never appeared in the possession of any but our race, on whom

rests the blessing of the Prophet of wisdom to the third son."

A gush of blood suffused his face of Abbas, and he breathed so suffocatingly and quickly that he intuitively feared the throbbing of his heart would be heard, and thereby defeat his indomitable purpose.

He saw the Turk make a sign, after which the two disappeared in an adjoining building.

The young Greek drew blood from his wrist, marked the white plaster of the house, and afterwards returned to the bazaar, where he sat down to think. In half an hour he had prepared himself, and returned to await the first opportunity of coming in contact with his enemy. Hours wore away, as he heard the revel of intoxication and the bitter oaths of ruined gamblers. As the day dawned, Cato appeared; it was but the act of a second for the islander to spring as a hungry lion upon him; Cato was strong, and he wrestled with gymnastic skill; they fell, they rose, they writhed around each other, as the fabled Laocoon of their native country, yet Abbas kept his hold.—They fell together, and lay as, if each were dead; they would then suddenly start upon their feet with corded veins, and swelling muscles, and glare upon each other like demons. At length the clank of a chain was heard, and then the spring of a lock, and in another moment Cato stood bound fast to the waist of his antagonist. His strength was spent not so much from the combat, as from the difficulty of respiration, and he was led off by the throat without the least resistance.

Down went Abbas to his djerim, and whispering to the boatman that he had captured the murderer of his father, they floated in Mahomedan silence through the canals, and down the Nile, to the shipping which crowded and whitened its blue and rapid waters.

The young Greek arrived in the port of Alexandria, in time to take a berth on board the "Queen of the Seas," then the wonder of the nautical world. This immense vessel went every year from Alexandria loaded with silks, spices, and all sorts of merchandise, which the Soldan's subjects brought from the Indies by way of the Red Sea, and was carried to this vessel from Egypt into Africa, and to Tunis, up as far as Constantinople.

The *Carack*, as it was called by way of species, was of so extraordinary a bulk, that the top of the highest mast of the largest galley, was not near the height of her prow, six men were scarce able to clasp the mast, it had seven stories, two of which were lower than the surface of the water;* it was able to carry besides its freight, and the merchants and seamen necessary for sailing, one

* Alexander the Great.

* Vertot.

thousand soldiers for defence. It was indeed a floating castle, mounted with above a hundred pieces of cannon.

The dress of the Greeks, and the facility with which Abas spoke the Turkish language, induced the commander of the "Queen of the Seas" to receive them on board with but little attention; after his curiosity was satisfied as to the manner and cause of so extraordinary imprisonment.—Previously to embarking, he had taken the precaution to say to the Cosite,—

"Hark ye, the voice of my father's blood cries to me from the ground, yet I never meant to tyrannize over thee, but to call thee to just punishment, for which I readily risked my life,—thou canst not speak one word of infidel language, unless it be with thy own heart." There was a momentary change, a cunning expression in the countenance of Cato, but he remained doggedly silent. "Peradventure thou mightest find a Greek tongue in yonder leviathan, yet thou hadst better cut thine out and give it to the fishes, than make the least attempt to my injury. Thou mightest say that thou art going to thy trial, for life and death, and that vengeance, thy darling passion, would be satisfied in the loss of my head with thine; or my being sold a slave with thyself, and that in the latter case thy life would be insured; but listen Cato, the moment thy tongue is loosened to the infidels, thy life by the Holy Madonna's guardianship, is gone, and for ever; I carry a priceless blade, although I used it not in thy capture, for thou hadst no weapon with thee, but the remain of thy miserable purse."

The "Queen" had traversed a distance of several leagues from the Egyptian shore, when the sun crowned the eastern shore of the Mediterranean with a diadem refulgent with purple and gold; its base was brilliant, and myriads of coruscations, varying in colour and shape, as the evening breeze ruffled its billows. At this time a sailor on the mast cried, "Sail." In the distance, rocked by the waves, was a single black line, which rapidly increased in size, from its swift sail in the direction of the Carac.

The commander of the vessel turned from an examination of its nation and size with a countenance of ineffable contempt, and seating himself he reached a Cithara as he said,— "Yonder galley carries the flag of the Knights of Rhodes, by the beard of my father! it must be freighted with fools or madmen, or they would have fled the mighty 'Queen of the Seas,' as a cloud before the storm. By the beard of my father! it rouses my ire to think they should dare appear in our presence; even while endeavouring to fly, methinks they would call on those rough waters to cover them rather than endure our

presence."

With the utmost scorn mixed with anger, he drew his fingers over the instrument; and as if dissatisfied, flung it on his cushion, and rose to pace the deck after his favorite fashion; whenever he turned in the direction of the galley, he would spit in the sea by way of exhibiting his disgust. "The infidel dogs!" he would exclaim, "are not fit for the mines of the Tartar."

The galley was now within cannon shot, and her commander put out a long boat with an officer, directed to summon the captain to deliver up the ship.

The Saracen was thrown into a rage by this insult, as he deemed it, and returned an answer;—"That as long as the 'Queen' had sailed on those seas, there never was vessel or vessels daring enough to attack her; that he had Muselmens sufficient to destroy his men, ship and all at one blast."

The long boat flew over the distance which separated the vessels, and presently returned. The knight who commanded the galley had taken advantage of the surprise and contempt of the Saracen commander, to approach nearer while engaged in parley.

The officer bore this intelligence. "The his commander had been ordered by his superiors, to attack the 'Queen of the Seas,' whether he was strong or weak, and that he was obliged to obey orders. But if he would surrender, he would promise them good quarters, but if he refused he would burn or sink them."

By this time the galley had approached nearer the *Carack*; and the infuriated Saracen stamped his foot, and ordered the officer to "Begone!" "If thou darest return," he added, "I will send thee to the bottom of the sea, and hang thy captain over the prow. Begone, or I will blow thee to the gates of *Ebles*. By the beard of my father! thou art of no more consequence than a bubble on the wave."

The officer left him foaming with rage; but no sooner had he stepped into the galley than a sheet of flame cast a lurid light over the dark waters, and a broadside of cannon loaded with cartridges rained through the upper deck of the "Queen of the Seas." As the smoke rose in clouds above the vessels, the place occupied by the commander, his officers, and many seamen was left vacant. The remaining crew appeared overpowered at the unexpected havoc, and the next instant observing a preparation for another broadside, the bewildered crew lowered the national flag, and ran up in its place one of white silk. The "Queen of the Seas" was captured.

The water but a short time previously so gloriously and deeply shaded, was now covered with floating bodies, bows, arrows,

and turbans, while rills of smoke curled above the shattered parts of the noble vessel.

The crew, consisting of merchants, seamen, and soldiers, were divided for exchange with these of the galley, who in turn went on board of the "Queen of the Seas."

During the arrangements, there were loud bursts of joy, with the shout of "Long live the brave,—Long live the dauntless,—L'Isle Adam for ever."

What was the joy of Abas—who escaped injury—to discover in the heroic L'Isle Adam, the friend on whose bosom he had leaned, when bitter grief converted his menhood into a "bruised and broken reed."

"What hast thou at thy side, man?" he inquired—"thou can'st not"—he paused and looking intently, turned on his heel, muttering: "The villian Cato of Cos, or The Tortoise.—Ho! there, send a smithy, and guard."

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH BUONAPARTE.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Joseph Buonaparte, are now appearing in Paris and London; vol. one having however, only been issued. These Memoirs, &c. are arranged and annotated by A. Du Casse, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Jerome, but the material is principally furnished directly by the papers of "King Joseph." A London editor says, in noticing this work:—

"Joseph Buonaparte, the eldest brother of the Emperor Napoleon, was, we think, the least interesting member of the Imperial family. Louis, the ex-king of Holland, had a vein of republican simplicity running through his character, and was less devoted with ambition than his brothers; Lucien, the Prince of Canino, had considerable intellectual powers, and in the Council of Five Hundred rendered memorable service to Napoleon. At Waterloo, Jerome led the charge against Hougoumont,—without success, but with dashing bravery. In Joseph, however, we see much that was supine and commonplace. Elevated to high posts, he has not left his individual mark in the world's history,—but is indebted solely to his brother's renown for his own transient distinction. It was cleverly said of him by one of his Italian critics (Colletta), "that Joseph was fully equal to the office of an old king, but not equal to that of a new one." Amongst the Buonapartes he was what we should call a 'red tapist,' without grasp and without originality."

Among the notable things in the volume already published, is a description of Paris in 1792, written by Napoleon to Joseph, at a time when the Reign of Terror was just

passing away; from which we present our extracts.

"Luxury, pleasure, and the arts are resumed here in a wonderful manner. Yesterday Phèdre was given at the opera for the benefit of an old actress; and the crowd was immense from two o'clock in the afternoon, although the prices were tripled. Equipages and *Éléphants* reappear,—or rather, they remember only as a long dream that they had ever ceased to shine. Libraries, courses of history, chemistry, botany, astronomy, &c. follow one another. In this country everything is heaped together that can distract the mind and make life agreeable. Men tear themselves from thought:—and how should they see the dark side amid this occupation of the mind—in this constant vortex? The women are everywhere about; at the theatre, the promenade, the library. In the cabinet of the *savant* pretty females are to be seen. Here only, of all places in the world, are they (the women) fit to hold the helm; therefore, the men are wild about them, think of naught else, live by and for only them. A woman wants six months of Paris, to teach her what is her due, and what her empire."

Again, the writer remarks a few days later:—

"The great people surrenders itself up to pleasure. The dance, the play, woman (here the finest in the world), constitute the grand occupation of life. Ease, luxury, and *bon ton* are all restored! The Terror is no more remembered but as a dream."

Under the date of the 1st of August, 1795, Napoleon writes to Joseph thus:—

"Adieu, *mon bon ami*. Be careless about the future,—contented with the present. Be gay, and take your pleasure. For myself, I am satisfied. All I desire is, to find myself engaged in some struggle. A warrior must pluck his laurels, or die on the bed of glory."

In the same month he wrote to Joseph a letter on various details:—

"Let me have frequent news of yourself. You have the art of never telling me anything. You convey to me so little information that I cannot determine whether I should turn north or south. Is this for want of tact on your part, or from some interested motive? It is impossible for me to decide between your friendship and your intelligence. * * * This city is the

same as ever; all for pleasure, women, plays, balls, promenades, and artists' studios. * * * Fesch appears desirous to return to Corsica, and be quiet. He is still the same,—living in the future, writing me six pages on a foundation no bigger than the point of a needle. For him the present is no more than the past; the future is everything. As for myself, I am little wedded to

life, look on it without anxiety, find myself constantly in the state of mind proper to the eve of a battle,—feeling the conviction that since death is to terminate all things, to disquiet oneself is a folly. All things impel me to brave chance and destiny. If this state of mind lasts I shall cease even to turn out of my course when a carriage crosses it. My reason sometimes wonders at this; but it is the bent of my mind which the moral spectacle of this country and the habit of chance have produced in me.”

The following is the mode in which Napoleon announced to Joseph the battle of Austerlitz.

“I suppose, my brother, that when this courier shall reach you, my aide-de-camp, Lebrun, whom I despatched from the field of battle, will have arrived at Paris. After seven days of manœuvring, I fought yesterday a decisive battle, I routed the combined armies, commanded in person by the Emperors of Russia and Germany. Their force consisted of eighty thousand Russians and thirty thousand Austrians. I took nearly forty thousand prisoners: amongst whom are a score of Russian Generals, forty flags, a hundred pieces of artillery, and all the standards of the Russian Imperial Guard. The army covered itself with glory. The enemy has left from twelve to fifteen thousand men on the field of battle. I do not yet know the amount of my own loss; I estimate it at eight or nine hundred men killed, and double that number wounded. An entire column threw itself into a lake, and the greater portion of the men were drowned. The cries of some are still heard, and it is impossible to save them. The Emperors are in a bad position enough. You can publish the summary of this intelligence, without giving it as from a letter of mine,—which would not be becoming. To-morrow you will have the bulletin. Although for the last week I have bivouacked in the open air, my health is nevertheless good. This evening I occupy a bed in the fine château of M. Kaunitz of Austerlitz; and I have changed my shirt for the first time in the last eight days. There was a charge between my guard and that of the Emperor of Russia. The Russian guard was overthrown. Prince Repnin, commanding that corps, was taken, with a portion of his men, and the standards and artillery of the Russian guard. The Emperor of Germany this morning sent Prince Lichtenstein to ask an interview with me. It is possible that peace will quickly follow. My army on the field of battle was less numerous than his, but the enemy was caught in a flagrant fault while manœuvring.”

Joseph Buonaparte was a weak inefficient man, as his papers in these Memoirs are said

to verify, in the most emphatic manner.

MAYORS OF OLDEN TIME.

Our attentive correspondent “Monkbarns” furnishes us with the following list of Mayors of Philadelphia, from 1701 to 1772; and rightly thinks it will interest some of our antiquarian readers. “Monkbarns” promises us hereafter a list of the officers of the British Navy, stationed on our waters just previous to the revolution.

A D.	1701	Edward Shippen.
	1703	Anthony Morris.
	1705	Griffith Jones.
	1706	Joseph Wilcox.
	1707	Nathan Stanbury.
	1708	Thomas Masters.
	1710	Richard Hill.
	1711	William Carter.
	1712	Samuel Preston.
	1713	John Dickenson.
	1714	George Roché.
	1715	Richard Hill.
	1718	John Dickenson.
	1720	William Fishbourne.
	1723	James Logan.
	1724	Clement Plumsted.
	1725	Isaac Norris.
	1726	William Hudson.
	1727	Charles Read.
	1728	Thomas Laurence.
	1730	Thomas Griffiths.
	1732	Samuel Hazel.
	1734	Thomas Griffiths.
	1735	Thomas Laurence.
	1736	William Allen.
	1737	Clement Plumsted.
	1738	Thomas Griffiths.
	1739	Amy Morris.
	1740	Edward Roberts.
	1741	Samuel Hazel.
	1742	Clem. Plumsted
	1743	William Till.
	1744	Benjamin Shoemaker.
	1745	Edward Shippen.
	1746	James Hamilton.
	1747	William Atwood.
	1748	Charles Willing.
	1749	Thomas Laurence.
	1750	William Plumsted.
	1751	Robert Shattle.
	1752	Benjamin Shoemaker.
	1753	Thomas Laurence.
	1754	Charles Willing.
	1755	William Plumsted.
	1756	Atwood Stute.
	1758	Thomas Laurence.
	1759	John Stamper.
	1760	Benjamin Shoemaker.
	1761	Jacob Duchee.
	1762	Henry Harrison.

1763 . . .	Thomas Willing.
1764 . . .	Thomas Laurence.
1765 . . .	John Laurence.
1767 . . .	Isaac Jones.
1769 . . .	Samuel Shoemaker.
1771 . . .	John Gibson.

RES CURIOSAE.

MEDICAL PRACTICE ON THE LEVANT.

Most of the following information is derived from "Hobhouse's Albania," published many years ago. Hobhouse, it will be remembered, was Byron's friend.

Physic is practised in the Levant, partly by Greeks, who have received some education in Italy, and frequently continue on their return to wear the Frank habit; and partly by Italians. They are extremely ignorant and full of old prejudices, yet they are personages of some importance. Many have received no education at all.

Signor Cazzaiti, (an exception to the general rule,) has tried some courageous innovations, and has even attempted the introduction of the Cow Pox, and with partial success. He had inoculated about three hundred.

The general practice is to administer Jalap, Manna, Glauber's Salts, in quantities too small to be serviceable, and bark draughts in almost every complaint, swilling the patient at the same time with fat broth and slops. Phlebotomy is also extensively practised, but with topical bleedings they seem unacquainted, although the Turkish and Greek peasants scarify themselves on the hands and feet, as a cure for rheumatic pains. If the disease does not speedily give way, the patient is concluded to be possessed, and recourse is had to a priest, whose business it is to cast out the tormenting spirit.

Maladies are considered by this ignorant and superstitious people rather as judgments and visitations, or the immediate operation of the démon, than as the simple effects of a disorderly system.

Mr. Hobhouse was of opinion that the use of the hot bath must be prejudicial to health, from the excessive relaxation, and indeed exhaustion which it produces. A person not accustomed to the heat of the inner chamber of the bath, is unable to support himself a moment in the warm steam, in which a Greek or Turk will remain, under the hands of the bathers for half an hour.

All the women bathe at least once a month, the men in general once a week.

The ancients seem to have ranked bathing with the pleasures of Venus and Bacchus.

and looked upon it as no less pernicious, if carried to excess:—

"Drink much, bathe often, love a woman well—
Twill send you just the shortest way to—"

Total blindness in horses is not unfrequently restored in the following manner:— They run a needle and thread round the back part of the eye, then, by means of the thread, they draw the eye almost out of the socket, so as to reach the back part of it, and with a razor or knife, cut of the horny excrescence which is the cause of the disease, washing the wound with a little salt, they afterwards return the part to its position, and consider the horse to be sufficiently recovered to be used the next day.

SWIFT ON MORTALITY.

The following humorous description of Mortality, from the pen of Dean Swift, appeared originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

As you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances; which I shall with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surprised at the beginning of my story, and think the whole a banter; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and if need were I could bring the parson of the parish to testify the same. You must know then, that at this present time, I live in a little sorry* house of clay, that stands upon the waste as other cottages do; and, what is worst of all, am liable to be turned out at a minutes' warning. It is a sort of copy-hold tenure, and the custom of the manor is this: for for the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only do suit and service, and attend upon the † courts, which are kept once a week, and sometimes oftener; for twenty years after this, I am to pay a ‡ rose every year; and further than this, during the remainder of life, I am to pay a tooth (which you will say is a whimsical sort of an acknowledgement) every two or three years, or oftener if it should be demanded: and if I have nothing more to pay, "Out" must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized. I might have had my tenement, such as it is, upon much better terms; if it had not been for a fault of my great || grand-father; he and his wife together, with ¶ the advice of an ill-neighbour, were concerned in robbing an ¶ orchard, belonging to the ** lord of the manor, and

* His body.

† Divine service.

‡ The colour of the cheek.

|| Adam and Eve.

¶ The Devil.

¶ Paradise.

** Jehovah.

forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure; but, however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair. My †† kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven; it answers much to the purpose it was designed, and that's enough. My †† garrets (or rather cock-lofts) are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in. The worst part of the story is, it costs me a great deal every year in †† thatching; for, as my building stands pretty much exposed to the wind and weather, the covering you know must decay faster than ordinary; however I make shift to rub on in my little way, and when †† rent day comes I must see and discharge it as well as I can. Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or what you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping †† family, remarkable for nothing but being instrumental in advancing the reputation of a great man in Abchurch Lane,* but be this as it will, I have one snug apartment that lies on the left side of my house, which I reserve for my chiefest friends; it is very warm, where you will always be a welcome guest; and you may depend upon a lodging as long as the edifice shall be in the tenure and occupation of

• J. S.

P. S. This room that I value so much, was set on fire † once, and my whole building in danger of being demolished, by an unlucky boy † throwing his lighted torch in at the window, the casement happening to be open. I must not forget to tell you that the person who † is sent about to gather our quit-rents before-mentioned, is a queer, little, old, round-shouldered fellow, with scarce any hair upon his head; which grotesque figure, together with his invidious employments, makes him generally slighted, and often times much abused. He has a prodigious stomach of his own; whatever he gets, it goes into his unrighteous maw, which makes a fool of the ostrich for digestion; he is continually exercising his grinders upon one thing or another, and yet he is as poor as a rake, and by that means goes so light that

†† His stomach. †† His head.

‡ Clothes. †† His death. †† The Worms.

* Probably alluding to some physician or quack doctor, resident in that place, who might at that time famous for curing those vermin in the body.

‡ By love. † Cupid.

† Time. This description is elegant, and the slighting and abusing time, the teeth of time, and man's abuse of that precious jewel, even when he is at his heels, i. e. death reminds me of a line I have somewhere seen, "Every moment of time is a monument of God's mercy."

he is, often at a man's heels before he thinks of him; he is very absolute and ready in executing his commission; and has a relation, one † Tide a Waterman, that is full as saucy and peremptory as himself. If you meet with either of them, and cry out "Stop a little," "the devil a moment" they'll stay.

AVERAGE OF LIFE.

The Plough, Loom, and Anvil, contains some curious statistics in reference to the influence of occupations from the registration reports of the State of Massachusetts; they extend over a sufficient period of time to enable us to deduce some important and truthful conclusions. The general average of life among males of all occupations is 51.94.

The longest lives are distillers, whose average is over 74 years. Pilots stand next, their average life-time being nearly 72. Weighers and Gaugers live 70 years, omitting a fraction. Gentlemen, 68.

Then follows a classification based upon longevity, more curious than Buffon's, who, it will be remembered, placed men in the same class with bats.

Thus we have Caulkers, Gaugers, Judges and Justices, 54; Lawyers, Sailmakers, Shipwrights, Stevedores and Sextons, 55.

Watchmen, Booksellers, Tailors and Ticket Masters, 44.

Artists, Stablers, and Teamsters, 41.

Musicians, and Well Diggers, 40.

Drovers, Teachers, Civil Engineers, Pedlars and Printers, 37.

Machinists, Tinsmiths, and Comedians, 36.

Editors, Chimney Sweeps and Confectioners, 35.

Students are lowest on the list, 33.

The average life of Tobacconists is 57 yrs.

Among females who are engaged in regular occupations, the longest lived are Nurses, whose average is 55; next come Housekeepers, 52; Shoebinders, 45; Seamstresses and Domestic, 43; Tailoresses, 41; Strawbraiders, 36; Milliners, 35; Dressmakers, 32; Teachers, 28; Operatives, 27. The average age of the above classes of females is 46.78 years which is five years and sixteen hundredths less than the average of males.

VARIETATES.

The art of examining and curing wounds was, by writers of romance, allotted to princesses, and damsels of high birth. In later days, Buchanan writes, that the Scots nobility were remarkably dexterous in the

‡ The author, no doubt, had the old proverb in his thoughts, viz. "Time and tide will stay for no man."

chirurgical art; and he says of James IV. of Scotland, "Quod vulnera scientissimè tractaret."

"Are you so out of sorts?" says the facetious Montaigne, "that your physician has denied you the enjoyment of wine, and of your favorite dishes, be not uneasy; apply to me and I will engage to find you one of equal credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser."

Marville remarks that no persons are so apt as physicians to quit their profession, and follow different walks of literature, and confirms his observation by producing a very long catalogue of men, of various nations, who have resigned the study of medicine, for that of geometry, of medals, of poetry, and the like. He accounts for it ingeniously enough, from the vast extent of reading, through which physicians must of necessity pass, and which is likely to set before them objects much more pleasing than those of which they are in search.

INEDITED LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following letter from Sir Walter Scott to the Duke of Buckingham, is from an autograph copy, and was never before published. It is one of the Bannatyne Club papers.

MY LORD DUKE,—Since I was honored with such a flattering mark of your Grace's notice, as was implied in receiving a set of your Grace's splendid edition of the Irish Historians, I have been very anxious to place in the magnificent Library at Stowe, some volumes which may in some degree express my sense of very great obligation. Your Grace is perhaps aware that a number of individuals, constituting what has been called the Bannatyne Club of Scotland, have been associated for the purpose of reprinting for private distribution, and with a view to preservation, rare tracts or manuscripts, chiefly such as are connected with the History of Scotland. I trust your Grace, whose judgment is unquestionable, will not disapprove of the specimen of our labours which I have the honour to transmit for your kind acceptance. The work, which has hitherto been known only in the suspected and doubtful shape of a modernised edition, is now for the first time published in its original shape, from the author, Sir James Melville's original manuscript, in the hands of Sir George Rose, having been a part of the library of the last Lord Marchmont.

If this small offering should be acceptable to your Grace, I hope to be the means of

placing similar volumes on the shelves of your Grace's library; as having the honour to be the Process of the club, I know I shall well discharge the duty of the office, by including the collection at Stowe among them to whom we presume to offer a copy of the productions of our press.

We have lately finished a singularly interesting History of King James the Sixth, of which a copy remains in our store, it will accompany the Memoirs of Sir James Melville. At press we are at work upon a book called Spalding's Memoirs, which gives a most singular account of the internal State of Scotland, during the reign of Charles I. and the Civil Wars. This will appear next year, and I hope may be acceptable at Stowe. I presume to offer my most respectful compliments to her Grace; and am with a great sense of obligation, My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obedient, and obliged
humble Servant,

Edinburg, June 7, 1827. WALTER SCOTT.
To the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—The London *Athenæum* says: Since the returns of the Earl of Ellesmere from the United States he has become possessed of a complete copy of an extremely important English work relating to the discovery of America. Its existence has been long recorded, and several copies, more or less mutilated, are in public or in private libraries; but, excepting the one now in the hands of Lord Ellesmere, no complete copy is known save that among Mr. Grenville's books in the British Museum. This has till now been considered unique. It is entitled "Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same," &c.,—and was printed by Thomas Dawson for Thomas Woodcocke in 1852, 4to. It was compiled and prepared by the celebrated Richard Hakluyt, who dedicated it to Sir Philip Sidney. The most remarkable feature belonging to the copies of Lord Ellesmere and the Museum is, that they each contain both the ancient maps:—one, of the world as known in 1627, which was sent from Seville to the Ambassador of Henry the Eighth residing at the court of Charles the Fifth—the other, of both hemispheres north of the tropic of Cancer, which is addressed by Michael Lok, citizen of London, *illustri viro Philippo Sidnæo*, and was contributed by him to Hakluyt's production. The last is most interesting, since it shows the precise state of discovery in the east and in the west up to the year 1852—which date is in the corner. The maps are mentioned

on the title-page; but the last, except in the two instances pointed out, is invariably wanting, and the first is of the rarest occurrence. The compiler of "The Bibliographer's Manual" in 1834 did not know of a single copy of Hakluyt's "Divers Voyages," &c., containing either map; and Mr. Grenville, in the catalogue of his library, published in 1842, triumphed in the notion that he was the owner of the only copy illustrated by both maps. Until now, it was thought by persons least acquainted with the subject that he had a right to do so. Lord Ellesmere did not obtain this rarity on the other side of the Atlantic, where in its original state it is unknown; and it is a singular circumstance that it should have fallen into his hands so recently after his return from New York. Our own acquaintance with the tract is derived from the copy in the British Museum."

— Criticism in the French journals, says a London paper, is reduced to singular straits. Victor Hugo having published a copy of his lyrical poems, the publisher in due course sends a copy to the *Siecle* for review. The critic reads and admires; but not knowing how far the government may think proper to sanction admiration in the case of a banished poet, he tells his readers, with a curious implicity, that he "thinks these are fine verses," but dares not say so. Not willing, however, to be quite balked of a quotation, the writer goes into a long digression on the life of the French poet, in order to create an occasion for bringing in these words from a private letter: "I am convinced that the expansion of intelligence will serve to ripen ideas. I write, I speak, I do my duty, and I peaceably contemplate the whitening of my hairs in exile." Such is the tone in which one of the most stirring of French voices is allowed to pipe to the good people of Paris! The poet, nevertheless, utters the truth. The world may be sure that, in the long run, the Muses have never yet been on the losing side of any great human question.

— We learn from the *Athenæum* that one of the oldest medical journals of France—the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*—has just been made the subject of a kind of munificence which so far as we know is without precedent in the annals of the periodical press. A physician of one of the Paris hospitals has made a gift to the journal—or, we should rather say, to science and to his professional brethren—of an annual sum of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) The terms of the donation are curious. The donor announces that the annuity will be paid as long as he lives—and he will endeavor to perpetuate it after his death.

A condition of the gift is absolute secrecy as to the giver's name. The money is to be applied as follows: The sum of 3,000 francs is to be given for the encouragement of authors to be useful—especially practical—works to be published in the *Gazette*. The distribution of this portion of the fund the donor reserves to himself so long as he shall be competent to its efficient discharge. The remaining 7,000 francs are to be devoted to making up the price of subscription to the journal for those of his professional brethren who cannot conveniently afford to pay more than a certain proportion of it out of their own pockets. Whatever parties coming under a certain qualification *declare* to be the utmost they can spare is to be taken as such without questioning—the remainder of the subscription being taken from the fund. "I have," says the donor, "full trust in the good faith of my co-professionals—fear no abuse of this indulgence—and am satisfied that they will use it as long as it is really necessary to them—resigning the privilege when they can in favor of their younger or poorer brethren."

— Captain McClure's despatches, published in the English papers, furnish the following, among other facts, touching the explorations in the Arctic seas. Writing from the north side of Baring Island, he says: "The weather during the winter has been in each month several degrees more mild than was experienced in the Prince of Wales Strait, nearly a degree and a half further south, last year, which, in conjunction with the animals remaining in numbers in this locality, must be taken as a proof of its mildness. In consequence of our favored position, the crew were allowed to ramble over the hills almost daily in quest of game, and their exertions happily supplied us with a fresh meat of venison three times a fortnight. At the commencement of winter we had nine deer, fifty-three hares, and forty-four ptarmigan, the former having from two to three inches of fat; and on the first of April we had upwards of one thousand pounds of venison hanging at the yards."

— A statue to the late M. Arago, says a London paper, is so much a matter of course in France, that when we say a committee is forming to promote that object it almost seems as if we were announcing a fact that every one must be already aware of. The committee thus far is cosmopolitan in character. M. Dupont (de l'Eure,) the philosopher's old friend, and the hero of so many events, has lived to preside over—or at least to lend his honorable name to—yet one more committee. He has been chosen as Hon. President. M. Combes, President of the Acade-

my of Sciences, is the Acting President. Among the members of the committee we find names of Professor Airy, Mr. Franklin Bache, of the United States, M. Odilion Barrot, Vice-Admiral Baudin, President of the Bureau of Longitudes, Béranger, the poet, Sir D. Brewster, M. Carnot, ex-Minister of Public Instruction, M. Cousin, M. David (d'Angers,) Dr. Faraday, M. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Baron A. Humboldt, M. Manin, ex-President of the Republic of Venice, Professor Melloni, of Naples, M. Mignet, M. Michelet, M. Quetelet, Directory of the Observatory of Brussels, M. Struve, the Russian astronomer, Horace Vernet, and M. Villamain.

NEW BOOKS.

Spiritual Visitors.

— This is the title of another and decidedly the best volume from the prolific pen of the author of "Musings of an Invalid," "Clouds and Sunshine," &c. It has just been published by Mr. John S. Taylor, of New York, and embraces the admirable "Spiritual Dialogues" which appeared originally some months since, in *BIZARRE*, and which were most flatteringly noticed by the press of the Union, as they enriched issue after issue of our paper. We consider them among the most original papers that have appeared during the century, and doubt not, coming forth as they now do, in a body, they will command increased favor. The author is a gentleman of the highest order of talent; while he is also a man of feeling, sentiment, philosophy, and withal great refinement. We have known him from the earliest youth, and we see in his works, fine as they are, only a partial development of what long ago we felt he must finally accomplish in the paths of literature. He says in his note introducing these papers, in his peculiar modest manner, as follows:

"The kind reception extended to the following Dialogues, as they appeared originally in the *BIZARRE*, has encouraged the author to present them in a collected form, with some few additions."

The contents of the volume embrace Dialogues between Alcibiades and Sheridan, Henry Dandolo and Peter Stuyvesant, Reubens and Cole, Pindar and Dante, Diogenes and Rabelais, Aristides and Jay, Chrysostom and Channing, Amphion and Bellini, Roscius and Kemble, Archimedes and Fulton, Aurelius and Howard, Corinna and Lady Jane Grey, Ben Jonson and Sam Johnson, Julius Cæsar and Zachary Taylor, Timon and Swift, John Smith and Sydney Smith, Lucian and Lamb, Father Nile and Father Mississippi, Pericles and Hamilton, Phidias and Raphael.

The four last are additions to the series, as they appeared in *BIZARRE*, and we shall perhaps offer extracts from them in our next.

Martien and other prominent dealers in the city have the book for sale. It must have an immense run. It can be read either by piecemeal, or as a whole, and the beauty of it is, that like the essays of Elia, and some of the older classical authors, it can be taken up and laid down, read and re-read, every day with pleasure and profit.

Correspondence of Gray.

— A correspondence of Thomas Gray with William Mason, to which are added some letters addressed by the poet to the Rev. James Brown, D. D., master of Pembroke College, with notes and illustrations by the Rev. John Mitford, has lately been published in London by Bentley. The volume is deemed an important addition to the stock of information concerning the author of the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." One gets nearer the poet, though, as an English critic alleges, by small approaches. "We see him more playful than ever; and we are led to appreciate still more the warmth of friendship which men like Mason, Whar-ton, and Nicholls entertained for him, and which he in return cherished for them. Still more clearly do we see how unfitted the poet was for Walpole, and how unfitted Walpole was for him. Had Gray given way to his nature he might have been a great satirist. We have some squibs of his which exhibit a vein that only required working. It was his love for satire which increased his love for Mason—a man, his poetic sensibilities excepted, very unlike Gray. Mason has not ill-described himself in the present volume, when he proclaims his liking to young Lord Nuneham—'he is so peevish, and hates things so much.'"

Our critic adds:

"The most valuable portions of the volume relate to the assistance given by Gray to the poetry of Mason. The poet of the English Garden and the Heroic Epistle was proud to obtain the critical judgment of the author of the *Elegy*; and Gray, it must be said, was a fastidious critic, who dwelt on words and expressions with a fine sense of the delicacy and strength of the English language; Gray composed slowly; weighing every word in a sovereign scale—Mason, on the other hand, was a rapid writer—seldom attending to the subtle distinctions to be met with in words. Words, indeed, to use his own expression to the contrary about Gray—digested easily with him. Gray has hit off this defect in his friend in one of the letters in the present volume: 'Why, you make no more, dear Mason, he says, 'of writing an ode and throwing it into the fire

than of buckling and unbuckling your shoe." To which the other replies, as we now learn for the first time—"Pray, Mr. Gray, why won't you make your Muse do now and then a friendly turn? An idle slut as she is! if she was to throw out her ideas never so carelessly it would satisfy some folks that I know, but I won't name names." Yet. Mason was afraid of what, after Pope, he calls 'the desperate hook' of Gray: and Gray, when he heard that Mason was concocting "An Elegy in the Garden of a Friend," writes by way of postscript—"Send me the Elegy—my *hoe* is sharp."

Lectures to Young Women.

—Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. of Boston, have just published a 12mo. volume with this title, embracing a series of Lectures by Rev. William G. Eliot, jr., of St. Louis. It is a new edition of a popular work. Apropos of Messrs. C., N. & Co., they have in press the following works: "Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors." By Mrs. H. E. Lee.—"Hypatia, or New Faces with an Old Face." By the author of "Alton Locke."—"A Volume of Sermons." By Rev. A. B. Livermore. — "Popular Legends of Brittany;" — "The Wind Spirit and the Rain Goddess," translated from the German. — "A Memoir of Rev. Sylvester Judd."—"The Money-Boxes." Edited by the author of "Cousin Harry's Hymns and Twilight Stories."—"Sermons," from the Writings of the late Rev. H. J. Harrington, of San Francisco, California.

December Magazines.

—*Graham* and *Godey* are both on our table, each closing a volume. The former will appear with the new year, under the auspices of a new publisher, Mr. R. H. See, with *Graham* himself still at the editorial oar. The latter comes up with 1854 largely improved; and with better determination than ever on the part of the excellent publisher to make an impression. *Graham* and *Godey* are an honor to Philadelphia literature. We will furnish either of them, with BIZARRE, for three dollars and fifty cents, money down. Mark this.

Village Sermons.

—Dr. Hooker has published "Village Sermons," by the popular author of "Alton Locke," the Rev. Charles Kingsley. They are a string of gems,—bright and new,—which a man may set in his bosom and be the richer for; may wear without fear of any tarnishing of himself or them;—clear gems of truth fashioned for use by a workman, such as Kingsley alone is. We advise the reading of these sermons, as the most stirring and remarkable of pulpit discourses.

Lingard's History of England.

—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have issued the fourth volume of this work.

Hearts and Faces.

—Another excellent juvenile is this, from the pen of the author of "Father Bright-hopes," just issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. "Paul Creyton" has made for himself worlds of readers, and the stories he weaves together in this pretty volume, will be caught up and devoured with the greatest avidity by the little people.

Salad for the Solitary.

—Mr. Sanders' excellent book, with this title, published by Lamport, Blakeman & Law, of New York, has recently been republished in London, and obtains a very handsome notice from the *Athenæum*. We present a few extracts, doubting not that we thus very agreeably occupy the space required in their presentation:

"Let no cosy old bachelor, deep in the mysteries of quih, *moutarde de maille*, and intent on the 'herbal savours that give sense delight,' send for this volume in the hope of gleaning from it secrets unknown to Kitchiner and Soyer. 'Salad for the Solitary' is, in fact, rather a quaint than a happy title for such a book as this before us. We are not aware that solitude has any particular fondness for salads: but rather the contrary, if there be any truth in the Spanish proverb: that it requires *four* persons to mix a good one, a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up. The 'Epicure,' whom we unhesitatingly pronounce to be an American (mistake, Mr. *Athenæum*, the Epicure is an Englishman—*Eds.* BIZARRE,) is a literary gossip of the pleasantest sort. He has read much and noted his reading; read with his mind awake and with his heart open to appeals of beauty. A something between the elder Disraeli and Hazlitt, half a collector, half an essayist—he piles up for the reader's delectation, thought, fancy, anecdote. The ingredients are borrowed for the most part; but he gives them a new flavor, a fresh pungency, by the combination in which he places them."

Touching the "Epicure's" excellent talk on diet, which, it will be remembered, we extracted when we noticed "Salad," the reviewer says:

"When Bolingbroke invited Swift to dine with him he talked of the dishes he would offer: "a fig for your bill of fare," said Swift, "show me your bill of company." Goldsmith's venison pastry is familiar to all readers. Milton was fond of a glass of water and a pipe. A modern poet, who was asked by a lady of fashion what he would

like for dinner, answered 'peppermint cordial and black pudding.'

The subject of Epitaphs, so happily discussed and illustrated by the "Epicure," brings out the following facetious inscription, copied by the reviewer from a churchyard in Essex :

Here lies the man Richard
 And Mary his wife;
 Their surname was Pritchard,
 They lived without strife:
 And the reason was plain—
 They abounded in riches,
 They had no care or pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

The reviewer closes thus :

"We need not quote or annotate further. Our extracts will show that here is pleasant material round which to jot down thoughts, facts, and memories as they occur: an amusing book now, and a book to be made better hereafter."

We congratulate the author of "Salad" on such substantial praises, and from a veritable Sir Hubert too. They come as a most pleasant backing to the sale of his book in our country, amounting already, as is stated, to ten thousand copies.

Montgomery's Publications.

—The "Popular Educator," for November, the "Illustrated History of Hungary," No. 8, the "Alps, Switzerland, and Lombardy," part 7, and "Cassell's Natural History," part 4, have each been sent to our table, by C. J. Price & Co., the liberal and flourishing importing firm lately so successfully established in Philadelphia, at No. 7, Hart's Buildings. They are all the publications of Mr. Alexander Montgomery, No. 17, Spruce Street, New York. We would also here acknowledge the receipt of the "Illustrated Magazine of Art" for November, another most superb publication, which comes to us from Mr. J. W. Moore.

Announcements.

—The following books lately received, we can only in the present number name by their titles. From Harper & Brothers,— "Haydn's Autobiography," edited by Tom Taylor, 2 vols. 12mo.—"History of Greece," by George Grote, Esq. vol. 2, (we have not received vol. 1.)—"Charles Auchester," a novel, by E. Berger. From Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston,— "Lectures to Young Men," by Eliot.—"Pierre Touissant," by Lee. From Robert Carter & Brothers, of New York,— "Jacqueline Pascal, Convent Life at Port Royal." And from Charles Scribner, of New York, Willis's "Health Trip to the Tropics."—Redfield announces a volume from the pen of Henry T. Tuckerman, entitled "A Month in England." The *Home Journal* says it is the result of four

weeks' exploration amid the haunts of London authors, and the depositaries of art, with local descriptions and critical observations. An idea of the volume may be formed from the table of contents:—"Old and New" "London Authors;" "The Duke and the Drudge;" "A Trip to Windsor;" "Lions:" "A Day at Oxford;" "Art;" "Castles and Shakspeare;" "By-the-Way, etc. etc." Tuckerman's books are always good.

Sculpture and Sculptors.

—A series of familiar sketches with this title, embracing two elegant 12mo. volumes, pp. 239, have lately been published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston. They are from the pen of the author of "Three Experiments of Living," &c., and were written for the purpose of presenting a connected history of sculpture, and those who have distinguished themselves as sculptors. The author undertakes her task very modestly, and accomplishes it, we think, in the happiest manner. Her volumes are pleasant, and will unquestionably be generally pronounced useful. Sculpture, as a study, has been but little attended to in America. We may hope that such works as that we are now noticing, will call more attention to the subject.

Western Characters.

—Redfield, of New York, has just published a book (12mo. pp. 378) with this title. It embraces sketches of Western Characters, or Types of Border Life, and is beautifully illustrated by Darley. The author is J. L. McConnell, a writer of considerable merit. There is no personality in the volume, though it gives pictures which unquestionably have their originals. The writer says the book as it at present appears, is not in strict accordance with his original plan. We shall in all probability return to it again hereafter, when our readers shall be treated to extracts.

Similitudes.

—Jewett & Co., of Boston, are the publishers of a truly loveable little volume, with this title. It comes from the pen of "Lucy Larcoc," and embraces a gathering of delightful little stories, which the young folks will devour with the best relish. Lucy—we like the name of Lucy—makes a nestling place for herself in the hearts of the young people, by this volume, and we trust she may long repose in such chambers. Her little volume, it should be added, is handsomely illustrated, while it is printed as elegantly as could be desired.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Jullien.

The Jullien concerts at Concert Hall, were largely attended. Crowds have, indeed, filled

the immense saloon nightly. Even when its dimensions were increased so as to admit four or five hundred more people, still, there was a shortness of sitting room. Such success, we need not add, was deserved. Philadelphians know how to appreciate good music, be it vocal or instrumental. They will not, unless for the momentary fun of the thing, patronize humbugs; and when they do this, the humbug must be boldly transparent; it must be rich and racy.

Jullien's band in Philadelphia was only about half the size of Jullien's band in New York; still it was gloriously effective. The great Maestro's compositions were given with immense emphasis, particularly the celebrated American Quadrilles. This piece is a most brilliant and happy hit. It thrills one with patriotic fire. You rise up under its execution; your blood gallops through your veins; your hand all involuntarily flies to your head, where your hat would be if you were not in a concert room, and you are on the point of singing out with stentorian lungs, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Truly, this is a great country; and Jullien's Quadrilles are well calculated to extend its area of freedom. There is a spirit in them which makes Jonathan's waistcoat too small for his body—it must be liberally enlarged, or the thumpings of his heart, and the swellings of his breast, will tear it all to tatters.

Jullien's compositions are just as peculiar, just as distinctive of Jullien, as are Jullien's waistcoat and neckcloth; just as much Jullien's, and Jullien's alone, as are the waving of Jullien's gilded wand, and the sinking away of Jullien, at the close of each piece, into Jullien's elegantly carved and gilded arm chair. Who that has seen that waistcoat, or that neckcloth, with the swelling ruffles beneath it; who that has seen the waving of that gilded wand, the sinking away, the literally crumbling to pieces of Jullien into his gold and velvet chair, will forget either? Not one—even though his memory be as bad as an officeholder's who has patronage to dispense, and who has promised subordinate positions to twenty individuals, when he really only has places for ten. Waited on by the unsuccessful ten his recollection is sadly befog'd: "Did I tell you, you should have the place? You must be mistaken—really I don't remember!"

Jullien's solo performers are as a whole the best we have ever had in the country. One or two of them rank first in the world. Bottessini and Koenig are of the former class. The brothers Mollenhauers are also, we suspect, as duettists, unsurpassed. We have not space to specialize more than we have done.

We must add that the whole management of the Jullien concerts has been admirable,

in a superlative sense. We know not when we have encountered a more agreeable person than Dr. Joy; while as for Brough, he is everywhere voted super-excellent, whether he stands with his hand upon his heart, in sight of the "Old Mill there," singing "She was like thee ere death oppressing sunk her beauties to decay," or acts as agent of Parr's celebrated Life Pills, as director of Miss Kate Hayes, and Gottschalk, of the sole representative in the United States of a celebrated gunpowder.

Gottschalk.

— We have a letter from Providence which speaks most enthusiastically of the performances of this young gentleman in that city. His success, too, was considerable. We give a few extracts from our correspondent's letter, though the reader must be informed that it was written by a brother only for a brother's eye:

"We have had an excellent artist visiting us lately in Providence—*young Gottschalk*. He is a perfect gentleman. I have had him at our house, and we are all delighted with him. He spoke of knowing you, and I hope you will give him all the attention you can. He is superior to any pianist I have ever heard; and being American born, and so remarkably talented, he ought to be encouraged, at least by all of his fellow country people. I am told his reception in Boston was not what it ought to have been. The fault, if fault he has any, is that he is too modest, or rather too sensitive. Such things will never answer in our meridian. We are all of us ice cool, and require to be stirred up with the stick of impudence. Gottschalk requires pushing ahead, and I hope you, at least, will do all you can for him. He has been very successful in Providence, and more than that, has made some friends here who will stick to him to the last. I must say, I never have been more pleased with a stranger. He told us all about the ——— in Paris; and I think his visit to us may be of benefit to him when he returns to France, which I understand he does very shortly."

The Germanians,

— with Miss Pintard for a Prima Donna, are enjoying high favor in Boston. Such refined and truly artistic entertainments as they give may well be appreciated by such a public as that of "modern Athens."

Sontag.

— has been singing in Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore, with good success. She returned to this city and appeared once for the benefit of the Philharmonic Society. No *artiste* has ever visited us with greater claim to high favor. This opinion is not a new one with the BIZARRE.

Apròpos: We had occasion, in a former

number, to make some remarks about the little agent of Madam Sontag, which, we learn, did not please him. He was, in truth, so greatly incensed, that he positively refused to pay our advertising bill, and he permits it still to remain unsettled. The advertising was ordered by a gentleman who acted for Mr. Ullman previous to his arrival, and the consideration therefor is so small that, under the circumstances, no one but a very diminutive man would refuse to pay it.

— A letter, dated Florence, October 5th, and published in a London paper, gives the following touching Verdi's last opera, "Il Trovatore":

"As to forming anything like a final judgment of an opera, in four acts, on a first hearing, where the *salle*, the singers, and the band are all new to one, and in the face of a riotous Italian audience, it would require more critical experience, musical knowledge, and presence of mind than I possess. I suppose it is unnecessary to state that the opera is by Verdi—to whom else do the Italians now listen?—and equally unnecessary to add, that everything that mechanical musical skill can effect has been pressed into his service to supply the place of spontaneous melody and originality. Various tricks of odd keys and out-of-the-way rhythms are made use of with some success, to judge by the applause with which they were received. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the manners and customs of the natives to assert that the performance last night was a grand triumph. The yells and howls of the audience frightened me, until I found that they were really an expression of pleasure and satisfaction on the part of civilized beings; they reminded me of a British riot at a contested election; but of this applause there was abundance, and always the most at the noisiest parts of the music.

"The book is so disjointed that it is difficult to give an idea of it. It has been evidently compiled from some drama much too long to set to music. The author has taken refuge in a set of *tableaux*, rather than thoroughly carried out a story, and calls his work an opera in four parts. There is a *Count* whose brother has been stolen, and is supposed to have been burnt alive by a gipsy, in revenge for her mother having been burnt for witchcraft. The gipsy, however, 'by mistake,' has burned her own child instead—and brought up the *Count's* brother as her own son. How this gipsy foundling comes to be a knight in splendid armour does not appear. He is, however, called *Il Trovatore*; and is in love with *Leonora*, a lady fair and free, who misses no opportunity of declaring that she returns his passion, to the great disgust of the *Count*, who is, of course,

in love with her also. The *Trovatore* is, further, a proscribed bandit. This gives the *Count*, his unknown brother, a great hold upon him: and he is caught and put in prison, together with the gipsy his mother, who is not his mother, and who is to be burnt for burning him, which she did not do. (I hope I make myself understood.) *Leonora* offers herself to the *Count* as the price of the liberty of the *Trovatore*, and cheats him by taking poison. The *Trovatore* is hurried to execution; and the *Count*, dragging the gipsy to the window to see him die, is horror-stricken by the announcement 'Era questo il tuo fratello.' The curtain falls—every one being dead except the *Count*.

"Out of all this *farrago*, you may imagine that some effective situations may arise—and these have been cleverly seized and dramatically treated by the composer. The introductory part appears to me the weakest—as in narrative and explanatory music Verdi always is. *Leonora* screams the confession of her love to her confidant, and makes some very awkward attempts to be tender by changing the key two or three times in the course of her *aria*:—and the captain of the guard tells the family history clumsily enough. But before the first act is over the rivals have met, and quarrelled, and go off with the evident intention of fighting. The second part introduces the gipsies, with a pretty chorus: and *Azucena* sings her story in an effective romance (founded, as an old playgoer of our party remarked, on Storace's 'Tawny Moor:'); This joins on to a duett between her and *Manrico*:—the gipsies taking up the first *refrain*, and, going off, repeating it in the distance. Then comes the *Count*. His *aria* is commonplace enough, and is interrupted by a bald chorus of nuns, in whose convent *Leonora* is going to take the veil:—but, on *Manrico* appearing, she changes her mind, and a very dramatic *terzett* ensues, in the 'Ernani' style. There is a good scene when the *Count* and *Azucena* first meet (by the bye, the part of *Azucena* would be a very good one in Madame Viardot's hands.)—and there is a duett between the lovers when they are going to be united, which has some real sentiment. Indeed, from this time forward, there is more tenderness in the music than in anything I have previously heard by Verdi. A scene in which *Leonora*, on her way to release her lover from prison, again hears his serenade, bidding her adieu, (sung with purity and sweetness by Signor Beaucardo,) had great success, and is charmingly written,—the alternate phrases of the *soprano* and *tenor* being interrupted by a 'Miserere.' behind the scenes, for the condemned criminals. It was re-demanded loudly, and was repeated:—*Manrico* having first left his prison to make

his bow to the audience. (How can an artistic people tolerate this barbarism?) Madame Albertini played *Leonora*. She looks as if she was worn to skin and bone by screaming; but she displayed a good deal of power and passion in this, and in the following scene; when she intercedes with the *Count* for *Manrico*, and finally offers herself as his ransom. So much force, however, is spent in this anti-climax, that the last scene of all is rather weak. You will gather from my description that the whole thing, book and music, is too fragmentary to be an artistic work: but there is a good deal of interest and more charm in the music, to my thinking, than is usual with Verdi; and Mr. Gye and Signor Costa had better look for 'Il Trovatore.'

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Princely Statues.

—We see there is a project on foot in London, having for its object the erection of a Statue to Prince Albert. We should think John Bull had already paid money enough for Albert statues carved in solid flesh, but it seems that fat individual entertains a different opinion. The Lord Mayor of London, starts first the subscription to this new statue project with £50, and is followed up by the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford and others, with the same amount.

Town Talk.

—Mr. Ingersoll's address before the Alumni of the University has excited a good deal of remark. It certainly was a most remarkable production to come from one who has heretofore been considered the rankest of partizans. It contains a vast amount of truth, but the surprise is that Mr. Ingersoll should utter it. He is a very plain-speaking gentleman; but has he not uncorked his indignation, and poured out the contents of the flask, when they had become sour with age? Governor Bigler's defence of the Governors of Pennsylvania at the La Pierre house dinner, subsequently to the address of Mr. Ingersoll, is said to have been, upon the whole, only tolerable. What else could be expected? Governor Bigler, we suspect, is no man for a speech at a literary festival of any kind. He is Chief Magistrate of the great State of Pennsylvania nevertheless, and what is more, we (the *we* that write Town Talk) voted for him! There goes a colonel's commission. The epaulettes of aide-camp to Bigler will certainly never adorn these shoulders.

—The La Pierre House hops are universally pronounced delightful re-unions. We thank the proprietors for their remembrance of BIZARRE, and hope it may be represented at their next hop. The elegants of the press, we learn, have been admirably represented

in the editors of the *Sun*, the *Saturday Courier*, and the *City Item*. Apropos of him of the *City Item*: It is said he delivered a fine lecture on music in Lancaster the other evening. It is further stated that he proposes delivering a course of lectures shortly at the Musical Fund Hall. We will all go.

—“So you have been to Virginia?” Yes, one of *us* has been there. Glorious state is Virginia, yet only half, nay a quarter developed. The people are refined, intelligent, hospitable, and they live like noblemen, as they are. “Did you see any Uncle Toms?” No, Uncle Toms only live in mad or silly brains. We did see though plenty of contented, happy, and, as to domestic comforts, truly enviable coloured servants. They all had good homes. Some of them we learned from themselves, had earned very considerable sums of money, which they had carefully put away. All were attached to the soil on which they lived, and not one with whom we talked felt disposed to leave it. They seemed to be proprietors, or to feel themselves proprietors of the acres about them. One of them welcomed us and our travelling companion, in the proprietorship style, as he handily relieved us of our overcoats and hats, on arriving at our destination, a noble and hospitable mansion on the Rappahannock, with nearly fifteen hundred broad acres about it. “You must make yourselves at home here;” said Henry. “We do all we can to amuse gentlemen who visit us; call on Henry if you want anything, gentlemen.”

And who was this Henry? As industrious and clever a servant as we could desire to see. He had been brought up in the family, and was deeply attached to his mistress. He could turn his hand to almost anything. He was, in other words, by turns, table-servant, coachman, oysterman, seine-fisherman, painter, shoemaker, barber, hairdresser, boot-black, and hunter. His fellow servants were little less clever; and all, we suspect, quite as happy and contented as possible to see men and women. They looked upon a residence in the North as a positive punishment. They had heard, it seems, of the deplorable condition of black people in our large cities. We contrasted their calm quiet comforts, in their snug, well-warmed cottages, pigs and poultry surrounding their doors, with the wretched state of negroes in Baker street, lying, half-clad and half-starved, upon dirty straw, in filthy cellars. Perhaps we may say more of our Southern jaunt hereafter.

—The war fever abroad seems to be lulling. There may be an arrangement. Money will grow easier, we suppose, with a clearing up of bellicose skies. It might be much more plentiful around our premises and do nobody any harm. We shall see.

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Where the orange blossoms adorn the gardens,—where the summits of the lofty trees are festooned with luxuriant vines,—where vernal breezes are redolent of the balmy perfume of clustering flowers,—where a genial warmth pervades the atmosphere,—where nature with lavish bounty has opened her kindest stores to robe the earth in beauty, and invest every object with a garb of pleasing attraction; there the mocking bird has fixed his home.

You, who have seen him only a confined captive, in some gaudy cage; who have marked the constrained efforts of that little spirit to cheer its lonely hours with artificial song, tuning his notes to sounds, unlike those which are freely wafted to his ear upon some calm spring morning, in a southern clime; you who have only noted the wearied motions and the care-worn appearance, as looking through those prison bars, he pants for that liberty which he once enjoyed amid green fields, and by the running brooks,—know not the silver tones of that harmonious voice, the never-ending variety of those charming notes; the mild, gentle, graceful movements of wing; when in the bright beams of a newly-risen sun, while dew-drops, like pendant diamonds, still sparkle upon leaf and flower,—he circles above your dwelling, catching the spirit of quiet joy and peace, life and love, which pervades every object—pouring forth from that swelling throat one continued strain of melody, which enchants your own soul, and delights the listening ear of nature.

The music of a bird in captivity, suggests emotions by no means pleasing. It is but the mirth of a little creature insensible of the true character of its situation, yet knowing that all its native privileges are not enjoyed. "It is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that give the bird's song its true relish."

In the depths of the forest, the thrush with its dappled breast turned towards the

king of day, sits upon the topmost bough of some monarch of the woods, and sweetly chants his

"Orison, each morning duly paid."

On every hand ten thousand voices fill those leafy domes, and enliven the darkest recesses, where through matted arches scarcely a single ray of light can unobstructed steal its way. Yet amid this happy throng, you detect not the notes of the "king of song." He is not here. Would you seek him? Turn then from the forest, the dark swamp, and search for him at your own door. There he is, now hiding his fragile form among the yellow blossoms of that jessamine vine, as in fragrance it clammers around the piazza, now resting amid the flowers of your favorite rose-bush, again seeking his fair consort, as she guards her nest within that sweet myrtle tree, in the corner of your garden. Yes, here he swells, and lives secure from harm. He courts not the dense glades of the forest, but his delight is to select some chosen bough of the myrtle, some limb among the rose-bushes, some twig upon the jessamine vine, where he may enjoy the companionship of man, and warble those strains of nature's own music, where they will fall with inimitable harmony upon, and be appreciated by the cultivated ear.

With the first dawn of light in the eastern sky, begins his song. Louder and sweeter it floats upon the

"Breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

again subsiding as the still dull hour of noon approaches, until a subdued twitter alone is heard from the inner boughs of the refreshing shade-tree, when the sun is looking fiercely down from his burning axle, upon the parched earth. Mid-day past, again the air grows vocal with the self-same strains, even more abundant as the shadows of the live-oak and laurel are lengthening, and the cool breath of evening tide steals softly over field and forest. And when the veil of darkness has covered the face of nature, when the "queen of the silver bow" and her attendant starry train, look down in beauty upon a sleeping world, even then in the quiet watches of the night may anon be heard the plaintive tones of that little songster.

Pleasing is it, to "see the lark warbling on the wing, raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell, as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centered, the spot that has prompted all this joy."

So it is when in company with his mate, that we recognise the most tender demonstrations of affection, the quiet love of the

mocking bird. Mark him as he mounts aloft, on fluttering wing, and with expanded tail supports himself for one moment with utmost grace and ease, and then suddenly circling downwards, seats himself beside his spouse, and claims from her some token of love, innocent, and touchingly beautiful. Now from that swelling throat comes a song more attractive, more varied, more charming than all others, because he feels his loved one is near, that her ear is open, her eye is upon him, and that she will soon again seal his attachment; and reward his efforts with renewed proofs of her own regard. Mr. Audubon, in speaking of the notes of the mocking bird, remarks "they are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived them all from nature's self.—Yes reader, all."

HAYDON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

This most clever book has just been brought out by the Harpers in two handsome volumes of 500 pp. and upwards each. The hero was a singular being, and he gives us all the phases of his remarkable career, from the time he left his paternal roof and well-nigh killed a fond mother by so doing, until near up to the horrid moment when he fell by his own hand.

In the course of his Autobiography, he presents many sketches of contemporary genius, literary, scientific and artistic, and in doing so, offers a fund of incident and anecdote which is intensely interesting. At times, he gives the most comical adventures imaginable; and to refrain from laughing at them, were impossible, even though we know we were galloping on to the saddest and most deplorable of *dénouements*. The irresistibly droll things we encounter in our passage thereto, are something like funny scenes fallen in with on the way to a funeral. We smile, nay we even laugh outright at them, yet the merriment is ever speedily followed by the soberness which the sad object of our journey inspires.

Haydon was a genius, but a most obstinate one. Had he acted more on the advice of his friends, his end would, in all probability not have been the deplorable one it was. He had, however, cut out a path of his own, by which to reach fame, and he followed it to the letter. Still he was a genius, and a

genius of remarkable mould. He worked an immense amount, worked too, most indefatigably. He had the misfortune, however, to see others with less talent far exceed him in popularity, and in the acquisition of money; and though he knew by adopting the same means he could outstrip them, he still pertinaciously persevered in his own impracticable way.

Occasionally, throughout his autobiographic leaves, we find him praying earnestly but generally for world-honors and world-glories; scarcely ever for a state of mind which should fit him for eternity.

Haydon was devoted to his profession. He dissected men, beasts, all kinds of creatures, to obtain a knowledge of anatomy. During the painting of his second great picture, *Dentatus*, he visited the *Elgin Marbles* constantly, and copied them generally and in detail. Sometimes he would remain all day; and during the greater part of the night with them. He obtained living models, and on one occasion nearly killed a poor black fellow in the effort to get a cast of his figure.

He always worked under a cloud, after his father was obliged to withdraw his helping hand. In other words, he commenced borrowing at that time, and as he says, "here began debt and obligation, out of which I never have been and never shall be extricated, as long as I live." At the end of 1810, during which these pecuniary difficulties commenced, he says, "I reviewed my vices and follies, and idlenesses in my journal as usual, prayed God for forgiveness, and promised reform. I concluded in prayer, and began 1811 in prayer for God's merciful blessing on my virtuous labours."

Haydon had quite a talent for writing for newspapers, and thus speaks of his first effort, which it seems was in reply to no less distinguished a pen than that of Leigh Hunt.

"After writing, rewriting, puzzling and thinking, blotting and erasing, reading to Eastlake, and taking his advice, I managed to get through my first letter.

"I went with it to the Examiner office, dropped it into the letter-box myself, with a sort of spasm, as if I was done for in even daring to attack such a renowned critic as Leigh Hunt. Never shall I forget that Sunday morning. In came the paper, wet and uncut; up went the breakfast knife—cut, cut, cut. Affecting not to be interested, I turned the pages open to dry, and, to my certain immortality, saw, with delight not to be expressed, the first sentence of my letter. I put down the paper, walked about the room, looked at *Macbeth*, made the tea, buttered the toast, put in the sugar, with that inexpressible suppressed chuckle of delight that always attends a condescending relinquishment of an anticipated rapture till

one is perfectly ready. Who has not felt this? who has not done this?"

This is capital.

We cannot follow this remarkable man through even the most prominent details of his absorbingly interesting volumes, though much we wish we had the space to do so. On the contrary, we must look to the end of his career, and show the dreadful state of mind which he suffered, in the midst of his poverty and with a wife and young family depending upon him. Here is a characteristic extract:

"Moved the Aristides round this day for beginning to complete. O God, have mercy on me, and bless me with eyes, piety, health, intellect, and energy to get triumphantly through this and the other five of my original series for the old House of Lords, so applicable to the new!

"Let me not die, or become inferior or crippled, or lose my eyes or faculties. O Lord, prosper me through this great series, as Thou savedst me through my Solomon, in the midst of much more obscurity, and disease, and necessity that I now suffer,

"'Rejoice always in the Lord.' Thou knowest that I do. O Lord, from the first hour of my arrival in London, forty-one years ago nearly, to the present hour, Thou knowest I never lost sight of my great object—the reform, under Thy blessing, of the taste of the nation. Thou knowest, always praying to Thee, I have devoted my life to its accomplishment, and will, under Thy blessing, devote the remainder. Grant me before I die complete success. Thy mercies and protection have not been in vain; and, O Lord, if competence for my wife and children be not incompatible with the realization of this just ambition, grant I may be able, if I die first, to leave them sufficiently protected, that they may descend to the grave blessing Thy holy name, or submissive to Thy holy will, if suffering still be their lot, for Jesus Christ's sake! Grant no obstruction on earth, no difficulty, no want, no necessity, no opposition, though greater than any human being ever encountered, may render me for one instant timid, or delay the accomplishment of these six great pictures for the honour of my great country, and for the glory of Thy immortal, innate, and unacquirable gifts.

"Amen! Amen! Amen! with all my burning soul! In awe, confidence and enthusiasm, Amen!"

What a prayer! Could the maker of such a prayer have been sane?

Again, he is painting Satan and Uriel, and indulges in the following:—

"I have some remorse in painting the Devil. I may excite admiration by encasing evil in beauty, but I wish to excite pity by showing the fatal consequences of the fall

or what would have been a cause of delight had he kept to his allegiance.

"O God, if I deserve not to succeed—if danger to virtue would accrue from complete success in developing such a character, let me fail; but if I can promote piety by exhibiting the fatal consequences of impiety on a face and figure almost next to the Creator at one time, let me, as Milton has done, succeed.

"My object in painting him is not admiration, but terror, and I have a sublime delight in dwelling on and developing such sensations.

"Got in Satan, covered the canvass, worked furiously."

Again 26th June 1855, he writes as follows:

"Exceedingly harassed for money. The Uriel has not produced a single commission. In great anxiety I glazed the drapery of Aristides, and was served with a writ for £21, in the midst of doing it, by a man to whom I had given two sketches. I told the clerk I must finish the glazing if the Lord Chancellor brought a writ, and so I did; then went to the lawyer and arranged it, and blew him up; but what a state of mind to paint in! The reason is clear enough. I have never suited my labour to the existing tastes. I know what is right and do it. So did the early Christians, and so do all great men. Suffering is the consequence; but it must be borne. Should I have shaken the nation if I had not?"

On the 27th he says:—

"Out the whole day on money matters. Got a promise of £30, and came home with £5. All the young men have got commissions—Bell, Marshall, Foley, Maclise, and others. I am totally left out, after forty-one years' suffering and hard work, with my Lazarus, and Curtius, and Uriel before their eyes; and being, too, the whole and sole designer for the House of Lords in the first instance, and the cause of the thing being done at all. Backed by encouragement I have never known, how steadily would my powers develop!

"I shall never know it. I only trust in God I shall get through my six works, under any circumstances, and die brush in hand."

By way of relief and preparation for the catastrophe which we are approaching, we give the following anecdotes of Johnson, Goldsmith and Garrick related to Haydon by Mrs. Gwatkin, (—89 years old—) the niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

"I then joined her, and we had a delightful chat about Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Reynolds. She said she came to Sir Joshua quite a little girl, and at the first grand party Dr. Johnson stayed, as he always did, after all were gone; and that she being afraid of hurting a new frock, went up

stairs and put on another, and came down to sit with Dr. J. and Sir Joshua. Johnson thundered out at her—scolded her for her disrespect to him, in supposing he was not as worthy of her best frock as fine folks. He sent her crying to bed, and took a dislike to her ever after.

“She had a goldfinch which she had left at home. Her brother and sister dropped water on it from a great height, for fun. The bird died from fright, and turned black.

“She told Goldsmith, who was writing his ‘Animated Nature.’ Goldsmith begged her to get the facts, and he would allude to it. ‘Sir,’ roared out Johnson, if you do, you’ll ruin your work, for, depend upon it, it’s a lie.’

“She said that after Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander came from their voyage, at a grand dinner at Sir Joshua’s, Solander was relating that in Ireland he had seen a fowl boiled in a few minutes in the hot springs. Johnson broke up the whole party by roaring out, ‘Sir, unless I saw it with my own eyes I would not believe it.’ Nobody spoke after, and Banks and Solander rose and left the dining-room.

“The most delightful man was Goldsmith. She saw him and Garrick keep an immense party laughing till they shrieked. Garrick sat on Goldsmith’s knee; a tablecloth was pinned under Garrick’s chin, and brought behind Goldsmith, hiding both their figures. Garrick then spoke, in his finest style, Hamlet’s speech to his father’s ghost. Goldsmith put out his hands on each side of the cloth, and made burlesque action—tapping his heart, and putting his hand to Garrick’s head and nose, all at the wrong time.”

We are now at the brink of the tragedy. Haydon writes in his journal, commencing 17th June, 1846, as follows:

“17th. Dearest Mary, with a woman’s passion, wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will not. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expenses; and hope His mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul to the end. In Him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind forever. O God, bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen.

“In the morning, fearing I should be involved, I took down books I had not paid for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along, I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this

£50. *I know what I believe.*

“18th. O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said, ‘I see a quarter’s rent in thy face, but none from me.’ I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. Good-hearted Newton! I said, ‘Don’t put in an execution.’ ‘Nothing of the sort,’ he replied, half hurt.

“I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary’s heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke’s boots and hat, and Lord Grey’s coat, and some more heads.

“20th. O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

“21st. Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

“22nd. God forgive me. Amen.

Finis

of

B. R. Haydon.

‘Stretch me no longer on this rough world.’—*Lear.*

End of Twenty-sixth volume.”

The editor, Tom Taylor, adds:

“This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven o’clock on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June. Before eleven, the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death. On the morning of that Monday, Haydon rose early and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband’s special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven, his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the Park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead, before the easel on which stood his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood, a half-open razor smeared with blood at his side; near it, a small pistol recently discharged; in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel, facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary, open at the page of that last entry, his watch, a Prayer-Book open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, headed ‘Last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten.’

“No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.

“ I create good—I create—I the Lord do these things.

“ Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and I fear the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because when encouraged I paid everybody. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen.”

Beside this paper was another,—his Will. The editor adds:—

“ The coroner’s jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act.

“ Haydon’s debts at his death amounted to about £3000. The assets were inconsiderable.

“ Sir Robert Peel’s kindness did not close with the painter’s life. Liberal and immediate assistance was extended to the bereaved widow and family, and such comfort as the sympathy and help of friends could give was not wanting to those whom this unhappy and unfortunate man left behind him.

“ Thus died Haydon, by his own hand, in the sixty-first year of his age, after forty-two years of studies, strivings, conflicts, successes, imprisonments, appeals to ministers, to Parliament, to patrons, to the public, self-illusions, and disappointments.

“ His life carries its moral and lesson with it, or these memoirs are now given to the world to little purpose.”

ALFRED BUNN'S NEW BOOK.

Mr. Alfred Bunn’s book of travels in the United States, entitled “ Old and New England,” is now passing through the press of Mr. A. Hart, of this city, and will be given to the public before Christmas. We have seen several advance sheets, through the kindness of the publisher, and they have impressed us only so-so-ishly of the book. It is written in a free off-hand style, and with all the funny scenes which the traveller encounters in our country.

We present the following extracts, having been furnished by Mr. Hart with proofs for the purpose. As will be seen, the paragraphs which lead off concern

PHILADELPHIA AND PHILADELPHIANS.

“ I visited a spot in the district of Kensington, where once stood the great elm tree, under which William Penn concluded those negotiations with the Indian chiefs that led to the founding of a colony, which the course of events has turned into the fair city of Philadelphia. The scene has been rendered somewhat familiar by West’s fine picture,

and therefore any recollection of it will be agreeable.

“ To us there is an indescribable gratification in going back as far as possible into the source of all that arrests our attention—in arriving at the fountain-head, from which greatness and good have continuously sprung, and in marking thereby what wondrous events the fight of time brings to bear. By trusting somewhat to memory, and something to imagination, you may believe yourself for the moment beneath the umbrageous shelter which covered alike the men of England and those of the Algonquin race, and listening to the peaceful tenets of the self-exiled Quaker, and the compliance of the confiding Indian. That neither one party nor the other ever dreamed that conference could lead to those results which civilization has effected, we can readily believe; but though man may have hewn down the forest, and peopled its locality, he has been unable to alter the course of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, or remove their surrounding mountains; and thus we may re-people the past, and turn fancy into the sternness of reality. In the plenitude of our faith we visited the spot, and we should strongly recommend any wanderer to Philadelphia a similar act of homage.

“ It will require no stretch of credulity to visit another scene which is peculiarly dear to the memory of an American. Presuming that you have seen, in the Patent-office of Washington, the old-fashioned printing-press at which Benjamin Franklin worked in London, you cannot feel otherwise than curious to see his final resting-place. Though born in New England, he became, at seventeen years of age, an inhabitant of Philadelphia, which he may be considered as having altogether adopted; and to the formation of its literary and other institutions his wisdom and his patriotism mainly contributed.—Well, at the northwest corner of the churchyard of Christ Church you will behold, covering an unostentatious grave, a marble slab, with these words engraven thereon:

BENJAMIN
AND
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.
1790.

Beneath this slab repose the bones of the great philosopher—“ simplex munditiis!” we may well exclaim.

“ Next to Boston, the city of Philadelphia is one with which an Englishman will be more pleased than with any other in the States; it is *bona fide* of English extraction, created by, and enlarged upon, English notions; it has the same order, the same neatness, the same appearance which characterize our own towns, and you feel at home as soon as you put foot in it. One of the most

striking features amongst the many which present themselves, is "the Market"—we adopt the singular, though there are several; but the one is in Market street, of an almost incredible length, and presenting an equally incredible nicety of arrangement and cleanliness of appearance. The State of Pennsylvania is famed for its pasturage, and thus the butter and cheese-stalls cut a very conspicuous figure in the range of this building. We were particularly struck by the manner of a gentleman dressed in full black, followed, as we presumed, by his servant, who seemed intent upon the weight of a pound of butter, which we took it for granted he was purchasing, and we felt some degree of astonishment at any one being so exceedingly particular about so very trifling a matter; but passing him again in another part of the market, and perceiving him similarly employed, we inquired into the nature of his occupation, and found that he was neither more nor less than the clerk of the market, whose duty it is to weigh a pound of butter promiscuously selected from every tub that may happen to be brought into it; and if he finds a deficiency of half an ounce, the whole lot of some fifty or sixty pounds becomes forfeited, and its produce goes into the city funds. We could not help feeling the necessity and value of such a precaution at home, where many a stated quantity is shorn of its due proportion, and many a customer thereby defrauded of his natural rights.

"One of the grand products of the Delaware is a fish called the shad, a great delicacy, and consequently held in considerable estimation; and being caught, as it were, on the spot, it will be readily understood that the market abounds with them. We visited one of the scenes of action, where the season's slaughter takes place, and were much interested with the whole proceeding. The parties who rent that portion of the water we were on, pay a considerable annual sum for it. They have a large cottage or hut, or hovel, or whatever it may be termed, erected on the shore for their fishermen, whom they pay twenty-eight dollars (we understood) a month each, and provide them moreover with every kind of provision, and a comfortable hammock to sleep in. These are swung up aloft, while the lower apartments consist of a room for mealing in, a store-room, and a kitchen, the duties of which were superintended most efficiently by a darkie. We were hospitably pressed to partake of an excellent dinner to which these rough sons of the waters were sitting down, with an assurance of some whiskey that could not be surpassed elsewhere. That we felt perfectly certain of, and only regretted that the repast of a friend, at whose house we were on a visit, was waiting our return.

"In a bright spring morning, when the early flowers have been just gathered, and retain their natural odor, when fresh vegetables make all "their first appearance this season," when the butchers are arrayed in the whitest of linen aprons and sleeves, and the venders of butter, milk, eggs, and other domestic commodities, are decked out in their plaited and primitive caps, lawn handkerchiefs, and mittens to meet their long-sleeved gowns, we cannot picture or imagine a prettier sight of rustic simplicity.

"Considerable discussion from time to time has arisen upon the subject of "solitary confinement"—a species of punishment which is a distinguishing feature of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia. On the one hand, it is deemed a lenient and safe mode of correcting crime, and on the other a superhuman principle of torture. Pseudo-philanthropy has become now-a-days a very fashionable propensity, practised to a degree actually amounting to broad farce. At the time that pleasant couple, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, departed this life under an universal impression that they had sent Mr. Patrick O'Connor out of it a short time before, there were those to be found who added to the countless throngs that witnessed the execution, and who the following morning denounced in the public journals the absolute necessity of abolishing capital punishment, and stopping thereby that fearful tendency the people always manifest to be present at such spectacles. At this rate, a man and his wife may dispose of their lodger by blowing his brains out, and burying his body under the hearth-stone of the kitchen-range; but the olden cry of "blood will have blood, the slayer for the slain," must not be heard; for the mob will flock to such sights, and their habits, already sufficiently depraved, only become more so. Well, then, in this prison they don't hang; you only lock a man up for five or ten years of his life, and keep him entirely to himself, that he may neither become more contaminated than he is, nor contaminate other people.

"In comes mawkishness again, roundly asserting that such chastisement is nothing short of a slow but certain process of murder; that it terminates in early death or confirmed lunacy, and stamps altogether the brand of shame on the legislative brow of the country. It is impossible to arrive at the aim of these people, who pander to the very worst habits of the community by admitting—nay, maintaining—that their highest crimes are capable of extenuation. At this rate of going on, we shall shortly find ourselves sitting at table by the side of a fellow who has cut a friend's throat, or taking wine with the forger who has brought a whole family to ruin, or sipping a cup of tea with every patron or pro-

fessor of petty larceny in one's parish. By the showing of these scribes, to murder a man outright, and have done with him, is an act capable of palliation; but to murder him by slow degrees (which they deem this), to give him ample time for the repentance of sin and to implore forgiveness, is an act of infamous barbarity, compared to the horrors of which, the wheel and the thumb-screw of the Inquisition were merciful. We did hear that, contrary to the opinion of the authorities, some alteration in the system upon which this Penitentiary is conducted was about to be effected; but not under the slightest idea that any of the results depicted by those precious pseudo-philanthropists were at all likely to occur.

"While thus roving about from 'gay to grave, from lively to severe,' we must caution any sojourner in this bright spot against committing, *seriatim*, a supposed error into which we fell, intentionally, by way of joke. Having obeyed the summons of one of the most charming families this city contains to accompany them to mass, to hear some good music, we were witness to the ceremonies with which the affair wound up; and in referring to the eddies of what Johnson calls "visible effluvia," that were whirling round the high altar and parts adjacent, we observed to a neighbor: "We had no idea that smoking was allowed in a Roman Catholic chapel!" "What do you mean?" said the astounded disciple; "that's not smoke, it's incense!"

"But after all the preamble and peroration into which we have entered, to know Philadelphia well, you must know its people, enjoy their society, partake of their hospitality, join in their pursuits, and cultivate in every possible degree their valuable acquaintance. The first means of accomplishing this, is to go up to the western extremity of Chestnut Street, and gazing upon the dulllest-looking house in all that vast thoroughfare, you will instantly come to the conclusion that it is an hospital or alms-house, for such it appears to be; but get an introduction to the proprietress of it, Mrs. Rush, and the doors of one of the statliest mansions ever erected will be thrown open to you. In selecting, for mention by name, any particular member of private society, we may be pardoned when that one holds almost the position of a public character. This lady is a *millionaire* resident of Philadelphia, whose husband, Dr. Rush, is a brother to a former Minister at the Court of St. James's, and she is "the observed of all observers," as may readily be imagined. Of Mrs. Rush's taste and acquirements some idea may be formed in an examination of the palace in which she resides; but they may be more generally understood, when we state that she is one of

the most accomplished women of the day, a ripe scholar, an extraordinary linguist, a good musician, and a general student. Beneath her fretted and golden roof, the wealthy and the wise, the young and the beautiful, the robust and the gay, assemble from all parts on any of her grand galas; while to her weekly levees every Saturday, not merely the inhabitants known to her, but the stranger that is within their gate, flock, and are courteously received—in short, to live in Philadelphia, and not know Mrs. Rush, is to argue yourself unknown.

One might be pardoned, with equal propriety, for bringing into what further notice these light pages can give him, so eminent a character as General George Cadwallader, one of the most distinguished of American citizens. It is said there is no end of his wealth—certainly there is none of his hospitality; and that he is *le plus brave des braves*, the annals of the Mexican War can furnish ample testimony. Neither have we the same reserve we feel in so many other instances, when we single out Mr. Pierce Butler (the General's brother-in-law), [1] whose various accomplishments, suavity of manner, and noble principles, won him so much esteem when he visited England, and where an universal sympathy for his ill-assorted marriage prevails with all who have the pleasure of knowing him. Having been brought for the time being into an unenviable notoriety in matters connected with that branch of public life, in which he had been happier had he never associated, we shall have occasion to make a slight reference to him in another chapter, and now simply mention him as another amongst a long list, whom all who visit the city of brotherly love should endeavour to know. It is a place of pleasantness all over; it has one of the pleasantest clubs, with some of the pleasantest members a club can be composed of. The principal conductors of its journalism demonstrate how pleasant men of high literary attainments can be; in short, to steal a holy thought from a holy volume, "its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace." By the margin of its fine rivers we have strolled, and thought over all these things: and we shall think of them for many a long day to come, bearing in mind, and acting upon its principle, the concluding stanza of the Hibernian lyrist on the same scene of enchantment:

"The stranger is gone, but he will not forget

When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,

To tell with a sigh what endearments he met,

As he roved by the waves of the Schuylkill alone!"

GOING WEST.

"If you want to go from Philadelphia in a westward or a north-westward direction, as

circumstance or inclination may determine, it is a puzzle which route to select, where the perils of travel least abound. If you return to New York, and proceed *via* that city to Buffalo, and thence onward towards Ohio, you have to recross the Rancocus Creek, and other watery cemeteries we have written elsewhere upon, and then to dash across the Hudson River, skimming the top of that uncertain element for nearly 160 miles; if you think of the Cumberland and Ohio Railway, you will think also of last April; and then you have only one other horror to approach, and that is the Alleghany Mountains. We therefore determined to approach them, and took the railroad cars to Pittsburgh. The danger which so many associate with travel over them, from the fact of the heaviest trains being propelled by ropes up and down inclined planes, in which progress the snapping of a cord might hurl numbers to immediate perdition, is to our way of thinking no danger at all, compared with that which seems impending over more than 200 miles of ground before you reach them, and after you have turned your back upon them. There is no question of one thing, that should the ropes break, the passengers would also break—their necks; and it is impossible to deny that it is a complete case of travel-terror; but look at the prospective and retrospective view. One moment the road lies over bridges thrown across precipices more than 150 feet high, then on rails laid down round mountain passes, whence the slightest curve might send one into the realms of space. The gauge of the track being narrow, and the sides of the cars projecting over the wheels, you rarely see from the windows of either any portion of the road, the eye encountering, at an immense depth below you, either rapid rivers, deep ravines, forests hanging midway down, or glens even below them. It gives you some idea of sailing in the air; and if the mind could be thoroughly divested of apprehension, the panorama around you so surpassingly beautiful, would charm you.

"The best thing we can do, before we say anything more upon the subject, is to give the traveller a piece of advice:—

Before you cross over the Alleghany mountains,
Be sure you settle all your little countings
With wife, with parent, sister, or with brother,
In this world, at all events,
Lest any of the small events,
Which happen up there should send you to the other!
If you've done any wrong immediately redress it,
Or committed any sin, immediately confess it—
If you haven't paid your washing, or any little bet,
You certainly will rue it,
For after you've paid Nature's debt,
'Twill be too late to do it!

Without going into every particular,
If you should be thrown down
Rocks, at the least half a mile perpendicular,
If you crack nothing else, you'll of course crack your
[crown!]

Then 'twould make your eyeballs stare,
And all your flesh quiver,
To find yourself suddenly hanging by the hair
From the branches of a tree hanging o'er a river!

Then let us ask you, is it not abhorrent
From nature to feel you've only one leg remaining,
And, soused over head and ears, borne down a torrent,
After the other with all your might straining?
To be drawn up by team
Of ropes, instead of steam,
Is a novel way, and not a very pleasant one—
But is not a matter of selection,
Or rejection,
For of other modes of travelling there is not, at the present
[sent, one-

[Nota bene. We hope,
Without the least offence, that we may say,
If it is to be our lot
To go out of the world by virtue of a rope,
Pray is it not
Best to do so at once by the regular way!]

Then,
A very hollow glen,
And a very deep ravine,
Are all very well if at a distance they are seen.
But here there's nothing at all romantic in it,
For you're rolled into either in a minute!

The rover
On the top of a mountain, and a misty 'un,
Would be sorry to see
From its summit e'en a donkey thrown over;
Then pray what must be
His feelings when this happens to a Christian!

No—no!
Do not go!
For if your thoughts aspire
By going so much higher
To breathe the purer air
Which circulateth there,
It is much more like to choke you,
From the rapid rate they drive at,
And, the end ere they arrive at,
In some deep morass they'll soak you.

Or, should you idly dream,
Of finding in those regions
Of fairies bright-wing'd birds, and flowers, legions—
All lovely things that have their birth
In sweet localities above dull earth,
And which so spotless seem,
That nothing e'er can harm, and nothing grieve 'em—
Whoever tells you so, do not believe 'em,
For neither warblers, plants, parterres, or fountains,
Are ever to be found among the Alleghany Mountains!

RES CURIOSAE.

PROPHETIC SPECTRES.

Sandy's Ovid, quoted by Dendy in his Philosophy of Mystery, gives the following Bavarian legend. It is called "The Room of the Lady's Figure:"

Otto, a Bavarian gentleman of passionate nature, mourned for his wife very deeply. On one of his visits to her tomb, a mournful voice, which murmured, "A blessed evening, sir!" came o'er his ear; and while his eyes fell on the form of a young chorister, he placed a letter in his hands and vanished. His wonder was extreme when he read this mysterious despatch, which was addressed "To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife," and signed: "This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha," and appointing an interview in the public walk. Thither, on a beautiful evening, sped the Bavarian, and there, among the crowd, sat a lady covered by a veil. With a trembling voice he whispered "Bertha," when she arose, and with her warm and living arm on his returned to his once desolate home. There were odd thoughts, surmises, and wonderings passing among the friends of Otto, and suspicions of a mock funeral and a solemn cheat; but all subsided as time stole over, and their wedded life was without a cloud, until a paroxysm of his rage, one fatal day, was vented on the lady, who cried, "This to me! what if the world knew all!" With this broken sentence she vanished from the room. In her chamber, whither the search led, erect, as it were, gazing on the fire, her form stood; but when they looked on it front, there was a headless hood, and the clothes were standing as if enveloping a form, but no *body* was there! A thrill of horror crept through all at the mystery, and a fear at the approach of Otto, who, though deeply penitent, was deserted by all but a graceless reprobate, his companion, and his almoner to many a stranger, who knew not the unhallowed source of beauty."

This is a pretty tolerable ghost story. Many learned people have believed in such. The eccentric Francis Grove was not only one of these believers, but he learnedly summed up the attributes of ghosts thus:

"The spirit of a person deceased is either commissioned to return for some especial errand, such as the discovery of a murder, to procure restitution of lands, or money unjustly withheld from an orphan or widow; or, having committed some injustice while living, cannot rest till that is redressed. Sometimes the occasion of spirits revisiting this world is to inform their heir in what secret place or private drawer in an old trunk they had hid the title-deeds of the es-

tate, or where, in troublesome times, they had buried the money and plate. Some ghosts of murdered persons, whose bodies have been secretly buried, cannot be at ease till their bones have been taken up and deposited in sacred ground, with all the rites of Christian burial. The ghost of Hamlet's father walked on the platform at Elsinour to incite his son to revenge his murder; and many modern phantoms have enlivened the legends of our local histories, bent on the same mysterious errand."

All fudge and nonsense this, the reason of the nineteenth century says. Those who wish to read a first-rate ghost story should turn back to BIZARRE, No. 18, vol. 2, and pause at the Ghost of St. Stephens. That's a sensible tale of a spectre, of which the learned rector, Dr. Ducachet, was the hero.

One more old-time ghost story and we have done with spiritual manifestations of this kind, certainly for the present:

"In the letter of Pliny, the consul to Surra, we learn that there was at Athens, a house haunted by a chain-rattling ghost. Athenodorus, the philosopher, hired the house, determined to quiet the restless spirit. When it grew towards evening he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the forepart of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pencil and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. The first part of the night passed in usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle. However, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pencil, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased, and advanced nearer, till it seemed near the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him: it stood before him beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning him as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and, with the light in his hand, followed it. The spectre slowly stalked along as if encumbered with his chains, and, turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus, being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for the body, having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrified, and had mouldered away from the fetters. The bones, being collected together, were publicly buried; and thus, after the ghost was ap-

peased by proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more."

Again, we say nonsense! Read "the Ghost of St. Stephens."

VARIETATES.

CHRISTMAS.—As this festival is nigh at hand, we think the following lines, written nearly a century ago, may be, with propriety, introduced in our present number :

*On the satutation of a happy Christmas
and a merry New Year.*

So merry at Christmas are some, they destroy
Their health by disease, and by trouble their joy;
At Christmas mix wisdom with mirth, and ne'er fear,
You'll secure the wish'd blessing, a happy new year.

—An old number of the London *Ladies Magazine* has the following :

"On opening a bale of cotton-wool lately at the mill of Messrs. Grinshaw & Whitehouse, greatly to the astonishment of all present, a small tortoise was turned out. It appeared at the time to be in a torpid state, but on being washed, and a short time exposed to the open air, it became animated and lively. *It must have been at least six months excluded from the air, and deprived of food and motion, and may have been so for two years, as it frequently happens that cotton-wool has been so long packed before it comes to the hand of the manufacturer.*

The Egyptians are said to be famous for fibbing; nay, telling downright falsehoods, and if any of our readers wish to tell a person that he speaks falsely hereafter the thing can be done in a more dignified style, as thus: "you Egyptianize!" Speaking of this proneness of the Egyptians to falsify, Lane, in his "Modern Egyptians," tells us that once upon a time at Cairo there was an Armenian Jeweller, so noted for his veracity that the natives called him El Ingileezee, or the Englishman. Now, this name was, perhaps, appropriate, so far as the Cairo people had a knowledge of English veracity; but it does not accord with our ideas of John Bull, at least judging from certain descriptions which he has given of our country, as well as certain brags which he makes of his own.

Whipping used to be tolerated in the English Universities, indeed, it is said that Milton, the great poet, was once "trounced" nicely by his professor. Johnson is the authority for this statement, and he gets his information from some expression in the poet's Latin Elegies. Todd insists in his life of Milton, that Johnson is mistaken, and asserts that he was only "rusticated!" Now, we do not approve even of the whipping of brutes, and certainly not of human

beings in any shape. Fathers and mothers have their own notions touching the chastisement of their children, and we do not mean to assent or dissent from their course, should they feel disposed to use the rod. We believe, however, that young folks are always more impressed by affectionate remonstrances than by severity.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Putnam's Monthly.

— for December, has been already a week on our table, and is an admirable number. *Putnam's Monthly* compares well with the best periodicals of the world. Its writers are among the best in the country. We find, by the way, in the editorial notes, the following touching Mr. Hanson's forthcoming book, "The Lost Prince," which will be read with interest, certainly by all those who have interested themselves in the pretensions to the Bourbonship, of the Rev. Eleazer Williams:—

"The anxiously expected revelations by the Rev. Mr. Hanson, on the Bourbon question, are about to be published by Putnam & Co., under the title of *The Lost Prince*. Independent of the question of the identity of the Rev. Eleazer Williams with Louis XVII., which this book very fully discusses, the work will be found one of great interest, which is never permitted to flag. The design of the author is to present to the reader all the elements necessary to the formation of opinion on the historical point which he so ably handles. We may consider the book more elaborately hereafter: at present we have only time and space to say, that the evidence adduced appears clearly to establish the fact that Louis XVII. did not die, as is usually supposed, in the Temple, in 1795. A mass of direct and circumstantial testimony is also collected, on the point of identity, which certainly forces the impartial and unprejudiced mind toward the conclusion that Mr. Williams is indeed the unfortunate dauphin."

"Hypatia,

— or *New Foes with an Old Face*," by Chas. Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Village Sermons," &c. We have received this last work of a very popular author. It is neatly printed in two volumes, and comes to us from the celebrated house of Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. The author writes with a polished pen, and he thinks we may add, as well as he writes. His books always command attention. Dr. Hooker, of our city, has lately published his "Village Sermons," the most delightful productions in their way we have ever encountered. "Hypatia" demands some extracts at our

hands, but our pages are so crowded that we must pass it by at least for the present.

Minnesota and its Resources.

— by J. Wesley Bond, is the latest publication of Redfield, of New York, which we have received. It gives a most glowing description of things in Minnesota, and will be read with interest by all; especially by those whose eyes are turned towards the great West. The history, geography, topography, soil, climate, population, &c. of Minnesota, are all well described. An elegant map is appended, and the concluding portion of the volume is occupied with a series of entertaining "Camp-Fire Sketches," descriptive of a trip to the Selkirk Settlement, on the Red River of the North, with an account of Prince Rupert's Land.

Health Trip to the Tropics.

— Scribner issues this last work, from the pen of N. Parker Willis, one of the most successful sketchers of the day. It is written in Willis' own gossiping style, and will of course meet with a ready sale. The articles it contains were originally published in the *Home Journal*, the author's own paper. Mr. Willis, by the way, as appears from his Idlewild papers, now in course of publication in the *Journal*, has entirely recovered his health. We rejoice to hear this; indeed we may be understood, as speaking with the most earnest sincerity, when we say: "May his shadow never be less."

Jaqueline Pascal.

— This book comes from E. Carter & Brother, of New York. It is from the French, and gives a most engaging story of Convent life at Port Royal. A cotemporary says:—"The Pascal family has furnished several characters that are revered in both branches of the Christian church, and Jaqueline, the younger sister, is not the least interesting of them. She was an inmate of the celebrated convent of Port Royal, and distinguished herself there by her loveliness of character. This volume contains all the memorials of her that can be collected, and it furnishes an excellent study for young Christians."

Pierre Touissant.

— Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston, have just issued a neat little volume from the pen of the author of "Three Experiments in Living," embracing the stirring and striking history of Touissant. We have read it with interest. The hero was a remarkable negro, whose career was blended with some of the most exciting passages in the battle of life.

History of Greece.

— The Harpers have sent us the 11th vol. of the History of Greece, by Charles Grote.

We have never received the previous volumes but the work has a very high reputation, which we believe it deserves. The Harpers have got it up well, as they do all their publications.

Yemassee.

— Mr. Redfield of New York, has just issued a new edition of Simms's best novel, "The Yemassee." It is elegantly illustrated, and altogether got out in a superior style, as is everything which Redfield publishes.

Lectures to Young Men.

— A third edition of Rev. Mr. Eliot's Lectures to Young Men, has been published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. Boston. It well deserves the popularity it enjoys.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

— We learn from the *Norton's Literary Gazette* that Monsieur Otto has been in America, and more than that even, Monsieur Otto has written a book on America. He finds nothing, says the *Gazette*, to like in "le peuple des Yankees," but informs his compatriots that we are "a nation enslaved, immoral and dangerous, which has been formed from fanatics, merchants, and traders banished from Europe." *L'Athenssum Francaise*, in an amusing criticism upon this ridiculous book, which is entitled, by the way, "*En deca et au dela de l'Ocean*," gives a number of extracts, which show, if correctly quoted, its complete absurdity. For example, "Religion in America has become a dupery and *un puff*." "Conjugal and paternal affection are unknown in the land." "The Yankees have always knives in their hands, with which they hack tables and chairs, and the like." We might copy even more ridiculous remarks but the character of the work is sufficiently evident.

— A collection of autographs, was sold during the last week of October, in London, at the rooms of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. There were several letters of Blake's, very rare and important for their contents;—others written by Monk, Penn, and the sea-captains of the Commonwealth. Some Cromwell letters fetched high prices. One to the Protector's son Richard, dated Carrick, April 2, 1650—a fine, homely letter—was knocked down for 27l. 6s. It is printed in Mr. Carlyle's "Cromwell Letters and Speeches:"—though the collector, who is himself so fond of emphasis, has not thought proper to indicate the emphasis put by the great Protector on the following advice to his son:—"Take heede of an ynactive vaine spirit, recreate your selfe with Sir Walter Raughleyes historie, its a bodey of historie, and will add

much more to your understanding than fragments of story." The original has these words underlined. A letter signed by Richard Cromwell sold for 8*l.* 14*s.* One by Henry the Eighth brought 4*l.* 17*s.* An autograph of Martin Luther, a good specimen, sold for 7*l.* 10*s.* One of the Byron forgeries was offered for sale as a living curiosity,—it went "for a song." A group of letters, chiefly connected with the romantic affair of Count Struensee, the others relating to Danish history, was knocked down for 20*l.*

—Dr. Cross, in repairing for his residence, the old mansion on the corner of Washington and Titcomb streets, Newburyport, Mass. discovered that the fire-places were backed with cast-iron; and some of them were very old and wrought with curious devices. One of them bore date, probably of its manufacture, of 1425, which was sixty-seven years before the discovery of the continent by Columbus. It may have been used in a dozen chimneys before it was brought to this country, and as yet it is little worn. Another had a representation of Gen. Wolfe, and lettered around in a circular frame, was—"To the memory of Gen. James Wolfe, slain at Quebec in 1757." Under this was the British coat of arms. A third, which we did not examine critically, looked as old as the oldest. They were about the size and shape of old-fashioned grave-stones, and would weigh from one to two hundred pounds each.

—The *Home Journal* learns from Paris that head-dresses are decidedly gradually drawing their fulness towards the centre of the forehead, and thus earrings are beginning to be seen in greater numbers in the jewellers' shops. These are novel in their make, being of lozenge shape, and studded with stones of divers colors. Some of them have several of these little lozenge shaped ornaments suspended from the hoop which pierces the ear, each lozenge containing stones of different colours. Brooches and pins for the head are also made to match—the lozenge-shape being adopted for every kind of ornament. The new visiting cards already issued for the *jour de Van* are of delicate tints, upon which is embossed the name of the visitor in white. Some of these have a novel effect—the green and lilac-coloured are most in favour. Pocket-handkerchiefs are trimmed with a broad lace edging, upon which coloured ribbons, with long ends, are placed at intervals. This fashion, which is purely Spanish, has obtained much favour. Cherry-coloured ribbons and sky-blue are most in vogue. They give an incredible grace and finish to the toilet, and accompany the movements of the fan with great harmony.

—The "gradations of a French newspaper,"

we agree with a writer, is curious. When Napoleon escaped from Elba and returned to France, the *Moniteur* announced the event as follows:—"First announcement—'March, 1815. The monster has escaped from the place of his banishment; he has run away from Elba.' Second—'The Corsican dragon (Pogre) has landed at Cape Juan.' Third—'The tiger has shown himself at Gap. The troops are advancing on all sides to arrest his progress. He will conclude his miserable adventure by becoming a wanderer among the mountains; he cannot possibly escape.' Fourth—'The monster has really advanced as far as Grenoble; we know not to what treachery to ascribe it.' Fifth—'The tyrant is actually at Lyons. Fear and terror seized all at his appearance.' Sixth—'The usurper has ventured to approach the capital to within sixty hours' march.' Seventh—'Bonaparte is advancing by forced marches; but it is impossible he can reach Paris.' Eighth—'Napoleon will arrive under the walls of Paris to-morrow.' Ninth—'The Emperor Napoleon is at Fontainebleau.' Tenth—'Yesterday evening his Majesty the Emperor made his public entry, and arrived at the Tuileries—nothing can exceed the universal joy!'"

—Mitchell, the Irish patriot, arrived in New York the other day, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He is now the lion in New York, and will be such, until another shows his mane.

—Alexander Dumas, it is reported, proposes coming to this country, and taking up his residence on the bank of one of our beautiful rivers. Already he has sent over several MSS for publication, among which is his interdicted play of Louis XIV.

—The following is from the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of January 31st, 1748-9:—"Some time in the month of December last, John Haddon and Abigail, his wife, both of the county of Westchester, departed this life, he aged ninety-six years, and she above ninety. They lived together man and wife for seventy odd years; they were taken ill within a day of each other, and lay ill six days, when the old man's lamp of life was extinguished for want of oil, and his constant companion with him, ten hours after, shared the same fate. They were both buried in the same grave. He had a small farm, which by his industry and frugality enabled them to pass through this vale of tears with pleasure and content; they were observed to treat each other during the seventy odd years of their cohabitation, with all the affection and regard they had shown during their honeymoon.

You may truly say of them, that all their

days were days of content, and all their nights were nights of pleasure.

In matrimony's state how few there are,
That John and Nabby's fate can hope to share;
For length of days can seldom add to bliss,
And ancient folks take trifles oft amiss;
Then let all those that are by hymen bound,
Pray for those joys that John and Nabby found."

— Philadelphia, December 19th, 1749. Last week died here Mr. Thomas Godfrey, who had an uncommon genius for all kinds of *Mathematical learning*, with which he was extremely well acquainted. He invented the new reflecting quadrant, used in navigation.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Philharmonic.

— Madam Sontag appeared at two concerts of the Philharmonic, which took place last week, the one on Wednesday and the other on Saturday evening, aided by Julian, Jaell and Rocco; and won, were it possible, increased favor. Her ballads, "Home, Sweet Home," "Edinboro' Town," and "Coming Through the Rye," were exquisite. Nothing indeed could be finer, nothing more full of truthfulness of intonation, and of feeling, the very embodiments of the ideas, words, and music of their writers. Other pieces rendered by Sontag we did not so much like; particularly the cavatina, from Ernani, a stately composition, and, as we think, unsuited to the embellishment given it by Sontag. On Saturday evening, Madam Sontag gave the grand Aria from "Lombardi," the never-tiring "Polka Aria," "Verdrai Carino," from Don Giovanni," with superior effect, but she brought down the house again only with her ballads. We would advise her to stick to these simple conceits, at her present time of life. They are given with immense effect by her; better, we think, than they ever have been, by any *artiste* who has preceded her, the great Lind not excepted.

Paul Jullien, as usual, carried away the honors on both evenings.

Rocco sang well in some of his pieces and badly in others. His duett with Sontag was admirably acted.

Jaell performed with his usual success. He is a finished, but by no means great pianist. Taste he has in an eminent degree; he has also a delicacy and originality of touch. Added to these, however, is a kind of used-up or blasé air which he assumes, as he sits down to his instrument, giving him a character. He plays, as if by compulsion, or rather, as if he was tired to death, had got a task to do, which must be done, and was determined to do it as amiably as possi-

ble. It may be that nothing but a want of energy, perhaps ambition, has prevented him from being one of the most remarkable pianists of the age. He has taste, grace, a superior ear, the highest cultivation, but he wants the locomotive principle to drive him ahead.

The orchestra on both evenings, led by Dr. Cunningham, performed its portion of the excellent entertainments well. On the whole these concerts of the Philharmonic will long be remembered. They were conceived in the most liberal spirit, and carried out in a manner highly creditable to Col. Waterman, the President, and his associates in the direction of the society.

Perelli's Soirée.

— The first soirée of Sig. Perelli, took place at his own saloon, Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening. The room, as usual, was full of beauty and fashion; and the performance of the amateurs was better than it has been any previous season. Several young ladies acquitted themselves remarkably well; while all of the gentlemen who appeared, executed their music almost faultlessly. Among the last, was Mr. Rainer, to whom we have so often alluded, and who, whether in the grand *terzetto*, from "Attila," or the famous Figaro *extravaganza*, from "Il Barbiere," perfectly surprized his auditors with the richness, fullness, and clearness of his notes, the fine command he has over his majestic voice, and the general excellent taste which he evinces in the execution of all he attempts. We think he has one of the finest voices we ever heard, and we see not why following up the course of study upon which he has entered, he should not become one of the best bassos in the world. Let him push on. Mr. D—— and Mr. H——, also acquitted themselves delightfully, the former by his remarkable skill and taste, the latter by both of these, aided by a powerful and truly sympathetic voice.

We must not forget the young lady who executed triumphantly the Cavatina, from the "Fille du Regiment," the soprano of a duett, with Mr. D——, from the same opera, nor the bird-like-voiced belle, who performed Jenny Lind's "Echo Song," and one or two other pieces, in her own exuberantly ornate, yet graceful style; nor the very handsome person who really gave the famous Cavatina, from Ernani, more classically and quite as effectively, as did Sontag herself, a few evenings previous. Perelli himself took part in several pieces, and, of course, always to their adornment. Upon the whole, we repeat, this Soirée was the finest of the many very fine ones which Maestro Perelli has given.

Dempster, &c.

—Dempster is balladizing at the Musical Fund. Can we say more? Jullian was to resume his concerts in our city on Thursday evening, 1st inst.; of course, to draw crowds, and delighted crowds. He remains only three nights. We hear he carried all before him in Baltimore.

Gottschalk

—by last accounts was lying sick in New York. We trust his illness may be of short duration. Gottschalk is too sensitive for much intercourse with the cold world.

Foreign Items.

—It is M. Meyerbeer's present intention to give his "L'Africaine" to the *Grand Opera* at no very distant period:—he has expressed a strong desire to compose an Oratorio for the great English festivals; M. Berloiz in the *Journal des Debats* says of the new Parisian *prima donna*,—"Madame Cabel, is a charming young woman, whose voice, of very extensive compass upwards, has remarkable suppleness and agility. Though it has not much strength or body, this voice tells; it is of pure and superior quality. Madame Cabel sings with grace, even the greatest difficulties."—The company announced for the Italian Opera at Paris, during the coming winter, is composed as follows: *Tenori*—MM. Mario, Maccaferri, Perez; *Bassi*—MM. Tamburini, Rosso, Ferrari, E Lorenzo, Guglielmi; *Soprani*—Mesdames Frezzolini, Walter, Albin, Cambardi, Grimaldi, Martini; *Contralti*—Mesdames Alboni, DeLuigi, E. Grisi. The unfamiliar operas, mentioned as in contemplation to be given, are Pacini's "Gli Arabi nelle Gallie" and Nicolai's "Il Templario."—The Libretto of M. Limnander's new two-act opera, "Le Maitre Chanteur," just produced at the *Grand Opera* of Paris, is described in the *Gazette Musicale* as "a mosaic of reminiscences made up from 'La Juiive,' 'Ernani,' and 'Luisa Miller.'"—A new three-act opera "Colette," by M. Cadaux, which has just been produced at the *Opera Comique* of Paris, is commended yet more tepidly. M. Cadaux, however, is a young composer, and is none the less worthy of hopeful encouragement, because his taste in creation leans to the simple rather than to the stupendous.—Tidings have arrived from St. Petersburg announcing the commencement of the operatic season there, with "Il Barbiere," in which Madame de la Grange and Signor Calzolari made their *debut*s.—Signor Gardoni has been added to the company of the Italian Opera in Paris.—The *Musical Transcript* states, that Mdle. Victoire Balfe, daughter to the composer, is about to appear on the stage in musical drama.—There seems to be same idea of engaging Mdle. Cruvelli at the

Grand Opera of Paris.—A new opera by Herr Lindpaintner, "The Corsair," is about to be given at Stuttgart.—Signor Verdi has arrived in Paris.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Town Talk.

Our Marshal's police are to appear in uniform on and after the first of January. Their dress will consist of a frock coat of navy blue cloth, (single breasted,) standing collar, nine gilt buttons on the breast, two on the hips, and two on the bottom of the skirts; dark gray pantaloons; a blue cloth cap, with the name of the police division to which the wearer is attached placed thereon in metal letters. A good idea is this. Order is often preserved by a sense of the presence of a police force, and a uniform like the proposed one in the city is well calculated to impart that sense.

The grand Masonic celebration, on Monday, the 21st, induced by the laying of a corner-stone to the new Temple of the Order, erecting in Chestnut street, above Seventh, was a decided feature of last week. We have no room, however, for particulars.

The hops at La Pierre House continue to be attended by the most refined and recherché of our people. The music is excellent, the dancing inspiring, and the supper with which the entertainments "top off" absolutely princely. Messrs. Taber & Son are making "La Pierre" the most popular of our many excellent hotels.

We were refreshed greatly the other day by some Chincoteague oysters, which we understood were obtained at Mr. McCullough's Musical Fund Refectory. Oysters never so good in Philadelphia as they are nearer their beds at the south. We have strong conviction of this: for not three weeks ago, in company with a learned ex-judge of one of our courts, we stood upon the deck of a Rapahannock steamer, where our palates were treated to the most delightful oysters we ever tasted. They had just been taken from their beds, and were plump, lively, and to a nicety, salt. Tom, one of the hands of the boat, as requested by Capt. Fairbank,—he of the staunch and swift Virginia, for twenty-five years, a steam-boat commander on the Chesapeake and Rapahannock,—brought his jack-knife to bear upon the bivalves, and 'twas a sight to see how very fast the shells accumulated at our feet. "The best I ever ate" said the judge, smacking his lips by way of sealing so excellent an opinion. "Most learned judge!" exclaimed we with a decidedly Shaksperian start. "Go ahead Tom!" Tom did go ahead. His knife plied more

rapidly than ever, and ourself and the judge ate in delight something less than a hundred each! This was the first essay: the second took place not long afterwards, when Tom's knife was for "quite a spell" again very active, and our appetites something more nearly appeased.

A correspondent wishes to know what has become of Bonfield. We reply he is busy with his brush, and to greater purpose than ever. He has retired to a snug little cottage at Beverly, N. J. and there pursues his art in rural peace and quiet. He has lately secured some large orders for pictures from Mr. Farnham, of Beverly, and Messrs. Claghorn, Johnson and others of our city. He brought us the other day, a most charming little study, embracing a view of Lynn Beach, near Nahant, and it is now at our office, where many callers have admired it. This little work alone tells what Bonfield is; so full is it of grace, ease, natural coloring, and fine effect, both in detail and as a whole. Bonfield, as we have before said, is finishing up Birch's uncompleted works, and by the particular and dying request of that eminent artist. We saw several of them at his Atelier when we last visited Beverly.

Origin of *Cat* Phrases.

— The Wellerism, which is generally supposed to have originated with Dickens, owes its origin, in fact, to quite a different personage, the famous Lope de Vega, who, in his "Gatomaquia," or *Cat Fight*, a mock-heroic poem, in describing a cat playing with a mouse, tossing it about, &c., represents the cat as allowing the mouse to run, and then pouncing upon it in mid course saying to it, "*Tente! como al agua al nelo;*" in English: "Keep still, as the frost said to the water."

The can't phrase, so common *out West*: "I don't know anybody else," owes its origin to Moliere. "*Connaissez vous Monsieur Porceaugnac?*" (or some other "Musher;" we forget the name, and we have not our Moliere before us,) "*Je ne connais autre.*"

The phrase, "takes in," so common at the South, as, for instance, "Church takes in at 11 o'clock;" "school takes in at 9," is neither more nor less than a literal translation of the Latin, *incipit*, and was probably first used in joke by some wag of a student, as a college table-companion of ours used to amuse himself by calling to the boy that waited on the table, to *infer* the teapot, and when it was brought in would remark that it was a very happy inference.

By the way, speaking of Moliere reminds us of a "curious coincidence" between two words in French and their corresponding words in English, which we believe no one but ourself has ever noticed: *Mèche, me-*

chant; wick, wicked. Any one familiar with the mathematical doctrine of chances will find it hard to believe that there is not a recondite connection between these words, either in origin or in signification: a casual coincidence of such a kind would be all but miraculous.

They do these things better in Boston.

They do not take Saturday there—the very day on which ladies "most do congregate" in the streets—to wash the pavements. On the contrary, they wash them *any* weekday, as happens to be most convenient; but a municipal regulation requires them to do it *early* in the morning, before pedestrians in general, and lady pedestrians in particular, are afoot. The consequence is, that by the time the sun is fairly up, the pavements are in good walking condition, and ladies can venture out without peril of rheumatism or consumption. The practice here is getting to be, or rather has already got to be, an intolerable nuisance, and ought to be abated.

Charade.

— The following charade has been handed us by a friend, who has cudgelled his brains over it to no purpose, and thinks that possibly some of our readers may be more successful.

Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt,
Sooth 'twas a dreadful day!
And though, in those old times of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Found little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary offered there
Two syllables in form of prayer.

The first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
The next, with its cold quiet cloud,
For those who find a dewy shroud
Before the day is done:
And all to those whose bright blue eyes
Weep when a warrior nobly dies.

Ass-piration.

— We cut the following from a New York paper, (slightly altering the spelling of the title,) and append to it a fable *done* into English by one of us, *in our younger days*, recited here for the special benefit of "Clarence" and all others who, like him,

— "have a desire
To rise higher."

Thou Sea whose tireless waves
Forever seek the shore,
Striving to clamber higher,
Yet failing evermore:
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

Thou Sun, whose tireless feet
Mount ever to thy noon,

Thou canst not there remain,
Night quenches thee so soon;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

Rose in my garden growing,
Unharm'd by winter's snows,
Another winter cometh
Ere half thy buds unclose;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

Mortal, with feeble hands
Striving some work to do,
Fate with her cruel shears
Doth all thy steps pursue;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

—
The Two Cats.

(From the German of Gleim.)

Near where a clump of alders grew
A bear once sat and licked his paws;—
The act two cats' attentious draws;
Says Tom to Pussy, I can do that too!
A wolf drew near; immediately
Crept Tom and Pussy up a Tree,
And, side by side, in safety there,
Beheld the combat 'twixt the wolf and bear.
The bear the victory gains with much ado:—
Puss turns around:—Tom! Can you do *that* too?

Droll Sign.

— The following sign appeared a few years ago upon the shutter of a house in Cresson's Alley, in this city.

Peter Brown,
Porter and Waiter,
N.B. Attends to Funerals, Dinner Parties, and other
Practical Occasions.

Mere Compliments.

— BIZARRE is the title of an excellent weekly magazine, published at Philadelphia by Church & Co. It is one of the most pleasing and unique periodicals in the Union, and takes a high place among American literature.—*Glen's Falls Republican*.

BIZARRE.—We have frequently spoken in high terms of of this piquant and entertaining little weekly. We called at the BIZARRE office recently in Philadelphia, and had some very agreeable conversation with the intelligent and gentlemanly editor. His paper is, of course, succeeding. The taste and skill with which it is conducted debar the possibility of failure. Its plan, too, is perfectly original, and to the scholar and antiquarian it offers a style of reading in the highest degree pleasant and entertaining.—*Charleston Weekly News*.

— BIZARRE.—We are still in regular receipt of this best of weeklies, and no one of them is more welcome than this. It contains a

little of everything, and a better work (of the kind) is not to be found. Send on your subscription now in order to receive the first number of the volume. Terms, \$1 25 per annum in advance. Address Church & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—*Buffalo (La.) Bee*.

— BIZARRE, published in Philadelphia, is one of the most pleasant and unique little octavos we have ever read. Got up something on the plan of 'Dickens' Household Words,' it nevertheless unites the characteristics of a first-class literary periodical. We will soon give our readers a "touch" of its "quality." In the meantime, if any of them want a good literary work, let them send for this. It is done up in octavo form, stitched.—*Greenbriar (Va.) Era*.

Business Mems.

— Mr. HENRY JAMES, under Jones' Hotel, Chestnut above Sixth Street, is constantly receiving very fine cigars, and from the most approved sources in Cuba. Smokers talk of his brands as being the best in town; and we are inclined to think, from the puffs we have had of them, with great reason. Mr. James imports directly himself. People will smoke, and the majority of them good cigars. Mr. James' place is well fitted up, and, moreover is at a central point for business men and pleasure-seekers.

— OAKFORD'S furs are various and beautiful. The ladies can find nothing of the kind to surpass them, whether here or elsewhere. He has a splendid concern over his hat-store, No. 158 Chestnut street, devoted exclusively to them. Not alone in furs does Oakford take the lead in Philadelphia. He is the king-hatter. His styles are various, but all in accordance with the latest bulletins from France. Many persons stared when they heard Oakford was to take the mammoth establishment, that he occupies in Fisher's fine block; they opened their eyes even wider, when they found how richly and expensively he was fitting it up; thus because calm and chaste, Oakford knows what he is about; when they see the place day and night filled with buyers as it is.

— Col. MAURICE continues to supply stationery and blank-books of all kinds, at the lowest prices. His place is at 123 Chestnut street. It makes no difference to the Colonel whether Hards or Softs triumph, whether Russia whips Turkey, or Turkey whips Russia, he is bound to sell stationery and blank-books, and sell them he does. There never was a more business-wedded man, and never one, we may add, who made so good a business, and so excellent a living out of such very small prices.

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Furykhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1858.

A MONTH IN ENGLAND.

We have already announced a book with this title, from the finished pen of H. T. Tuckerman, as being in the press of J. S. Redfield, New York; and shortly to appear. Our readers, thanks to the author and his publisher, who forwarded to us proof-sheets, are furnished with a taste of the book's quality in the following extracts, which, it should be added, have been gathered from its pages here and there at random.

ROGERS'S BREAKFAST ROOM.

The aquatic birds in St. James' Park, with their variegated plumage, may well detain loiterers of maturer years, than the chuckling infants who feed them with crumbs, oblivious of the policeman's eye, and the nurse's expostulations; to see an American wild duck swim to the edge of the lake, and open its glossy bill with the familiar airs of a pet canary, is doubtless a most agreeable surprise; nor can an artistic eye fail to note the diverse and picturesque forms of the many noble trees, that even when leafless, yield a rural charm to this glorious promenade (the elms are praised by Evelyn;) but these woodland amenities, if they cause one often to linger on his way to the Duke of Sunderland's and Buckingham palace; and if the thought, that it was here, while taking his usual daily walk, that Charles received the first intimation of the Popish plot, lure him into an historical reverie, neither will long withdraw the attention of the literary enthusiast from the bit of green sward before the window of Rogers, which, every Spring morning, until the venerable poet's health sent him into suburban exile, was covered with sparrows expectant of their banquet from his aged yet kindly hand. The view of the park from this drawing-room bow-window instantly disenchant the sight of all town associations. The room where this vista of nature in her genuine English aspect opens, is the same so memorable for the breakfasts for many years, enjoyed by the hospitable bard and his fortunate guests. An air of sadness pervaded the apartment in the

absence of him, whose taste and urbanity were yet apparent in every object around. The wintry sun threw a gleam, mellow as the light of the fond reminiscence he so gracefully sung, upon the Turkey carpet, and veined mahogany. It fell, as if in pensive greeting, on the famous Titian, lit up the cool tints of Watteau, and made the bust found in the sea near Pozznoli wear a creamy hue. When the old housekeeper left the room, and I glanced from the priceless canvass or classic urn, to the twinkling turf, all warmed by the casual sunshine, the sensation of comfort never so completely realized as in a genuine London breakfast-room, was touched to finer issues by the atmosphere of beauty and the memory of genius. The groups of poets, artists, and wits, whose commune had filled this room with the electric glow of intellectual life, with gems of art, glimpses of nature, and the charm of intelligent hospitality, to evoke all that was most gifted and cordial, re-assembled once more. I could not but appreciate the suggestive character of every ornament. There was a Murillo to inspire the Spanish traveller with half-forgotten anecdotes, a fine Reynolds to whisper of the literary dinners where Garrick and Burke discussed the theatre and the senate: Milton's agreement for the sale of "Paradise Lost," emphatic symbol of the uncertainty of fame, a sketch of Stonehedge by Turner, provocative of endless discussion to artist and antiquary; bronzes, medals, and choice volumes, whose very names would inspire an affluent talker in this most charming imaginable nook, for a morning colloquy and a social breakfast. I noticed in a glass vase over the fire-place, numerous sprigs of orange blossoms in every grade of decay, some crumbling to dust, and others but partially faded. These, it appeared, were all plucked from bridal wreaths, the gift of their fair wearers, on the wedding-day, to the good old poet-friend, and he, in his bachelor fantasy, thus preserved the withered trophies. They spoke at once of sentiment and of solitude.

DR. JOHNSON'S HAUNTS.

It accords with the genius of London life that the many taverns frequented by Samuel Johnson, in Fleet street, are situated at the extremity of narrow lanes, and their proximity only betokened by the glowing letters painted on a lantern which looms upon the bewildered stranger, like a convivial light-house through the fog. I passed with utter indifference these alluring signals when they proclaimed the vicinity of the "Old Bell," "The Rainbow," or "The Peacock;" and found there was more in a name than the great bard would have us believe, and that, although a rose might smell as sweet by any

other appellation, such was not the case with an inn—at least to olfactories eagerly scenting the haunts of a departed author. But, at the sign of "The Mitre," I startled the policeman whose burly figure, like a flesh butt of ale, nearly filled up the dingy avenue, as I slipped by, and looked through a window hung with legs of mutton, sausage-festoons, and celery, into the earthly kingdom of the author of "The Rambler." The fat landlady eyed me suspiciously through the glass, little imagining that a less material object than the enormous porker behind which she was adding her score, occupied my speculative vision. That was, indeed, absorbed with a *tableau vivant* reviving the memorable night when James Boswell, Esquire, found himself familiarly ensconced with his idol, in this to him, at that hour, paradisaical retreat. How eloquently he sums up the items of this triumph of felicity: "The orthodox, high-church sound of 'The Mitre,' the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced." Disenchanted at the merely chop-house aspect of a resort which had witnessed those famous colloquies, I hastened to Bolt court. Here thrift has made capital of tradition, and established a publican's memorial to the famous dogmatist, in the shape of a coffee-room which glories in the title of "Dr. Johnson's Tavern." His cynical squint and heavy wig gleam from the colored panes; a row of pewter-mugs, and a beer-stained copy of "Bell's Life in London," invite the stranger to repose in one of the snug boxes and talk Johnsonese, meditate on the vicissitudes of authorship, or give his fancy wing over the Happy Valley of "Kasselas." Without this cosy rendezvous, Bolt court has a forlorn air; two or three brass plates, glistening in the dim lamplight, chiefly evidence that it is still inhabited. I noted, as a coincidence, the sign of a printer. How often had brave old Samuel tottered up this passage, feeling superstitiously for the posts, and Bozzy picked his way in the rear, with head bent forward to catch droppings of wisdom from the sage. Here he grew eloquent over the tea which poor blind Miss Williams—fit Ganymede for such a Love—offered him; and here the Corsican hero, Baretto, and Thrale, have lingered, many a night, for the pleasure of being contradicted; along the adjacent street he carried on his back the famished cyprian; and thence was borne the corpse of the most heroic of London authors to its last resting place. That toilsome, diseased, erudite, and devout English philoso-

pher, with his sonorous rhetoric, arbitrary humor, patient task-work, hatred of the Scotch, and love of Fleet street, found here a not inappropriate domicile, far away, indeed from green fields and mountain-air, but near the great stream of human life that he loved to contemplate. The gloom and the individuality of the man were aptly housed in such a crypt, whence, after hours of lonely pencecraft, he could emerge, and, in a moment, join the crowd and wend his way to a neighboring hostel, forgetting, over a joint and can, and with a knot of genial talkers, all mundane things, except the pride of opinion and the comfort of an old London tavern.

To renew his presence in a not less characteristic light, I entered St. Clement's church (where Nat Lee, the dramatist, is buried), and heard the closing hymn, in the shadow of the pillar against which he was accustomed to lean. With the holy strain, as I looked round upon the worshippers, came the thought of Johnson's reverence—a quality whence arose both the weakness and the elevation of his character, in its blind instinct, leading him grossly to exaggerate the claims of rank, and yield to superstitious terrors; and, in its religious phase, making him solemnly devout. "I shall never forget," says Boswell, speaking of attending service in this very church, 'the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the litany.—'In the hour of death and in the day of judgement, good Lord, deliver us!'"

RESOURCES OF LONDON AUTHORS.

To realize the materials which London yields the author, we must note the contrast of its daily scenes. In these the dramatists found inspiration, the extremes of condition giving entire scope to every form of passion and element of character. Nowhere, in the world, do the two poles of fortune send their magnetic forces so nearly together. The ordinary exigencies of the stranger often carry him, in a few hours, into contact with the most opposite phases of human life—from his banker's in the dusky haunts of the city, to his fashionable visit in the elegant square, he traverses, by the way, thoroughfares where the lowest form of mendicacy is seen beside the most brilliant equipages of luxury, and where the struggle for money is displayed in its most subtle, as well as its most desperate shape, from the keen-eyed broker and adroit pickpocket, to the patient huckster and Herculean drayman—all huddled in one eager mass of keen-scented activity.

There are, however, two scenes which represent so vividly the climaxes of London life, that the English novelists, from Fielding

to Dickens, have effectively used them—Hyde park on a bright Sunday afternoon, and Newgate on the morning of an execution. To the minutest details, these opposite scenes will bear artistic study. As I dwelt on the features of each, it seemed like reading over again some chapter in a favorite novel. The dark, hoary, massive wall of the old Bailey rose before me like a remembered horror. The dense crowd in the square, even to the individuals, looked familiar. The polished hat-tops of the policemen gleaming in the mist over the sea of heads, pale mechanics and brawny coal-heavers, munching their loaf or smoking clay pipes, the cries of plemen, unbanned and slatternly-dressed women holding up children begrimed and tattered—the talk of Jack Ketch, the veil of fog that wreathed itself over the prison-roof, the occasional swaying of the crowd, the expression of curiosity and hardihood in their eyes—the sudden dispersion and instant recurrence of the usual sound of wheels and voices—the rush, confusion, laughter, shouts, haggard faces, and wet pavement—all were as objects seen in a dream; only when I fixed my eyes on the opposite church of St. Sepulchre (where John Smith, of Pocahontas memory, is buried) did I feel that I was standing in veritable Newgate street, and not reading a chapter in “Jonathan Wild,” or “Oliver Twist.” It was the same walking by the Serpentine. A gentleman on a bob-tail horse, a sort of equestrian incarnation of respectability, I felt authorized to greet as an acquaintance, until I assured myself he was only a character in a book; I was sure two ladies, in a landeau, talked to their beaux, who stood by, exactly as the colloquy is set down by Mrs. Gore and Bulwer. I met, at every step, the English aristocrat, snob, and cockney, with the identical costume and air described by Thackeray. The ugly hats, light full whiskers, and smooth chins of the men; the thick shawls and neutral colors of the women on foot; the beautiful steeds and sleek hunting-dogs, the stretches of lawn and clumps of trees, the smoky mirage through which gleamed the sun, making a chiaroscuro that half veiled the line of noble edifices visible beyond the gate; now and then a dowager’s heavy coach and fat horses, or a rattling dog-cart, with a rosy girl and her brother, or a snugly-buttoned, middle-aged gentleman, evidently hastening to a club-dinner, the very canes and grooms, all combined like the figures and landscape on the drop scene of a theatre, and were as the interlude between the overture and finale of a piece, the background upon which some dramatic or sentimental interest was soon to develop—an unexpected meeting of lovers, an insult provocative of a duel, or a lively specimen of hypocritical

talk between two old card-playing duchesses; some enraged uncle and profligate ward, yellow nabob or handsome officer, parliamentary lion or mysterious foreigner, it seemed to me, ought to appear and enact a part. The stage, and the *dramatis personæ*, I recognised, and missed only the plot.

The significant local and social divisions of London life also tend to increase its suggestiveness as a resource of authorship. When the observer can, in so limited a space, become familiar with such entirely diverse forms of humanity, and conditions of existence, as may be seen in the club-houses, each representing a profession, and mark the contrasts between old Jewry and Grosvenor square, Almack’s and Billingsgate, Paternoster row and Smithfield, Regent street and Wapping, it is easy to imagine that the intelligent literary artist has characters in every vocation at hand for models. From a twopenny bed-house to the Clarendon, and from the crowd round a puppet-show to a court assembly at Buckingham palace, the modern author has a free choice of spheres and subjects; and once launched on the tide of popularity, the city and the west-end are alike open to him.

MURRAY’S PARLOR.

Akin to the epoch of modern literature represented in its social phase by the abode of the banker-poet, is the little parlor of Murray’s office in Albermarle street. I felt there surrounded by the portraits of those, whose writings this famous publisher had first sent forth to charm the world, as if in the very sanctum of prosperous authorship; and, as I compared the lives of these fortunate men with the literary annals of an earlier period, dark with Grub street privation, fancied in each countenance a smile of complacency; for the spirited face of Byron that here looks down on you, seems innocent of all misanthropy; Scott appears too healthy to worry about his estate, and Jeffrey too good-natured even to provoke a challenge; Crabbe, one could swear, sat for his picture after the complete edition of his poems was paid for; Moore (Sir Thomas Lawrence’s last effort) looks as if he had just sung an encored song, and been smiled on by a countess, while Irving seems lapped in his happiest day-dream; only the travellers, Sir John Franklin, Parry, and Borrow, have a look of stoicism, as if they had seen strange things, and overcome great obstacles. I recalled, as I descended the stairs, that proud day for Murray, when he saw the belligerent authors of “Waverley” and “Childe Harold” reconciled by him, in this very room, go out of it, arm in arm, limping affectionately together.

TOMB OF PARNELL.

Another of the churches to which I turned votive steps is Trinity, which stands on the north side of Watergate street. It required no little time and patience to hunt up the old verger; but the trouble was amply compensated when I entered. No special architectural beauty distinguishes the interior; indeed, the greater part of the edifice has been restored, and forty years ago the old spire was taken down on account of its ruinous condition. But I went thither because it is the burial-place of that favorite of Swift and Pope, whose preferment was checked by the death of Queen Anne—the gentle, convivial, benign Parnell, who never rallied from bereaved conjugal and parental love, and, after having been a popular preacher in London, and a successful poet, died at Chester in 1717. Johnson's estimate of his genius is expressively characteristic. In his verses, says the rhetorical critic, "there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights though he never ravishes; everything is proper, though everything seems casual." In that quiet old church, the opening lines of "The Hermit," as they rose to the memory, almost spontaneously breathed the elegy of Parnell:—

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

CHARLES LAMB.

From this legendary and sequestered edifice, a short ride transports the literary pilgrim to the scene of Elia's long clerkship. To him the mint, exchange (except that De Foe lived many years at its east end,) corn market, and Bank of England, trophies as they are of wondrous commercial prosperity, are of secondary interest. Cornhill wins his eager glance because Gray was born there; because he tries to discover the shop once tended by the author of "Robinson Crusoe;" and, in the India House, the oriental curiosities will not long detain him from the bust of Warren Hastings, and Clive's portrait, around which seem to vibrate the prolonged echoes of Sheridan's eloquence and Macaulay's brilliant rhetoric. An old porter directed me to the room where Lamb's desk stood. I fancied his diminutive form, arrayed in black, perched on a stool, and his intellectual brow hanging over a ledger. "My printed works," he says, "were my recreations—my true works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall street, filling

some hundred folios." How many years of ungenial toil daily beheld this noble sentry at his post of duty, sustained only by the consciousness of fraternal devotion and the anticipation of an evening at hand, when Mary (in the consoling interval of sanity) would sit affectionately at his side, as Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Hazlitt, benignly pour their mental wealth at the feet of her elated brother; or the gentle pair sit cheerily before the mysterious green curtain, while his thoughts wander to that delectable "first play" when the pillars of old Drury shone to his childish fancy, like "glorified sugarcandy." But locality is only the point whence the beams of genius radiate; it is the prerogative of her sacred light that it touches with prismatic hues the familiar and adjacent. The mendicant who pertinaciously opens the cab-door and extends his tattered hat at the crossing, reminds Lamb's admirer of the "Decline of Beggars in the Metropolis;" a juvenile chimney-sweep is an ebony of his benevolent portraiture; the pallid tailor sewing by the dingy window, excites him to philosophize on the Elia theory of the craft's melancholic habitude; and a Jewish physiognomy revives the doctrine of "imperfect sympathies." If we pass the South-Sea house, it is to remember his Claude-tinted daguerreotype of its monitory decay. His quaint diagnosis of metropolitan life haunts his disciple in the thoroughfares of London; and every book-stall hints of treasures in black-letter, and the zest of a long-meditated purchase, such as he chronicled with the garrulous relish of an economical virtuoso.

DECLINING OFFICE.

The following letter, is set up from an autograph copy. It contains much wholesome counsel which office-seekers would do well to study. The writer was well known in our community, and as may be judged by the principles he lays down in his letter, highly respected:

PHILADELPHIA, April 5, 1779.

DEAR SIR:—I have been seriously considering the proposal you were kindly pleased to make me last evening, and am induced to answer it in the negative, for the following reasons:

I have ever made it a principle of my conduct in life, not to eat the bread of the publick for nought, which would in some measure be the case in the present instance, as far as I am unequal to the task.

I esteem it a most useful piece of wisdom to know what department in business one can fill with propriety, and to be careful not

to engage in any beyond my reach. I consider myself as totally inferior to this department, in mercantile knowledge, especially when compared with many who might fill it with reputation, that it appears to me a little like publick robbery, to accept a lucrative employment, which from the generous provision of the continent, is apparently designed for a man of abilities in this particular branch of business. And lastly—in the present stage of public affairs, an honest man must expect to be herded together with the general complection of office, which must wound the delicacy of publick spirit or love to one's country.

My plan of life is to avoid as much as possible, being too much entangled in publick business—my family is small—my wants are few—in retirement and obscurity I can enjoy domestic happiness, which is the summit of my wish. I am nevertheless equally obliged to you for your kind attention as if I had accepted it, and am, dear sir,

Yours affectionately,
ELIAS BOUDINOT.

Hon'ble James Searle, Esq.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

—
SKETCH THIRTEENTH.
—

"Where grew, where fell, the old oak tree."

In the twelfth sketch of Georgia, we noticed a venerable object, which long remained the pride and ornament of Sunbury, engaging the attention, and eliciting the admiration of the visitor, who came to view its giant symmetry and proportions, still unimpaired by the flight of years, although the Bermuda grass had over-grown the streets of that deserted village, and crumbling chimneys, and rust-coated cannon, half buried within the fort, alone remained, sad mementoes of by-gone days. Since penning the above notice, a lady has kindly furnished us with the following appropriate and beautiful tribute to the memory of that brave old oak.

There are objects of fadeless interest—of tender recollections—of deep and thrilling associations, clinging to the memory of every human heart. To the eye, they are the loved chroniclers of other days—links that bind us to the past. Around them gather the visions of childhood and youth; and many a dying hope, fading thought, and crushed affection—fleeting perceptions of joy or woe, enkindle and breathe anew in their presence. The shadowy train, not of undefined, but of indescribable emotions which they awaken, are precious to the soul. We

look upon such objects, and cherish them as the revered, the beloved, the sacred things of life. Such was the noble tree which graced our once beautiful, but now deserted village of Sunbury. Like a mighty sentinel, for unnumbered years, its giant form had kept unwearied watch upon the green bank, which sloped gently to the stream, whose swelling tide stretched boldly onward to the broad Atlantic. From its majestic arms hung the graceful drapery of grey moss, which so much adorns the Live Oak of the South—like pendent banners, ever waving in the breeze. Never can I forget that noble son of the forest—the respect and veneration with which my childhood's eyes would gaze up beneath the arched branches, to what seemed the vaulted roof of Nature's Temple. Its hospitable dome was the gathering place of young and happy hearts; there, music poured its joyous strains, and we may not even whisper the vows of love which there fell upon the evening breeze. Our oldest grandfather knew it not in its youth.

Many interesting traditions are preserved of it. Beneath its shade General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, is said to have formed a treaty with the Indians, and it is an established fact, that the first Masonic Lodge organized in the State, met there.

It is sad to say that this noble tree has fallen in a most ignoble manner. Two strolling vagabonds were chasing a small animal, called a mink, which, in order to escape from its pursuers, sheltered itself in the hospitable bosom of that venerable tree. To obtain the contemptible little creature, they fired and burned it to the ground. Only a few charred limbs remain to mark the spot, 'Where grew, where fell, the old oak tree.'

THE SUNBURY OAK.

The Vandal hand that dares invade
The lofty consecrated fane,
Destroys alone what man has made,
And man, perchance, may rear again.

But thou, gigantic son of Time,
By sunshine nurs'd, by storms carem'd;
Who smilest at ages, in thy prime,
And cradlest centuries on thy breast.

Rear'd by the great Jehovah's hand,
For years, on years untold hath stood;
Thy guardian form upon the land,
O'erlooking the Atlantic flood.

Where forests waved sublime, alone,
Outstretch'd thy moss-clad canopy,
Hath shelter'd generations gone,
Our stree, and grandaires infancy.

Lightnings that in their wanton sway,
Have noblest, fairest temples riven;

But wretched thy boughs in merry play,
Nor touch'd the favor'd Tree of Heaven.

Beneath thy venerable shade,
Illustrious Oglethorpe hath stood,
When treaty for our soil he made,
With the bold Savage of the wood.

And first within thy temple shrin'd,
An order famed from ancient date,
In secret, sacred conclave join'd,
Affection pledg'd through changing fate.

Safely within thy sheltering arms,
When desolation swept the plain,
A noble lady, free from harms,
Was treasur'd for her home again.

'Tis meet alone to think of thee,
As conqueror on the ocean tide;
With banners nobly floating free,
Thy country's bulwark and her pride.

Or, shivering in the Atlantic breeze,
Laden with rich commercial store;
Bearing across the high, high seas,
Our people's wealth, our nation's lore.

Too mean to scorn, too low to hate,
By idle base-soul'd vagrants wrought;
We mourn the vile inglorious fate,
That has thy final ruin brought.

Farewell! Farewell! thou brave old Oak?
The lot of Time, is on thee cast—
You've stemmed the storm and tempest stroke,
But the Tyrant has come at last.

Rever'd through life, the sacred spot,
And shrin'd within our hearts shall be;
The memory ne'er to be forgot,
'Where grew, where fall, the Old Oak Tree.'

BINDERS OF THE HARLEIAN.

In Dr. Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron* 1817, vol. ii. p. 503., he thus introduces the subject:

"The commencement of the eighteenth century saw the rise and progress of the rival libraries of Harley and Sunderland. What a field, therefore, was here for the display of the bibliopegistic art! Harley usually preferred red morocco, with a broad border of gold, and the fore-edges of the leaves without colour or gilt. Generally speaking, the Harleian volumes are most respectably bound; but they have little variety, and the style of art which they generally exhibit rather belongs to works of devotion."

In a note on the above passage, Dibdin adds:

"I have often consulted my bibliomanical friends respecting the name of the binder or

binders of the Harleian Library. Had Bagford or Wanley the chief direction? I suspect the *latter*."

If Dr. Dibdin and his "bibliomanical friends" had not preferred the easy labour of looking at printed title-pages to the rather more laborious task of examining manuscripts, they might readily have solved the Query thus raised by referring to Wanley's *Autograph Diary*, preserved in the Lansdowne Collection, Nos. 771, 772, which proves that the binders employed by Lord Oxford were Christopher Chapman of Duck Lane, and Thomas Elliot. Very many entries occur between January 1719-20 and May 1726, relative to the binding both of manuscripts and books in morocco and calf; and it appears, in regard to the former material, that it was supplied by Lord Oxford himself. Some of these entries will show the jealous care exercised by honest Humphrey Wanley over the charge committed to him.

"25th January, 1719-20. This day having inspected Mr. Elliot's bill, I found him exceedingly dear in all the work of Morocco, Turkey, and Russia leather, besides that of velvet.

"28th January, —. Mr. Elliot the book-binder came, to whom I produced the observations I made upon his last bill, showing him that (without catching at every little matter) my Lord might have had the same work done as well and cheaper, by above 3*l*. He said that he could have saved above eight pounds in the fine books, and yet they should have looked well. That he now cannot do them so cheap as he rated them at; that no man can do so well as himself, or near the rates I set against his. But, upon the whole, said he would write to my Lord upon the subject.

"13th July, 1721. Mr. Elliot having clothed the CODEX AVREVS in my Lord's Morocco leather, took the same from hence this day, in order to work upon it with his best tools; which, he says, he can do with much more conveniency at his house than here.

"19th January, 1721-22. Mr. Chapman came, and received three books for present binding. And upon his request I delivered (by order) six Morocco skins to be used in my Lord's service. He desires to have them at a cheap price, and to bind as before. I say that my Lord will not turn leather-seller, and therefore he must bring hither his proposals for binding with my Lord's Morocco skins; otherwise his Lordship will appoint some other binder to do so.

"17th September, 1725. Mr. Elliot brought the parcel I last delivered unto him, but took one back to amend a blunder in the lettering. He said that he has used my Lord's doe-skin upon six books, and that they may serve instead of calf; only the grain is coarser, like

that of sheep, and this skin was tanned too much.

"23d December, 1725. Mr. Chapman came, but I gave him no work; chiding him for being so slow in my Lord's former business, which he had frequently postponed, that he might serve the booksellers the sooner."

RES CURIOSAE.

PRESERVATION OF BOOKS.

There is a good paper in the *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*, v. 24, p. 13, under the head of "*Reflections on the preservation and care of books*"—from which we extract the following passages:—

"Were books now allowed to follow that fair progress of dilapidation, which is the general fate of other things, they would rather point out the erudition of their owners, than so often reflect disgrace on them. But a nurse snatches up a book to quiet a noisy child with the exhibition of its pictures; another besmears it with buttered fingers at the breakfast-table; the servant tears out the title page to light her parlour fire, because she is in a hurry; young Master is allowed to strip it to embellish his kite; and Miss throws it to her favorite Chloe, to play with on the floor; another reads it by the fire till the binding is warped off from the leaves, or till he falls asleep, and the book falls a prey to the flames."

The author complains that "nothing is more common than to hear booksellers assure us, that innumerable quantities of books are eagerly sought after, and purchased by those who are commissioned to commit them to the flames, under the specious pretext of conferring a benefit on mankind."

"What complaint, adds he, can be more common, or unfortunately more just, than the little care taken with borrowed books?"

"Were people but to make it a point of honor, never to lend a borrowed book, there would be much less danger: but we can more often answer for the honesty of an acquaintance than we can for his care. The man who borrows my book, shows, or commends it to another, who borrows it again, with repeated assurances of its being carefully returned; this man lends it to a third person, on the like conditions, but who never returns it, because it was lent to a fourth, who lost it."—"By those who are resolved to gratify the wish of a friend by the loan of a book, perhaps the following inscription might be generally adopted:

Read and return, nor other's goods disperse;
Be you the better, and the book no worse.

"It was, indeed, truly said, that our acquaintances find it much more easy to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them; and as an additional confirmation of the fact, we are informed that the Duke of Somerset, in the days of Edward the Sixth, borrowed from the Guildhall library, without intending to return them, *five cart loads of books*, for the purpose of furnishing his own library in the Strand."

ELEGIAC VERSES ON SHAKSPEARE.

In an excessively rare volume entitled "*Epigrams; Six Books: with some Select Poems, by S. Sheppard,*" printed by G. D., and sold by Thos. Bucknell, at the Golden Lion, in Duck Lane, 1651, are the following verses:—

In Memory of our Famous Shakspeare.

Sacred Spirit, whilles thy Lyre
Echoed o're the Arcadian Plaines,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wondered at thy straines.

Platus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tearcs of anger, for to heare
After they so long had slept,
So bright a Genius should appeare:

Who wrote his Lines with a Sunne-beame
More durable than Time or Fate,
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seeme to Preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly Priest-elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a Trophay to erect
(By thy wit and skill Divine).

That were all their other Glories
(Thine excepted) torn away
By thy admirable Stories,
Their garments ever shall be gay.

Where thy honored bones do lie
(As Statius once to Maro's urne)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

The volume ends on p. 257, and runs to signature S in eights. In the Third Pastoral, at p. 249, he again speaks of Shakspeare, after an eulogy on Ben Jonson, thus:—

With him contemporary then
(As Naso, and fam'd Maro, when
Our sole Redeemer took his birth)
Shakspeare trod on English earth,
His Muse doth merit more rewards

Than all the Greek, or Latin Bards,
 What flowed from him was purely rare,
 As born to bless the Theater,
 He first refin'd the Commick Lyre
 His wit all do, and shall admire
 The chiefest glory of the Stage,
 Or when he sung of War and stage
 Melpomene soon viewed the Globe,
 Invelop'd in her sanguine Robe,
 He that his worth would truly sing
 Must quaffe the whole Pierian spring.

Spenser, Sydney, Beaumont, and Fletcher and Suckling are also mentioned in this Third Pastoral.

The 28th Epigram in the Fourth Book, is in high praise of Edmund Spenser.

THE DEAD CHILD.

Le Bruyn, in his travels, states that he saw at Damietta, in Egypt, a Turk, who was called the dead child (*l'enfant mort*) because his mother being pregnant with him, fell sick, and being thought dead, she was speedily buried, after the custom of the country; where little time intervenes between death and interment, especially during the plague. She was put into a vault, which the Turk had for the burial place of his family.

In the evening, some hours after her interment, her husband imagined that the child she bore, might still be living; he therefore caused the vault to be opened, and found his wife delivered; the child being alive, but the mother was dead. Some asserted that the child was heard to cry, and that it was this information which led the father to open the vault.

This man, surnamed the dead child, was alive in 1677.

Many other instances might be adduced of persons buried alive, and of others recovering as they were carried to the grave, or who have been taken from their graves fortuitously. The work of Winslow, already cited, and other writers, may be consulted in proof. A wise and judicious deduction is drawn by the writers from these facts, viz: that we ought not to bury people until well assured of their death, especially during the cholera, and in certain diseases, which induce a sudden cessation of motion and feeling.

PRESERVATION OF A BODY.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, No. 42, p. 92, says: "Some workmen who were employed in the ruins of the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, found a leaden coffin, made after the ancient custom, exactly the shape of the body. This had been enclosed in an oak case, which, by length of time, was decayed, but

the lead remained quite perfect. Upon close examination, it was found to be the body of Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter, uncle to Henry 5th, and deposited in 1427. On opening the lead, the flesh, hair, and toe and hand nails, were as perfect and sound, as though he had not been dead six hours. A surgeon in the neighborhood made an incision on the breast, and declares the flesh cut as firm as in a living subject, and there was even an appearance of blood; multitudes of people were present and saw the same. At this time the corpse was not in the least noisome, but being exposed to the air, it presently became putrid and offensive. The workmen coming early on Friday morning, resolved to make prize of the lead, and therefore cut out the corpse, tumbled it into a hole near at hand, and threw the dirt on it. The lead was conveyed directly to the plumbers, and there sold for twenty-two shillings. Thus, in Shakspeare's phrase, was a great man knocked about the sconce with a dirty shovel."

TOUSSAINT OVERTURE.

This man was born a slave in St. Domingo, and conducted himself as such in a most exemplary manner. His good qualities, indeed, attracted the attention of M. Boyou de Libertas, the agent of the estate to which he belonged, who taught him reading, writing, and arithmetic; in fact gave him a most excellent plain education. When the blacks rose in 1791 Toussaint would not join them, until he had secured the safety of M. Bayou and his family. He subsequently took every opportunity to evince his gratitude, shipping large amounts of sugar to this country, in order to their support. Toussaint as is very well known, subsequently obtained complete mastery over the brutal blacks, with whom he was associated, and checked many an excess contemplated by them. He would probably in a measure have restored the prosperity of St. Domingo, and healed the wounds caused by the revolt, had it not been for Le Clerc's expedition sent out to St. Domingo by Buonapare.

This expedition, fruitless as it was in respect of its general object, proved fatal to Toussaint, solely in consequence of the sincerity and good faith which marked his character. Toussaint was noted for private virtues; among the rest, warm affection for his family. Le Clerc brought out from France Toussaint's two sons, with their preceptor, Coison, whose orders were to carry his pupils to Toussaint, and make use of them to work on the tenderness of the negro chief, and induce him to abandon his countrymen. If he yielded, he was to be made second in command to Le Clerc; if he re-

fused, his children were to be reserved as hostages of his fidelity to the French. Notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice demanded of him, Toussaint remained faithful to his brethren. We pass over the details of the war, which, at length, ended in a treaty of peace, when Toussaint retired to his plantation, relying upon solemn assurances that his person and property should be held sacred. But, notwithstanding these assurances, he was treacherously seized in the night, hurried on board a ship of war, and transported to Brest. He was conducted first to close prison in the Chateaux de Joux, and from thence to Besançon, where he was plunged into a cold, wet, subterranean prison, which soon proved fatal to a constitution used only to the warm skies and free air of the West Indies. He languished until the winter of 1802, when he died.

VARIETATES.

The following directions for loosening the glass-stoppers of decanters and other bottles when accidentally stopped too tight, is practised by glass-cutters, from one of whom it came:—"With a feather, rub a drop or two of olive oil round the stopple, close to the mouth of the bottle or decanter, which must then be placed before the fire, at the distance of about a foot or eighteen inches; in which position, the heat will cause the oil to spread downward between the stopple and the neck. When the bottle or decanter has grown warm, gently strike the stopple on one side and on the other with any light wooden instrument, then try it with the hand. If it will not yet move, place it again before the fire, adding, if you choose, another drop or two of oil. After awhile, strike as before; and by persevering in this process, however tightly the stopple may be fastened in, you will at length succeed in loosening it."

— In the 40th vol. p. 295 *Genl. May*. is a paper by a Mr. T. Row, in which he says: "It is asserted by the Park-keepers here, and spoken of with some confidence, that if a Buok be shot at and killed, at the distance of 30 yards, the ball will not pass through his body, but be lodged in the skin on the opposite side: that, if he is killed at the distance of 60 or 80 yards, the ball will not only pass through both skins, but kill another deer or two, that may happen to stand in the proper direction."

He asks, properly, if the fact is so? and if so, how it can be explained? We have looked over the other volumes to find a reply to the observations, but have met with none. How far can our huntsmen confirm, or negative the assertion?

— William Cecil, afterwards Earl of Exeter' in a letter to Lord Talbot, at Stafford, dated Oct. 23, 1590, refers to a then vastly different position in the preponderance of Turkey in Europe, to what it is now.

"The Turke had not he bene prevented by an Ambass. intended to set upon the Kinge of Poland with 60,000 men; but, understanding her Majestie had greate neede of many things fro- yt cuntry necessary for her navies, he withdrew his force, though he was assured of victorie, only for her Majestie's sake, who received greate thanks fro- ye Kinge of Poland; and ye Turke hath him self written to her Majestie letters, with most greate titles, assuring her yt if she will wright her letter to him, to require him, he will make ye King of Spain [Philip the Second] humble him self unto her. He also threatened invasion to those of Marsaly yt [*s. e.* Marseilles,] yt theruppon, they have yielded to [Henry the Fourth] ye Kinge of Fraunce, otherwise he vowed to have spoyled their cittie."

— Professor Olmsted has observed, that the rango of agreeable heat of the air, to the feelings of the inhabitants of North America, latitude 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ ° North, lies between 70° and 80° of Farenheit, below the former, fires are lighted, and the family circles round it, and above the latter point, complaints begin to be made of uncomfortable warmth. In England, the natural or agreeable temperature lies between 60° and 79°, with the same sensations as above mentioned, whenever the thermometer stands below or above these limits. In Scotland, Dr. Black has said that a moderately warm summer raises the thermometer to 64°.

— In the 2d. vol. of med. facts and observations is a detailed case of extraordinary thirst and excessive drinking—a person, then 39 years of age, (1790)—It began in early life—at 4 or 5 years of age, the individual drank from 16 to 18 *Paris pints* in 24 hours, (—a pailful or 10 quarts)—It progressively increased to 2 pail fulls, or twenty quarts and sometimes 30 quarts in 24 hours.

— It is said that Muley Moloc, though lying on the bed of death, worn out by an incurable disease, and not expected to live an hour, started from his litter, during the important crisis of a battle between his troops and the Portuguese: rallied his army—led them to victory—and instantly afterwards sunk exhausted, and expired.

— Rabelais, used to say, that "drunkenness is better for the body than physic, because there be more old drunkards than old physicians;"—in this sophism however, he forgot that physicians seldom take physic.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Art of Prolonging Life.

—Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields of Boston, have just issued a book on the art of prolonging life, understood to be the production of Hufeland, originally published under the title of *Macrobioicon* during the last century. It is a copy of a late English issue edited by Erasmus Wilson, who furnishes a number of valuable notes.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on the length of human life, from which we take the following as an example:

“Deep-thinking philosophers have at all times been distinguished by their great age, especially when their philosophy was occupied in the study of Nature, and afforded them the divine pleasure of discovering new and important truths: the purest enjoyment, a beneficial exaltation of ourselves, and a kind of restoration which may be ranked among the principal means of prolonging the life of a perfect being. The most ancient instances are to be found among the Stoics and Pythagoreans, according to whose ideas subduing the passions and sensibility, with the observation of strict regimen, were the most essential duties of a philosopher. We have already considered the example of a Plato and an Isocrates. Apollonius of Tyana, an accomplished man, endowed with extraordinary powers both of body and mind, who, by the Christians, was considered as a magician, and by the Greek and Romans as a messenger of the gods, in his regimen a follower of Pythagoras, and a friend to travelling, was above 100 years of age. Xenophilus, a Pythagorean, also, lived 106 years. The philosopher Demonax, a man of the most severe manners and uncommon stoical apathy, lived likewise 100. Being asked, a little before his death, how he wished to be buried, he replied, ‘Give yourself no concern on that point; the smell will soon bury the carcass.’ ‘But,’ returned his friends, ‘do you wish, then, to become food to the dogs and the birds?’ ‘Why not?’ replied he; ‘during my whole life I have endeavored as much as I could to be serviceable to man, why should I not, after my death, be of some use also to animals?’ Even in modern times philosophers seem to have obtained this pre-eminence, and the deepest thinkers appear in that respect to have enjoyed, in a higher degree, the fruits of their mental tranquility. Kepler and Bacon both attained to a great age; and Newton, who found all his happiness and pleasure in the higher spheres, attained to the age of 84. Euler, a man of incredible industry, whose works on the most abstruse subjects amount to above three hundred, approached near to the same age;

and Kant, the first philosopher now alive, still showing that philosophy not only can preserve life, but that it is the most faithful companion of the greatest age, and an inexhaustible source of happiness to one’s self and to others. Academicians, in this respect, have been particularly distinguished. I need only mention the venerable Fontenelle, who wanted but one year of a hundred, and that Nestor, Formey, both perpetual secretaries, the former of the French, and the latter of the Berlin Academy. We find, also, many instances of long life among schoolmasters; so that one might almost believe that continual intercourse with youth may contribute something towards our renovation and support. But poets and artists, in short, all those fortunate mortals whose principal occupation leads them to be conversant with the sports of fancy and self-created worlds, and whose whole life, in the properest sense, is an agreeable dream, have a particular claim to a place in the history of longevity. We have already seen to what a great age Anacreon, Sophocles, and Pindar attained. Young, Voltaire, Bodmer, Haller, Metastasio, Gleim, Utz, and Oeser, all lived to be very old; and I here flatter myself with the hope, and I shall no doubt be joined in my wish by every one of my readers, that Wieland, the prince of the German poets, may afford the newest confirmation of this position.”

Wieland died in the year 1823, at the age of eighty.

Subsequently to the above the author gives the following portrait of a model man in relation to longevity:—

“Let me now be permitted to delineate the portrait of a man destined to long life. He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid: at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad arched chest: a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all its parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul par-

takes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather an useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations, is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honours or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow."

Kossuth's Speeches.

—An edition of Kossuth's "Select Speeches" has been published in London, with "Kossuth's express sanction." A critic well remarks of these extraordinary productions:—"M. Kossuth's speeches seem to us unique. To say that there is nothing like them in our literature, is little; we know of nothing like them in any literature. They unite two worlds. When they deal with fact, logic, figures,—they are as clear, solid, business-like as an exposition by an English Chancellor of the Exchequer or the message of an American President. Where they deal with passion, sentiment and impulse, they are bold, soaring and poetical—alive with fancy and sparkling with illustration—like the lyrical effusions of the Eastern lands. This blending of elements constitutes their literary charm, and would give them a place in literature, even were they not the record of a story of absorbing human interest."

Harper's Magazine.

—"The Newcomes," Thackeray's new novel is continued in the December number of Harper. There is a good deal of talk because Thackeray in his first chapter speaks of Washington as a "rebel general." We see not why exception should be taken to the expression, or the thought which prompted it. Thackeray is an Englishman, and Englishmen very naturally look upon those who threw off the British yoke in 1776, as rebels. We cannot expect him to renounce his allegiance to his King and government, merely because he travelled our country, and met with such a reception as his literary eminence warranted. Does it follow because a foreign writer comes to our shores, and exchanges the fruit of his thought and study, for our

money, that he must abandon all allegiance to his own government? One omission, and an important one to the lovers of the marvellous in the number of Harper, we notice, is the absence of Abbot's romance of Napoleon! Can it be that the trumpet-blower of the unprincipled usurper and his descendants, is out of wind?

Notes on Uncle Tom.

—The London *Athenæum* contains the following curt notice of Rev. Mr. Stearns's notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin, so often spoken of in our pages, as being one of the best works of the kind which has appeared:

"A voluminous book of *Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin* has this readable advantage over so many other commentaries, explanations, and refutations of Mrs. Stowe's romance, that it is written by a parson, the Rev. E. J. Stearns, who delights to call a spade a spade, and exhibits few traces of the literary chivalries due to the sex of his antagonist. We have been amused with this work, so thoroughly American in its style and substance; and it is quite impossible to deny the force of many of Mr. Stearns's allegations and especially his retorts on the 'condition of England question.'"

The American Family Robinson.

—This book was made to sell, and we suspect sell it will. It embraces the story of a family who were lost in the great desert of the west, and of course, contains exciting scenes, in which the sons of the forest figure. It is from the pen of Mr. D. W. Belisle, a gentleman of whom we have never before heard as a writer, and was published by Mr. Hazard of No. 178 Chestnut street. The getting up is excellent, paper, binding and engravings, being very handsome. We should think it might make a good holiday present for pretty well advanced children. It has rather too much of the exciting for very young minds. The idea of the book seems to have been suggested by the popular Swiss Family Robinson and the close similarity of name may serve to confuse it with that book. Of course the publisher will not care.

The Iron Rule.—The Lady at Home.

—These are the titles of two very agreeable household tales, from the pen of Mr. T. S. Arthur. They present contrasts of domestic life, or unhappiness and happiness as do all of Mr. A's writings, and moreover they convey a moral of most wholesome character. T. B. Peterson is the publisher of both works. It astonishes us to know how brother Arthur accomplishes so much as he does. He writes an immense amount every week, for his paper, to say nothing of sending forth every

month or so, a novel like those in notice. The public do not tire of him; on the contrary, the more he gives, the more they ask.

Rare Books.

— Joseph Lilly of 19 King Street, Covent Garden London, advertises a new catalogue, of a choice and valuable collection of Books, ancient and modern, in the English and other languages, books of prints, in fine condition, also of beautifully illuminated manuscripts upon vellum, including a most splendid vellum MS. of the Latin Bible, in 2 very large vols. folio, written in 1380; also an illuminated copy of Eerdosi's Shah Nameh, in Persian, with 37 beautiful paintings;—principally bound by the best binders.

We name the fact for the benefit of our biblioplastic readers.

Chanticleer.

—We have received a copy of this admirable Thanksgiving Story, from the pen of Mr. Cornelius Mathews. Having noticed it somewhat particularly in the course of an announcement of the new edition, published several weeks since, it is unnecessary for us to say more at the present time. Redfield is the publisher.

A Month in England.

—Since placing in the hands of our printers advance sheets of this very readable book, from which extracts have been transferred to the pages of our present number, we have received the volume itself. The extracts are fair specimens of the whole book. Redfield has got it out.

Knickerbocker.

—The number for December of this interesting periodical closes another volume. It is uncommonly well filled with *material*. The Editor's Table is the great feature of the work; and nothing could be better of its kind.

Magazine of Art.

Montgomery's *Magazine of Art* for December, has been sent to us by J. W. Moore. It is altogether the handsomest thing of the kind which has ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

The Convent and the Manse.

—Jewett & Co., of Boston, have published recently a handsome 12mo. volume with this title. We may say more of it hereafter.

Dr. Hooker,

—has some very handsome Gift Books for Holidays, embracing the best publications of all the leading houses in the country, which he is prepared to sell at very reasonable prices. His store is at Eighth and Chestnut.

Old England and New England.

—This book from which we gave copious extracts last week, in advance of publication is now on our table. It will be read with ardor by all the lovers of private gossip, in a large and very untasteful amount of which the author Mr. Alfred Brenn deals. A. Hart, Publisher.

Napoleon at St. Helena.

—Sir Hudson Lowe's Letters and Journals bearing upon this title, have just been published by the Harpers, in two handsome volumes.

Memoirs of Abernethy.

—By Dr. Macelwain, have just reached us from the Harpers.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—From the Letters of Baron Grimm we extract the following:—

"In general it is not very difficult for little minds to attain splendid situations; it is much more difficult to attain the place to which their merit fully entitles them. In the first place, elevation of sentiments is almost always an insurmountable obstacle to fortune; it is an effectual barrier against a thousand easy and certain means of advancement, unless they be accompanied with vast intrepidity of soul, with a sort of courage that men of truly honest and upright hearts do not wish to profess. For if, on the one hand, they multiply our means of attaining the proposed end, they, on the other, place before our eyes in but too forcible a point of view, the obstacles which we have to surmount. This inconvenience is great, and the multiplication of our means is not always an advantage. I am persuaded that in carefully examining the conduct of those who have attained any extraordinary fortune, we shall be tempted to believe that there is nothing so sure of succeeding as not to be over brilliant, as to be entirely wrapped up in oneself, and endowed with a perseverance which, spite of all the rebuffs which it meets never relaxes in the pursuit of its object. It is incredible what may be done by dint of importunity alone, and where shall we find the man of real talents who knows how to be importunate enough? He is too soon overcome with the disgust inspired by all matters which have interest only for their object, with the *ennui* of perpetual solicitation; he is too much alive to all the little movements visible on the countenance of the person solicited, and he gives up the pursuit. The fool sees none of these things, feels none of these things; he pursues his object with unremitting ardor, and at length attains it."

— Dr. Reward, of Paris, who died in the year 1767, one day visiting one of his patients, found with him an old Abbe, playing at piquet. Dr. Reward, looking earnestly at the Abbe, said to him "What are you doing here, sir? go home instantly for the love of heaven, and get yourself bled; you have not a moment to lose." The Abbe, alarmed to the highest degree, was struck motionless. He was carried home, was bled three or four times and took an emetic, but was more alarmingly ill than before. On the third day his brother was sent for from the country; he arrived in great haste, and was told that the Abbe was dying. He inquired eagerly what was his malady, when Dr. Reward said that he had had a strong attack of paralysis, without being sensible of it; he (the Doctor) had however fortunately discovered it, by perceiving the Abbe's mouth all drawn on one side; he had, therefore, hastened to apply the proper remedies, but he was sorry to say that they had not proved successful. "I should have been surprised if they had," answered the other calmly, "for my brother's mouth has been drawn away for more than sixty years." "What do you say?" said Dr. Reward, taking up his hat and walking off, without waiting to see the effect of an emetic which he had just administered.

— M. Demetrius Galanos, the most learned linguist that modern Greece has produced, and who for more than twenty years occupied with pre-eminent distinction the Sanscript Professorship at the College of Aenares, in Hindostan, died recently in that city, in his sixty-ninth year. His numerous wholly unpublished manuscripts on the different idioms of Asia, the result of forty years laborious research, M. Galanos has bequeathed to the University of Athens, on condition of that seminary causing them to be published, he himself having left sufficient funds for that purpose. These when published will make about ten folio volumes. The Athenian University accepts the gift and its contingent duties, and has directed its rector, Dr. Georgio Thypaldes, to conduct the publication.

— There are peculiarities of thought and action, which, not in themselves conspicuous, are soon familiarized in private life. Professional usage, long habitude, and inveterate custom, will give an irremediable peculiarity of conduct to men whose hearts are kind, whose designs are honest, and whose understandings are well informed. Such are the men, however, who are most ridiculed and avoided in social life, while the vicious and the criminal, by putting on the dress of fashion and assuming passing caprices, enjoy the caresses of society, and find the first societies happy to receive them—

— Mr. Charles Olliffe, the author of the re-

cently published "Scenes Americaines," from which some extracts have already been given in BIZARRE, speaking of Boston in chapter 21, says "In its immediate vicinity is Bunker's Hill, the scene of the most decisive of the battles fought for the cause of Independence. *Every body knows* that many eminent Frenchmen figured at Bunker's Hill: *Lafayette, Rochambeau, Bozer de Tallyrand, the Counts Segur and De Grasse.*"

— Mr. Van Arsdale, of Newark, New Jersey, has discovered an unknown comet in the constellation Cassiopea, which is nearly in the zenith. It is of a small, round, bright appearance, with an exceedingly rapid motion in a direction apparently opposite to that of the sun. After only a short observation it changed its place very perceptibly. It is not apparent to the naked eye.

— Peter Hein, a distinguished Admiral in the Dutch service, rose to that rank from a cabin boy; and in a desperate conflict with the Spaniards was killed in the moment of victory. Their High Mightinesses, in respect of his valour, sent a deputation to condole with his mother, upon the loss of her son. The old woman was found in her original obscurity at Delft, and in her simplicity, replied to the Deputies—"I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has the reward of his folly."

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Jullien.

Jullien has gone, and with him perhaps the most effective orchestra, we have ever had in Philadelphia; certainly for the performance of Jullien's compositions. He has drawn full houses; not so much on account of the artistic,—and they were artistic—as of the popular character of his performances. Two thousand people are not to be picked up in Philadelphia nightly, to hear any musical performance because of its high merit in a purely artistic sense; but twice, nay three times that number, the prices being moderate, will go to hear Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, as developed by Jullien in his famous American Quadrilles. They touch the right chords; they address patriotic tendencies; they seize hold of the hurra-boy feelings with which we republicans are charged to the brim. Who wouldn't go to hear Yankee Doodle played ten or twelve different ways, on as many different instruments? The discharges of cannon and musketry, the trampings of horse, foot and dragoons, the twang-

ings of trumpets, the rollings and rattlings of little drums, the distant cheers of victory; are not these delightful to the "boys?" Jullien has gone. Eheu! well, he has. The huge posters linger, but they are ragged, tattered and torn relics of a season passed. Concert Hall is gloomy and forlorn, as we write; to be brilliant again we hope and soon, with some new star or stars.

Yes, says a writer, Jullien is gone. The elaborately dressed, the music full Jullien has departed, and we shall see him no more in Philadelphia! How shall we dwell upon memories of that gilded wand, that gilded chair, that gilded music-stand that gilded—no, gold, real, pure gold chain, with its pure gold charms dangling from about the middle button of that swelling waistcoat, like a bunch of keys from a housekeeper's girdle! And then the waving of the hand, the dreamy expression of the eyes, when all the instruments harmoniously unite, the slight frown, and soft exclamation of *hush!*—when there is discord even to the amount of a quarter of a note. Oh, Jullien! how could you leave us?

Mr. Fitzgerald.

—Mr. Fitzgerald's lecture on Music last Friday evening at Musical Fund Hall, is highly spoken of by those who were so fortunate as to hear it. We knew it would be of the right stamp, and we regret that circumstances prevented us from enjoying it. May it not be repeated? The night of its delivery was a very inclement one, and several of our friends, like ourselves laid up with colds were thus prevented from venturing out. The house was well filled nevertheless. It would be crowded we think on another occasion, certainly if the weather should favor. Mr. Fitzgerald, as everybody should know is the clever editor of the *City Item*.

The Prophete.

—The *Home Journal* has the following notice of the "Prophete," now successfully performing in New York, by Max Maretzek's *troupe*:—"To the performance of the "Prophete," at Niblo's, this praise may at least be awarded—it is the best possible in the circumstances: and—to quote Cowper in the parsing lesson—"Who does the best his circumstance allows, does well." In this sense, Max Maretzek has done well. Whether it was wise to attempt, on a small stage, with limited resources, and at low prices, an opera which can only be adequately performed on a large stage, with great means and a probability of liberal remuneration, is another question. But it has been attempted, and with success quite equal to the possibilities of the case. The orchestra and

chorus were increased as far as prudence permitted. Some new and good scenery was painted. The whole company were provided with new dresses, some of which were strikingly appropriate, particularly those of the three Anabaptists. Md'lle Steffanone surpassed herself in the part of Fides as well in her acting and 'getting up,' as in her singing. Madame Meretzek exerted herself successfully, as Bertha. Salvi won new honors in the character of Jean. Marini sang effectively and sometimes grandly the music of the chief Anabaptist. Beneventano was fully equal to the part of the Count. Rosi and Quinto contributed their fair share to the interest of the occasion. No orchestra in New York ever played better than the orchestra under Max Maretzek, in the fine music of the fourth act; and some of the choruses were rendered with superior effect. And if the skating and snow-ball scene was necessarily imperfect, yet the great scene—that of the coronation—was more effective than any hitherto presented on our operatic stage. While, therefore, it is evident that this celebrated opera is not given at Niblo's as it is at Covent Garden, and as it must be given to realize fully the ideas of Meyerbeer and Scribe, yet all will allow that the New York manager has done what his opportunities admitted, and that he is entitled to the thanks and patronage of the public. Owing to the universal impression that the house would be excessively crowded on the first night, so many stayed away, that it was not even full. But the opera, we doubt not, will be peculiarly successful."

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Town Talk.

—We notice in Godey's *Lady's Book* for December, a story entitled "The Price of Glory," translated from the French, which appeared some months since in the BIZARRE, under its proper title "The Price of Life." A good story is this, and one which already, as copied from the pages of BIZARRE, has travelled all over the country.

The Abolitionists are holding a grand Sanhedrim in our city. They commenced operations at Sansom Street Hall, but were compelled to abdicate, we learn, after one or two days slang-whanging including the Sabbath. When we write they are holding forth somewhere, in Arch street. We consider this body of men and women as just what it is; a disorderly rabble, wherein treason, infidelity and vulgarity, are all rampant. So far from unloosing the bonds

of slavery, it is calculated only to strengthen them.

We find that smoking is becoming a habit with very young people. Only a day or two since, we met a lad, hurrying along to school with satchel in hand, and a big cigar in his mouth. He seemed to enjoy his puffings, blowing off his cloud in most artistic manner. Talking of cigars, Mr. James, in front of Jones' Hotel, Chestnut above Sixth, has some of the finest brands to be found in the market. If people will smoke they should smoke good cigars, particularly when like the lad to whom we have alluded, they presume to smoke on the street. That lad, by the way, ought to be talked to. We think he is a fit subject for a sound motherly lecture.

Mr. Bunn's notices of Philadelphia and Philadelphians, published in our last number, excited no little remark, particularly among the circles in which he moved.

They are we think among the most indifferent portions, as well as the most exceptionable ones in his book, and judging from them, we pronounced it so-so-ish. Since then, we have had the whole volume under our eye, and it has changed our opinion of the book. Its general merits then, are more than commendable, while it contains some very entertaining, and not a few very sensible chapters. The author is plain-spoken. His notes, which are copious as with his former book, embracing reminiscences of the stage are the best features in the book.

The weather is beginning to be decidedly fur-inviting. Per consequence, Oakford's warerooms, at 158 Chestnut Street, are being filled with ladies selecting muffs and tippets, &c. He has a large variety, and sells at various prices according to qualities. Oakford's hats, are considered by our fashionables as of the most elegant quality and design. People are disposed to rely on him with confidence in the line. They surrender themselves in other words, hat-ically into the hands of Oakford, and he satisfies every wish they have in the premises.

Congress is again in full blast, and people are wondering how long they will sit. As for anything but mischief being done by this body, nobody thinks of it. The earnest wish of the community is, that hot weather may come in, as early as June, so that the honorables may be roasted out of their stuffed chairs, at the earliest possible moment and sent to them respective homes.

We stopped at Maurices the other day—we mean of course, Col. M., of 123 Chestnut Street, and had the pleasure of looking at some fancy stationery which he has just got in with reference to Christmas and the holidays. It is all in good taste, and will sell well we doubt not. Col. Maurice is an es-

pecial favorite with everybody; it will hence be readily seen, that if a thousandth part of his friends patronize him,—which is likely—he will one of these days become—what he ought to be—a mailionaire.

Old Almanacs.

— We have in our possession, thanks to an attentive correspondent, a copy of the New York Pocket Almanack," for the year 1762. It is calculated for the "use of the Province of New York, and the neighbouring Provinces" Philadelphia of course being included, by Richard Moore, Philo: and was printed and sold by and for, H. Gaime, at the Bible and Crown in Hanover Square. It contains among other matters of interest an account of the Royal Navy of Great Britian, with the names of the Captains of each ship to the 6th of December, 1760, which we may copy hereafter. It also has a list of the English land forces of the same date, published by us some weeks since, as also, a list of Governors in North America, from which we make the following extracts: Georgia, Henry Ellis, Esq.; South Carolina, Thomas Pownell; N. Carolina, Arthur Dobbs; Virginia, Jeffrey Amherst; L. Gov. F. Farquier; Maryland, Proprietor Lord Baltimore; L. Gov. Horatio Sharp; Pennsylvania, Proprietor M. Penn; L. Gov. James Hamilton; New Jersey, Thomas Boone; New York, Hon. Cadwallader Colden, Esq., President and Commander-in-Chief; Connecticut, Thomas Fitch; Rhode Island, Stephen Hopkins; Massachusetts Bay Francis Bernard; L. Gov. T. Hutchinson, New Hampshire; Berining Wentworth. We have also, thanks to the same correspondent, a copy of the "Pennsylvania Pocket Almanack for the year, 1766, calculated for the use of the Province of Pennsylvania, and the neighbouring Provinces," printed and sold by W. Bradford, at the London Coffee House in our city. It contains among a variety of other things the "Odious Stamp Act," which occupies eight pages, and a list of the officers empowered to enforce it, as follows: Inspector John Munroe, Collectors George Meserne for New Hamshire, Andrew Oliver, for Massachusetts; Johnston for Rhode Island; Ingoldstol for Connecticut; James M'Evers, for New York, William Cox, for New Jersey, and John Hughs, for Pennsylvania. From the calculations of the philosopher, who he was is not stated,—the winters in Philadelphia in those days were much more severe than at present, for we find such announcements as the following all along through the months thereof:—"Rain or snow and cold." "Now more wind, with rain or snow." "Cold rain and winds." "Now expect more rain or snow." "High wind and blustering, cloudy, raw weather and snow." "Wind and like for rain or snow." "Rain with

high winds, &c. The very elements seemed to spit upon the tyrannous rule of England, to howl and hoot, and make up all sorts of wry faces. A change in government, however soon came, thanks to the "odious Stamp Act." With it arose the effects of high and advancing civilization—a clearing away of woods and wilds, the institution of cities and their surrounding cultivated fields, and then as a matter of course a more equable and well-regulated atmosphere.

Franklin Monument Again.

— Agreeably to a resolution adopted at the meeting held on the 1st ult., of Printers, Publishers, Authors, and others connected with the Press, to devise measures for the erection of a suitable monument to Benjamin Franklin (noticed in BIZARRE), the Chairman, Jesper Harding, Esq., has appointed the following named gentlemen, the Executive Committee of Fifty-six, to take general supervision of the whole subject, and prepare an Address to the Printers and Literary men of the United States:—

T. S. Arthur, H. Carey Baird, George Baitzel, R. W. Barnard, William Birney, William A. Blanchard, George H. Boker, David Paul Brown, Henry A. Brown, Edward H. Butler, Louis M. Chasteau, John P. Colcord, T. K. Collins, Robert T. Conrad, J. M. Cooper, Alexander Cummings, William B. Eckert, Phillip R. Freas, Joseph R. Fry, William F. Geddes, Geo. R. Graham, Louis A. Godey, A. Hart, Chas. Henderson, Herman Hooker, Edward D. Ingraham, Lawrence Johnson, John H. Jones, William H. Jones, William C. Kelly, Robert P. King, Washington L. Lane, Andrew M'Makin, Edward C. Markley, W. S. Martien, Horace Martin, Morton McMichael, James Montgomery, J. W. Moore, Edward Joy Morris, Gibson Peacock, Charles J. Peterson, T. B. Peterson, William B. Reed, James Rees, Andrew Scott, William M. Swaim, Joseph Seaverns, John H. Taggart, James T. Wallace, John Davis Watson, Edward G. Webb, Thompson Westcott, Stephen N. Winslow, Joseph Wood.

We hope these gentlemen will move in their work at once.

Throwing Old Shoes for Luck.

— Notes and Queries, sparks of an old rhyme (see notes and queries, page 377,) still extant, which gives an early date to this singular custom:

"When Britons bold,
Wedded of old,
Sadrals were backward thrown,
The pair to tell,
That, ill or well,
The act was all their own"

An octogenarian of our acquaintance informs us that he heard himself thus anathe-

matized when, leaving his native village with his bride, he refused to comply with the extortionate demands of an Irish beggar:

"Then it's bad luck goes wid yer,
For my shoe I toss,
An ye niver come back,
'Twill be no great loss."

National Names.

— It is remarkable that the favorite name of the Irish is of Latin origin; that of the Welsh Hebrew; that of the Welsh Hebrew; those of England and Scotland Greek. Patrick (Patricius) signifies nobleman. David, the boved, George (Georgos) a tiller of the ground; and Andrew (Andreios) manly, or courageous. These names were introduced by the missionaries who taught Christianity to the people of the British Isles.

Sherry Cobblers Quite Ancient.

— It would appear by the following extract from 4th Book of the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, that the Sherry Cobbler is not a new invention: "And there were wheat, and barley, and beans; and bear (oinos krithinos) in goblets: and there were in them, floating on the surface (isocheileis) quantities of barley itself, and reeds were lying therein, some greater, others smaller, free from joints (gonata). And when one was athirst, it was necessary to take these into the mouth and suck. And it was a liquor altogether unmixed, unless one would pour water thereon: and the draught was exceedingly agreeable to any one accustomed to it."

Query.

— A correspondent desires to know whether the ballad "Twas on a Sunday morning," sung at M. Jullien's concerts by Mlle. Anna Zerr, has ever been published, and who was the author of the words and music.

THE SCHOLAR AND HIS LAMP.

From sunrise until eve, the scholar sat
Sedate, with thought intense, nor seemed to know,
The shades familiar that around him stole—
Shades of a world in gloom, till now the lamp
Filled, that to midnights coming it might burn,
Shone on the open page, when lo! the flame
Glimmer'd with languid strength, and to more old
Yielded a familiar light; then once again
Replenished, all was dim, the book was closed,
And total darkness fell. Ah! studious youth,
The sacred oil of learning lavished thus,
And, with enthusiast hand, careless student,
Doth quench, not brighten thine immortal mind.

— There is much excitement in town about the latest news from the seat of war in Europe. Whether the Turks or the Russians have the best of it, however is a matter of uncertainty.

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Marquise*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

THE DREAMER OF THE DANUBE.

There is a moral in the following tale—translated from the German—which it behooves all those who confide in fortune-tellers, and supernaturalists of all kinds, well to heed.

In the hamlet of Driva, on the banks of the Danube, there lived once an old man, who called himself Sunbeg, and who kept himself alive by the exercise of prophetic power by means of visions of dreams. He would often be seen sitting for hours together on a bench at the door of his hut, with his back to the wall, and his face looking steadfastly out towards the east, and the village children, when they saw him assume this position, would skulk away from their games, and whisper in fearful accents to each other, "Sunbeg is going to dream!" He was in all the secrets of the village, from the lowest inhabitant to the highest, but all regarded him with a distant eye, as if they doubted his means of prophetic information.

It happened that in the village lived a young man, of the name of Dessein. His fathers were villagers before him, and his wishes and his heart went not beyond its narrow limits. He had followed, with considerable success, for some time, the occupation of a carpenter, and he was now in search of that consummation of happiness which his prosperity allowed him to anticipate. The innocent young Paulina bloomed forth in his eyes lovely, affectionate, and virtuous. Brief, though glad, was the simplicity of village courtship, and already had her parents consented to their union. Paulina's heart beat with unusual emotions whenever she beheld Dessein approaching, and Dessein's was not less delighted when in the company of Paulina; in short, nothing now delayed their marriage, but an unaccountable wish which Paulina's mother expressed, that it might take place on her birth-day. "Well, it is but a month," said Dessein, and Paulina looked as if she could have chid him for the word *but*.

The villagers were making merry one evening on the green, when a party of soldiers was seen approaching. They proved to be a recruiting, or rather balloting party, for there was war at this time. How startled were the poor villagers at their unwelcome visitors. Every heart in an instant thought with boding on its nearest relatives. Paulina shuddered, and turning to Dessein, "Fly, fly!" said she, "while you have yet time—they are coming on fast—escape, my Dessein, to the wood." Before Dessein had time to answer, the troops arrived at the green, where they halted, and sounded the trumpet to assemble the males of the village. It was now too late, the lots were drawn, and Dessein was made a soldier.

Months on months passed away, after his departure, but no tidings of Dessein. Poor Paulina's sorrow was too deep to find expression or relief in tears, but she sunk gradually away, without apparent malady. It occurred to her mother that old Sunbeg should be consulted as to the fate of Dessein. Paulina's dim eye brightened up at the hope of learning the fate of her betrothed, and she walked trembling to the hut of the visionary, her heart beating high with the new excitement it had received. "Sunbeg," said the maid, "give me news of my betrothed Dessein. Hast thou seen him in thy visions? Tell me, does he still live—shall I ever see him again? Where is he?—tell me good Sunbeg." "Paulina," answered the old man raising his gray eye with an inquiring look on the maid, "no, my child, I have not yet beheld thy beloved; but come to me to-morrow, and I will perchance give thee tidings of the youth." "'Tis a long time till to-morrow," said Paulina, "but, father I will come at the time thou namest."

Restlessly did Paulina's head lie on her pillow that night. Her weakened form was agitated by the alternate drama of hope and despair. Next day she went to Sunbeg at the hour appointed—but he had sought in vain for a vision of the youth—another day was she to wait. Again the vision of Sunbeg fled before him. On the third she came to him. He had had a sight of the youth, stretched on the battle-field, pale in death: he had heard his last words—they were of Paulina—he saw him carried in a cart with other dead for interment—and the vision closed. It was enough: the only hope which had sustained the heart of Paulina was now vanished—the last spark which was her "life of life" was now extinguished. She screamed not, neither spake—but she went forth from the hut of Sunbeg a broken hearted maniac.

Two long years passed over the miserable head of the deranged Paulina. The village

children when she passed, would stand still, with one hand at their back, and the little fore-finger of the other on their half-open mouths, and gaze with uncomprehending pity on the maniac maid. There was an air of dullness in all the village—hearts beat not now so merry as once, for the merriest and lightest amongst them was laid waste.

One evening, in the twilight, a tap was heard at the door of Paulina's parents. The mother arose, and Dessein entered. Ah, how altered; a weary, worn-out, wounded soldier. No wonder though the eyes of affection did not recognize him. He had to introduce himself by name. Paulina at the sound looked up, and smiled a smile of insanity. "You Dessein!" she exclaimed, "Oh, 'tis false. I only knew one of that name, and he has been dead and gone these twenty years. Poor soul, he went to the red wars, and shot himself, and I have been in mourning for him ever, ever since. It's a long time, but I should know him—I should know him if I saw him again." Dessein started back—his eyes were rivetted in the forehead—"Oh, my Paulina!" uttered the mourner, "is this thou?" and his lips quivered in agony, and his face turned pale as death. A ray of consciousness glimmered through the bewildered brain of the poor maniac; she uttered a faint scream, and sank lifeless in the arms of her lover.

The whole village went forth to pay the last tribute to the memory of the dead, Dessein leading the procession as chief mourner. It was indeed a happy release for the departed, but what said the heart of Dessein? He looked down into the grave of his beloved—he saw the coffin covered out of his sight—he would have uttered a blessing over her virgin tomb—his lips moved, but expression was denied them. His spirit groaned in agony, and he departed. He flung his knapsack over his shoulders, went forth from his native village to the wars—and was heard of no more!

BUNN-IANA.

We extract in the following, pretty liberally from Alfred Bunn's "Old England and New England," just published by A. Hart, of our city.

LIND-IANA.

"We have admitted all along that John Bull is one of those mortals more easily gulled than almost any other: indeed, we should have looked upon him as having arrived at the perfection of "innocence," if we had not chanced to have visited America. The parent is "hooked" easily enough; but

the child will swallow hook, line, rod and all. The visit of Jenny Lind to the United States is without any precedent in the annals of empiricism; and now that our transatlantic friends begin to laugh at themselves, they cannot be offended at other people joining in that laugh."

* * * * *

"An agent, in cases like this, is one who is hired to invent, write, and publish every four-and-twenty hours as much misrepresentation, slightly tinged with truth, as he can possibly commit to paper; and having prepared his nostrums, he has to travel from town to town, over a vast tract of country, to test the palates of their respective inhabitants, and to cram them, without any regard to moderation, down the throats of the gaping community. As he lives at his employer's expense, of course he lives well; he treats himself to the best of everything, and then treats everybody who can forward his purpose. He has the use of a pretty long purse, which does not belong to himself, and his expenditure is therefore profuse. He has the unlimited issue of *billets d'entrée* to the entertainment of which he is fagleman; and if it should turn out to be an attractive one, his power, for the moment, is supreme. His remuneration is either a stipulated stipend, or a per-centage, according to circumstances. Imagination is his grand recommendation.

"If the heroine to whose advancement he is for the time being devoted has no father, so much the better; because it is easy then to assert, what there is none to contradict, that, instead of being some obscure cobbler, he died at the head of his regiment on the field of battle, an event which compelled his daughter to seek her own livelihood. Then, being the pink of virtue, she must always be accompanied by a mother,* whose first duty is to protect it; she must be disinterestedness itself, have a noble heart, be of a very serious turn of mind, and, of course, 'as beautiful as Lucifer before he fell.' If by any chance she can have lost a lover by a fall from a horse, or a whirl down a precipice, and it can be insinuated that for a time she was nearly bereft of reason, the excitement becomes very much enhanced; and any innuendo about an unknown act of charity being eventually traced to her, has a marvellous effect."

* * * * *

"At Boston, a newspaper gave out, with solemn announcement a tea-kettle, which it christened Jenny Lind, from the fact that

* "We engaged a French dancer at Drury Lane Theatre three successive seasons, and she came each time with a different mother. You can hire them in Paris, on the Boulevards du Temple, or thereabouts, for three francs a week."

the moment it was filled with water and put on the fire, it began to *sing!* In the same city, the coachman who drove the warbler from the railway station to the 'Revere House,' mounted the steps of that hotel, and, extending his right hand, said: 'Here is the hand that lifted Jenny Lind out of the coach, gentlemen; you can any of you kiss it who choose to buy that privilege for five dollars—children half price!*' At Newport, in Rhode Island, the landlord of an hotel, even recently, in advertising his house and all its advantages, added this rider to the bill:—

'P. S.—The beautiful carriage, drawn by the famous buskin horses, which conveyed Jenny Lind from the 'Canonicus,' on her arrival here, can be had at any time, by applying as above.

"WILLIAM DEAN."

"It would fill a volume to detail all the drolleries, all the absurdities, and all the quackery which created them, in connection with this extraordinary engagement—such as had never been heard of before, and never will be again, at least for the next century. It is unnecessary to say that, in America as in England, Jenny turned up her nose at her dupes, the moment she had turned her back upon them, and, as

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die,'

the said Jenny, taking unto herself for a husband, a musical individual by the name of Otto Goldschmidt, subsided into comparative obscurity. Whether this state of quietude be agreeable or not, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; but, *certainly*, feelers of divers character have been from time to time circulated in the American Journals. At one time, a paragraph appeared in them, stating that Jenny and her chosen one lived unhappily together; and this was directly followed up by an extract from a letter which Jenny wrote to Mr. Zachrisson, the Swedish Consul in New York, running thus: "We are, God be thanked! quite well. Otto is very good and kind. He labors always, is at home always, is kind always, is the same faithful friend always, thinks only of my welfare and my happiness, and maintains a calm, *still courage* in all circumstances." One would think, on a perusal of this latter passage, that Otto must have been engaged in some dreadful battle, some national crisis, or some other fearful event, from this display of a "calm, still courage;" but as his principal occupations must be playing the fiddle, drinking hock, and eating *Sauerkraut*, we

cannot see that such employment requires any very great degree of bravery! Then, again, from one end of the Union to the other, paragraphs perpetually appeared heralding forth Jenny's continued acts of benevolence, and her incessant distribution of alms. Whether or not these *avant-courriers* have been dispatched with an ultimate view to a return to the States, time will show; but in the interim, the following rejoinder to those paragraphs, which immediately followed them, must have somewhat damped her ardor. A New York paper, in which it appeared, stated that it came from the Berlin correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*.—pp. 202-6.

HEALTH.

"Dyspepsia is the besetting malady of the entire country, in both sexes. They give themselves no chance, for they do things hourly that shorten life daily; and any remonstrance on the subject generally leads to the conclusion that they consider long life a misfortune. They set down a woman old at twenty-seven, and maintain that a man ought not to live after forty! There can be no question that the climate materially affects their constitutions, but they certainly aid the climate in its operation. The ceaseless habit of smoking, and the nauseous one of chewing tobacco, are fearful adversaries to contend with, from the excess of saliva to which they necessarily contribute. As spitting is the most injurious, so is it the most revolting practice in which a man can indulge; and to such a serious extent is it here carried, that neither person nor place are safe from its filthy effects.* Though spittoons are distributed in all parts of all houses, in churches, and even in their pulpits, that regard to them which ought to be paid is not very frequently observed. They spit, as a matter of course, upon floors, and even costly carpets covering them; in grates, over, or under them; in all public conveyances, all about the streets, in shops, on the decks and in the cabins of all vessels, in theatres and other places of amusement, in both Houses of Congress, all lobbies leading thereto, and all apartments connected therewith; at all tables, during all meals, in their counting-houses and stores, in passages and bedrooms, which makes it an impossibility to cross them, without either putting on slippers, or 'putting your foot in

* "A lady resident in the same hotel with ourselves, assured us that she was coming down the grand staircase one evening, ready dressed, in a rich white satin costume, for an evening party, when a brute going up it, spat upon her robe; and on her remonstrance with him on an act of such grossness, he replied, in the most unconcerned manner: 'Well, I guess you'd better take your gown out of the way.'"

* "See Jenny Lind's Tour, by C. Rosenberg."

it; and as no place is sacred from pollution, of course they spit in their Courts of Justice, there being no law against it. They expectorate with as great a nicety as if they were toxophelites, hitting any mark their attention may be directed to, if it be not at too great distance; and they indulge this propensity in whatever society they may happen to be."—pp. 266-7.

ADIEU!

"America, adieu! that is, for the present. We are too selfish to pronounce an eternal one; but before we can promise ourselves the pleasure of once more beholding the greatness which actually is yours, and of enjoying again the hospitality of those who constitute that greatness, more than one thing has to be made manifest. In the first place, we must ascertain how your sons and daughters like these our *currente calamo* comments; whether we have satisfied, pleased, or given offence. Consequently, whether, as will be the case with some writers we could mention, if we do pay you another visit, we shall be 'cowhided,' 'tarred and feathered,' 'lynched,' or 'whipped,' according to our various merits. It is always best to know how we stand, that we may be prepared for all results; and as we do not intend to retract a syllable we have written, our destiny will very soon be determined. Our object in writing, and our mode of writing, cannot be mistaken. Like Haynes Bayley's gay butterfly,

'Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all things that are pretty and sweet,'

we have touched upon whatever has passed under our observation (gently, we trust), have flown away with what was worth preserving, and having analyzed it, have sent it back again, after our own crude, misshapen, light, mirthful manner, without thinking whom it may please, and telling truth without caring whom it may offend.

"America, adieu! We left your shores with great regret, and we shall return to them, whenever it shall be our lot, with infinite gratification."—p. 315.

*OLD SIGHTS WITH NEW EYES.

This is the title of running sketches of travel in Europe, from the pen of a clergyman of Boston. It is introduced to the public by Dr. Baird, the accomplished divine and tourist, who prefaces the volume

* Old Sight with New Eyes. New York: M. W. Dodd.

with a well written introduction, and asks a favorable reception for it, which we think it well deserves. Truly, the lions of Europe are not only seen with new eyes, but they are described with a very ready and vigorous pen. The book has a most agreeable freshness, and one hurries over its cleanly printed pages, both with pleasure and profit. We know not who the author may be, more than that he is a Boston clergyman. His book stamps him as an observer, a thinker, and a writer, who need not be ashamed to own himself; and we prophesy that if he chooses, he may not only hereafter become known, but well known.

We subjoin extracts:—

CHANOUX—MONTANVERT—THE FLEGERE.

"As I awoke in the night I heard the wind howling furiously around the house, and the rain dashing against the windows. So, thought I, there is an end to my projected excursion for the morrow, and I comforted myself, as I turned over, with the prospect of a day of rest. Very much surprised then was I to be awakened out of a sound sleep at half past five in the morning, by my guide, knocking at the door, and telling me it was time to get up and start for Montanvert. I remonstrated and appealed to his sense of propriety whether this was the right sort of weather for mountain excursion—a wet drizzly morning—when you could hardly see across the street. 'O!' said he, 'that's nothing, it will clear up by noon, and be a first rate time.' 'Ah! these guides!' said I to myself, as I proceeded to draw on my clothes—'what mercenary beings they are! All they care for is to get as many excursions out of you as they can, till there's nothing left but a skeleton. When you are perfectly satisfied that you are tired to death, and can't go a step farther, they persuade you that you're as fresh and vigorous as ever!'

"I hurried through my breakfast, equipped myself in an old over-coat, and mounted upon the trusty mule which my guide had waiting at the door, slowly wended my way through the streets, the gazing stock of the guides and stragglers of the various hotels we passed. My guide walked now in advance, sometimes leading the mule by the bridle over difficult places, and now in the rear, shouting at him, or quickening his pace by a stick. We crossed the Arve and the opposite meadows, past several farm-houses, frequently accosted by children with curiosities or refreshments for sale, and occasionally by some poor beggar, afflicted with the *goutte*, till we reached the foot of the mountain, where the path rises above the valley through a forest of pines. At a sudden turn, I noticed a little girl sitting

upon a rock with a wooden box by her side, who seemed anxious to attract our attention, and as soon as she caught my eye, applied herself vigorously to a crank in the box, which occasioned a most grotesque combination of discordant sounds, bearing a slight resemblance to the 'Hunting chorus' of Der Freyschutz. After playing a little, she left her box and ran after us for the pay. Farther on we met a troop of children with strawberries for sale. The multitude of visitors to the vale of Chamouny for several years past has almost destroyed the simplicity of its inhabitants. Old and young seem determined to make as much as possible out of strangers, and all sorts of contrivances are resorted to for this object. One has some minerals for sale, another a bunch of flowers, another a salver with little cups of milk and rum, another a few wooden toys, another some views of the scenery, &c., &c. Two or three children will start up from behind a rock and sing an Alpine song, and before the last note has ceased, hold out their hands for money. Another stations himself at some place where there is a fine echo, with a tin-horn or a little cannon, and sells you as many echoes as you wish to buy. A few of such applications would not be unreasonable, but they become so frequent and are prosecuted with such boldness and pertinacity as to annoy and disgust the traveller.

"The ascent is very steep in many places; the path is full of rocks and roots of trees, sometimes carried along the edge of the declivity by means of trees cut down and filled in with branches and soil, through which great holes often gape into the valley below, and you tremble lest your mule should put his feet into them and send you over his head down the mountain. But the sagacious and sure-footed animal soon wins your confidence, and you resign yourself to his superior discernment. We crossed several 'creux,' as they are called, i. e. hollows or ravines in the mountain side, down which the avalanches come in the winter season and sweep everything before them. Most of the way we were enveloped in a thick mist, but occasionally it would lift up and afford us beautiful glimpses of the valley. We had a fine view of the *Cascade d'Arveiron*. We reached the Pavilion on the summit in about two and a half hours from Chamouni. The sky cleared up, and we had a fine view of the sharp peaks across the adjoining glacier, such as the *Aiguille du Dru*, the *Aiguille Verte*, the loftiest of all rising to the height of thirteen thousand feet, and a thousand nameless pinnacles in different directions.

"After resting awhile, we prepared to descend upon the neighboring glacier, called

Mer de Glace, i. e. 'Sea of Ice.' This is not so easy as it seems at first. For the glaciers, as they work down towards the valley at the rate of a foot a day, throw up huge ridges on each side, composed of earth and stones and fragments of rocks, which are ground off from the mountains by the friction of the glacier. These ridges or *moraines*, as they are called, sometimes sixty or one hundred feet high, must be surmounted before you can reach the surface of the glacier.

"The glacier appears very different when you are upon it from what it did at a distance. Instead of presenting a smooth surface, it is broken up into a great variety of forms; here, huge blocks, and there sharp pinnacles sixty or eighty feet high, with unfathomable crevices between, down which you gaze with a shudder, as you think of the consequences of a slip of the foot upon the narrow edge of ice along which you are walking with the aid of a pointed staff. These crevices exhibit the beautiful *deep blue* color of the ice, which has never been satisfactorily explained. The river Arveiron has its source at the termination of this glacier in the valley below. The water issues from a vault of ice, which is continually changing its form, as great pieces are detached from the roof and tumbled down in the bed of the stream.

"A farther excursion of three and a half hours is sometimes made along the glacier to the *Glacier du Talefre*, to visit the *Jardin* (i. e. 'Garden'), a rock in the ice, which is covered with beautiful herbage, and in the month of August enamelled with flowers. In many places you see the flowers of the *Gentiana Major* along the very edge of the ice. Coleridge has finely described these glaciers in his 'Hymn before sun-rise, in the vale of Chamouny.'

'Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adorn enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst the maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon! Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers,
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!'

"On our way down we met more than fifty persons, some on mules, some on foot, and some carried in a sedan-chair by two men—old and young, ladies and children. After an interval of two hours for rest and dinner, I set out again for the *Flegere*. This is a mountain on the opposite side of the valley, commanding a fine view of the *Mer du Glace*, the *Montanvert*, and the whole range

of Mont Blanc. A ride of half an hour to the foot of the mountain, then a long and wearisome ascent of two hours more to the Croix de Flegere and the Chalet. Just before reaching the summit we caught a glimpse of the peak of Mont Blanc, but most of the time he was wrapped in clouds. I stopped a little while at the Chalet to rest and obtain some refreshment, and wrote my name in the album, and purchased some prints of the views. I came down in fine spirits, repeating the stanza,

'Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.'

"I have often been asked whether I made the ascent of Mont Blanc. The name Mont Blanc is given to the whole chain of mountains of which the Montanvert is one, and those who have visited that, often speak of having been to Mont Blanc. But the peak of Mont Blanc itself is rarely visited. The attempt has been often made without success, for several years. It requires a favourable combination of circumstances which rarely occurs. It is moreover attended with an expense of one or two hundred dollars to each individual of the party, as each person must have five or six guides and porters to carry the provisions.

"In the evening I visited some of the curiosity shops, which contain a great variety of articles to serve as mementoes of Chamouny—such as crystals from Mont Blanc, miniature Swiss cottages, cows and chamois ingeniously carved out of wood, and cane tops and knife handles, of chamois horn."—pp. 292-7.

STATUE OF GUTTEMBERG AT STRASBOURG.

"On our way saw the statues of General Kleber, a native of Strasbourg, one of Napoleon's generals, whom he left in command of the army in Egypt—and of Guttemberg, the inventor of printing. The statue of Guttemberg, is of bronze, and was modelled by the celebrated sculptor David. By his side is a printing-press, and in his hands a scroll, with the following inscription, 'Let there be light!' On one of the four sides of the pedestal appear in bas-relief the distinguished men of letters and science; on another, the advocates of freedom, among whom it is easy to recognize the marked features of our own Washington, Adams, and Franklin; and on another, the form of Philanthropy, pitying and relieving the oppressed; and on the fourth, Religion and all nations receiving the gospel at her hands.

As I stood contemplating it early the following morning, when it was surrounded by groups of market-women with their various wares, the momentous results of the invention here commemorated came thronging upon my mind; I lost sight of everything around me, and seemed elevated to a height from which I could take in at one view the whole domain of Art, Science, Literature, and Human Improvement—and lo! every dome, and pinnacle, and house-top, was irradiated by the light which streamed from this central point. It was as if the Creator had laid his hand upon that majestic brow and uttered his almighty fiat, 'Let there be light!'—and a new sun arose upon the benighted world! We next visited

THE CATHEDRAL.

"This is one of the finest Gothic edifices in the world. Its dimensions are three hundred and fifty-five feet in length, one hundred and thirty-two in breadth, and the height of the spire variously estimated at from four hundred and seventy-four to five hundred and thirty feet. It is of solid stone from the foundation to the apex, and most elaborately carved. The whole front is carried up to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and from the top of this platform rises the spire nearly three hundred feet higher! The oldest part of the building is attributed to the time of Charlemagne; but the principal part was designed and begun by the architect Erwin of Steinbach, who died in 1318. The most remarkable things in the interior are the vast and beautiful marigold window over the principal entrance, the rich painted glass of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the carved stone pulpit (of 1487), and the famous clock, made in 1571, which stands in the south transept. It is as high as an ordinary dwelling-house, and has a light staircase leading to the top. The various dials show the year, the month, the day, the places of the sun and moon, and many other astronomical phenomena. The quarter-hour is struck by the figure of a boy, the half-hour by a youth, the three-quarters by an old man, and the full hour by an old father Time himself. When the clock is about to strike twelve, a large gilt cock on a pinnacle claps his wings, opens his mouth, and crows lustily three times, a procession of the Twelve Apostles issues from one door, passes before the Saviour, each one bowing as he passes, and retires by another door. For fifty years it was out of order and stood still, but it has at length been repaired by a watch-maker of Strasbourg, and set in motion.

"Towards evening I walked out to the principal promenade called the Ruprechtsau, an extensive space beyond the walls, laid

out in walks and gardens. In passing through the fortifications, three draw-bridges are crossed. Indeed Strasbourg is considered one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. The grounds were full of people, who had come to witness a balloon ascension. By paying a small fee I obtained admission to the Jardin Lip, within which the inflation of the balloon was conducted, but I was disappointed to find that it was to be raised simply by heated air. The balloon was large and decorated in the gayest style, but the process of inflation occupied a long time. At length everything seemed ready, the aeronaut in fancy costume went around among the spectators with a contribution plate, took an affectionate farewell of his friends, seated himself in the wicker-basket attached to the balloon, heroically resigned to his fate. But the balloon would not go up. It swung this side and that, and came very near catching fire several times, so that the whole affair was a miserable failure.

"The next morning, while taking a walk before breakfast, I resolved to ascend the spire of the Cathedral. A commissioner whom I consulted, directed me to the Police officer whose special duty it is to accompany such persons as wish to make the ascent. This regulation has been prescribed in consequence of several instances of suicide or accidental death, by falling from the steeple. We entered the south door in the unfinished tower and toiled up the dark and wearisome staircase which leads to the Platform two hundred and thirty feet high. Here is a telegraph office and a station for watchmen, who are set to look out for fires, including several rooms with domestic conveniences. Then we ascended two hundred and thirteen feet higher to an iron grating trap-door, which my guide unlocked, and we commenced the more dangerous part of the ascent. The staircases are winding with such narrow steps that but part of the foot can rest on them, and one is obliged to go sideways. There is no railing to hold on by, and the spire is so open, that should the foot slip, the body might fall through the fret-work at the side. Up, up, up, the steps growing narrower and narrower, till at length you are obliged to step upon a small square stone clear on the outside of the spire without any protection, then stoop under an iron bar, up another set of steps like the side of a pyramid, terminatating in a flat stone a foot square, upon which you sit down right under the carved rosette which forms the apex of the spire, and shudder at your temerity, as you look down and think of the descent. You have ascended six hundred and sixty steps, and may enjoy the satisfaction of thinking that you are at the top of the highest spire in the world. But

as you look again, it seems as if a gust of wind might destroy the equilibrium of the steeple, so slender and delicate is its structure, and your brain reels at the idea of such a catastrophe!"—pp. 327-30.

QUEER OLD MARRIAGE AGREEMENT.

The following unique marriage agreement of a hundred years ago, never before published, accurately printed from the original in the possession of Mr. George M. Conârroe, of this city, will, we think, greatly interest our readers:

To Mrs. Deborah Leaming,

Madam—Seeing I, Jacob Sprier, have addressed myself to you upon the design of marriage, I therefore esteem it necessary to submit to your consideration some particulars before we enter upon that Solemn Enterprize which may either establish our happiness, or Occasion our Inquietude during life, and if you concur with those particulars, I shall have great encouragement to carry my design into execution; and since Happiness is the grand pursuit of a Rational creature, so marriage ought not to be attempted short of a prospect of arriving thereat, and in order thereunto (should we marry) I conceive the following Rules and particulars ought to be steadily observed and kept—

Viz.: 1st. That we keep but one purse, a Severance of Interest bespeaking diffidence, mistrust, and disunity of mind.

2d. That we avoid anger as much as possible, Especially with each other, but If either should be overtaken therewith, the other to Treat the angry Party with Temper and moderation during the Continuance of such anger, and afterwards If need require let the matter of heat be coolly discussed when reason shall resume its Government.

3d. As we have different stocks of children to which we are and ought to be strongly attached by Ties of Nature, so its proper when such Children, or any of them need Correction, it be administered by the party from whom they have Descended, unless in the opinion of both Parties it shall be thought necessary to be otherwise administered for the Childrens Good.

4th. That no difference or partiality be made with respect to such Children who live with us, in point of Common Usage Touching Education, Food, raiment, and Treatment otherwise than as age, Circumstance, and Convenience may render it necessary, to be agreed upon between us and grounded upon reason.

5th. That Civility, Courtesy, and Kind Treatment be always exercised and extended toward such Child or Children that now is, or hereafter may be removed from us.

6th. That we use our mutual Endeavours to Instruct, Council, Improve, Admonish, and advise all our Children without partiality for their General Good, and that we ardently endeavour to promote both their Temporal and Eternal Welfare.

7th. That each of us use our best endeavours to inculcate upon the minds of our respective stocks of Children a Venerable and Honourable Opinion of the other of us, and avoid as much as possible any Insinuations that may have a different Tendency.

8th. That in matters where either of us is more capable of Judging than the other of us, and best acquainted therein, That the person so most capable of Judging, and best acquainted do follow his or her own Judgment, without Controul unless the other shall be able to give a sufficient reason to the contrary, then and in such Case the same to be Conclusive, and that we do adhere to each other in things reasonable and expedient with a Mutual Condescension, and also advise with, and Consult each other in matters of Importance.

9th. That If any misunderstanding should arise the same to be calmly canvassed and accommodated between ourselves without admitting the Interposition of any other, or seeking a Confident to either reveal our mind unto, or sympathize withall upon the Occasion.

10th. That no suspicious Jealousies of any Kind whatever be harboured in our breasts, without absolute or good Circumstantial Evidence, and If conceived upon proof or strong presumption, the same to be communicated to the suspected person, in Temper and moderation, and not Told to another.

11th. That we be just, Chaste, and Continent to each other, and should either prove otherwise, that then we separate notwithstanding the most solemn Ties to the contrary, unless it shall suit the Injured party to forgive the Injury and Continue the Coverture; and in Case of separation each of us to keep such Share of Wealth as we were possessed of when we came together, if it remains in the same state, as to quantum, but If over, or under, then in proportion to what we Originally had.

12th. That we neither give into, nor Countenance any Ill advisers, who may have a Design to mar our Happiness and sow discord Between us.

13th. That in Matters of Religious Concernment we be at liberty to Exercise our sentiments freely without Controul.

14th. That we use our Mutual Endeavours to Encrease our Affection, Cultivate our Harmony, promote our Happiness, and live in the fear of God, and in Obedience to his Righteous Laws.

15th. That we use the Relatives of Each other with Friendly Kindness, and that the same be extended to our Friends and Benefactors mutually without grudging.

16th. That the Survivor of us, endeavour after the death of the other of us, to Maintain the Reputation and dignity of the deceased, by avoiding Levity of Behaviour, dissoluteness of life, and disgraceful marriage, not only so, but that such survivor persevere in good offices to the Children of the deceased, as a Discreet, faithfull, and Honourable Survivor ought to do.

17th. That in Case Jacob Sprier after Trial shall not think it for his Interest, or agreeable to his disposition to live at the plantation where Deborah Leaming now resides, then and in such Case she to remove with him Elsewhere upon a prospect promising to better his Circumstances, or promote his Happiness, provided the Landed Interest of the said Deborah's late husband be Taken proper care of for the Benefit of her son Christopher.

18th. That the said Jacob Sprier be allowed from Time to Time to purchase such Books from our Joint Stock, as he shall think necessary for the advantage and Improvement of himself and our Children Jointly or either of them without grudging.

19th. That the said Jacob Sprier do Continue to Keep Elisha Hughes and Perform his express agreement to him according to Indenture already Executed, and discharge the Trust reposed in him the said Sprier by the mother of the said Elisha without grudging or Complaint.

20th. And as the said Deborah Leaming and the said Jacob Sprier are now something advanced in years, and ought to Take the Comfort of Life as free from hard Toil as convenience will admit, Therefore neither of them be subject thereunto unless in Case of Emergence, and this Exemption to be no ways Censured by each other, provided they Supervise, Contrive, and do the light necessary services incumbent on the respective heads of a family, not omitting to Cultivate their Minds when convenience will admit.

21st. That If any thing be omitted in the foregoing rules and Particulars that may Conduce to our future Happiness and Welfare, the same to be hereafter supplied by reason and discretion as often as Occasion shall require.

22d. That the said Jacob Sprier shall not upraid the said Deborah Leaming with the Extraordinary Industry, and Good Oeconomy of his deceased wife, neither shall the

said Deborah Leaming upraid the said Jacob Sprier with the like Extraordinary Industry, and Good Oeconomy of her Deceased Husband, neither shall anything of this Nature be observed by either to the other of us, with any View to offend, or Irritate the Party to whom observed, a thing too frequently practiced in a second Marriage, and very fatal to the repose of the Parties married.

I Deborah Leaming, in Case I marry with Jacob Sprier do hereby Promise To Observe and Perform the before going rules and Particulars Containing Twenty Two in number to the best of my Power. As witness my hand the 16th day of Decem'r 1751.

(Signed) DEBORAH LEAMYNG.

I Jacob Sprier, in Case I marry with Deborah Leaming do hereby promise to observe and Perform the before going rules and Particulars containing Twenty Two in Number to the best of my Power. As Witness my hand the 16th day of December, 1751.

(Signed) JACOB SPRIER.

RES CURIOSAE.

—
HIP, HIP, HURRAH !

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," in regard to the derivation of these words, says:—

As to *hip, hip!* I fear it must remain questionable, whether it be not a mere fanciful conjecture to resolve it into the initials of the war-cry of the Crusaders, "Hierosolyma est perdita!" The authorities, however, seem to establish that it should be written "hep" instead of *hip*. I would only remark, *en passant*, that there is an error in the passage cited by Mr. BRENT (Vol. viii., p. 88,) in opposition to this mediæval solution, which entirely destroys the authority of the quotation. He refers to a note on the ballad of "Old Sir Simon the King," in which, on the couplet—

"Hang up all the poor *hep* drinkers,
Cries Old Sir Sim, the king of skinkers,"

the author says that "*hep* was a term of derision applied to those who drank a weak infusion of the *hep* (or *hip*) berry or sloe: and that the exclamation 'hip, hip, hurrah!' is merely a corruption of 'hip, hip, away!'" But, unfortunately for this theory, the *hip* is not the sloe, as the annotator seems to suppose; nor is it capable of being used in the preparation of any infusion that could be substituted for wine, or drunk "with all the honors." It is merely the hard and tasteless *buckey* of the wild dog-rose, to the

flower of which Chaucer likens the gentle knight of Sir Thopas:

"As swete as is the bramble flour.
That beareth the red *hepe*."

This demurrer, therefore does not affect the validity of the claim which has been set up in favor of an oriental origin for this convivial *refrain*.

As to *hurrah!* if I be correct in my idea of its parentage, there are but few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense, that men seem to have adopted it almost instinctively. In India and Ceylon, the Mahouts and attendants of the baggage-elephants cheer them on by perpetual repetitions of "ur-ré, ur-ré!" The Arabs and camel-drivers in Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "ar-ré, ar-ré!" The Moors seem to have carried the custom with them into Spain, where the mules and horses are still driven with cries of "arré" (whence the mule-teers derive their Spanish appellation of *arrieros*). In France, the sportsman excites the hound by shouts of *hare, hare!* and the waggoner turns his horses by his voice, and the use of the word *hurhaut!* In Germany, according to Johnson (*in verbo HURRY*), "*Hurs* was a word used by the old Germans in urging their horses to speed." And to the present day, the herdsmen in Ireland, and parts of Scotland, drive their cattle with shouts of *hurrish, hurrish!* In the latter country, in fact, to *hurry*, or to *harry*, is the popular term descriptive of the predatory habits of the border thieves in plundering and "driving the cattle" of the lowlanders.

The sound is so expressive of excitement and energy, that it seems to have been adopted in all nations as a stimulant in times of commotion; and eventually as a war-cry by the Russians, the English, and almost every people of Europe. Sir Francis Palgrave, in the passage quoted from his History of Normandy ("N. & Q." Vol. viii., p. 20), has described the custom of the Normans in raising the country by "the cry of *haro*," or *haron*, upon which all the lieges were bound to join in pursuit of the offender. This *clameur de haron* is the origin of the English "hue and cry;" and the word *hue* itself seems to retain some trace of the prevailing pedigree.

This stimulating interjection appears, in fact, to have enriched the French language as well as our own with some of the most expressive etymologies. It is the parent of the obsolete French verb *harer*, "to hound on, or excite clamor against any one." And

it is to be traced in the epithet for a worn-out horse, a *haridelle*, or *haridan*.

In like manner, our English expressions, to *hurry*, to *harry*, and *harass* a flying enemy, are all instinct with the same impulse, and all traceable to the same root.

IPSWICH ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT, 1467.

The xx day of Aprylle, 1467, my mastyr Syr John Howard, and master Thomas Brewse spent for costs at Yipswiche, whane they were chosen Knyghtes of the Shyre, as followeth:

In primis, in viij oxsene, pryce the pece **xxs.**
summa viijli.

Item, xxiiij calves, **xlijs. vjd.**
Item, xxiiij shepe, **xlvijjs.**
Item, xx lambes, **xxvjs. xd.**
Item, xxx pygges, **xvs.**
Item, xij fesawntes, **xijjs.**
Item, v^{xx} capons and viij., **xxxvjs. vjd.**
Item, xij^{xx} chekens, **xxvjs. vjd.**
Item, vj^{xx} rabettes, **xs.**
Item, viij C. ogges **iiijs. iiijd.**
Item, in butter, **ijs. vjd.**
Item, in vij^{xx} yeyre pegones **xjs. viijd.**
Item, in xxxij galones of mylke, **ijs. viijd.**
Item, in brede at the same towne, **iiijli. ixs.**
Item, in hogghesheds of wyne, **iiijli. xiijs. iiijd.**
Item, in wyne at gentylemnyns logenges be syde that as myche as drew, **xiijs. ijd.**
Item, in xx barrelles of dobelle bere, pryse the barelle **ijs. viijd.**
summa liijs. iiijd.
Item, in xvj barrelles of syngelle bere, prise the barelle, **ijs.**
summa xxxijs.
Item, for x lodes of wood, price the lode **xvd.**
summa xijs. vid.

Item, for viij boshelles of flour for dowsetes, **vis. viijd.**
Item, in salt, **ijs. vjd.**
Item, in ale at the said toune, **xxiiijs.**
Item, for herynge [hiring] of all manner of napy and for Washynge, **vjs. viijd.**
Item, in peper, **xiiijd.**
Item, in cloues and mases, **ijs. viijd.**
Item, safrone, hony and sawndres [sundres], **iiijs.**

Item, in reysans of [and?] corauns, **xviijd.**
Item, in powdre of synamon, gynger and suger, **vs.**
Item, in candelles, **ijs. vjd.**
Item, in erbes, **viijd.**
Item, in mustard, **vjd.**
Item, in makege of rakkes of tre to roste one, **xijd.**
Item, in xij laborers hered to help the kokes in the kechen, **iiijs.**
Item, for vj lades more to helpe, **xviijd.**
Item, for iiij washers of vesselles, **xijd.**
Item, for xij dosene of whighte coppes, **xs.**
Item, for lxiiij gret ertthern pottes, **iijs.**
iiijd.

Item, for xij elles of lynnene clothe for portpaynes [] pryse the elle **vd.,**
summa **vs. iiijd.**

Item, for herenge of pewtre vesselles, and for losse, **xixs. iiijd.**

Item, for herenge of xx doseyn of stone pottes, **vijs.**

Item, for iiij of the cheffe kokes rewards, **xiijs. iiijd.**

Item, for ij porters for ladynge and unladynge one the wyne, **viijd.**

Item, in expenses of bothe my mastys horses at ther yunes, **xliijs. vjd.**

Summa totalis **xlii. xvjs. viijd.**

Item, the xxi day of Aprylle, my mastyr gaff the waytes of Colchestre, **xvjd.**

COURTSHIP IN OLDEN TIMES.

Lovers in the classical age went after dinner to the vestibules or doors of their mistresses, and whistled or coughed, in order to be heard. When this did not succeed, they sung amorous ditties, or wrote them on the door, or fixed upon it tablets, on which they wrote. If the girls were inflexible, they supplicated the gate, poured libations on it, perfumed it, kissed it amorously, and, if unsuccessful, broke in the windows, &c. There also occurred serenades, weeping at the door, lying there all night, hanging crowns on it, especially those which they had worn on festivals; throwing upon the threshold the torches lit for their return from supper, and threatening to burn the house; even scribbling libellous or indecent verses on the door. Their omens of success were drawn from a leaf if it cracked upon the hand; from striking the room with apple-kernels; and the *cottabus*, a singular mode of vaticination by the fall of liquor. Greek lovers also came to the house, and it being the fashion for the daughters to fill drink to the stranger, they drank at the part of the cup out of which she drank [the *apostolimaïou philema—missivum osculum*]; put the tongue of the bird *Iugchi*, under the knap of her ring with the paring of her nails, or chaunted a charm as they whirled the bird [some writers make *Iugchi* a musical instrument] round, fastened to a trochas of wax, burning both in the fire; threw apples, and also filters of herbs, chiefly those exciting amorous passions. The girls, as a token, dressed themselves with flowers; hung garlands at the doors, or parts of the house exposed to sight when the doors were open; sent garlands and roses; bitten pieces of apple, or morsels of meat; made mutual presents of birds, as doves, &c.; wrote their names on walls, trees, and their leaves; hung garlands on statues, &c. Courtship among the ancient Britons was put under such restraint, that if a girl behaved ill in

her father's house, she was to be precipitated from the top of a rock, and her seducer to be deprived of life. Hence, perhaps, the few improprieties attached to the Welch custom of *bundling*, or courting in bed. How courtship was conducted in the days of chivalry is known to every body, as wearing the sleeve of the lady; leading her horse by the bridle; making ridiculous vows, such as wearing a black patch over the eye, mentioned in Froissart; all which, as to matrimonial concerns, was more romantic than real.

PRESIDENTS OF CONGRESS.

"Antiquary" furnishes us with the following list of Presidents of Congress, which we publish with pleasure:—

1774.	Peyton Randolph,	Virginia.
1774.	Henry Middleton,	South Carolina.
1775.	John Hancock,	Massachusetts.
1777.	Henry Laurens,	South Carolina.
1778.	John Jay,	New York.
1779.	Samuel Huntington,	Connecticut.
1780.	Thomas McKean,	Pennsylvania.
1781.	John Hanson,	Maryland.
1782.	Elias Boudinot,	New Jersey.
1783.	Thomas Mifflin,	Pennsylvania.
1784.	Richard Henry Lee,	Virginia.
1786.	Nathaniel Gorham,	Massachusetts.
1787.	Arthur St. Clair,	Pennsylvania.
1788.	Cyrus Griffin,	Virginia.

VARIETATES.

— The following is a receipt for making Water Proof Glue:—Melt common glue in the smallest possible quantity of water, and add by drops, linseed oil that has been rendered drying by having a small quantity of litharge boiled in it; the glue being briskly stirred when the oil is added.

Glue will resist water to a considerable extent by being dissolved in skimmed milk.

The addition of finely levigated chalk, to a solution of common glue in water, strengthens it, and renders it suitable for signs or other work that is exposed to the weather.

A glue or cement that will hold against fire or water, may be made by mixing and boiling together old linseed and quick lime. This mixture must be reduced to the consistence of soft putty, and then spread on tin plates and dried in the shade, where it will dry very hard. This may afterwards be melted like common glue, and must be used while hot.

EPITAPH.

Selby, Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and grave stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others us'd to do
Is now for Frank done by another.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Memoirs and Writings of Robert Wheaton.

— We here have a most delightful book. It is the memoir of a very interesting young man, cut off at a moment when his talents were beginning to be felt in the world, with judicious extracts from his writings; and is elegantly printed, of course, as is every thing which emanates from the house of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston.

Mr. Wheaton, the subject of this memoir, was a son of the late Henry Wheaton, for many years a distinguished representative of this country, at various courts of Europe. He was educated abroad, and returned to his native country well fitted to take a high position among the young men of the day. Soon after the father's death, however, which occurred but a brief space after the family returned to America, Robert indicated a failing constitution, and at last, went off suddenly while on a visit to his relatives at Providence. He had passed through a course of law studies at Cambridge, and had even been admitted to the Boston bar, where his friends well calculated he was destined to shine. But, as we have stated, while life was in its spring,

"The Spoiler came, and all his promise fair—
Has sought the grave to sleep forever there."

Robert passed away, and now sleeps sweetly in the arms of the Saviour he loved. He appears to have been prepared for an early pilgrimage to Heaven. Judging from his character as developed in this memoir, he certainly was too gentle and trusting, too unsuspecting of wrong from any quarter, to war successfully in the battle of life. His death was mourned by a devoted mother, as well as by a fond sister, to whose graceful pen it is understood we are indebted for this memoir, as well as by a large circle of friends.

It should be added that several writings of Mr. Wheaton are attached to his memoir, contributed by him to various periodicals, and that they indicate most fully the good mind, excellent cultivation, and superior religious tone which he is known to have possessed.

The Blackwater Chronicle.

— This is a very neat 12mo. pp. 223, which J. S. Redfield, of New York, has recently published. It embraces, to quote from the title-page, "A Narrative of an Expedition into the land of Canaan, in Randolph county, Virginia, a country flowing with wild animals, such as panthers, bears, wolves, elk, deer, otter, badger, &c., &c., with innumerable trout, by five adventurous gentlemen,

without any aid of government, and solely by their own resources, in the summer of 1851."

The Clerke of Oxenforde appears to have been the journalist of the party, and he has performed his task quite *con amore*.

The party were Virginians, and about the merriest company that could have been collected. They took their departure from the country dwelling of Mr. Peter Botecote, with dogs, horses, and servants, leaving too, notwithstanding the strawberries were ripe in the garden, the cream abundant in the dairy, and the hostess unusually fascinating. "Pleasant enough," says the Oxenforde Clerke, "this bower of Botecote's; but hope smiled his enchantments upon us far away from the very midst of the wild Alleghanies, and our hearts were too much agog, and all a-tip-toe, with its illusions to think of staying." He adds, "the delirium of the mountains was upon us; and so, amid the neighing and pawing of horses, the speeding to and fro of servants, the dancing eyes of children, and the wife's half-sorrowful smile, as she committed her adventurous husband to the destiny of a two or three week's separation, we wheeled into order and took up the line of march." Now we wish very much we could follow the daring band on their perilous journey, but we can't; and hence those of our readers who desire to know what they did, and what they saw, must buy the book. It should be stated that a croney of the party, Mr. Perry Winkle, did not go; and the fact is mentioned by the journalist, in order that he may not escape immortality. He adds, "that his likeness would have been given, but for the fear that it might direct the attention of the reader from the narrative." We do not often get hold of a more entertaining trifle, than the Blackwater Chronicle. It is profusely illustrated, we should add, and altogether is as well worth skimming over, as any book of the kind we have recently seen. There are many coarse scenes, interlarded with coarse dialogue; but of course, they only serve to make the book the more in character. Such a free party, on such a free tramp, naturally did not go in for much refinement, but rather for the rollicking, frolicking time of it, which they clearly had.

The School-fellow.

—This charming Magazine for little people, edited with so much taste by Mr. Wm. C. Richards, aided by "Cousin Alice,"—everybody knows who "Cousin Alice" is—looks more inviting than ever, in its December issue. It deserves the growing encouragement which we hear it receives, and we think must eventually become the most largely circulated of all the juvenile peri-

odicals of the day. Evans & Brittan, 697 Broadway, New York, are the publishers.

Apropos of juvenile papers: We have received the following note, touching one lately started in this city, entitled "The Little Pilgrim":

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9th.

Editors of BIZARRE: Gentlemen—Will you be kind enough to tell me if Miss Grace Greenwood, who edits "The Little Pilgrim," lately started in your city, is, or is not, the late European correspondent of the Abolition organ at Washington.

Yours truly, &c.,

L. B. M.

We reply, that Miss Grace Greenwood, who, during a late sojourn in Europe corresponded with the "National Era," is the same Grace Greenwood who edits "The Little Pilgrim." She is on all hands acknowledged to be a lady of superior personal and intellectual charms; well calculated, moreover, barring any abolition tendencies she may have, to make an extremely valuable paper.

Spiritual Progress.

—This is a translation from the French of Fénélon and Madame Guion, and embraces instructions in the divine life of the soul, adapted to the wishes of those who "count all things but loss, that they may win Christ." It is edited by James W. Metcalf, and was published by M. W. Dodd, of New York. The extracts from Fénélon have been translated from his "Avis Crétiens," and the "Method of Prayer" is taken from the "Opuscules," published at Cologne in 1704, and at Paris in 1790. The work is purely devotional, and matter of a purely sectarian and controversial character has been, as far as possible, omitted—so says the editor; the cursory examination which we have given the volume, however, does not enable us to say with how much truth.

Conversion—Its Theory and Process Practically Detailed,

—is the title of a 12mo.—pp. 408—which has just been published by M. W. Dodd, of New York. It is from the pen of Rev. Theodore Spencer of the Presbyterian denomination, and is designed "to enlighten the honest inquirer in relation to his duty to God, to encourage the believer in hope and faith, and to aid the churches in advancing the work of grace in their congregations." It is handsomely printed, like all of Mr. Dodd's books. So far as we have examined it, moreover, it is free from sectarianism.

Friends in Council.

—Messrs. James Munroe & Co., of Boston, have just published a work with this title. It embraces a series of readings and discourse thereon, and is a reprint from the last London edition. It contains some original

thoughts on various subjects, with a large number of common-places and truisms. The chapters on Slavery we have not read, and do not mean to read. The subject is run to death.

Lady's Almanac.

—Messrs. Jewett & Co., of Boston, have published a beautiful bijou Almanac for the ladies. It is got up very prettily, and ought to sell. Besides containing many very tasteful vignettes, characteristic of the different months, it also has some rather indifferent portraits of Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. Lippincott, (Grace Greenwood,) the late Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hale, and last, though by no means least, Mrs. Beecher Stowe! It also has a list of all the principal female writers.

Lucey Herbert.

—A beautiful juvenile is this, also from Messrs. Munroe & Co., Boston and Cambridge. It is from the pen of "Estelle"—the very prettiest *nom de plume* in the world—and relates the story of a little girl who would have an education.

My Two Sisters,

—is the title of a charming little juvenile just published by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, and written by the famous Mrs. Judson. It is a sketch from memory; beautifully illustrated, too, we should add.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Gottschalk.

—One of our city papers states that a number of gentlemen—warm admirers of Mr. Gottschalk, the American pianist—have invited him to give a farewell Concert in this city, before his departure for New Orleans. The editor adds:—"We trust that he will consent, as we learn from his native city Mr. Gottschalk intends returning to France, and it will be several years before the Philadelphia public will have a chance of hearing him again. As a pianist and composer, he stands unrivalled, and the best wish that we can express is that his last Concert here may be as successful as his summer at Newport, which enabled him to send \$1200 to the Howard Association of New Orleans."

Gottschalk deserves a testimonial of this kind, and it should be earnest and heartfelt. A finer genius is no where to be found; nor, indeed, a more refined, gentleman-like person. Had Gottschalk not been so unfortunate as to be American born, he would have created a furor every where. Others, of foreign birth, who have visited us, and with but a quarter of Gottschalk's power and cultivation, have left us with

full pockets. As we announced several weeks since, Gottschalk returns to Europe shortly. The death of his father recently at New Orleans, has partly induced this change in his original plans.

Foreign Gossip.

—The following touching musical movements abroad, is obtained from late foreign papers:—

Mdlle. Cruvelli is announced as having signed a two years' engagement at the Grand Opera of Paris under most advantageous conditions. It is possible, then, that she may be the heroine of M. Meyerbeer's 'L'Africaine.' The Gazette Musicale, in announcing her coming appearance, mentions 'La Vestale' as among the operas laid out for her.

To replace the musical vacancy left in the Académie des Beaux Arts by the death of Mr. Onslow, M. Réber has been elected.

The name of Madame Parodi—quite a favorite here three or four years ago, under Maretzek's management—is added to the list of artists engaged for the Italian Opera at Paris.

The *Athenæum* says:—"That clever person, M. Cleland, who for some cause or other seems to have failed in working out the career of a composer, has been giving a grand concert in Paris, with a view of introducing some of his own music there—and, it may be presumed, of paving his way into one of the French opera-houses. Among other pieces of music were performed 'Les Aigles,' héroïde lyrique, which is described as a 'sort of grand opera de circonstance' in one act—the overture to 'Macbeth' (an opera containing much solid, some frivolous, and a little highly dramatic music)—and some songs."

'Pauvre Jacques,' the comic opera by Mr. Duggan, of which some hearsay mention was made by us awhile since, is about to be produced at the St. James's Theatre. Of this composer's "Pierre" lately produced in London, with good success, a critic says:—

"Having so lately spoken of the music of Mr. Duggan's 'Pierre' on the stage, we need merely announce the publication of its ballads, 'The Fragile Flower,' 'The Heather Bells,' 'One Morn as o'er the hills I strayed,' and 'The Merry First of May,' by Messrs. Campbell, Ransford & Co. Some interest is added to the production of 'Pierre' by the fact, which this music announces to us for the first time, that the words are by the actor of the principal character—Mr. H. Drayton. Though we cannot esteem them good, nevertheless the fact of their parentage announces a certain enterprize and disposition to work out a conception—which

claim respect, in days, when too many writers for music are notoriously without musical knowledge."

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

— A Washington correspondent of one of the papers, gives the following, touching the personnel of Gen. Pierce's cabinet:—"Mr. Marcy is in good health, though he begins to stoop under the weight of years.—Mr. Guthrie is a man of large bodily size, robust in appearance, with a countenance so flushed as to indicate that the tide of life flows strongly in his veins. He is endowed with strength of character and resoluteness of purpose, and has been as a lawyer industrious and successful in business, having amassed wealth, and being of course less dependent on his salary than some of his colleagues in the cabinet. Colonel Davis, of the War Department, may be forty-five years of age, a man intensely Southern in his feelings and prejudices, yet anxious to maintain that chivalry and dispense that courtesy held to be characteristic of Southern gentlemen. He is slender in person, and has been slowly recovering from that apparent feebleness and real lameness induced by the wound at Buena Vista.—Of similar size, though rather less tall, is the person of Mr. Dobbin, the Secretary of the Navy, who is probably a little younger in years; a very pleasant man, lithe and active in person, with dark, curled hair, social and pleasant manners, and that general air and action which wins confidence with promptitude. He is indefatigable in business, but reserves his Sabbaths for the worship of God, being a member of the Presbyterian denomination. In religious matters there is no doubt with him on the part of the President more sympathy than with any other member of the cabinet.—The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. McClelland, is a man of middle age, a successful politician, and quite devoted to business of his office, which is extensive and requiring much labor.—The Postmaster-General, Mr. Campbell, is small in stature, of easy manners, active habits, and quite resembling the gentlemen of the Philadelphia bar, of which he is a member. He is of the Roman Catholic persuasion.—Last, but not least, Mr. Cushing, the head of the Law Department, presents himself. He still looks youthful—his cheek bearing that roseate hue which seems to repel the advance of age. He is spirited in conversation, learned when necessary, decided in the expressions of his opinions, as thoroughly American as he is Anti-Anglican, and ever holds to his steady gaze the motto, Excelsior.

Genius and industry are certainly combined in him."

The gentleman who wrote this, decidedly has earned a fat office. We hope he may get it. We doubt whether there was ever so much made out of such poor material as Gen. Pierce's cabinet council. Mind now, reader, 'tis the democratic wing of BIZARRE that says this; the individual who voted for Pierce, and nobody else. By the by, the other wing is flapping wildly in exultation, to think how nicely its fellow has been taken in. Democracy and the Baltimore platform excellent, but as the whole-souled Virginian would say, "*Whar* are they?" Echo emphatically answers—

"In soft slumbers lock'd."

Town-Talk.

— John G. Saxe delivered a poem, entitled "New England," at the Spring Garden Hall last Thursday evening, which we had the pleasure of hearing. It was quite a pleasant treat; abounding in wit, humor, and melodious versification. It must have been rather uncommon, or we could not have stood it through as we did. An hour's dose of the average modern rhyme, comfortably seated, would be rather bad to take; while listening to that amount of the same, standing, and wedged in by a promiscuous crowd, would be terrible indeed.

Sandford, the Ethiopic operatic manager, has been burnt out. He will, however, it is said, soon be re-instated, at the old and popular place, where he will present greater attractions than ever. A worthy man is Sandford, and as his entertainment is amusing without being of pernicious influence, we are inclined to recommend it.

Christmas is truly at hand. The shop windows on all our streets indicate it, did nothing else. We trust our readers will consult our advertising pages before going out to procure their presents. They contain the leading attractions of the city in various lines.

Congress has not yet got to work; it is not probable they will commence their labors, *i. e.* make as much mischief as possible, until the holidays are passed. Talking of Congress, we are reminded of a little dialogue which occurred between a member from this State and a friend, at the Exchange in our city. The subject of the chat, was the removal of Bronson by Guthrie, which the Congressman declared was right.—"Right!" exclaimed the private citizen, "why Colonel!"—all politicians are Colonels—"how can you call such an abomination, right?" "Because I can," replied the Colonel. "Good reason that, surely," said the private citizen. "Certainly," quoth the Colonel, "good enough. Didn't you know

I was a Soft?" "Yes," replied the private citizen, "and you have been a *Soft*, ever since you were born!"

The last number of Godey's *Lady's Book*, or rather the number for January, has a frontispiece, the subject of which is "Time in search of cupid." The little Love-God is either nestled in the clouds over old Time's head, or personified in a capital portrait of the publisher of the *Book* at his feet; which we cannot say. We do know, however, that the engraving is very handsomely executed, and moreover that the *Book* begins the new year, in the right spirit.

Col. Wood's Exhibition in Chestnut street is quite the most extraordinary, we have ever had; certainly, as to contrasts. It embraces a stout lady of 764 pounds, and a diminutive one, of 30 pounds, both married, and the latter the mother of two children, in addition to the Lilliputian King, who is a young gentleman four years old, and who measures 16 inches in length! These shows are constantly coming along, but it is rarely the case that they combine the wonders of that which we now notice. There is another fact, by the way, connected with Col. Wood, which is worth mentioning. He is the gentleman who engaged Eliza Greenfield, the "Black Swan," and who, during six month's concertizing with her, cleared \$10,000! He desired to take Eliza to Europe, and would, had she agreed to his terms, have got up a reception for her in London, calculated to cast quite into the shade that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. But the "Black Swan" put too high a value upon her services, or rather her friends did; and the consequence is, that she has gone abroad only to meet with a signal failure, notwithstanding she has the countenance and favor of the negro-loving dukes and duchesses of England!

What Books are most read.

—The London *Athenæum* has a detailed account of books which were called for at the Manchester Free Library, from which may be gathered the desired information as to what books are most popular with English readers. Shakspeare, it appears, is most in demand:—his works, and books illustrating these works, having been issued 352 several times within the first year. The book next in popularity to Shakspeare is 'The Arabian Nights'—which in the year found 294 readers. Scott and Defoe come next in rank. 'Ivanhoe' was issued 241 times; 'Robinson Crusoe' 239 times. The latter author seems to be a great favorite, all his principal stories being in great demand:—'Moll Flanders' was issued 237 times, 'Roxiana' 108, 'Col. Jacqué' 170,

'Capt. Singleton' 107. Swift's 'Gulliver' was read 123 times; Smollett's 'Roderick' 82. Biography has been very much read. In the history of England, Mr. Macauley is the popular favorite. His 'History' has been read by 124; the 'Pictorial' by 60; Lingard by 41; Hume by 31 persons. French history, especially of the Napoleonic time, has been in great demand. The *Athenæum* adds:—"Many of the books have been glanced at and laid aside. Two readers appear to have gone through Hume. Fourteen attacked Clarendon, but only three reached the seventh volume; the same number toiled through Lingard. Of the crowd who began with Alison, only one came in at the death. Books of travel, shipwreck, and adventure have been asked for very often. Mr. Cumming almost divided the honours with Defoe. Dana's 'Two Years before the Mast' has had 74 readers; and Mr. Layard's, 'Nineveh' the same number." Cannot some one of our large libraries give us something like the above, by which we may judge what authors are most popular in our country?

Statue to Newton.

—A London journalist, speaking of the probabilities of a statue of Mr. Isaac Newton being erected at Grantham, says:—"Curious are the uses of great men. Dalton lends his name to a new street, a questionable speculation calls itself the Howard Association, or a leaky vessel goes down with Nelson and its contents. Galileo, denied a grave in Tuscany, has got a territory in the moon. Milton has got a city in the "States,"—and Hampden a county in Australia. Ziska is skinned to make a victorious drum. Shakspeare is made a show. Blucher grows famous as a pair of boots. Shirts, poems, razors, charities—all odds and ends of incongruous things—lean on the universal fame of Wellington. It is a great thing for a town to have had a great man. If he were born there—or died there—it is a fortune. Canterbury lived for ages on the bones of a Becket—as Stratford will thrive to the end of time on the memories which have made it the Mecca of the Saxon race wherever scattered. If the greatness were not born there, or did not expire there, the accident of its having passed through it is seized as capital. This is much the case at Grantham with Newton. The corporation of that town speak of the proposed site of the monument having been 'consecrated by his frequent footsteps.' If that be a reason why a statue should be placed there in particular, how many corners of London streets, how many spots in Cambridge, can advance a stronger claim?"

Art Union.

— We have received from Mr. Dennison, the faithful and clever actuary of our Art Union, an engraving called "The Parting," executed by Best, after a painting of Sentzenick. The work is a very creditable one, perhaps as much so as any previous issue of the Art Union. Subscribers have the choice of this or any of the preceding pictures of the Union; they have also a chance, in the distribution at the end of the year, of prize paintings from the first artists in the country—costing many thousand dollars. These paintings are now exhibiting at their gallery, Chestnut above Eighth, which, it should be added, is free to all, citizens and strangers.

F. R. S.

— When it was the custom for the wits of the age to assemble at Millar's, the bookseller, at Whitehall, Maitland's History of London and Westminster had just come out. He being quizzed among them on the score of intellect—a young man with still *less* of that commodity was turuing over the book in Millar's shop one morning:—"Hey! what! Charles Maitland, Esq. F. R. S.—F. R. S. what does that mean, Millar?" Millar cast an arch glance at a Scottish Baronet sitting at the end of the counter, whose name we have forgot, but who went amongst them by that of the mad Baronet. "I say, Millar—F. R. S.—F. R. S. what does that mean?" "Mean," says the mad Baronet, starting up: "Why it means *Fellow Remarkably Stupid!*" and out of the shop he darted, while Maitland, who was at the other end, listening to what might be said of his work, could not help joining in the laughter this occasioned.

Christmas is Coming.

— Dr. Hooker, Eighth and Chestnut, and Messrs. C. J. Henderson & Co., Arch and Fifth streets, have issued catalogues of their Holiday stock of books. They present a very inviting collection of various literature handsomely bound.

"My Prisons."

— A foreign correspondent says:—"Louis Napoleon appears to have a sentimental *penchant* for showing the Empress the various prisons in which he has been immured." The chances are that the Empress may one of these days look upon the guillotine, by which her husband becomes a head shorter.

Errors.

— Our pages for some time back have been stained with many typographical errors. They will be avoided in the future.

Death of a Scholar.

— Letters from Posen report the death, at the age of 77, of the Rabbin Joseph Spire—whose reputation as one of the most learned Talmudists of his day was established throughout Poland, and in the whole of Germany.

Advertisers.

— Several advertisements which came in late, must lie over until our next number. Advertisements should be sent in by Monday noon at the outside, to secure a place.

Correspondents

— will please write only on one side of their paper.—No letter will hereafter be taken from the Post-office, unless the postage is paid.

Epigram.

— Whether the following epigram is original or not we cannot say:—

Harry had a better Library than Dick, and Dick had a better understanding than Harry:

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,
"Would Richard, I'd thy head!"

"What wilt thou give for it?" Dick replied,
The bargain's quickly made.

"My head, and all my books, I'd give,
With readiness and freedom;
"I'd take thy books, but with thy head;
I fear I ne'er could read 'em.

Moliere.

— The following epitaph on Moliere is translated from the French:—

Here Mollere lies, the Roscius of his age,
Whose pleasure while he lived, was to engage
With human nature in a comic strife,
And personate its follies to the life.
But sullen Death, offended at his play,
Would not be yok'd with in so free a way;
He, when he mimick'd him, his voice restrain'd,
And made him lie in earnest what he feign'd.

*National Names.

— It is remarkable, that the favorite name of the Irish is of Latin origin; that of the Welsh Hebrew; those of England and Scotland Greek. Patrick (Patricius) signifies nobleman. David, the beloved, George (Georgos) a tiller of the ground; and Andrew (Andreios) manly, or courageous. These names were introduced by the missionaries who taught Christianity to the people of the British Isles.

* Incorrectly printed in Part 10.

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Perquisar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1858.

AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

A recent traveller relates, that a favorite dramatic piece in the towns of the Genoese territory is founded on the following tragic story:—A few years since, there lived at Port Maurice, near Oneglia, two lovers, named Anna and Giuseppe, the children of widows in good circumstances, the former eighteen, and the latter twenty years of age. The parents had given their consent to their union, and the wedding-day was soon to be fixed; when, during a short absence of Giuseppe, probably brought about by artful contrivance, an intriguing friend of the family prevailed on the mother of the bride to give her daughter to a more wealthy lover. Anna, overcome by maternal importunity did what she had not firmness enough to refuse to do, and promised to bestow her hand on a man for whom she had no affection. Grief, however, soon undermined her health, and, by way of amusement, she was sent into the mountains to the olive harvest. Her mother also went to see some relations in the country, and an elder sister was left at home.

Anna, nevertheless, grew worse: nay, she was so ill, that her friends, alarmed for her life, sent her back to her mother's house. Meanwhile, Giuseppe had returned, and the report of Anna's intended compulsory marriage soon reached his ears. On the following Sunday he met her sister at mass, and, with the urgency, yet with the resignation of despair, he implored her to procure him a last interview with his beloved. They agreed that he should find Anna in the garden in the evening, by moonlight, while the only guardinn domestic, an old sailor, was at the public-house.

At the appointed time, Giuseppe was in the garden, and there he found his Anna, weak, melancholy, and silent, she went up to him with faltering steps; but in vain he questioned her; in vain he endeavored to draw from her the acknowledgment that she still loved him, and acted by compulsion—not a word could he elicit—mute, pale, and motionless, she stood like a beautiful statue

before him. At length he clasped the adored object in an ardent embrace, during which he buried a poniard in her heart. She fell without a groan. The murderer hastily fled over the wall of the garden. The sister alarmed at Anna's protracted absence went out into the garden, where she found her lifeless in her blood, and, with the assistance of the old sailor, who had returned too late, carried her into the house.

The wretched assassin, impelled by savage frenzy, after strolling about all night, again scaled the wall of the garden, where he no longer found his Anna, but only her blood, which he was busily employed in wiping up with his handkerchief; when the mother, ignorant of what had happened, returned early in the morning from the *villaggiatura*, accompanied by the friend who was the cause of the catastrophe, and, unlocking the gate, entered the garden. The frantic Giuseppe ran to meet her, and holding the bloody handkerchief close to her face, wildly cried, "Conosci tu quel sangue?" (Do you know that blood?) The mother rushed with a fearful presentiment into the house, where the first object that met her view was the corpse of her murdered child. The maniac again fled to the caverns of the neighbouring mountains.

The corpse was decorated after the Italian fashion, crowned with a garland of myrtle, and deposited the night before the funeral in an open coffin in the church before the high altar. Here a person was placed to watch it by the light of consecrated tapers. About midnight the assassin suddenly forced his way into the church: the affrighted watchman ran off, but stopped at a distance to observe his motions, and beheld the unfortunate Giuseppe covering the remains of her whom he had murdered from affection, with a thousand kisses and burning tears; after which, with the rapidity of lightning, he dispatched himself by several pistol-shots, and fell lifeless on the corpse of his beloved victim. The unhappy mother went raving mad. During her insanity, she frequently exclaimed, "Conosci tu quel sangue?" and soon sunk into a premature grave.

REMINISCENCE OF EMERY.

When the late Mr. Emery first played the character of Robert Tyke, in the School of Reform, the public was completely taken by surprise. Very few persons knew the extent of his talents, in what is theatrically termed serious business; and his correct and effective delineation of the character was a theme of universal admiration. With

persons who had seen Emery's performance in comedy, no idea could be formed of the impressive and forceful manner in which many of his scenes and sentences were given: and the character of the incorruptible, but tender-hearted sentinel, in Pizarro, which he played, was never more effectively portrayed. One evening Pizarro was advertised, and the audience having waited beyond the usual time for the curtain to rise, became impatient; when at length an actor came forward, and informed the audience, that in consequence of the absence of a principal performer, they were obliged to request a few minutes longer indulgence. The actor was scarcely off the stage when Mr. John Kemble, dressed for Rolla, stalked on, and said—"Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you, that the person alluded to is Mr. Emery!" The house received this explanation without any expression of disappointment, or otherwise. Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great-coat, dirty boots, and face red with haste, and wet with perspiration, on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I have had occasion to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when I am sure I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant assemblage. Ladies (for you I must particularly address), my wife!"—and here the poor fellows' feelings almost overcame him—"my wife was but an hour since taken suddenly ill, and I"—thunders of applause interrupted the apology,—and I ran for the doctor." "You've said enough!" exclaimed a hundred tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe." "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house.

The play proceeded without interruption, but it appeared that Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble, for in that scene before the prison scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:—

Rolla.—"Have you a wife?"

Sentinel.—"I have."

Rolla.—"Children?"

Sentinel.—"I had two this morning—I have got three now."

Loud applause followed this retaliation, which continued so long, that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

MEMOIRS OF ABERNETHY.

Dr. Macilwain's memoirs of Abernethy, lately published by the Harpers, is very well worth reading, not only by the medical profession, but by all classes of readers. It relates the experience of a remarkable man, both as a physician and a wit. One of whom we have long heard at least through the medium of the many anecdotes which are told of him.

It appears Abernethy was born in London, on the 3d of April, 1764, exactly one year after the celebrated John Hunter settled there. It is also considered somewhat interesting and worthy of remark, that Abernethy's first work, "Surgical and Physiological Essays," was published in London during the same year that Hunter died, viz., 1793. It would appear from this, that Hunter's immense reputation had only about thirty years of London practice upon which to be built; short time, surely, for the acquisition of immortality.

The Abernethy family were originally Scotch, but migrated long ago to the north of Ireland; a fact which has led many to suppose that they were of Irish extraction. John, the subject of this memoir, at an early age indicated no ordinary talent, but, by no means, the decided power which subsequently developed itself. And this is often the case. Men of mark, in other words, do not generally promise much as boys. They have a set groove in which they are constrained, according to school discipline, to move; and hence it is they do not give play to the natural powers within them, but are satisfied to keep well upon the beaten track laid out for them, and what it requires of them most promptly to do. The author very properly says, on this point:

"Dryden, who, regarded in the triple capacity of poet, prose writer, and critic, is hardly second to any English author, took no honor at the University. Swift, perhaps our best writer of pure English, whose talents proved scarcely less versatile and extraordinary than they had appeared restricted and deficient, was 'plucked' for his degree in Dublin, and only obtained his recommendation to Oxford '*specialae gratia*,' as it was termed. The phrase, however, being obviously equivocal, and used only in the bad sense at Dublin, was, fortunately

for Swift, interpreted in a good sense at Oxford, a misapprehension which Swift, of course, was at no pains to remove.

"Sheridan was remarkable for his readiness and wit; as a writer, he showed considerable powers of sustaining thought also. He had an habitual eloquence, and on one occasion delivered an oration before one of the most distinguished audiences that the world ever saw, with an effect which seems to have rivalled the most successful efforts of Cicero, or even Demosthenes. Yet he had shown so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his own mother with the complimentary accompaniment that he was an incorrigible dunce.

"Some boys live on encouragement, others seem to work best up stream. Feibuh, the traveller, the father of a son no less illustrious, with any thing but an originally acute mind, seems to have overcome every disadvantage which the almost constant absence of opportunity could combine. Those who are curious in such matters might easily multiply examples of the foregoing description, and add others where—as in the case of Galileo, Newton, Wren, and many others—the predictions suggested by early physical organization proved as erroneous as the intellectual indications to which we have just adverted."—pp. 12-13.

Dr. Macilwain's picture of Abernethy as a boy, deserves introduction here:—

"We can imagine a little boy, 'careless in his dress, not slovenly,' with his hands in his pockets, some morning about the year 1774, standing under the sunny side of the wall at Wolverhampton Grammar School; his pockets containing, perhaps, a few shillings, some halfpence, and a knife with the point broken, a pencil, together with a tolerably accurate sketch of 'Old Robertson's wig'—this article, as shown in an accredited portrait now lying before us, was one of those enormous by-gone bushes which represented a sort of impenetrable fence round the cranium, as if to guard the precious material within—the said boy just finishing a story to his laughing companions, though no sign of fun appeared in him, save a little curl of the lip, and a smile which would creep out of the corner of his eye in spite of him."—p. 14.

Abernethy was, it is stated further on, studious, clever, humorous, but very passionate. He, for all his passion, still submitted to chastisements at school very patiently. It seems he learned writing of a Miss Reading, King street, Wolverhampton, who frequently cuffed him for his carelessness with his pen. Many years afterwards, when he was established in a large practice at London, the lady called on him and he asked her to dine, introducing her to his

wife, as "the lady who has boxed my ears many a time."

Abernethy's memory was remarkable—and he often said he should have been brought up to the Bar, and that had his father permitted him to adopt that profession, he would have known every act of parliament by heart. Evidence of his excellent memory is found in the following anecdote:—

"A gentleman, dining with him on a birth-day of Mrs. Abernethy's, had composed a long copy of verses in honor of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner. 'Ah!' said Abernethy, smiling, 'that is a good joke now, your pretending to have written those verses.' His friend simply rejoined that, such as they were, they were certainly his own. After a little good-natured bantering, his friend began to evince something like annoyance at Abernethy's apparent incredulity; so, thinking it was time to finish the joke, 'Why,' said Abernethy, 'I know those verses very well, and could say them by heart.' His friend declared it to be impossible, when Abernethy immediately repeated them throughout correctly, and with the greatest apparent ease."—p. 23.

To know how thoroughly Abernethy commenced the study of medicine, we should remark, that, according to his own account, he half ruined himself, in buying oranges and other things to ascertain the effects of different kinds of diet in diseases of the kidneys.

Sir William Blizard took great interest in Abernethy, and he was indebted to him for much useful knowledge in his profession. Through his influence, probably, and his own progress in his profession, Abernethy was, on the 15th of July, 1787, elected assistant surgeon of St. Bartholomew's hospital. In this position he commenced lecturing and, finally, distinguished himself so much in this way, that, in 1790, a regular theatre was built for him within the hospital. Thus it was, he became the founder of the School at St. Bartholomew's, which grew to be speedily, through his offices, one of the most celebrated in existence.

We cannot pause to examine with the author the details of Abernethy's greatness as a surgeon, but with a few extracts, gathered here and there throughout his delightful volume, must hasten to close our notice.

BLEEDING.

"The questions in regard to bleeding were said to be who, when, and how much (*quis, quando, quantum?*); but, to our minds, Aretæus had a better saying: 'When bleed-

ing is required, there is need of deliberation (*cum sanguinem detrahere oportet, deliberatione indiget*). We like this better, because, in addition to the little words quoted above, it suggests another more important than either—namely, *cur? why?*—on many occasions, a favorite inquiry of Abernethy's.

"We recollect a surgeon being called to a gentleman who was taken ill suddenly, and he found two or three servants and the medical attendant struggling very vigorously with the patient. While this was continuing, the first question put to the surgeon by the medical attendant was,

"Shall I bleed him, Sir?"

"Why should you desire to bleed him?"

"Oh! exactly; you prefer cupping?"

"Why should he be cupped?"

"Then shall I apply some leeches?"

"This, too, was declined; in short, it never seemed to have occurred that neither might be necessary, still less that either might therefore do mischief.

"It is the most curious thing to see the force of a well-grown conventionalism. As long as it led to moderately bleeding plethoric baronets in recent accidents, no great harm would have been done; but the frequency in other cases, in which bleeding was instituted with 'apparent impunity,' was too commonly construed into 'bleeding with advantage,' until the practice became so indiscriminate as to be very extensively injurious. Now, comparatively, few persons are bled; and some few years ago I had a curious illustration of it.

"In a large institution, relieving several thousand patients annually, and in which, a very few years before, scarcely a day passed without several persons having been bled, nearly a month elapsed without a single bleeding having been prescribed by either of the three medical officers.

"No doubt many persons are still bled without any very satisfactory reason, but we believe that the abuse of bleeding is very much diminished, and that the practice is much more discriminate and judicious."—pp. 98-9.

ABERNETHY'S MARRIAGE.

On the 9th of January, 1800, Abernethy married Miss Anne Threlfall. This secured a partner, says his biographer, every way worthy of him.

"A lady who to personal beauty added those social and moral excellences which combine to form a superior woman, and one to whom even such a man as Abernethy could look up with equal respect and affection, as the wife, the mother, and the friend.

* * * * *

"One circumstance on the occasion of his marriage is very characteristic of him, namely, his not allowing it to interrupt, even for a day, a duty with which he rarely suffered any thing to interfere, namely, the Lecture at the hospital.

"Many years after this, I met him coming into the hospital one day, a little before two (the hour of lecture), and seeing him rather smartly dressed, with a white waistcoat, I said,

"You are very gay to-day, Sir?"

"Ay," said he; "one of the girls was married this morning."

"Indeed, Sir," I said. "You should have given yourself a holiday on such an occasion, and not come down to lecture."

"Nay," returned he. "Egad! I came down to lecture the day I was married myself!"

"On another occasion, I recollect his being sent for to a case just before lecture. The case was close to the neighborhood, and it being a question of time, he hesitated a little; but being pressed to go, he started off. He had, however, hardly passed the gates of the hospital before the clock struck two, when all at once he said, 'No, I'll be — if I do!' and returned to the lecture-room." pp. 145-6.

A LIE SOMEWHERE.

"On one occasion. Sir James Earle, his senior, was reported to have given Abernethy to understand that, on the occurrence of a certain event, on which he would obtain an accession of property, he, Sir James, would certainly resign the surgeoncy of the Hospital. About the time that the event occurred, Sir James, happening one day to call on Abernethy, was reminded of what he had been understood to have promised. Sir James, however, having, we suppose, a different impression of the facts, denied ever having given any such a pledge. The affirmative and negative were more than once exchanged, and not in the most courteous manner. When Sir James was going to take his leave, Abernethy opened the door for him, and as he had always something quaint or humorous to close a conversation with, he said at parting, 'Well, Sir James, it comes to this: you say that you did not promise to resign the surgeoncy at the Hospital; I, on the contrary, affirm that you did; now all I have to add is, — the liar!' —pp. 193-4.

ABERNETHY AS A LECTURER.

"Not long ago we heard a very sensible lecturer and a very estimable man produce an effect which was rather ludicrous—a very inconvenient impression when not intended.

He had been stating very clearly some important facts, and he then observed: 'The great importance of these facts I will now proceed to explain to you,' when he immediately began to apply the pocket-handkerchief he had in his hand most elaborately to his nose, still fronting the audience. It had the most ridiculous effect, and followed so closely on the preceding remark as to suggest to the humorously inclined that it was part of the proposed explanation.

"Some think it excusable to cast their eyes upward with an expression of intense thought, or even to carry their hands to their heads or forehead for the same purpose. But this conveys a painful feeling to the audience, whose attention to the subject is apt to be diverted by sympathy with the apparent embarrassment of the lecturer. Sometimes it conveys the impression of affectation, which, of course, is one form of vulgarity.

"Abernethy was remarkably free from any thing of the kind. The expression of his countenance was in the the highest degree clear, penetrative, and intellectual, and his long but neglected powdered hair, which covered both ears, gave altogether a philosophic calmness to his whole expression that was peculiarly pleasing. Then came a sort of little smile, which mantled over the whole face, and lighted it up with something which we can not define, but which seemed a compound of mirth, archness, and benevolence.

* * * * *

His lectures were short, and our author says:—

"The various ways in which he managed to lighten up the general lecture, or to illustrate single points, can hardly be conveyed by selection of particular examples. There was a sort of running metaphor in his language, which, aided by a certain quaintness of manner, made common things go very amusingly. Muscles which pursued the same course to a certain point were said to travel sociably together and then to 'part company.' Blood-vessels and nerves had certain habits in their mode of distribution contrasted in this way; arteries were said to *creep* along the sides or between muscles. Nerves, on the contrary, were represented as penetrating their substance '*without ceremony.*' Then he had always a ready sympathy with his audience. If a thing was difficult, he would, as we have said, anticipate the feelings of the student. This is always encouraging, because, when a student finds a point difficult, if he is diffident merely, he is depressed; if he is lazy, he finds too good an excuse for it.

"His illustrations were usually drawn from some familiar source, and if they were calculated to impress the fact, he was not

very scrupulous whence he drew them. This would sometimes lead him into little trippings against refinement, but these were never wanton; every thing had its object, from the most pathetic tale down to the smallest joke. When the thing to be impressed was not so much single facts or propositions as a more continued series, he had an admirable mode of pretending to con over the lecture in a manner which he would first recommend students to do, something after this fashion: 'Let me see, what did he say?' 'Well, first he told us that he should speak of Matter in general; then he said something about the laws of Matter, of inertia, &c.' 'Well, I did not understand much of that, and I don't think he knew much about it himself,' and so on. There would now be a general smile, the attention of the class would be thoroughly alive, and then he would, in this conning over, bring forward the points he most wished to impress of the whole lecture. A very striking proof of how much power he had in this way came out in a conversation I had with Dr. Thomas Rees. This gentleman knew Abernethy well, and in kindly answering some inquiries I made of him, he spoke of his power in lecturing. Among other things, he said, 'The first lecture I ever heard him give impressed me very much; I thought it admirable. His skill appeared so extraordinary. At the conclusion of the lecture,' said Dr. Rees, 'he proposed to the students to con over the lecture, which he proceeded to do for them.' Dr. Rees then continued repeating the heads of the lecture, and this after at least thirty, perhaps forty years.

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"Abernethy had stories innumerable. Every case almost was given with the interest of a tale, and every tale impressed some lesson or taught some relation in the structure, functions, or diseases of the body. We will give one or two, but their effect lay in the admirable manner in which they were related.

"If he was telling any thing at all humorous, it would be lighted up by his half shut, half smiling, and habitually benevolent eye. Yet his eye would easily assume the fire of indignation when he spoke of cruelty or neglect, showing how really these things were repulsive to him. Then in quiet, almost stealthy, but highly dramatic imitation of the manner of some singular patient; his equally finished mode of expressing pain, in the subdued tone of his voice; and then, when something soothing or comfortable was successfully administered, his 'Thank you, Sir, thank you, that is very comfortable,' was just enough always to interest and never to offend. Now and then he would sketch some patient who had been as hasty

as he himself was sometimes reported to be. 'Mr. Abernethy, I am come, Sir, to consult you about a complaint that has given me a great deal of trouble.' 'Show me your tongue, Sir. Ah, I see, your digestive organs are very wrong.' 'I beg your pardon, Sir, there you are wrong yourself; I never was better in all my life,' &c. All this, which is nothing in telling, was delivered in the half serious, half Munden-like, humorous manner, and yet so subdued as never to border on vulgarity or farce.

"His mode of relating cases which involved some important principle, showed how really interested he had been in them. A gentleman having recovered from a very serious illness after having failed a long time in getting relief, was threatened by the influence of the same causes with a return of his malady. 'He thought,' said Abernethy, 'that if he did not drink deeply, he might eat like a glutton.' He lived in the country, and Mr. Abernethy one day went and dined with him. 'Well,' said Mr. Abernethy, 'I saw he was at his old tricks again; so, being a merchant, I asked him what he would think of a man who, having been thriving in business, had amassed a comfortable fortune, then went and risked it all in some imprudent speculation?' 'Why,' said the merchant, 'I should think him a great ass.' 'Nay, then, Sir,' said Abernethy, 'thou art the man.'

* * * * *

"His position was always easy and natural, sometimes homely, perhaps. In the Anatomical Lecture he always stood, and either leaned against the wall, with his hands folded before him, or resting one hand on the table, with the other perhaps in his pocket. In his Surgical Lecture he always sat, and very generally with one leg resting on the other.

"He was particularly happy in a kind of coziness, or friendliness of manner, which seemed to identify him with his audience—as if we were all about to investigate something interesting *together*, and not as if we were going to be 'Lectured at' at all. He spoke as if addressing each individual, and his discourse, like a happy portrait, always seemed to be looking you in the face.

* * * * *

"There was nothing like declamation; even quotations were seldom louder than would have been admissible in a drawing-room. We have heard lecturers whose habitually declamatory tone has been very disagreeable, and this seldom fails to be mischievous. A declamatory tone tends to divert the attention, or to weary it when properly directed. On almost every subject it is sure to be the source of occasional pathos, which now and then borders on the ridicu-

lous. Conceive a man describing a curious animal in the diagram, saying, 'This part, to which I now direct my rod, is the point of the tail,' in a sepulchral tone and heavy cadence, as if he had said, 'This is the end of all things.'"—pp. 258-67.

ABERNETHY'S HUMOR.

Abernethy's humor was more in the manner than the matter.

"It is said, Mr. Abernethy,' said a patient to him one day, 'I have something the matter, Sir, with this arm. There, oh! (making a particular motion with the limb), that, Sir, gives me great pain.' 'Well, what a fool you must be to do it, then,' said Abernethy.'—p. 277.

INTERRUPTIONS.

"An accidental knock at the door, says his biographer, which by mistake of some stranger, would occasionally happen, would disconcert him considerably; and once, when he saw some pupil joking or in inattentive, he stopped, and with a severity of manner I hardly ever saw before or afterward, said, 'If the lecture, Sir, is not interesting to you, I shall beg you to walk out.'"—p. 277.

AN IRISHMAN'S LEG.

"It was on his first going through the wards after a visit to Bath that, passing up between the rows of beds, with an immense crowd of pupils after him—myself among the rest—the apparition of a poor Irishman, with the scantiest shirt I ever saw, jumping out of bed, and literally throwing himself on his knees at Abernethy's feet, presented itself. For some moments every body was bewildered; but the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out such a torrent of thanks, prayers, and blessings, and made such pantomimic displays of his leg, that we were not long left in doubt. 'That's the leg, yer honor! Glory be to God! Yer honor's the boy to do it! May the heavens be your bed! Long life to your honor! To the divole with the spalpeens that said your honor would cut it off!' &c. The man had come into the hospital about three months before with diseased ankle, and it had been at once condemned to amputation. Something, however, induced Abernethy to try what *rest* and constitutional treatment would do for it, and with the happiest result.

"With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving us a clinical lecture about diseases and their constitutional treatment. And now commenced the fun. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed.

'Thru, yer honor, divole a lie in it. His honor's the grate dochtor entirety!' While at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bed-clothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. 'That's it, by gorra! and a bitter leg than the villin's that wanted to cut it off.' This was soon after I went to London, and I was much struck with Abernethy's manner; in the midst of the laughter, stooping down to the patient, he said, with much earnestness, 'I am glad your leg is doing well; but never kneel, except to your Maker.'"—pp. 306-7.

Abernethy died in the spring of 1831, and was buried in the parish church at Enfield, after having done more for the advancement of his profession than any one of his contemporaries. He grew somewhat excitable in his old age, but to within a year of his death continued his labors. The book from which we gather, what we confess to be but a very imperfect outline of his life, cannot fail to be as popular here as it has been in England.

TRANSCENDENTAL GAS- TRONOMY.*

Transcendental Gastronomy was eminently an idea for a Frenchman; and such a Frenchman as Brillat Savarin. He was a counsellor, who had time to philosophize over gastronomic matters to excellent purposes. The subsequent honors of membership of the Constituent Assembly, President Judge of the Superior Court of the Department of Ain, Justice of the Court of Cassation, and Mayor of Belley, did not prevent him from pursuing a subject which called up speculation of the brain and practice of the stomach; embracing a combination of mind and body gratification, which are always delightful to those who can unite them.

This speculation and this practice were, of course, broken in upon when M. Savarin had to flee from the Reign of Terror, even though, as his excellent translator says, he had not a personal enemy. He fled, we say; this amiable, on all hands popular man, fled; and merely because he had been honored by legitimatists; for, so far as appears, he never committed himself upon any point but the qualities of preparations which French gastronomic art produced.

To think that such a man should be forced to leave home, first hasten to Switzerland, and then to our own country, where he lived for a time in Boston, New York, Philadel-

phia and Hartford; sometimes teaching French, and at others playing the violin in the Park Theatre Orchestre! Of course he had as much as he could do to get a dinner; during these times he had no time at least to speculate much about cooking one.

He subsequently returned to France.—“Appointed by the Directory, as Secretary of the General in Chief of the Republican armies in Germany, then Commissary of the government in the department of the Seine and Oise, (this appointment he held at the epoch of the 18th Brumaire, in which France fancied she exchanged liberty for repose,) sustained by the Senate and the Court, Brillat Savarin passed the remaining twenty-five years of his life respected by his inferiors, loved by his equals, and honored by all. A man of mind, a pleasant guest, with a deep fund of humor, he delighted every body. His judicial labors did not all interfere with the composition of this book, which he esteemed the great one of his life.”—p. 18.

At this time, it appears, he commenced the composition of his book; a writing of which, during former years of honor, he had obtained much material for. He had not been, we are told, a great eater, but a very particular one. He wished his food prepared artistically—how many of us wish the same thing, but to no purpose?—He maintained that the art of cooking consisted in exciting the taste. He used to say, “to excite a stomach of Papier Mache, and enliven vital powers almost ready to depart, a cook needs more talent than he who has solved the *infinitesimal calculus*.”—p. 19.

Savarin wrote other books besides the one we notice, one of which was an essay, critical and historical, on the Duel, but neither possess the popular characteristics of the *Physiology of Taste*. He died in 1826, February 2d.

The work we notice opens with several aphorisms:—

“I. The universe would be nothing were it not for life, and all that lives must be fed.

“II. Animals fill themselves; man eats. The man of mind alone knows how to eat.

“III. The destiny of nations depends on the manner in which they are fed.

“IV. Tell me what kind of food you eat, and I will tell you what kind of a man you are.

“V. The Creator, when he obliges man to eat, invites him to do so by appetite, and rewards him by pleasure.

“VI. *Gourmandise* is an act of our judgment, in obedience to which, we grant a preference to things which are agreeable, over those which have not that quality.

“VII. The pleasure of the table belongs to all ages, to all conditions, to all countries,

* *Physiology of Taste, or Transcendental Gastronomy, &c.*, by Brillat Savarin; translated by Fayette Robinson. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1854.

and to all *asas*; it mingles with all other pleasures, and remains at last to console us for their departure.

"VIII. The table is the only place where one does not suffer from *ennui*, during the first hour.

"IX. The discovery of a new dish confers more happiness on humanity, than the discovery of a new star.

"X. Those persons who suffer from indigestion, or who become drunk, are utterly ignorant of the true principles of eating and drinking.

"XI. The order of food is from the most substantial to the lightest.

"XII. The order of drinking is from the mildest to the most foamy and perfumed.

"XIII. To say that we should not change our drinks is a heresy; the tongue becomes saturated, and after the third glass yields but an obtuse sensation.

"XIV. A desert without cheese is like a beautiful woman who has lost an eye.

"XV. A cook may be taught, but a man who can roast, is born with the faculty.

"XVI. The most indispensable quality of a good cook is promptness. It should also be that of the guests.

"XVII. To wait too long for a dilatory guest, shows disrespect to those who are punctual.

"XVIII. He who receives friends and pays no attention to the repast prepared for them, is not fit to have friends.

"XIX. The mistress of the house should always be certain that the coffee be excellent; the master that his *liquors* be of the first quality.

"XX. To invite a person to your house is to take charge of his happiness as long as he be beneath your roof."—pp. 25-7.

These are certainly what the title imports. No man can declare that there is one of them which is not all true.

Savarin holds to the sixth sense, viz.:—*genesiac* or physical love; that which attracts the sexes to each other. He thinks it astonishing that almost to the days of Buffon, so important a sense was misunderstood, or confounded with touch. But we must leave his preliminaries and dive at the middle of things, extracting here and there from his pages as we think will interest our readers.

ACTION OF THE SENSES.

"If we are permitted, even in imagination, to refer to the first moments of the existence of the human race, we would believe that the first sensations were direct; that is to say that all saw confusedly and indirectly, smelled without care, ate without tasting, etc.

"The centre of these sensations, however, being the soul, the sensual attribute of humanity and active cause of perfectibility, they are reflected, compared and judged by it; the other senses then come to the assistance of each other, for the utility and well-being of the sensitive; one or individual.

"Thus touch rectifies the errors of sight; sound, by means of articulate speech, becomes the interpreter of every sentiment; taste is aided by sight and smell; hearing compares sounds, appreciates distance; and the *genesiac* sense takes possession of the organs of all the senses.

"The torrent of centuries rolling over the human race, has continually brought new perfections, the cause of which, ever active though unseen, is found in the demands made by our senses, which always in their turns demand to be occupied.

"Sight thus gave birth to painting, to sculpture, and to spectacles of every kind.

"Sound, to melody, harmony, to the dance, and to music in all its branches, and means of execution.

"Smell, to the discovery, manufacture and use of perfumes.

"Taste, to the production, choice and preparation of all that is used for food.

"Touch, to all art, trades and occupations.

"The *genesiac* sense, to all which prepares or embellishes the reunion of senses, and, subsequently to the days of Francois I., to romantic love, to coquetry, which originated in France and obtained its name there, and from which the *élite* of the world, collected in the capital of the universe, take their lessons every day."—pp. 47-8.

POWERS OF TASTE.

"We have seen that physical love has taken possession of all the sciences. In this respect it acts with its habitual tyranny.

"The taste is a more prudent measure but not less active faculty. Taste, we say, has accomplished the same thing, with a slowness which ensures its success.

"Elsewhere we will consider the march. We may, however, observe, that he who has enjoyed a sumptuous banquet in a hall decked with flowers, mirrors, paintings and statues, embalmed in perfume, enriched with pretty women, filled with delicious harmony, will not require any great effort of thought to satisfy himself that all sciences have been put in requisition to exalt and to enhance the pleasures of taste."—p. 53.

RELATIONS OF TASTE AND ITS CHIEF USES.

"Taste may be considered in three relations.

"In physical man it is the apparatus by means of which he appreciates flavors.

"In moral man it is the sensation which the organ impressed by any savourous centre impresses on the common centre. Considered as a material cause, taste is the property which a body has to impress the organ and create a sensation.

"Taste seems to have two chief uses:—

"1. It invites us by pleasure to repair the losses which result from the use of life.

"2. It assists us to select from among the substances offered by nature, those which are alimentary."—p. 57.

Our author then considers the mechanism of Taste, and its sensation; favors the influence of smelling on taste, an analysis of the sensation, order of its impressions, and the enjoyments due it. He then treats of the supremacy of man, and then, of the method he proposes to pursue in his book.

ORIGIN OF GASTRONOMY.

"Gastronomy has at last appeared, and all the sister sciences have made a way for it.

"Well; what could be refused to that which sustains us, from the cradle to the grave, which increases the gratifications of love and the confidence of friendship which disarms hatred and offers us, in the short passage of our lives, the only pleasure which not being followed by fatigue makes us weary of all others.

"Certainly, as long as it was confided to merely hired attendants, as long as the secret was kept in cellars, and where dispensaries were written, the results were but the products of an art.

"At last, too late, perhaps, savants drew near.

"They examined, analyzed, and classified alimentary substances, and reduced them to simple elements.

"They measured the mysteries of assimilation, and following most matter in all its metamorphoses saw how it became vivified.

"They watched diet in its temporary and permanent effects, for days, months and lives.

"They even estimated its influence and thought to ascertain if the savor be impressed by the organs or if it acts without them. From all this they deduced a lofty theory which embraces all mankind, and all that portion of creation which may be animalized.

"While all this was going on in the studies of *savants*, it was said in drawing-rooms that the science which fed man was at least as valuable as that which killed him. Poets sang the pleasures of the table and books, the object of which was good cheer, awaken-

ed the greatest and keenest interest in the profound views and maxims they presented."—pp. 75-6.

He alleges that a good cook must be prompt.

GREAT APPETITES.

"About forty years ago, I made a short visit to the *curé* at Bregnier, a man of immense stature and who had a fearful appetite.

"Though it was scarcely noon I found him at the table. Soup and bouilli had been brought on, to these two indispensables had succeeded a leg of mutton *a la Royale*, a capon and a salad.

"As soon as he saw me he ordered a plate which I refused, and rightly too. Without any assistance he got rid of every thing, viz.: he picked the bone of mutton and ate up all the salad.

"They brought him a large white cheese into which he made an angular breach measured by an arc of ninety degrees. He washed down all with a bottle of wine and glass of water, after which he laid down.

"What pleased me was to see that during the whole of this business, the venerable pastor did not seem busy. The large mouthfuls he swallowed did not prevent him either from laughing or talking. He dispatched all that was put before him easily as he would have a pair of birds.

"So it was with General Bisson who drank eight bottles of wine at dinner every day, and who never appeared the worse for it. He had a glass larger than usual and emptied it oftener. He did not care for that though, for after having swallowed six ounces of fluids he could jest and give his orders as if he had only swallowed a thimble full.

"This anecdote recalls to me my townsman, General P. Sibuet, long the chief aide of Napoleon, and who was killed in 1813 at the passage of the Bober.

"He was eighteen years old, and had at that time the appetite by which nature announces that its possessor is a perfect man, and went one night into the kitchen of Genin, an inn keeper of Belley, where the old men of the town used to meet to eat chesnuts and drink the new white wine called in the country *vin bourru*.

"The old men were not hungry and paid no attention to him. His digestive powers were not shaken though, and he said, 'I have just left the table, but will bet that I eat a whole turkey.'

"'If you eat it I will pay for it,' said Bouvier du Bouchet, a rich farmer who was present, 'and if you do not I will eat what is left and you shall pay for it.'

They set to work at once, and the young athletic at once cut off a wing, he ate it at two mouthfulls and cleaned his teeth by gnawing the bone and drank a glass of wine as an interlude.

"He then went into the thigh which he ate and drank another glass of wine to prepare a passage for the rest. The second went the same way, and he had come to the last limb when the unfortunate farmer said, 'alas! I see it is all over, but Mr. Sibouet as I have to pay, let me eat a bit.'

"Prosper was as good a fellow as he was a soldier, and consented. The farmer had the carcass at *spolia optima*, and paid for the fowl with a good grace.

"General Sibouet used always to love to tell of this feat of his youth. He said that his admitting the farmer to eat was a pure courtesy, and that he could easily have won the bet. His appetite at forty permitted none to doubt the assertion."—pp. 87-90.

We should like to give a story of the Professor's, the scene of which lies near Hartford, Connecticut, and wherever he gives an account of shooting a wild turkey, but we have not the space. Nor can we give anything from his meditations on game, fish, and truffles, at present.

LADY GOURMANDS.

"Gourmandise is not unbecoming to women: it suits the delicacy of their organs and recompenses them for some pleasures they cannot enjoy, and for some evils to which they are doomed.

"Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty woman, her napkin well placed under her arms, one of her hands on the table, while the other carries to her mouth, the choice piece so elegantly carved. Her eyes become brilliant, her lips glow, her conversation is agreeable and all her motions become graceful. With so many advantages she is irresistible, and even Cato, the censor, would feel himself moved."—pp. 177-8.

PLEASURE OF THE TABLE.

"But perhaps the impatient reader will ask how, in the year of grace 1825, can any table be spread which will unite all of these conditions?

"I will answer this question. Be attentive, readers. *Gasterea*, the most attractive of the muses, inspires me. I will be as clear as an oracle, and my precepts will live for centuries:—

"Let the number of guests never exceed twelve, so that the conversation may be general.

"Let them be chosen that their occupations may be varied, their tastes analogous,

and that they may have such points of contact that introduction may be useless.

"Let the dining-room be furnished with luxury, the table clean, and the temperature of the room about 16° Réaumur.

"Let the men be intelligent, but not pedantic—and the women pretty, but not coquettes.

"Let the dishes be of exquisite taste, but few in number at the first course; let those of the second be as pleasant and as highly perfumed as possible.

"Let the coffee be hot, and let the master select his own wines.

"Let the reception-room be large enough to permit those who cannot do without the amusement, to make up a card party, and also for little *coteries* of conversation.

"Let the guests be retained by the pleasures of society, and by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

"The tea should not be too strong, the roast dishes should be loaded artistically, and the punch made carefully.

"None should begin to retire before eleven o'clock, and at midnight all should have gone to bed.

"If any one has been present at an entertainment uniting all these conditions, he may boast of having witnessed his own apotheosis. He will enjoy it the more, because many other apotheosis have been forgotten or mistaken."—pp. 207-8.

Reluctantly we here leave M. Savarin, perhaps only temporarily; for we feel as if our readers, have enjoyed the above, and will, like Oliver Twist, be asking for more. It should be added, that Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have got the book out in charming style.

INEDITED LETTERS OF COBBETT.

We have been furnished with several inedited letters of Cobbett, from which we commence extracts in the following, intending to close them in our next number.

LONDON, 18th March, 1810. }
No. 5, Pantion Square, Haymarket. }

* * * As to what you still ought to pay me, I will, my dear —, scorn to suspect you of doing me wrong. Nay, had I not a long family of dear children to provide for, you never should have had this application from me. But this is the case, and I know your regard for that family will be quite sufficient to induce you to do every thing that is right.

* * * We have now *six* children, having lost several at their birth. Nancy, Wil-

liam, John Morgan, James Paul, Eleanor, and Susan Paul. Nancy is rather taller than her mother; how William is and what he is you may judge from a letter, which I enclose, and which I received from him yesterday. Would you not almost swear that it was written by me? And did you ever see such a letter written by a boy of eleven years old? I send you also his letter to James; and by them you will see what a clever and attentive, and kind boy he is. You see he arranges all my business while I am from home. He is a great blessing to us. James cannot read writing, and so, you see, William has printed him a letter.

* * * * *

In putting in William's letter, I am impelled to ask you, why you should not come here and have a *farm* too? There is no place like England. About five or six thousand pounds would buy you a good farm and stock it. I wish you would commission me to buy for you.

* * * What a humbug nation the Americans are? They will neither *fight* nor be *friends*. They will quarrel to all eternity but never come to blows. Poor devils! if they could but conceive how little we think of them, and how little the people here can be made to think of them. *Madame Catalani* beats them all hollow in point of public importance. I verily believe, from my soul, that a declaration of war, on the part of America, would not be talked of for three days even in the coffee-houses of London; and as to the people in the country, by heaven, they do not know what is meant by those mighty words, *the United States of America!* We are on a theatre where such objects of magnitude are continually passing before us, that we cannot help forgetting America. I would sometimes write an article about it, but nobody would read what I wrote.

We are a surprising nation. Nothing can check our spirit of enterprise and industry. Such improvements in every part of the country, in spite of loads upon loads of taxes. Such a good people God never made, and, I trust, he never will forsake them.

* * * * *

I beg to hear from you as soon as convenient, and I am, with every kind sentiment,
Your faithful friend,

And most obedient humble servant,
WM. COBBETT.

P. S. * * * I do not know who it is that sends me *American newspapers*; but though I am much obliged to the sender, they really are of *no sort of use to me*. I have no time to read them, and it is quite impossible to make any body here care any thing about America.

NEW YORK, 20th Feb'y. 1811.

* * * As to my situation *here*, I am as well as I ever was in all my life time; and all my affairs are as prosperous, and more so, than ever. The attempt to *stifle* me has completely failed. I have all my family here, turn and turn about. William and Johnny Morgan are now with me; and how useful they are, you may judge from dear William's letter, which I enclose, and which is so much like my writing, that you would almost swear it was mine. The whole are fine, hearty, beautiful children, but William is the sweetest boy that ever breathed. I wish to God you could see him. He is only twelve years old now, and you will see what a letter he writes.

—
BOTLEY, near Southampton, }
17th July, 1815. }

* * * It gave us all, ourselves and seven children, great pleasure to hear of you. Those who have not seen you, have often heard of you. Your name, your character, your faithful friendship they have heard of so often, that your letter seemed to them like one from a friend in London, or any other English town. * * * This is the brood, and we have all good sound bodies and minds. I have a large farm, and we never buy anything to eat. Bread, flour, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, poultry, pigmeat, all produced, and killed, and worked up by ourselves. We only want a government that would not take from us in taxes more than nine-tenths of our produce, to make us comfortable. But this blessed government takes ninety-nine hundredths, leaving us hardly the means of existence.

I perceive that you call the late war "*an unnatural war.*" So it was; but, it was unnatural on *our* part, and also most atrociously unjust. Ah! my good fellow, if you had remained here to see what I have seen, you would have cursed the oppressors more loudly than I have done. You love England; you love your *native country*. Aye, but do you love to see that beloved country brought into such a state that foreign troops are, in violation of all law, brought here to keep Englishmen in awe; brought here to shoot at the people; brought to compel our own poor country fellows to be tied up and flogged like dogs? I love England too; I love my country too; and, it is because I love my country, that I hate its oppressors; it is because I love my country, that I rejoice when I see those oppressors foiled in their attempts to reduce you to our miserable state. The unjust proceedings against me, cost me £6000, in various ways. The plan was totally to ruin me. Spies were continually hovering about my

neighbourhood while I was in prison. Only think of losing a fortune for each child, merely because I expressed my resentment at seeing Englishmen flogged, in England, by the hands, and under the boyonets, of foreigners! In a word, I love England, and it is because I love her, that I hate her oppressors. * * * *

P. S. * * * I congratulate you on the defeat of the pirates of Algiers, by the gallant Decatur. I hope he will scourge the petty despots into reason and moderation.

RES CURIOSAE.

BENAVIDES, THE PIRATE.

The history of Benavides is curious. He was a native of Conception Island, and served for some time in the Chillian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the battle of Mayo in 1818. He was of a ferocious character, and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders, he was sentenced to death, along with his brother, and other delinquents. Accordingly, the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded, was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the gallinagos, a species of vulture. The sergeant who superintended this last part of the ceremony was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, and while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also without finching, and lay like a dead man amongst others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a neighbouring cottage, the generous inhabitants of which received and attended him with the greatest care.

General San Martín, who was at that time planning the expedition to Peru, and was looking for able and enterprising men, heard of Benavides being still alive; and knowing his talents and courage, considered him a fit person to serve some of his desperate purposes in those trying times, when, to gain the great object in view, there was little scrupulousness about the means. It is said that the bold ruffian himself gave information of his being alive, and invited San Martín to hold a secret conference at midnight, in the centre of the great square of

Santiago. The appointed signal was to strike fire from their flints three times; a mark sufficiently conspicuous for the purpose of distinction, yet of a nature calculated to excite no suspicion. San Martín accordingly, alone and provided with a brace of pistols, went to the spot, where he encountered Benavides similarly armed. After a long conference with the desperado, whom he finally engaged in his service, he settled that Benavides should, for the present, serve in the Chillian army, employed against the Arancanian Indians in the south, but should be ready to join the army in Peru, when the expedition sailed. This was ill-judged in San Martín; for Benavides soon quarrelled with the Chillian general, and once more changed sides, offering his services to the Indians, who were delighted to obtain so brave and unrelenting an associate. In a short time, his experience and congenial ferocity gave him so great an ascendancy among this warlike race, that he was elected commander-in-chief.

In this capacity he took various ships and the crews prisoners; for Benavides, though unquestionably a ferocious savage, was, nevertheless, a man of resource, full of activity, and of considerable energy of character. He converted the whale spears and harpoons into lances for his cavalry, and halberds for his sergeants: the carpenters he set to building baggage carts, and repairing his boats; the armourers he kept perpetually at work, mending muskets, and making pikes. He treated the officers too (prisoners) not unkindly; he allowed them to live in his house, and was very anxious, on all occasions, to have their advice respecting the equipment of his troops. On one occasion, when walking with the captain of the *Herselia*, he remarked that his army was now almost complete in every thing, except in one essential particular; and it cut him, he said, to the soul, to think of such a deficiency: he had no trumpets for the cavalry; and added, that it was utterly impossible to make the fellows believe themselves dragons, unless they heard a blast in their ears at every turn; and neither men nor horses would ever do their duty properly, if not roused by the sound of a trumpet; in short, he declared that some device must be hit on to supply this equipment. The captain, willing to ingratiate himself with the pirate, and after a little reflection, suggested to him, that trumpets might easily be made out of the copper sheets nailed on the bottom of the ships he had taken. Very true, cried the delighted chief; how came I not to think of that before? Instantly all hands were employed in ripping off the copper, and the armourers being set to work under his personal superintendence, the whole camp, be-

fore night, resounded with the warlike blasts of the cavalry. The captain of the ship, who had given him the brilliant idea of the copper trumpets, had, by these means, so far won his good will and confidence, as to be allowed a considerable range to walk in. He, of course, was always looking out for some plan of escape; and at length an opportunity occurring, he, with the mate of the Ocean, and nine of his own crew, seized two whale boats, imprudently left on the banks of the river, and rowed off. Before quitting the shore, they took the precaution of staving all the other boats, to prevent pursuit, and, accordingly, though their escape was immediately discovered, they succeeded in getting so much the start of the people whom Benavides sent after them, that they reached St. Mary's Island in safety.

This astonishing man was at last taken, and met with the reward, which, sooner or later must follow the deeds of blood which men of his nature commit. In pursuance of sentence passed on the 21st of February, 1822, he was dragged from the prison, in a pannier tied to the tale of a mule, and was hanged in the great square. His head and hands were afterwards cut off, in order to their being placed on high poles, to point out the places of his horrid crimes, Santa Juana, Tarpellanca and Aranco.

THE VIPER CURE.

According to medical authority, the Viper maintained an unrivalled standing as an almost universal remedy, from the days of Galen down to the beginning of the present century. In leprosy it was thought to be wonderful in its operations. Galen himself says, (Lib. XI. de Simp. Med. facult.) in treating of its alleged singular efficacy in cases of this disease, that its first discovery was by accident. We quote his own words:—

“Being a young man, (says he,) I remember one of my companions keeping company with a leper, was at last infected, and thereby rendered of a terrible aspect, and offensive smell; insomuch that an apartment was built for him near the village, from whence he was furnished with sustenance. In the time of harvest it happened that some wine was brought out to the reapers, and set carelessly by; after some time when one of them was about to drink, that he might mix it with some water, the wine was poured forth of the vessel into the drinking cup, and therewith a dead Viper: the harvestmen, astonished at the sight, and apprehending danger, chose rather to quench their thirst with water: however, they were so commiserate to the poor leper near ad-

joining, as believing it were better for him to die than live longer in that miserable condition; in regard whereof they offered him the wine, without taking notice what had befallen it; and he, soon after the drinking thereof, was, to a miracle, restored to health; his hard and scaly skin peeling off, and a more smooth and natural one appearing underneath.”

“The other is of ‘a leper going to the baths for help, and slighted by a courtesan he was desperately in love with: she attempted to poison him by giving him wine in which a viper accidentally falling, had been drowned; but which, as the former intended for his death, proved luckily the means of health.’”

The various parts of the Viper had their respective virtues in divers diseases, as for instance—we quote from good authority again:—

“1. *The head* of the Viper is used as an amulet, to be hung about the neck, to cure a Quinsie. 2. *The Flesh* is hot and dry, and purges the whole body by sweat; and being eaten or drunk, it cures the Scrofula, and the leprosie. 3. *The Broth* of them performs the same things, eating half a Viper at once, and fasting five or six hours after it; so also they cure all old ulcers and fistulas, clear the eye-sight, help the palsie, and strengthen the nerves. 4. *The ashes of their Heads* mixt with a quick decoction of bitter lupins, and used as an oymnto to the temples, stops rheums falling into the eyes, and helps their dimness, and is an excellent thing against St. Anthony's Fire. 5. *The fat or grease* mixt with honey, is an excellent thing to clear the sight. 6. *The whole Viper* in powder (the head and gall excepted) cures perfectly the gout, king's evil, taken twice a day to ʒij. or more. 7. *Oleum Viperarum*; it cures the gout, palsie, and loproisie, cleanses the skin, and helps all the defects thereof. 8. *Viper wine*. *It is made by drowning live Vipers in the wine*. It cures leprosies and the Scrofula. 9. *Powder of Vipers compound*. It is made as that of serpents, and has all the same virtues. 10. *Quintessence of Vipers* is very powerful against leprosies, the Scrofula, and all impurities of the flesh and blood. 11. *Essentia viperarum*. It is a most excellent medicine, dissolves all excrements and coagulations of humors, dissolving, putrifying, and cleansing like soap; carrying out every ill by sweat, or insensible transpiration, curing all sorts of gouts, &c.”

There is, we verily believe, nothing about which there is so much humbug as doctoring. We shall establish our position one of these days, by examining some of the miserable quackeries, *i. e.* patent medicines, which are advertised so largely in the papers, and all of which, with some good and

reliable exceptions, we have declined announcing in BIZARRE.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

Music in Philadelphia.

— There is nothing new going on in our city, in a musical way, at present; though it is pretty well settled we are shortly to have Marutzek's *troupe*, and the grand "Prophete." Subscriptions to a considerable amount have been raised; and more, it is presumed, can be had for the asking. We think the season, when it does come, will be brilliant. Mr. Marutzek has always been popular here as a manager. There has been no opera in Philadelphia since the Sontag effort at the National Circus; and our habitués are ready for a short season, to say the least.

New Music.

— Messrs. C. J. Price & Co. have sent us several numbers of the "Musical Repository," a new publication, lately started in New York, by Mr. Alexander Montgomery. They contain many popular pieces, waltzes, polkas, songs, &c., among them being the famous "Prima Donna Valse," by Jullien. The "Musical Repository" is published weekly, at \$3 per year, or 6 cents the number. It ought to command a large circulation.

Parodi in Paris, &c.

— "Carl Benson," the correspondent of a popular New York fancy paper, *i. e.* the *Spirit of the Times*, thus speaks of opera in Paris under the prima donna-ship of Parodi, a lady who caused some little excitement in Philadelphia a few years ago, under the managerial bâton of Mr. Edward L. Walker. "Carl" writes under date of November 28th:—

"Last Tuesday the *Italians* took us by surprise. It had been announced that "La Sonnambula" was the second opera to be produced, but instead of that, appeared "Lucresia Borgia," for the Parisian *debut* of our old friend Parodi, supported by nearly the same superb cast that she had in London: Gennaro, Mario; the Duke, Tamburini; Orsini, Alboni. It is hardly necessary to say that the house was crowded. Since her visit to America, Parodi has considerably subdued her manner, in which no traces of exaggeration remain, except an occasional forced smile. I wish I could add, for old acquaintance sake, that she did not sing false or dress badly. As to Mario, the stories about his voice deteriorating, &c., are all *bosh*. So far from falling off he has ac-

tually improved as a singer, and very much improved as an actor. To be sure, in the first act he seemed to show a little affectation, and appeared at times not to care a monosyllable for Parodi and the audience together, but this was only a judicious husbanding of his resources for the second and third acts, particularly the third, in which he was really magnificent. Tamburini made a capital Duke, exhibiting an energy and fire not expected of him; his voice, too, is recruiting; on the whole, the atmosphere of Paris agrees with him much better than that of London. Alboni's Orsini is too well known to require any remarks.

"It is hard to say whether Parodi's Parisian debut should be considered successful or not. She was not much applauded, but the audience of the Italians is a very reserved and undemonstrative one. As a proof of this, it is sufficient to say that no attempt was made to encore the trio of the second act, and Mario, favorite as he deservedly is, was not warmly applauded until his exquisite air in the third act (generally omitted with us) when he was encored, though not rapturously, and recalled several times, but he would not sing again. There is no *claque* at this house worth speaking of, (indeed many of the seats devoted in other establishments to the *claqueurs* are here occupied by ladies), nor are there any club boxes where young men applaud half the time, chiefly to show their straw-colored kids, and render themselves conspicuous by making a noise. The whole tone of the place is that of quiet enjoyment without pretence or display; you see few women in full dress, except an occasional Lorette or foreigner, and gentlemen do not hesitate to go in frock coats. The house is dimly lighted (according to our ideas, at least), and there is little splendor of scenic decoration or costume. The *habitués* go to hear good music without making any fuss or exaggeration of enthusiasm about it."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Spiritual Visitors.

— This last work of the author of "Musings of an Invalid," we observe is very favorably noticed by the press. It comes from one of the most promising young writers of the times; and one, moreover, who will eventually be acknowledged to stand in the first ranks. He writes not for money, and hence it may be supposed only writes, when he has something to write about. We learn he holds somewhat in contempt certain Four-reiristic and infidel litterateurs of New York;

this contempt, moreover, is constantly showing itself in his writings. Perhaps he would be more of a toady if he were not beyond the reach of necessity. We hardly think though, a man of his superior intellect and high tone, could submit to any menialship, even were he by so doing to propitiate the whole of Boston, and its literary suburbs.

Le Mousquetaire.

—On the 12th of November, M. Alexandre Dumas published the first number of his new journal *Le Mousquetaire*, at 36 francs per annum, to be published daily at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. "Le proprietaire, redacteur en chef, Alexandre Dumas." Upon the title page is the following:—"This paper does not publish the puffs of theatrical managers, or book publishers. It pays for its seats at the theatre and buys its books."

The World to Come.

—This is the title of a 12mo.—pp. 308—recently published by M. W. Dodd, of New York. It is from the pen of Rev. Alfred Bryant, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Niles, Michigan, and is intended to convince the doubting, reclaim the wondering, guide the erring, comfort the afflicted, cheer the desponding, and lead them to seek more earnestly the blessings of life.

New Books from Redfield.

—Redfield, of New York, has just issued the following new books, which we shall speak of more particularly hereafter:—"Art and Industry of the Crystal Palace," revised and edited by Horace Greely,—"Clovernook," by Alice Carey, a new series,—"Vasconcelos," by Frank Cooper. All these books are elegantly printed.

Illustrated Book of Songs—Pretty Polly.

—These are the titles of two very tasteful juveniles, published by Messrs. Evans & Brittan, New York.

The illustrations in both are very elegant, and whether in detail or as a whole, both are calculated to make very acceptable Christmas gifts.

American Law Register.

—The December number of this standard work, has been received, and contains a vast amount of materiel which must be valuable to members of the Bar. D. B. Canfield & Co., publishers.

London Literary Gossip.

—The *Athenæum* says, the prospects of the literary season in London are, at least, varied; and adds, Mr. Macaulay's new volumes are the subject of some gossip in literary circles, and hints are thrown about which point to a change of venue in the

future: these rumors, we have reason to believe, have no foundation in fact. Sir E. B. Lytton seems to be busy with the profitable task of reprinting his earlier works—having made an arrangement, says report, with the Messrs. Routledge & Co. to that end. The terms, as stated to us, are—that Messrs. Routledge shall have the right to reprint the works of the novelist for ten years in cheap editions or otherwise, on payment to him of 20,000*l.*—Mr. Hallam is silent,—Mr. Landor has gathered in his last fruit,—Mr. Ruskin has begun to utter his eloquence in the lecture-room,—Mr. Charles Dickens is in Italy,—Mr. Douglas Jerrold has turned his hand to politics,—and Mr. Thackeray is struggling in those shallows of introductory matter which have so often threatened the success of his best tales. From these sources the surplus of new books are, therefore, likely to run short:—leaving the greater space and clearer field for those who are ready with their ventures. Beginning our survey with Albemarle Street, we have to note that Mr. Murray's prolific press is preparing, for our December reading, Mr. Mansfield Parkyn's long-announced work on 'Life in Abyssinia,'—Dr. Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain,'—Dr. Milman's 'History of Latin Christianity,'—Dr. Hooker's 'Himalayan Journals,'—Sir R. I. Murchison's 'Siluria,'—the fourth and concluding volume of Signor Farini's 'History of Rome,'—Col. St. John Fancourt's 'Early History of Yucatan,'—a work by Mr. Charles Knight, with the attractive title of 'Once upon a Time,'—and a new library edition of the works of Oliver Goldsmith, to be edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham. The last-named writer is also, we believe, preparing a new edition of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' with notes, corrections, and additions. Stepping from Albemarle Street to Piccadilly, Messrs. Chapman & Hall are preparing a collected edition of Mr. R. Montgomery's works in one volume,—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's 'Scenes from the Domestic History of the Revolution,'—a new translation of 'The Divine Comedy,' by Mr. Pollock,—a work by the late Henry Southern on 'Sir Philip Sydney and the Arcadia,' and a volume of 'French Experiences,' by Mr. Bayle St. John.—Among other works which are about to issue from the press of Mr. Bentley, are:—three volumes of 'The Private Correspondence of Rajah Brooke,'—a work on 'Anatolia,' by the author of 'Frontier Lands,'—Madame de Bury's 'Memoirs of the Princess Palatine,'—and Mr. Lloyd's 'Scandinavian Adventures during a Residence of Twenty Years.'—Messrs. Longman announce as speedily forthcoming:—M. Macaulay's edition of his own 'Speeches,'—two new volumes of the Moore 'Journal

and Memoirs,—and a second volume of Lord Holland's 'Memoirs of the Whig Party.'—These are only part of the new works in preparation,—but, imperfect as is the list, it serves to prove a considerable amount of literary activity in various directions.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Town-Talk.

—The Panorama of Niagara, by Frankenstein, now being exhibited at Concert Hall, is one of the best things of the kind we ever saw, so far as the painting is concerned. It presents, in other words, the different incomparable views which one gets of Niagara, after a sojourn of a few days, just as they are. It is now some twelve years since we visited the great falls, but we felt at a glance, the truthfulness of the greater part of the views presented in Mr. Frankenstein's collection. We were annoyed very much, by the inflated, and ridiculous style of the delineator of these paintings in our city. Who he is, we care not; a greater bore for a fellow-traveller, among the enchanted scenes represented, could not be found. He aspires, all the time; now and then by voice and gesture, it would seem that he is to mount right up in the air; but his straps—if he wears straps—perhaps are all that keep him down.

Now is the time for Christmas presents, and we will, therefore, as in duty bound, tell our readers where they are sure of finding such as will suit their tastes:—

Books,

—at A. Hart's, Chestnut and Fourth streets; Herman Hooker's, Chestnut and Eighth streets; C. J. Price & Co's, No. 7 Hart's Buildings; G. A. Correa's, No. 232 Chestnut street; C. J. Henderson & Co., Fifth and Arch.

Stationery,

—at Wm. H. Maurice's, 123 Chestnut street; A. K. Moore's, No. 374 Chestnut street; Hogan & Bechtel's, No. 85 South Fourth street.

Fancy Goods,

—at F. H. Smith's, No. 205 Arch street; Wm. T. Fry's, No. 128 Arch street.

Pictures, &c.,

—at Charles N. Robinson's, No. 248 Chestnut street; G. A. Correa's.

Children's Carriages, &c.,

—at Bushnell & Tull's, No. 65 Dock street; A. L. Hickey & Co's, No. 148 Chestnut street.

Perfumes, Soap, &c.,

—at X. Baisin's, No. 114 Chestnut street;

Samuel Simes', Twelfth and Chestnut; F. Zerman's, Ninth and Catharine streets.

Confectioneries,

—at Isaac Newton's, Chestnut street, opposite Independence Hall; A. A. Jones', No. 359 Chestnut street.

Pianos,

—at J. E. Gould's, No. 164 Chestnut street; C. Meyer's, Fourth below Chestnut; G. Vogt's, No. 68 North Fourth street.

We hope our readers will all have the happiest of holidays, and that many returns of the festive season may be made to them.

New Printing Office.

—Our old printer, Mr. James H. Bryson, has established himself in a new printing-office, on the site of his old stand, No. 2 North Sixth street, where, we doubt not, he will do a better business than ever. He has added several new and beautiful fonts of type to his stock, and one or two new presses. Moreover, he has a spacious and beautiful room in the second story of the new building, erected at his suggestion, and it is fitted up after the best possible manner. Mr. B. printed BIZARRE during the whole of the third volume. We point to it, as an evidence of his typographical accuracy.

Portrait of a Charlatan.

—Will some of our readers translate the following into rhyme:—

Touché de tous nous maux, Castro vient à notre aide,
Avec un secret excellent,
Un secret merveilleux, qu'el nomme un prompt remède,
Et qui n'est rien qu'un poison lent;
C'est un bien de famille, accru par son talent.
Je sais c'étoit un spécifique
Tout au plus contre la colique;
Mais, en ses mains présentement,
Il quérît tout parfaitement:
Apoplexie, hydroplisie,
Epilepsie et pleurésie;
Chercher un peu dans notre esprit;
Nommer quelqu'autre maladie:
L'hémorrhagie il la quérît.
Remède universel! il ne rende pas la vie.
Queer Bill.

—The following in a Spanish play bill of 1762, which was exhibited at Seville:—"To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal World—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain—to the faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—to the Honour and Glory of the Most Holy Virgin Mary—for her benefit, and for the Propagation of her Worship—the company of Comedians will this day give a representation of the Comic Piece called—

NANIWE.

The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the Theatre will be respectably illuminated."

'EATERS, EATERS, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Forquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1853.

BRILLIAT SAVARIN AGAIN.

We promised last week to give more extracts from M. Savarin's curious book on the Physiology of Taste, at some future time, and proceed to fulfil that promise even thus early.

ARE WOMEN GOURMANDS?

"The *penchant* of the fair sex for gourmandise is not unlike instinct; for gourmandise is favourable to beauty.

"A series of exact and rigorous examinations, has shown that a succulent and delicate person on careful diet, keeps the appearance of old age long absent.

"It makes the eyes more brilliant, and the color more fresh. It makes the muscles stronger, and as the depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those terrible enemies of beauty, it is true that other things being equal, those who know how to eat, are ten years younger than those ignorant of that science.

"Painters and sculptors are well aware of this, for they never represent those to whom abstinence is a matter of duty, such as anchorites and misers, except as pale, thin, and wrinkled."—pp. 178-9.

AN INCIDENT AT HARTFORD.

"While I was living at Hartford, in Connecticut, I was lucky enough to kill a wild turkey. This exploit deserves to be transmitted to posterity, and I tell it with especial complaisance as I am myself the hero.

"An American farmer had invited me to hunt on his grounds; he lived in the remotest part of the State, and promised me partridges, grey squirrels and wild turkeys. He also permitted me to bring a friend or two if I pleased.

"One fine day in October, 1794, therefore, with a friend, I set out with the hope of reaching the farm of Mr. Bulow, five mortal leagues from Hartford, before night.

"Though the road was hardly traced, we arrived there without accident, and were received with that cordial hospitality expressed

by acts, for before we had been five minutes on the farm, dogs, horses and men were all suitably taken care of.

"About two hours were consumed in the examination of the farm and its dependencies. I would describe all this if I did not prefer to display to the reader the four buxom daughters of Mr. Bulow, to whom our arrival was a great event.

"Their ages were from sixteen to twenty-four, and there was so much simplicity in their persons, so much activity and abandon, that every motion seemed full of grace.

"After our return from walking we sat around a well furnished table. A superb piece of corned beef, a stewed goose, and a magnificent leg of mutton, besides an abundance of vegetables and two large jugs of cider, one at each end of the table, made up our bill of fare.

"When we had proven to our host, that in appetite at least, we were true huntsmen, we began to make arrangements for our sport. He told us where we would find game, and gave us land-marks to guide us on our return, not forgetting farm-houses where we could obtain refreshments.

"During this conversation the ladies had prepared excellent tea, of which we drank several cups, and were then shown into a room with two beds, where exercise and fatigue procured us a sound sleep.

"On the next day we set out rather late, and having come to the end of the clearings made by Mr. Bulow, I found myself in a virgin forest for the first time. The sound of the axe had never been heard there.

"I walked about with delight, observing the blessings and ravages of time which creates and destroys, and I amused myself by tracing all the periods on the life of an oak since the moment when its two leaves start from the ground, until it leaves but a long black mark which is the dust of its heart.

"My companion, Mr. King, reproached me for my moodiness, and we began the hunt. We killed first some of those pretty grey partridges which are so round and so tender. We then knocked down six or seven grey squirrels, highly esteemed in America, and at last were fortunate enough to find a flock of turkeys.

"They rose one after the other, flying rapidly and crying loudly. Mr. King fired on the first and ran after it. The others were soon out of shot. The most sluggish of all arose at last, not ten paces from me. It flew through an opening, I fired and it fell dead.

"One must be a sportsman to conceive the extreme pleasure this shot caused me. I seized on the superb bird and turned it over and over for a quarter of an hour, until I

heard my companion's voice calling for assistance. I hurried to him and found that he called me to aid him in looking for a turkey he claimed to have killed, but which had disappeared.

"I put my dog on the scent but he led us into an under growth, so thick and thorny that a snake could scarcely penetrate it; I had then to give up the search, and my companion was in a bad humor all day long.

"The rest of the day scarcely deserves the honors of printing. On our return we lost ourselves in boundless woods, and we were in not a little danger of having to stay out all night, when the silvery tones of Mr. Bulow's daughters, and the deep bass of their father, who had come to look for us, guided us home.

"The four sisters were fully armed with clean dresses, new ribbons, pretty hats, and so carefully shod that it was evident that they had formed a high opinion of us. I tried to make myself agreeable to the one of the ladies who took my arm, a thing she did as naturally as if it had belonged to her *jure conjugali*.

"When we reached the farm supper was ready, but before we sat down to the table we drew near to a bright and brilliant fire which had been lighted for us, though the season did not indicate that such a precaution was necessary. We found it very comfortable, fatigued as we were, and were rested as if by enchantment.

"This custom doubtless comes from the Indians who always have a fire in their huts. It may be, this is a tradition of St. Francis de Sales, who said that fire was good eleven months of the year (*non liquet*).

"We ate as if we were famished; a large bowl of punch enabled us to finish the evening, and a conversation, which our host made perfectly free, led us far into the night.

"We spoke of the war of Independence, in which Mr. Bulow had served as a field officer of M. de La Fayette, who every day becomes greater in the eyes of the Americans, who always designate him as 'the Marquis' of agriculture, which at that time enriched the United States, and finally of my native land, which I loved the more because I was forced to leave it.

"When wearied of conversation the father would say to his eldest daughter, 'Maria, give us a song.' She without any embarrassment sung the American national airs. The complaints of Mary Stuart and of André, all popular in America. Maria had taken a few lessons, and in that remote country passed for a virtuosa; her singing though, derived its charm from the quality

of her voice, which was at at once clear, fresh and accentuated.

"On the next day, in spite of Mr. Bulow's persuasions, we set out. I had duties to discharge; and while the horses were being prepared, Mr. Bulow took me aside and used these remarkable words.

"You see in me, sir, a happy man, if there be one under heaven; all that you see here is derived from my own property. My stockings were knit by my daughters, and my cloths were furnished by my flocks. They also, with my garden, furnish me with an abundance of healthy food. The greatest eulogium of our government is, that in the State of Connecticut there are a thousand farmers as well satisfied as I am, the doors of whom have no locks.

"Taxes are almost nothing, and as long as they be paid any one can sleep calmly. Congress favors national industry as much as it can, and merchants are always ready to take from us whatever we wish to sell. I have ready money for a long time, for I have just sold at twenty-four dollars a barrel, flour I usually receive eight for.

"All this is derived from the liberty we have acquired, and established on good laws. I am master of my own house; and you will not be astonished when you know that we never fear the sound of the drum, and except on the 4th of July, the glorious anniversary of our Independence, neither soldiers, uniforms, nor bayonets are seen."—pp. 108-14.

TRUFFLES.

"The origin of the truffle is unknown; they are found, but none know how they vegetate. The most learned men have sought to ascertain the secret, and fancied they discovered the seed. Their promises, however, were vain, and no planting was ever followed by a harvest. This, perhaps, is all right, for as one of the great values of truffles is their dearness, perhaps they would be less highly esteemed if they were cheaper.

"Rejoice, my friend,' said I, 'a superb lace is about to be manufactured at a very low price.'

"Ah!' replied she, 'think you, if it be cheap, that any one would wear it?'

"The Romans were well acquainted with the *truffle*, but I do not think they were acquainted with the French variety. Those which were their delight were obtained from Greece and Africa, and especially from Libia. The substance was pale, tinged with rose, and the Libian truffles were sought for as being far the most delicate and highly perfumed.

..... "Gustus elements per omnia querunt."

JOURNAL.

"From the Romans to our own time, there was a long interregnum, and the resurrection of truffles is an event of recent occurrence. I have read many old books, in which there is no allusion to them. The generation for which I write may almost be said to witness its resurrection.

"About 1780 truffles were very rare in Paris, and they were to be had only in small quantities at the *Hotel des Americans*, and at the *Hotel de Province*. A dindon truffée was a luxury only seen at the tables of great nobles and of kept women.

* * * * *

"At the time I write (1825) the glory of the truffle is at its apogée. Let no one ever confess that he dined where truffles were not. However good any entrée may be, it seems bad unless enriched by truffles. Who has not felt his mouth water when any allusion was made to truffles 'à la provinciale.'

* * * * *

"In Piedmont white truffles are met with, which are very highly esteemed. They have a slight flavor, not injurious to their perfection, because it gives no disagreeable return.

"The best truffles of France come from Périgord and upper Provence. About the month of January they have their highest perfume.

"Those from Bugey also have a light flavor, but can not be preserved.

"Those of Burgundy and Dauphiny are of inferior quality. They are hard, and are deficient in farinacious matter. Thus, there are many kinds of truffles.

"To find truffles, dogs and hogs are used, that have been trained to the purpose. There are men, however, with such practised eyes that by the inspection of the soil they can say whether it contains truffles or not, and what is their quality."—pp. 125-28.

COFFEE.

"The first coffee tree was found in Arabia, and in spite of the various transplantations it has undergone, the best coffee is yet obtained there.

"An old tradition states that coffee was discovered by a shepherd of old, who saw that his flock was always in the greatest state of excitement and hilarity when they browsed on the leaves of the coffee tree.

"Though this may be but an old story, the honor of the discovery belongs only in part to the goat-herd. The rest belongs to him who first made use of the bean, and boiled it.

"A more decoction of green coffee is not a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma and forms an oil which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink, and

which would have been eternally unknown but for the intervention of heat.

"The Turks excel us in this. They employ no mill to torture the coffee, but beat it with wooden pestles in mortars. When the pestles have been long used, they become precious and are sold at great prices.

"I had to examine and determine whether in the result one or the other of the two methods be preferable.

"Consequently, I burned carefully a pound of good mocha, and separated it into two equal portions, the one of which was passed through the mill, and the other beaten Turkish fashion in a mortar.

"I made coffee of each, taking equal weights of each, poured on an equal weight of boiling water and treated them both precisely alike.

"I tasted this coffee myself, and caused others who were competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was that coffee which had been beaten in a mortar was far better than that which had been ground.

"Any one may repeat the experiment. In the interim I will tell you a strange anecdote of the influence of one or the other kind of manipulation.

"'Monsieur,' said Napoleon, one day to Laplace, 'how comes it that a glass of water into which I put a lump of loaf sugar tastes more pleasantly than if I had put in the same quantity of crushed sugar.' 'Sire,' said the philosophic Senator, 'there are three substances the constituents of which are identical—sugar, gum and amidon; they differ only in certain conditions, the secret of which nature has preserved. I think it possible that in the effect produced by the pestle some saccharine particles become either gum or amidon, and cause the difference.'

"Some years ago all directed their attention to the mode of preparing coffee; the reason doubtless was that the head of the government was fond of it.

"Some proposed not to burn nor to powder it, to boil it three quarters of an hour, to strain it, &c.

"I have tried this and all the methods which have been suggested from day to day, and prefer that known as *à la Dubelloy*, which consists in pouring boiling water on coffee placed in a porcelain or silver vessel pierced with a number of very minute holes. The first decoction should be taken and brought to the boiling point, then passed through the strainer again, and a coffee will be obtained clear and strong as possible.

"I have also tried to make coffee in a high pressure boiling apparatus; all I obtained, however, was a fluid intensely bitter, and strong enough to take the skin from the throat of a Cossack.

EFFECTS OF COFFEE.

"Doctors have differed in relation to the sanitary properties of coffee. We will omit all this, and devote ourselves to the more important point, its influence on the organs of thought.

"There is no doubt but that coffee greatly excites the cerebral faculties. Any man who drinks it for the first time is almost sure to pass a sleepless night.

"Sometimes the effect is softened or modified by custom, but there are many persons on whom it always produces this effect, and who consequently cannot use coffee.

"I have said that the effect was modified by use, a circumstance which does not prevent its having effect in another manner. I have observed persons whom coffee did not prevent from sleeping at night, need it to keep them awake during the day, and never failed to slumber when they had taken it for dinner.

"There are others who are torpid all day when they have not taken their cup in the morning.

"Voltaire and Buffon used a great deal of coffee. Perchance the latter was indebted to it for the admirable clearness we observe in his works, and the second for the harmonious enthusiasm of his style. It is evident that many pages of the treatise on man, the dog, the tiger, lion and horse, were written under a strange cerebral excitement.

"The loss of sleep caused by coffee is not painful, for the perceptions are very clear, and one has no disposition to sleep. One is always excited and unhappy when wakefulness comes from any other cause. This, however, does prevent such an excitement, when carried too far, from being very injurious.

"Formerly only persons of mature age took coffee. Now every one takes it, and perhaps it is the taste which forces onward the immense crowd that besiege all the avenues of the Olympus, and of the temple of memory.

"The Cordwainer, author of the tragedy of Zenobia, which all Paris heard read a few years ago, drank much coffee; for that reason he excelled the cabinet-maker of Nevers, who was but a drunkard.

"Coffee is a more powerful fluid than people generally think. A man in good health may drink two bottles of wine a day for a long time, and sustain his strength. If he drank that quantity of coffee he would become imbecile and die of consumption.

"I saw at Leicester square, in London, a man whom coffee had made a cripple. He had ceased to suffer, and then drank but six cups a day.

"All fathers and mothers should make their children abstain from coffee, if they do not wish them at twenty to be puny dried up machines. People in large cities should pay especial attention to this, as their children have no exaggeration of strength and health, and are not so hearty as those born in the country.

"I am one of those who have been obliged to give up coffee, and I will conclude this article by telling how rigorously I was subjected to its power.

"The Duke of Mossa, then minister of justice, called on me for an opinion about which I wished to be careful, and for which he had allowed me but a very short time.

"I determined then to sit up all night, and to enable me to do so took two large cups of strong and highly flavored coffee.

"I went home at seven o'clock to get the papers which had been promised me, but found a note telling me I would not get them until the next day.

"Thus in every respect disappointed, I returned to the house where I had dined, and played a game of piquet, without any of the moody fits to which I was ordinarily subject.

"I did justice to the coffee, but I was not at ease as to how I would pass the night.

"I went to bed at my usual hour, thinking that if I did not get my usual allowance, I would at least get four or five hours, sufficient to carry me through the day.

"I was mistaken. I had been two hours in bed and was wider awake than ever; I was in intense mental agitation, and fancied my brain a mill, the wheels of which revolved, grinding nothing.

"The idea came to me to turn this fancy to account, and I did so, amusing myself by putting into verse a story I had previously read in an English paper.

"I did so without difficulty, and as I did not sleep I undertook another, but in vain. A dozen verses had exhausted my poetic faculty, and I gave it up.

"I passed the night without sleep, and without even being stupefied for a moment, I arose and passed the day in the same manner. When on the next night I went to bed at my usual hour I made a calculation, and found out that I had not slept for forty hours."—pp. 136-42.

TOMBS OF THE PATRIARCHS.

At a late meeting of the Syro-Egyptian Society of London, Mr. Wright read a paper, entitled "Notes on the Appearance of the so-called Tombs of the Patriarchs at Hebron

in the Middle Ages." He began with the *Itinerarium a Burdigala Hierusalem usque* (A. D. 333), which describes the holy sites long before Saracen or Turk made their appearance in Syria. This Itinerary describes the tombs of Joseph as being in the neighborhood of Neapolis (Nablúz), and those of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah at Hebron. Next came Bishop Arculf, who visited the Holy Land about A. D. 700, and described the tombs of the Patriarchs, as well as those of Adam, the first man, as being in a double cave looking towards Mamré (Hebron). The cave was inclosed by a low square wall, which Mr. Wright identified with the monument in form of a square, "*memoria per quadrum*" of the traveller of Bordeaux. Sæwulf, who travelled in 1102, described Hebron as having been destroyed by the Saracens. The monuments of Adam and of the Patriarchs, of ancient workmanship, were surrounded by a very strong castle; each of the three monuments being like a great church, with two sarcophagi placed in a very honourable manner within, that is, one for the man and one for the woman. The bones of Joseph were buried more humbly than the rest, as it were, at the extremity of the castle. Mr. Wright thought that what Sæwulf calls the castle was probably the square wall mentioned by Arculf, or a stronger one built on its site, and that the small *srpulchre* formerly attributed to Adam had been transferred to Joseph. It was evident, however, that great improvements had been made in the interior since the Holy Land had been in possession of the Crusaders, and it had become celebrated as a show place. Sixty-one years after, and Benjamin of Tudela describes the Gentiles as having erected six sepulchres, which they said were those of the Patriarchs and their wives. But if any Jew came, who gave an additional fee to the keeper of the cave, an iron door was opened, which dates from the time of the Patriarchs, and he was admitted into three caves; in the third of which were the three sepulchres of the Patriarchs and their wives, bearing inscriptions to that effect. Mr. Wright thinks that Benjamin related this from hearsay; but it shows that Jews in the twelfth century considered the monuments shown by the Christians as the tombs of the Patriarchs to be mere inventions. The German monk Burchardus, or Burekhardt, in 1283, described the Saracens as having, after the re-possession of the Holy Land, built a fortification (*munitionem*) over against (*contra*) the double cave, which was contained in the Cathedral Church. Forty years after this Maundeville describes the Saracens as keeping the sepulchres very carefully, and suffering no Christian to enter them; a practice which

they have carefully adhered to up to the present time. Mr. Wright then remarked upon Sandys' mistaken statement of the building raised over the tombs being a goodly temple erected over the cave of their burial by Helena, the mother of Constantine, converted now into a mosque; also upon Ali Bey's description of the tombs as being in a Greek Church, now converted into a mosque. Capt. Mangles's description of an outer wall, of great antiquity, was referred by Mr. Wright to the square wall of the early travellers, and the "great stones" were the *lapides miræ pulchritudinis* of the Itinerary of the year 333. The reading of this paper was followed by an interesting discussion, in which Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Black, Dr. Turnbull, Mr. Loaden, Dr. Camps, and Mr. Ainsworth took part. The authenticity of the site as far as regarded the three Patriarchs and their wives was strongly advocated from the testimony afforded by Biblical records, by Josephus, Eusebius, Jerome, and by modern travellers, as Robinson, Olin, Lord Lindsay, and others. Allusion was also made to the descriptions of Giovanni Finati, servant of Mr. Banks, of the Rev. Mr. Monro, and John Sanderson (1601), who described the tomb of Esau as excluded from the privilege of lying among the Patriarchs. Sanderson also says, none were allowed to go down into the cave, but that persons might view it as far as the lamp allowed, Moslems being furnished with more light for the purpose than Jews. The possibility of the remains being intact was also advocated from the reverence paid to them from the most remote times by the different succeeding powers and creeds.

AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

At a late Anti-Guardian meeting in London, a Mr. S. Sharpe offered a paper "On the Comparative Age of the Pyramids of Memphis." He said his aim was to show that the largest pyramid was not the oldest, but the second in point of age; first, because within it had been found the name of Nefchofo, the second of the two builders; secondly, because the great causeway, which now leads to the largest pyramid, has been turned, and at some former time it led to the smaller of the two pyramids; and thirdly, because the greater number of passages in the larger pyramid proves it more modern than its fellow, which is more simple. Another aim was to show that the builder of the older and smaller of the two pyramids might, perhaps, have begun it without any fixed determination as to how large it should be; but that the builder of

the second and larger of the two had fixed its size in his mind before he began to build. The passage and chambers prove that he meant it to be neither much larger nor much smaller than it is. It was planned to exceed the former in size. The third aim of the paper was to show that the third and fourth pyramids were both made by Queen Nitocris, the last of the Memphite sovereigns, who governed Egypt during the minority of Thothmosis the Third. The name of king Mycera has been found in both of these pyramids; Mycera is the first name of Queen Nitocris, and it was probably the name used in Memphis for Thothmosis the Third. And thus the assertion of Herodotus, that the third pyramid was built by King Mycerinus, may be reconciled with that of Manetho, which states that it was built by Queen Nitocris, and also with the statement of Eratosthenes and the monuments, that Nitocris governed as regent for her husband, afterwards for his successor. Mr. Sharpe was of opinion that the two largest pyramids were not older than B.C. 1700, and that the third and fourth were built about B.C. 1350.

INEDITED LETTERS OF COBRETT.

(Continued.)

HYDE PARK, Long Island, }
13th June, 1817. }

* * * My son John is going to stay with you three weeks, if you are not tired of him before that time is up. * * * I have ordered him not, on any account, to go into a *steam boat*, nor to go into the *water*, or bathing or fishing. * * * The d— rascals at home will not be able to pillage my property. My good and worthy friend, Mr. White, my Solicitor, has kept his paw safe upon the whole, and, without my consent, they cannot, I hope, stir an inch. I am sure that my publications in England will not yield me less than two or three thousand pounds a year, *do their worst*, not one penny of which they can touch.

All the news I receive convinces me that it cannot be long before things must change there; and change in such a way as to call me back. At any rate, I will do nothing against the *laws of England*, as England was; and nothing shall make me give up my country or my countrymen.

HYDE PARK, 1st September, 1817.

I hear that there are many Swiss redemptioners, arrived in a vessel at Philadelphia. They are most excellent labourers, and would exactly suit me. I should like to

have *two*. Young Jemmy Paul and you must come here in October to see my farming. I have about five acres of buckwheat, nine of Swedish turnips, one of carrots and parsnips, and one of cabbages, all the finest that can be imagined. Some of my turnips already weigh about *five pounds*. If I can do this *without manure*, in ground which all my neighbors said would bear nothing, in which I plowed up six acres of rye because it was worth nothing to stand, what can I do *another year*? I have an Englishman and his wife, who came from *four miles of Botley*, whose family have worked for me for years, and who, on their arrival, found me out. They are engaged for a year. I want two more men that I can depend on, and these Swiss appear to be just the thing. With these I shall be able to make a great deal of money; but it is too fatiguing to be bothered by these come-and-go rascals on this island. Pray, therefore, do me the great service to see about them. I should prefer two single men under thirty-five. But the wives might be no harm. *Small children* would be very inconvenient. But the men must be *gardeners* or *farmers*.— You will be a good judge of them; and I must leave the matter to you; but if there is *no haste*, if the chance is not likely to be lost, you can *write to me first*, before you make any bargain. I do not care whether it be for *one year* or for *three*. My news from my wife is up to the 23rd of June. * * * Great anxiety was felt in England for some writings from me. Lord Folkestone, Mr. Hullett, and numerous gentlemen had been with my wife to express their hope, that I would not *turn my back* on my country! Just as if I was a man to do that! My publisher has sold 45,000 of my Register that I left behind me, and had paid about 70 guineas, my share of the clear profits, to my wife! They had not yet received any Register from me; but they had got the agreeable news of our safe arrival, and the letter or two which I published in the American newspapers on my arrival, in answer to the New York fellows, had been taken from the American newspapers, published in a little pamphlet, and was setting all London in a ferment of eagerness. The tyrants have been humbled by the *Juries*, who seem resolved not to shed innocent blood. And, indeed, I have now no doubt of my work's having a free course. My Attorney is *not disposed to sell any part of my estate*; and I have ordered him *not to do it, by any means*, but to let for three years to good tenants, at moderate rent. Thus, my friend, all is well; and in the meanwhile, I will not be idle *here*. In November, I shall go to Philadelphia, and then I shall *tickle the gentry there* on account of the proceed-

ings of McKean, his judges and his juries. I am sorry that he and Dallas are dead; for by —, I will have justice; I will have their judgments reversed by Act of Assembly. They will be cursedly puzzled with me. But pray, say nothing about this. The thing will occupy me a month, perhaps; but I shall have that time to see all my old friends. Remember me kindly to the worthy old Norfolk Baw and to the Pauls, and present Johnny's (as well as mine) most kind regards to Mrs. M—, whom I long to see. God bless you.

WM. COBBETT.

HARRISBURGH, 10th Feb. 1818.

A report has been made and printed. It is as favourable as it can possibly be. It will come on in the Senate on *Saturday*. But I am afraid I must remain another ten days at least. This vexes me very much; but I ought not now to go away, 'till I have got the matter finally settled.

* * * I beg, and so does William, to be kindly remembered to Mrs. M—, and to your father and mother, when you see them; also to the Old Buck Severne. Tell him to keep the turkey for us to celebrate our triumph over old Tom.

God bless you.

WM. COBBETT.

HYDE PARK, 11th Nov. 1818.

I have received from you a letter, dated on the 3d instant, with the account of Messrs. Littell and Henry, with 41 D. and 75 C.

The second and third parts, which will be bound together, will come out in December. I shall have between this and May next five or six separate works printed here, besides those now printed. It is of great consequence to me that I should have a good seller at Philadelphia; and I have very great reliance in your judgment in the matter.

* * * So much as to books. Now, as to seeds, Mr. Taylor is, I believe, to be my principal agent at New York as to this business. But there must be some one at your city. * * * I shall have a large amount arrive. Not less than four or five thousand dollars, at least, first cost. So that it must have some care bestowed on it. One man has come a hundred miles and more, to see whether it be really true, that hogs will eat Swedish turnips! He came about 8 o'clock at night, and I gave him a bed. He went back fully satisfied. The hogs snapped them up like corn. The day that he went away (yesterday) another came from Rensselaer county, 200 miles, to see the same thing. In short, the eagerness that people express to get seed is beyond all belief. I have ordered

ten thousand pounds' weight of this sort of seed; and I need not fear if I had double the quantity. A great part of this will grow on my own land. I have taken a store in New York, and have Mr. Archambault in it for the present. It is a poor place, and I must have a better.

I mean to settle this business before I go home. William will go next month, in order to take care of things there till my arrival; and James will remain. I shall, perhaps, leave him behind me, for a while, at least. He is only fifteen; but he has a man's head upon his shoulders. However, I hope you will come on and see me, before I actually have my store opened; for you know much more about the country than I do.

Have you seen the pigs that the Pauls took away? Mind, I promise you a pair in March, for yourself or friend. I shall have about thirty pair by June. William is to send me out some more sows and a boar or two, of two or three distinct herds; but there is none in England equal to that which I now have. The Pauls will stock all their own relations. I told them to do it. And I will send you a pair to stock your Jersey friends with.

I should like to have you here before Christmas. I should not like to make any arrangement about seeds till I see you. But if you cannot come, I must do as well as I can. It is an opening of immense consequence. And I have sons and other children. It is a business that requires confidence; and few men would be more relied upon than I should.

Mr. Taylor is a person in whom I have great confidence. You will find him polite, frank and sincere. He has written to me from Philadelphia, under date of the 5th of November, that a person there is selling "Cobbett's Swedish Turnip Seed at three dollars a pound." The man told him that he could supply him with any quantity at that rate. I have forwarded, to be published in your newspapers, an article upon this subject. Nothing ever was as villainous as this!

I beg you to have the goodness to get the article of Mr. *Philologus*, and send it by Mr. Taylor. It shall be answered, though anonymous writing has not much effect. We have sold nearly half this edition of 2,000 copies. But I must get this thing done cheaper than it now is.

I have agreed to send my books to Boston at 40 per cent. commission. That is to say, the booksellers are to pay me 60 cents for every 100 cents of the retail amount; and they are to pay carriage, advertising, and all sorts of expenses. They make a deduction of one-third to the trade. * * * I have now to beg you to present my kindest regards

to Mrs. —; and to express my hope that you will excuse this outrageously long letter.
From your sincere friend,

WM. COBBETT.

P. S. * * * Could you not come on with Mr. Taylor and Mr. Booth? You never will see two more honest Englishmen as long as you live. Pray see Mr. Booth. He is a Yorkshire clothier; and he came to make acquaintance with me while I was in prison.

* * * Now pray come and see me if you can. Come on with Taylor and Booth. The weather is fine; the roads are good. I do not like to take any step in so important a matter of trade without your advice. Remember I have from four to, perhaps, six or seven, or eight thousand dollars, now actually laid out in seeds. I am sure you have no idea of the importance of this business. But, really, unless I have you to advise with about allowances, commissions, and so forth, I shall not know what to do.

BOTLEY, 23d Dec. 1819.

The flower seeds and all the other things are ready, and will sail in about ten days. They will not get off by the Quaker ship.

You will read in my Register all about public matters. The villains have done their worst; but we shall beat them at last. At all events, we shall try; and, for my part, I am going at it ding dong with a Register and a daily paper too. * * *

Erratum. For New York read Newgate in last week's BIZARRE, page 187, second column, first line.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

Some few weeks since we alluded to a valuable sale of Autographs, which took place in London during the latter part of the month of October, at the rooms of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, of London. We subjoin here, notices of some of the most interesting.

HENRY the EIGHTH, a sheet folio, addressed to FRANCIS the FIRST, of France; dated Wyndesore, Aoust 20, 1515. In this letter—

The King complains of the conduct of the Duke of Albany in laying siege to Stirling Castle, and desires that he may be re-called or ordered peremptorily to desist in the enterprise he has undertaken. He further desires that certain rings and jewels belonging to the Queen mother, given her as souvenirs by her late consort, be restored to her;

the doing so without delay Henry regards as a matter touching the French King's honour. Complaint is also made of certain "robberies et pilleries" committed upon the merchant ships of England, by French pirates, assuming to be Scotchmen, in which matter justice has hitherto been refused; in this the King desires redress.

This long and historically interesting letter, concludes in the autograph of the king, 'VRE BON FRE ET COUSIN, HENRY.' Purchased for the British Museum, for 4*l.* 17*s.*

MARTIN LUTHER, autograph letter, in Latin, of one page folio, addressed, 'Dilecto et observando Amico meo Domino Hermanno,' but undated.

Accompanying this letter, was an official attestation of its genuineness, signed by M. Teulet, Archiviste Paléographe, et Ancien Elève pensionnaire de l'École de Chartes; also a clear and exact transcript, in Latin, and a literal translation into French. The purport of this missive imports,—

Some meddling person, for whom Luther professes contempt, appears to have made some base insinuations against his character, which to his surprise and grief Hermann has given some credence. Luther is content to leave the justification of himself to higher than human judgment. 'Ceterum in misericordia justitia que Domino confido, qui nihil me statuet.' He demands the return of some Document (libellum) without alteration, but regard for his own dignity will not permit him to supplicate this of the man who has traduced him, he depends rather on the friendly intervention of Hermann. Sold for 7*l.* 10*s.*

JAMES THE FIRST, a document dated Nov. 1622, ordering the payment of Two Thousand pounds, to Thomas Murray, Provost of Eton College.

OLIVER CROMWELL, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to which office he was appointed by the parliamentary authorities on Aug. 13, 1649; landed in Dublin on the 16th of that month, and on the 14th of the following month took Drogheda by storm, inflicting the most deadly vengeance on the royalists. The garrison, consisting of about three thousand soldiers, for the most part Englishmen, were, with the exception of a Lieutenant, who escaped, butchered by his troops, and the same fate befel every man, woman, and child, who were Irish, and found in the town at the time of its capture. In this collection of papers, was an autograph letter, two closely written pages, folio, addressed, 'For my beloved sonne, Richard Cromwell, Esq.; at Hurstly, in Hampshire, These,'

DRCK CROMWELL,—I take your letters kindlye, I like expressions when they come plainlye from the heart, and are not stayned

nor affected. I am perswaded its the Lord's mercye to place you where you are. I wish you may owne itt, and bee thankfull, full-filling all relations to the Glory of God. Seeke the Lord, and his Face continually, lett this bee the businesse of your life, and strength, And lett all thinges be subseruient, and in Order to this, you canott finde, nor behold the Face of God, but in Christ, therefore labor to knowe God in Christ, wch the Scripture makes to bee the sum of all, euen life eternall. Because the true knowledge is not litterall or speculatiue, but inward, transforminge the minde to itt, its vnitinge to, and participating of the (2 Pet. i. 4) Divine nature. Its such a knowledge as Paul speaks off, Philip the 3rd, 8, 9, 10. How little of this knowledge of Christ is there amongst vs? My weake prayers shalbe for you. *Take heed of an vnactive vaine spirit. Recreate yourselfe with Sr Walter Raughleyes historie, its a bodye of historie, and will add mach more to your understandinge than fragments of storie.* Intend to vnderstand the estate I haue settled, its your concernment to knowe itt all, and howe it stands.

I have heeretofore suffered much by two much trustinge others. I knowe my Brother Maior wilbe helpfull to you in all this. You will thinke (perhaps) I need not aduise you to loue your wife. The Lord teach you how to doe itt, or else itt wilbee donn ifauredly. Though marriage be noe instituted sacrament, yett where the vnde-filed bedd is, and loue, this vnion aptlie resembles Christ, and his Church. If you can trulye loue your wife what doeth Christ beare to his Church, and euery poore soule therin, w hoe gaue himselfe for itt, and to itt. Comend mee to your wife, tell her I enterly loue her, and reioyce in the godnesse of the Lord to her, I wish her euery way fruitfull, I thanke her for her louinge letter. I haue presented my loue to my sister and cozen Ann C. in my letter to my Brother Maior, I would not haue him, alter his affaires because of my debt. My purse is as his, my present thoughts are but to lodge such a sum for my two little Gyrls, and its in his hand, as well as anywhere, I shall not bee wantinge to accomodate him to his minde. I would not haue him sollicitous. Dick, the Lord blesse you euery way,

I rest your lobing Father,
O. CROMWELL.

April 2, 1650, Carricke.

Considerable competition was excited, not only by its fine condition as a wholly autograph specimen, but for its interest, looking at the period, and whence it was written. The letter produced TWENTY-SIX GUINEAS.

Cromwell, constituted Captain-general, June 26, 1650, fought the memorable battle

of Worcester, one of his most brilliant achievements on Sept. 3, 1651; and on Nov. 26, his son-in-law, Lieutenant-General Ireton, died of the plague at Limerick, that city having surrendered at the close of the preceding month, after a siege of fifteen months. That Cromwell felt acutely the loss of Ireton, is evidenced by a letter in this collection, one page folio, addressed to his sister, Elizabeth Cromwell, and dated Dec. 15, 1651. Commencing—

'Deere Sister, I haue receaued diuerse letters from you. I must desire you to excuse my not writing soe often as you expect, my Burthen is not ordinarie, nor are my weakneses a few.' Concluding—'What is of this world willbe found transtorie, a cleare evidence whereof is my deere sonn Ireton's death.' Sold for NINE GUINEAS.

Three letters of GEORGE MONK, as commander of the fleet, in the months of May and July, 1653. The first intimates his resolve to go in chace of Van Tromp, concluding—'Pray for us, that we may be carried out with the Power and Spirit of the Lord.' The last, dated, 'Off Camperdown, July 31,' details the particulars of his IMPORTANT VICTORY OVER VAN TROMP:—

"Great was the Lord, and marvellous worthy to be praised by His appearance in our behalfe, there being sunke five, and taken of them aboute thirty or forty saile, so farr as wee can discern, and am in good hopes of the same mighty presence of the Lord will still follow us to the disabling, taking, or destroying of some more yet."

Another letter, subscribed as ALBEMARLE, in the inglorious reign of Charles the Second, dated Oct. 1, 1665; requiring the fleet to hasten to sea, as the Dutch were supposed to be then in the Downs. The four, highly interesting as they were, sold for three pounds.

Admiral ROBERT BLAKE, autograph letter, one page folio, dated "aboard the George in the Hope, July 24, 1654," in favour of Mr. Whichcot, "an able and godly minister," to go with him on the pending expedition, and desiring he should have an advance of twenty pounds, Whichcot being too poor to provide his required outfit. Letters of Admiral Blake are of extreme rarity; this, it is presumed, was bought for the British Museum, for 3*l.* 4*s.*, and yet a public depository is the source whence these letters come, why are they not wholly passed to the Museum authorities, they are not of the slightest use where they now are.

RICHARD CROMWELL, autograph letter of one page folio, addressed to the Commissioners of the navy, and dated July 26, 1654; on the recommendation of General Monck, in favour of an appointment for Robert Trimmer, heretofore steward of the

Black Raven, a ship that had lately become unserviceable. Letters of Richard Cromwell, written in a feeble and uncertain calligraphy, are of the greatest rarity; this specimen produced 8*l.* 15*s.*

Two Commissions, signed OLIVER P., the one dated Whitehall, Aug. 24, 1654, appointing his son HENRY to be Major-General of the Army, and Norces of Horse and Foot, to be raised in Ireland, sold for 2*l.* The other, dated Whitehall, Aug. 4, 1655, appointing his son HENRY to be Colonel of a regiment of foot, to be raised in Ireland, sold for 32*s.*

JOHN BOURNE, Commander, autograph letter, one page folio, dated "Swiftsure, March 10, 1655-6," expressing the hope "the Lord fight our battles for us, and we ride conquering on the necks of his enemies." Bought for the British Museum.

James Scott, Duke of MONMOUTH, natural son of Charles the Second, by Lucy Barlow; signature to a power of attorney dated July 21, 1673, to receive his annuities, one of six thousand, the other of two thousand pounds. Sold for 19*s.*

GEORGE Fox, founder of the sect called Quakers, a letter of exhortation, dated "the 3rd of the 11th moneth, 1686-7," i. e. Feb. 3, 1687, "read this in your Monethly and Quarterly Meetings," signed G. F. Sold for 2*l.* 8*s.*

CHARLES THE TWELFTH, the madly heroic king of Sweden, a long letter of three pages folio, with several words added and his autograph, dated 'Au Camp, Sept. 3, 1703.' Sold for 30*s.*

An interesting series of Danish letters and papers, mostly in reference to STRUENSEE, physician to the idiotic and imbecile Christian the Seventh; executed in 1772, for falsely alleged adultery with the Queen, the ill-fated CAROLINE MATILDA, of England; collected by the priest Munter, who attended Struensee in his last moments, on the scaffold, produced 10*l.* 7*s.*

JUDKINS ON BAD LIQUOR.

We notice that our friend, Mr. G. R. Graham, has lately come out with a letter to Mayor Gilpin, wherein he lays about him right and left like another Sir Guy, of Hildebrand. The Mayor, indeed, gets awfully handled. What will be the result of all this, beyond getting lots of temperance subscribers for Mr. Graham's new paper, the *Saturday Evening Mail*, remains to be seen. Meantime to furnish the public with our mite, on the exciting topic which calls forth brother Graham, we take leave to introduce the following letter of Mr. Jeremiah Jud-

kins. Brother Graham gave the Mayor a scolding, and a right down smart one; brother Judkins lets fly at bad liquor, and, we think, with no less spirit and earnestness. We publish his epistle just as it is written, not disturbing the cross of a t, or the dot of an i—though Mr. J. desires us to brush him up a little—and shall wait patiently to see what will be the result. We take it, Mayor Gilpin and bad liquor, will be nowhere hereafter.

EDITORS OF BIZARRE:

Gentlemen—We live in a degenerate age. There is no "two ways" about it. Youngsters may call me an "old fogey," as much as they please, but I will say that times are altered. Times are not now as they used to be. Look at the kind of liquor they sell now in taverns and oyster shops. In my young days a man might go into a tavern when he felt thirsty and get a glass of brandy, if he called for it. But now if you ask for brandy, they give you a kind of stuff that would make a pig squeal. It's poison, sirs, rank poison; and it ought not to be allowed. Some of my neighbors tell me they have quit drinking brandy. So have I, much against my will. They say that gin is a better liquor than brandy; but it don't agree with me. It's nothing but whiskey, with a little essence of juniper in it; and I never could abide whiskey. I'm a sober man, gentlemen; no man can say he has seen me drunk. I consider myself as good a citizen as if I was a reformed drunkard. I am well to do in the world, though not rich. I have earned what I have by the work of my hands; none of your trumpery "tricks of trade." I pay taxes. I vote at elections. I go to church on Sundays, and keep my children out of the street. But, sirs, I'm no humbug. I never joined the "temperance reform," because I considered it a humbug. Reformed drunkards, and red nosed lecturers, I never thought any better, nor any more interesting, than honest men who never were drunk in their lives. Besides, I know that men always did drink when they could get good liquor, and I believe they always will, in spite of any laws that can be made. But, sirs, the kind of stuff they sell for liquor now, it's monstrous. They make it of chemicals and turpentine, and other 'pothecary stuff; and it's enough to poison a horse. They build fine places, and paint and bedizen them up in great style, and call them "saloons." And I expect they spend all their money fixing up the places, and then have none to buy good liquor with. It's scandalous. Now, I don't care about a splendid saloon, but I do appreciate a glass of good brandy. As I said before, I am a sober man, and a decent

citizen, and do all things in moderation; and when I say I like a glass of good brandy, I don't mean to say, that I make a fool of it; nor do I let it make a fool of me. One of my neighbors buys by the gallon, and keeps it at home; but I don't like that. I don't think it sets a good example to the children, and I don't think that temptations should be put in the way. I only like a glass occasionally, and I never go to a tavern on Sunday. And when I do drink, I want it good; and these cursed "saloons," with their doctor'd up stuff, it is abominable. I was walking the other day considerable, and felt a little tired, and I thought I'd stop and take a little refreshment, and so I stepped into a "saloon," and called for a glass of brandy and water. Every thing looked mighty nice, and they had the liquor in handsome bottles; but when I drank it, sirs, it made me sick—it did, positively. It was a most execrable dose. Now, sirs, it is intolerable, and I'll tell you more, the rascals have two kinds, and when the knowing ones come in, they bring a bottle out of a corner for them; but, sirs, plain men, like myself, have to pay for the roast. It's disgraceful! I think that an honest man has a right to drink brandy, when it's good for him, and it's nobody's business. But to call for brandy, and to pay for brandy, and drink poison, that is outrageous! I am a republican. I'm a moral man, and while I behave decently, no man has a right to find fault with me, if I take sometimes a glass of brandy. I have good authority for it, sirs; the best authority. Solomon, sirs, and who better? Yes, and Paul. He says, "take a little wine, Timothy, and drink no longer water, but take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." I think that's the way he says it. I know it's something like that, for I have often read it; though I don't remember the chapter and verse. And Solomon says, "Give wine unto him that is of heavy heart, and strong drink unto him that is ready to perish." In the book of the Proverbs you may find it yourself, or any one who don't choose to take my word for it. And Robert Burns, he says it more to my notion than Solomon. He says:—

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
Who's sinking in despair:
Some liquor guld to fire his bluid,
Who's pressed w' grief and care;
There let him bowse and deep carouse,
W' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
And minds his griefs no more."

That's it, sirs; ain't that good. I learnt that by heart long ago, and if that ain't good,

I don't know what is. Robert Burns, sirs, was a good fellow, and loved a good glass of liquor, but then he went too far. Yes, it's a pity for him. He drank too much, but he was a good fellow for all. Well, to return to what we were considering, is it not wrong that men should keep splendid "saloons," and poison the people with bad liquor? I have never been in favor of the "Maine Law," as they call it; but if these things go on, I don't know but what I may be driven to that. How would it do to have an inspector appointed by government, and let him go round and see what kind of liquor they sell at these "saloons," and when they have this execrable stuff, let him spill it in the gutter?

I never was a candidate for any office, and don't care to be now; but, sirs, for the public good, I think I'd do that, if I was appointed, without any salary, and then it would cost the government nothing.

I think it is time to do something, if it be only for the sake of the public morals; for I am satisfied that people can't long be honest, if they drink such liquor as they get now in the "saloons."

If you'll back me, gentlemen, I'll try to do something. I wouldn't mind going to Harrisburg this winter and making a statement to the Governor and the Legislature, of the dreadful state of our spiritual affairs. Perhaps we could get something done. And in the meantime, maybe it would do some good, with the liquor sellers, just to print this communication in your paper. It will let them see what we think of them, and they know that a liquor law, that is a law to promote good liquor, would be popular with the people. Members of the legislature and dignitaries in general, when they do drink, like good liquor, and a reform of this kind, would be for the greatest good of the greatest number. What's just and right, I go in for on all occasions.

If you think it best to print this, just look over it, and see if it's altogether grammatical, for you know in my time it was not so much the fashion to learn grammar as now. I paid more attention to chemistry. I always had a liking for that, and I know enough about it, to know that good brandy can't be made out of bad whiskey.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

JEREMIAH JUDKINS.

SLOW BENJEE.

'Squire H—— is a genuine specimen of a good old-fashioned Pennsylvania Dutchman. In his youth he was not remarkable for the alacrity of his movements, and by common

consent of the neighbors, he was dubbed "slow Benjee." The title did not altogether please him, and he desired an opportunity to redeem his fame, and show the world that there was real Dutch spunk in Benjee. Such an opportunity occurred sooner than he expected, and was a little more startling than he desired. In taking "a short cut" across a neighbor's field, he was chased by a furious bull. Benjee well knew the vicious propensities of the animal, and perceived in a moment the necessity of executing that most dangerous and embarrassing of military movements, a retreat. He directed his course towards the nearest fence, and the retreat soon became a precipitate flight. Benjee began to think that he would be the happiest of Berks county Dutchmen, if he could but reach the topmost rail of that much desired fence. What an age of anxiety was compressed into that fearful moment! Years of terrible expectation filled the time of every step. He dared not look behind. The dreadful horns of that fierce ruminant, the awful snortings which he uttered as he advanced to the charge, plowing the earth at every step, made Benjee wish that he had not been so rash as to hope for an opportunity to show the world that he was "not slow." It was but a moment, and Benjee was out of danger, astride of the highest rail. His honor safe.

It was "a staked and ridered fence," and with what an air of triumph did Benjee sit upon the topmost rail. With what a glow of satisfaction did his Dutch countenance beam upon the disappointed bovine, as he turned to him and exclaimed, "Vell Mishter Pull, vat you dink of *Slow Penjee* now!"

His triumph was complete. It was not a "Bunker Hill defeat" to John Bull, it was a Saratoga victory to "the hero of the rail." From that day forth no one presumed to call him "slow Benjee."

In the course of time Benjee waxed old, and became respectable amongst his honest neighbors. He was, therefore, elected to the office of magistrate, which station he has continued ever since to fill with much dignity. On one occasion a friend, somewhat learned in the law, ventured to suggest to him that he should get the law book entitled "Binns' Pennsylvania Justice," that it would help him in forming his decisions, when doubtful cases should arise. "Vell," he replied, "ve gets along very vell mit out it."

The 'Squire is something of a wit, and likes to make a hit at fashionable follies, when an occasion offers. He never seemed to take any great interest in "the temperance reform." Indeed, he always liked a "small horn;" and did not care who knew it. On one occasion, as was his custom, he

was enjoying his pipe in the village tavern, when some of the customers, not so insensible to the moral improvements of the day, but quite as fond of "wetting the whistle," indulged their propensity for "the rosey," as Bob Sawyer would call it; but not without a reason. "Come, Tom," says one, "let's take something; I feel chilly to-day." "I'll take some bitters," says another, "my stomach is a little out of kelter." "I don't feel altogether right," says a third, "and I believe I'll take a little gin and sugar." The 'Squire heard all this and more like it, and at last arose, with a good deal of Dutch dignity, and taking his pipe from his mouth, walked to the bar, saying, in a loud voice, "I'll take a trink of viskey, yest cause I likes it."

RES CURIOSAE.

MORE STORIES OF SPECTRES.

The tales of Spectres, which we gave a few weeks since, many readers—particularly those who read the "Ghost of St. Stephens"—admired; and we have been requested to give more of the same sort. We comply. First, of death-warning spectres.

In Aubrey's "Miscellanies" we read how Sir Richard Napier, immediately before his death, was journeying from Bedfordshire to Berks, and saw his own apparition lying stark and stiff on the bed; how Lady Diana Rich, the Earl of Holland's daughter, was met by her death-fetch in the garden at Kensington a month ere she died of small-pox. We follow with what Dendy calls a Legend of Aventure:—

"The Emperor Henry went down through the Strudel: in another vessel was Bruno, bishop of Wurtzberg, the Emperor's kinsman. There sat upon a rock, that projected out of the water, a man blacker than a Moor, of a horrible aspect, terrible to all who beheld it, who cried out, and said to Bishop Bruno, 'Hear! hear! bishop: I am thine evil spirit; thou art mine own; go where thou wilt, thou shalt be mine: yet now will I do nought to thee, but soon shalt thou see me again.' The bishop crossed and blessed himself, but the holy sign was powerless. At Posenbeis, where dwelt the Lady Richlita of Ebersberg, the floor of the banqueting-room fell in the evening: it was the death-fall of the bishop."

"As the Protector Seymour was walking with his duchess at their country seat, they perceived a spectral bloody hand thrust forth from a wall, and he was soon after beheaded.

"It is recorded that, like Julius Cæsar, James of Scotland had three warnings.

The saintly man in Lithgow palace, and another phantom in Jedburgh, warned King James of his fate: the latter wrote a Latin couplet on the mantel-piece in the hall: had he read it wisely, he had not died at Flodden.

"The demon, or the guardian angel of Socrates, was also a prophet Mentor—not only to the sage himself, but even to his companions in his presence: and the slighting of its counsel often brought regret to those who were the subjects of its warning."

We must thank Xenophon, we think, for this story:—"One Timarchus, a noble Athenian, says Plato, being at dinner in company with Socrates, he rose up to go away, which Socrates observing, bade him sit down again, for, said he, the demon has just now given me the accustomed sign. Some little time after, Timarchus offered again to be gone, and Socrates once more stopped him, saying he had the same sign repeated to him. At length, when Socrates was earnest in discourse, and did not mind him, Timarchus stole away, and in a few minutes after committed a murder, for which, being carried to execution, his last words were, 'That he had come to that untimely end for not obeying the demon of Socrates.'"

Dendy says, when Ben Jonson was sojourning at Hawthornden, he told Mr. Drummond of his own prophetic vision, that, "about the time of the plague in London, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Camden, he saw, in a vision, his eldest son, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him, with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which, amazed, he prayed unto God; and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension, at which he should not be dejected. In the mean time, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection."

Dendy states further that, "there was a promise by Lord Tyrone to Lady Beresford of a visitation from the tomb. Even when the phantom appeared to her in the night, the lady expressed her diffidence in its reality; but it placed a mark upon her wrist, and adjusted her bed-curtains in some supernatural fashion, and even wrote something in her pocket-book; so that with earnestness she related to her husband in the morning this impressive vision; and it was not long ere missives came which, by announcing the death of Lord Tyrone, proved the spectre prophetic.

"The tragedian John Palmer died on the stage at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute, a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly his shade glide through the shop, open the door, and pop into the street. This, an hour or two after, he mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there.

"Cardan saw, on the ring-finger on his right hand, the mark of a bloody sword, and heard, at the same time, a voice which bade him go directly to Milan. The redness progressively increased until midnight; the mark then faded gradually and disappeared. At that midnight hour his son was beheaded at Milan.

"It was told by Knowles, the governor of Lord Roscommon when a boy, that young Wentworth Dillon was one day seized with a mood of the wildest eccentricity, contrary to his usual disposition. On a sudden he exclaimed, 'My father is dead!' And soon after, missives came from Ireland to announce the fact.

"The father of Dr. Blomberg, clerk of the closet to George IV., was captain in an army serving in America. We are told by Dr. Rudge that six officers, three hundred miles from his position, were visited after dinner by this modern Banquo, who sat down in a vacant chair. One said to him, 'Blomberg, are you mad?' He rose in silence, and slowly glided out at the door. He was slain on that day and hour.

"In the 'Diary of a Physician' (an embellished record of facts) we read the story of the spectre-smitten Mr. M——, whose leisure hours were passed in the perusal of legends of the diablerie and witch-craft. One evening, when his brain was excited by Champagne, he returned to his rooms, and saw a dear friend in his chair; and this friend had died suddenly, and was at that moment *laid out* in his chamber; a combination of horrors so unexpected and intense, that monomania was the result."

The famous vision of Lord Byron, as recorded in Moore's Life, deserves a place here:—"Lord Byron used sometimes to mention a strange story which the commander of the packet, Captain Kidd, related to him on the passage. This officer stated that, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the same service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued, and still as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the

figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on pulling his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed *dripping wet*. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian Seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt."

* * * * *

In the manuscripts of Lady Fanshawe, is the following:—"Sir Richard Fanshawe and his lady were sleeping in a baronial castle in Ireland, surrounded by a moat. At midnight she was awoke by a ghostly and fearful screaming, and gleaming before the window in the pale moonlight a female spectre hovered, her light auburn hair dishevelled over her shoulders. While the lady looked in mute astonishment, the spectre vanished, uttering two distinct shrieks. Her terrific story was told in the morning to her host, who evinced no wonder at the mystery: 'Indeed,' quoth he, 'I expected this. This was the prophetic phantom of our house, the spectre of a lady wedded to an ancestor, and drowned by him in the moat from false notions of dignity, because she was not of noble blood. Since this expiation, the phantom appears before every death of my near relations, and one of these died last night in my castle.' Here may be the prototype of the 'White Lady of Avenel.'"—pp. 25-31.

This story, too, by the way, is not unlike, in some of its particulars, Scott's famous "Tapestry Chamber," to which we have before alluded. That will do for the ghosts, we think, until the next time. We have no more horrors by us just now, or we would prolong the readers terror. No doubt his hair is erect like quills "of fretful porcupine."

CAN A MAN SPEAK AFTER HE IS DEAD?

Lord Bacon would argue that he can, if he believes the following tale, which will be found in his works, (fol. Ed. 1740, Vol. 2, pp. 178-179—*historia vitæ et mortis*.) "I remember to have seen the heart of a man who was embowelled, (as a traitor), which, being thrown into the fire according to custom, leaped out at first a foot and an half high, and then less by degrees, for the space, to the best of my remembrance, of 7 or 8 minutes. Ancient tradition, and worthy of credit, is, of a man who was embowelled in pursuance of that kind of punishment above-mentioned; after his heart was entirely torn out of his body, and in the hand

of the executioner, he was heard to say three or four words of prayer."

His lordship certainly deserves the reader's hat. Will some of those singular people, who rap knuckles with spirits of the other world, be kind enough to say this to his lordship when they next fall in with him during their trampings through the air?

INFLUENCE OF HABIT.

The powerful influence of habit on the human system, is proved, says our learned friend, Dr. Cox, by the following extraordinary fact, of corrosive sublimate having lost its noxious properties in the person of a Turk, from this circumstance alone. Read:—

"A man about 106 years of age was lately living at Constantinople, who was known all over that city by the name of Solyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate. In the early part of his life, he accustomed himself, like other Turks, to the use of opium, but not feeling the desired effect, he augmented his dose to a great quantity, without feeling any inconvenience, and at length took a drachm or 60 grs. daily. He went into the shop of a jew apothecary, to whom he was unknown, asked for a drachm of sublimate, which he mixed in a glass of water, and drank it instantly. The apothecary was dreadfully alarmed, because he knew the consequences of being accused of poisoning a Turk: but what was his astonishment when he saw the same man return the next day for an equal dose of the same quantity. It is said that Lord Elgin, Mr. Smith, and other Englishmen, knew this man, and have heard him declare that his enjoyment after having taken this active poison, is the greatest he ever felt from any cause whatever."

After that, if any man tells you he has eaten dumplings of prussic acid and rat-bane, and grown fat, believe him.

THE GLOW WORM.

Mr. John Murray in a communication made to the Royal Society on the luminous matter of the glow worm, states some curious facts as the result of his own observations and experiments. He shows that this light is not connected with the respiration or derived from Solar light; that it is not affected by cold nor by magnetism, nor by submersion in water.

Trials of submersion in water in various temperatures, and in oxygen are detailed. When a glow worm was immersed in carbonic acid gas, it died shining brilliantly; in hydrogen it continued to shine, and did not seem to suffer. Mr. Murray infers that the luminousness is independent not only of respiration, but of the solar rays.

The luminous matter, in a detached state, was also subjected to various experiments, from which it appears to be a gummy albuminous substance, mixed with muriate of soda, and sulphate of alumine and potash, and to be composed of spherules. The light is considered permanent, its eclipses being caused by an opaque medium.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Art and Industry of the Crystal Palace.

— A series of articles originally published in the N. Y. Tribune, and now collected into a volume, and revised by the Editor of that Journal. From the very cursory examination we have been able to give the work, we think it sustains the promise of the title page, and accordingly recommend it to all interested (and who is not interested?) in the subject of which it treats.

Clovernook: Second Series.

— Those who have read the first series (and they are counted by thousands and tens of thousands) will need no recommendation of ours to induce them to read the second. Those who have not, we advise to get both, and can assure them that they will find themselves well repaid in the perusal.

Vasconselos.

— This is the title of a Romance just published by Redfield, which we shall probably find worthy of a more extended notice in our next.

Moore's Diary.

— In Thomas Moore's Diary, is the following passage, under date of November 6, 1819. He is speaking of Canova:—

"His Washington does not please me; the manner in which he holds the pen is mincing and affected. Chantry is employed by the Americans upon the same subject."

Canova's statue was destroyed, it is believed, during the burning of the capitol of North Carolina a few years ago. Where is Chantry's statue of Washington?

The following anecdote is also from Moore's Diary:—

"Under Murat, one of his spies came to tell him that, in a certain house a sonnet had been discovered by a person of the name of Filicaja, beginning *Italia, Italia*, &c. They then showed him a copy of the sonnet, which is by no means inapplicable to the state of Italy of that time. Murat agreed it was very seditious, and ordered them to arrest this Filicaja immediately. On coming to the house, however, where they found the sonnet, and mentioning the

object of their search to the master of it, he said that there was but one small objection to their arresting Filicaja, namely, that he died about two hundred years ago."

The same author is responsible for the following:—

"Sir A. C—, once telling long rhodomontade stories about America, at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, 'Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chaws, Sir Arthur?' 'Oh, several; a very cruel race.' 'The Cherry-chows?' 'Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men.' 'And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy bow-wows?' 'This was too much for poor Sir A—, who then, for the first time, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him.'"

And these anecdotes are from the same source:—

"Douglass mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland, who went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter, beginning as follows:—'Dear father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price.'"

"A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusions to the climate of Scotland, in the words, 'Hail, hail, all hail!'—Grêle, grêle, toute grêle."

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

— We have nothing going on in Philadelphia at present in the way of music, and we know not if we shall be entertained by any enterprize of a decided character, until the opera comes. There is a report that even this has fallen through, though we are unable to say with how much foundation.

It appears there has been another little affair in operatics, at New York. Mr. Salvi was only sick on the occasion of Mr. Maretzek's benefit, that's all. Whether his sickness was like that of Madam Pico, as developed in the Fry trial, or not, we cannot say. Many suspect that it was; in other words, that for some desire to injure Maretzek, Salvi only feigned sickness. He sings too ravishingly sweet, we should think, to be guilty of such a mean act. Yet it may be.

Gavazzi, in the course of one of his speeches the other night at Musical Fund Hall, gave quite a puff for the "Phophete," as presented in New York. It was, as the French say, *en passant*, but nevertheless very admirable.

Mr. and Miss Richings, after a most successful musical dramatic tour South and West, have returned to Philadelphia. But are highly estimable, and we may add, well deserve all and more than is conceded to them everywhere.

—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt appeared in a concert at Dresden, on the 26th ult., for the first time since many months. One of her pieces, the Cradle Song of Tauber, was encored. The critic of the *National Zeitung* says that "her voice has lost much, especially in the middle notes, and is no longer what it once was."

The following is from a letter by a lady to *The Charleston Courier*. It dates Dresden, Sept. 23:—

"Jenny Lind, whom I believe I have already mentioned as living opposite to us, has a little son—she nurses him herself. On the doctor remonstrating with her, and by way of persuasion, assuring her that her voice would suffer—nay, that she ran the risk of losing it if she persisted in fulfilling this maternal duty, she said:—'*Peu m'importe; je remplirai les devoirs d'une mere a mon enfant*'—[That's of no consequence; I will fulfill the duties of a mother to my child]—really a sublime sacrifice on her part. She lives perfectly secluded—she sees no one—her husband she has converted, or to use her own words, 'he is baptized by the grace of God.' She says that the idea of her having been upon the stage will be a cause of remorse for life, for which she can never forgive herself. The good Germans think on the subject of religion she is more than an enthusiast. She made so noble use of her powers while a public singer that I am sure she should view it in a different light. I am told she has not much of a fortune, as she would prefer living in England, but on account of the expense has chosen Dresden as a place of residence."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—The Fusion of the two Bourbon branches is announced. Henry V. and the Duke of Nemours have seen each other, and shaken hands. The Orleanists recognize Henri as their chief; and he recognizes the Count of Paris as his successor. He is not to marry again; it is known that his union with his present wife must be barren, and it is intended that he have no other chance to beget an heir of his own. Henri has written a letter of attachment to M. Guizot; therefore, it is likely that the Count of Paris will indite a similar epistle to M. Berryer. These movements of the Bourbons are quite funny.

No doubt, Louis Napoleon enjoys the joke. It must be "nuts to him."

—The Indigo Plant thrives well at the Sandwich Islands, in all moist situations, and grows spontaneously wherever it once gets rooted. In fact, from a single plant, it spreads with great rapidity, covering, in a few years, many contiguous acres, and rooting out everything else, even the thick sod of a heavy sward.

—Messrs. Wulff, of Paris, have placed before the French Institute some specimens of photography on linen, oil cloth, chintz, &c.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

Facts for the Stow-ites.

—Col. Henry Ward, of Harper's Ferry, Va., has received a letter dated Chatham, Upper Canada, October 26th, from a female slave of his, who, with her two children, ran away about a year ago, in which she appeals in the strongest terms to her master and mistress to allow her and her children to return and remain with them, and adds:—

I am sorry that I left. I want to see you all so bad, that I don't know what to do. I dream every night about you all, and sometimes I sit down and cry all day and all night, because I want to come back again. There is nothing here but hard times and bad darkies, and I want to come back.

Parallel to this case, is one within our own knowledge. A faithful servant, in Richmond county, Va., lost her master last year, who left a legacy for her in his will, and directed that she should be emancipated. She is free; but the law of Virginia—made on account of abolition machinations at the North, and only within a few years back—requires that she shall leave the State, one year after she gets her freedom papers. These papers will be given to her the present month, and hence next December she must bid an eternal adieu to the home of her childhood, and the affectionate care of the family in which she has been raised. She is inexpressibly unhappy at the thought, talking of the day when she must depart from "Old Virginia's Shore," as if it was one on which she is to be led to the block.

Kit Krawfish says:—

—A fellow that assaulted a young lady in the street, was taken before the Mayor, and held to bail for a *Miss-demeanor*.

Good-natured Relations.

—Folks say that at Washington a great many people get rich by wheedling "Uncle Sam:" and some say that a lady somewhere "down thar' east" has made a fortune out of "Uncle Tom."

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Penguin*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854.

THE CONCEALED WILL.

A TRUE STORY.

"I think there is a storm coming on," said farmer Hodgkins, addressing himself to two or three of his neighbours as he looked towards the village of Fifefield or Firefields, about an hour before sunset—"I think there's a storm coming on—see how the smoke rolls along the top of Tammy Turton's Row yonder!" "Faith and that it does," said farmer Stephens, "and how black it is—I never saw such a smoke there before; what can they be burning up at Mrs. Nixon's?" "I'll tell you," cried farmer Nicholson in a tone of surprise, "in my opinion, that smoke is neither a sign of bad weather, nor are they burning anything at Mrs. Nixon's—but I'll be sworn that Mrs. Nixon's house is burning; and that fast too, ay, look how dark that roll of smoke is now. We shall see the whole row in flames in half an hour!" The farmers now changed their ground, that they might have a better view of the smoke, and they were soon convinced that brother Nicholson's remark was correct. The upper house of the row speedily sent forth volumes that came thicker and blacker over the tops of the neighboring houses. The occupiers of those houses were now seen emerging rapidly, bearing furniture and children, and some of them driving cattle that had been kept in the back premises. "It will be bad weather for them," said farmer Hodgkins, "it will be storm enough for them, let us go, neighbours, and assist them; we may be of some use in quenching the flames, or at least in saving the furniture or goods. I do believe nobody has had the sense to go to Mrs. Nixon's, every body seems taking care of himself. Look! the flames are bursting out, haste, neighbours, haste—let us help them while we have the power." In an instant the whole body were in motion down the hill on which the hamlet of Toppinton was situated. Fifefield was about three quarters of a mile off, on a lower hill, to which there was a gradual descent; so that the three

farmers we have mentioned, with two others who joined them, speedily found themselves in front of Tommy Turton's Row, at the top of which the fire had commenced.

Mrs. Nixon was an aged widow lady, who had lived long in the village in a state of benevolent retirement. The inhabitants had succeeded in getting her out, and were endeavouring to save her most valuable furniture when the farmers reached the spot. Farmer Nicholson and farmer Hodgkins assisted to rescue the moveable property. While thus employed, they were disturbed by a loud noise, as of something falling down in Mrs. Nixon's private apartment, and they fled rapidly out of the house lest the roof should fall in. As nothing had actually fallen, however, they were induced to believe that some person was pulling down the furniture of that apartment, and they returned to their occupation. They soon after heard a loud rumbling, as if some one were attempting to drag out a heavy bureau or table, without being able to do more than merely move it. They were too much engaged in what they had been prevented from effecting, when the noise first attracted their attention, to think of lending their assistance; but that assistance was soon pointedly demanded, and in a manner most remarkable. A large Newfoundland dog rushed out from Mrs. Nixon's apartment, and alternately barking and whining, seized the coat of farmer Hodgkins and motioned to drag him from the place where he stood. The dog was well known. He had been a particular favourite of the deceased Mr. Nixon, and had remained since his death almost constantly in the apartment of the widow. This dog was singularly sagacious—had saved the lives of several persons in the neighbouring river, the Thames—and was known to exhibit a consciousness of the conduct and even intentions of those around him far beyond the generality of his species. Mr. Hodgkins in an instant determined on following poor Paulo. He was convinced the dog was aware he would do so at the risk of his own life, and was in consequence equally certain that the animal could have no common object in view in seeking assistance, when he had evidently been vainly endeavouring to perform some service unseen by human witness. Calling to him, therefore, a man of the village, Mr. H. proceeded with him and the dog to the apartment over flaming rafters, and breaking through fiery wainscoting, which bent from the walls so as frequently to place a dangerous barrier across the passage.

It was dusk when the farmer and his companions entered the room, but not so dark but they could see a man rush across the floor and make his escape by the window as

they entered. The dog rushed to the window after him with every manifestation of almost uncontrollable rage. The farmer and the villager instinctively followed, but the man was fled. Firmly fixed at the bottom of the window, however, they discovered a chain-ladder by which he had evidently gained access and escaped. The dog then seized one of the doors of a large mahogany wardrobe of an antiquated form, which the neighbours had considered less worth preserving than the other articles they had already removed. Mr. Hodgkins threw open the doors. The wardrobe was empty. Still the dog seized the door and pulled, and occasionally ran to Mr. Hodgkins and looked up in his face, as if to say—"save it—save it." The flames were gaining rapidly on them. Noises were heard, which indicated that part of the building had already fallen. There was no time for hesitation, and Mr. Hodgkins and the villager took the wardrobe in their hands, with difficulty carried it to the window and crushed it out through the broken glass and flaming atmosphere. It fell into the area below, and they returned to the part of the house whence Paulo's importunities had withdrawn them. Not so Paulo. The poor animal was found sitting on the wardrobe, which he watched from the time of its ejection, till he saw it placed in the house in which Mrs. Nixon had found an asylum.

The fire was not extinguished till it had consumed the house of Mrs. Nixon and the two adjoining dwellings. No lives were lost, however; the houses were soon rebuilt, and in a few months the fire itself was forgotten. But five years after there was occasion given to remember it. Mrs. Nixon died of apoplexy, and no one could discover who was the heir to her large possessions. This was the more strange, as she had often been heard to speak of her will, without, however, mentioning to whom she had left her property. It was supposed the will was concealed somewhere about the wardrobe, as she had always been very anxious about the preservation of that piece of furniture. But the wardrobe was taken to pieces, and there did not appear a trace of any will, or of any secret drawer wherein a will could have been deposited.

When all hope had been given up, and when persons from the crown were daily expected to take possession, Mr. Hodgkins having heard of the breaking up of the wardrobe, suddenly bethought himself that his adventure with the dog must have had some immediate connexion with the will. He repaired to the place where the ruins of the wardrobe were lying, ready to be appropriated to the manufacture of some other article of household utility. The wardrobe

had been taken to pieces joint by joint, plank by plank, and pannel by pannel. The joiner endeavored to demonstrate the impossibility of there being anything concealed in the separate pieces of wood, and he proceeded in his demonstrations, as if he had prodigious gratification in repeating them for the two hundred and fiftieth time, when Mr. Hodgkins remembered that the dog had been particularly eager in holding by one door, and that only. He instantly inquired for the right door, got together all its parts, and commenced a minute examination of the surface of every one of them. There was no sign of spring or place of concealment. He then ordered the parts to be sawn asunder, and in the midst of the middle pannel there was a cavity most ingeniously contrived for the safe custody of any document—so constructed, indeed, that nothing but the plan Mr. Hodgkins had now followed could have succeeded in finding it. But the labour was in vain. The cavity was empty. The joiner proceeded to saw asunder every separate piece of the whole wardrobe, but no other cavity was discovered in it. The question, then, still remained to be answered—where is the will?

All scent was now lost. Mr. Hodgkins saw no means of further investigation. There was no clue by which it could be commenced. But Mr. Hodgkins was one of those shrewd and searching persons, who are more eager to pursue an object when they see least signs of attaining it. His curiosity had been excited by the examination of the wardrobe, and he resolved to pay a visit to the house where Mrs. Nixon had spent her last days. It was a cottage belonging to herself, about a mile on the other side of Fivefields. She would never live in her own house after the fire. In the cottage there had lived with her an old woman of the name of Thompson, who had an almost idiot daughter. These persons still dwelt in the same cottage, and when Mr. Hodgkins arrived, Mrs. Thompson was spinning in the chimney corner. It was in the dusk of the evening, when the farmer had time to withdraw himself from his own industrious avocations. The fire twinkled in the grate, and showed by its uncertain light the poor foolish girl staring at her mother, and mimicking her actions with mischievous pertinacity, while, at every interval, when she conceived the imitation was particularly exact, she uttered a sound of exultation between a croak and a chuckle—something like the noise of a hen, when she is seeking or enjoying her food.

He then inquired of Mrs. Thompson if she had any of Mrs. Nixon's letters, that might probably communicate some information. She said she had a small wooden box with

a slide lid, which was full of letters that had belonged to Mrs. Nixon. She produced the box, and Mr. Hodgkins proceeded to examine them. About half of them were mere letters of ceremony between Mrs. Nixon and an old friend of hers, a General Fairfax, who had been one of her admirers in her youth. These letters, however, Mr. Hodgkins read through with most praiseworthy industry. In one of them the general observed, "I thank you, my dear madam, for the kindness with which you have been pleased to remember me in your will. I have done the same by you, but I hope neither of us will survive to think of the dying moments of the other; at least this is my prayer, and my Amelia is not what she was in her youth, if she would not pray the same." This was a most tantalising piece of information. General Fairfax was dead, and the whole correspondence on both sides was in the box, (Mrs. Nixon's share of it had doubtless been returned after his death,) but the probability was that Mrs. Nixon said nothing in her letter about the will but what concerned the General himself. On looking further, Mr. Hodgkins discovered the actual letter from Mrs. Nixon. She merely stated that she had left the General £2000, in case of her decease before him; and if he died first, the money was to come to her heir at law, who would inherit the greater part of her property. As Mrs. Nixon had no known near relations when she died, the question, who was the heir at law, was as much in the dark as ever. The remaining contents of the box were of no importance till Mr. Hodgkins opened a copy-letter, the only one in the collection, in the handwriting of Mrs. Nixon herself. After a quantity of commonplace compliments, inquiries after health, thanks for presents, and hopes of speedy visits, the good old lady proceeded:—"I have adopted your advice respecting my will. I have had a place made in a particular piece of furniture which I will mention to you when you come and see me, wherein I will have my last testament shut up, so that none but you and another who will be in the secret shall be able to find it. I shall leave such signs in my apartment before my death, wherever that apartment may be, as will inform you where you may find the will, if I should die before you visit me." This was important. Mr. Hodgkins immediately requested to be shown into the apartment which Mrs. Nixon had used as a sitting room. He examined the chairs, the tables, the bed, the window, and, lastly, the floor. There was not the slightest indication of any sign or mark in the room. There were a few common prints on the walls. These Mr. Hodgkins had forgotten to look at narrowly; but when all other research had

failed, he turned his attention to them. He found nothing in the prints that had the slightest allusion to wills, documents, or signs. Mr. Hodgkins now called to mind that he had not quite read through the copy-letter which he had found in the collection. He took it from his pocket-book, where he had placed it as an important relic, and read further. After the conclusion of the letter, there was the following postscript:—"I shall send you the will to read before I enclose it in the pannel." Mr. Hodgkins conceived he had now discovered the will for a certainty, and that it must be in the hands of the friend in question. He turned the letter round that he might know the address—alas! the back of the sheet was blank. Mrs. Nixon had forgotten to copy the address, or perhaps designedly omitted it as unnecessary. Here, then, there was really an end to all direct investigation. The only remaining plan was to advertise for the will, stating the circumstances under which it was missing. This expedient was pursued for many months with no useful result. All idea of an heir being discovered was relinquished, and the crown took conditional possession of the property.

A few years had passed away, and no tidings of the will. Mr. Hodgkins happened to be in London on business of his own, and on an idle day strolled into the court-house, called Justice-hall, in the Old Bailey. The court was crowded, as it was understood that a man of considerable ability was to be tried for an extensive forgery. Mr. Hodgkins forced his way into the body of the court, heard the trial commenced, felt interested with some singular circumstances respecting the forgery, and resolved to remain till the whole proceeding was concluded. The forgery appeared to be fully proved. The prisoner, however, in his address in defence for some time seemed to stagger the faith of the jury. He was a thin, tall, emaciated-looking person, with a dark countenance, a piercing eye, and commanding features; and his eloquence, while it affected every person present, seemed to have the effect of restoring him to vigorous life, to which from starvation, or wasting away from long-continued mental agony, he appeared to have been for years a stranger. All who heard him were conscious of his innocence, till in a moment an awful and heart-rending change terribly informed them that the story he had been telling was a fiction. "Gentlemen of the Jury," he continued, "what I have said to you might be considered as sufficient to convince you of my never having committed the crime of which I am accused. It would be sufficient, but it shall not. I am weary of a life of prodigality and misery, of suffering and

crime. Gentlemen I did commit the crime they charge me with. I have been for twenty years a practised, hardened, malicious, unfeeling villain. Twenty years ago I abandoned my wife with her child to the mercy of the world. I ran through a course of debauchery in every quarter of the globe. At last, without money, which I had squandered; without friends, every one of whom I had robbed, and laughed at when I saw them horrified at my ingratitude, for my support, I became an associate of the worst of swindlers; from that I joined banditti; I was alternately a pickpocket and a ravisier, a pirate and a murderer. I acquired property, and power over my copartners in iniquity. I might have lived to repent of all my wickedness, and to have my seared heart honoured in the decline of my miserable years; but I became a character, the existence of which has been doubted. I became a criminal from the mere habits of criminality.

"Almost every crime I have committed has received its punishment, but the punishment fell on the innocent; my progress to the lowest depth of the deepest vices, was cheered onward by the blood of countless executions. It is needless to detain you, gentlemen; you must find me guilty, and ought to do so. I shall not die by the scaffold; I am dying now. The abominations of my course have brought it rapidly to a conclusion—I am dying, and I know it. I feel that I make this confession of my deeds of evil only because I am about to perish. I feel that had I lived, I should never have confessed or repented. Reason told me to do this, but the channel of my life has been worn by a torrent which must run to the end as it has shaped its way. One act I must relate, and I have done. I must relate it in justice to those whom I have injured. I intercepted and destroyed the will of my own mother, by which she had bequeathed nearly all her property to myself. Could the mind of man outstrip me in the race of crime? She knew of this—she she made another will. By private access to her house I saw her conceal it in the door of a wardrobe. I burnt her house to the ground to get the second will—I cared not if the parent that bore me had perished in flames of my own raising, had I but succeeded in the purpose of my heart. I was foiled. A dog defeated me. But I obtained access by secret means to the place where the wardrobe was deposited. I caused another door to be made exactly like that in which the will was concealed, with a cavity like that which contained it; I carried off the second will in triumph, and my mother died in the belief that that will was not to be found by the unhallowed hand of

her unnatural offspring. That will is yet in existence. I was about to commit it to destruction when the officers of justice apprehended me. I was at first grieved that I had spared it; but now the steeled and growing malice of my heart makes me rejoice that it was not consumed, for it will serve to show more prominently the miseries of mortality—it will create more misery—it will cause the world to point at the wretch who inherits what she cannot enjoy, and say there is the heir of Mrs. Nixon's property—there is the idiot daughter of the monster Nixon!"

Thus concluded this unparalleled criminal, who seemed to have a new delight, every moment, in the recollection of his guilty deeds. It is impossible to describe the astonishment of Mr. Hodgkins at this singular speech, and at the discoveries it made on the affair which had been so long the subject of his anxiety and research. He repaired as speedily as possible to the cell of Nixon himself. The awful sentence of the law, which had been passed on him previous to his being removed from the bar, had not altered him. The same paleness—the same piercing eyes were there. A surgeon was present, who observed that there were small hopes for him in this world. He was dying of consumption. He was sitting on the poor prison bed where he had been reposing before the surgeon entered. He gave a look of terrible inquiry, when Mr. Hodgkins made his appearance. His eyes were even more powerful than they had been at the place of trial. Like an intense fire which has been kindled in some frail vessel, they seemed to have consumed what contained them, and yet burned on. They glowed with enmity to the whole human race. When Mr. Hodgkins introduced himself, "Ay," said Nixon, "I know you: I remember you when you entered my mother's chamber, where I was trying to obtain her will; I remember you well; had it not been for the dog that rushed on me, had you come alone into that chamber, I should have murdered you. My whole soul is evil; and it is always more or less the common fate of evil doers." He continued to rave for some time in this manner until he became exhausted. The surgeon thought he was dead; but raising himself again and seizing the upper part of the bed frame, he uttered a shrill and dreadful shriek, and expired!

Mr. Hodgkins felt as if his heart should have broken. He had been labouring, then, to procure a large fortune to an idiot who could not enjoy it, who would be truly what Nixon had prophesied—an object of pity to all around her, an example of hopeless misery surrounded by the means of happiness, without having the power even of touching

them. Yet he felt that having proceeded so far, it was his duty to go through with the affair. As soon as he had arranged with the persons present, respecting the burial of Nixon, he went in search of the house in which that man had lodged when he was apprehended. He understood that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane. By the assistance of a watchman he chased the poor wretch's progress from one lodging to another, every one more miserable than the former.

His abode was at last found. It was up two flights of stairs, in a house which was a scene of uproar from the foundation to the roof. Men and women drunk and sober, in and out of bed, were heard bawling, screaming, blaspheming, tossing about of pots and glasses, pummeling each other, dancing, and contending with sticks, chairs, tables, and every thing on which they could lay their hands. It was with fear and trembling that Mr. Hodgkins, though naturally a brave man, walked up the creaking staircase. The watchman, who preceded him, knocked when they reached the door to which they had been directed. A voice from within asked who knocked. The reply was "Charley." "Who's that with you, Charley?" "No hawk," said Charley, "only a cuckoo," (meaning that he was not come to search or pounce on any person, but was perfectly harmless.) The door was opened. The room was full of motely personages. On the table stood bottles and pots containing gin and beer, and the floor was covered with broken pipes, glasses, and nauseous liquefaction of every kind. Mr. Hodgkins asked if Mr. Nixon had lodged there? "Ay, master," said a portly great-coated gentleman, who might easily be guessed to be a besotted hackney coachman—"Ay, master: he lodged here, and a good cut and thrust sort of man he was. Mayhap you know how he is now; we have just been drinking his health." This remark struck awfully on the recollection of Mr. Hodgkins, and he replied in a tone which showed what he felt, that Nixon had died the night before in prison. Besotted, reckless, unthinking, and wicked in every way, as they certainly were, these, his late companions, were momentarily horror-struck with this intelligence. There was some appearance of feeling amongst them. It was a flash of sensibility which came and vanished, and the next moment they talked, sang, and acted in every way as if no such man as Nixon had ever existed.

Mr. Hodgkins' business was to get Mrs. Nixon's will, but he felt considerable difficulty in commencing an inquiry respecting any of Nixon's effects, lest the more anxious he showed himself to possess them, the more

eager they should be to keep them from him, under the idea that they were of great value. Mr. H.'s suspense was soon over, however, by a squat fellow with a wooden leg hobbling up to him, and inquiring what was his business. "I ask this," continued the man, "because I am constituted chief examiner of new comers, and I ask it more particularly for your sake, for if you are not seen to be here upon any ostensible business they will take you for a spy, and the pump, the blanket, or worse, will be your reward." Mr. H. lost no time, on receiving this pleasant piece of information, in informing the official wooden leg of the precise object of his being amongst so extraordinary a crew.—"Gad! I wish the will may be in existence," said he, "Nixon's *legacy* was divided amongst us, and I know not who got the parchments." The word "*legacy*" here was meant to signify not what Nixon had left behind him altogether, which, amongst such "free souls!" was always reckoned equivalent to direct bequest:—"Brethren in arts and arms," exclaimed the little man, "this gentleman comes amongst us to seek that filthy document of the law called a will, which was in the possession of the late eminent Mr. Nixon. Now, as we never use such documents—as, according to the precept we have religiously, "all things in common"—as *all* we leave is left to those we leave, I should hope there would be no objection to give up the remnant of barbarism, which this Mr. —, what's your name, sir? Hodg—Hodg—Hogskin seeks—Hogskin seeking sheep skin—very appropriate, truly." A murmur of applause at this concluding attempt at a pun, was succeeded by a tall Irishman's stepping up and addressing Mr. Hodgkins. He was a red-faced, jolly-looking soul. The only defect about him was, that he had but half a hat upon his head, and there was a marvellous defect in the knee of one leg of his leather breeches:—"Look ye, sir, I'm very glad to see you—will you (hiccup) take a gl-glass with me, sir? The will descended to me by right of succession, and it is now at the undertaker's. By J— I thought to have mended my leather breeches with it—if a friend had not stepped in and volunteered his services to change my skin for me." Mr. H. discovered that the undertaker's was the tailor's, and after much entreaty the Irishman was prevailed on to go with him to try to recover the will from the desperate shears which have so often rioted on the most valuable relics of antiquity. Taking a short black pipe from the table, lighting it, and placing it in his mouth, and seizing a tremendous shillelah from a corner of the room, the valiant O'Couler strode on before Mr. Hodgkins and the watchman, with a hauteur

which nothing but the half-hat and the open knees turned into ridicule.

The tailor's shop was soon seen in the distance, and the gigantic O'Couler took care to point it out as soon as it was well visible. They proceeded into the work-room above the shop, where they found a solitary individual at work, while nine or ten were tossing off small glasses of gin (or *jackey*) out of a big-bellied bottle that would hold half a gallon at least. The work they had abandoned was lying upon the board ready to be resumed, perhaps as soon as they began to feel their fingers a little less capable of performing it. On the same board lay a collection of parchments, which one of the toppers had been clipping;—the shears were sticking in one thick fold of parchment which had been half-cut through and laid aside for the glass. Mr. Hodgkins eagerly seized the fold, opened it, and found the *long lost will of Mrs. Nixon!* He speedily rewarded the watchman, gave the tailors more means of drunkenness for the lucky fit of drunkenness that had left the shears sticking in the will, and bade an eternal farewell to O'Couler.

As soon as he could well get into a private apartment, he pulled out the will, as eager to peruse it as an antiquary to decipher a manuscript 3000 years old. Alas! he had none of the joy in the anticipated perusal that he experienced when his first search for the document occurred. He knew the end of it. The words, "the idiot daughter of the monster Nixon," were yet too forcibly imprinted on his recollection. There was some pleasure, however, though a melancholy one, in discovering the motives for all the mystery and concealment Mrs. Nixon had employed with regard to her testament. After the usual preliminaries, the old lady continued as follows:—"My son is my heir. My feelings towards him would incline me to leave him nothing; but in case he should act as becomes a child of mine, he will be my heir; and, oh! may the property I leave him be worthily employed. He has already, in a most diabolical manner, seized and destroyed the will I had made, constituting him almost the sole heir of all my possessions. For this reason I do set down and indite this condition, viz.: if he should get possession of this will before my death, he shall on no account inherit any thing which otherwise belongs to him, but the whole of my possessions, with the exception of the small legacies under-mentioned, shall go to his daughter, Amelia Nixon, if she be then alive—if not, the property shall be enjoyed by my good and only surviving friend, General Fairfax, in addition to the £2000 I left him by the former will, with the contents of which I made him acquainted. If, on the contrary, my son's malignant spirit of insa-

table mischief should not prompt him to search for and destroy this my second will, he shall inherit all I die possessed of, with the above-named exceptions; and he shall, if he concur with me in the arrangement, leave the property at his death as I have specified for its disposal, on the other supposition of his searching for this will and destroying it. My son may perhaps destroy the will, and claim the property as heir at law; but I have secured the property against attack on this side by my good friend the general, who is empowered by me to leave to his heir (whether he die before or after me) a description of my will and its place of concealment, with instructions, that immediately after my death the general's heir may look for my will, a copy of which the general will insert in his own, and that if it be gone, or if my son have taken it away without witnesses, the conditions herein mentioned shall be fulfilled. I have requested General Fairfax to describe certain conditions under which my will may be discovered. If I die before him, he will personally communicate these conditions—if not, they will be found in the copy of his will intended for his heir, in that alone, and not in any other copy of it whatever. My son's wife unfortunately perished by sea in her voyage from Malta, after a fruitless pursuit of her husband, and I immediately placed her daughter under Mrs. Thompson, with whom she has lived in comfort, and in that degree of happiness which she can best enjoy."

Mr. H. instantly saw why Nixon had made no use of the will he had obtained. Had he wished to seize his mother's property, General Fairfax, or his heir, would doubtless have entered into a complete examination of the mode of his obtaining the will, and he knowing nothing of the series of contrivances whereby it was to be discovered, would have been known to have stolen the will, and could neither have enjoyed nor willed the property. Why he had not destroyed the will with the same malignity that caused him to destroy the first, was a question not so easily answered. Perhaps some contrivance of deeper malignity than the mere destruction of the document had lingered in his mind from the time of his seizing it.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

The Shakers believe, or profess to believe, that conversions to their system go on far more rapidly in the spiritual world, than

* Continued from part 7, of *BIZARRE*.

here. They need such a belief, one would think, to sustain their confidence in their views, since their present numbers cannot exceed seven or eight thousand. No other sect in history, to my knowledge, however extravagant, objectionable, or even infamous their dogmas and practices, ever existed seventy years, without gathering a greater than the above number of adherents.

They have among them a manuscript volume, in which are registered many strange and supernatural occurrences,—among others, the visitations and declarations of various spirits to one and another of their several communities. Thus, George Fox, William Penn, John Wesley, Washington, Franklin, Napoleon, and numerous others, who on earth had been eminent in diverse spheres, are recorded to have visited the "Believers," and to have stated their conversion to Shakerism since their departure from earth. Washington is now preaching to the spirits of the North American Indians: and, if I mistake not, Napoleon is also a preacher, though to whom I have forgotten!

The Shakers appear to accept the Bible, as a Divine Revelation, like other sects; and like them, of course, put their own interpretation on its contents. I say, "appear to accept," because, though I believe all the lodging rooms contained at least one copy of the Scriptures, I cannot recollect ever seeing a single person reading them. Our leading Elder, however, during our dancing service, used frequently to quote the Old Testament passages, where dancing is mentioned or enjoined, as part of the religious ceremonial of the Hebrews. He did this, I presume, to reconcile myself and sundry other newly entered catechumens to the anomalous spectacle of a religious "hop."

Moreover, the person, whom I have before mentioned as having been first a shoemaker and then a Millerite preacher before becoming a Shaker, was accustomed to preach an extempore discourse at our Sunday meetings in the church; on which occasion he took a text from the Bible, according to the prevailing usage elsewhere. It was really curious to hear him interpret the types, figures and ceremonies of the Hebrew ritual, as well as the predictions of Daniel and the other prophets and the mystic passages of St. John's Apocalypse, in accordance with the history and the peculiarities of belief and practice of the Shakers. He certainly exhibited wonderful ingenuity and subtlety and a fruitful imagination; and I could not see why the texts cited by him did not establish his own case as clearly and strongly, as, in the mouths of other controvertists; I had before heard them employed to confirm a score of other religious dogmas, each irre-

concilably hostile to all the rest. Had I needed proof of the utter futility and the worse than uselessness of mere *casual* polemics for securing their own desired end, I certainly had abundance of it here. In legal instruments, it is from the *general scope* of their contents, that we gather their meaning and purpose. No matter though two or more sentences, severed from their context or viewed without reference to the *prevailing tenor* of the record, may clash with or contradict each other *apparently* or even *really*. If the *general current* of its sense runs in *one direction* and towards a *single goal*, the inter-hostile passages are simply nullified, as "surplusage," and the *ruling intent* decides. Were this equitable, common-sense axiom of law transferred to the interpretation of Holy Writ, we should no longer see the professed followers of Christ split into two hundred inter-antagonistic sects, or the words of prophets and apostles, as well as of the very "Master" himself, tortured into a semblance of confirmation of the wildest and even the most hideous, blasphemous and loathsome dreams, that may fit athwart the nightmare-ridden imaginations of incurably diseased and desperately perverted minds!

It was, too, both curious and instructive to hear this ex-Millerite preacher transfer to the advocacy of his present Shaker Faith the *very texts*, wherewith he had formerly established the verity of Second-Adventism to the unqualified satisfaction of both himself and others. I forget how he disposed of Daniel's "times, time and half a time," with other dates noted by this and the other prophets, as well as the apostles. But the Millerite doctrine of a *literal* "burning up of the world" he now construed *figuratively*. Thus, the "fire" of the Holy Spirit, through the intermedium of Shakerism, was to "burn up" the world's falsities of opinion and sins of practice; the whole race were to become "true believers;"—and then they would be "taken up" into the *metaphorical* "heaven" of Shaker life, occupation and *bliss*,—that derived from broom-making, basket-weaving, whiplash-twisting, herb-curing, essence-distilling, &c., &c., inclusive. He had concocted a world beside of this species of interpretation, but these specimens must suffice.

I remarked, that ostensibly the Shakers recognized the Scriptures as Divine. Hence, I suppose, they regard its moral precepts, as binding rules of life, as they do its items of faith, in the sense they interpret them, as obligatory on their belief. From appearances, however, I inferred that they held in yet higher estimation a volume, of about the bulk of the New Testament, penned by one of their own members, and published at their own charge. This volume is entitled

the "Sacred Roll;" and, according to a long and minute detail given by the writer in his preface, together with numerous affidavits subjoined in an appendix by leading Shakers in various communities, many strange and preternatural incidents preceded and accompanied the production of the work. Among these were visions and audible predictions of angels, grand scenic representations of future events, &c., &c.

The writer's account of the circumstances attending the composition of his book is substantially the following. It was announced to him by angels that he had been selected for this office. He begged to be excused on the ground of incompetency. He was told this might not be. He still persisted in his suit, and it was a considerable time before he fully acquiesced in his appointment.

Finally, he says, he was instructed by an angel to dress himself in a certain prescribed mode, and to repair, at a given hour, each morning, to a hill in the neighborhood of the establishment, provided with pen, ink and paper, and there obey the directions given him at the time. This was at New Lebanon, New York, of which community he was a member. He complied with these injunctions, and the angel, there visibly present, dictated audibly what he was to record, and he noted it down *verbatim et literatim*. If I rightly remember, these interviews continued six hours per day for six months, in which time the volume, or, at least, his part of it, was completed. The testimonials above mentioned, being added in an appendix, the volume was published, and at once took its place as a religious manual throughout Shakerdom.

The book is substantially a *resumé*, or exposition of the principal Shaker beliefs and usages, intermingled with messages and exhortations from sundry ancient Hebrew prophets and apostles. The moral tone of the work, if my memory serves me, is sufficiently correct. An "outside barbarian," however, can find in it nothing elevated or profound enough to necessitate supernatural intervention for its production; nor can he understand why angels should have been called in to indite a description of doctrines, which all Shakers are supposed to hold, and of practices, which are daily passing before the eye in every Shaker community.

If I mistake not, the inditing angel directed a copy of the work to be sent to each college in the United States, and to sundry persons, occupying high official stations, accompanied with intimations, that a neglect of its requisitions, would be followed by disastrous consequences. I think the book also states, that within two years from the date of its publication, some tremendous crisis was to occur in the world's affairs and con-

dition, the nature of which made it a matter of vital moment to the welfare and safety of all, that they should seek a shelter within the Shaker fold.

As these two years have long been past, and neither these "disastrous consequences" nor this "tremendous crisis" have, to my knowledge, occurred, I should like to ask my old "Elder" how he explains the non-fulfilment of these fearful predictions.

THE HONEST BLACKSMITH.

"To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."—HAMLET.

In these days of fashionable frivolity, sharp practice and money worship, it is refreshing to see an instance of honest worth enjoying the fruits of honest labor. No doubt many of the readers of BIZARRE know old John M——, the blacksmith, and those who do not know him, will no doubt be glad to know that we have a man amongst us, who may be regarded as the very model of the one the poet had in his "mind's eye" when he said,

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

We may say that in all our great city, among all the wise, the wealthy, the learned, the great, there is not one whose appearance raises in our mind a more agreeable image than that of honest John M——, the blacksmith. In the pulpits of our churches, or on the bench of the Supreme Court, you will not see a more venerable person, and if you inquire concerning his history, you will find in it every thing that should exalt our ideas of human nature. Compare him, if you please, with the great ones of the world, ay, with those who occupy the most conspicuous places in history, and see if he will suffer by the comparison. The Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Napoleons, have conquered nations and have built up empires. But John M—— has reared an honest family of worthy men and admirable women. Who, then, has done his country the best service?

The sages of ancient and of modern times have enlightened the world with their wisdom. Poets have sung the famous deeds of heroes, and historians have told the story of other times. John M—— has not been blessed by heaven with those brilliant powers which the children of genius possess, but he has illustrated, by his own example, the true idea of a republican citizen; by honest industry he has supported his family, and earned a competency for his declining years. He has shown that persevering in-

dustry and frugality without parsimony may procure all that is needful for man's comfort, that honest and laborious employment procures content and happiness, often denied to the wealthy and ambitious; and that a life of undeviating integrity and honorable conduct, surely win the respect, confidence and veneration of the community in which one lives.

His walk in life has been an humble one; he did not aspire to be great, he was satisfied to do good in an humble way. He did not aspire to be wealthy; he strove to gain a competence, and he succeeded. He endeavored to make honest and worthy men of his sons, and useful and agreeable women of his daughters. In this, too, he succeeded. What more could man do? And is he not well worthy of the rich reward which he finds in the happiness and contentment of his family, and the esteem and regard of his neighbors. Is he not a true philosopher? He aimed at what was practicable. He aimed at what was worthy. And has he not done for himself and for his fellow men the greatest amount of good that could be accomplished with the means and powers with which heaven had blessed him? A statesman has said that "he who makes two spears of grass grow where but one grew before, has done his country a service." If it be so, how much greater service does he do, who rears a family of honest, intelligent and worthy citizens, who gives to the world the example of a person engaged in one of the most useful but humblest employments, by activity, industry and a life of integrity, gaining the affection and respect of all with whom he comes in contact? Who hath done better?

It is pleasing to look upon such a man in his old age. It is pleasing to reflect that honest worth sometimes meets its proper reward.

What nobler example can we hold up for the imitation of youth?

And this is a reality. Well would it be for our country if such men were not so rare. Well would it be for men themselves if they would follow such an example.

Such men are the salt of the earth, and to such men do we owe much of the prosperity of our country; but the history of such men is rarely written. His name would be given in full did we not fear that the notoriety which it would give him, would be displeasing to him; for real merit is ever modest.

Well, go thy ways honest John M——, we wish thee much happiness. "Mayest thou live a thousand years, and may thy shadow never grow less."

LIFE IN THE MISSION.*

The ancient Scriptural prediction, "there is nothing hidden that shall not be made known," is receiving daily fulfilment with miraculous and incessantly increasing rapidity. Regions, that recently were so little known, that they seemed to us rather to belong to the world of Romance, than to constitute a part of our actual, man-inhabited globe, are fast growing scarce less familiar to us than our native villages, through the multitudinous reports of steam-borne eye-witnesses.

Thus the East, of which our childhood knew not much more or other, than we gathered from the fascinating descriptions of the "Arabian Nights," is now better understood than many portions of our own national territory. We have here been specially favored, in that travellers of every class and profession and of either sex, have given us their impressions, and thus all varying topics have been treated from all diverse points of view.

The writer of the present work, favored us by Redfield, may not furnish much important knowledge, that may not be found in her predecessors. Nevertheless she has presented a couple of well-written and very entertaining volumes—the more entertaining to many at least, from her dwelling so much on the domestic, in-door life of the Orientals. The fair writer is one of the most charming of gossips. We dare say many of our readers have often sat entranced by the hour, while listening to the account his pretty, accomplished, nimble-tongued spouse was giving of her afternoon's expedition for "shopping" and "making calls." The *incidents* and *facts* of the narration might be of but trivial moment, but the *manner* of the *raconteuse* gave them an attraction, from which you could not escape, even though you had wished it.

Mrs. Mackenzie's is just such a narration—a most agreeable *mélange* of topics, events, thoughts and feelings of every various character, noted down just when and as they suggested themselves. Being the wife of a British officer, she has much to say of battles and military operations generally; and being, too, a devout member of the Church of Scotland, she is interested in "Missions" and Heathen "conversions." Occasionally there are curious juxtapositions—such as in one page, an account of some hundreds of these Heathen killed by British soldiers, and, on the next, some one or two of the same people converted by a

* Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenaná, by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, in two volumes. New York: Redfield, 1863.

British Missionary! Such things, however, add to the piquant flavor of the book.

On the whole, therefore, we can cordially recommend these volumes to the reader, as calculated to interest and probably to inform him. The following extracts, taken at random, will furnish some idea of the work:—

"I must mention one thing which truly has no connexion with the foregoing. It is the quantity of wine most of the ladies drink. One young bride of twenty takes pure brandy in large quantities, and even well-behaved, lady-like young girls take more wine than C. does. A glass at lunch, two or three at dinner, with beer, and a glass of negus at night, is scandalous, yet this seems to be a general practice on board passenger-ships; but surely this habit must have been begun at home. I no longer wonder at foreigners reproaching us with it. It strikes me more now from seeing the temperance of the Germans."—p. 19, vol. 1.

"The other day, I saw for the first time the Eastern mode of watering a garden. The well is at some distance at the top of a little rise; a bullock skin is drawn up by a pair of little oxen, who run down a short slope with much glee and thus raise the water; they are then loosened from the rope and walk up the hill again, while the water is poured into a channel from whence it flows down to the garden, and runs from one little sloping channel to another; the mali or gardener carefully removing all obstructions from its path. It makes one understand the expression, 'He watereth it with his foot;' for with the foot you easily open a passage through the little ridges of earth, or bar the progress of the tiny stream. So ought we to remove obstacles—our besetting sins, our worldly pleasures which hinder the free course of Divine grace in our souls."—pp. 146-7, vol. 1.

"The difference between the Afghans and Sikhs in manner and appearance is very marked. All the Afghans of any rank that I have seen are perfect gentlemen, in manner very courteous, but with none of the exuberant ceremoniousness and obsequiousness of the Hindu. The Nizam-u-Dowlah is one of the most dignified men I ever saw; the Sikhs, on the other hand, are rough, rude, unpolished, noisy soldiers, with loud voices.

"A Sikh Colonel, Gajit Sing by name, called here the other day. Both he and his cousin were fine-looking men, but with much less high caste features than the Afghans. They were both dressed in gigot-fashioned white trousers, white muslin jacket, and the Colonel had a pair of gold bangles on his wrist."—p. 150, vol. 1.

"The Afghans generally think nothing of the death of a wife. When my husband was in Afghanistan he was several times asked, 'Are you married?' 'No; my wife is dead.' 'We hear you are very sorry when your wives die: did you weep?' 'Yes, I did.' Whereupon they were struck dumb with astonishment, that any one could feel the death of a wife so strongly. 'Why should we grieve,' they say, 'there are plenty of others;' and yet these are men of warm feelings, capable of strong attachments and sympathy: but this only makes the fact more evident, that any violation of the law written in the hearts of all, or of the arrangements of the Creator (to say nothing of His revealed laws), brings with it its own punishment. Polygamy has destroyed everything like domestic and family ties. Sometimes nature re-asserts her right, and produces strong attachment between husband and wife, brother and brother; but this is the exception, and that this state of things is produced by polygamy, and not merely by ignorance of true religion, is proved by the example of the ancient Romans during the period when divorce was unknown, and when the wife, being the sole and life-long partner of her husband, gave him not only a help-meet but a *home* and a domestic hearth, ideas unknown to Muhammadans. There must be a *mater familias* before true family ties can exist."—pp. 237-8, vol. 1.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

EDITORS OF BIZARRE:

Gentlemen—The accompanying Rebus and its answer are taken from the Poems of the celebrated Phillis Wheatley, "negro servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England." Published in Philadelphia, 1787.

The following speaks for itself:—

Phillis was brought from Africa to America in the year 1761, between seven and eight years of age. Without any assistance from school education, and by only what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree, as to read any, the most difficult parts of the Sacred Writings, to the great astonishment of all who heard her.

As to her writing, her own curiosity led her to it; and this she learnt in so short a time, most in the year 1763, she wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Accom, the Indian minister, while in England.

She has a great inclination to learn the Latin tongue, and has made some progress in it. This relation is given by her master,

who bought her, and with whom she now lives.

JOHN WHEATLEY.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1772.

For a detailed account of her life I refer your curious readers to "Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution."

MONKBARNES.

A REBUS, BY J. B.

I.

A bird delicious to the taste,
On which an army once did feast,
Sent by an hand unseen;
A creature of the horned race,
Which Britain's royal standard grace;
A gem of vivid green.

II.

A town of gaiety and sport,
Where beaux and beauteous nymphs resort,
And gallantry doth reign;
A Dardan hero fam'd of old
For youth and beauty, as we're told,
And by a monarch slain.

III.

A peer of popular applause,
Who doth our violated laws,
And grievances proclaim.
Th' initials show a vanquished town,
That adds fresh glory and renown
To old Britannia's fame.

Answer to the foregoing Rebus.

The poet asks, and *Phyllis* can't refuse
To show th' obedience of the infant muse.
She knows the *Quail* of most inviting taste,
Fed *Israel's* army in the dreary waste;
And what's on *Britain's* royal standard borne,
But the tall, graceful, rampant *Unicorn*!
The emerald with a vivid verdure glows
Among the gems which regal crowns compose;
Boston's a town, polite and debonair,
To which the beaux and beauteous nymphs repair,
Each *Helen* strikes the mind with sweet surprise,
While living lightning flashes from her eyes,
See young *Euphorbus* of the *Dardan* line
By *Manelaus'* hand to death resign:
The well known peer of popular applause,
Is *C—m**, zealous to support our laws.
Quebec now vanquish'd must obey,
She too must annual tribute pay
To *Britain* of immortal fame,
And add new glory to her name.

— Dr. Bridgman says that the last census of China which he saw in print was for the year 1813, which made the population of the Empire more than 361,000,000. He is confident that the present population cannot be less than 400,000,000.

* Lord Chatham.

THE BREECHES AND MAIL-BAG.

A PETER-PINDARIC.

Upon a certain northern road,
Not far from London, as the papers tell us,
An honest post-master hath his abode,
By name, John Fellows.

Whene'er this fellow, Fellows, went to bed,
(Early or late I leave to other people),
He'd place a mail-bag snug beneath his head,
And closed his eyes in sleep, though truly 'twas to sleep ill.

For at the witching time of night,
When spectres roam and restless ghosts affright;
In short, between the hours of twelve and two,
The Northern mail came driving through,
And the men blowing
Their horns with potent lungs, gave information,
Which roused poor Fellows, who, the signal knowing,
Rose from his couch, without procrastination,
And taking up the mail-bag from its place,
Would soon transfer it with more speed than grace.

One Monday morning as the clock was tolling
The hour of two, in came the mail coach rolling;
Now Fellows' head was snug beneath the clothes,
His wearied soul was wrapped up in a dose,
Added to which the window being down,

It was a matter

Of wonder that he heard the clatter
Of this said mail coach driving into town;
But be that as it may, though I've no doubt
That custom made him stir at every sound;
'Tis certain from the bed he gave a bound,
And for the mail-bag looked about,
And having found, what he conceived to be,
The bag they needed, (in reality
'T was rather like it, being made of leather,
But not the thing itself, so dull was he,
Made by the aid of sleep and cold together);
He to the window ran (*sero* forbade all creeping),
And cast it out, with little hesitation,
Unto the guard, who, probably, half sleeping,
Without examination,
Cast it into the box, where he
Retained a potent quantity,
And on the four wheels rolled with quick rotation.

This duty being ended, on his bed
Again our hero laid his weary head;
And happily, devoid of care,
Thinking the mail-bag was not there,
He slept, in *Morpheus'* arms at rest,
Until his spouse herself had dressed;
When an alarming monosyllable,
To ears polite, quite far from spell-able,
From mouth to ear had made its way,
And forced him thus in ire to say,
"O, woman, can I never rest?
My morning naps you know are best,
And yet you will, if you are waking,
Persist these morning naps in breaking."

His wife soon stopped this grievous song,
 Because she feared his lungs not strong;
 And thus her angry John addressed,
 "Dear John, now prithee be at rest,
 Where are your coat, your wig, your vest?"
 This being said she made a halt,
 And want of breath was not her fault;
 And whilst she panted, he turned round,
 And saw with dreadful consternation,
 The leather bag retain its station;
 And then on closer search, he found
 His leather breeches gone.
 But not alone,
 For his beauteous, new, and best coat
 Accompanied by his Sunday waistcoat,
 Had also flown,
 And that his flaxen flowing wig,
 Which but two days before
 John Frig,
 (The barber who put up next door),
 Had with so much dexterous care,
 Combed and curled, was wanting there.

First she thought thieves had him undone,
 John, however, this explained;
 Soon he sent a man to London,
 To see if they might be regained;
 Who brought the clothes and left the letters
 In the safe keeping of his betters;
 But on the way he silence broke
 And told, to all he met, the joke;
 So that the story ever after,
 Afforded ample fund for laughter;
 Although much altered by each repetition,
 Amended and improved in every new edition.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND BINDINGS.

(A Card to suspend in the Library.)

"Notes and Queries" contains the following excellent *mems* for bibliophiles. We cannot refrain from publishing it entire:—

1. Never cut up a book with your finger, or divide a printed sheet if it be ill folded, or one page will rob the other of margin.

2. Never lend a book without some acknowledgment from the borrower; as "I O U.—L. S. D.—'Ten Thousand a Year.'—L. L. D."

3. Never bind a book wet from the press, as it cannot with certainty be made solid without risking the transfer of ink from one page to the other.

4. Never compress a book of plates in binding, as it injures the texture of the "impressions."

5. Never brand books in unseemly places, or deface them with inappropriate stamps; for to mar the beautiful is to rob after generations.

6. Never destroy an antique binding, if it be in moderate condition; for no other dress

will so well suit its complexion. To rebind a rare book, for any other purpose than its preservation, is a conceit. When an old binding has been characteristic, let the new one be a restoration. Never put modern books in antique jackets, or *vice versa*.

7. Never destroy old writings or autographs upon fly-leaves, or otherwise, unless trivial; nor cast away the book-plates of a former owner, for they become matters of history, often in themselves extremely curious. It is a graceful act on the part of a second possessor, in re-binding, to remove the arms of the first to the end board of the volume, that it may pass down to after ages with their own. In destroying old covers take care to examine their linings, for on some ancient boards are pasted rare leaves, woodcuts, and other matters, of little value in their day, but worthy of preservation now.

8. Never allow the binder (as he is wont) to remove the "bastard," or half-title; for it is a part of the book.

9. Never permit him to place oblong plates in ordinary books other than that the inscriptions beneath them read from the bottom of the page to the top, face they odd or even numbers.

10. Never bind a large map with a little volume, for it will most likely tear away: it also injures the solidity of the book. Maps are better separate, both for reference and preservation. When a map is the size of two pages, it may be guarded at the back, so as to form two leaves of the book. Maps and plans may be thrown quite out of the volume, by affixing them to blank leaves at the end; the student having the whole plan before him during reading.

11. Never allow sheets to be pierced sideways at the back; serials and pamphlets are much damaged by this method; and if a plate be turned in binding, the holes appear at the fore-edge.

12. Never bind up twelve volumes in one; it is bad taste; nor tether a giant quarto to a dwarf duodecimo, as they are sure to fall out.

13. Never permit a volume to be cut down at the edges, as it injures its proportion and deteriorates its value.

14. Never have a book "finished" without the date at the tail on the back; as it will save the student much trouble, and the book wear in and out of the shelves.

15. Never have registers or strings in your books of reference, as they are apt to tear the leaves. Single slips of paper are the best registers, if too many be not inserted.

16. Never destroy all the covers of a serial work: if it contain an engraving not to be found in the book, bind one in at the end.

It will show the method of publication, and prove of interest.

17. Never in binding patronise "shams"—as imitation bands and false headbands, spurious russia or mock morocco—if you desire durability and truth.

18. Never allow books to be near damp, ever so little, for they mildew very soon.

19. Never permit books to be very long in a warm, dry place, as they decay in time from that cause. Gas affects bindings, and russia leather (erroneously supposed to be the strongest) in particular. Morocco is the most durable leather.

20. Never stand books with roughly cut tops upon dusty shelves, as dirt falling upon their ends insinuates there. Gilt edges are the most safe, as dust may be removed from the metal without injury.

21. Never put books with clasps or carved sides into the shelves; or they are apt to damage their neighbors. Books with raised sides may be kept in the drawers of the library table with glass tops, the volumes being visible. Reading cushions prevent wear and tear of bands.

22. Never, in reading, fold down the corners of the leaves, or wet your fingers; but pass the fore-finger of the right hand from the top of the page to the bottom in turning over.

23. Never permit foreign substances, as crumbs, snuff, &c., to intrude into the backs of your books; nor make them a receptacle for botanical specimens, cards, or a spectacle case, as it is like to injure them.

24. Never pin torn sheets together, or sew them, as a little paste and care will join severed edges.

25. Never leave a book face downwards, on pretext of keeping the place; for if it continue long in that position, it will ever after be disposed to open at the same page, whether you desire it or not.

26. Never stand a book long on the fore-edge, or the beautiful bevel at the front may sink in.

27. Never wrench a book open, if the back be stiff, or the edges will resemble steps ever after; but open it gently, a few pages at a time.

28. Never lift tomes by the boards, but entire, or they may fail in the joints.

29. Never pull books out of the shelves by the headbands, nor toast them over the fire, or sit upon them; for "Books are kind friends, we benefit by their advice, and they exact no confessions."

LUKE LIENER.

RES CURIOSAE.

WITCHCRAFT.

An entertaining book, entitled "The Mar-

vellous Repository," contains the following:—

Lord Chief Justice Holt, who was very wild in his youth, was once out with some of his companions on a journey into the country. They had spent all their money, and, after many consultations what to do, it was resolved they should part company, and try their fortune separately. Holt got to a public house at the end of a straggling village, and putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horse to be well taken care of, called for a room, bespoke supper, and a bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a young lass, about thirteen years of age, shivering with an ague; he inquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long she had been ill. The good woman told him that she was her daughter, an only child, and that she had been ill near a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure from physic, at an expense which had been almost her ruin. Holt shook his head at the mention of the doctors, and bade the woman be under no farther concern, for that her daughter should not have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words, in court hand, on a scrap of parchment, which had been the direction to an hamper, and rolling it up, ordered that it should be bound upon the girl's wrist, and remain there till she was well. As it happened, the ague returned no more, and Holt having continued there a few days, called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. "Ah! God bless you," says the woman, "you are nothing in my debt, I'm sure: I wish I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed upon my daughter; and if I had but been fortunate enough to see you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds in my pocket." Holt, after a little altercation, accepted of his accommodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

It happened that many years afterwards, when he was one of the justices of the King's Bench, he went a circuit into the same county, and among other criminals brought before him, was an old woman charged with witchcraft; to support which accusation, several witnesses swore that she had a spell, with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were well: in the use of this, they said, she had been lately detected, and it having been seized upon her, was ready to be produced in court; and the judge upon this desired that it might be handed up to him. It appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound many times round with packthread; these coverings he removed with great deliberation, one after another, and at last found a piece of parchment, which he knew

to be the same that he had used as an expedient to supply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident he changed color, and sat silent: at length, recollecting himself, he addressed the jury to this effect:—"Gentlemen, I must now relate a particular of my life which very ill suits my present character, and the station in which I sit; but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, endanger innocence, and countenance superstition: this bauble, which some of you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scrawl, which I wrote with my own hand, and gave to this woman, whom, for no other cause, you accuse as a witch." He then related the circumstances of the transaction, and it had such an effect upon the minds of the people, that Judge Holt's landlady was the last person tried in that county for witchcraft.

PETRIFIED CORPSE.

On the 31st May, 1781, a grave was opened to make way for another coffin at Hathersedge, in Derbyshire, a village on the road between Castleton and Sheffield. In this grave Benjamin Ashton had been buried on the 29th of December, 1725, aged forty-two, his coffin was opened either from accident or curiosity, when his body was discovered, the whole mass quite petrified, not incrustated, but the whole substance changed to stone. The appearance induced the people to take it out of the coffin, in doing which, the head was broken off, and showed that the whole substance was become a solid mass.

The likeness remained so strong that some who knew him when alive, remembered his features perfectly. His face and belly were swarthy, the underparts of a somewhat different color. It was replaced in the coffin and buried again. The coffin which was made of oak plank, one inch and a half thick, was as sound as when put into the ground, and was without any appearance of petrification about it!

There was a strong spring of water in the grave, which had made its way into the coffin, yet had made no change in that, nor has it been otherwise known to possess a petrifying quality.

COUNTESS OF EXETER.

"I am no teller of stories," states Hazlitt, "but there is one belonging to Burleigh House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter was divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than 'lords who love their ladies' like. He determined to seek out a second

wife in an humble sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled incognito, under the name of Mr. Jones, at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish—his mode of life was retired—it was odd how he got his livelihood—and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it would seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns; there was something in the manners of their quiet but eccentric guest which she liked. As he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, 'Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House; it is the house I promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter?' It is said that the shock of this discovery was too much for the young creature, and that she never recovered from it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world was worth making had it been only for this. I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story."

We extract the following from "The Philadelphia Independent Gazetteer," of Feb. 5, 1785, which paper is before us:—

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
Free-Mason, oeconomist, bard, politician,
How had Europe rejoic'd if a Christian he'd been.
If a man, how would he have enraptur'd his Queen.

The above poetical lines were many years ago handed about Berlin, and shown to that great legislator, the Prussian monarch, who deemed it a libel because it was true; and instead of employing a counsel, filling an information, and taking other tedious methods, took a more summary way of punishing the author, who, he knew from internal evi-

dence, must be Voltaire, at that time resident in Berlin.

He sent his Serjeant at Arms, one of the tall regiment, not with a mace and scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the good of the foot soldiers who commit any offence against the law military. The Prussian hero went to the house of the poet, and told him he came by his Majesty's special command, to reward him for an Epigram on his Royal Master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor Philosopher knew that remonstrance was vain, and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door and made the farewell *conge* to his unwelcome visitor, who did not offer to depart, but told him with the most Germanic gravity, "that the ceremony was not yet concluded, for that the monarch he had the honor of serving must be convinced that his commission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt." This also was submitted to and given in manner and form following:—

"Received from the right arm of Corad Backoffrer, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full for an Epigram on Frederick the Third, King of Prussia, by

"VOLTAIRE.

"*Vive le Roy!*"

HIGHLAND PATRONYMS.

The following table gives the meaning of the names of the principal highland clans in Scotland:—

McIntosh; the son of the First.
 McDonald; the son of Brown Eyes.
 McDugal; the son of Black Eyes.
 McOanechy or Duncan; the son of Brown Head.
 McGregor; the son of the Greek Man.
 McCuithbert; the son of the Arch Druid.
 McKay; the son of the Prophet.
 McTaggart; the son of the Priest.
 McLeod; the son of the Wounder.
 McLean; the son of the Lion.
 McKinsie; the son of the Friendly One.
 McIntyre; the son of the Carpenter.
 Campbell; Crooked Mouth.
 Cameron; Crooked Nose.
 Stewart; High Stay or Support.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

More Literary Thieving.

—It is painful to witness the want of common honesty in the great majority of American newspapers. It is certainly a *liberty* to copy at all any article that may have been written for any newspaper or magazine—

but for another paper to publish it as original or anonymously is the meanest sort of cheating. We referred to this same subject a few weeks ago, upon the publication of a facetious poem by Mr. C. G. Leland, entitled "Ladies' Boots," which had been originally published with his name attached, and had afterwards taken a newspaper voyage from Maine to Florida—California we mean; the old measure has had its day—without the least credit being given to its author. In that reference to the subject we inserted a note from Mr. Leland, acknowledging that he was "the original Jacobs," (*sic*) of "Ladies' Boots." Our piece did little service to Mr. L., for the next week we saw "the original Jacobs—vender of ladies shoes," in New York, publishing "Ladies Boots" in his advertisement every where, and, of course, as an effort of his own genius—reading which, no doubt, many thought that the *sutor* for once at least had gone very creditably *ultra* his *crepidam*. It was evident that "the original Jacobs" had profited by Mr. Leland's own letter, to steal the poem and apply it to the purposes of his own unpoetical trade.

The same young poet, we see, has been further maltreated. We well remember his publication either in "The Drawing Room Journal" or "Sartain's Magazine," of

THE LEGEND OF HEINZ VON STEIN.

Out from the dark wild forest,
 Rode the terrible Heinz von Stein,
 He paused at the door of a tavern,
 And gazed at the swinging sign.

Then he sat himself down in a corner,
 And growled for a bottle of wine,
 Up came with a flask and a corkscrew
 A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed with a deep love longing,
 And said, "Oh damsel mine,
 Suppose you just give a few kisses
 To the valorous Ritter von Stein."

But she answered, "The kissing business
 Is not at all in my line,
 And surely I shall not begin it,
 On a countenance as ugly as thine."

Then the knight was exceedingly angry,
 And he cursed, both coarse and fine!
 And he asked her what was the swindle,
 For her sour and nasty wine!

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
 And sat himself down to dine;
 And this is the fearful legend,
 Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

We find these verses in "The New York Evening Post," edited by William Cullen

Bryant, credited to the "San Diego Herald." The editor of that paper endorses it as "worthy of Thackeray." The *mittening* of the valorous Ritter Heinz, too, has taken a California tour, only to find there a *faux pere*.

And it becomes even amusing to witness the extent of this filching by newspapers. "The Pennsylvanian" of this city follows in the wake, and steals the few complimentary words tacked to the above Legend, by the "Evening Post"—publishing the compliment about Thackeray as a bit of its own heart's enthusiastic admiration. We would hardly be surprised now if informed that the inside leaders of that *official organ*—which every body has all along fondly imagined took their undoubted origin in Washington and Harrisburg (!)—were *translations from the French!* Think, reader, what an insecure state of affairs you live in.

It is more satisfactory to us to make these complaints about the ill-treatment of *others*. We could fill pages of instances where the articles of BIZARRE were copied without credit.

— A city paper says:—"The United States Senate was in session just twenty minutes on Wednesday. The members received for this laborious duty just two dollars for every five minutes spent in the public service. This may be considered good pay, for both the amount and the quality of the work performed." The shorter the sessions of Congress, the better for the people.

— M. do Soulay's discovery of the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah is considered one of the most striking within the whole range of Biblical antiquity. The disinterment of Nineveh is, as a matter of feeling, a small matter compared with the discovery of Sodom and Gomorrah.

— In a library for sale by Mr. Pigott, of England, are some rare books with manuscript notes, by Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, and others; valuable historical documents and MSS.; complete collection of the earliest English newspapers; besides a large number of rare books on the occult sciences. Among the curiosities is the "marvellous speculum and magic crystal," used by the astrologer, Dr. Dee.—*London paper*.

— Mr. Monckton Milnes has become the purchaser, for the sum of six guineas, of a copy of Congreve's works, presented by the poet himself to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the great Duke. The copy is a fine one, large paper, and in old red morocco; with a dated inscription on each volume, in Sarah's own handwriting, recording their presentation to her in 1710, by the great dramatist.—*London paper*.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

— M. Jullien is about to return to Philadelphia with his troupe. Whilst in New York lately, we saw it announced that he was about to perform the Messiah, with the aid in the vocal branch of the Philharmonic Society. Could he not produce this oratorio or that of the Creation, during his next visit to Philadelphia? Many of our vocal societies would be glad to contribute their assistance. The Musical Fund Hall would be the place for such a treat.

Speaking of Jullien reminds us of the Prima Donna Waltz and its great resemblance (in the most beautiful part) to a ballad sung in the Belle's Stratagem—beginning

"Where are you going, my pretty maid!"

If accidental, the resemblance is curious; if not so, Mr. Jullien deserves credit for the improvement he has made upon the original.

— Signori Pagnoncelli and Achiardi announce a grand concert this evening at Concert Hall.

LONGEVITY.

"My Lord Bacon says that the Countess of Desmond was 140 years of age. Mrs. Eckelston, who lived at Philipstown in the King's county, was born in the year 1548, and died 1691, so she was 143 years old."—Boate and Molyneux's *Nat. Hist. of Ireland*, p. 181.

In Silliman's *Tour between Hartford and Quebec in 1819*, we have a minute account of an old man of 134 years, Henry Francisco by name, a native of France. An advocate of vegetable diet aduces the Norwegian and Russian peasantry as the most remarkable instances of extreme longevity:—

"The late returns of the Greek Church population of the Russian empire give (in the table of the deaths of the male sex) more than one thousand above 100 years of age, many between 140 and 150. . . . Slaves in the West Indies are recorded from 130 to 150 years of age."—Smith's *Fruits and Farinacea*.

POETICAL SIMILARITY.

1. Pope's line, in his *Essay on Man*:

"What thin partitions sense from thought divide!"

is merely a verbal echo of Dryden's line in his *Absalom and Achitophel*:

"And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Furquanar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1854.

ADVENTURE UPON A RAILROAD.*

St. PETERSBURG, 17th September.

Why is it that autumn is so wearisome? The country seats are deserted; the town has not filled up. Out of doors it is cold and damp. A misty rain prevents our going about on foot. The streets are crowded with vehicles crammed with furniture; the Neva is filled with large boats loaded with furniture; every where we see furniture, and no where a familiar face. Every body is moving; nobody has yet moved. Every body is resting after the fatigues of summer; all preparing for the toils of winter. Our very *ennui* becomes ridiculous. I cannot bear the autumn.

What shall I do with myself? Nobody goes to the theatre. Nobody receives company. In fact, Petersburg is insupportable. I'll go to Tsarskoe Selo, and enjoy myself among the hussars.

20th September.

I went last evening to Tsarskoe Selo. A singular incident occurred to me. The weather was foggy. A drizzling rain fell, and in spite of every effort at abstraction, I felt sad. I gathered my cloak around me, and in very weariness of myself concluded to go by the railroad. As though on purpose not a soul of my acquaintance was in the saloon of the depot. A Tyrolese and his mate were unmercifully screeching some stupid song. Two Germans in one corner of the room were smoking their segars; and a cadet standing at the bar, was talking with the bar-keeper, and eating bread and butter. I went to the ticket-office. The cashier knew me.

"Are none of the hussars going along to Tsarskoe?" said I.

"None, it would appear."

"Nor of the cuirassiers?"

"It seems not."

"How disagreeable! What a disappointment! Give me a place in the first division

of the first car. I shall surely meet somebody that I know there."

He gave me my ticket, and I strolled along the gallery. Having attentively read the announcement on the walls in three languages, that smoking was positively prohibited in the cars, I drew a segar from my pocket at the sound of the second bell, asked the conductor for some fire, and sought my place.

On seating myself in the car, I was quite bewildered. The only thing that struck my eye at first was the red flag of the conductor, and I thought that, to complete my discomfort, I should be forced to ride in perfect solitude. Suddenly a slight movement in one corner made me look around. A lady was seated with me. She, turning her head away from me, looked strait through the window, and did not move, from which I very reasonably concluded that my presence was disagreeable to her. On the other hand, that may be a good sign thought I; my fate has not yet entirely betrayed me.

The third bell sounded. The locomotive blew its infernal whistle. My neighbour, alarmed at the sound, involuntarily shuddered, but did not change her position. It began to be vexatious to me. We started, and I sat about examining her dress.

There was nothing peculiar in its appearance. A silk bonnet, with a bunch of violets, and a black veil. A dark colored Scotch shawl, with a large plaid. She must be some governess out of place, thought I, not knowing wherefore I thought so. How long she conceals her face! She must be a monster. No doubt she is upwards of fifty, with a face covered with pimples. Nevertheless I should be glad to know.

"Miss," said I respectfully, "I hope a segar is not disagreeable to you."

She slowly turned her face towards me, and shook her head. Thank God! I was mistaken. She is far from ugly. She is not over thirty. Her features are regular. But her eyes are particularly attractive; I have never seen such; large, black, full of fire. In a word, her eyes were Grusinian, her face German, elongated and fair. In spite of all this she may be a Russian.

She shook her head, and without the least affectation answered,

"Not at all, sir. I am much obliged to you; pray smoke on;" and again looked out of the window upon the murky heavens, and the dreary landscape of the Petersburg environs.

I began to be tormented with curiosity. Who can she be? From one of the Provinces? No. If so, she would have certainly answered me in French. A woman of doubtful character? She would have answered me with a grimace, or would not

* Translated from the original Russian, of COUNT V. A. SOLOBOVUE.

have answered at all. A woman of the higher class? She would not be unattended; and besides, I know them all. The wife of an officer in the civil service? She would not be dressed with so much taste. There would not be so much elegance in her movements, her expression, her whole air. A foreigner? She could not have spoken with so pure a Russian accent.

I smoked and looked at her; she was silent, and looked into the valley, made dull and dreary by the autumnal rain. It was obvious that she did not wish to make my acquaintance or enter into conversation. However, I still entertained some hopes.

"How slowly we are going!" said I.

She suddenly turned towards me, as though I had divined her secret thoughts.

"Yes," answered she, "at an inconceivably slow rate. What o'clock?"

I looked at my watch. "It wants ten minutes of one."

"It is but ten minutes since we started. I thought it had been more."

"And I thought it had been less," said I, with a significant look.

A certain expression ready to break into a smile, passed over her face. But it did not reach so far. My fair stranger pushed back her hair, and drew her shawl over her shoulders. I observed that her hand was small, and neatly fitted with a kid glove, fastened at the wrist with a small button. I am always pleased to see a glove well fitted to a hand, especially when the hand is pretty.

After this succeeded silence—a most obstinate silence. In vain did I dilate upon objects of interest; in vain did I count the versts; in vain did I remind her of the half way house, or speak of unlucky accidents; of the wonderful race of Straila and Vadeem. She answered everything with a slight inclination of her head, and then resumed her contemplation of autumnal nature.

"It seems you are very fond of rain?" said I, at length, with vexation.

"No, I love the autumn," said she sadly.

I only wished that opportunity to begin a warm dispute with her concerning the sensibility connected with bad weather—but even that did not succeed—the cursed machine at this moment reached Tsarskoe Selo.

My companion hastily drew her veil over her bonnet, and the moment the conductor opened the door, disappeared among the crowd. I wished to follow her, but was ashamed to do so. Singular woman! Who can she be? I shall never forget the expression of her eyes when she said that she loved the autumn. At Tsarskoe I found it horribly dull. The hussars were fatigued after drill, and went early to bed. In the

evening I returned home. The night was dark! . . . Who could she be? All my efforts to imagine were unavailing.

22d September.

I saw my strange lady in a dream. She was dressed in black, and begged me not to seek to know who she is.

It is very odd. I am obviously making a fool of myself that I see her in my sleep.

She is surely unworthy of occupying my thoughts so much. But thus is man constituted. Such is the charm of mystery! What do I know but she may be some lady's companion, or the mistress or wife of some surgeon of a regiment—that moment I should forget her and dismiss her forever from my mind. But at present, wherever I go—to Elizabeth street, to take a lunch, or to the St. George, to dine with some friends—every where and all the time I am fearful of being too late for the train; and it seems to me that every woman I see in the streets ought to wear a hat trimmed with violets, and a Scotch shawl.

26th September.

I was again at Tsarskoe Selo, and fell in with her again. I had a presentiment that I should meet her. But, to my chagrin, on this occasion our separation was almost complete. With us were three persons in the public service, just arrived from the interior in search of advancement, and a stout nobleman, whom I sometimes meet. This person was the great man of the company; spoke of his intimacy with the first of our generals, proffered his patronage, and puffed himself out like the frog who attempted to imitate the ox. The others, at each boast, rose from their seats, touched their hats, and respectfully smiled, all at once, saying,

"Indeed! we hope you will be gracious to us. Do not refuse us your aid. Be kindly disposed to us."

After which they would timidly look at each other, as though they felt happy at breathing the same air with so distinguished an individual.

The scene was exceedingly comical. . . I sat opposite my fair stranger, and involuntarily winked to her, casting my eye towards the interlocutors. This time the smile on her countenance was fully developed. Her face shone like a clear sky after a rain. It seemed as though I saw her for the first time.

"You are going again to Tsarskoe," said I.

"Yes."

"It seems you often go thither?"

She appeared alarmed.

"No, no, I go very seldom."

"Why not go to Tsarskoe?" said I. "The

walks there are beautiful. . . . And at Pavlovsky, too, it is very agreeable, especially on Sundays, when Herman plays and the Vauxhall is illuminated with Chinese lanterns."

From Vauxhall the conversation turned upon winter amusements; from the pleasures of the world to the enjoyments of the domestic circle; from family delights to personal occupations and literature. She spoke of all sensibly, with a good knowledge of the subject, but with a certain feminine mode of expression. I found a peculiar charm in her words. And it seemed to me that she did not listen to me without satisfaction. The stout gentleman suddenly stopped his self-glorification, and cast upon us a penetrating glance. He seemed to have observed us smiling as we looked at him, and was obviously vexed. All at once, just as I had begun to say something about the poetry of Chenier, he turned to my neighbor with an irritated air, and, in a soft tone of voice, asked—

"Is Maxim Ivanitch well?"

She was visibly confused, and answered in an under tone,

"He is absent."

The stout gentleman continued—

"Not at home? hem! that's it! And so you ride about for amusement."

Here he smiled, and with so much malice, that I could have knocked him down with the greatest pleasure. But who is Maxim Ivanitch? Doubtless her husband. And he absent. That is not a bad thing to be taken into consideration.

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

"For all manner of mynstrales,
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weepyng and of yame,
And of all that length unto fame."

RIME OF SIR TOPAL.

PREAMBLE.

*What Washington has to do with Prague—
Mauvaise Plaisanterie—Advice to the Ad-
viceless.*

"The man was dull—unconscionably dull."

'And yet he has been in Prague,' said Dr. Johnson."

Despite the Doctor's low rumbling growl, it may fairly be doubted whether Prague ever sharpened a man's wits, or made life the merrier. But to have been in Washington, ah! sirs, that is another thing. Who-

ever shall go thither and return therefrom with nothing whereby to entertain his company, let him be taken—this is our sentence—and be hung by the neck until he be dead, dead, dead.

Schiller's diver in the Norwegian maelstrom saw not things more wonderful than those that shall be opened to thine enquiring eyes. The ten thousand times ten thousand influences that bear on this one focus, give, in the observance of their operation, work to be done. Trees and lands are flying, and the panting locomotive appears already to have scented the capital in the distance. Busy politicians, who have left domestic matters in confusion to settle affairs of the nation, stand ready to greet us on our entrance, in company with others, to whom, as yielding any amount of colloquial intercourse, Washington is "a little heaven on earth."

You that are "going and not gone," bring with you all your pedantry, all your awkwardness. Only afford some sort of entertainment, and Washington, above all places on this earth, will prove it knows how to value you. Of its sixty thousand inhabitants, thirty find their pleasure in pert reflections and satirical insinuations.

Be sure to write your name legibly on the hotel book. Such an advent in such a city is worth the chronicling. Each arrival, indeed, seems to accumulate new consequence to the political metropolis of the Union, of which consequence its residents are habituated to the assuming a full share. But this in confidence.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

*Past and Present—A Bird's Eye View—
Room for Posterity—Mine Enemies—Pan-
demonium—Mushroom Importance—Signs
of Mental Aberration—Human Menagerie
—Demand and Supply—Gesticulation and
Articulation—The Whippers and the
Whipped—Termini of Sensations.*

"——— a town

To those who dwell therein well known,
Therefore there need no more be said here;
We unto them refer the reader."

"I am in Rome!" was the alone sensation confessed to by a distinguished French traveller, through the first night spent in the imperial city, by the next breaking morn. Entering it in the depth of gloom, without sight of its living multitudes, it was impossible that sleep should come. Afar, and in the past, might yet, in thoughts, be heard the tread of victorious legions, or beheld, pale from their up-rising, Octavius, and the members of his imperial line. Heroes

and hero-gods, poets and poet-artists, whose works survive in sculptured marble or eternal song, what a bright thronging on the dark and yielding background—as the silent witnesses of a long and disastrous story!

French travellers should have their way; their sensations are at all times highly acceptable. The pavements of old Rome are fit to be trod reverently, and the silent past to be worshipped in the present. But Washington, with which we have now to do, is quite another place. Whoever visits it, shall neither want sleep nor be overpowered with emotion. The supper shall have an eater and the bed a tenant.

Look at your watch on the morrow, then out of the window. It is fall day, and we will presume that a bird's-eye view is obtained of a portion of Pennsylvania Avenue. This Pennsylvania Avenue, well does it become its Quaker appellation. He of the broad-rim cannot be otherwise than hugely delighted at the liberal margin allowed. The city of Penn is known to have been erected on a reduced plan; the streets being but half the width originally designed. Here, no stinting hand has been at its pitiful work. The generations to come have had fair play and full allowance. It is this width and not the length of the Avenue that excites most surprise—a width so extreme, that we venture to assert, a short-sighted man walking on the one side never saw clearly to the opposite, without, indeed, the aid of spectacles, and then at a venture. He may have seen half over, scarcely further. The tree that took two men and a boy to see to its top-most branch, the one beginning where the other left off, would, in our apprehension, have just reached across it. Your next involuntary mental operation is adding the length of Pennsylvania Avenue to its breadth, and computing the space contained. Win laurels in this essay if you can, the greater portion of the avenue being *out of sight*, cut off or prevented from a straight line by the Presidential mansion and its grounds, together with that stubborn conceit—the Treasury building. But between the White House and the Capitol (a plain, straight as an arrow), you find room enough for whole battalions of infantry to execute their manœuvres in; for all the carriages of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, and San Francisco, to drive in; for all men of all nations to promenade in. Before withdrawing your head and outstretched neck, you may haply discern beneath and alongside the parapet, what appear the roofs of coaches and the glazed hats of appended drivers. You are not mistaken, and shall speedily know your tormentors, in their instrument and means of

torture. Having dared to enter Washington, you are lawful prey.

Scarcely with the quietude of a Fifth Avenue mansion, or that induced by the orderly regulations of a New York hotel, does Washington commence its day. A concentrated essence of all the strange and uncouth noises, that by any legerdemain could be brought together from fifty country hotels, is the delectable treat in store. The passages of your hotel, in whatever story, prove but so many grand arteries of noise, to which a countless number of individuals, doubtless of all shades of color, are offering the most liberal contributions. Above, below, anywhere around, there is no difference; every transpiring sound being brought to your ear, as vividly and as clearly as of old to the tyrant Dionysius, in his famous chamber. To wake in a dormitory of giants, each with stentorian lungs giving vent to demands the most inexorable—each, in the consciousness of his own importance, compelling his brother giants to listen to his utterances of detailed grievances—all this, united to a shuffling of familiar and invisible spirits in every direction, a talking up, a talking down, a banging of doors, springing of locks, and wrenching of handles, with sundry sounds, that beset the Commissioners of Woods and Forests in the night they slept at Holyrood House—all this, we say, without leaving your room—though more than any sane man would bargain for, is in the roll of Washington experience; and for the sake of Washington, or its own sake, must be endured. It may be (we do not deny it) that the air of the place is a better conductor than air elsewhere; such a racket from mere individual movements, one would otherwise only look for amidst Alpine heights, or beneath the dome of St. Peter's, where a whisper is known to sound like thunder. Certain it is that a man takes upon himself airs in this the capital of his country, that would render him ridiculous in any other city in christendom; and so slams doors, and so treads, as though the fate of all the Turks were dependent on his fiat. After experience of the divine afflatus recognisable as that belonging to the District of Columbia, a man's whole nature is entirely changed. The whistling through and through of national songs; the declaiming to one's self snatches of the Olynthiac orations of Demosthenes, or even less classic specimens; the practising an octave and exacting voice; the looking as one never looked before, are, if not indubitable signs, the usual indications of its approach. An individual never suspected of having allied himself to the famous Ethiopian serenaders, will now set bells ringing to melodies seldom heard, in all probability, even on the

banks of the Niger. A room or hall, quickly becomes too narrow for the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Previous habits, previous ideas, are, in an instant, done away with:

"The wide scene is dim,
It's all of form or fleeting, near or far."

Imagination conjures up new ideal forms with astonishing rapidity.

A sense, therefore, of the importance of the place, and of the prodigious importance of everybody in it, is only natural, and is one of the first of Washington impressions which will unflinchingly fasten on you. It steals into your room, permeates your flesh and bones, and takes possession of your spirit. To go no further than the other side of your door, the two darkies discussing politics in haste—discussion abounding in elegant phrases and comprehending "large and liberal views," are straws on the passing tide, a reflex of what is passing round them, where men strive to appear any thing but what they are. The superb language dealt out in Washington, has affected even their brains. It has done more. Amidst themselves, so far from being only darkies, they stand on the tip-most top of all creation.

Further impression:—Breakfast. Breakfast of hurry and scramble, inducing the unpleasant apprehension that you may possibly have strayed into a human menagerie. Yonder is the lion rampant; there an hippopotamus with head buried in a bowl of tea; and, a few paces above him, a species of elephant drawing, with huge proboscis every thing into one vortex, that can be grabbed near or far. Van Amburg might be personified in the chief waiter, did he possess any influence, which, it is needless to add, he does not; the riot proceeds without interference, and those fed yield up their places to fast rushing candidates. Spend not your precious moments in star-gazing. Get a seat and be thankful. Consider two things—the first, that you have a breakfast to get; the second, that without getting it, you must be starved. "But that gentleman in gold spectacles"—no matter; "that lady who has just requested"—no matter; "that waiter who is attending to so many"—no matter; continue to order until you are served. In face of Hamlet's advice to the players, "saw the air," spirits have been called up before this from the vasty deep, and who shall say but that the cry for *mouton* might bring mutton. If never penetrated with other's wants, or casting a reflection as to how the great world is fed, you will here have an incomparable opportunity. In Washington, the demand is always greater than the supply; it being

about as difficult to get a place in the government as a place at table; to secure food as to secure an office. Shift for yourself, and enter no complaint; you were not *asked* to come to Washington.

The rush in and the rush out continues. You surmise that breakfast is not the main object of these gentlemen, who, in their movements, seem to take so much after the vivacity of fleas.

Meanwhile, the stair-cases without and the hall below are alive with members and their constituents. Swarms of the grasshoppers of Asia Minor, passing over a full-grained corn-field, never made more buzzing. What with whispers, suggestions, jokes, rejoinders, the idea is not to be resisted that some general sympathy unites them all, and that some prodigious result must inevitably follow. In effecting your escape, absorbed as they appear, you shall not be able to thread your way to the portico of the hotel without becoming registered in the memories and exciting the comments, of two, three, or four, in each one of the knotted groups. Are you affected with self oblivious tendencies? Then you shall have a quick delivery. Without letters of introduction, you find yourself already known personally and honorably, to a score of the aforesaid and hackmen. These twenty hackmen, it is needless to assure you, are your friends, and feel an interest in your welfare not to be exceeded, scarcely to be accounted for. They would never see you walk, if they could help it. Their obsequious bows can hardly fail to elevate you even in your own estimation. After such bows, you cannot walk. It is impossible. The presumption of being some great, if not extraordinary man, exists in your favor, and will certainly operate, provided you meet their views of what a great and extraordinary man should do. These hackney-men constitute the great feature of Washington. You experience accordingly in your inmost consciousness a desire that their opinion of your person, however absurd, should not be dislodged, that they should not drop their estimate. With dollars then in your pocket, miserable victim, enter their cabs and be what you choose. Having done the deed, the hotel, henceforth, has for you no private door; your exits and your entrances will be alike watched, alike known; no place shall shelter you; you will be haunted, you will be pursued; you will be drawn and quartered. Driven by *time*, you go at a crab, a snail-like pace. Exhortations are in vain. The master of the box is unrelenting, and will make the most of you. This hanging behind the age, will, to a man of active habits, accustomed to railway carriages and neck-race omnibus drivers, inevitably induce a morbid state of

mind. The White House will disappoint him; the Patent Office perplex him; the Capitol overpower him; the Smithsonian Institute puzzle him—things in general amaze him.

(To be continued.)

THE SWINE-EATER.

A LAY OF ANCIENT TURKEY.

It is a trite remark, that if we would learn the early history of a country, we must first study its ballads. Minstrels are the servants of tradition, and it is to their songs that a chivalric but not highly instructed race entrusts the task of perpetuating its early triumphs and glories. With the view of illustrating the earlier traditions of the Turks, a people now so prominent before the world, we have undertaken the translation of the following ballad, which still retains a considerable popularity in the streets of Stamboul and throughout the Sultan's dominions. Often of an evening we have stopped, on passing through the bazaars and besestens of the capital, to hear it from the mouth of a Koumbaradji or professional story-teller, who may generally be observed perched upon a low kab-kab, drawing out this ballad in a monotonous but not unpleasing tone; and seldom does the audience fail to reward the bard by a low-muttered and approving bish-millah, accompanied with a bakshish of a few scudi. It is reported that such was its popularity with the late Sultan Abdoul Medjid, whose passion for poetry and sherbet perhaps hastened his early death, that Kislar Aga, the chief of the black Eunuchs, was frequently commissioned to seek the most popular Bostandjis of the city, to divert him and his beloved Chasseki (the favorite of his harem), by singing to them "The Swine-Eater," and other ballads. "Djou ul Nakib," or "The Swine-Eater," is current under different versions throughout all Turkey, and is even sung in the Tripolitan dominions; but we have selected this version as the best known, as well as the most agreeable. Its authorship is a matter of some uncertainty, though it is generally attributed to Hoshab-Hadjee Becktash, surnamed Zuluflu, or the Melodious, the renowned poet of the age of Amuret the First. In our opinion, however, it is the production of an earlier period, for reasons which it is not necessary to give in the present article. The story is founded on a superstition once common with the vulgar, that the horse of the Pasha Mustapha Al Faquir had miraculous powers of divination, which are set forth in the course of the poem. In our endeavors to give as nearly

as possible a literal translation, we have, of course, sometimes been obliged to sacrifice some of the exquisite beauties of the original, and at other times to retain expressions for which we could not find equivalents in the English language. Through the kindness, however, of an esteemed friend and ripe oriental scholar, who will not, however, permit us publicly to return him thanks by inserting his name, we have been favored with the notes which illustrate the text, and render the phrases retained from the original intelligible, we hope, to the English reader.

I.

The gulzul(1) pipes its sweetest lay
Her evening hymn to parting day,
And o'er Kaftan and Minaret(2)
A ray of sunshine lingers yet,
As if of night 't would seek reprieve
To greet the rising star of eve.

II.

The breeze comes stealing o'er the cheek,
And lightly skims the gay cackue,(3)
With muffle(4) laden from the groves
Where bulbuls mourn their summer loves,
And Pishnar's(5) turrets faintly glow,
Reflected by the waves below.

III.

Hark to the cry from the minaret high,
The voice of Pashalik(6) invites to the prayer:
Ceased is the sigh, and dried is the eye,
Of the faithful tourlouk(7) who guardeth there:
The muezzin(8) hath changed his varying hue,
As he lists to the sound of that cry "Allah hu!"(9)

Allah il Allah—God is great;
Great is the power of Mahomet's word!
Oulah Kaisan(10)—thy will is fate!
Sharp is the edge of the faithful's sword!
Paynim and Frank are dust in thy sight,
Guard the believer's sleep this night.

Guard o'er the faithful city's sleep,
Toward Mecca bent thy servant's pray;
May the Othman all his vintage reap:
Grant us the strength thy foe to slay;
Guard us when hours of night wax late—
Allah il Allah—God is great!

Thine is the power, thine the sword;
Thine is the all-consuming word;
Thine is the power to give and take;
Thine is the power the strong to break:
Guard us from Afrite, ghoul or sprite;
Watch o'er thy city, Lord, this night.

At early dawn we kneel and pray,
Turbaned head is bowed in dust;
The same at eve as at break of day,
Thy faithful follower ever must:
Allah, the hours of night wax late,
Allah il Allah—God is great!

IV.

Why comes he not amid the crowd
Who greet the Prophet's shrine that eve,
With turbaned head and gesture proud:
That faith in which he did believe
Hath lost no charm for him, I ween,
Who weareth still the Prophet's green!

V.

Allah Pasha goes forth in state,
He sits to-day at the judgment gate;
There let the Turcoman bend the head,
The Frangestan there must sue for bread;
Yet none shall want and none shall need,
Who touch the tail of the Pasha's steed.

VI.

That steed impatient paws the ground,
While faithful Yashmaks(11) watch around
To catch a whisk from that tail, whose touch,
They said, would cure the ills of such,
Whose pallid cheek and drooping eye
Proclaimed their early fate to die.

VII.

And piled on high at the Pasha's feet
Were gifts the faithful deemed most meet
To the Pasha's taste; cloths whose dye
With famous Giamschir's(12) woofs might vie;
Rahatee-lokoom,(13) and jet black pearls,
And yatghans(14) woven by the Cimree girls.

VIII.

Quoth Schiekh Aleef: "Who eateth the flesh
Of the unclean swine who roam at will
O'er the grassy summit of Attar Fesh,
Whom Koran's page forbids to kill,
That man," saith Aleef, "I bid him take heed
That he touch not the tail of the Pasha's steed."

* * * * *

IX.

The tinkling sound of the margullih,(15)
Responsive to the loud chibouk,(16)
Commingled with the madjoon's(17) bray,
Swept o'er the valley of Koulbouk:
Yon rider's cheek hath a pallid hue;
Hark to the cry, Allah hu! Allah hu!

X.

He comes, he comes, I know him well;
Full well I know that lurid brow;
No darker glooms in hermit's cell,
Nor penance makes by pilgrim's vow:
For him, I ween, at Eden's gate
No hours seven impatient wait.

XI.

Hasaan hath come from the wild foray;
The Tartar chiefs long mourn the day
When first he mounted his wild kiebok,(18)
And o'er the plains of Bafram rode:
The Pilaufs(19) fly in wild alarm
From the scindar(20) borne in Hasaan's arm.

XII.

"Hast come o'er the plains of Attar Fesh?
Hast eaten of swine's forbidden flesh?
Of swine alone by Frank's adored,
By Moslem's sacred faith abhorred?
Hasaan," cried Aleef, "I bid thee take heed—
Touch not the tail of the Pasha's steed."

XIII.

Sadly fall on the chieftain's ears,
The words of Stamboul's sainted sohlekh;
The eye of Hasaan now wilder glares;
And paler still is the hue of his cheek—
The Pasha's steed doth rear and bound—
A corse lies bleeding on the ground.

* * * * *

By Pishnar's fount there is a grassy mound,
And there I've heard the watchful shepherds say,
A dark-eyed Bashkir(21) visiteth the ground,
Her nightly vigils there to keep, and pray.

'Twas Zelica the light of Hasaan's home,
The low-voiced play-mate of his happier hours,
With her, in youth, he had been wont to roam,
To chase the khamyds,(22) and to pluck the flowers.

There Hasaan, fated chief, who sinning died,
Sleeps his last sleep, unhallowed and alone,
Unmourned by all, save her, his harem's pride,
No turban carved upon the moss-grown stone.(23)

One morn they came, and there they found her not,
But lo! before the shepherds' wondering eyes,
A beauteous flower had grown, whose highest top
Was lost amid the dark blue of the skies!

And so, I've heard a pious banahce(24) say,
That, by that flower, whose foliage never dies,
The soul of Hasaan crept from earth away,
And rests with Zelica in Paradise!

NOTES.

1. *Gulzul*. A very sweet toned bird, resembling in many features the English Thrush.
2. *Kaftan and Minaret*. The former is the Turkish Ensign that floats day and night over the palace of Beglerbey—the latter is a peculiarly graceful steeple, that invariably crowns the summit of a Turkish mosque. The minaret of Aya Sofia is celebrated the world over for its beauty. Minaret or menar is an Arabic word, which signifies a beacon or signal.
3. *Cacique*. A small graceful skiff that throngs the Bosphorus at Constantinople—the city being built on both sides of the "sweet waters."
4. *Mufti*. A delicious fruit, of the banana species.
5. *Pishnar*. An old dismantled town standing on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus; built by Suleiman the Great, and a

protection against the Pirates of the Archipelago.

6. *Pashalik*. The dervish who proclaims the hour of prayer from the top of the mosques; the Turks having no other method of summoning the faithful to their devotions.

7. *Tourlouk*. In the mosque of At-Meidan, built by Sultan Achmet, has been preserved immemorially the sacred Buik-dèrè or duck, which, according to Moslem history, guided Mahomet and his forces by a safe ford across the Euphrates, when the passage would have otherwise been impracticable, on account of the stream being swollen. The *tourlouk* is a religious devotee, who consecrates his life to the guardianship of the holy bird; and his piety is so great, that he is represented as always weeping and wailing at the irreligion of mankind, when not at their devotions.

8. *Muezzin*. Infidel. The constant fear of personal violence, in which the Christian dwells at Stamboul, may account for "the varying hue," which the Osmanli has attributed to him.

9. *Allah hu*. "Hear, oh! God!" The commencement of a prayer.

10. *Oulah Kaissan*. Sword-bearer of Allah. One of Mahomet's titles.

11. *Yashmaks*. True believers.

12. *Giamschir*. The ancient Turkish name for Cashmere.

13. *Rahatec-lokoom*. A famous article of Turkish confectionary, the consumption of which by the harems of the Baliks is enormous. American importers, we have been informed, have lately received consignments of this delicious figment.

14. *Yatghans*. Sash worn by both sexes. *Cimree*, an inhabitant of Cimras, an island in the Euxine; the women of which are celebrated as well for their beauty as their skill at the loom.

15. *Narguillèh*. A musical instrument, much resembling the *Darabukah*, or triangle.

16. *Chibouk*. A fife or pipe, made of bamboo, used by the herdsmen of Mount Attar Fesh.

17. *Madjoon*. Bassoon.

18. *Kiebob*. A horse of the Tartar breed.

19. *Pilaufs*. Peasants.

20. *Scimdar*. The correct spelling of scimeter.

21. *Bashkir*. A race of Georgians; the most celebrated of that nation for beauty: they command enormous prices in the Besestans of the city of the Sultan.

22. *Khamyds*. A very peculiar species of butterfly, from the cocoon of which an almost imperceptible silk is obtained; the scarfs worn from which are never found out of Turkey. Dr. Weiss, in his work on the

"Lepidoptera of the Mediterranean," gives a different spelling of this word from that given in the text, viz., *Camid*, but on that authority we are unable to say.

23. "*No turban carved upon the moss-grown stone.*" The loungeur through the cemeteries of Pera and Scutari has not failed to observe a turban cut on every tomb stone, surmounting the words "Kismeth! Allah Kerim!" "This is my fate! God is great!" This marks the repose of a member of the flock of the faithful.

24. *Banshee*. A fanatic devoted to the protection of tombs from afrites or evil djinnes, who are supposed to haunt grave yards, and eat the corpses of the dead.

BLUNDERS OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

J. R. in "Notes and Queries," mentions a singular blunder of the late Dr. Dibdin, the bibliographer, who, in his *Introduction to the Classics*, edition of 1808, curiously mis-translating the distinctive binding of books "reliés à la Groslier," metamorphosed one of the earliest collectors, John Groslier (born in 1479, deceased in 1556), treasurer of France, when that title was not indiscriminately lavished—in fact a person of high distinction, and whose volumes, always the best chosen, were at once recognised by a peculiar binding, with the liberal inscription of "*J. Grollerii et amicorum*,"—into a bookbinder! He further says: We similarly recognise, and accordingly appreciate, a Harleian volume, while it would be rather disparaging to the collector, the second Earl of Oxford of the present family, to make him a bookbinder, respectable though the profession truly be. I indicated the error above thirty years ago to the reverend Doctor, and tendered him the same service on various other occasions, for which he was profuse in acknowledgments to myself, but of them very economical in his writings. Several other mistakes of his were not less ludicrous. Thus, in directing the collector's choice of editions in his *Library Companion*, (1824), p. 544, he recommends the edition by Pierre de Marleau of Bassompierre's *Memoires*, but not the copy by Jauxte, not aware that Marleau should be Marteau, a mere *nom-de-guerre*, as Elzivir was the printer, and that *Jauxte* was an adverb, like the original Latin *juxta*, meaning *according to* (a prior edition), and not a printer's name. Then, in his *Introduction to the Classics*, (1804), he transformed the play of Aristophanes, *Thesmophoriazousai*, or Festival of Ceres, into a commentator of that poet! Always sure to please, he by means equally inspired conf-

dence, as the continental bibliographers distinctly proved in their animadversions on his works.

THE HEIR OF THIRLESTANE.

One of the most distinguished cadets of the House of Buccleugh was Scott, of Thirlestane. Some genealogists even incline to think that the head of that branch is now also the chief of the great border clan of Scott, the Duke of Buccleugh's male descent being derived, not from Buccleugh, but from King Charles II. Be that as it may, the Barons of Thirlestane were among the chief men on the Scottish borders; and their hereditary loyalty has been attested by the deeds of arms of ages, and was rewarded and commemorated by the grant of the Royal Double Tressure of Fleurs de lis, an honorable augmentation to the original arms of Scott, while the alacrity of the Baron of Thirlestane, who was King James the Fifth's contemporary, to hasten to the royal standard was marked by the new crest assigned to him of a sheaf of spears, with the appropriate motto, "Ready, aye Ready." The last of these stalwart border chieftains, in the direct male line was Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlestane, who flourished in the time of King James the Sixth. His first wife, a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he tenderly loved, was a daughter of the House of Harden, now represented by Lord Polwarth. She died young, leaving an only son, whose untimely fate, involving, as it did, the ruin of his family, we have here to record. Sir Robert's second wife was an unprincipled woman, of vindictive temper and fierce passions; and by her he had several children. This woman had all the qualities calculated to make an oppressive and cruel step-dame; and accordingly her jealousy was excited by the fond attention which Sir Robert displayed towards his eldest son. She knew that his rich inheritance would descend to him, while her own sons would receive a very slender provision; besides, her husband's excessive attachment to his eldest son, gave her no hope of his being persuaded to alienate from him any portion of the family property. Her jealousy accordingly grew into a disease, and her mind was distracted with rage and mortification. These feelings were still farther aggravated when Sir Robert built the Tower of Gamescleugh and adorned that property with all manner of embellishments, as the future residence of his eldest son, who was now about to come of age, and for whom he had arranged a suitable and advantageous matrimonial alli-

ance with a beautiful young lady of high birth. The step-mother now lost all patience, and was firmly resolved to compass the destruction of her hated step-son. The mason work of the new Castle of Gamescleugh was completed on the young Laird's twentieth birth-day, which was held as a high festival at Thirlestane. The lady resolved that his hours should now be numbered; and she accordingly prepared, on the intended festival, to execute her horrid purpose. She had already secured in her interest the family piper, whose name was John Lally. This man procured threeadders, from which he selected the parts replete with the most deadly poison, and having ground them to a fine powder, Lady Thirlestane mixed them in a bottle of wine. Previous to the commencement of the feast at Thirlestane, the young Laird went over the Etterick river to Gamescleugh to inspect the finished work, and to regale the masons and other work-people, who had exerted themselves to have the castle walls completed by his birth-day. He was attended by John Lally. In the midst of the entertainment of the workmen, the young Laird called for wine to drink their health; and John filled his silver cup from the poisoned bottle, which the ill-fated youth hastily drank off. The piper immediately left the castle, as if to return home. But he was never more seen. The most diligent search failed in discovering him; and it is supposed that he escaped across the English border. Young Thirlestane was instantaneously taken violently ill, and such was the force of the poison, that he swelled and burst within an hour. The news was immediately carried to Thirlestane, where a large party of the kith and kin of Scott had assembled to do honor to the festival. But it may easily be conceived what a woful gathering it turned out to be. With one accord, the guests felt and said that the young Laird was poisoned, but were unable to conceive who could have done so foul a deed, to one so universally beloved. The old baron immediately caused a bugle to be blown, as a signal to all the family to assemble in the castle court. He then inquired, "Are we all here?" A voice from the crowd answered, "All but the piper, John Lally!" This sounded like a knell in the ears of Sir Robert. He knew the confidence which his lady placed in this servant. His eyes were at once opened to the foul deed, and the conviction that his beloved son had been slain by the machinations of his wife, shocked his feelings so terribly that he was almost deprived of reason. He stood very long in utter stupefaction, and then began to repeat the answer which he had received. And this he continued to do for several days. "We are all

here but John Lally, the piper!" Sir Robert lived in a lawless time, justice was not rigidly administered, and it was difficult to punish the crimes of the powerful and noble. Moreover, Sir Robert could not be induced to make a public example of his own wife. However, he adopted a singular and complete, though most unjust, method of vengeance. He said that the estate belonged of right to his son, and that since he could not bestow it upon him while living, he would, at least, spend it upon him when dead. And he moreover expressed great satisfaction at the idea of depriving his lady and her offspring of that which she had played so foul a part to secure to them. The body of the young laird was accordingly embalmed with the most costly drugs and spices, and lay in state at Thirlestane for a year and a day; during the whole of which time Sir Robert kept open house, welcoming and royally feasting all who choose to come. And in this way of wanton and reckless profusion, he actually spent or mortgaged his entire estate. While the whole country, high and low, were thus fasting at Thirlestane, the lady was kept shut up in a vault of the castle, fed upon bread and water. During the last three days of this extraordinary feast, the crowds were immense. It was as if the whole of the south of Scotland was assembled at Thirlestane. Butts of the richest and rarest wines were carried into the fields; their ends were knocked out with hatchets, and the liquor was carried about in stoups. The burn of Thirlestane literally ran red with wine. The vault where the young laird was interred, in a leaden coffin, is under the roof of the church of Etterick, which is distant from Thirlestane upwards of a mile; and so numerous was the funeral procession, that when the leaders had reached the church, those in the rear had not nearly left the castle gates. Sir Robert died soon after this, and left his family in utter destitution. It is said that his wicked lady died in absolute beggary. The extensive possessions of the old Baron of Thirlestane were sold, and the name of the family would have been swept off of the face of the earth, if it had not been for the prudence and good fortune of a cousin of the old knight, of the name of Francis Scott. He contrived to buy up a considerable portion of the estate, and ostensibly carried on the line of the Thirlestane family. However, the elder branch continued to exist, though in the deepest poverty. And it is not long since the rightful heir of Thirlestane, nay, possibly, the chief of Buccleugh, was laboring for his daily bread, with the sweat of his brow, as a common peasant. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, the nearest male descendant of Sir Robert Scott, the last Baron

of Thirlestane, in the direct line, was a poor man, of the name of Robert Scott, who was then old, childish, and the last of his race. He seems to have been a fine specimen of the Scottish peasant, intelligent, right-minded, and with some degree of the curious dignity of ancient blood. Some interesting particulars are to be found concerning him in "Remarks upon the Partition of the Lennox."

NORTH RIVER POETRY.

I saw her on the forward deck a sitting in the sun,
A smile upon her ruby lip and in her hand a bun;
I looked about a minute and found my heart was fixed;
And I then begun to go it as strong as't could be mixed.

Oh Crow's Nest, lofty Crow's Nest!

Far rising o'er the tide!

Did ever such a beauty

In such a steamboat glide!

And waiter—dark brown waiter!

Who carvest fast and free,

Did'st ever hand a 'tater

To maiden fair as she?

And captain—courteous captain,

Who helpst folks to land;

Did'st ever take a ticket

From such a pearly hand?

And benches—gentle benches,

Arranged in goodly ranks,

Did such a fairy figure,

E'er rest upon your planks?

"Ah no!" replied the "Crow's Nest,"

As on the steamer slid;

"And no," returned the darkey,

"I tink I neber did!"

And the captain said—"mong wenches

She 's just the one to strike."

"And oh!" exclaimed the benches,

"We never felt the like!"

One note of admiration

Went up from every one.

And I bowed in adoration

To the beauty with the bun.

'T was at the *Pukeadoes*

I told her of my love;

And she said, "Go ask my mother!"

At Albany above.

So I travelled up the river,

In loving doubt and pain;

But "went it" in a quiver

Of rapture home again.

BAD LIQUOR AGAIN.

EDITORS OF BIZARRE:

Gentlemen—As an appendix to the letter in BIZARRE of December 31st, from Mr. Jeremiah Judkins, and as some slight explanation of the manner in which the "bad liquor," he speaks of, is produced, allow me

to give you an incident which occurred to me a few years ago.

I was at the time a clerk in a large wholesale drug store in Market street; and among our customers were many of the pedlars who sell patent medicines, &c., throughout the State. One day one of that industrious fraternity having purchased his regular stock of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," *et id genus omne*, appeared still to want something, but to find some difficulty in approaching the subject. At last, however, he took me mysteriously on one side, and asked *if we had anything that would make whiskey look like brandy*. Of course we had—I took the bottle of "Tincture of Red Saunders," (with which stuff pine-wood is stained, to look like mahogany,) and putting a few drops into a glass of alcohol, I shook it up, and showed him a *fine Champagne brandy*—in color—I then added some more "Saunders," and made a *rich Cognac* for him. He said that was "first rate;" and, again hesitating a little, inquired if we had anything *that would make whiskey taste like brandy*. This was a little more difficult; but I was not to be deterred by that, and adding some *Oil of Juniper* to the previous mixture, I made a horrible stuff, which certainly *didn't taste like whiskey*. He tasted it—pronounced that also "first rate," and purchased enough of "Tincture of Red Saunders" and of "Oil of Juniper," to make brandy of any quantity of whiskey. I never saw him again; but whether his customers throughout the State found his brandy as good as usual that year, you can judge as well as I.

Mr. Graham will do well to copy this true story.

PHILO-JUDKINS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1854.

A LADY'S WANTS.

Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Spencer, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century, and was known as the "Rich Spencer," married an English nobleman, to whom, a few years after her marriage, she addressed the following letter:—

"My Sweet Life—Now that I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink what allowance were best for me; for, considering what care I have ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the law of God, nature and civil policy, wit, religion, government and honesty, you, my dear, are are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving

wife, the sum of one thousand pounds per annum, quarterly to be paid.

"Also, I would, besides that allowance for my apparel, have six hundred pounds added yearly for the performance of charitable works; these things I would not, neither be accountable for.

"Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; also, believe it would be an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God has blessed their Lord and Lady with a great estate.

"Also, when I ride hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so for each of those said women I must have a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen, and will have two coaches; one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, orelaid with gold; the other with scarlet, and laid with watchet lace and silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for myself, the other for my women.

"Also, whenever I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids', nor theirs with washmaids'.

"Also, laundresses, when I travel; I will have them sent away with the carriages to see all safe; and the chambermaids shall go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent for me to crowd myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country; and I must have four footmen; and my desire is that you will defray the charges for me.

"And for myself besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have to put in my purse two thousand pounds and two hundred pounds, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have eight thousand pounds to buy me jewels, and six thousand pounds for a pearl chain.

"Now seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and

all my servants, men and women, their wages.

"Also I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, &c.; for my drawing chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished with hangings, couch, canopy, cushions, carpets, &c.

"Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashly House, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which would have all, perhaps your life from you; remember his son, my Lord Wildan, what entertainments he gave me when you were at the Tiltyard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and said he would marry me. I protest, I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely; also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter House; but that is the least; he wished me much harm; you know how. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

"So now I have declared to you my mind, what I would have and what I would not have; I pray you, when you be Earl, to allow a thousand pounds more than now I desired, and double attendance.

"Your loving wife,
ELIZ. COMPTON."

CURIOSA.

A CURIOUS PLACARD.

The following placard was at one time during the recent troubles in Rome, actually posted about the streets of the Eternal City. Several days elapsed ere its hidden meaning was penetrated by our whilome acquaintance, Guiseppe Navone, chief detective of the Roman police. The reader, who is not quick at guessing riddles, will find the solution of the following, by reading across from one inscription to the other.

Death to Massini	Plus Ninth— for ever!
The Republic is the vilest government	the best government— is that of the Pope!
Down with the Sovereignty of the People	Priestly power— for ever!

LATIN PUNNING.

The same word sometimes occurs in different languages, either in an oral or written form, but bearing entirely different meanings.

Dux, for instance, signifies *leader* in Latin, and is pronounced precisely like *ducts*. Scholars occasionally avail themselves of these coincidences, to produce very eccentric jokes. Take, for instance, the following quotation from Horace:

"Natura feret laudabile carmen an arte."

And which a friend reads thus:

Nat—you're a fiery yet laudable carman and hearty.

We find the following joke of this species in "Marginalia."

"Why don't they give us quail for dinner as usual?" demanded Count Fesis the other day, of N—, the classicist and sportsman.

"Because at this season," replied N—, who was dozing, "*qualis sopor fesis*." (Quail is so poor, Fesis.)

Apropos of these Latin English words, we may quote the following couplet, copied from the pedestal of a statue of the Virgin, in the port of Savona, which couplet may be read (after a sort) either in Latin or Italian. It has been attributed to Chiabrera, and is still part of a popular hymn, sung by sailors and fishermen:

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella."

"In sudden gale—in angry sea,
Benignant star we call to thee!"

STOLEN — B. FRANKLIN'S NEW SEATED BREECHES.

From the "Pennsylvania Gazette," of Feb. 22, 1738-9. No. 532:—

Stolen, on the 15th inst., by one William Lloyd, out of the house of *Benj. Franklin*, a half-worn Sagathee Coat, lin'd with Silk, four fine homespun Shirts, a fine Holland Shirt ruffled at the hands and bosom, a pair of black broadcloth Breeches new seated and lined with Leather, two pair of good worsted Stockings, one of a dark color, and the other of a lightish blue, a coarse Cambric Handkerchief, marked with an F in red Silk, a new pair of Calf Skin Shoes, a Boy's new Castor Hat, and sundry other Things.

N. B. The said *Lloyd* pretends to understand Latin and Greek, and has been a School master; He is an Irishman about 30 Years of Age, tall and slim: Had on a lightish Colour'd Great Coat, red Jacket, a pair of black silk Breeches, an old felt Hat too little for him, and sewed on the side of the Crown with white Thread, and an old dark colour'd Wig; but may perhaps wear some of the stolen Cloaths above mentioned.

Whoever secures the said Thief so that he may be brought to Justice, shall have *Thirty*

Shillings Reward and reasonable charges,
paid by B. FRANKLIN.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1738-9.

EPITAPH.

Household Words says:—In the churchyard of Pensey, Wiltshire, England, is a tombstone with the following inscription:—

"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious: she also painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones: and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Southern Quarterly Review,

— for January, published at Charleston, by C. Mortimer, is filled with admirable matériel. It ranks among the best works of the kind. The Critical Notices are uncommonly good. Among the contributors to this number are Edward B. Bryan, Esq., Gen. D. F. Jamieson, Edward J. Pringle, Prof. Porcher, Dr. Wragg, and Mrs. McCord. We like amazingly an article, entitled "Literary Woolgatherings," the text of which is Mr. C. Edwards Lester's "My Consulship." The writer gives a kind of running history of Mr. L. from the leading portion of which we extract the following:—

"Briefly, then, commencing with the commencement of our knowledge of the subject, we are told that Mr. Lester is a retired clergyman, with a roving commission in literature. Of his preaching we know not a syllable; though we have no doubt that he did famous things in the pulpit. He is just the man for famous things, with a good text under his thumb, and a village audience under his eye. But his philanthropy seems to have got the start of his religion, and we next hear of him at the great world's convention in London, for the overthrow of American slavery. Of this convention, or rather of some of the members comprising it, we find a few notices of interest, in that very curious, painfully interesting, and terribly instructive volume, just republished by Harper & Brothers, the autobiography of the painter Haydon. This brave, irregular man Haydon, wanting money—always wanting money—seized upon the assemblage of this famous convention as a subject for a grand picture, and for the turning of a penny. In both objects, the poor fellow seems to have been disappointed. He was just an hour or two, late. The wonder of the nine days was over, before his picture was ready for the market; and Haydon had

yet to learn the melancholy truth, that philanthropy never yet found a good market for the fine arts. The convention was one thing, and the painting of it another thing entirely. But the good painter's notes embody some shrewd comments, which give us no bad idea of the sort of qualities that is needed for a professional philanthropist. Speaking of Lucretia Mott, he says:—

"Lucretia Mott, the leader of the delegate women from America, sate. *I found her out to have infidel notions*, and resolved, at once, narrow minded or not, not to give her the prominent place (in the picture) I first intended. I will reserve that for a beautiful believer in the divinity of Christ.'

"There's a Christian painter for you! Simple Haydon, to fancy that philanthropy, in present times, needs be Christian, or even pious at all. Haydon did not know that most of these famous friends of the negro exhibit the most singular readiness in flinging Christ overboard; their philanthropy, as in the days when the French abolished Deity, being quite independent of extraneous aids. But, again:—

"Scobell called. I said—'I shall place you, Thompson, (the famous George) and the negro together.' Now, an Abolitionist, on thorough principle, would have gloried in being so placed. This was the touch-stone. *He sophisticated immediately on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have much greater effect.'*

"Adroit painter. How naturally he suspected the philanthropist. How easily is this dusky patriot seen through by a clear-eyed man of imagination. Haydon sarcastically comments—

"Now I, who have never troubled myself in this cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank. I'll do it, though; if I do not, d—n me.'

"Excellent painter! Considering the honest soul which dictated the oath, we forgive it, as all honest writers will do, and we trust that the great Forgiver will ignore the bill of the accuser, even as we do. Our painter proceeds—

"George Thompson said he saw no objection. *But that was not enough! A man who wishes to place the negro on a level, must no longer regard him as having been a slave, and object to sitting by his side. Put in the negro's head and the head of the delegate from Hayti.'*

"Judicious Haydon! He must have been reminded of the chorus of witches in *Macbeth*—

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

“Virtue and philanthropy, like poverty, bring men to the knowledge of strange bed-fellows.

“But where was Mr. C. Edwards Lester all this time? We turn over the records, and are confounded to find that he was permitted no place in the picture. How was this, painter? Why was this, convention, committee, snuffers, bottlewashers?—we appeal to you all. Explain. You do not pretend that he did not take rank above the salt on this occasion? What! our Charley Edwards? Impossible! Here is his sign manual. We have heard the echoes of his voice on the occasion. He did not miss the occasion—with the delegates from all parts of philanthropic Europe and America present—all eager to drink in the sounds of that voice which erewhile rang in Berkshire or thereabout, and made the saints rejoice as at the birth of another Samuel! He spoke, he dealt in potent resolutions. Never were resolutions more potent, more savory, more full of the good puritan heaven! He shook the dust and stain of slavery from his garments with the air of one crying, ‘avoid thee, Sathanas!’ ‘Sorra the bit of a chance had ye slaveholders that day,’ said a clever young Irishman to us, ‘when the great Mr. Lester seized upon ye, jist by the nape of the neck, and worried ye as the cat worries the rat, whom he has taken for once with his head out of his hole.’”—pp. 190-2.

Parlor Magazine.

—This is a substantial and well-written periodical for ladies, published by Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati, and edited by Mr. Jetho Jackson. The number for December, ending the first volume, has been for some time on our table. The work is embellished with engravings, fashions, &c., and from the assurances of its conductors, we should certainly judge it is in a prosperous state. Its articles have more dignity and solidity than are usually found in magazines devoted exclusively to the ladies; and we fancy it is, therefore, the more acceptable, at any rate to the sensible and educated portions of the sex.

The Potiphar Papers.

—Putman & Co. have published these papers, gathered from the pages of their own popular magazine. Of their kind they are without a superior, and their author—Mr. Curtis, the Howadji—has reason to congratulate himself, in virtue of their excellent reception. We learn they touch by no means softly some of the follies of New York fashion, and that certain parvenues thereof, have resolved henceforth to give their sprightly and graceful author the cold shoulder. Poor Howadji!

The School-fellow.

—The January number of this pretty little periodical, commences the sixth volume. It is published by Messrs. Evans & Brittan, New York, and edited with great talent by Wm. C. Richards, Esq. Among its contributors are Mrs. Richards, by *nom de plume*, Mrs. Manners, Miss Cheesboro, and the always delightful “Cousin Alice.”

American Almanac.

—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have sent us the issue of this substantial and reliable work for 1854. As formerly, it abounds in facts and figures of the most useful kind, bearing, too, upon all parts of the world. The first editor of the work, we think, was Jared Sparks, who gave it a character which it has ever since well sustained.

The Wind-Spirit and the Rain-Goddes.

—This is one of the most celebrated German fairy stories, and just translated. It is beautifully published, (by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston,) in small 4to. on heavy rich English paper, with innumerable spirited wood cuts, designed specially for the text. For sale by G. Collins, No. 1 South Sixth street.

Thoughts to Help and to Cheer.

—This is a very neatly printed duodecimo, from the same publishers, and for sale at the same place in this city. It contains consolatory reflections and extracts for every day in the year.

Indiana.

—T. B. Peterson, of our city, has published this truly French novel, translated by, as he announces, “one of the best French scholars in the country.” It is just the thing to suit the taste of groundlings in literature; at the same time it is one of the cleverest romances of its class.

“Burrelliff—its Sunshine and its Clouds.”

—by the popular Paul Creyton, author of “Father Brightopes,” &c., has recently been published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. Like all its predecessors from the same pen it must command a ready sale. The author in his own peculiar province has no superior.

“Dovecote, or the Heart of the Homestead.”

—Messrs. Jewett & Co., of Boston, have sent us a volume with this title, and which we shall unquestionably notice more particularly hereafter.

Law School Catalogue.

—Our valued correspondent, author of the “Georgia Sketches,” (Mr. C. C. Jones,) now at Cambridge College Law School, has kindly sent us a catalogue of that institution for

1853-'54. The number of students at present in the school is 158.

Christmas Holidays at Chestnut Hill—Little Blossoms Rewarded.

—These are two very beautiful juveniles from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, which have been for some time on our table, and which have not been noticed until now, on account of absence from the city of the gentleman who takes charge of the department.

SANS-SOUCI.

Town-Talk.

—The *Sunday Ledger* has removed its office from Third street, its old stand, to the corner of Dock and Walnut. The *Ledger* is an old established paper, which has, since its commencement, been conducted with great enterprize, by Mr. Geo. W. Ward; and, we learn, enjoys constantly increasing favor. Mr. W. is an out-spoken man, and one hence, with whom all men of integrity feel at home. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to him for many courtesies and kindnesses.

So Julien is coming back. We had suspected as much. Let him come, and let his whole army of fiddlers and horn-blowers come with him. Concert Hall will then once more be filled with ravishing melody. Talking of Jullien, we were a few days since locked up in a fog on the Chesapeake Bay; and while in that hopeful situation, we happened to think what an original conceit "Souvenirs of the Chesapeake" would be; altogether surpassing "Souvenirs of Castle Garden," at any rate in variety of components. First we should have a mystic solemn movement, indicating fog every where; the boat, at a slow cautious pace, paddling along, its way felt by the lead. Then would come the ringing of distant light-boat bells, then the quackings of canvass-backs and red-heads, the cawing of crows, the tappings of the steamboat bell, the firing of cannon, mingled with which would be the dance and song of the careless in the saloons of the steamer, the hissing of steam, &c. If the squalling of infants was introduced, the picture would be heightened. Come, Monsieur Jullien, come on and try your hand at Souvenirs of the Chesapeake, will you?

Caleb Cope & Co. have got into their new store, and a beautiful one it is. We were invited to the opening, but were unable to avail ourselves of the courtesy. It was a splendid affair, winding up with a grand dinner at Jones' Hotel, where, for a time, joy was unconfined. Several gentlemen of

the press were called out, among them, Mr. Crump, of the *Inquirer*, and Mr. Birney, of the *Register*. Mr. Swain, of the *Ledger*, we hear, also spoke, and told the company about an article which he wrote for his paper, but which was never published!

Our Russian Story.

—We lead off this week with the first chapter of a highly interesting and piquant novelette, translated from the original Russian, for our columns, by a gentleman well known to a large circle of friends in our city, not only as an accomplished linguist, but also as one gifted with a rare talent in the difficult art of faithful and spirited translation. We regret that we are compelled to limit his literary admirers to his personal friends, as we are honestly convinced that a small volume of his poetical versions, recently and privately printed in Philadelphia, would, if allowed a more extended circulation, soon attain a transatlantic circulation. Apropos of Russian literature, our readers may not generally be aware that it boasts many spirited descriptions of home life of a highly original and graphic character, fully equal to those of any other country.

Who has a Cold?

—"Who has *not* a cold?" might be more appropriately asked at present, to judge from the suffering experiences of our numerous friends, and as a counter question we might demand "Who is without a peculiar and sovereign remedy therefor?" An amusing article was once written on the toothache, the point of which lay in the curious fact, that every individual who met the writer imparted some infallible means of relief. The last cold-killer suggested to us as *probatum est*, with good effect, was ten drops of spirits of harts-horn in a glass of water. Apropos of this remedy, a friend tells us that it is the same prescribed by Dr. Chevalier, of Paris, for intoxication, or its ill effects, known to Germans as *Katzenjammer* or cat's melancholy. It is well to know a little of every thing, as Fifine remarked when she first read the Bible, and it is possible that one or two of our irregular readers (if we have any such) may be grateful even for the second application of the remedy.

What a Scotchman may become.

—We presume that there few of our readers who have not laughed while reading "Jack Hinton," at the amusing sketch of the fierce Don Cossack, who proved to be a "Tipperary man." In company with this, we may cite the following anecdote, which might have appeared with credit in the pages of Eothen, and which was recently related by Sir A. Alison, the historian, at a meeting

held in Edinburgh "to obtain justice for Scotland":—

"Gentlemen, a curious thing once occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the Grand Vizier, and after a long and bloody combat, the two generals came to a conference together. The Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel with all the pomp of eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith, from the neighborhood of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and, after the conference, the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and begged that no one would accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent was closed, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, 'O, Johnnie, hoo's a wi' ye, mon?' (Loud laughter.) And he then discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie."

A Female Jury.

— Those who doubt the ability of women—ladies we mean—to fill with credit judicial or civil stations, are respectfully referred to the following account of a verdict, which, all things considered, we are inclined to think was "quite as good as could be expected under existing circumstances." In the year 1693 the body of a female was discovered in Newbury, under circumstances which rendered a coroner's inquest desirable. A jury of twelve women was called, and a copy of their verdict has been preserved. As it is about as lucid and satisfactory as most modern verdicts, we copy it entire in the quaint language of the period. It was as follows:—"We judge according to our best light and contents, that the death of said Elizabeth was not by any violence or wrong done to her by any parson or thing, but by some soden stoping of her breath."

Writers of Poetry and Writers of Prose.

"Poets of modern date are wealthy fellows,
'Tis but to snip his locks they follow
Now the golden-haired Apollo."

So sang a bard many years ago, and if all we hear be true, the other brethren of the pen appear to be "looking up."

It is said that Washington Irving and "Peter Parley" have made large fortunes by authorship, as has Mr. Mitchell by his school books. Prof. Anthon, for his series

of classics, has received \$60,000. Miss Warner's books have yielded a profit of from \$12,000 to \$15,000. Mr. Headley has realized from his works \$40,000; Ike Marvel \$20,000; Miss Leslie \$12,000; Dr. Barnes \$30,000; Fanny Fern, from one small book, in six months, \$6,000; Judge Kent \$120,000; Webster, from his dictionary, \$180,000, and others at equal rates.

Marriages in Boston.

— There were three thousand marriages in Boston during the year 1853. How greatly the number would increase could the "Boston boys" see a little of our Philadelphia belles!

Soodarinia Yra Mathias.

— *Ochewo zharasho!* Yes—*Prekrassny!* we exclaimed, rapturously, on beholding the first *pas* of this distinguished artist! So long had we witnessed the one universal style of stage pirouetting, that it was inexpressibly refreshing to behold something *new* in this entrancing art. Possessed of a face of novel beauty, full of an innocent *espièglerie*—of a fine figure, and limbs delicately rounded and tapering, and endowments of extraordinary agility and grace, M'lle Mathias was well justified to invent and introduce into her art, new ornaments and new steps, new features and new undulations. This it is she is—either the founder of a new school in her art, or the exponent of the modern Russian style—but as either, alike novel, refreshing, and satisfactory. We shall not fail to speak more at length of the ballet of "PAQIRA" in which M'lle Mathias is now performing.

Changes in BIZARRE.

— The entire responsibility of editing and publishing BIZARRE, commencing with the present number, has devolved upon new parties, into whose hands Mr. Joseph M. Church, under more pressing and important engagements, has been reluctantly obliged to relinquish it. To his brilliant style of editing and judicious management, is BIZARRE mainly indebted for its present enviable popularity, not only in Philadelphia, but throughout the country generally. Other experienced talent, however, has assumed his late duties, and will endeavor always to keep BIZARRE up to the high standard it has heretofore uniformly maintained—and the present number is respectfully submitted to the public as preliminarily corroborative of these promises.

Notwithstanding the dismemberment referred to, Mr. Church will not altogether cease to write for BIZARRE's pages—and, in the *Town-Talk* of the present number, his friends will not fail still to detect his familiar style.

'BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?'—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

I am aware that I have not succeeded in making out of my materials a narrative of very special interest. Whether this be the fault of the subject or the writer, it is not for me to say. At all events, I will now offer some miscellaneous remarks on certain good and evil traits in the practical workings of Shakerism.

On the abstract truth or falsity of the most prominent of Shaker dogmas, celibacy, no words need be wasted. To argue, that marriage, intrinsically and universally, is a sin, is very much like maintaining, in a cloudless noonday, that the sun does not shine. There is, however, a mode of looking at this dogma, which may possibly account, in some measure, for its existence. May it not be numbered among those *protests*, which seem occasionally gotten up by Nature or Providence against some enormous wrong prevailing in the world? Corrupt as our civilisation confessedly is, nowhere does that corruption manifest itself more glaringly or work more fatally, than in the relations of the two sexes, whether under the nominal sanction of Law or against its statutes. Are not thousands of beings annually ushered into life, whose parentage and moulding conditions are such, as doom them almost inevitably to an after career, which must be a curse alike to themselves and the world? Would it not have been better, according to our most careful judgment, that such beings "had never been born?" This is but one among a myriad illustrations, that might be given, of the evils resulting from the relations of the sexes in our existing state of society. At the very least they serve to show, that these relations may not properly be contracted under the guidance of mere passion or impulse, however natural or powerful these may be, but that reason, conscience and a calm survey of all present circumstances and probable consequences

should have full exercise. And that they show vastly more than this might easily be demonstrated, were the present the place for such a discussion.

Now under the system of Providence all the elements strive evermore to conserve an equilibrium when existing, or restore it when disturbed. Thus, in times of extraordinary depravity appear the most eminent examples of virtuous character. Passing by the era of Jesus and his apostles, we may cite, in illustration of this law, the Antonines among the Roman Emperors, and Fenelon and Madame Guyon in the days of Louis le Grand. Fanatic loyalty and fanatic radicalism, boundless license and the most stringent asceticism were cotemporary in the days of Charles I. and the awful purity of Milton stood contrasted with the shameless infamies of the reign of the "Merry Monarch." The Oriental Thugism, whose worship is *murder*, is but a blind declaration of *human instinct*, that death is better than life in a country universally and radically corrupt; ground incessantly by famine and the whole circle of both physical and moral evils, and the perpetual victim of tyranny under every form.

And in like manner Shakerism, according to my reading, is an instinctive proclamation, that the relations of the sexes have become so vitiated, and so prolific of evils in all kinds, that the sole efficient remedy is to abrogate these relations altogether. The "right eye" has grown so offensive, that *meliioration* is hopeless; it must be "plucked out" and cast away.

Where the subject of a kind, that could properly be discussed in full, I have little doubt, that I could adduce ample and satisfactory reasons for this view. As it is, I must submit this exposition to the reader without enlarging.

That the Shakers, however, are far from uniformly successful in their contest with the fundamental law of nature, is proved by numerous incidents in their history.

It is by no means an uncommon event for a young woman or man to dissolve connexion with the community, for the sake of contracting matrimony, and sometimes these matrimonial candidates *leave the same community at the same time, and meet at the same place elsewhere, for the same purpose.* How they are ever able, while still within Shaker limits, to find place and time for the preliminaries of becoming inoculated with the *virus* of Cupid and of perpetrating courtship, I cannot, from all my experience, conceive. For in the whole community there is not a single individual, male or female, who is not the object of a vigilant and never-sleeping supervision. In the seasons of worship and in all the details of daily life

* Continued from part 14, of BIZARRE.

the sexes are kept apart by a host of immemorial rules and usages. No woman is allowed to enter the apartment, where a man is, or even to address him, unless she be accompanied by at least one other woman. This regulation extends even to the *hospital*. I was once confined there, for a week, with a large boil on my wrist; and the elderly, and not excessively prepossessing nurse, who poulticed my arm twice a day, was always scrupulously careful to bring with her a "sister," not much more attractive than herself!

And yet, despite this omnipresent and incessant vigilance, cases do ever and anon occur, as above mentioned, of "brethren" and "sisters" quitting Shakerdom for a joint pilgrimage to the shrine of Hymen—a fact, which inevitably presupposes a measure of intercommunion, which it is beyond my power to explain. I had heard before, that "Love laughs at locksmiths," but that he should laugh at *Shaker watchfulness* I should have reckoned beyond his power—especially as I am here reminded of one of the most objectionable features of Shaker discipline, which had escaped my memory. Virtually, every member of the community is a *spy upon every other*. The elders and elderesses encourage every individual to relate whatever they see and hear and know in relation to every other; and the consequence is, that every one is eager to pay court to the "powers that be" by the greatest possible amount of communications concerning those, with whom they are in daily and hourly fellowship. Of course, every criticism on Shaker beliefs and practices; every query, however respectful or honest, touching their verity or propriety; and even every joke on whatever subject, are hurried to the rulers, before the sun sets upon them, tinted with the coloring furnished by the dulness, the ignorance, or the semi-malice of the narrator's own mind.

It is a wretched, demoralising usage in every way. It offers a premium on meanness, treachery, and gossipry, as I more than once bluntly told our leading elder, to the great damage of my own popularity with his excellency. But while debasing the tattler himself, it has the effect to diffuse universal distrust among the members, each of all others. No one can safely utter what he thinks, if his thought be in anywise adverse to things as they are. No one can even question or debate upon the right or wrong of things established, lest he be misrepresented, as a malcontent or heretic. Consequently all are either reduced to utter dumbness on all, save the most trivial topics, or they must, perhaps at the expense of veracity, speak in laudation of Shakerism from "turret to foundation stone."

Partly as a result of this state of things, there prevails a universal torpor of mind and deadness of sensibility, together with an ignorance alike of books and of the world as it is, which can nowhere else be found. And from this intellectual and emotional state has been wrought out a peculiar type of countenance, which instantly strikes even the casual observer. It is a type compounded of stupidity and gloom. There were individuals among them, in whose faces the dominant lines were channelled somewhat deeper than usual, who exercised upon me a sort of veritable spell. They saddened and horrified me, and yet almost compelled me to gaze at their repulsive visages—the more repulsive still from being encircled by their hideously cut hair.

Another result, which I thought might be traced in part to this *spy system*, was the habit of eternal *self-puffing*—or of eulogising Shakerism in all its moods and tenses. This was apparent chiefly at our domestic religious assemblages. It was the practice of the head elder to prevail, if possible, on the members to *speak* at these meetings. For a long time I used to note with wonder, that these speakers, instead of, as in religious gatherings generally, exhorting the hearers to "cease to do evil and learn to do well," spent their breath in magnifying the "privilege and blessing," of belonging to a Shaker community, &c., &c. Sin, as pertaining to "believers" was an idea, which never seemed to occur to them, and the need of striving for moral improvement appeared to be no article of their creed. It was not much otherwise with the elders themselves. They did, indeed, sometimes touch on infractions of law—not, however, of the divine, universal law, but of some petty conventional rule of Shaker discipline.

In fact the main current of what might be called Shaker teaching tended directly and strongly to create self-conceit—an idea, that their body was the very "salt of the earth," and in fact the *only* salt the earth possessed. For, be it noted, that, all this while, the *world without* was spoken of as unqualifiedly one vast sink of corruption—a place wherein to abide was all but inevitable destruction. That no small measure of this species of declamation was adopted for the purpose of currying favor with the elders, I am now satisfied.

But how little of moral or religious instruction or discipline could come from this source is evident enough. In fact, unless one brought with him to the community a mind instructed in moral and spiritual lore, I see not how it could ever be gained there. The only actual, regular tuition of any sort ever bestowed on me in the community was in sundry branches of manual

labor and in the steps and figures of the Shaker dances. Nor did I ever know of any other tuition imparted to any, with the exception, of course, of the rudimentary branches of secular education to young children in their appropriate schools.

The simple truth seems to be, that Shakerism has little or no faith in principles or ideas, as modifying, controlling and directing conduct, but relies almost exclusively on external restraints. Thus, all the details of the entire system tend to this single point, to render it almost impossible to do wrong, in the Shaker sense of wrong. For example, all must labor at some manual employment; must labor *in company*; and must labor twelve or fourteen hours per day. Then, after eating in company, they must meet at a religious service or a conversation assembly, and this every night in the seven. Then they must go to their chambers, which are always occupied by several persons, and are soon glad, from sheer fatigue, to go to bed, and even there they must have a companion. Thus they are incessantly occupied, and that, too, in company with others, who are ever ready to speed to the elder with any word, act or look of yours, out of which a tale can be framed worth relating. Still further. If you would visit a neighboring city, you must ask leave of the elder, state what you are going for, how long you would be absent, &c., &c., and then abide his decision. If, in fact, you would go outside the community walls, you must go through the same process with the elder. If you would send a letter abroad, you must first show it to the elder and get permission; and if you receive a letter, you must do the same. And then, too, *confession* is insisted upon, as of pre-eminent, mysterious efficacy and importance. Besides the general confession required of each at initiation, there is one day in each year, on which all are subject to the same exercise, and the prevailing impression would seem to be, that by this service all sins are blotted out.

From this detail it will be seen on what Shakerism relies for the life-guidance of its votaries. By the strictest seclusion from the world it shuts out the world's ordinary temptations; breaking the habit of the drunkard by keeping liquor from him; the gambler's habit by his distance from gambling haunts and associates; and so on through the catalogue of those vices, which work the greatest visible havoc in society. At the same time, by incessant laborious employment under the most watchful supervision, it prevents the *breaking out* of such irregularities as are still possible in this retirement. In a word, this system operates upon a man precisely as would his close confinement in a penitentiary or any other

solitude. It may preclude wrong *action*; but it does not necessarily touch the *inclination* to act. Unless this inclination be either *extinguished*, or there be formed in a man principles of a kind and strength competent to its *control*, there is not only a *danger*, but well nigh a *certainty*, that the individual would fall at once into his former vices on his first exposure to temptation. And it is in forming in its votaries these principles of guidance and control, that Shakerism struck me, as deplorably deficient. Indeed I once heard a Shaker, past sixty years old, say frankly, that he believed the "brethren" generally, if stationed out in the world, would fall into the very vices now condemned most loudly among them.

The Shakers talk a great deal about love, but upon this term they put a meaning of their own. It is not the love between man and woman, or parental love, or the love of children for parents, or of brothers and sisters for each other. It is what they name "impartial" love, and their doctrine is, that we should cherish the same measure of it towards each and all alike. A parent is wrong in loving his own child better than any and every other child, and the same rule applies to all other ties of kindred. Thus when families enter the community, the children, if old enough, are placed in some distant family for the express purpose of erasing all partial affection on both sides. A curious idea to be sure!

But, in truth, the whole fact of Shakerism is an exceedingly curious one. Here are some thousands of people, of all ages, living a laborious life, in the absence of all amusements, and cut off from most of those ties and pursuits, on which the rest of the race chiefly depend for enjoyment. How can they endure such a life, and what is it that renders such life at all tolerable?

I will attempt, in my next and final paper, to give some sort of answer to this question, as well as to present some of the bright features of Shakerism. This latter should, in simple fairness, be done, as hitherto my picture has been painted in rather sombre hues.

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURE UPON A RAILROAD.*

27th of September.

I cannot get the fair stranger out of my head. Yesterday I made another railroad trip, hoping again to meet her. And sure enough, as I entered the office, there she stood before me, buying a ticket for the

* Translated from the original Russian, of Count V. A. Soutzouov. Continued from Part 16, of *Bazispa*.

second division. Probably she was afraid of meeting me again. My conscience smote me. Had I not better give up all thoughts of her? God be with her! Why should I be following her about? But what sin is there in the childish fancy? So, no! it shall never be said of me that I refused an adventure any where, even on a railroad. I quickly took a place in the second division also, hastened after my mysterious beauty, and bowed to her with the air of an old acquaintance.

"I am in good luck," said I, somewhat confused; "I have again the pleasure of riding with you."

She answered me rather drily. However, what could she do? There remained ten minutes before the time for starting. The passengers from Tsarskoe filled the halls. Among them appeared the burly figure of our yesterday's companion. He looked at us with a smile, indeed rather quizzically, whispered something to a friend who was with him, and disappeared in the crowd. His appearance obviously alarmed my fair one. But the bell rang; all took their seats; we started. There were but four of us, we two and two insignificant persons, the one with a Russian newspaper in his hands, and the other sound asleep. The opportunity was beautiful, I thought, to renew our yesterday's conversation, and rapidly advanced towards my object; but this was not so easy a matter. She answered me abruptly. I was obviously worrying her. Possibly I was interrupting some projected intrigue. To tell the truth, my self love was roused; her indifference had annoyed me. Nevertheless, I was not in love with her, or if I were, my labor would be lost. All indicated that a lover's place in her heart was already occupied, to say nothing of Maxim Ivanitch. . . I was, however, a well known person, and my distinction alone entitled me to greater politeness. No! I am not to be foiled in this way, my beauty; I will know every thing; I am determined to ascertain who you are, and why it is you go every day to Tsarskoe Selo. When we arrived she again left the car hastily; but this time I followed her and kept her in sight. She went on foot, looking around on every side, through several streets, covering her face with her veil, and at length went towards a small house, before which she stopped, as though expecting somebody. Presently an old woman, in a short gown, came out, looked about her, and made a signal with a spotted handkerchief. The stranger hurried to her, and both entered the cabin. I screened myself behind the fence, and saw every thing at a distance. But they did not observe me. After waiting a little I approached the mysterious hut. Its exterior was by no means handsome. Over

the gate was nailed up a board, with No. 139 on it, and the inscription that this house of the IV. quartal (or ward), belongs to the Register of College Boobnoff. A passing boy informed me that a painter lived there. This sufficed for the present. I went to my friends, the hussars, but was exceedingly absent. It seemed to me merry and sad, mirthful and melancholy. Wherefore was it so?

29th September.

I have not seen her to-day. I was at the depot, looked for her in all the cars, in every division, but she was no where to be seen. What a pity! I am, as it were, so accustomed to seeing her—so used to finding her in her place. I did not like to see another in her seat. I took it myself. To tell the truth, I went resolved to have a quarrel with her; to load her with reproaches; to charge her with some disreputable connection or intrigue. By what right? I do not myself know. Instead of that, she was not there, and my foolish anger was soon dissipated. I was only sorry that I could not see her. Let her do as she pleases. . . . I only wish . . . to see and hear her like a common acquaintance, without any definite object or plan. I found Tsarskoe Selo extremely dull. I did not visit the hussars, but walked about in the neighborhood of the Boobnoff house. The weather was foggy. The heavens, as it were, represented a leaden canopy, which saddened the aspect of the fields. At the very verge of the town the melancholy cabin reared its black chimnies, and grey roof. And suddenly out of the house came the yesterday's old woman, with a tall man closely muffled up in a cloak. He said a few words to the old woman, shook his finger at her, and disappeared in the fog, casting upon me, as he went, some looks, like burning coals. He appeared angry, and the old woman stood before him with fear and respect. It seemed that he, as well as myself, had been disappointed. But, thank God! after that I felt less sorrow at her not having come to-day.

1st October.

But the matter may be very easily explained; this is a woman who deceives her absent husband, or assures him that she is going to visit some imaginary niece or aunt, and goes, instead, to a suspicious house, where a hideous old woman arranges an interview for her with some cuirassier on leave of absence. What is there so uncommon in this, and why should I take such an every-day occurrence so much to heart, and allow it to torment me? I will drive her entirely from my thoughts. What do they play to-night at the theatre? An old opera and a

new drama. Both are extremely dull. Shall I not pay a visit to my charming countess? But, no, she will have company, flatterers, admirers. And I do not wish to-day to see anybody. I cannot read either; there is no object in reading Russian books, and I have read French ones till I am heartily tired. My nature revolts at their stupidity and vulgarity. I know not why it is that my soul is chilled. I feel as though I ought to love somebody—to love, not as people among us love, with circumspection and discrimination, but to love sincerely, passionately—to breathe a new life—to rejoice in another's joy—to grieve at another's grief. What a pity that my mysterious strange lady is entitled to no consideration! It is obvious that she is capable of the basest thoughts, and has yielded to the guiltiest inclinations. Besides, women are so deceitful; they are so skilful in dissimulation. He is wise who avoids them! . . . He may not, perhaps, experience the greatest happiness, but neither will he experience the greatest inquietude, the greatest grief, and the greatest vexation.

3d October.

I have seen her again. At the sight of me she blushed. In her eyes were pictured something like satisfaction, and at the same time, alarm. My heart beat violently. Hope smiled at a distance. She observed my agitation. Who knows? . . . Perhaps it was not disagreeable to her. It must be so, otherwise she would not strive so carefully to avoid making my acquaintance. But what mean then her visits to Tsarskoe Selo? Why does she conceal herself? What has she to fear? I am resolved, whatever may be the secret, to know all. Say what you will, whenever a woman has concealments, love is certainly mixed up in the affair. Some Englishmen were with us, who were going to see the curiosities of the Imperial residence. My strange lady herself began the conversation with me; of the weather; of the theatres; of foreign countries—always avoiding, however, every thing that might have a personal relation to herself. Her conversation was animated, varied, even gay; and in it was such a charm, that I listened involuntarily; and the more that singular woman seemed to me attractive, the more the recollections of the cabin, the painter, and the old woman, became to me tormenting and offensive. At length my patience gave out.

"You have many acquaintances at Tsarskoe?" asked I.

"No," answered she, "scarcely any."

"And the house of the Register of College?" said I, "No. 139."

She became pale as death. Her lips

trembled. She cast upon me an imploring look, and with a faltering voice, said to me in a whisper,

"As an honorable man?"

"I hope," answered I.

"Give me your word of honor that you will not endeavor to know who I am for a week."

"Certainly, but on one condition."

"On what condition?"

"Explain to me the riddle of your journeys, and why you go secretly to that painter's."

She reflected a moment, and then answered firmly,

"Come on Thursday of next week. I will then relate to you my history. But a whole week—a whole week—do you hear? you are bound not to go to Tsarskoe Selo, nor to make any inquiries concerning me. If you are agreed, then I will explain to you every thing on Thursday next—if not, we shall never meet again."

"Agreed! agreed!" said I.

"Your word of honor?"

"My word of honor."

We parted.

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.*

"For all manner of mynstrales,
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weepyng and of yame,
And of all that longeth unto fame."

RIME OF SIR TOPAL.

WHO ARE YOU?

*Frederick the Great and they of Washington—
Washington a Village—Running the
Gauntlet—Speak, that we may know Thee—
A highly Philosophic Theory—How the
Author of a Philosophic Theory was Lost
in a Wood—Inquisitors—A Spirituous
Apostrophe—Impossibility of Keeping Secret—
Salted Meat—What you are after—
If you are Going, why don't you Go?—In
Memoriam.*

"The wren goes to it and the small gilded fly."

LEAR, Act III.

The *qui êtes vous* of Frederick the Great, out on a morning's ride, was as nothing to the *qui êtes vous* of Washington. Frederick the Great looked for a reply from the interrogated, and took it though a surly one. They of Washington are satisfied to be their own respondents, and feel called on to abate no portion of their self-confidence and esteem, though the answer prove false in its *denouement*. Having obtained a *status* in

* Continued from Part 15, of *BEAUNE*.

this ever shifting place, they have thereby begot such an ostensible interest in it, as to justify the strictest scrutiny of all incomers, the entertainment of any amount of suspicion, the pushing the query to its extremest limits; *Qui êtes vous?* An unprofitable business this, you will say; but what else have folks with vacant minds to do?

Presently, under this new and strange surveillance, you may come to the belief that you were born into the world, and trained up by society solely for their inspection—solely for affording a reply, unsatisfactory as it may be, to the interminable enquiry, *Qui êtes vous?*

The city of Washington—truth must be told—is, after all, only a large village. It has never lost village propensities; it has never been in want of subjects; it has never ceased to ask the question: *Qui êtes vous?* On the continent of Europe, to authenticate by your personal the description of a well filled passport, itself duly authenticated, signed and countersigned, is enough; you pass unmolested. To Washington, indeed, you come with no passport, and pass through no barriers, but by the act of coming, subject yourself to more disingenuous reflections, more supercilious remark, than would be encountered by the worst known character, with the worst face, in the course of a travel, land route, from Warsaw to St. Petersburg. The passing through the grand hall of a Washington hotel, serves, as we have stated, to conjure up a thousand surmises all connected with *Qui êtes vous?*

The sport created is simply a revivification of the ancient practice, though in a more refined and less soldierly shape, of running the gauntlet. The very act of visiting Washington is an act of presumption, rendering you a fit and proper person for espionage. If a rational creature, you came with some design. What is it?

Speak, that we may know thee!

The Washington theory is this. The air in which we live and move and have our being, is but another fluid ocean, wherein as so many terrestrial fish, we pant and breathe and blow, incapable of getting anything without making war on our own species, or, in more polite language, eating each other up. Consequently, if you are to be bettered by coming hither, some one is to be proportionately injured—a philosophy held to everywhere and in all ages by a host of mean and narrow minded spirits. *Qui êtes vous?* *Qui êtes vous?* Not Gulliver in his immortal ramble ever met with such annoyance. Such lilliputians, the heroes of the revolution would have taken, we imagine, by the napes of their necks, and flung into the Po-

tomac. There they sit or stand against walls and beneath corridors, in shade and sunshine—the most ideal as well as the most conceited of men, the smallest, certainly, of all God's creation. Scarce one whom the exclamations and sensations of Philo, the philosopher, would not become. "Blest juice of the lemon, adorable essence of rum, what a power hast thou to heal the wounds of an empty purse!" Where reason and matter of fact would drive others to despair, the imagination of these microscopic gentry, soothes and charms them. More pleasure in resolving a rejoinder to *Qui êtes vous*, than would the mathematical professor of Harvard experience in returning a solution to a new and erudite geometrical problem! Theirs is in truth, an attempted squaring of a circle never squared, a gigantic imposition on themselves and others. The advent of any stranger to Washington, like the fabled intrusion on the councils of the gods, disarranges the world's affairs, as they, in their high behest, had previously settled them, and all the work has to be done anew. Should the purpose of your coming demand secrecy, think not so absurdly as to imagine you can hide it. Each of these watchers is argus-eyed; one of the many will find you out. In vain then all your asseverations! The sailor who went ashore with the heads of twelve Moors, that he had previously pickled, in a sack, was not let off from custom-house inspection by the asseveration that he carried but salted provisions. It is commonly conjectured that the aforesaid stranger is after an office. Possibly you repudiate indignantly the imputation. Now, mark this: You have already lodged eighteen hours in Washington; if you leave in the course of six more you may be believed. Otherwise not. The White House, the War Office, the Navy Department, the Secretary of State's Office, the Patent Office, the City Hall, the Capitol, the Public Gardens, the Smithsonian Institute, the Jackson Statue, and the Washington Monument you have already seen; and Lot's wife, with all her curiosity, would scarcely have cared to linger after such beholding. Even then, if you go off elated, it is just because you have succeeded in some political object; if you depart with dejected looks, it is evident your pretensions have met with ill favor. Gone, what will Washington say of you? Are you curious to know? You are deceiving yourself; it has quite forgotten you.

THE ARISTOCRACY ARTIFICIAL.

Foreign and Home Aristocracy—That of Washington unique—How the Author of a System of Modern Geography was Lost in a Wood—Split that, then, sir—Princesses and

Lairds—A Surpriseless Company—The Quiet Species of Torture—Mutual Admiration Society—The Author gives Advice quoting the Czar Paul—Experiences—What is thought of those without—Further Experiences, spiced by a dead Member of the Tabacks Collegium—All about it—The Enchanted Circle—Hogarth and Negation.

"Ye youths who haunt this spacious town,
And artless wander up and down;
Unconscious of its tricks and fancies,
Its cheats and vast extravagancies;
A little tale for you I send,
Whereby you'll find I stand your friend."

ANCIENT DOGGEREL.

Let foreign aristocrats not despair. The brood is perpetuated—reproduced though with a different plumage. Washington has its aristocracy artificial in circles that strangely mingle and yet exist apart. Small rings these, comparable, to those of Saturn, in their unvarying entirety. This Washington aristocracy exists as an anomaly, and as an anomaly is to be described. There is nothing comparable to it in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, in any northern, southern, western, or eastern city. To demand of us, in this sweeping affirmation, a ubiquitous presence or a universal experience, would be as unreasonable as the conduct of the man who having lost his master in a dense wood, in the endeavor to make a short cut, explained himself, that as he knew such a path existed, and, as his master had written the geography of the earth, he had supposed, all way known thoroughly to him—never entertaining the idea of his possibly going wrong.

In like manner we undertake to deal only with general traits, and though confessing to a penchant for metaphysics, decline drawing too nice distinctions, mindful of the fate of the young *avocat*, who, while boasting he could split a hair with his adversary, had a hair plucked and presented to him with the thundering request: "Split that then, sir?" Elsewhere than in Washington you will find orderly social beings, and haply be able to apply ordinary maxims; there you stumble on the most diverse materials, attain to a new scale of valuation, and will certainly be led astray in any attempt to theorize upon, or reconcile what is apparently and actually so contradictory. We have been unable to discover even as much analogy between the aristocracy of Washington and that of other localities, as suggested by the answer of a Scottish Duke to the Queen Consort of England, who, herself of German extraction, having asked scornfully the characteristics of the Highland lairds, received for reply, that, like German princesses, they were very poor

and very proud. What this aristocracy has to be proud of, is best known to itself. With unrelenting looks and frozen heart to all outside the limits it has assigned, imperious, too, and mannerless when it chooses, it has cheerfulness and a certain air of abandonment to be practised to those admitted. But let no soul appropriate prematurely the flattering unction of having got within. Proof of this must consist in indubitable signs. They may have enclosed you in the charmed ring, but not to own you; only—*O tempora! O mores!*—to makefun of you! Take care that they do not treat you in the spirit in which the Czar Paul made his nobles cackle like hens in a basket, filled with straw and eggs, and set in the centre of his court. No sooner in, you are in the midst of people who think Washington the greatest city in the world and themselves the greatest people in it; who consider themselves to have attained to the acme of existence, that is, to a sort of still life, to almost perfect complaisance with themselves, to an almost absolute contempt of those not numbered with the select. You have come up from New York. Delighted with an hypocritical obsequiousness and the most wonderful attentions; you venture, in the openness and innocence of your heart, to invite a visit to the island of Manhattan, setting forth its manifold attractions and proffering your good services for the display of these. Misguided youth! The smile that greets you is one not of acquiescence but derision. To think that you should promise to increase their joys; to add, for them, to life's attractions! Will you not also place a yacht at their disposal, palaces at their command? Pertinent inquiries are instituted, that convince you you have committed some fatal error, and in tone so ironical, that the unhappy victim begins to doubt his own sanity, and to argue with his own convictions whether New York be a reality after all. He is satisfied, at least, that his proffer was a piece of the most egregious folly, and is not only silent but silenced. You committed yourself, unfortunately, to a glowing description of this or that.

The ban of insolence is now set upon your lips. Beautiful ladies, with large, soft-beaming eyes, blooming cheeks, and luscious gaze, look on your enthusiasm and pity you. They are themselves so superior to enthusiasm, not to speak of sentimentality. Though what they pride themselves on is unreal, or valueless by reason of that very pride, what matters it so long as they can be made happy by the flimsy delusion?

Dante has written his *Inferno*, Milton described the lowest Hell, and Burns, in a painting, destined, if not to fire to immortalize, depicted the Fall of the Angels, but all

three productions might be heightened in horror, by exhibit of the poor wretches not admitted into the Washington Aristocracy Artificial; the W. A. A.

The lady in her handsome boudoir, with features finely illumined by a sort of basilisk lamp, and her whole delicate and voluptuous form growing from the warmth of a low but cheerful fire, thinks of them as do classic scholars of the naked forms wandering on this side the Styx, and praying to be rowed over to the shades by the dirty Charon. Already the wretches are presumed to be where "hope can never come;" and must be shut out as securely as the wind.

Thus forewarned, we will introduce you, with only this further reminder:

Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementit.
A pleasing address!—how much has that done in the world.

The poor victim, in the unconsciousness of his position, and in the peculiar mode of torture applied, has for his comfort—and this is all we can offer him—an analogous case in the history of courts, the case of poor Gundling, member of the *Tabacks Collegium*, the Smoking Club of Berlin, as it flourished in the time of Frederick the Great, made attractive to his majesty and his majesty's nobles, by large silver beer cans, and the discussion of domestic and foreign politics; Gundling, Reader to this imposing association, in all the fantasies by which he suffered, was never more ridiculous than he whom this fashionable society, once famous for its sport, that is to say, in its own estimation, whether it be Gundling expounding newspapers from a pulpit, whilome the guests eat off blue China plates and help themselves to *lager beer*; Gundling, master of the ceremonies, in red jerkin with clocks instead of watches pendant, and goat hair curls, shaded by a hat made up of ostrich feathers; Gundling, king's chamberlain, wearing, for punishment of having lost the key of office, a wooden one, six feet long, attached to his person, for the greater security by a blacksmith; Gundling with the Department of Silk Worms, formally handed over to him by the ministry; Gundling with paper figures of quadrupeds fastened to his frock coat; Gundling with cork moustache; Gundling compelled to embrace an ape as his natural son; Gundling put to bed with bears; Gundling searching for his chamber door, already bricked up; Gundling threatened to be shot as a deserter for fleeing from such persecution to his brother at Halle; or Gundling with wig set on fire by his adversary at a duel.

We are out of breath like a hare run down. The Hamburg Doctor with his nine volumes, intitled *Geschichte des Preussischen Hofes und Adels, und der Preus-*

sischen Diplomatie, has proved prolific of similes.

You shall never find any expression of surprise in these mysterious circles. Surprise is ungentle and indicative of a weakness of soul not so much as to be suspected. The most astounding relations only lead, at the utmost, to an elevation of the eyebrow, a gentle lisp and a spiritual spasm. Let this wearisome company throw away all its disguises, and it would not be tolerated even by itself. Papas and mammas, with their contaminated daughters, might sit alone every evening of every week and not have a single call. Ceremony may be endured as long as it is only in complianee to usual forms, but when practised as a quiet species of torture on the unoffending beholder, is execrable. For good breeding we have ourselves so much respect, that we will not deny our inclination to place it above acquisitions of far greater moment; regarding it as one of the chief amenities of life, in so far as it represses undue freedom, and sets the bounds which none can venture to transgress without giving hurt or offence. But as a mere gloss, as a sort of courtly hypocrisy, as an affectation of a nature and disposition not possessed, we despise and hate it. Spiritless, emotionless, a green house of stifled air in which only exotics thrive! To affect sympathy for such society would be about as natural as to embrace a statue. Studied conventionalities, formal politeness, mature hypocrisy—it is gifted with all these qualities, offering to your examination little more than an outer shell. On the young and fresh heart, brought within its reach, it exerts and can exert no other than a withering influence. While writing thus, our eyes fall on a beautiful and charming maiden, now far away by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Beauty and passion, and tender and noble feeling, blended to a charming grace, and united to intensest sensibilities, all pictured as they are! Is it a wonder that we esteem her happy in never having come within the fatal circle, that would have repressed the feeling of her childhood, and chilled the thrilling sense of life and being—happier even in the excesses of a restless fancy, and in all her changeful modes of thought than to have these reduced to a prosaic sameness—fortunate in never having afforded an exemplar to the truth of the fatal legend, that

"Where the fairies once have danced,
The grass will never grow."

Our sketch of the Aristocracy Artificial, if wanting in spirit, partakes of the character of its subject—itsself a negation. To attempt *basso relievo* is impossible. The fig-

ures sink and flatten as we draw them. As Hogarth, when commissioned to paint the Red Sea, with Pharaoh, his chariots and his horsemen drowned therein, filled the allotted compartment with a single color, and forthwith declared his work finished, so do we. To those to whom it comes, may it not give offence. If it does, we cannot help it. Only, in the spirit of Moliere, who to some of his discontented actors who now threatened to drown themselves, besought that they would have the goodness to defer their intention till the morrow, when he could join them, we hereby undertake, on due notice served, to sympathise with this delectable society in any form it may decree.

(To be continued.)

GEMS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE PARRICIDE.

(From the Memoirs of Monsieur Alexandre.)

It was done!
I had done it!
I had killed my father.
It is very annoying to have killed one's father.

But it was very imprudent of him not to know how to fence better.

Parents should know more than their children—not less.

And it was all of the love of the fascinating Senorita Frijolita de Puchero. Oh, thou charming Castilian! What an ineffable and undulating beauty of contour—what a floating colour—what a chiselling of sculptresque idéalisme.

I thought of Barcarolo and of Lope de Vega! I sang their romanceros.

Colorado maduro,
Fabrica de tabacos;
De la hija de Cabañas,
Calle de la Lamparilla;
Vuelta Abajo,
Cigarros de superior calidad,
Estramuros de la Habana.
¡ Ay de mi Alama!

Her eyes swam in black liquid fire—but her soul was as cold as some icicles. The drops of love were congealed ere they fell from my eyes, and I sacrificed my heart on an altar of frozen tears.

Beautiful thought! what grace! what poetry! But her father was a Ranchero—an Hidalgo of the highest rank—and he forbade her to look on me. From that hour she loved me.

"Bend him to your will, oh, charming Frenchman, and I am thine.

FRIJOLITA DE PUCHERO,
née de TOMATO."

Such was the letter I received, written on a cigarrito. I smoked it till the tobacco burnt on my lips, and its words on my heart.

We met—we fought. It was after dinner when we had drunk fourteen bottles of xeres apiece. He took me for Don Puchero—I mistook him for the sire of Frijolita. He fell!

Don Puchero heard that I had fought for him. He gave me his daughter.

"Grieve not, Caballero," said Frijolita. "Mistakes will occur in all families. It never seemed to me that you looked like your father. Perhaps you are less guilty than you deem!"

My heart thrilled with joy. She had consoled me.

Henceforth my life shall be dedicated to the delights of remorse and the agonies of bliss.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF LOVE.

(From the German of Heinrich Hinkelhammer.)

Midnight veiled the heavens with infinite blackness as Hans von Rosenbaum stepped from the orgied halls of the Kinkel Lager Hans Zum Saus und Braus. The foam of the beer still dashed his wild beard, and the murmur of the evening breeze mingled in his soul with the memories of cries for "anoder pretzel" and "pring in de Lager!" and the trilling of harps, and pianos—for it had been concert night.

"Kat-a-ri-na!" he cried from the bottom of his heart and voice—Kat-a-rina!—komm heraus!"

The breeze sighed in the vine leaves—the waves rippled—all was still.

Once more in agony arose that cry—'Kat-a-ri-na!"

Deep from the recesses of a second story window murmured an answer.

"Nix kom heraus!"

"Vot—you vont kom out!" roared Hans, in all the grief of rejected love. "Den you goes mit der teufel and be dondered! Gotshimmelkreuzschockschwerenoth!"

A brick flew from his hand, skimmed through the misty air—there was the jingle of broken glass—a cry in female Dutch—and—all was silent. * * *

Still wanders in dark midnights the spectral form of Hans von Rosenbaum around that dwelling, still rings from the window the ghostly cry of *nix come herans*, still wings its way on the night wind a

phantom brick-bat; and still the benighted traveller hears at last a dismal wail in Dutch. All things in Heaven and on Earth, are re-echoed and reflected in their ghosts or in their shadows.

TO A HAND-BOOK.

When first in foreign parts I strayed,
Who straight was summoned to my aid,
In boards of crimson gilt arrayed?
My Murray.

Who changes *batzen* into pence,
And *Parlez vous* to common sense,
And "jolly greens" to travelled "gents"?
My Murray.

And who 'midst hints about hotels,
In wild, poetic rapture dwells
On "castled crag of Drachenfels"?
My Murray.

For nothing want these banks of Rhine,
(Not even Byron's magic line),
Clasped in my hand this book of thine—
My Murray.

Who taught me *garçons* how to see,
And when I called a cab, to see
The *pour-boire*, *trink-geld*, *tout compris*?
My Murray.

And where to stop along the way—
And where to lodge—how long to stay—
What sights to see, and what to pay?
My Murray.

As thus, at Berne to see the bears,
At Strasbourg mount the tower stairs—
And so who bids *commissionnaires*?
My Murray.

Who sang the Alps in English rhymes,
And told me where to get the "Times,"
That cockney charm of foreign climes?
My Murray.

And when I thought new scenes 't explore,
Where did I find—provoking bore!
Each mare's nest noted down before?
In Murray.

Thy red-bound covers, scattered wide
From farthest Ind to thronged Cheapside,
Prove thee the tourist's friend and-guide—
My Murray.

And when he's read thee, every word,
Where is the reader then referred?
To Part the Second—Part the Third—
By Murray.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Poems and Parodies,

— by Phoebe Carey. A neat duodecimo, published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, of Boston, in their well known beautiful style; one that many other publishers of New York and Philadelphia have latterly wisely imitated. We do not so much refer to the beautiful strong paper on which their books are printed, for that we expect of course, or their plain, neat cloth bindings, as to the *whole sheets* afforded us, uncut, and with ample margin, thus giving us an opportunity of having the books rebound to our own taste, with edges trimmed also to suit ourselves. We have been informed, on the best authority, that the practice of *planing* down the edges of books to a finger's breadth of the printed text, is for the profit of the *shavings!* A truly pleasant reflection for the owner of such volumes, the which every reader of this is to a greater or less extent.

Without any of the verses of Phoebe Carey being poor, they are all, with few exceptions, common-place and of great sameness, both in subject and in metrical treatment. We have never met with so great a body of matter as the "Poems," which exhibited as little knowledge, or at least display of knowledge of the great world, past or present, or as little evinced acquaintance with its literature. One hundred and thirty-one pages do not reveal an idea that could not have been originated by any good reflective mind with the talent of rhyming, that had never left its native spot, had never even read, and had no other instruction than in English Grammar. The "Parodies," of course, exhibit a perfect knowledge of their originals, which, however, are, and must be indeed, from the very reason of their provoking parody, the most familiar poems in our language. These imitative poems do not exhibit the amount of humor we had a right to anticipate, for the perpetration of a parody, presupposes the most cold blooded determination of being funny.

We present our readers with what we considered the best "Poem," and the best "Parody."

RESOLVES.

I have said I would not meet him;
Have I said the words in vain?
Sunset burns along the hill-tops,
And I'm waiting here again.
But my promise is not broken,
Though I stand where once we met;
When I hear his coming footsteps,
I can fly him even yet.

We have stood here oft, when evening
Deepened slowly o'er the plain;

But I must not, dare not, meet him
In the shadows here again;
For I could not turn away and leave
That pleading look and tone,
And the sorrow of his parting
Would be bitter as my own.

In the dim and distant ether
The first star is shining through,
And another and another
Tremble softly in the blue:
Should I linger but one moment
In the shadows where I stand,
I shall see the vine-leaves parted,
With a quick, impatient hand.

But I will not wait his coming!
He will surely come once more;
Though I said I would not meet him,
I have told him so before;
And he knows the stars of evening
See me standing here again,—
O, he surely will not leave me
Now to watch and wait in vain!

'Tis the hour, the time of meeting!
In one moment 't will be past;
And last night he stood beside me,—
Was that blessed time the last?
I could better bear my sorrow,
Could I live that parting o'er;
O, I wish I had not told him
That I would not come *once* more!

Could that have been the night-wind
Moved the branches thus apart?
Did I hear a coming footstep,
Or the beating of my heart?
No! I hear him, I can see him,
And my weak resolves are vain;
I will fly,—but to his bosom,
And to leave it not again!

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR JOHN SMITH.

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral tone,
As the man to his bridal we hurried;
Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married him just about eight at night,
Our faces paler turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the gas-lamp's steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
With a few of his friends around him.

Few and short were the things we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we silently gazed on the man that was wed,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the merest stranger had cut us out,
With only half our trying.

Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone,
And oft for the past upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if we let him live on,
In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the spiteful squib and pun
The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go,—
We had struggled, and we were human;
We shed not a tear, and we spoke not our woe,
But we left him alone with his woman.

For sale in Philadelphia, by Lippincott,
Grambo & Co., No. 20 North Fourth street.

The Young Voyageurs.

— Or the Boy Hunters in the North. By
Capt. Mayne Reid. This volume is from
the press of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields
of Boston, and contains 12 illustrations on
wood. Under the form of the adventures of
four youths through the fur countries of
North America, that savage but interesting
country with all its features of scenery,
plants, and animals, is entertainingly
described. The great field of "The Young
Travellers'" adventures is thus graphically
described in the opening of the volume:

"Take down your Atlas. Bend your eye
upon the map of North America. Note two
large islands—one upon the right side,
Newfoundland; another upon the left, Van-
couver. Draw a line from one to the other;
it will nearly bisect the continent. North
of that line you behold a vast territory.
How vast? You may take your scissors,
and clip fifty Englands out of it! There are
lakes in which you might *drown* England,
or make an island of it! Now you may
form some idea of the vastness of that region
known as the 'fur countries.'

"Will you believe me when I tell you
that all this immense tract is a wilderness—
a howling wilderness, if you like a poetical
name? It is even so. From north to south,
from ocean to ocean, throughout all that
vast domain, there is neither town nor
village—hardly any thing that can be digni-
fied with the name of 'settlement.' The
only signs of civilization to be seen are the
'forts,' or trading posts, of the Hudson's
Bay Company; and these 'signs' are few
and far—hundreds of miles—between. For
inhabitants the country has less than ten
thousand white men, the *employés* of the
Company; and its native people are Indians
of many tribes, living far apart, few in

numbers, subsisting by the chase, and half starving for at least a third part of every year! In truth, the territory can hardly be called 'inhabited,' There is not a man to every ten miles; and in many parts of it, you may travel hundreds of miles without seeing a face, red, white, or black!"

It is a volume full of interest and instruction to all, but certainly to youth, who may read it without imbibing Robinson Crusoeish notions.

For sale in Philadelphia, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., No. 20 North Fourth street.

"A Young Traveler's Journal of a Tour in North and South America During the Year 1850,"

— is the title of a volume lately published in England. The authoress was but twelve years old when she set out on her travels, which may account for some of the extraordinary mistakes in it; but her friends were injudicious in not having it revised before it was sent to press.

Speaking of the Dry-dock at the Navy-yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts, she says, (p. 36) that "it was begun during the Presidency of General Jackson, and was finished in that of President Adams."

Her journey from New York to Philadelphia, is thus described (pp. 74 and 75): "Our course lay through a narrow strait between Staten Island and the mainland. The shores on both sides were flat and marshy, and would have been monotonous had it not been for the ever-varying colours of the foliage in the thick woods. * * * At Amboy we got into the cars, and in about half an hour, (having crossed the State of New Jersey) we arrived at a pretty little village, not far from which 'the extensive grounds and mansion,' says the guide-book, 'formerly occupied by the late Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain,' are situated. At Camden, we embarked in a pretty and exceedingly swift little boat and ran down the East River to Philadelphia."

At page 132 we are told that the language of the lower and even middle classes in America, is about as different from that spoken in England, as Chinese and Italian; an agreeable piece of news, when we consider how the Henglish language is spoken in many parts of the mother country, where a man from Yorkshire is unintelligible to a Summerzetshire man.

A "review of the militia" in Baltimore, is described at pages 78 and 79. "The only part of the regular army present was the Flying Artillery, whose usual pace seemed one which a snail might easily have beaten. The militia cavalry was the most extraordinary assemblage of soldiers I ever saw, some had white horses, some brown, some black, some gray, but there was not a

single charger among them. One man was very tall, the next could hardly look over his horse's head; one had brown gloves, another had white ones, or oftener none at all; among them were five or six men literally stooping over their horses' manes. The only manœuvring it seemed they could do at all was that of drawing their swords and then sheathing them, which they performed in about five minutes, at a low estimate. They were about ten minutes ranging in a file, and seemed to have no command whatever over their horses."

For sale in Philadelphia, by John Pennington & Son.

Connexion of Sacred and Profane History.

— By D. Davidson, 3 vols. in 1. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1854. This is a laboured and erudite history of the world from the time of David, down to the establishment of Christianity, or Anno Domini 100. The work displays great theological and historical research. For sale in Philadelphia, by Mr. Martien, 144 Chestnut Street.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following answers to correspondents evidently intended for one of our cotemporaries, was recently picked up by our *Diavolo* in the street. Its legitimate proprietor is at perfect liberty to reprint it from our columns, on the usual condition of giving credit.

Scrutator.

— Mr. Jiggles originally drove a sloop-wagon and eventually became a wood-sawyer's clerk. Soon after, he associated with his brother as pig-catcher, which was, we believe, his first office under government. From this his rise was rapid, and his subsequent history in our local politics and penitentiaries is known to all. *Scrutator* will accept our warmest thanks for his biography of Jiggles and his wife, and will be paid his own price for all communications of a similar nature.

Feme Sole.

— If a Frenchman seeks your hand in marriage he evidently sues for a foreign attachment. Vide Kent Com. 999, Chit. 105, and Bac. Ab. 2. *Mesne* profits are when you invest one thousand dollars and only clear three or four cents. Whart. Dig. Cas. B. N. B. The statute *de donis conditionalibus*, viz. West. 13, Edw. 1, c. 1, referred to giving children Christmas gifts on condition that they would "behave."

Antiquarian.

— You are right. Pennsylvania was originally spelled *Pencil-vania* as an appropriate compliment or complement to *Penn.* We understand that the statue of the venerable founder, which at present figures in the Hospital yard, is to be turned into a fountain—the *jet d'eau* to come shooting out of the head, and thus afford, in reference to the building which it adorns, an illustrative case of water on the brain.

A Newly Arrived German

— Is informed that Fair mount does not derive its name from "Agost Belmont," but from the fair Montez, (which means *mount* in English,) who was the first to ascend its steep steps, which are emphatically as regards Philadelphia, "*le plus haut qu' on peut monter.*"

A Country Friend

— Is informed that he can visit the city with safety, if he confines his perambulations to the principal streets, and keeps within doors after 8 P. M. It will be best for him, however, to ensure the constant escort of two policemen when he promenades. Murders are on the decrease.

Chemicus.

— Oxichloride of cacodyl $KdO+3 KdCe$. Treat the chloride with water, or distil with hydrochloric acid. Oxide of cacodyl is the most exquisite perfume known, and a gilt flacon filled with it would, we doubt not, be received as an agreeable and appropriate present by most young ladies.

Baiser

— Asks, "Why do ladies in kissing bite the under lip more than gentlemen?" We cannot tell unless indeed it be because they like it better. If Baiser will introduce us to the fair one who suggested to him the question, we will endeavour to furnish a more satisfactory solution.

Questor.

— The whispering gallery at St. Paul's, is so called from an ancient regulation prohibiting any one from speaking in that place above his breath, lest he should disturb divine service.

Gudgeon.

— We think that we could do your note for 6 per cent. a month. Send it down to our office by Blood's Dispatch, with one year's subscription to our paper, and we will let you know.

The Ladies.

— *Julia.* Yes.
Mary. Certainly.
Anadora. Of course.
Linda. Oui.

SANS-SOUCI.

Another Paixhan Gun Burst.

— In the *Ledger* of the eleventh inst., there is a communication signed CENSOR MORUM, inveighing against the fashionable follies of the present season of Balls and Hops. The writer starts out by saying he intends to discharge a paixhan gun at those grossly indelicate dances, by which, he says, the present fashiondom seems to be strongly characterized. After reading his, what was to be, most scathing—annihilating—explosion, we were constrained to regard his paixhan gun as a comparatively innocent affair. We imagine that the same overwrought nervous imagination which has led him to see so much evil in the dances in question, has made him entirely mistake the power of his weapon, which is in reality a pop gun, and nothing more. The writer goes on to inform us that his remarks are not prompted by his exclusion from upper tendom, for in reality he is one of them himself, and has luxuriated in fashionable society all his life. Indeed, if his superior modesty had not stood in his way, he might have claimed the degree of F. F. P., long before that title became so easy of acquisition.

We trust that we and the public are sufficiently grateful that one of the *elite* has condescended to communicate to us benighted outsiders what dances ought, and ought not to be patronised. He don't like the *indelicately graceless meretricious waltz, polka, mazourka, redowa, and schottish.* He prefers the *innocent joyous quadrille.* Having attended some of the fashionable parties of the season, he was shocked at the manner in which our ladies (of the F. F. P.) performed in the indecent dances of foreign importation, each importation exceeding its predecessor in gross indelicacy. Our writer proceeds to paint in the most thrilling manner, the innocent, lovely, unsuspecting female, languidly reclining and encircled by the *whiskerandoed* libertine, fresh reeking, &c., until at length his honest indignation is worked up to such a pitch that his paixhan gun bursts, and he seeks relief in a quotation from Thompson.

Now we protest against these sweeping denunciations of our fashionable amusements—even though they be made by a *soi disant* member of the *haut ton*, though much we doubt his ever having been nearer there to than the kitchen. It is quite a common, and by no means recent, custom for a certain class of persons whose vulgarity and other causes exclude them from the society of the refined and wealthy, to exclaim against the vices and immoralities of fashionable people.

We have heard many young fellows repeat abusive and improbable stories of the doings of certain leading and distinguished persons, when at the same time they would have gladly submitted to a hundred lashes or more to gain a nod, or any notice of recognition from those individuals they affected to abuse.

We have seen all the dances alluded to by the owner of the paixhan gun, and have remarked nothing in them shocking to decency, or offensive to refined taste. So far as these dances concern the matter, we think that the public may feel perfectly safe with regard to the virtue of its daughters—a thing we conceive to be considerably above the suspicion, and not to be affected by the malice or inuendoes of CENSOR MORUM, and quite far enough off to be safe from the explosion of his paixhan gun.

Engraving.

— One of our numerous friendly and valuable contributors, being in direct intercourse with the great heads of the art of engraving, and whose collection of prints contains some extraordinary and even *unique* specimens, states to us, that from recent letters received by him from England, he judges the art of engraving to be on the decline there.

Doo and Robinson the two most celebrated engravers in England, and not surpassed by any in Europe, are both without commissions.

Mr. Doo has commenced the profession of a painter, and already promises to attain great excellence. His engravings are of the highest style of art, being strictly in line and without the aid of mechanical apparatus, such as ruling machines, et cetera. Among his most esteemed works are "Nature," after Lawrence, "Ecce Homo," after Corregio, "John Knox Preaching," a proof of which commands the price of 50 guineas, "Mercy interceding for the Vanquished," after Etty, Lady Selina Meade, Duke of York, Minna Troil, the Fair Forrester, and many others, any of which are master pieces of line engraving. We think it to be regretted, however, that his subjects were not more frequently chosen from the old masters instead of modern English painters—many very excellent in their way, but of course vastly inferior to those inspired creations, which for ages have been universally admitted never to have been equalled.

A history of the art of engraving, and a homily upon the passion of *collecting* is promised us by this gentleman. No one is more thoroughly qualified to do it.

Changing Names of Streets.

— The employers of the city have commenced putting up the new sign-boards upon the streets west of Broad street, and

running parallel with it. This change appears to be universally approved. A stranger, on hearing the new name of one of these streets can form an opinion of its whereabouts and our own citizens will hereafter be saved from the confusion occasioned by the "Schuylkill" streets.

Omitting "Fourteenth street," on account of Broad street, what was Schuylkill Eighth street is now Fifteenth street, and the numbers run regularly towards the west; Schuylkill Front street being now Twenty-second street, and Ashton street Twenty-third street.

The following simple rule will enable any one who knows the old name of any of the "Schuylkill" streets to tell its present number. Subtract the old number from 23 and the remainder will be the new number: Thus, to find the new name of Schuylkill Third street—take 3 from 23 and the remainder is 20, consequently what was Schuylkill Third street is now Twentieth street.

An additional improvement would be to change the name of Beach street to Twenty-fourth street. There is a Beach street in Kensington.

Epaulettes and Hods.

— A member of Congress has proposed to increase the pay of the officers of the army, and has offered as an argument in favor of such increase of pay, the fact that brick-layers in San Francisco receive more pay for their work than colonels in the army, and hod-carriers get more than captains do for their work.

If this be so, there is no occasion for an increase of pay in the army, for all the colonels who want higher pay have only to learn the trade of brick-layers and go to San Francisco, where they can serve their country more effectually than most of them now do. There they can help to build up their country's glory upon a solid foundation. And as for the captains, they can get an increase of pay without taking up their time in learning a trade, for any body can "tote de hod;" and this employment would suit officers admirably, for their epaulettes would be useful as well as ornamental, and besides this, to an ambitious man there can be no employment by which he can rise in the world more rapidly.

The Danubian Provinces.

— Among the most recent Russo-Turkish developments, we observe that our old acquaintance and whilome correspondent, Prince Soutza, ex-Hospodar of Moldavia-Wallachia, in company with his associate ex-Hospodar, is to receive an annual pension of twenty-four thousand dollars from the Russian Government. Soutza was obliged in

1848, to take refuge in London, his people having by no means taken in good part his endeavours to establish over them a Russian influence. Prince Ghika, the recent Hospodar, is to have his debts paid from the same source. As a proof that the sympathies of the provinces are not with Russia, we see it observed that the Moldavia-Wallachian militia, recently incorporated with the Russian forces, cannot be trusted in the field against the Turks. They are therefore to be employed to do garrison duty in the Principalities.

Beautiful Epigram.

— We regard the following not only as one of the most curious, but also as one of the most beautiful epigrams which we have ever read :—

Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Walk by the first and thou shalt see
The other ever follow thee.

Ladies' Boots.

— In the weather to which this season is liable, and during the state of walking which it causes, it may be as well to remind some of our fashionable belles that the "correct thing," as regards *chaussures*, at present in Paris, consists of boots made of morocco, with kid tops, high heels, *thick soles*, and buttoning up at the sides like gentlemen's. The price is \$3 33 per pair.

English Diplomas Suggested.

— It is stated, that in the recent fire at Chestnut and Third streets, the plates from which the diplomas of all our colleges were printed, were destroyed. This is a great loss, but we are not without consolation, for if the trustees of our ever to be venerated institutions, will have their diplomas "done into English," before the new plates are engraved, the graduates will hereafter be able to read them.

Locked Out.

Locked out, and no night key in pocket,
Young Richard, while ringing the bell,
Broke the handle close off in its socket;
Quickly making him own to a sell.
At last in despair of an entrance,
He banged at the portal full sore—
"What game," says a passer, "art playing?"
Says Dick, "Don't you see? *battle dore*!"

Picking up the Gauntlet.

— Some desperate battles have recently been fought near Lake Erie. We did not think there was so much spunk in old Pennsylvania. Gotham is no match for her when her blood is up. As soon as Gotham lays down the *gauge*, Pennsylvania takes it up.

The Seventy Six Society.

— We are happy to learn that this Association is adding every week, to the number of its members, and that these are not confined to this city; many gentlemen of note in Boston and New York having enrolled their names. The prospect is, that this society, the first of its kind in the United States, will be the national society, which its founders desire it to be.

The society hopes to give its first publication in March.

Campanology.

— A lady connected with St. Stephen's Church in this city, has presented a fine peal of bells to the church, which were rung for the first time on Christmas eve. Their tone was much admired. This makes the third peal in our city. We believe there is no other city in the Union that has more than one peal.

Bell-ringing is a favourite amusement of the people of England, where campanology is considered a science. It is a healthy exercise, and might be practiced with advantage by sedentary students and dyspeptics in general.

Reflection by a Flaneur upon a Rainy Day.

— Do not, midway in a muddy crossing, be too much absorbed by the matter of fact and still poetical revelations made by these dear creatures, the ladies. You are very apt to be knocked down by an omnibus.

New York the Capital.

— It is hoped that congress will determine to remove the capital of the United States to New York. The New Yorkers wish to have it there but they are so modest that they can't bear to ask for it.

Time is Money.

— Dr. Franklin says that "time is money." This may account for the fact that persons, when in most need of money, *ask for time*.

Amusements.

— At the ARCH STREET THEATRE the effective spectacle of "London and Paris," having drawn crowds nightly, since Christmas, was withdrawn the past week, to make way for other attractions, which are now varied nightly. This house is constantly packed to its fullest extent.

— The magic pantomime of "The Harlequin and Goddess of Liberty," still maintains its popularity at the NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE. It is a great source of delight to the young. The corps of this establishment includes the Siegrist Brothers, the Nicolo Family, M'le Agnes, Mr. W. A. Wood, Miss Mary Ann Denham, Mr. Cony, any many others.

— At the **CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE COMBINED**, in Walnut street above Eighth, great novelties are afforded to the public. Besides the usual Equestrian and Acrobatic performances, Signor Capalino introduces his wonderful Russian Bears, and superintends their performances in the ring. Among other feats, they waltz, carry children around the ring, throw any man in a fair wrestle, are driven in a chariot, &c., &c. Herr Lee performs miracles with two veritable cannon balls. Miss Sallie Stickney and Mrs. Woods, are two very accomplished equestriennes, Jim Myers with his *new* budget of jokes, is one of the best clowns we have ever seen. In the **MENAGERIE** are to be found the following animals: Asiatic Lion and Lioness, African Tiger, African Lioness, South American Silver Lion, Spotted Hyæna, Mexican Wolf, Prairie Wolf, Specimen Calf Elephant, Burmese Cow, Chinese Sheep, Monkeys, Apes, Spanish Rabbits, California Goat, Ichneumon, Siberian Raccoon, Ant Eater, Mexican Powee, Golden Eagle, Parrots, Tiger Cat, &c. Also the following animals, all of which perform various feats. Female Elephant, Royal Bengal Tigers, South American Lion and Lioness, Spotted Leopards, Jaguar and Cougar, and Brazilian Tiger.

— **MR. JULIEN** is now giving a trio of concerts at **CONCERT HALL**, which every body is attending. All who love instrumental music, and who dares acknowledge the contrary, should remember that such a company as M. Jullien's, both in numbers and talent, has never before appeared, and may never again, in this country. We shall notice these concerts more fully in our next number.

— **MISSES ROSINA AND EMMA COLLINS**, AND **THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS**, a quartette company from Boston, gave a very agreeable concert last week at **CONCERT HALL**. Miss Rosina Collins astonished all by her exquisite performances on the violin. Her sister proved herself an accomplished pianist and vocalist. "The Continentals," which name they have assumed from the old fashioned costume, (breeches, buckles, and wigs) in which they appear, sang in very fine concert.

— The most successful and expressive ballet we have ever witnessed is that of **PAQUITA** at the Walnut Street Theatre. It is, we believe, the only one ever here performed, which succeeds by its mere pantomime in clearly revealing its story. **PAQUITA** is an orphan girl brought up among the Gypsies, and attracts the attention of a party of distinguished Spaniards, who are paying a sad

visit to a spot in the country, where a relative with his wife and daughter had many years before been assassinated, as was supposed. The daughter, however, had been saved by the Gypsies, and brought up by them; and now, unknown to her relations, engages by her beauty and fascinating skill in dancing, their lively attention, and particularly that of **LUCIEN DE HERVILLY**, (M. **PAUL BRILLANT**), who is no other than her own cousin, and before the departure of the party of Spaniards from this wild section of country, **PAQUITA** ingeniously circumvents **INIGO**, a Gypsey, (**FRANÇOIS KAVEL**), in an attempt to assassinate Lucien; this act cements their affection, and **LUCIEN**, having brought his saviour to the chateau of his father, relates to his parents how his life had been preserved by the fair **PAQUITA** and declares he will wed no other than her. **PAQUITA**, struggling with contending passions, refuses his offered hand, for she feels marriage with him will place her too far above her sphere in life. She declares herself happy in having saved him from death, and wishes to leave him now and forever. **LUCIEN** detains her, and swears to follow her if she leaves him. **PAQUITA**, who had always about her a miniature from her childhood, as she is about making her escape from the saloon, is attracted by a portrait upon the wall, at sight of which she suddenly stops; her eyes are rivetted upon that face—those features are well known to her! She draws the miniature from her bosom, recognizes the resemblance, and expresses unbounded joy! That officer was her father! It was from his arms she had been snatched even while he breathed his last beneath the assassin's dagger. **Lucien's** father clasps **PAQUITA** to his heart—she is his niece. **LUCIEN** gazes on her with rapture and affection, and claims her as his bride! The pantomime of **YRCA MATHIAS**, the young Russian *danseuse*, as **PAQUITA**, is powerfully expressive, and almost as effective as words. Her dancing is the very poetry of motion, and is so characteristically adapted to the various passing scenes, that the beholder scarcely thinks of doubting that Gypsey girls go through life making known all their wants and feelings by pantomime and dancing.

No one has probably ever thought of being hugged by a bear, and perhaps more particularly by a **RUSSIAN BEAR**, without a shudder.

Let every one, however, take courage and go see **YRCA**, (pronounce *URSA*) at the **WALNUT STREET THEATRE**.

An annoying punster at our side suggests that **M'LE MATHIAS** and **CAMILLA URSA**, the little violinist, be hereafter respectively known as *Ursa Major*, and *Ursa Minor*.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Fergusson*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

ADVENTURE UPON A RAILROAD.*

7th October.

How slowly passes the time! A week is no trifle—a whole week. And I must not go to Tsarskoe Selo. But is she handsome in point of fact? Her eyes, it is true, are good; her hand is small and delicate; her mouth is not ugly; her nose is wonderful; her person beautiful. But it is chiefly in the harmony of all the parts that consists the charm of the whole. I have seen many handsomer women than she, but have never seen one so fascinating. It would be curious to know what she will tell me—and particularly what occurs in her interviews with the painter. I have heard of cases in which, under the pretext of a portrait was concealed a love intrigue. Yes, and I fear this is something of that kind; but it is a pity! a great pity! She pleases me exceedingly, and who knows, but that I might please her—we might perhaps be happy if we understood each other. But that house with the old woman and the painter will be an eternal barrier between us. Even if she should be a virtuous woman, it would be impossible for me to marry her. In my position I dare not make any but an eligible connection, nor marry except in a known family, according to the usages of society. All this is true—but for that very reason my love for her would be my secret treasure, my concealed delight, which I would enviously hide from the world, that it might not insult her by its scorn. Alas! and all this is a vain delusion—a thought that cannot be realised. She loves another; she is in the power of another; she fears another; and in the face of the world, before me, under my very eyes, she is threatened with the name of a certain Maxim Ivanitch!

11th October.

I am guilty, my secret beauty. I am guilty, and sinful in your eyes. How can I

* Translated from the original Russian, of COUNT V. A. SOLOGOUB. Continued from Part 16, of BIZARRE.

collect my thoughts? How can I describe all that I heard, all that occurred yesterday?

I arrived at the depot half an hour before the departure of the train, and took all the eight tickets of the first division, so as to prevent the presence of other listeners. The time passed in tormenting expectation. In each lady that appeared at a distance, I hoped to recognize her. Under every bonnet I sought for her face. But all in vain. She did not appear. At length the first bell rang—she had not arrived. It rang the second time—there were still no signs of her. Perhaps she meant to deceive me! She may be now smiling at my credulity. That would enrage any body. Four minutes had elapsed since the ringing of the second bell. Suddenly, by a kind of electric sensation, I felt that she was not distant—and sure enough, she stood by my side.

"Well, thank God," said I, "thank God! you had nearly been too late. Here is your ticket."

The conductor showed us our places, and smiled significantly. God be with him! Let him think what he likes!

My fair stranger seemed quite gay, and her eyes expressed an unusual tenderness, which at first, to say the truth, filled me with joy, although the sight of her always excited in me a sort of involuntary timidity. But afterwards I thought I perceived in her smile an expression of sportiveness and of triumph, very disagreeable to me. I had expected confusion, tremor, repentance. I thought she would have feared our explanation. Instead of this, however, I felt myself a mere novice, when I observed her self-possession.

"You have kept your word?" she inquired.

"How?"

"You have not attempted to learn who I am, nor followed my footsteps for a whole week?"

"I have precisely obeyed your orders."

"I thank you from my heart," said she, and extended towards me her small hand, with such sincere emotion, that I involuntarily kissed it with warmth; but it would seem my ardor was too great, for she hastily withdrew it.

"You have fulfilled your promise like an honorable man," she continued, with a cheerful air; "it now remains for me to fulfil mine. My life is not altogether a romance, but it is at least a strange story; and some of these days I expect its *dénouement*."

"In the house of Boobnoff?" said I.

She looked steadfastly at me, and smiled.

"Yes! in the house of Boobnoff."

"And in your story, as in all stories, the plot is founded on love?"

"Exactly so."

I began to feel sad.

"And the object of that love?" continued I, as it were mechanically, "resides also in the house of Boobnoff?"

"Exactly so."

Such sincerity began to be insupportable.

And that hero, thought I, is some curly headed youth, with eyes beyond the imagination of poets; a successful candidate for honors; or an army officer, or, what is quite as good, some foreigner with black moustache, black beard, sparkling eyes, and the look of a fallen angel.

Happily I did not say all this, but only asked impatiently, "and pray who is your hero?"

"My hero," said she, "is curly headed, rosy cheeked, and lovely. He has blue eyes, and a voice of such tenderness, that the very thought of him sets my heart a beating."

"But who is he then?" I demanded with anxiety.

She smiled amiably. Her face was lighted up with an unexpressed feeling.

"My son," said she.

I gazed on her like one demented.

"In the house of Boobnoff, you will please to observe, with a painter, lives my son; he has lately been ill, poor little fellow! very ill. But at present he is much better, he is almost well. And during his illness I suffered so much!"

"But why do you conceal your visits?" I enquired hastily, overcome by fresh doubts.

"In that consists the history which I promised to relate to you. But it seems you are not disposed now to hear it."

"On the contrary, on the contrary, for God's sake go on!"

"Well then, listen, and do not interrupt me. I will begin as old stories always begin."

"I was born of parents who were not rich. Is not this beginning in the true classic taste? My father was an honest and good man, a German in the Russian service, and lived at Warsaw. My mother was a Pole. You can know no more respecting my family. Our own names, as you are aware, are to remain reciprocally unknown. Now, to proceed with my classic story. . . I was educated at a boarding school, till my seventeenth year, and was then given in marriage to a man, whose name I still bear. But I think I shall not bear it much longer."

"How?" exclaimed I.

"Listen. What I am about to tell you partakes somewhat of the nature of a confession. Opposite to our boarding school lived a rich man, mean to excess, and of

very ordinary mind. He had a son, a young man of twenty, who from morning till night sat at his window and looked tenderly at us. You know what a boarding school education is. Instead of our lessons we were thinking of our neighbor, chattering whole days among ourselves about knights errant and ideal love; and gave ourselves up to the most silly and most dangerous illusions. At that time I was a mere child. Our neighbor began, as also happens at boarding schools, to send to me notes, of which I was very boastful among my companions. I afterwards learned that the father of my admirer became apprized of his gallantry, was much enraged at it, and sent him abroad."

"And am I also not to know his name?" I enquired.

"Have patience, I will tell you his name. He was called Maxim Ivanovitch."

"And you subsequently married him?"

"No. When he went away I was taken from school, and given in marriage to another. At the age of seventeen it would seem to make no odds to whom one is married, provided he is not a monster. With me it was otherwise. I loved Maxim Ivanovitch with the childish love of a girl, who believes that passion to consist in verses, exclamations, romantic adventures, and correspondence, in which much paper and wholesome thought are destroyed. However, there was no help for it. I was decorated, and led in tears to the hymeneal altar."

"My married life, I may say, was very unhappy. My husband was of a jealous and suspicious disposition. But God forgive him! We passed the last year at St. Petersburg, and wished to go into society; not into the great world, but only to visit the small circle of our Warsaw acquaintances. Imagine my surprise and terror, when in the theatre, one of the first faces I saw was that of Maxim Ivanovitch. He was less comely, looked older, and wore huge mustaches. Perceiving me he immediately came to our box. I presented him to my husband who, not knowing our previous relations, was, for that once, sufficiently polite, and invited him to visit us. Maxim Ivanovitch accepted the invitation with joy. I perceived—you know women in such matters seldom mistake—that his early feeling toward me had been sincere, and that time had not changed it. And, moreover, he is such a noble and truly good man. He is very rich, and he employs his large inheritance entirely in assisting the poor."

"And you love him?" asked I, trembling.

She did not answer, but was not confused. She did not blush, nor did she smile, but, as though lost in thought, heaved a deep sigh.

"For God's sake," continued I—"you

have already proved my prudence—for God's sake relieve me from this tormenting doubt. Tell me . . . do you love him?"

"No," she replied resolutely; "I am no longer a boarding school girl. I believe no longer in the moon nor in verses. No, I love nobody, and that perhaps is a great misfortune."

"Why so?"

"You will know hereafter. But now listen, or I shall not be able to finish; we shall soon reach the Mosco road. I have not told you that my husband was a gambler; and, as it was well known that Maxim Ivanovitch was very rich, my husband had it in view to win money of him. You cannot conceive what a misfortune it is to be the wife of a gambler. At times great heaps of gold, at times complete poverty; and always inquietude, fear, sleeplessness; all night cries, quarrelling, oaths. But from the time when the holy duties of a mother gave a new direction to my life, I suffered every thing patiently. Notwithstanding all invitations Maxim Ivanovitch would not play, but commonly sat with me in the parlor, while in the adjoining room gold rattled on the lombard tables. He loved my son, took him often on his knees, and looked upon me with interest and compassion. This was extremely distasteful to my husband. Some good friend, who had known us in Warsaw, told him of my former relations with Maxim Ivanovitch. From that time my life became a perfect hell. My husband insulted me continually, and even in the presence of others. Maxim Ivanovitch presented himself, and was insulted with the most offensive phrases. They fought. My husband was wounded. His rage knew no bounds. What do you think? He drove me out of his house, and drove me away without my son. . . . Without my son, for whom alone I was willing to support life.

Maxim Ivanovitch was my only comforter; like a good man, as he was, he distressed himself with the thought that he had been the cause of my unhappiness. A month had not passed before the gambling house of my husband failed. Some unlucky incident occurred to him. I only know that the noise it occasioned was frightful. My husband was obliged to fly to escape the police, and concealed himself with his son at the poor painter's, in the Boobnoff house. You must understand that I was forbidden to visit my child. But in a short time the old nurse informed me that he was ill. You, being a man, cannot comprehend what I felt at that announcement. . . . My son ill, and I absent from him! But I resolved that nothing should prevent my seeing him. When my husband went out to attend to his affairs, the nurse gave me a signal, and I

stole in, tremblingly, by the back door, and entered the chamber, where my poor boy, a child of seven years old, lay suffering from fever, flighty, in a perspiration, and calling in his delirium the name of his deserted mother!"

"And Maxim Ivanovitch?" said I.

"Maxim Ivanovitch had gone to Poland to obtain for me a letter of divorce, and the right to demand my son. The divorce was obtained, but I could not get possession of my son without the consent of his father . . . and that thought tormented me. What would become of him with such examples before his eyes? What would he learn? What a future would be in store for him! What kind of an education would he receive, far from a mother's care, and remaining the instrument of vengeance in the hands of a wicked man!"

Her eyes were suffused with tears, and she remained silent. At this moment we arrived at Tsarskoe Selo. A crowd thronged the depot, curious to see the passengers. Among those present was the portly nobleman, with his satanic smile.

"Ah!" exclaimed my fair unknown, "I now recognize him. He was one of those who gambled at nights with my husband. . . ."

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.*

"For all manner of mynstrales,
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weepyng and of yame,
And of all that longeth unto fame."

RIME OF SIR TOPAZ.

THE ARISTOCRACY REAL.

*Quite Natural and altogether Admirable—
Shelley and Lucian.*

"I've seen sincerity in France,
Among the Germans complaisance;
In foggy Holland wits may reign,
Humility be found in Spain."

Refreshing, at all times, is it to turn to nature, with its calm joys and simple greatness. Heedless beauty may loose sight of it, and dreams of vanity cause earth's children to betray it, but it has this, that it ever offers a reposeful rest to the wearied spirit; is ever ready to impress its gentle kiss on the willing bosom, and to soothe the soul by the sway of reason over passion. Playing round us, it throws a bright transparency over every object, and as genius (to

* Continued from Part 16, of *BREARER*.

use the words of Goethe) is but the preservation of the feelings of childhood, so it allows ever of an intense, though oft-times troubled joy. A graceful, unaffected ease, a disposition free from pretension, and a character wisely content with modest sense, are the best indications of the Aristocracy Real of the city of Washington, of the District of Columbia, that just now occur to us. These, however, are not flowers to be gathered anywhere on the wayside, but here assuredly they demand to be withdrawn from the general and contaminating atmosphere of the place. Those we thus designate will be found to maintain an almost eastern seclusion, caring to have few acquaintances other than amidst their own immediate connexions. With more occasion for pride, they have less of it than any others, if we except the *amour propre*. It is enough thus to point them out. To do more, would be to deal harshly with a gentle theme. Never do we so value wealth as in the moments when we contemplate the sweet retirement, the continuous abstraction from outer care, that it thus allows. When Shelley had obtained, in imagination at least, the bliss of life, he then looked to meditation and the social sharing of its fruits, as the highest charm to be possessed, thus singing of his fairy dwelling:—

"I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last,
In thoughts and joys, which sleep but cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity."

If those of whom we speak possess a care,
it is that

"goodness wounds itself,
And sweet contentment proves the spring of woe;"

it is that life, passed so happily and tranquilly, is so short; life which Lucian beautifully compares to those little bubbles, made by a shower of rain, which, falling upon some lake or river, are broken as fast as they are formed, and give way to others that immediately follow them.

WOODEN GRENADIERS.

*The Washington Patriots and the Ancient
Hollanders—Geese of the Acropolis—Pelf
and Starvation—Credit Debited—Don
Quizote prepares for his Expedition—
Night Marauding—The Most made of the
Least—The Political Trimmer—Mr. Burst
in the Month of December—What led Mr.
Burst to Mock the Head of his Depart-
ment—Political Fortune and Party Diplo-*

*macy—Harry Paulet—Going a Courting—
How the Manager got Paid by both Parties
—The Political Trimmer, M. C.—Finale.*

"In one full peopled drop we now survey,
In pride of power some little monster play;
O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
And struts the tyrant of a world his own."

Wooden Grenadiers or Washington Patriots—you should know them. No men their equals. Like the ancient Hollanders, who, whilst building their dykes, kept watch, night and day, lest their country should sink into the sea, the Wooden Grenadiers have taken to themselves the full charge of whatever pertains to the national interests, guarding these as vigilantly as whileom the geese of the Acropolis, against any sudden surprise, and being continually engaged in saving a party from ruin, by their hopes, their contemplations, their predictions. Verily they have their reward.

"A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name but no pelf,
Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myself."

The Wooden Grenadier, to take him singly, abjuring all responsibility, never fails to assume to himself the credit of influencing a given line of national action or party policy, so long as this goes right. The moment every thing goes wrong, it is in opposition to what he thought and what he advised. The Wooden Grenadiers of Washington—Grenadiers are not wanting in other places—if brought out in full number, from their dens, would have to defile in battalions. It would prove no sorry show, swarming as they do, though their retreats may be inscrutable to all but the initiated. When they vanish, which is at a late hour of day, or rather night, they commonly ascend, spirally, till lost in garrets. But before that consummation, we will trace one of these perfectly disinterested and self-sacrificing individuals out from the office of the Department, which may have the honor to hold his person—he goes home, such home as he is credited with—takes his dinner, sips his tea, munches his toast—toast sparsely veneered with butter—and putting on a black hat, black overcoat, and donning white gloves, leaves word that he has gone out. Returns in a few minutes abstractedly for his cane—never yet saw decision in a Wooden Grenadier—and confirms his original purpose by sauntering into and along Pennsylvania Avenue. The air cold, he affects, at intervals, a whistle, a song, a brisk walk; as often becomes voiceless, songless, falling unwittingly into the official,

consciously responsible gait. Jones has evidently affairs of the nation on his mind, but is not so occupied as to be incapable of scrutinising the features of all who pass by him. For this matter, he would do honor to the office of a police inspector. Not only measures, but men, must pass muster before him in his walks. If lamp, moon and stars fail, if the wind is howling, and the rain pattering, Jones yet knows people by their forms. Fellow clerks may shoot by as of no account; these are his familiars whom he had as leave dismiss, who

“—— to be hated need but to be seen”——

so thoroughly is Jones versed in their several weaknesses. His own long, lank, ungainly figure, presently and at last makes an inclination. “What’s the news?” asks Jones, his face opening like an oyster for intelligence, whilst he grasps the hand of the passer by. There are great news, but news to no one else than Jones, who knows how to make the most of it; how to magnify into importance the most indifferent actions; how to remove any chance of palliation from asserted weaknesses; how to pervert or to confirm, in coarse explanation presently to be proffered, the rectitude of some official; how to repeat, with effect, a saying, which in itself, only indicates the smallest approach to wit; how to relate the most inconsiderable circumstance as one of vital importance; how to be alarmed at what is evidently impending; and how to communicate that alarm, in all its terrors or pungency. Jones is now fully charged, though in the manner of an air gun. All that is needed for display, is vivacity on his part and credulity in others. He has got the first and finds the second. Where? Into the first hotel he takes a fancy to, he steals; is crowded round, because known for a Wooden Grenadier; finds listeners every where. We have sketched the man and will forbear. Let the morrow and future events declare,

“How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,
And sucked all o’er like an industrious bug.”

In the ranks of Wooden Grenadiers, you will unfailingly find the Political Trimmer, a species of animal that swarms in Washington, turn which way one will. A knowledge of the art of trimming, is nothing else than a knowledge of the art of getting into office, and when in, of *keeping in*. Without close and long watching, trimmers are not so easily discovered. Animals very mean and very disagreeable, they are continually burrowing out of sight, and taking circuitous courses to affect their aims. Though

with a lazy, strutting indolence of mind, they are always busy, having in their line a certain aptitude towards acquiring glory.

Each morning as we entered our breakfast parlor—it was winter—we would find a little dumpy, chubby faced, bal-pated man, posted complacently on the hearth-rug, much in the fashion of the ancient statue at Rhodes, with the slight dissemblance that he could not have exceeded four feet four inches. A bachelor of forty-five is not the pleasantest sight, it may be supposed, to meet one, on a cold December morning. Such a man as this, however, thoroughly toasted, and radiant by virtue of a basking smile, could scarcely have power to put one in bad humour. In addition to a slight circular movement continually going on, that round head appeared to have but two motions, an upward and downward stroke, the former accompanied by looks of imminent concern, only cleared up, as by some discovery of an hitherto unsuspected secret; the latter, and the succeeding one, by a dumb expression of pity and contempt. After this pantomime, there could be no question that Mr. Burst held himself to be a man for the nation. No one ever, certainly, had broken his dream of self-elected greatness. This Mr. Burst, accustomed to office and all its habitudes, till even his physiognomy revealed state secrets, such as whether the cabinet was as a unit or distracted, proved himself, as you shall see, a trimmer of the first water, that is, of the worst description. Mr. Burst holding the morning papers in his forefingers, and thus indicating faintly, that their contents had not proved of very easy digestion, began one morning to ridicule the Head of his Department. The upward and downward strokes were more lengthy than common. The number of his unexpressed thoughts, calculated by the number of the periods rounded by aforesaid head was alarming. Something was brewing. An enquiry was ventured.

It was long before Mr. Burst would make reply. Finally, a rounding of his cranium, indicated a set conclusion. What Mr. Burst said, we dare not tell. We treated it as said in confidence, though, to our certain knowledge, Mr. Burst distributed it that very morning, all down the avenue. Standing on that hearth-rug, and before that fire, and in view of certain reported mass meetings, and other political demonstrations, Mr. Burst had perceived a change in the current of public sentiment, and in that hour, changed with it, striking out, as he changed, a new line of policy. Mr. Burst, standing on that hearth rug, could see nothing good in things as they were. Change was wanted, change was needed,

and change should not find Mr. Burst unprepared. Therefore, did Mr. Burst, in his facetiousness mock the Head of his Department. Mr. Burst, we need not add, is still *in*, and will die as he has lived—if he ever die—for his labor and absence from care, are favorable to health and rotundity—the nation's servant, and the friend of the reigning administration whatever it may be. Withal, Mr. Burst bows reverently to the *vox populi*; believes himself honest, and is so much engaged in deceiving himself as to stand in no danger of being deceived by others.

But to find which way political fortune inclines, is not always, be it known, so easy a matter. New organizations, new operations, new principles, new platforms, new expectations, new disappointments, demand singular abilities for correct determination. The political trimmer will court both parties as long as this can be done safely, fling one overboard only on an exigency, and then at the critical and decisive moment. The promise which either party gives to him is much like that which Admiral Hawke, while hid behind the rock of Ushant, to watch the motions of the enemy, gave to Harry Paulet, who, running his merchant vessel up to the flag-ship, informed the Admiral, that the French fleet had stolen out of Brest under Conflans. "If you are right, you will make your fortune, but if you are deceiving, you shall be hung upon the yard arm." The operation of courting both parties, requires caution and infinite circumspection. The character of this trimming process, and the immense advantages accruing, reminds us of a story in the theatrical world. Upon the first night of the representation of the Tragedy of Cato in London, and which was just after the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of England, the tories, to avoid any reflections on their party, by perversion of the sense of the play, made Booth, the actor, a present of fifty guineas, which they collected in the boxes, and gave him with this compliment: "For his honest opposition to a perpetual dictator, and dying so bravely in the cause of liberty." The political leader of the whigs, grieved at this tory triumph, drew his associates into the green-room and proposed not to be outdone in generosity, but to give Booth the same sum from themselves. This was pressed so much in the *spirit of loyalty*, that Mr. Booth, under the inspiration of their generous conduct, took it also.

The political trimmer, M. C. has the following notes lying on his table, about to be despatched by the same post:—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gentlemen,—Yours of the 10th is received.

The principles avowed at the Grambo meeting are such as receive my most hearty concurrence, so far as they do not affect those with which my present and future course must be identified. Of the Sambo meeting, want of time prevents my making any comments thereon.

Yours, M. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gentlemen,—I have to thank you for a transmission of an account of the proceedings of the Sambo meeting; and so far as the principles expressed in the resolutions passed on that occasion represent my own, they may receive, as you may be assured, my ready support. It is not necessary that I convey to you my opinion of the Grambo meeting.

Yours, M. C.

Machiavelli never beat the strategies of the political trimmer, M. C. Building on the weaknesses of human nature, he rivals the prince of magicians. The political trimmer knows everybody; is averse to making your acquaintance, but makes it; has his enemies, as who has not? Does not believe much in public good, and is certainly not willing to risk a good salary for the sake of an abstract principle. Hates all other trimmers. Is free to condemn qualities in others, that he never so much as suspects in himself.

"Here, as spectators in the pit,
We see the curtain rise and fall;
Well pleased with changing scenes, we sit,
Till the last curtain covers all.

(To be continued.)

TO

This still, autumnal love, again
I take, dear Life, the wonted pen;
Whose ministry so oft I prove,
In bodying forth to her I love
The image, in my brain that dwells,
The feeling, in my heart that swells.

I know not why it is, sweet Love,
This hour should so my spirit move;
That through my veins the quickened blood
Should rush in such tumultuous flood;
That myriad thoughts of thee should roll
In billowy sweep across my soul;
And every leaping pulse proclaim
In louder tones thy worshipped name.

Yet so it is—this soul of ours
Is wrought upon by unseen powers;
That move it, at their own mere will,
To sink by turns, by turns to thrill;

Now heaved and tossed by strong emotion,
Like light bark on a stormy ocean;
Now floated on by tranquill feeling,
Like light bark o'er a calm lake stealing.

But *one thing* they can not achieve;
My loyal love they cannot reave
Out from the steady-beating heart,
Of which it makes a very part.

Long as the life-tide circles there,
Long as I breathe this upper air;
Thine image still shall be the Sun,
Round which my Being's orb shall run;
Deriving thence the vital power,
Whence Life shall quicken, bud and flower;
And, at due times, its fruitage give,
The nutriment whereby I live.

THE BERLIN SHOWMAN
AND HIS EXHIBITION.

(From the German of Brennglas.)

"Gentlemen and ladies, you here behold a picture, said being a song of the three men in the fiery furnace in the Bible, which is extraordinary beautiful. The flames being deceptive!—(takes breath.) In the midst of the furnace stand three men, wondering greatly to the tune of slow music that no perspiration has yet come forth. Externally, by the corner, you behold the cruel and imposing Emperor Nabucatsnetter, commanding another ton of coal to be hove in, exclaiming the while, "I'll cook ye till you're tender, if it takes a month! Jim, pitch in that other stick!" The three men, however, supported upon the broad basis of republican principles, maintain their 'riginal ground, singing the hymn—

"We will be freemen—never slaves,
Until we reach our cold damp graves."

At which spiteful conduct the king is deeply disgusted, his anger being greatly increased by Shadrach, who poking his head out through the door, cries with a joyful voice, "Oh, king, live forever! and be so kind as to turn on the damper, and stop the draught, or we'll all catch our deaths a cold! Br'r'r'r"—another picture."

Little boy—(speaking for the showman)—
"Here you behold—"

Showman. "Hold your jaw, blunderhead, or I'll hit you a smack that'll make you deaf, dumb and blind! When you must imitate me, do it in the elegant style of the 'riginal, so's not to corrupt the refined taste, 'quired by the respectable public in contemplating my Exerbition! For if every

Jack fool goes to mocking and monkeyfying, it'll end in spiling my style, and makin' me imitate too—"

Wife of the Showman—(squalls out from behind)—"Oh Jimmony!"

Showman. "Well—wot's the row?"

Dorothy. "Here's somebody a been an' gone, and hooked the whiskey bottle, with all the old rye in it. Just this minit I left it on the basket—"

Showman. "Darn my buttons if any man ever went it with such a string of good luck before. They mock me in front, rob me behind, and trouble me on both sides, while it presses down on me above—which is my hat. 'So it goes,' a the poet remarks. Weep not, Dorothy—(there was devilish little in the bottle!)—but run to the grocery—raise another, and fill it"—(sighs) "I'm thirsty!"

Little boy—(raging with impatience).
"Well, go ahead."

Shoemaker—(also an auditor). "Keep quiet. Hav'nt you heard that the whiskey is gone?"

Little boy. "Well, what then?"

Shoemaker. "Little boy, you are certainly tippy! Do you 'spose that any man ever said anything reasonable yet, without the help of liquor?—(with deep contempt)—Teakettle!"

Showman. "Only do'nt bile over! Here you behold."—

Little boy. "Vy that's a riot!"

Showman. "Shut up, a riot ain't a battle by a jugful, and this, my lords and gentlemen, is the *Battle of Kniphausen!* The Potentate to the right, assembles his army, consisting in all, total, thirty-five men. The which being stationed at the gates of Kniphausen try to enter. On the other side are no military, the King being hard up, in which peculiar manner he covers his retreat! Heaven's artillery are heard in the distance, and the Kniphausen stocks fall 7½ per cent. Gentlemen, being requested to remark, that another potentate now advances from the gates of Kniphausen, and attacks that wing where no military are stationed—correctly judging that side to be the weakest. Which manoeuvre being perceived by the enemy, he takes to flight, leaving seventy wounded upon the field of battle, besides two killed, and no cannon. The day having departed, evening cometh on! The battle field is white with milk, since dairy-maids were there, before the fight, with their cows. Alarmed at the strife of contending armies, they departed, leaving the pails, which were upset by the fury of battle. In the back-ground stands an ox, who wonders over the *cartridge!*"

Little boy. "Vot does the King that licked, do?"

Showman. "That's a question which you've no business to ask—yet also wherefore not? The conqueror in the plain of Kniphausen, turns back amid the jubilee of trumpets, seats himself upon his throne and demands of his subjects a cup of coffee, which they bring him, with a cracker, singing, 'Haste to the sunset tree!' *Brrr'r'r'r'r'r!* another picture!"

Dorothy (brings him a full bottle). "There Tony, my man, take a drink!"

(*Showman* drinks.)

(*Shoemaker* pulls out his flask and also drinks—interesting tableau!)

Little boy. "Br'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r!"

Showman. "Brrrr'r!" *Dorothy*, take the bottle and stick it into the puppet show behind, so's nobody can steal it! Here gentlemen, you behold the *City of New Orleans!*"

Little boy (looks in). "I say, old covey, your whiskey bottle sticks out!"

Shoemaker—(looking in). "*Bees-wax!* what a beautiful prospect!"

Showman (peeps in). "*Bees-wax!* what a blunder. This trifling mistake, gentlemen, was accidentally caused by a slight oversight on the part of that ere lady, my wife. The error shall be immediately rectified. (Pulls out the bottle and drinks). *Your health!* (Puts the bottle in his pocket). 'Fly from my sight at once, sweet Caroline, and vanish from the world.' The greatest curiosity in New Orleans, is the *Caleboose*, vulgarly termed the 'Ouse of Correction. No body is considered a regular first-rate, New Orleanser till he's been shut up there at least once! *Brrrrrrr!* rrrrr'—another picture!"

"Here you behold, gentlemen, that which is in fact the Philosophical Society of Berlin, precisely at the instant in which they are engaged in investigating the secrets of nature. They sit at a richly furnished table, covered with food and drink, the wonderful productions of an all bountiful nature, at two dollars and fifty cents a cover. The philosophers investigate closely, and are satisfied with the result of their researches. At this very instant that philosopher to the right is experimenting upon a roast goose, which is not sufficiently *done*. He imparts his discovery to the Society, and it is noted down among other scientific deficiencies. Another who has investigated rather too closely, reposes upon the first sofa, and is absorbed in wonder at the constantly occurring phenomena of nature. After a four hours sitting, the President closes the scientific assembly with the words, 'A bles'ses-sessed good dindin-ner, gen-tle-men—m'meet again to-mor-row.'"

Little Boy. "Well if that's investigatin' natur', then I'm a nateral investigator too.

That's wot ve calls eatin' and drinkin' in our house!"

Shoemaker. "And in our'n too!"

Showman. "Right gentlemen, both of you, very right, only for the sake of brevity they call it an investigation of natural philosophy—"

—Brrrrrrrr 'rrr' 'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r'r— another picture. Here you behold a so-called Institute for the support of the poor, the which is remarkably benevolent."

Little boy. "Aint you director in one of 'em?"

Showman. "Your'e Dutch, 'aint you? How should I ever be a director of an institute for the support of the poor? I did'n't fall exactly on my head from heaven, and by daylight can easily tell the difference between a piece of military bread and a tax-gatherer, but as for directing an institute to relieve all the poor—I *care!* It takes devilish keen fellows for that I can tell you!"

Shoemaker. "'Tother day we were hard up and my daddy went to one of them Directors and asked for charity. 'Very sorry, poor man,' says he, 'can't do any thing for you, I'm only the orator myself in the Union!'"

2d *Little boy.* "I always pray for the poor, mammy makes me."

Showman. "Also a very excellent method of assisting the poor—*very nearly as good as the Institute—*"

(Translator appears on the stage.)

Translator. "Shame, shame!"

Showman. "Shame, shame!!"

Omnes. "Shame, shame!!!"

Showman. "*Brrrrrr'r'r!* step up, if you please ladies and gentlemen; here you are, ladies and gentlemen. The exhibition now closes, being about to recommence *instanter*. *Brrrrrr'r!*"

CURIOSA.

New York and Philadelphia Belles Seventy Three Years Ago.

—The following is an extract from an original letter, lately discovered, written by Miss Rebecca Franks, of Philadelphia, a celebrated belle during the revolution, to her sister, Mrs. Abby Hamilton, the wife of Mr. Andrew Hamilton. Some account of Miss Franks may be found in "Graydon's Memoirs." She afterwards married Lieut. General Sir Henry Johnston, of the British Army.

"FLAT BUSH, Saturday, 10 o'clock, }
August 10th, 1781. }

* * * * *

"You ask a description of the Miss V—, that was with me—Cornelia—she is

in disposition, as fine a girl as ever you saw—a good deal of good humor and good sense. Her person is too large for a beauty, in my opinion—and yet I am not partial to a little woman—her complexion, eyes and teeth are very good, and a great quantity of light brown hair (*entre nous*, the girls of New York excel us Philadelphians in that particular, and in their forms), a sweet countenance and agreeable smile; her feet, as you desire, I'll say nothing about—they are V—, and what you'd call W—. But her sister, Kitty, is the belle of the family, I think, though some give the preference to Betsy. You'll ask how many thousand there are—only five. Kitty's form is much in the style of our admired Mrs. Galloway—but rather taller and larger—her complexion, very fine, and the finest hair I ever saw—her teeth are beginning to decay, which is the case of most New York girls after eighteen—she has a great deal of elegance of manner. By-the-bye, few New York ladies know how to entertain company in their own houses, unless they introduce the card table. Except this family, who are remarkable for their good sense and ease, I don't know a woman or girl, that can chat above half an hour, and that on the form of a cap, the colour of a ribbon, or the set of a hoop-stay, or *jupon*. I will do our ladies, that is, in Philadelphia, the justice to say, they have more cleverness in the turn of an eye than the New York girls have in their whole composition. With what ease have I seen a Chew, a Penn, Oswald, Allen, and a thousand others, entertain a large circle of both sexes, and the conversation, without the aid of cards, not flag or seem in the least strained or stupid. Here, or more properly speaking, in New York, you enter the room with a formal set courtesy, and after the how-does, 'tis a fine or a bad day, and those trifling nothings are finished, all's a dead calm till the cards are introduced, when you see pleasure dancing in the eyes of all the matrons, and they seem to gain new life. The misses, if they have a favourite swain, frequently decline playing for the pleasure of making love—for to all appearance, 'tis the ladies not the gentlemen that show a preference now a-days. 'Tis here I fancy always leap-year. For my part, that am used to quite another mode of behaviour, I cannot help showing my surprise, perhaps they call it ignorance, when I see a lady single out her *pet*, to lean almost in his arms at an assembly, or play-house (which, I give my honour, I have too often seen both in married and single), and to hear a lady confess a partiality for a man, whom, perhaps, she has not seen three times—'Well! I declare, such a gentleman is a delightful creature, and I could love

him for my husband,' or, 'I could marry such or such a person;' and scandal says of most who have been married, the advances first came from the lady's side, or she has got a male friend to introduce him, and puff her off! 'Tis really the case, and with me they lose half their charms. I fancy there would be more marriage, were another mode adopted—but they've made the men so saucy, that I sincerely believe the lowest ensign thinks, 'tis but ask and have—a red coat and smart epaulet is sufficient to secure a female heart."

Love before First Sight.

—An antiquarian friend has shown us a very brown old letter on the paper and in the cramped chirography of the period of a hundred years ago—the body of which letter we here copy literally for our readers. Whether it is the original letter, or a copy from it, or a copy from some published work, we are unable to say. But the paper and writing before us are certainly a century old.

Tho' I never had the Happiness to see you, no, not so much as in a Picture, and Consequently can no more tell what Complexion you are of, than he that lives in the Remotest parts of China; yet, Madam, I'm fallen passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken So deep Root in me, that in my Conscience I will die a Martyr for you, with as much Alacrity as Thousands have done for their Religion, tho' they knew as little of the truth for which they died, as I do of your Ladyship. This may surprise you, Madam: but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall inform you what it was that not only gave birth to my Passion, but has so Effectually Confirm'd it. Last week riding into the Country about my lawful Affairs, it was my fortune to see a most Magnificent Seat upon the Road: this Excited my Curiosity to enquire after the Owner of so Beautifull a Pile; and being Inform'd it belong'd to your Ladyship, I began that very Moment to have a strange Inclination for you; but I was farther Inform'd, that two Thousand acres of the Best land in England belong'd to this Noble Fabrick, together with a fine Park, Variety of Fish Ponds, and such like Conveniences. I fell then up to the Ears in love, and submitted to a Power which I could not Resist.

Thought I to myself, the Owner of so many agreeable things Must needs be the most Charming Lady in the Universe: what tho' she be old, her trees are green. What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her Cheeks, She has enough in her gardens. What Signifies it tho' she be Barren since her Arcres are fruitfull. With these thoughts I

lighted from my horse, and on a sudden fell so enamored with your Ladyship that I told my Passion to every tree in your park; which by the by are the Tallest, Straightest, Loveliest, finest shap'd trees I ever Saw; and I have since wore out above a Dozen Penknives in Engraving your Name upon 'em.

I will appeal to your Ladyship, whether any lover ever went upon more Solid Motives than my self. Those that chuse a Mistress wholly for her Beauty, will infallibly find their Passion to Decay with that: those that pretend to admire a Woman for the qualities of her mind, are guilty of a Piece of Pagan superstition, long since worn thread bare by Plato and his Disciples; for he that loves not a fair Lady for the flesh as well as the Spirit, is only fit, in my opinion, to make his Court to a Spectre; whereas, Madam, you need not question the sincerity of my Passion, which is built on the same foundation with your house, grows with your trees, and will dayly increase with your Estate.

For all I know to the Contrary, your Ladyship may be the handsomest woman in the world; but whether you are or no, signifies not a farthing, while you have money Enough to set you off; tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the Present Red nose Countess of—and ten times older than the famous Countess of Desmond. I am a soldier by my Profession; and as I Fought for pay, so with Heaven's blessing; I Design to love for pay.

All your Other suitors would speak the same Language to you, were they as honest as myself: this I will tell you for your Comfort, Madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first Widow upon Record, from the creation of the world to this present hour, that ever Chose a man for telling her the truth. I am

Your most passionate, &c.

Advertisements of Sermons.

— The following advertisement is from the second page of a late Saturday's "Public Ledger," floating in a column full of notices of *meetings* of every sect, to discuss every topic.

INFIDEL OBJECTIONS AND SLANDERERS REFUTED—SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS, at DISCORD HALL, in CHESTNUT Street, will answer the Infidels who say the Whale could not swallow Jonah. The subject will be treated in the usual logical manner. Reserved seats will be kept for old women of both sexes. Mrs. Partington is expected.

The advertisements thus parodied, contain much amusement in one or another shape. One theme to be discussed is: "Some body touched me!" "The Rev. Mr. Mulligan will preach in his own church on the Morality of the Bible"—an unneces-

sary effort, we hope. To read the number of proposed attacks on *infidelity*, one would imagine that the first propagation of Christianity was going on. "The Rev. John Chambers will preach on the subject of infidelity." "Infidel objections answered by the Rev. J. Litch." "Is the Bible a forgery?" "Infidel objections against the Pentateuch, refuted by Rev. A. G. McAuley." "Falls of Atheism," &c., &c. Great attractions are held out at one church in the shape of "Preaching in the morning by a Minister from Indianal at night by Rev. Sol. Heggins." At the "Ebenezer First Independent Christian Church," "The war in Heaven," will be discussed. "Rev. N. Doolittle will preach on "The unpardonable sin." "Popery" is a very favourite subject. "Moderate drinkers" are invited to attend a Lecture on Temperance.

Here are some other subjects for discussion: "Witch of Endor and Necromancy." "Hell! Hell! Hell!" "Should there be any law for the collection of debts?" "Melchisedeck," "New Testament contradictions," &c.

These discussions are to take place in Churches, Meeting Houses, Lecture Rooms, Tabernacles, Conventicles, Lodges, and Encampments. "Admission 6½ cents," or "A collection to be taken up," always for every other object than the benefit of the Rev. master of the ceremonies.

Malbrough.

— The famous air and *chanson* of Malbrough, styled in French as follows: "*Mort et convoi de l'invincible Malbrou*," and commencing

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

and extending through twenty-two stanzas, all with the eternal refrain *Mironton*, was written the evening after the battle of Malplaquet, 1709, where John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was supposed to have been slain. (He died afterwards in England, 1722.) The French, who had found him invincible, endeavored to throw odium on him, by singing against him satiric songs, of which this is a notable one. This, in France, always has been the usual method, by which the people revenge themselves on any one, who happens not to be a favourite. This song, however, did not become universally popular until 1781, when it suddenly spread from one end of the kingdom to the other. Marie Antoinette gave birth to a dauphin, who was taken to nurse, by a peasant, named Madame Poitrine, who had been selected for that purpose, on account of her healthy and

good humored appearance. Madame Poirine rocked the royal infant to sleep, singing this air. The peculiarity of the words, the odd refrain, and the touching simplicity of the air, struck the queen, and she immediately made it her favorite. The king did not disdain to hum it, and in a very short time it became universally popular among all classes; it passed to England, and became there almost as popular as in France. Malbrough gave the name to the fashions, stuffs, head dresses, carriages, dishes, &c. The subjects of this song were painted on screens, fans, &c., embroidered on the tapestry and table coverings, engraved on the counters and on the jewels, in fine, reproduced in every shape and form. This Malbrough rage lasted for many years.

The authority for the above is the bibliophile, Jacob.

The Blood Royal of England.

— Mr. Burke, the English writer upon genealogy, says that one co-heir of the Plantagenet kings, is a shoemaker, carrying on his craft in a suburb of London; another, a butcher at Halesowen: and a third, a toll-bar keeper at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

So vast is the already existing number of volumes of European travel—a number to which every year adds largely—and so many of these volumes come from persons of more than average ability and accomplishment, that it has become no slight test of a writer's power and skill to produce a work on, these, so familiar themes, which shall be thoroughly interesting and readable from first to last. Our old favorite, Grace, has not flinched from encountering this test, and, as we would fearlessly have predicted, she has come off triumphantly from its application. We have here 437 pages duodecimo, which we have found brim full of interest throughout. Her pictures of natural scenery, her portraiture of persons, and her delineations of works of art, while keenly discriminative and vividly graphic, are all bathed in that golden light of poetry, which is a radical element of her being.

Certain of those British critics, to whom it is absolute pain to withhold a sneer from anything American, have taxed our tourist with frequent exaggeration and hobbledehoy sentimentalism. *Their* critiques deserve no notice whatever, on account of their informing spirit. To speak, however, with entire sincerity, we have ourselves met with some

passages, which struck us, as in some degree amenable to the charge of exaggeration; and with certain others, which we thought more fully charged with sentiment, than the subject or occasion warranted.

We subjoin the following extracts.

Speaking of Westminster Abbey, she says:—

"The architecture without is so vast and noble, yet so graceful and aerial, it seems like grand, religious aspirations and fine poetic dreams petrified and fixed there for all time. Within, so exquisite and elaborate is the sculpture and carving that they hardly seem of human workmanship; and you are half tempted to believe that, by some olden miracle, the senseless stone silently put forth those cherub faces, and that the dark wood budded and blossomed and wreathed itself into all those countless combinations and convolutions of beauty and grace."—p. 29.

She went to witness the prorogation of the House of Lords:—

"The gallery was soon filled with ladies, all in full dress, jewels, flowers, and plumes. Many of the seats of the peers were also filled by their noble wives and fair daughters, most superbly and sweetly arrayed. O, the glory of those gorgeous brocades, rivalling the blue of Italian skies, the green of English fields, the bloom of Cashmere's roses, the purple and gold of American sunsets! O, the exquisite beauty of flowers, fit to make Flora die of envy, and outdoing Nature in a thousand unimaginable forms! O, the soft, drooping downiness of costly plumes! O, the proud flashing, the inestimable splendor, of old hereditary jewels—the sapphire, which seems to enshrine some serene, celestial soul—the emerald, restless with some imprisoned spirit of the 'vast deep'—pearls of such liquid purity as the white-beaded foam shaken from the locks of Venus—rubies of a joyous, luscious richness, like wine drippings from the goblet of Bacchus—garnets of a deep, dark, less festive than sorrowful hue, as they were hardened blooddrops from the heart of Niobe—and diamonds, giving out a haughty, regal gleam, as they were frozen tears from angered Juno's eyes."—p. 35.

Being at York, she says:—

"As the day was beautiful, my friend and I took a long walk on the old wall of the city, and an outside survey of the castle, the most ancient portion of which is so fearfully memorable as the scene of the self-destruction of thousands of besieged and persecuted Jews in the dark days of old. After visiting the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, we returned to the minster for afternoon

service. This time we did not enter the choir, but remained in the nave, wandering slowly through the aisles, under the glory of the stained windows, leaning against the pillars, and letting the full flood of organ music and swelling anthem sweep over our souls, as it surged along the vaulted roof and rolled down the columned distances. Music, architecture, and coloring seemed to me a beautiful one-souled trinity there, so that the sound of the first would give one blind a true ideal vision of the unseen splendors around him; and the sight of the two last triumph over the sealed sense of the deaf, and translate melody by beauty. It seemed, that, could that grand organ harmony and that glorious singing take silent shape, and pass into visible beauty—such majestic, holy forms, and such radiant, religious coloring they would wear—or could those soft splendors and rich glooms fade suddenly from sight into such mellow seraphic strains, they would melt; or if those solemn arches and towering columns could dissolve into sound, in billows of such sublime music as rolled from that grand organ, they would pour themselves away.”—pp. 138-39.

At Avignon :—

“The second day we visited the fountain and romantic haunts of Vaucluse, the picturesque home of Petrarch. This is the most peculiar, lonely, lovely, wild, melancholy place you could dream of in a stormy midsummer night. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the fountain itself, which gushes brightly and bountifully from the base of a bare and rugged mountain, and pours over black rocks in innumerable fairy cascades. The waters, which are of a living, luminous green, seemed just out for a special holiday. I could not realize that they always gleamed so brightly and sung so merrily in that solitary place. The waves seemed deliriously glad to escape from their prison, beneath the cold, dark hills, and leaped, and laughed, and shouted, and danced in the pleasant sunshine, and ran in and out of the green shadows of the shore, like frolicsome children just broken away from the dull tasks and stern dominion of school. The house and garden, which tradition assigns to the divine sonneteer, are yet in existence, but in a dismal state of dilapidation and dirt. The poet pilgrim to this shrine of genius must pass through perils indescribable, and encounter smells unimaginable, ere he can hope to pluck a sprig from the old laurel tree *said* to have been planted by the great poet lover.”—p. 152.

In Italy :—

“From Genoa to Pisa we took carriages

and *vetturini*, and travelled by the Cornice. The weather was delicious, and this journey of three days proved a long succession of glorious pictures. I had not only never seen, I had never *conceived*, any thing so lovely and grand. Our road now lay along the shore of the blue Mediterranean; now off in quiet, delicious valleys, smiling with picturesque cottages, lemon and orange groves; now up and down mountains, clothed with olives and pines; now over torrents and along dark precipices; now under long avenues of poplar, and aspen, and sycamores, festooned with vines, and past gardens and hedges of roses in full bloom, sweetening the air with the very sweetness of paradise. And then the sunsets—when the splendid lights on cloud and sea seemed God's own transcendent glory made visible to man—when the very sky seemed to have descended and wrapped itself around the purple and golden hills—when heaven and earth seemed embracing in light and blending in a bridal of beauty. It were the extremest folly in me to attempt to reproduce here the vast and glowing pictures of that journey—to pour its rich sunlight or fling its grand shadows along my page—to blend its solemn sea voices, and sad pine murmurs, and gay peasant singing, with the sound of my words, and to distil into my thoughts the rare sweetness of its roses. Yet I believe that the vision of those mountains and valleys will never fade from my soul—that that sunlight will stream through all my future life—that that music of wave and tree will never wholly die on my ear—that those roses will be a fragrant memory in my death chamber.”—pp. 156-57.

At Munich :—

“We reached this city on the evening of the 19th, after an uninteresting days journey through a flat and flooded country. Munich lies low, upon the Iser, and is the reverse of picturesque or imposing in its natural site, plan, and style of building. It is a pleasant, handsome town, with a most uncontinental newness of look, and rivalling Washington in “magnificent distances.” Its chief beauty is a fine park, in the English style, containing charming drives and walks, artificial lakes and magnificent trees. Its finest edifices are those erected by the ex-king, who, if he did not always display the purest taste in art or original ideas in architecture, showed a commendable zeal and a disinterested devotion in improving his capital. All the principal public buildings here are imitations of well-known structures in older cities, forming a somewhat odd conjunction. The new palace is a weak reproduction of the Pitti at Florence, with which it must in every point be unfavorably

compared. Internally it is not at all to my taste, being gaudy, with much gilding and high coloring, stucco imitations of rich marbles, and great, glaring frescoes, in the most melodramatic style. The throne-room is a very tasteless, if not an absolutely vulgar, apartment. It is lined on both sides with immense gilt statues, in hue of a greenish yellow; it has no hangings except about the throne, no ornaments except sickly gildings; altogether, it has a frightfully new, bare, and shiny appearance.

There are in this palæe two rooms containing a collection, painted for the ex-king, of portraits of modern beauties. In the first of these saloons, in the central place, the place of honor indeed, hangs the portrait of Lola Montez. It is an admirable likeness, representing her in Spanish costume, exquisitely adapted to her style. There are in this collection far nobler and lovelier faces than hers, but none of a beauty so powerful, yet subtle, so magnetic and entrancing.

The house in which she lived when created Countess of Landsfeldt was shown us by our *valet de place*. It is a cottage, plain and simple, very little in character with the dashing and passionate adventuress."—pp. 418-19.

Published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. For sale in Philadelphia, by Henry Carey Baird, No. 7, Hart's Buildings.

Autobiography of an Actress. By Anna Cora Mowatt.

— We have here a charming duodecimo of 448 pp., from the pen of one, who was evidently doomed to fascinate in whatever sphere she presented herself. As a public reader; as an actress; as a writer of dramas, as well as of various other species of composition; and superadded to all, as a woman combining uncommon personal attractions with a spotless character and repute, she had enchanted the public on both sides the Atlantic. And now she has given us an autobiography, which for its fulness of interesting scenes, persons and incidents, transcends any work we now recollect of its special class, and in its particular range. Contrary to what is true of the stage itself, in being here permitted to go behind the scenes, we are not *disenchanted*, but rather more completely enchanted than before. For we find our author's early days to be prismatic with romance, and we are thrilled with reverence for the courage and energy of that fragile young creature, who, to redeem the broken fortunes of her husband and her father, came before the public in modes, which outraged her habitual associations and tastes, and drove from her numbers of her dearest friends.

It is not a book to give extracts from, but

to read completely through. The reader, we are confident, will admire and love the gifted writer more than ever before. Should it, by possibility, strike any one as objectionable, that a woman should have thus written of herself, and her private, as well as public life, it is her more than sufficient explanation, that she has done it in fulfilment of a pledge to the now deceased husband of her childhood's years.

The concluding chapter is a powerful defence of the stage, from which we can only give a few extracts.

"I have been for eight years an actress. In the exercise of my vocation I have visited many theatres throughout this land and in Great Britain. This fact, perhaps, gives me some right to speak upon the stage as an institution; upon its uses and abuses; for I speak (in all humility be it said) from actual knowledge and personal experience. My testimony has, at least, the value of being disinterested; for I was not bred to the stage; I entered upon it from the bosom of private life; none who are linked to me by affinity of blood ever belonged to the profession; I am about to leave it of my own choice; and I bid it farewell in the midst of a career which, if it has reached its meridian, has not, as yet, taken the first downward inclination. I can have no object in defending the drama apart from the impulse to utter what I believe to be truth and an innate love and reverence for dramatic art.

"The stage is not an insignificant pastime. History teaches us that it is an institution which has existed almost from time immemorial; protected by the laws; consecrated by the dramatic teachings of divines and sages; and accepted as a mode of instruction, as well as of diversion, in almost all lands. It is a school most important in its operations, most potent in its admonitions, most profusely productive of good or evil influences. The actor sways the multitude even as the preacher and the orator, often more powerfully than either. He arouses their slumbering energies; elevates their minds; calls forth their loftiest aspirations; excites their purest emotions; or, if he be false to his trust, a perverted instrument, he may minister to vitiated tastes, and help to corrupt, to enervate, to debase."

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"Let us go back to the period of the first Christian era, and learn whether the outcry against theatres is justified by the records of antiquity. There were theatres in Jerusalem when our Saviour came upon earth. Yet by no sign does he point them out as fatally pernicious; by no word, no *implication*, even, does he denounce them.

"There were theatres at Damascus, at Ephesus, at Antioch, at Corinth, at Athens, at Thessalonica, at Philippi, at Alexandria, at Rome. The apostles preached the gospel in those cities, and reprov'd many vices; yet by no syllable of rebuke do they designate the theatre as immoral. Is it likely if an institution, which was to perpetuate itself down to the present day, were essentially demoralizing, it would have escaped the breath of their holy denunciation?"

"St. Paul is called the most learned of the apostles; and in his teachings he quotes from three Greek dramatic poets—from Arastus, of Cilicia; from Epimenides, of Crete; and from Menander, the Athenian; thus giving his own countenance to the theatre by his familiar use of dramatic poetry.

"In the sacred Scriptures there is not a single passage which, by any fair inference, can be distorted into a condemnation of theatrical entertainments. And yet how many sincere and truth-loving Christians believe it to be their duty to raise a hue and cry against the stage!

"A distinguished clergyman of our own land lately remarked, from the pulpit, that he feared there were many persons, even among the denouncers of the drama, who were *beneath* a taste for the stage rather than *above* it; conveying the idea that the cultivation of those intellectual tastes and moral sympathies which find their gratification in dramatic performances, was a step in moral advancement which many unsympathizing decliners of the stage would not, or could not, take."—pp. 428—431.

The volume comes from the Boston publishers, Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

For sale in Philadelphia, by G. Collins, No. 1 South Sixth street.

SANS-SOUCI.

The Ravels.

—Of all earthly pleasures "The Ravels" are the only ones that have never palled upon us. We have grown up, and grown old with them—but they seem as fresh as ever. To us, they appear to have defied the changes of time. We laugh as heartily now, when François hits the old gentleman over the nose, who is in treaty for an alliance between that charming youth and his daughter—drinks the wine not intended for him, leaving the empty tumbler for the visitor to gulp at—kisses the old lady over the top of her cap, having first knocked the breath out of the ardent lover by a kick in the stomach—and then dashes over a basket

of crockery, out of which, he rolls into a wall, as we did in that enthusiastic era of lifetime, when as school boys home for the holidays, we visited the theatre, to see the magic illusions of the pantomime, and the glories of the tight rope. Yes, that tight rope, with its bravery of apparel and of comely limbs, well we remember how that affected us. The sight of a young lady, dressed as a midshipman or a sailor, poising herself in what are generally supposed to be marine attitudes, inspired a desire in our young bosoms to follow the sea, which remained many years after the illusion had vanished, and we had learnt to regard that young tar to be the middle aged mother of a respectable family.

Even the tight rope has not lost its interest. The splendid daring of the vaulting—the imminent peril of the somersault, and the heroic attitude of the sudden pause—still enchain our attention with an unextinguishable influence; although from long custom and experience, we can now almost predicate as a logical conclusion, what change of feature or of attitude, is to succeed a given strain of music. It is useless to attempt to analyze the reasons for this wonderful freshness of feeling, which we entertain towards these veterans, and their ever recurring entertainments. We feel certain that it is founded on some philosophical principle, as we find it nightly shared in by crowded houses—composed, to a great extent, of persons like ourselves, who have grown gray in the service of the Ravels. We feel bound to give them this award of praise, that they are the most proper actors we have ever seen; and that if their exhibitions have not tended to make the stage what it once was, and certainly ought still be—a school to teach and improve the heart—they have never sought to attract public applause, by meretricious, or improper displays.

Their great merit, after all, consists in their completeness in whatever they undertake, and the real understanding with which the actors carry out their parts. They are evidently not troubled with professional jealousies—any one of the troupe is prepared to take any part, without regard to its being of a principal or secondary character, and will play it to the best of his or her abilities. Then there is no hesitation, no stoppage in the action of the piece—it moves on as if carried forward by the irresistible current of the orchestral accompaniment. Who, by the way, composes those accompaniments? and what order of music do they belong to? They are taken neither from the ballet, the ballad, the opera, or the symphony. It is a school by itself—partaking somewhat of the character of that which

the wild horse of the Pampas, whisks his tail to, at the Circus, but infinitely, elevated subdued and refined.

Our old friends, for so we feel towards them, and so we will call them, have not, this season, brought out any very striking novelties in the way of pantomimes. We, for our part, don't want any—but we miss, Antoine, that wicked White Knight. They have, wisely, not attempted to bring out, without him, "The Green Monster"—(a pantomime not to be confounded with "The White Knight and Red Gnome," now being performed.) We have always considered that piece, by far, the best thing that they ever performed. The first act involving the tournament was produced in a manner worthy of the palmiest days of the Italian pantomime. The insolence and cowardice of the White Knight tyrannizing over Columbine, poor maid; the truculent valor of the big Knight—and the insufferable, but courtly gallantry of the little preux chevalier, formed such chevalresque buffoonery. Then the combat. When the chevalier disarmed, and gracefully extending his arms, threw himself on the forbearance of his antagonist—shall we ever forget the admirable self-possession with which the White Knight, although in palpable violation of all rules of honor, as a matter of course, took advantage of his unguarded position to run him through; or the rapture with which we witnessed the agony of the Big Knight, when he got rapped over the knuckles with a war club. Was this a caricature of chivalry, or was it human weakness and cruelty exposed? We don't know why it should be so, but we always felt that it was very complete, and perfectly satisfactory, and natural.

The troupe, however, suffered an irreparable loss in poor Adele Lehman, than whom a more sprightly and graceful dancer, we venture to say, never appeared on the stage. Not that she was a first class artiste—she was too young, and had too few opportunities to become one—but because she had about her such winning and graceful ways, as always proved an innocent source of attraction to thousands. It is still painful to think how dreadfully her career was brought to a close. It seemed so hard, that a young creature so frail and bright, should be destined to meet with so fearful a fate. But sad reflections and our subject are entirely out of place.

The Ravels have, however, produced one very pleasing novelty this season in the shape of Mademoiselle Yreca Mathias, a young Russian artiste, whom we should judge, has never suffered very severely from the despotism under which her earlier years have passed. Her face, not in the least

Calmuck, is pleasing, and is of that irregular class of beauty, which is the most effective in the ballet, and in which the principal expression is centered in the eyes. Her form is almost faultless; and she has the attraction very rarely found in dancers, of beautiful feet and ankles. She is an excellent and finished dancer, executes neatly and without fatigue, and nothing can exceed the beauty and grace which she throws into her postures and attitudes. They are statuesquely beautiful. The ballet of Paquita, is very well adapted to exhibit these, her great merits. It is really a delightful study to watch the various phases of her motionless expressions. Her versatility is also admirable. Such as her change in the first scene—from the attitude of heart-breaking despair, to the wild freedom of Zingari joyousness. She is extremely picturesque, and her education, in this respect, has probably been very much helped by her association with the Ravels, who, we should judge from the excellence of their tableaux, must have artistic qualities. We do not wish to recommend the ballet to those who do not approve of it, but we may safely say that as a dancer, she is free from the impropriety which often distinguishes the artistes, who are carried away by the applause, too freely given to absence of restraint and propriety. With her the ballet is deprived of half its evil, by losing all its grossness. Her dress, we may add, is really exquisite. We should like to suggest the introduction into that ballet of the Jota Arragonese, which as a national dance, would be appropriate. It was always heretofore found extremely popular and attractive; it would be admirably given by Mad'le Mathias and Madame Marzetti.

Jullien's Concerts.

—Jullien's Concerts have been well attended and we are not sure but that the great maestro has for the time he occupied, cleared as much money among us as he ever did. That the *tout ensemble* of his band was finer during his last visit, is pretty generally conceded. Its number was greatly diminished, being brought down to almost a nucleus of his solo-performers. Hence, while better adapted to the capacity of Concert Hall, the superiority of its component parts elevated the entertainment to the first class of musical excellence. We may safely assert that we never enjoyed in Philadelphia a higher order of performance. Among the pieces, were the "Sleigh Polka," the "Baltimore Clipper," and the "Cossack Polka," productions of Jullien himself; also a grand Christmas symphony composed by Mr. Wm. H. Fry, entitled "Santa Claus."

The "Sleigh Polka" is admirable. One feels the inspiration of a big sleigh, into which

you fancy yourself stowed with surroundings of feminine flesh and blood, or an enchanting *mélange* of furs, cloaks, shawls, sighs, smiles, chatter, hand-squeezings, waist-encirclings, stolen kisses, and attempts at stolen kisses, while high above the whole party in front sits the well muffled driver, urging onward at the highest speed his "team" of six fast horses. The present is delightful, the future with its dance, its waltz, its polka, its schottische, its oysters, turkeys, punch, flip, &c., in the old evergreen decked hall, is of brain-turning quality. We say Jullien's "Sleigh Polka" whets up the fancy thus, particularly with those who, like the writer, have had slices of Down-East eaten to the tune of sleigh bells.

Mr. Fry's composition, "Santa-Claus," is most creditable; and was received with immense approbation. The author of such a truly artistic work, is not only an honor to his native city, Philadelphia, but to the country. He combines the poet as well as the musician. "Santa Claus" must be heard to be appreciated. It contains many evidences of the highest order of musical acquirement; with a basis of truly extraordinary natural gift. Some of the effects were produced by an application of the best musical science. We could gladly particularize many of these effects, but our limits forbid.

Jullien goes hence west and south, returning to pay us a hurried visit in the spring. We wish him no diminution of good fortune.

Decease of Dr. Bird.

— It is with sincere regret, that we record the death, on the 23d inst. of DR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD, one of the most eminent dramatists and novelists of our country. The well known tragedies of the Gladiator, and the Broker of Bogota, which have for so many years maintained a successful ground upon our stage, were from his pen, as were also the popular novels of Calavar, Nick of the Woods, and Hawk Hollow. His scientific attainments were also of a high order, while his abilities as a journalist, are well known to all readers of the North American, of which paper, he was at the time of his death, an editor. He died in the prime of a useful life, whose results have conferred honour both on our city and country.

Now then! Move on there!

— Until our police donned the badge, there was a prevalent impression, that they were so ashamed of their personal appearance as to shun any distinctive marks which could attract notice. Since the *star* has been worn, we have heard many remark with surprise, that they were really a very decent looking class of men. If not ashamed of

their calling—which, as conducive to law and order, is in every respect an honorable one—we can imagine no reason for their opposition to wearing the new uniform, in which they appear to far better advantage than in the *pékin* or citizen's dress.

Long Frock Coats.

— The *redingote*, or frock coat—that immortal result of the Restoration, which seemed two years ago, about to retreat for shelter into its own collar, like a snail into its shell, is now assuming a gabardine-like continuity which threatens to bring its hem "down to the very dust." We observed a "mould of fashion" recently attired in a coat, which gave him, at a distance, the air of a modest Bloomer. What will become of large-plaid pants under this new dispensation, is beyond our surmise, for a really *la mode* frock denies the possibility of their displaying half a corner of a "stunning pattern."

Arch Street Theatre.

— "Twelfth Night," cast with the whole strength of this talented company, has been drawing crowded houses all the past week. Miss Ludlam and Mr. Zavistowski, dancers of superior merit, appear nightly in various entertainments.

Poem from a friend.

— H. P. L. sends us the following:—

TO A SCHOOL-BELLE!

On pardonne tant que l'on aime.

One year before I went to College,
That last resort for gaining knowledge;
When school-belles held me in their power,
And "nine o'clock" was then the hour;
While hurrying down the crowded street,
One form at times I chanced to meet.

A star half seen ere night comes on,
A blossom ere the flower is blown;
Just half revealing what 't would be,
Such at that time was *Natalie*.

I fell in love and wrote her verses,
She fell in love and knit me—purses;
I praised her eyes, she praised my—talents!
(A very usual lover's balance);
Until, romantic and heroic,
I went to College and turned stoic.

But still one gleam, o'er all the sea,
Of youthful sorrows, shone on me;
'T was that last kiss she gave to me,
The last I had from *Natalie*.

And years have passed since then we parted,
Yet neither now are broken-hearted;
Last week when at a ball we met,
She never bowed, nor showed regret
At cutting me—well!—let it go—
I am not bent to be her beau!

— Star! that ere night so dimly shone,
Now brilliant in thy beauty grown;
Rose! that no longer bud may be,
Farewell!—we're strangers, *Natalie*!

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Ferguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1854.

ADVENTURE UPON A RAILROAD.*

12th October.

A strange story. Is it not a fiction? But why should she invent it? And who is this Maxim Ivanovitch? And who is she? It seemed to me that while she was speaking she looked at me with a peculiar expression; and when she stopped, sighed, and said that she would henceforth love nobody, it was clearly visible in her features that she might yet love. What music there is in her voice; what witchery in her look! How much there is about her attractive, and how beautiful she is when she speaks!

So, wherever you may be, and whatever may be your name, I feel that my heart is attracted towards you . . . that I love you . . . Your features, though not visible, follow me everywhere. In society I am sad. The theatre has become disagreeable to me; the Neffsky Perspective wearisome—my life, my joy, my happiness is on the railway. I wait with anxiety the moment for the train to start. It must be admitted that he was a great man who invented locomotives. Aye, and honor be to him who constructed the railroad between Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo.

13th October.

I have seen her—and as I never saw her before. She wore a charming bonnet, trimmed with lace, a velvet mantilla, and black dress. She never appeared so beautiful. I gazed on her with transport. She nodded to me. There was a smile on her lips, but her eyes indicated uneasiness.

We took our seats in the car. With us seated themselves a German play actor, and two intolerable bores, who talked the gossip of the town the whole way, mercilessly boasting all the time of their acquaintances and successes in the great world. Neither I nor my fair companion dared at first to speak, but glanced stealthily at each other,

and in that dumb dialogue found a peculiar charm. Sometimes I observed that she looked at me with an expression of gentle grief—I replied to her with a look, in which was depicted my whole soul—and she seemed fully to understand it, for she would turn away with a slight blush. It appeared obvious that the anxiety of the mother was passed, and the feelings of the woman in the ascendant. A novice, in my place, would have doubtless spoken in a whisper, and thereby have attracted the attention of all present. But I have long known that in the world people listen, though they do not hear, and, therefore, if a secret is to remain unknown, it must be spoken not in a whisper but aloud. While our fops were indulging themselves in a description of the beautiful establishment of Count L—, which neither of them had ever seen, I took the opportunity of intimating the doubt that laid with the weight of lead on my soul.

"What has become of Maxim Ivanovitch?" said I. She understood my object, and, slightly blushing, answered,

"He arrived yesterday, but is not very well."

"What is the matter with him?"

She breathed in an undertone the unexpected, and to me astounding, word—

"Jealousy."

"Of whom?"

Her face flushed, as she answered timidly,

"Of the railroad."

Joy danced in my heart.

"I was so afraid that he was soon to be married."

"And I also was afraid, but the wedding seems to be broken off; the old gambler has meddled in the matter, and filled his mind with God knows what suspicions. She did not choose to set herself right, although, perhaps, she ought to have done so, on account of her son—but there is no help for it; she is very proud."

"But not much in love," said I, in a transport of joy.

She shook her head, and looked at me so sorrowfully, that I could scarcely refrain from weeping.

It is not possible that she will sacrifice to me her good fortune, a rich husband, the education of her son! I ought not to accept such a sacrifice; I ought to dissuade her from yielding to the mad impulse of a momentary prepossession, however dear it may be to my heart and my self-love. We talked little during the rest of our journey. She seemed lost in thought, and tormented by conflicting emotions; and I was so happy that I could find no words.

14th October, 5 o'clock, morning.

I did not sleep all night. All night I heard

* Translated from the original Russian, of Count V. A. SULLOGOU. Concluded from Part 17, of *BIZARRER*.

her voice and saw her sad look. God be with her! I do not wish to be an obstacle to her happiness; another might not believe her words. But in her voice there was so much sincerity and nobleness, that I feel she spoke the truth. No, I will not be the cause of preventing her good fortune. No, it is settled—I will ride no more upon the railroad. It is to this course that the lesson of yesterday points.

True, but in spite of that lesson, I might still succeed! Besides, have I the right to influence her to take a step which, perhaps she, herself, dislikes? With what propriety can I pretend to determine the fate of a woman, of whose very name I am ignorant? Perhaps I ought to stop her on the brink of a new precipice. It may be that she really loves me, loves me madly, she knows not why, like all women who love at all. And is it for me to be unrelenting and hard hearted? That would be not only a weakness, but an absolute stupidity, an inexcusable ingratitude, a ludicrous knight errantry!

I will go. I am resolved. Yes! I will go, though it be for the last time. But the lesson? Well, notwithstanding the lesson. Somehow I will succeed.

14th October, evening.

Again a new and strange adventure. I was rather late at the cars. The lesson held me back. When I arrived nearly all the places were occupied, and the conductor was shutting the doors. I looked into the first division. Among a collection of ugly faces, a charming little one, in a violet coloured bonnet, was visible, which cast on me a look of reproach. Great was my annoyance that I had not arrived sooner! But there was no remedy. I threw myself into the first place I could find, and in a moment a fellow passenger, also belated, followed me. He seemed sad. His appearance was that of a gentleman, although he was by no means handsome. A white mackintosh did not help his appearance, for without that he was very stout; and his bushy whiskers gave a still darker hue to his swarthy features. He gazed at me with a sort of strange curiosity. I held my segar the tighter between my teeth, and did not speak a word the whole way. It seemed to me the locomotive moved at the pace of a tortoise. The person alluded to scanned me carefully. What was there extraordinary in that? The whole town knows me; in the theatres, on the public walks, every where I hear fops and officers speaking of me by name—"aye, and it seems to me that I have somewhere seen that gentleman before. I think it must have been at the concerts." He must be a lover of

music. But after all, I know so many people!

At last we arrived. He in the mackintosh got out before me, went up to my fair unknown, and said to her a few words, which I observed she listened to with an absent air. And suddenly she hastened to a corner of the gallery—to a place where the old nurse, with a handkerchief tied around her head, held by the hand a beautiful boy, dressed in a Russian kaftan and coachman's hat. The gentleman in the mackintosh stood musing and motionless. I began to be tortured by curiosity. Here, thought I, is a fine opportunity. The bargain is at an end. I am no longer restricted by a promise. Now I may find out who she is.

I bowed respectfully to the person whose acquaintance I had avoided making in the car. He received my advance very coldly.

"Excuse an impertinent question," said I.

"What is your pleasure?"

"Will you allow me to ask the name of the lady with whom you were just speaking?"

He gazed at me incredulously.

"You are joking. It is not possible that you do not know her name."

"It is a fact that I do not."

"And do you not visit that lady?"

"No!"

"And do not know where she lives?"

"No!"

"But you are acquainted with her?"

"I have had the happiness of meeting with her occasionally in the cars."

"And have conversed with her no where except in the cars?"

"No where."

"On your word of honor?"

"Aye, on my word of honor."

The gentleman in the mackintosh threw his arms around my neck, and almost stifled me with his embraces. I thought he had gone mad.

"Stop this, hold off," cried I.

"Is there such a scoundrel as I on earth? I imagined—God knows what—that you had appointments with her every day, and that she was deceiving me. But still I thought that she could not deceive me. . . . Allow me to embrace you!—again—still again! You are my saviour. You have restored my peace of mind. You are my benefactor. You . . . I . . ." with these words he rushed after my fair unknown, leaving me as ignorant of her name as when I first accosted him.

15th October.

To-day I received the following note, without signature:—

"You yesterday gave me away in marriage. Maxim Ivanovitch has done so much

for me, that I cannot, and ought not to, refuse him. He says that for my good fame, and for the sake of my son, I am bound to become his wife, and I feel that he is right. God's will be done! Maxim Ivanovitch having been informed of our acquaintance by the gamester I pointed out to you, became very much troubled. But you set his mind at rest. My first husband has no longer any need to conceal himself. His affairs were adjusted on his promise to return to me my son. My son is now with me, and I shall continue to live for him. We shall soon be on foreign soil. Farewell! be happy."

"P. S.—In your future trips upon the railroad, sometimes think of me."

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 15, 1841.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.*

"For all manner of mynstrales,
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weepyng and of yame,
And of all that length unto fame."

RIME OF SIR TOPAZ.

POLITICAL ASPIRANTS.

Sources of Promotion—Nepotism—Old Reminiscences, Political, Classic and Consular—Influence of Ladies on Governmental Appointments—the Duc de Richelieu indebted to Women for his Greatness—What may be effected by Address—Building on Others—Approaching Vacancies—The disappointed Candidates—Decayed Gentility—Hangers On—What these Represent—A vast Inconvenience—Alternative Power of Labor.

"The Nightingale sent for to Court—
No sooner known, the bird grew vain,
It turn'd his brain!
He shook his feathers, swell'd his crest;
Before the break of day,
He flew, his orders to obey;
And left the hen to make the nest.

"He never felt before such pride;
Though crippled, old and crack'd his note,
The royal smile each want supplied;
Gave him a new melodious throat,
And youth, and health and fame;
Gave spirit, voice and art,
Gave rapture to his loyal heart,
Years to his life and honor to his name."

In looking to the sources of promotion, we will not presume to take any account of

* Continued from Part IV, of *BREARL*.

official corruption or corruptibility; or hazard so much as a conjecture, that private friendship is rewarded, or political support purchased by place. Nepotism is an offence, from which the administration of this country has always been singularly free, affording in this a curious contrast to the use made of governmental patronage the other side of the Atlantic, and which in Great Britain, may be said to have reached its climax in the days of the celebrated Walpole, on whose behoof, was issued the following satirical programme, on his again, after a hurried succession of ministers, resuming power:—

"First Lord of the Treasury—Mr. Walpole.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Ditto.

Clerk of the Rolls—Walpole's son.

Customs of London—Walpole's second son.

Secretary of the Treasury—Walpole's brother.

Post Master General—Ditto.

Secretary of Ireland—Ditto.

Secretary to Post Master General—Walpole's brother-in-law.

Tante molis erat Walpole condere gentem.
GOD SAVE THE KING."

The power, indeed, has been carried further, Caligula made a Consul of his horse; Horace, in one of his satires, gives a humorous account of a *Priapus*, that by the whim of the workmen was cut into a god from a useless log of wood, a *Priapus* that in giving the history of its own deification, expresses astonishment, that though in the Esquilie (the gardens of the court), he still talked in a strain befitting his extraction, a misfortune for which the poet assigns him at last the despicable business of scaring crows.

No political aspirant, however, if true to his own interests, fails to secure the good will of the ladies of Washington, even though, in order to do this, he has to study his outside indefatigably, and be all grimaces and congee. The whole history of political promotion in the subordinate ranks, is the history of womanly influence; and though ladies cannot be charged with the ambition of Catherine II., of Russia, it is nevertheless true that they exert, continually, a very effective, if not very discernable influence on the official muster-roll. It is so now, it has been so always. There is no wanting of historic precedent. "You know," says Lord Chesterfield, "the *Duc de Richelieu*, now *Maréchal Cordon bleu*, *Gentilhomme de la Chambre*, twice Ambassador, &c. By what means? Not by the purity of his character, the depth of his knowledge, or any uncommon penetration

and sagacity. Women alone formed and raised him. The Dutchess of Burgundy took a fancy to him, and had him before he was sixteen years old; this put him in fashion among the *beau monde*, and the late Regent's eldest daughter, now Madame de Modene, took him next, and was near marrying him. These early connections with women of the first distinction, gave him those manners, graces, and address which you see he has; and which, I can assure you, are all that he has; for, strip him of them, and he will be one of the poorest men in Europe. Man nor woman cannot resist an engaging exterior. It will please; it will make its way." He gives this further illustration, which we humbly commend to all political aspirants, of what may be done by address, manners, and graces, only: "What do you think made our friend, Lord Albermarle, Colonel of a regiment of guards, Governor of Virginia, Groom of the State, and Ambassador to Paris; amounting in all, to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year. Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No; he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities? You can answer these questions as easily, and as soon as I can ask them. What was it, then? He pleased, and by pleasing became a favorite, and by becoming a favorite, became all that he has been since. Show me one instance, where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high." The political aspirant of this day, discarding merit as a hopeless means, strives to build on others. Intent on this one object, he haunts hotels, makes the acquaintance of strangers, and never objects at any time to a social *tête à tête*. Is remarkably good natured as long as he fancies you can serve him, but discards you the moment he discovers this to be hopelessly impossible. He may be with or without an office; but follows the rule of ambition, and on whatever step of the ladder he may stand, would climb the higher. Those who with patient spirit calculate on approaching vacancies, laying their snares accordingly, only to be in each one successively disappointed, have always, in their fate, brought to our minds an eccentric character, who was for half a century, physician to Chelsea Hospital, and the windows of whose apartments looked into the college court and walks. How often, always with new pleasure, have we pictured this humorist sitting at his window, enjoying his own thoughts and smiles, at the presumption of the members of the faculty, who were wont to enjoy themselves in the contemplation of the advantages of the situation, by reason of

its vicinity to the metropolis, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and, more than all, the advanced age of the doctor, the desirability of his situation, and the probable early termination of his earthly career. Though already out of soundings, we may as well tell the full story. One day, from his observatory, the doctor espied a physician, accompanied by a friend, taking a survey of the spot. The friend was pointing out to the candidate the pleasant situation of the medical apartments, and enumerating the various advantages of the college residence. The doctor, fond of a joke, and unwilling to lose such an opportunity, immediately descended. A few words served for his introduction; when, turning to the physician, he said: "So, sir, I find you are one of the candidates to succeed me." The physician bowed, and he proceeded: "But you will be confoundedly disappointed." "Disappointed," said the physician, with quivering lips. "Yes," returned the doctor, "you expect to outlive me, but I can discern from your countenance, and other concomitant circumstances, that you are deceiving yourself—you will certainly die first; though, as I have nothing to expect from that event, I shall not rejoice at your death, as I am persuaded you would at mine." So, accordingly, died the candidate, so lived the doctor, diverting himself with checking the aspiring hopes of his brethren of the faculty, that whenever he saw a physician on the look out, he used to go down and comfort him in like manner; his prognostications, in every instance, being verified.

A political aspirant may always, in Washington, be detected under the garb of decayed gentility. Having spent his last *sou* in hopeless angling, he goes away for a few months to re-appear again with stock replenished for another campaign, however brief. Should he not do this, he changes to that frightful species of animal, termed a hanger on, in which capacity his decayed gentility tends to a state of neatness and disciplined dandyism. For hangers on, singular as the announcement may strike, have their perquisites, their patrons, their encouragers; if only shell like, they can manage to attach themselves to the ship of state.

Choice aspirants, these, with debilitated intellects, whose lives are chequered with many variations, and whom adversity has quite sufficiently marked "for her own."

It is an infinite pity that this motley congregation of divisions, sub-divisions, rents and remnants of parties, should ever be called out of the grand system of dissipation, to apply their extraordinary understandings to any form of industrious toil, in

order to be provided for. Yet, so it must be, by the decrees of Fate, in the Circean vineyard. A century and a half, or the breadth of the wide Atlantic, has unhappily not served to lessen the force of the sententious suggestions of a letter-writer to the brethren of many hours:—"Though you are in the first line of celebrity upon the salt box, you must, in this merit crushing age, be more than super-excellent to obtain a livelihood. You must, alas! you must condescend to what, I know, appears severely shocking to the sublimity of your ideas; you must *work* (what an ignoble monosyllable!) perhaps sit cross-legged on a shop-board, or insinuate through the awl-pierced sole the bristle pointed thread; or stoop to even more degrading occupations. If you feel your heroic soul revolt against such employments, only give yourselves time to make a few reflections. The alternative powers of such a regimen may nevertheless affect favourably your future lives."

(To be continued.)

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

The governmental system of the Shakers, like so many other features of their organization, is a very curious anomaly. At New Lebanon, New York, where is located the largest of their Societies, and which is considered the head-quarters of the "Believers," reside for most of the time two persons, called "Ministers," and recognised as the two Chiefs of the Shaker hierarchy. What is the precise mode of their appointment to their office, I know not; but their mandates are authoritative without appeal (unless I greatly mistake), through all the several communities in the United States. During my brief Shakerhood, there came from New Lebanon a command, that, with the 31st of the following December, *pork* should be banished from all Shaker tables and larders, and living swine exiled from the domains of the "Believers." Not only was there no hesitation about obeying this rescript, but there was not even so much as the slightest challenge or discussion of its propriety.

Other mandates of like character had preceded my entering their association. Thus all Shakers under thirty years old, were forbidden to use *tobacco* in any shape, whatever their antecedent habits might have been. To those past thirty, the weed was allowed, as a merciful concession (I presume), to mortal frailty.

By the same authority, all the ordinary

stimulating liquors had been prohibited several years before, and recently the same interdiction had been extended to *cider*. Their scrupulosity, however, was not so stringent as to forbid their *profiting* by the juice of the apple, for they still continued to make *cider* from their annual superflux of apples, and to vend it to "those in the outer darkness." I know not on what ground they justified this presentation to the lips of others of a beverage, whose use by themselves they regarded as sinful. Very likely they deemed the case of the "world's people," so desperate, that it mattered little what they either did or forbore doing. And for a kindred reason, perhaps, they *sold* to the "outsiders" the *swine*, whose flesh was henceforward to be an "abomination," in their own eyes.

By these "Ministers" were appointed the two "Elders" and two "Elderesses," who presided over each several Shaker "Family." These Families, as I before remarked, ranged from fifty to a hundred souls each. Of these four family Chiefs, one of either sex, entitled the "*head* Elder and Elderess," held the main authority, the *second* Elder and Elderess being little other than their counsellors and messengers. Over their particular Families these two "heads" exercised apparently the same irresponsible and unquestionable authority, as did the two "Ministers" over the communities at large. *Greater* authority, indeed, for the entire goings on of the Family, down to its minutest items, were regulated by their simple *ipse dixit*. You might often see one transferred from a species of employment rather agreeable to him, to one quite the reverse, by a simple order accompanied with no word of explanation. And you would see that order obeyed, and the change effected without resistance or hesitation, and without reasons asked. At my entrance, a certain little man held the office of *doctor* among them, his medical practice consisting in the administration of various herbs, grown on the domain, in the shape either of decoctions or essences. The post was generally considered a rather dignified one, and was therefore specially acceptable to its present occupant, who, like very much under-sized men generally, was largely endowed with self-esteem and approbateness. But somehow he had, at various times, given considerable offence by the arrogant exercise of his functions. According to the wonted fashion he was *privately* complained of to the Elder, and one day he was required by the latter to surrender his essence-phials and herb-bundles, and needle and "goose" in hand, to resume the *crossed-legged* attitude proper to his original vocation. That the mannikin

* Continued from part 16, of *EMERALD*.

was sorely galled in his tenderest point, must have been the fact, as every body knew. But he complied with the requisition without remonstrance, and without even exhibiting a glum phiz on the occasion.

On the other hand, his successor and substitute was, by no means, particularly gratified with his new official investiture. For he was an old man, far on towards the "used up" predicament, pinched with rheumatism, and greatly preferring his present vocation, which was to sit by the fire and whittle pegs for fastening loops in broom-handles, to the manifold "botherations" of the herb-dispensing life in conjunction with his existing duties. He, however, obeyed, also without remonstrance, only relieving his mind by a few groanings among his intimates.

The Shakers have not got beyond the proverbial American fondness for *titles*. The word "deacon," which is employed by them in its original sense of "functionary," or "official," without reference to the *kind* of function or office, was applied very largely and variously. Thus the person, who supervised and kept in order the yard, was entitled the "yard-deacon;" the gentleman, who looked after and fed the hogs, the "hog-deacon," &c., &c. And strange as it may sound, notwithstanding their far advance in spiritual things, it seemed to me, that these *dignities* were as highly prized by the "Believers," both those who held and those who held them not as yet, as militia colonelcys and captaincys are valued by the "world's people!"

On the whole, then, we witness among the Shakers the anomaly of a completely autocratic system of government unhesitatingly exercised, and as unhesitatingly submitted to, in the heart of a land of democratic ideas, habits and institutions. Nicholas is not more absolute in Russia, than is the Elder among the members of his special "Family," so long as they continue members. True, he has not the power of life and death, nor may he inflict incarceration or stripes, and, moreover, all may quit Shakerdom at their own pleasure. But here I am reminded of another among the countless anomalies of human nature, which is worthy remark. On those, who have remained long enough in a Shaker community to become pretty thoroughly leavened with its spirit, that spirit appears to fasten a very strong hold. Numerous instances have occurred of such persons getting discontented and leaving; but, in almost every *such* case the *migrating* individual feels completely "out of his element" while abroad in the world, and even seems to be tormented by a sense of *guilt*, as if, in severing his old ties, he had perpetrated

a sin. At all events, this class of persons is very apt to return at no distant date, and beg to be re-admitted—a boon, which with some accompanying conditions is (I believe) for the most part granted. Not long before my initiation one of these "*apostatizing* Shakers" (as the name goes), was re-admitted after an absence of *twenty years*, during which he had again and again supplicated for this favor. He is, even now, a malcontent and an eternal grumbler, and it was doubtless this organic disposition, which occasioned his original departure. But, being out in the wide world, he found provocatives of his innate discontent to be *more* instead of *less* numerous, than in his peaceful Shaker seclusion, and he was glad to get back, even though it cost him a twenty years' struggle!

The whole number of Shakers in this country is but small, not probably transcending 8,000, at the highest, and, most likely, falling considerably below this. Nothing, at the first glance, would seem more unaccountable than this, when we consider, on the one hand, the extreme poverty existing among certain classes with its accompaniments of hunger and cold, and a thousand miseries beside: and, on the other, the overflowing abundance of all the material comforts of life prevailing in every Shaker community without exception. This paucity of numbers may be owing in part to a total ignorance concerning Shakerism among those, whose material state might be so vastly benefited by joining its communities.

But another thing is true touching these suffering ones, however strange it may seem. By some inexplicable species of attachment they are fast bound to the very *localities* of their squalor and wretchedness! Else why don't they quit them? Why do they still continue to *overcrowd* the worse than dog-kennels of our cities, instead of migrating to the country? It is idle to say they *could* not do this. Did they but show a *desire* or even a *willingness* to do it, the means would even gladly be provided by the communities, where they are often a burden and a nursery of felons. I am not, of course, speaking of the honest, virtuous poor, but of that class who are ever complaining of their woes, and yet persist in cleaving to the places and circumstances, which breed them.

(To be continued.)

A BALL IN GOTHAM.

BY ONE WHO WAS NOT THERE.

We doubt not, that many of our general readers have more than once had their attention called to divers popular sketches

of life among our first circles, which as regards *accuracy*, (!) both of description and spirit, are little less than miraculous. Our only wonder on reading these romantic chapters, is that the readers who believed them to be faithful transcripts of the doings of the upper ten, have not long since risen up *en masse* for the purpose of extirpating a league of monsters, compared with whom the Borgias and the Sieur de Gilles were gentle innocents. But to be serious for an instant—the writer who unjustly libels or ridicules in any form whatever, a large class of the community, and is prompted by no higher motive than malignant envy, or the still baser desire of acquiring a vulgar popularity, by pretending to depict in the blackest hues, the social phases of a life of which he knows nothing, is in every respect, as guilty as the common private slanderer, and it is to be regretted that there are no laws extant for his punishment. We deem these remarks an appropriate introduction to the following burlesque, which is, as a sketch of fashionable life, scarcely more exaggerated than the literary libels to which we refer.

MELANTHON MONIBAGS was a millionaire—need we add more to convince our reader that this will not only be a tale of infamy, mystery and crime, but also one of the most thrilling, harrowing, talented and well written articles ever contributed to this or any other paper?

One year previous to the epoch, at which our legend commences, Melancthon Monibags might have been seen, with his wife, collecting rags and bones in our public thoroughfares. Fortune had smiled upon their efforts, wealth had rolled into their massy coffers, and now, thanks to the accursed venomous demon of gold, which palsies every effort, and benumbs every intellect, they shone the acknowledged leader and twin polar stars of fashion, refinement, bell letters, and etiquette.

It was the eve of a splendid ball, and Melancthon Monibags awaited, in his gorgeous halls, the approach of those who should be unfortunate, or hardy enough, to form the first arrival. His beautiful and accomplished wife reclined near him on a richly carved ivory *epergne*, languidly fanning herself with an exquisite *brigueon* of the latest fashion. Her husband was the first to speak.

"My lady!"

"Sir, my lord," she answered.

Our readers are not, we presume, aware that in the so-called "first circles" of our Atlantic cities, the venal aristocracy are in the habit of addressing each other by titles, which they purchase during that *hegira* of

frivolous folly, the grand tour, at the despot court of Great Britain. We are credibly informed, that in a corner of the back parlor of St. James', there is placed a small table, behind which Queen Victoria's eldest son sits, from morning to night, selling at a high price, different grades of feudal rank to all comers. Among the purchasers of our own country, these titles are only sported *partout* (or in private), at their guilty revels; being kept, *for the present*, carefully concealed from what they invariably term "the vulgar world."

"My Lady," resumed Melancthon, "me-seems 'tis late—no guests have yet arrove!"

"Nay, my lord," she replied, toying with her ivory fingers amid her raven curls, "'Tis hardly, as yet, 3 A. M. Would'st have it said that any ball of *ours* at such a vulgar outside hour begun?"

"By my halidome!" answered Melancthon, "that were indeed low flung. But hist! Methinks I hear the wheels of an *étagère* a-stopping outside!"

'Twas indeed so, and soon the voices of a hundred pampered menials were heard repeating to each other, and announcing the name and rank of the new comer. 'T was the Count de Bonbon, who, owing to a defect in the machinery of his watch, had accidentally arrived an hour before he intended. But with all the tact of a Frenchman, he readily extricated himself from this embarrassing *fixer*. No sooner had he bowed to Melancthon, and gracefully saluted the lady on either cheek, ere he remarked—

"I was tell by your *sérvant*, zat you was have one beeg leetle *bâl* zis evaning, and zat I most come, but I tink I would first make one leetail *afairnoon* call, four five hour before any body arrive—eh!"

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Monibags, "we are always quite *recherché* to see you Count. Will you not seat yourself on the *tapis*?"

The Count did so, and with a polished politeness, peculiar to his nation, removed his hat, which he had, until this instant, inadvertently suffered to remain upon his head. Raising his feet, and reposing them upon a gilded *grillon* of geranium wood, he accepted from an obsequious valet a pearl goblet, filled with the sparkling *queue de coq d'eau de vie de Genievre*, so much in vogue at the soirées of the *élite*. Having drained it to the dregs, he nonchalantly hurled it into a corner, while Monibags exclaimed—

"Let us amuse ourselves with a game of *tissonier*. Conrad! Rupert!—what, ho there, without—the cards!"

The cards were brought. They were formed of the finest ivory, the spots worked in gold and gems, and the diamonds represented by real brilliants of immense

value. Need we say that they gambled—that the treacherous wife, while dispensing smiles of honeyed dalliance to the deluded guest, slyly intimated to her husband, by winking, the state of the Count's hand?

Demon of fashion! insatiate fiend! 'tis to Monibags, and such as he, that thou art a presiding household divinity. Gaze out, oh reader, into the death night, which twines convolvolus-like around the roots of a mis-called Social Organization. Ha, 'tis dark, 'tis night-mareish, and redolent of groans and clanking chains! Behold the Tartar on his wild foray, the pirate darting o'er some Indian sea!—these alone know thee not, thou vampire of Society!—over their path alone shines afar a faint dim radiance portending the advent of the coming day, when MAN shall rule unfettered!

But a few thousand dollars had changed hands, ere other guests arrived, and the scene speedily assumed that air of dissipation and infamy so characteristic of all the soirees of the "upper ten." No sooner were the gorgeous ateliers of the dwelling thronged, ere revelry, hand in hand with guilt, raged furiously around. Many of the guests could be seen plundering the "what nots," and filling their capacious pockets with objects of *vertu*. Emerald vases and amethystine hardiggios were smuggled away under coat-skirts. Here, a lady *accidentally* broke a diamond studded candelabrum for the sake of picking up, in the confusion, a few pieces, while there, a knot of mustachioed exquisites fought savagely for a handful of cameos. Over all rose the clangor of music, for there was dancing. But what dancing!! 'Twas the immodest waltz—the delirious polka, the meretricious mazourka, the indelicate deux temps, the shameless schottische, all whirling together in extinguishable confusion, and forming, so to speak, one bewildering bundle. Here, some innocent, lovely, unsuspecting female could be seen languishingly reclining in the maze, encircled by the whiskerandoed libertine—forming a scene at which the true patriot could only exclaim, "*Oh tempora, O Moses!*" One cavalier was making terrific efforts to waltz gracefully—an attempt which was somewhat difficult, owing to his having slipped into either skirt pocket, a weighty and gorgeously bound volume of BIZARRE, which he had filched from a centre table, and which knocked about, in dancing, like cannon balls.

Monibags had, with lavish hospitality, fitted up the lower saloon of his princely mansion as a bar-room, and here his guests were supplied (gratis) with every potation which they choose to order.

The loud discharge of a volley of fire-arms suddenly announced to the guests that sup-

per was ready. As a dead silence hushed that vast assembly, a broad *port cochon* was suddenly thrown open, displaying to their eyes a scene of more than unrivalled splendor and oriental magnificence.

Adown the lordly hall defiled an avenue of stately palm-trees laden with golden fruit, amid whose intertwining arms fluttered and sang birds of every plumage and of every clime. Here and there fountains of silver squirted high in air streams of cologne, essence of cinnamon, peppermint, of tea-berry, and other rare and costly perfumes. In the centre, beneath the o'er arching boughs, tables were spread, groaning with every luxury of the season. There was the luscious *choucroute*, flanked by hot roast-turkey and pommes de terre maché, piles of chickens and of beef steaks, of gateaux de buckwheat and saucisses de Jersey, bowls of pot de poivre a la clam, with thousands of Chincoteague oysters spread invitingly on the shell. But the viands were not all of this innocent nature, for 'tis only in dishes seasoned with the zest of cruelty that our pampered aristocrats can whet their jaded appetites. There was the *patty de faw grass*, composed of the livers of geese put to death by the most elaborate torture. There were pigs, which by a refinement of cruelty, had been whipped to death with their own tails. There were—but no—the pen refuses to further trace such horrors!!! * * *

The banquet had but added fuel to the flame, the excitement grew more terrible—madder whirled the waltz—busier was the bar-tender, while here and there the screams of ladies could be heard, as the gentlemen sportively chased them up and down the corridors, and in and out of the parlours. Suddenly a loud and angry shout startled the air, and was followed by sounds and a scene which beggars description. In the centre of an angry group stood Monibags brandishing a champagne bottle, and waging a fierce war with several men, tipsy as himself. "You lie!"—"Shut your pan!" "Hoo-roar?"—"Go it, Bags!"—"Hit him again!" could be heard, and then the whole assembly joined in one indistinguishable fight and massacre. Furniture was whacked in pieces for clubs, weapons and slung shots were drawn, the gas was suddenly turned off, and all was plunged in one ^{ful} chorus of death, desperation, and "Hoo-roar!!! * * *

Such, reader, is the means exaggerated description of the scene among the "upper ten," as it really is. The writer "has not attenuated and sets down not in malice." And it is over such scenes of daily and nightly occurrence, that the star spangled banner of liberty is permitted to wave and the glorious eagle of freedom to flap his wings!! *Oh tempora! O Moses!!!*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Parnassus in Philadelphia. A Satire. By PETER PINDAR, JR. Philadelphia, 1854.

—“*Cantabii vacuus coram latrone viator.*” This is one of a series of polyglot quotations appended to the title of some verses in heroic metre, which form the subject of our present notice. They are clearly printed upon forty-one pages of fine, white paper, neatly stitched together, and only not a pamphlet, because slimly bound in boards—moth-coloured covers, that seem characteristic of similar ephemera, that have lately struggled to light, not at the cost of printers and publishers, but wholly through the vanity of ill-directed ambition.

The production before us is somewhat in the nature of an elaborated “Carrier’s Address,” though not inspired by that kindly feeling which usually prompts those annual efforts of the local muse, that are sure to be met by a small gratuity at the door on Christmas day.

For the benefit of our author (in default of any other application suggested by the motto), we thus freely translate his line from Juvenal: “The writer who has no reputation to lose may snap his fingers in the face of critics.”

True, he may; but at the same time it behooves us, in the spirit of impartial criticism, not, indeed, to break a butterfly upon a wheel (for a serious article would be entirely out of proportion with the insignificance of the culprit), but to impale, as it were, upon a pin a noxious insect which, if let alone, might breed others after its kind.

Peter Pindar, Jr., is a disappointed man. His “Lines to ———” found no favour in the sight of the *Daily Register*, or his Charade had been rejected from the poet’s corner of the *Saturday Courier*. Whereupon he attacks, with his bitter sarcasm, all such aspirants as have been more fortunate in securing a niche in those well-known temples of fame.

Here is the key he unconsciously gives us of his glowing invectives:—

Once I . . . enough to spin like these,
My idle rh., . . . hopes like them to please:

But alas!

Stern envy rises with her wa. . . .
And older hearts, by callous time gro. . . .
The cheering light of sympathy withhold!

This, we are told, was “a youthful freak,” (and, as *ex pede Hercules*, so, conversely, descending from the herculean proportions

of the matured poet, we can easily imagine what a figure he must have cut, when he first sprawled upon poetic feet), but, nevertheless, the treatment he received rankled in his breast; and now, in his riper years, he determines to “shame the fools,” and expose them in a *Dunciad*, of which he shows himself, confessedly, the hero.

The names introduced (with unblushing effrontery printed in full), are but little known, perhaps with a few exceptions, to the general reader. But we do protest against that shameful abuse of the liberty of the press which will suffer with impunity an anonymous scribbler, limited only by the depth of his purse, to spread broadcast over the town, printed in double pica, and clearly impressed upon white paper, names of individuals in private life, who have provoked his spleen, simply by obtaining a position to which he has in vain aspired, and only obnoxious to public criticism, by the singularity of observing, with the strictest decorum, the proprieties of polite society.

Had we but the pencil of Leech, we would have laid aside the pen on this occasion, and have graced the pages of *BIZARRE* with a picture.

On one side of our gayest thoroughfare, in front of a stately mansion, should be stationed a coach and pair, out of which should step, radiant with smiles, some fair exemplar of our city’s boast, in the way of grace and beauty; her bonnet as much off the head as you please, but only the more to expose a face of such exquisite sweetness as Leech only can draw. Her cavalier, (aiding her in the descent), should be elegantly attired in all that fashion could desire—not even omitting the obnoxious moustache.

In the foreground of the picture (unhappily not a caricature), should stand an individual intently gazing upon the unconscious group that has excited his attention, with a stupid, ironical leer, compounded of envy, hatred and malice. He should be dressed in that certain style of dirty foppery which is conventional with his class,—a glossy hat half bound in crape, a black satin waistcoat heavily hung in chains, a Newmarket coat with brass buttons, polished boots turned up at the toes like skates. His hands should be in his breeches pockets, into the depths of one of which he is diving for a nimble sixpence to fee a ragged urchin at his side, who is catering to his fancy, with a copy of the *Sunday Mercury*. Out of one of the flap pockets of his coat, should issue a partially revealed book, labelled, “*Parnassus in Philadelphia.*” The whole should be significantly inscribed—**SATIRE!**

So much for the spirit of the book. Now for its execution. We shall sum up hastily, a few of the most flagrant errors of Orthoëpy, Syntax and Prosody that abound in its still fewer pages.

First are invoked the "shades of mighty heroes dead," to oppose the crowd of modern critics who have involved them and Peter Pindar, Jr., in a common ruin.

Why art thou* voiceless? do the noisy cries
Of Praise and Censure ye alike despise?

The only shade of the mighty dead who would respond to this appeal, we conceive, would be that of Lindley Murray, who doubtless would tell the author that

— do the noisy cries
— ye alike despise!

was not English syntax, which never suffers the object to be introduced between the predicate and its subject.

Further on, we are entertained by a still more puzzling couplet,

'T is hard to say the whom most pity shares
Who wields the lash or him who tamely bears?

An old acquaintance hardly recognisable in its new face.

In addition to this we are informed that—

M'Mackin too, as older pens can tell,
Once sang as loud as these!

Moreover, we are enjoined to

Yield modest worth the credit that is due,
Nor careless leave it, barely noticed, pass.

"Artistic Read" (who must be extremely indebted to the discriminating taste of our author) meets with this commendation—

In thee, proud Philadelphia, one bard gains
Who, unlike most its authors, hast some brains.

But touching the matter of prosody. Peter Pindar, Jr., unlike Dr. Wolcott, or his classical protonym, without openly confessing to Pindarics, indulges, *suo more*, in little irregularities of versification, which seem to flow quite spontaneously from his pen. Witness a broken distich from Milton—

— though oppress'd and fall'n,
I'll give not Heaven for lost.

* We may here remark, *obiter* (not to introduce so *trivial* a stricture into the body of our text), that Peter Pindar, Jr., uses the second person singular in a plural sense whenever the occasion or his verse may require it—as thus:—

O men of wrath, &c.,—let's have more news,
Nor kill subscribers with thy dull reviews!

Thus ingeniously tortured into a decasyllabic—

Though crushed and fallen I'll give not Heaven for lost.

In another instance, by the same Procrustean management, the word "cloaking" is converted into a trisyllabic—

Shame not religious fervour in our eyes,
By clo-a-king in such disgusting guise.

We are indebted to the classical elegance of this lively *brochure* for a new and ingenious method of manufacturing verses. The receipt is simply this: Take the names of the nine Muses (they are admirably adapted to the purpose, and can be found in "Tooke's Pantheon"), and have them at your fingers' ends. Whenever you find yourself in a tight place, immediately *Hail!* one of them, totally regardless of the peculiar province or especial tutelage of the individual Muse—for that is neither here nor there—but only remarking the number of syllables that compose her name. Thus the appeal may be made to Clio, Euterpe, or Melpomene, according to the metrical requisitions of the verse. And, surely, there is no such great departure from established precedent in thus economizing the "tuneful nine," instead of at once making a prodigal invocation of the whole choir. For, why were the Muses ever invented except to assist a poet in distress? Care must be taken, however, not to abuse this principle by any extravagance on the part of the poet—and his well-thumbed *Lemprière* might easily have informed our son of Apollo that the comic Muse, though ready enough to answer to her name, would only be excited to a broader grin at hearing herself called *Thá-lia*.

In a note at the end of the book is a ludicrous blunder brought about by an ingenious combination of both printer and poet. The well-known words of Juvenal "*sævior armis luxuria incubuit*," are given thus:

"Sævior armis luxuria incubuit Lucan."

From among many choice flowers of rhetoric we cull the following:

Young authors strive, with pen and brain of fire,
To carve their fancies, &c.

Of a plagiarism he says:

We soon perceive 't is pilfered by a cheat,
Like *rouge*, to hide the weakness of his sheet.

The following elegant expressions smack strongly of the shop-board, and throw some light upon our author's early training, and

the consequent cramping of his nascent genius:

Though antient towns could boast a grander band
Of deathless songsters than we have on hand,
Great Philadelphia surely runs them hard!

In this connexion we may remark that there is nothing more disagreeable to a refined ear than the frequent and irreverent introduction of the Divine Name to give point to miserable platitudes; and, however, common it may be in the halls of Congress, this vice of Peter Pindar, Jr., is never indulged in by any author of correct judgment.

We fear we have already exhausted the patience of our reader; but, at the risk of further infliction we give some of the concluding verses of this startling poem. The author apostrophizes his quill:

Thy praises few, thy curses by the score,
Rest thee, my quill, thy thankless mission o'er.

* * * * *

Should *beardless Hébes* stay their annual lyre,
And cease to cloy the press with *rhythming* mire.

* * * * *

Thy aim fulfilled—vice, folly, crushed, give o'er,
Thank the just Gods, and, *happy*, sing no more.

This to a quill! or is it *synecdoche*—a part for the *whole*, whereby our wag of a satirist intends to symbolize himself?

Not so Pope:

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

The Complete Poetical Works of THOMAS CAMPBELL, with an Original Biography and Notes. Edited by ERNEST SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854.

This duodecimo of 474 pages, is sent us by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. of this city. It were rather a *contre-temps* to perpetrate a discussion of Campbell's *poetry*, at least till after the close of the present generation. As a *lyrist* he took his place, on his first appearance, among the Immortals of the British Parnassus, and from that day to this has never been challenged. A few of his lyrics will probably co-endure with the language. Respecting his other poems, although they have enjoyed considerable popularity, there has nevertheless existed no small diversity of judgment, and it may be doubted whether their *present* matches their *original* reputation.

However, Campbell's poems must needs constitute a part of every *complete* library. And Mr. Sargent deserves very much of the public for furnishing so fine an edition of the

bard's writings, preceded by so ample and well digested an account of his life. The paper, though not of the finest quality, is white and sound, and the type is admirably large and distinct.

For all working day uses, a better edition is not likely to be issued, nor is it needed.

The *Attic Philosopher in Paris*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

— A very interesting story of the events of a year kept in journal form. A neat pamphlet of 144 pages.

For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co., Fifth and Arch streets.

New York Quarterly. Devoted to Science, Philosophy, and Literature. Vol. II. No. 4. January, 1854.

— A highly interesting number of this excellent Quarterly. Its contents are as follows:—

I. Mohammed and the Arabian Empire. By Prof. Koepen.

II. Methods for the Study of Language. By Prof. George W. Greene.

III. The Blouse in both Hemispheres. By Rev. Samuel Osgood.

IV. Poor-Laws, and the Sources of Poverty. By Henry Brace, Esq.

V. De Quincey. By R. T. Ford, Esq.

VI. Dominique François Arago. By Dr. B. A. Gould.

VII. The Danubian Principalities and the War. By Rev. C. L. Brace.

VIII. Contemporary Literature of the last three months.

Articles Nos. II., III., and V., are especially interesting. Our readers will, perhaps, be astonished at the following, from Prof. Greene's article:

"Manesca's method was the gradual solution of a problem—'the discovery of an artificial system which should imitate, as nearly as possible, nature's mode of imparting language to children; a system through which every distinct term should be separately and carefully introduced, and immediately and incessantly combined and practiced upon with the terms already known.' Twenty years of practical teaching gave him the solution of this problem; and the result was the method which was long known among us, through the copy-books of his scholars, as the oral system of Manesca. One of those scholars, Mr. Brisbane, carried his copy-book with him to Paris, and, in order to follow in German, the system which he had found so satisfactory for French, requested his teacher, a German by the name of Ollendorff, to adapt it for him to the German. Soon after, Ollendorff, began to teach exclusively by the new method, and soon, too, to claim it as his own. In 1829, he had already given it a wide circulation, though

it was not till six years later that he began to print it; the first edition appearing in numbers, and making its way slowly through the press between 1835 and 1837. The first edition of Manesca appeared as a whole in 1835.

"There are few instances, we believe, in the history of methods, of so barefaced an appropriation of the labours of another. Till 1827, Ollendorff had been teaching Meidinger's Grammar. He meets with a pupil of Manesca, who gives him the manuscript of Manesca's lessons, to adapt them to the German. In a few months, he comes out with a Method, which, in every essential principle is the same as Manesca's, and claims it as the gradual growth of his own modifications of Meidinger. Upon being asked whether he has ever heard of Manesca's system, he acknowledges that he has; but asserts that it is a rude, undigested thing, very different from his. And, to crown all, he prints his book without ever alluding to the existence of the manuscript lessons. Now, as it is well known to hundreds of Manesca's pupils that he had been teaching by his method long before 1828; as it is well known that Ollendorff, up to that time, had been teaching by the old system of grammar and dictionary; as it is proved by the testimony of Mr. Brisbane, that a manuscript of the oral system was put into Ollendorff's hands during the winter of that year, and the lessons adapted to German for Mr. Brisbane's instruction; can there be any doubt that Ollendorff took the method which bears his name, directly from Manesca?"

In concluding his article, the author gives the following advice:—

"If, therefore, we were asked to point out the best way of learning, German, for instance, we would say:

"Take Ollendorff's method, and study it thoroughly, with or without a master. Learn the first lesson, and write the exercises. When you come to the recitation of the second lesson, review the first by translating the exercises orally. Let every tenth or eleventh lesson be a review of the whole, and go through the volume twice in this way, reviewing daily, writing and translating *vivâ voce*. When you have reached the seventy-eighth lesson, take up Oehlenschläger's German Reader. Learn the vocabulary of the first lesson, and then translate it; and in your next exercise from Ollendorff, introduce as many words and phrases from your Reader as you can. By the time you have finished your second course in Ollendorff, you will be through your Reader, and will have a stock of words and phrases, and a facility in combining them according

to the principles of the language, that will make you perfectly at home in German society.

"And now, if you wish to go further, and make yourself a thorough German scholar, take Becker's Grammar, or even Grimm's which, by this time, you will easily read in the original. Take, too, a volume of prose, something of Goethe or Schiller, and study it according to Ascham's method of double translation; putting your German into English one day, and your English back again, the next, into German. Take also a volume of history or tales, any well-written narrative, and use it as a text-book for narrations, like those we have described in speaking of Jacotot's Method. Connect with this a careful study of three or four of the best poems, and a dozen comedies; and twelve months will give you a right to call yourself a German scholar."

The following amusing paragraph occurs in the article on De Quincey:—

"An edition of 'The Skeleton in Armor' would cover no more space than is occupied by the contents of our morning newspaper; whilst an edition of 'The Columbiad' would founder a dromedary. The former will only cease to be remembered with the language; whilst we see no chance to perpetuate the latter, unless we make the reading of it a substitute for capital punishment—an expedient we are greatly surprised our legislators have not hit upon before. Many excellent persons have scruples in regard to our right of destroying life; and the only drawback which has heretofore existed to the abolition of capital punishment, has been the insufficiency of any thing else to inflict the merited amount of retributive suffering, without involving a destruction of life. Our suggestion provides a substitute. As to the suffering, *that* is beyond all question. The latter clause, though we will not vouch for. Conscientious jurymen have but to pass a verdict, and Joel Barlow will finish the business; and to our convicted friends we would say, This is the best we can do for you at present, though we are by no means certain you would survive a dose of the Columbiad. But, certainly, mortal exhaustion is a far more graceful, and less ignominious, method of making your final exit, than to dangle from the end of a gallows-rope. But this, you know, is a mere matter of fancy; all men have their preferences; for our part, we should take the hemp. The only parallel to this delectable performance, upon record, is the great national epic of the Kalmuck Tartars. It is just seventeen miles, and some furlongs, English measurement, in length. It long defied the powers of all excepting one amiable Kal-

muck gentleman, to whom it was read *by the author*, who made a finish of his poem and his unlucky auditor at the same time. None, after this event, reached a point beyond eight or ten furlongs, excepting an indefatigable old fellow, who possessed extraordinary power of endurance; he stood up to it manfully, but at last expired heroically on the eighth mile-stone."

Literary Journal. Edited by ELLA WENTWORTH. Vol. I. No. 1. Philadelphia: February, 1854.

— The first number of a handsomely printed newspaper, of original and selected literary articles, the *specialité* of which is the advocacy of women's rights. All the labour upon this paper is to be performed by women, who shall receive a dollar a day wages. In view of its opening a new operative field for females, now so inadequately remunerated for their toil at the needle, this journal deserves encouragement. Its price per annum is only \$1. It is the editress' hope to have open soon—what seems to us cramped in a dark dirty office—the perfectly Utopian establishment here described:—

"Entering from the street, the visitor ascends a broad stairway, to the LIBRARY AND RECEPTION ROOM.

"This is a spacious apartment, fronting on the street, and lighted by several large plate-glass windows. The beautiful arrangement of this room will strike the beholder with surprise. The floor is covered with rich velvet carpeting. Stools and settees, with crimson velvet cushions, are at hand, and the beholder may examine the various departments at leisure. A splendid Book-case of black walnut is conspicuously displayed, containing a library of *three hundred volumes* of choice works, for the use of operatives and visitors. A Grand Piano is also at hand, with a selection of music, for the use of ladies employed in the office, who are at liberty to take lessons. For this purpose one hour per day will be allowed. A large table stands in the centre of the room, covered with magazines, literary papers, etc. The desk stands further to the rear, where may be seen a *lady book-keeper*, busily occupied with the responsible duties of her vocation.

"Passing through a side door, we enter the PRIVATE EDITORIAL OFFICE.

"This is a small room, conveniently furnished, for the exclusive use of the editress. Here is prepared all the copy for the compositors. Pen and ink, newspapers, books, *scissors*, etc., are mixed up in admirable confusion.

"Returning to the Reception Room, we pass through a glass door to a large apartment further back. This is THE LADIES' COMPOSING ROOM.

"Here the types are set for the paper, and

the forms prepared for the press. A dozen girls are employed, and the *click* of the type in the sticks is the only sound to be heard. This room, like the other, is elegantly furnished. In a recess is a dressing room, provided with marble wash-stands, mirror, etc. A clock on the mantle gives the "time-o'-day" to a minute.

"This room is under the superintendence of a lady, who acts as foreman over the compositors. She deals out copy, preserves order, keeps the time-book, makes out the bills of the type-setters, and exercises a general supervision over the office. She has the power to discharge hands for breaking any rule of the office, or for incompetency. Any discharged hand, however, has the right to appeal to the editress.

"The operatives are required to be at the office punctually at 7 o'clock, A. M. At 11 o'clock they stop work, and amuse themselves in the Library for an hour. From 12 M., till 1 P. M., they are allowed for dinner, after which they go to their cases till 5 o'clock—then another hour for reading, and at six o'clock the office is closed."

Upon the establishment of this *bueno retiro*, we may fear the future stability of all our Philadelphia papers—BIZARRE included. The editors will certainly be all "loafing" from morning to night about that "Library and Reception Room," or that "Private Editorial Office," or "The Ladies' Composing Room." The sisters certainly dare not refuse these privileges to their brethren.

Collections of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Volume I. Philadelphia: John Pennington, Fifth street; Henry C. Baird, Sixth street.

— This is, unquestionably, the best volume that the Society has ever issued. It forms a handsome volume, of over four hundred pages, and the contents are varied, instructive and amusing. The account of General Washington's private life, by the widow of Robert Morris, is very interesting, letting us completely behind the scenes.

Lieut. Feltman's Diary of the Southern Campaign, including the Siege of Yorktown, has been styled the best picture of a soldier's life ever presented. Here are detailed the marchings and drinkings, the working in trenches, and the games of billiards, the changes of weather, scene and diet that make an active military life so exciting and varied. There are many other papers of merit which we have not time to enumerate.

It is expected that the second volume will contain a collection of papers respecting the expedition of General Braddock, recently procured for the Society in England and France.

Godey's Lady's Book. Edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE and L. A. GOSSET. Vol. XLVIII. Philadelphia: February, 1864.

— This old established favorite of the ladies of the United States, keeps up the attractions which have rendered it so famous. The present number contains two steel engravings, and many others on wood, of fashions, embroideries, furniture, &c. Its contents are varied and interesting. The feature introduced by Mr. Graham into his Magazine a year ago, to keep pace with the formidable "Harper's Magazine"—that of furnishing the best reading matter, whether original or selected—has, it appears, also been adopted by Mr. Godey. A better selection could not be made than Horace Mayhew's "Letters left at the Pastry-Cook's." It is one of the most amusing and life-like descriptions of a girls' boarding school, ever written.

The Parlor Magazine. Conducted by JETHRO JACKSON. Cincinnati: December, 1863.

— This is the 6th No. and conclusion of Vol. I. of a new and highly moral toned magazine of original and selected literature. It is embellished with a handsome steel engraving and three fashion plates.

SANS-SOUCI.

American Books Abroad.

— An instance of the success of an American book may be observed in Richard B. Kimball's "Romance of Student Life Abroad." It is hardly a year since its publication, and it has already passed through three American editions, has been translated into French and German, and is re-published at Leipzig by Tauchnitz, in his reprints of English works. Of this book, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, remarks, "*Les traits du caractère national ont été bien saisis et reproduits par l'écrivain avec habileté et talent*," while the *London Athenæum* asserts that, "Here, there, and every where, the author gives evidence of passionate and romantic power." Mr. Kimball's book is, however, but one work among many which have achieved an even greater success abroad than at home. We have heard it stated, by good authority, that during the year 1852, more books by American authors were sold in England, than English works in America.

Mr. Soule's Statement.

— Mr. Soule, Jr., has addressed a letter to the editors of the Bayonne paper, rectifying several mistakes, into which the latter had fallen in an account of the duel. From this letter, it appears that Mr. Soule did not cause himself to be waited for on the ground,

after having demanded and obtained a delay of forty-eight hours, but that he was present five minutes before the appointed time, no delay having been required. Mr. Soule also states that he was not escorted to the ground "by six carriages full of Yankees," his only aids having been his father, physician, servant, and two friends, one of them a Frenchman. We also learn that Mr. Soule is but twenty-two years of age—the Duke of Alva, thirty-five, and an experienced fencer, that Mr. Soule did not receive the slightest scratch, that he made no promise to give the lie to the English press, and finally, that he was *not*, during the whole time of the duration of the duel, "at the mercy of the Duke of Alva, and hardly able to hold out his sword." The seconds were Don Jose de la Concha, Col. L. Milans, and H. T. Perry.

New York Musical World and Times.

— We have, from the beginning, been a reader of *The New York Musical World and Times*, edited by R. S. WILLIS, Esq., and can assure our friends, that this paper, which was always excellent, never presented greater attractions than at present. Mr. Willis is not only a perfectly educated musical critic, having passed six years under the first masters on the Continent, but is also a thorough belles lettres scholar. We observe that the *Musical World* not only gives its subscribers, in addition to its reading matter, as much music, annually, as would cost \$30 in the shops, but also presents them with a really splendidly engraved portrait of Wm. V. Wallace. Price \$3 00 per annum. Published by P. K. Deyo; 257 Broadway.

The Gay Season.

— During the past week Philadelphia and New York have been enlivened by a brilliant series of *réunions* and *soirées*, including the two great private balls of the season, which, falling upon the same evening, undoubtedly kept in their respective cities, many of the invited, who would have been happy to have attended both. The lesser parties of the season, *sociables*, &c., have been more than usually agreeable. In New York, the Metropolitan Grand Ball held on the 25th ult., attracted a numerous and highly respectable audience.

Death of Osman Pacha.

— We regret to learn that Osman Pacha, the brave commander of the Turkish squadron at Sinope, has died of his wounds at Sebastopol, after suffering two amputations. History will preserve his name as the hero of the most chivalric, and at the same time, most desperate naval battle on record. If the spirit of Poesy be not dead to the world,

we trust that the lay of Marco Bozzarris may yet be rivalled by some bard in commemorating the brave Pacha.

Vashon, the Rich Colored Barber.

— The newspapers announce the death of John B. Vashon, the colored barber of Pittsburgh, who died at the railroad station in that city, whilst about to start for Philadelphia to take his seat in the convention of the soldiers of the war of 1812.

Vashon was a light mulatto, the son of a Virginia planter of the same name. He died worth two hundred thousand dollars. One of his sons is a lawyer in New York.

The people of Pittsburgh are indebted to him for the first public baths established in that city. Until the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided that people of colour were not legal voters, Vashon enjoyed the right of suffrage. In 1830 he supported a gentleman for the Assembly, upon the ground that he was "a fashionable man," the meaning of which was that he bought his soap at Vashon's shop.

On one occasion Vashon visited the Falls of Niagara, and there met with a Pittsburgh acquaintance, who introduced him to a friend from Rochester (New York), as "Colonel Vashon of the Mexican army." Shortly afterwards Vashon met this gentleman in Rochester, who paid him great attention, introduced him to the leading notabilities of that city, and the Pittsburgh barber was for some days the lion of the place. Vashon kept his own counsel, and on his return to Pittsburgh, related the story with great glee, always winding up with the remark, "See what a thing this prejudice of colour is! As long as they thought me a Mexican colonel, I was good enough company for any body!"

Vashon considered himself as a sort of western rival of the late Thomas S. Anners, of this city, whom he described as "a very pompeous man."

New York Newspapers.

— A New York newspaper says:—"The violinist Paul Jullien, a wonderful little favorite with the public, is at the present time lying dangerously ill in this city. Fears are entertained of his recovery."

It strikes us that it would be more charitable to entertain fears of his dying.

The same paper has the following benevolent passage in the "Answers to Correspondents."

"In war, every thing that will either kill, bust, burn or blast an enemy, is good. Bless your innocent heart, vitriol is nothing. If there had been, as there ought to have been, an insurrection in Dublin in 1848, and if the women in the upper stories could have rained *hell fire* upon the enemies of their

country, they would have watered the revolutionary garden till it blossomed like the rose."

The Imperial Bed-Chamber.

— The following account of the *chambre a coucher* of the Empress Eugenie, at the Tuileries, furnished by a French correspondent of the *Mirror of Fashion*, will, we doubt not, cause a faint *nuance* of envy in the minds of more than one of our fair lady readers.

"The upholsterers have furnished it with a magnificent sky-blue silk *tenture* along the walls, which is fixed by gold frames, in the style of Louis XV. The arm-chairs, chairs, sofas, and lounges are of the same style and like silk. As for the bed, all made with gilt carved wood, it is covered with a *couvre pieds* of Mechlin lace and the curtains, of blue silk and lace, hang around it, in the same manner as around the old beds of our grandmothers. The carpet is also of a blue color, and so thick that one would take it for a bear skin. The ceiling of the room was painted by M. Bresson; it represents a group of geniuses throwing flowers from rich baskets. In short, this magnificent bedroom is the *ne plus ultra* of richness and elegance. But what are the dreams under those laces?"

The dreams of *Mme Eugenie*, we presume, form an interesting *olla podrida* of bull-fighting, fast driving, fancy flirting, English boarding-schoolisms, cigarettes, fetes, and chapters from that thrilling romance, "The Mysteries of Compeigne." As for *Monsieur* his visions are, undoubtedly, a *mélange* of Boulogne and Ham, billiard-rooms, constabulary duty, Picadilly saloons, unpaid bills, and souvenirs of his experiences, as a tamer of French eagles, an art in which he has ever been eminently industrious, and which he continues to practice to the present day with brilliant success.

Presence of Mind under Difficulties.

— Decidedly the coolest affair of this winter came off the other afternoon; when one of the "fast men," in a new trotting-wagon with two horse team, turning out of the stable suddenly, his horses started, struck the wheels on one side against the curbstone and tipped the driver out; who scrambling to his feet, hailed a friend, looking on, (as the team, driverless, dashed at full speed up the street,) with, "Hallo! what'll you give for that wagon *as it runs?* quick! how much?" "Sixty dollars," was the reply. "Done!"

Two minutes afterwards, at the corner of a neighboring street, there was a pile of broken spokes, tires and springs, with damaged wagon body, &c.,—waiting for the purchaser!

A Relic of the Olden Time.

— In a late No. of the *Calaveras Chronicle* we find the following document, reprinted as an interesting relic of the olden time of California:—

STOCKTON, Nov. 16, 1848.

Rendout & Webster,

Bought of Weber & Co.

9 dozen Brandy, . . .	\$1,296 00
100 lbs. Sugar, . . .	175 00
24 " Candles, . . .	120 00
3 doz. pair Shoes, . . .	700 00
20 lbs. Beans, . . .	60 00
20 " Tea, . . .	60 00
1 dozen Calico Shirts, . . .	100 00
1 " Pants, . . .	100 00
Total, . . .	\$2,611 00

The last No. of the *San Francisco Commercial Advertiser*, asserts that the cabmen of that city would make the best soldiers, as no troops in the world could stand their charge! Verily, California is getting along. "Up to the knees in gold and over ears in debt!"

Amusements.

— At the ARCH STREET THEATRE a first class performance has taken place every night for the last two weeks. "Twelfth Night" was admirably put upon the stage. This week two standard plays have been given every night. "The Love Chase," and "The Honeymoon," with Mr. and Mrs. Drew, and Mr. Wheatley in both, were capitally performed.

At the NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE "The Knight of the Eagle Crest"—originally performed with great success at Astley's—has been produced. It will be noticed more fully in our next.

At the CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE the lady equestrians still continue to attract crowds. Some new animals have been added to the Zoological department.

Two new ballets, of singular beauty, have been produced by M'LE MATHIAS at the WALNUT STREET THEATRE. "The Fisherman's Dream," may briefly be described as being essentially the favourite German story of "Undine." A young fisherman's placid affection for a fair fellow mortal, is interrupted by his visions of an ethereal—vapoury water nymph. She is revealed to him, both on earth in his waking life, and in his dreams in her coral and pearl grottoes beneath the waters. But every one knows this famous legend. It is deeply poetical and affords more apt material for a ballet than any other subject we can recall—more,

indeed, than has been taken advantage of in this arrangement and composition.

The other ballet, "Graziella," is, as near as it practicably can be, the same as M. Lamartine's interesting little life-romance—the love of a Neapolitan fisherman's daughter for a young Parisian lion, who in his travels has quartered himself, temporarily, in the *Pescador's* hut—with her melancholy fate—for the Frenchman is already, *fiancé*, at home. This ballet offers appropriate occasions for the introduction of several fascinating Italian dances.

M'le Mathias has never appeared to greater advantage—has never better satisfied the exigencies of her difficult art than in these two ballets—as, respectively, the sportive Naiad and the passionate Graziella. On no occasion does she—as great artists are very apt to do—rest upon her reputation—into each performance she infuses all that vigorous energy and life, which, at her outset, no doubt she felt would be required to gain her a name. She would seem naturally fitted for her vocation, for never have we seen her equal in cool self-possession upon the stage. She is always at ease whether dancing or at rest—always her face is radiant with smiles, for nothing would ever seem to go *wrong* in her ballets, nor does she, or any of her corps, ever commit *bevue*, or meet with accidents. How often have we seen a smiling houri upon the cessation of her gyrations before the public, turn limping up the stage with a most nefarious visage. Such an epilogue to her performance effaces all the delight you may at first have experienced. However great may be the exertions of M'le Mathias—and they are so doubtlessly—she never allows her spectators to know it—that is her own business and one of the secrets of her art.

If it were not impossible to find fault with her dancing, we should say that her *forte* might lie in dramatic performances. In "Graziella," especially her pantomime and action are of the most powerfully expressive character. In declaring her violent passion for her young Parisian guest, her whole soul seems to be infused in her face and looks; and in the last scene her death is rendered as sad and affecting as anything could be, short of its real occurrence.

Ballet dancers must learn from M'le Mathias that henceforth the public will require something more than even the most perfect execution of every *movement of the dance*.

Engravings.

— The choicest stock of fine line and other engravings on sale in this city, is at Mr. Corree's, Chestnut st., below Ninth.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP!"—*Ferguson*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

As I have before hinted, the growth of this body is exceedingly slow. Indeed, I am not sure, that it does more than escape absolute *decline* in its numbers. Its annual deaths are probably less than the average in the world at large, as might naturally be anticipated respecting persons leading a life so simple, regular, uneventful and unexciting. Still death causes *some* diminution, and this is increased by those, more or fewer, who for various reasons annually leave the Communities.

How it may be in the long run, as respects those who supply these losses, I cannot, from my brief experience, judge. But, so far as I saw, the new comers were chiefly such, as had got pretty well "used up" at home; persons, who not knowing, for the moment, what to do with themselves elsewhere, came here on the principle of "any port in a storm." Exceptions, it is true, there were to this rule, but they were not very numerous.

Among those, who were most thoroughly leavened with the Shaker spirit, and who had adhered to this life beyond the proverbial *critical* period, the close of the *initial* year, I noticed that a very considerable number consisted of relatives, near or remote, of the first converts to the new Faith in this country. These original converts, as in all kindred instances, were animated by a fervent zeal and a strong, tenacious faith. This was all but inevitable, since there was no well-compacted, opulent community existing *then*, as *now*, to hold out inducements which might compensate for breaking up ancient ties, religious, social and domestic, and adopting a novel, untried life, obnoxious, in many of its principles and usages, to the dominant opinions and feelings of the world. This super-average faith and zeal of the early Shakers would naturally act with no small force on all connected with them,

however distantly, by ties of blood; and as the American origin of the sect dates back little beyond seventy years, we can readily see why so many of the same kin are found among them at the present time.

One source of present additions is found in those fanatical crises, which are ever and anon occurring in this country and in England, and which seem to be a periodical epidemic peculiar, or well nigh so, to the Anglosaxon blood. Thus Millerism, on its explosion, threw a considerable mass of its fragments into the domain of Shakerism. Several of the most earnest believers and most zealous proselyters in the particular "Family," to which I belonged, had been among the most enthusiastic disciples of "Father Miller." Nor did they find the masses of argument and Scriptural interpretation, which had been wielded so self-convincingly in behalf of a *material* "second advent" and "world-conflagration," to be at all inapplicable, and useless in the service of their newly adopted Faith. They had but to substitute "*spiritual*" for "*material*," and all their accumulated weapons were precisely adapted to the new warfare, in which they had enlisted. The world *was*, at the present moment, in the very process of being "burned up" by the *spiritual* fire of Shakerism; that is, its *old* opinions, feelings and ways of life were being done away, and the "Lord was descending" in the *new* modes of thought, feeling and action, which Shakerism was superinducing upon mankind!

The great objection to this self-complacent view of things was, that of a race of 800,000,000 beings, the Shakers constituted but *seven or eight thousand*, and that this small number, if not absolutely *lessened*, had certainly increased the veriest trifle, if at all, for a lengthened period! And this, too, notwithstanding that, two years before, a new Revelation, entitled the "Sacred Roll," had been written down by a selected one of their number, from the *oral dictation of an angel visible and audible*, and its authenticity confirmed by countless preternatural "signs and wonders," addressed to the vision and hearing of numerous members of the several Shaker Communities all through the country.

But I will dwell no longer on this aspect of things. It is easy talking of the fanaticism and foolish credulity of this or that body of men, but not so easy showing, that we are ourselves free from the same or kindred traits *under some other outward guise*. The undeniable truth is, that man is a fanatical, credulous, superstitious being in his very core, and partly on temperament, and partly on education and enviroing circumstances it depends into what external moulds these ingrained tendencies shall run.

* Continued from part 18, of BIZARRE.

Voltaire was no whit less fanatical and credulous and superstitious in his *unbelief*, than Simeon Stylites and Pierre, of Amiens, in their *faith*. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I said the Shakers had characteristics, which might advantageously be copied by the world at large. They present to that world a spectacle of order, sobriety and untiring, successful industry, which were not easily matched, and certainly not transcended, were you to circumnavigate our globe in the search. Every species of intoxicating beverage has long been banished from use among them; and in the Shakers you have an entire sect, among whom total abstinence is a *religious* principle and usage, not less than a matter of social expediency. And when, on looking abroad through our best-regulated and most moral communities, we witness the swarming myriads of licensed "dens of death," and note the awful ravages thereby inflicted on every class and age of either sex, we *ought* not at least to withhold our cordial approbation of a sect, which long since "laid the axe at the root of the Upas tree," and therefore exhibits the spectacle of some thousands of men, women and children, in whose life-currents mingles no single drop of the still! "Honor to whom honor is due."

The Shakers, too, are remarkable for the prevalence of universal, unbroken *order*. This, indeed, might be infallibly inferred from what I have stated above. Much as has been written and spoken, of late years, of the multiplex evils flowing immediately and remotely from alcohol, we are very far, even yet, from having plummeted the depths of that abyss, or measured and traced the innumerable streams greater or smaller, that issue therefrom. Of all the disorders that afflict the civilised world, whether in the shape of wars between nations or of internal and domestic quarrels, few, I suspect, would remain, were alcohol once banished universally. Day after day, month after month, year after year, you behold these Shaker Communities presenting the spectacle of *undisturbed concord* alike within their own bounds, and in their relations to the world beyond; each individual of their number moving in the sphere assigned him, and performing the duties allotted to his charge, without clash or collision in word or deed with any other! Surely this is a spectacle worth contemplating, and an example which might with profit be universally copied.

As I have before said, the Shakers are pre-eminent for their *industrious* habits. All, without exception, men, women and children, are incessantly occupied in *some way* during their waking hours. All, too,

are required, whatever may have been their vocation before entering Shakerdom, to labor at some *manual* employment. The natural result of these usages, coupled with the strict economy universally enforced, is a rapid growth in wealth. There being among the Shakers no *idlers*, "*fruges consumere nati*," but all being *workers*, and their various toils being so directed by the despotic authority of the Elders, as all to bear on a single point, *accumulation* is a *virtual necessity*. And I question whether there be in existence a single community of "Believers," which has had time to get "fairly under way," that is not distinguished by its possession of all life's material comforts in abundance.

I have often thought it a great pity, that some arrangement could not be adopted, whereby a host of the half-starving denizens of our cities might be plucked out of the filth and nakedness and misery, with the almost inevitably accompanying vices and crimes of their present condition, to the warm plenty and orderly industry, and pervasive comfort and peace of Shakerdom. Such an event would certainly delight the "Believers," for the smallest augmentation of their numbers is to them a matter of great and general interest. That to these denizens themselves it would be an exceedingly desirable boon, it needs no words to show. For though the Shaker is not the highest conceivable form of existence, it is immeasurably better than the *garretism* and *cellarism* of our city lanes.

Pity, too, that the multitudes of boys and girls, who are growing up in neglect, and environed by numberless temptations of all sorts in our city streets, could not be transplanted to the quiet, regular, industrious homes of Shakerism. To themselves it would be at least *temporal salvation*, while to society at large it would be the removal of a burden, which is, every year, pressing more heavily on both its *moral* and *material* resources.

In this era, when novel discoveries and inventions, of whatever description, have almost ceased to awaken surprise, and when enterprises, that once would have been counted the suggestions of lunacy, are undertaken with calm deliberation and unsuspecting faith, I do not despair of beholding some movement carried into effect, whereby Shakerism may confer an immense benefit on general society by transforming the *outcasts* and *parias* of the latter into useful and reputable men and women, while, at the same time, reaping large benefits to itself by augmenting its numbers and resources, and therefore its visible strength and respectability. There are shrewd men among those Shaker leaders,

and it were really worth the while for our own wise ones, the conservators of our social order and promoters of our common weal, to propound a conference with those leaders, touching this very subject. We appeal to the philanthropic, and those wielding influence with the public, to consider and act in this behalf!

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.*

"For all manner of mynstrales,
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weepyng and of yame,
And of all that length unto fame."

RHME OF SIR TOPAZ.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

The Newspaper Correspondent One of Many Illusions—What Life is to Him—Spider and its Web—The Work and what is Done—Correspondent's Influence—The Washington Chiffonier—Espionage—First and last Sleep—The News got out of Mr. Obadiah—Setting Traps—Art of Extracting Intelligence—Greatness Confronted—How the Washington Correspondent becomes interesting to the Public—The Letter that Takes—His Morning, Noon, and Night.

"Observe his desultory pace,
His gestures strange and varying grace,
With many a muttered sound."

Washington, minus its Newspaper Correspondents, would be annihilated in the minds of multitudes, just as the Croton would never be thought of without the pipes that convey it. The two are identified. The Daily, lying fresh and crisp on the breakfast table of a family, affords to a member of this fraternity the pleasantest and readiest of introductions. He enters in a sort of sky-blue invisible jacket, and is heard and conversed with, without being seen. Whether he be a bearded man, or one "shaven and shorn," whether stout or slim, low or tall, in he comes without one question being asked, and says what he chooses without one demurrer being entered. Happy man! the potentate of an hour! the arbiter of a nation's destiny in the neighbourhood of the coffee pot! He himself feels himself by virtue of his office to be an illusion, having no certitude of the thing whereof he affirms. But what of that? Life itself is an illusion, all hope and all reward an illusion.

Of all who come hither or go hence, of all that abide or only tarry, the most active, the

least lethargic, he who sees most, feels most, thinks most, does most, is the Newspaper Correspondent. Life for him is doubled, trebled, quadrupled, quintupled, in length as in essence. A being he, in his highest state of development, of strange and vast sympathies, that extend themselves and ramify through every official department, every private abode, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength; for whom Washington is a web, its people flies, himself a spider. The Caliban of Shakspeare, with business to do in the veins of earth, was not more officious, or bent on more secret and mysterious tasks, than he of whom we speak. Why newspaper correspondents have been rained down so plentifully on this unfortunate spot, may be easily surmised, though where they come from is another question. For ourselves, we regard them as a race distinctly set apart for their vocation, chamelion-like in nature, ethereal in essence, and capable, if not of assuming all forms, of identifying themselves with all persons. They are, in a word, the eyes and ears of the great world around them, holding a kaleidoscope for the one, and for the other reminding us of the trumpets which Dulcarnon, the great lord of east and west, set upon the mountains which shut in the northern nations, that the air resounding through them, might represent his vast and endless hosts, when he himself should be compelled to withdraw these. Most extraordinary, confessedly, are his qualities, for though according to Master Pope—

"Both those who cannot write and those who can,
All rhyme and scrawl, and scribble to a man,"

the malady in him is developed in the evil spirit of instant or immediate publication. Rest assured, he is no common mortal. Is not his delight in florid and inflamed expressions, and his matter always highly heterogeneous, ludicrous and lamentable? Then how infinite the variety of his labors! As he struts from scene to scene, all that can either interest or excite is conjured up. Though truth, candor and integrity seem often lost sight of, it is only for a brief period that the man disappears. The Sicilian diver, emerging from dark Charybdis with the golden cup, may serve for an emblem, after the fashion of Francis Quarles, seeing that this wrestling of mind with mind is the imposed condition for getting at right views. Well may the Newspaper Correspondent magnify his office! His own private individual sensations, become, in their wide diffusion, so many successive moral earthquakes. What are merely his tricks, are taken as at a far remove from any legerdemain; what are simply ebullitions of his

* Continued from Part 18, of BIZARRE.

temper, are elsewhere received as infallible signs of some general and national commotion.

"Thus did Salomoneus rattle o'er
The brasen bridge, to make it roar
Like Joves imperial thunder."

What wonder, then, if the Washington Newspaper Correspondent holds himself in no light estimation—holds himself even to be a *great* man, and in his elation of spirit, haply to exercise a controlling influence on governmental affairs. To be sure, the Newspaper Correspondent is not to be found in the Constitution of the United States, there provided for, as one of the "powers that be." But he is none the less on that account. The public journals of our large Atlantic and inland cities, are so many engines in his hand. Without seeing their direct operation, he believes and feels it, and in all his arduous efforts is buoyed up by a consciousness that what he says and what he thinks, will be said and thought by others. He is not quite right in his conceptions; he is not altogether wrong. The Newspaper Correspondent is brought up in the fear of nobody. As with the Saturnalian hierarchy of Milton, the members of this fraternity hold different ranks, and move in quite different spheres. For instance, there are the *chiffoniers*, employed in scraping up what can be collected in the halls, passages, and rooms of hotels; making no scruple of accosting, in pursuit of their object, utter strangers, and even condescending to piteous moans, if any new idea, any new light on the subject is to be got thereby. These will way-lay government clerks going to and fro, and supposed to be informed of the secrets of the several departments, compelling them, by force of numberless ingenious and ingenious questions, to stand and deliver. Seldom accused of effrontery, they are guilty only of dogged, obstinate perseverance. The setting of the sun is no close of the working day for them. Out with the shades of evening, the *chiffoniers* haunt all new forming groups, and over-hear all confidential conversations. Talk of Austrian espionage—you are never out of their way. When they cease their daily and wearisome work, or where they deposit their larvæ, few know. Each has his employer. Whatever is thus collected, must undergo a filtering process, in the course of which irreconcilabilities will be reconciled. How they get hold of sleep we cannot tell. Official hours are *their* hours, and at whatever period they retire, at ten the next day they must be up and stirring. It may be that they keep a running account with old king Morpheus, and intend, in the course of a good old age, to sleep it out. But whether they can live

to that good old age is another question, for theirs is a wearing, tearing and thankless and watchful business, and one ill-requited. Looking at their gaunt forms and hopeless labor, we have satisfied ourselves that those who do not early quit it, must be content to be parched up in the course of a few dry seasons, and sink into their graves.

"Unknelled, unconfined, and unknown."

Thankful for the least item of intelligence, they, like their Parisian namesakes, put a value on everything—on things gross and thrown away—too vile to look at. Did Mr. Obadiah, on closing his desk this afternoon, suggest that things looked squally? He did. There are three witnesses to the fact. But did Mr. Obadiah refer metaphorically to home or foreign affairs, or literally to the weather? That is the question. Might not the state of the latter have suggested the use of the expression in relation to the former. Who knows? It is enough for the *chiffonier*, that said Obadiah actually used the terms. The *chiffonier*, therewith, takes the information to an abler head, and is paid accordingly.

However, there are scores of clerks, only too happy to assume the office of *chiffoniers*, and to convey to head quarters whatever information they get, or choose to think they have got. Thither, also, let us hie, though to find a Newspaper Correspondent in the day time is a hard matter. Positively everywhere, he is seemingly nowhere.

Nowhere when setting his traps, everywhere when he has laid them. Within a few hours, he has been seen on a flying visit to one of the Departments—has pounced on an illustrious visitor, and has appropriated him by special agreement, exclusively—has spoken for having the first handling of a document that is coming out—has received a hint, which he is, at this moment following up, and which promises to lead to the most surprising revelations. Now and then he hurries down to the telegraph office, and hurries away. Crossing and re-crossing streets, going and returning, no man busier than he. Well has he studied the disposition of men, knowing whom he can draw on at sight for news, and whom on time. Those by nature hermetically sealed, he will seldom trouble more than once. The voluble, who yet communicate nothing, he will appreciate and discard, having no time to waste with them. If wise, he will never lose sight of certain crafty old foxes—keen, acute, cautious fellows, who have an inkling of whatever is going on, and always know more than they choose to tell. The President and members of the cabinet will fre-

quently lend willing assistance. But even these, added to the *chiffonniers*, are not all. To know the sources of a Washington Correspondent's letters, one must look within his brain, and recall to thought the four ravens, which a friend of the poet Crebillon, then penning a tragedy, was surprised to see sitting at his elbow. "Walk gently, my good friend," said the poet. "or you will put my conspirators to flight."

If there were glory in greatness, the Washington Correspondent should be intoxicated, hurried, as he is, from scene to scene. But intent on securing material for a good letter, nothing pleases him that does not serve his purpose, his gaze is without interest and without emotion. He will seldom be caught retailing old history except in an extreme dearth. If he takes for his motto that madness rules the heads of men and folly the actions of life, he will write some very notable things suggested by very ordinary occurrences. When he is really interesting to the public, is when he deals with the highest improbabilities. As fine labor would be wasted on statues to be seen only at an extreme height and from a distance, so his productions must be rough hewn, his revelations not only surprising, but astounding. Hits at character never fail to take. When a victim is arraigned for this purpose, his full name must be given with his connexions, his character and his antecedents, this involving both his deeds and misdeeds; the public also desire to know what this miscraent thinks of things in general, what are his prospects, what his designs, and what the Newspaper Correspondent considers should be his punishment. O gullible public! a letter headed thus, is what you want:—

Startling Intelligence — T. F. A. Beheaded — Change of National Policy — Disruption of the Cabinet — Depletion of the Treasury — Frauds on the Revenue — Interference of Foreign Affairs by U. S. Agents — Curious Revelations — Rumoured Fight between two Senators — Suspicious Conduct by an Official — Corruption —

The sooty grey of evening has come. The air is loaded with vapor, and all things look misty and feel damp. Clouds laden with sleet, only await the sun's rising to send it down. Down, too, it comes, describing concentric figures and flying hither and thither with blinding force. It is early yet, though. A front door opens, and on the stoop of that same house appears again our friend, now enveloped in a huge Napoleonic cloak. He has become the bearer of his own despatches, and taking a look at the heavens, as though to assure himself that despite all the political catastro-

phes and individual crimes, of which he is the chronicler, they have not yet fallen, wends his way to the Post-office in a highly considerate state of mind. He has disburdened himself, but alas! alas! The camel that stoops in the desert at eve to be disburdened of its load, rises not more surely in the morning to assume it, than does this strangely gifted being, dislodge cares and responsibilities. His absorbent powers are again in full action before he has gone twenty paces. To any other man, the letter he is about to deposit, would seem half a life's work; with him, it is only the etching of a day, labor to be repeated months and years, and in the end prove "the cause of all his woe." The fatuity, indeed, is not to be resisted. He might, the thing is just possible, experience a respite, but it would only be like the delivery from gout of a gentleman sorely afflicted with it, the physician finding, to his surprise, not only the disease gone, but the patient rejoicing in his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed the valetudinarian, "you are just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is the first of a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the doctor, "those pipes of Madeira will never do; they are the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the gay incurable, "fill up your glass, for now we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better." So on and on walks the Newspaper Correspondent, walking and absorbing not only moisture but ideas through all that drizzling storm. Before reaching his destination, he has gathered up a weight of care, entertained suspicions, indulged surmises, shaped out a course of party and national policy, discovered, what to all other men, asleep or awake, out or in, is completely hid, and this the night shall work out in his lonely chamber, and the morning see shapened and expressed. Let us watch him—with nervous twitch he drops his letter in the box, the now only *existing* record of what he once thought, for the tablet is erased, and his mind, entirely changed, is working with new ideas. But the mail has closed. Think not that this potent man is thus to be foiled. The mail *has* closed; we allow it—closed to the world in general, but not to the Correspondent. This rare creature, as under supernatural guidance, finds his way to the interior, and in a yet gaping bag, deposits what tens, hundreds and thousands are as widely gaping for. The Newspaper Correspondent is always the last man. He will sometimes hit so happily the time as to reach the mail coach just as the reins are being taken in hand.

Strange contents of a Washington Letter

Bag! How often have we mused on what is contained therein. Tidings of broken hearts, and broken hopes, or hope deferred, tidings of joy and grief, of love and folly. But of all that, only those "whom it may concern," shall know, saving the letter of the Correspondent. In the days of Queen Bess, the mail from Edinburgh to her capital, bore but one letter, and that to a London banker. How times have changed there and here! Toils the locomotive through woods and across ravines! Walks home the Correspondent, for whom space is being thus vastly overstepped. Let us be up betimes, and look towards his room. The light burns more dimly as other light increases from without. Presently the dark, bending form of the Newspaper Correspondent is revealed as in a sort of *chiaro oscuro*. Rumpled memoranda, detached scraps, fragments of printed matter lie scattered round, their purport considered, their sense distilled and transferred to slips of "foreign post." The poet who wrote his verses on scraps of paper borrowed from shopkeepers as he passed along the street, could exhibit no more curious collection of papyræ than that which now stands ready to be committed to the flames, rivalling in this Joseph's coat of many colors. Writing crude and writing plain, from paid and unpaid chiffoniers; characters half Turkish, half Chinese; scribbles of momentous import; carefully indited suggestions worth nothing; a message from the President, a circular from one of the cabinet ministers, a brief from a lawyer, all have been disposed of, and the public will know nothing more of them than the Correspondent has chosen to disclose. Yon mass of verbiage by the fire grate, is probably composed of the deep oracular utterance of some politician, who, not getting for it "audience fit," or scarcely believing that the thoughts of his brain were born to die, has commended it to the gentle mercies of this sovereign man, who has not even honored it with a notice. The short line on a large sheet of foolscap paper coiling quietly up on the highest ridge of coal, is a suggestion from an incumbent of an office in the Treasury Department, and may be found enlarged to a paragraph of the completed letter, destined in that shape to create a talk, if not a sensation, throughout the financial world. At the bar of the Correspondent's table, men of all sorts and conditions, summoned in ghostly form, have already been listened to, their claims adjudged, their wants provided for or dismissed. New laws have been enacted in embryo, and ambassadorships given away; to this one praise, to that a severe and terrible rebuke. The Newspaper Correspondent is a autocrat in his own domain, and cannot

possibly admit of any appeal from his decisions, and though he may be influenced, can scarcely be said to be controlled. And by whom was he invested with such prodigious powers? A question "not fit to be asked." Invested, sir? Why, by himself. Only look at his history. At his birth. It might be, indeed,

"No prodigy appeared in earth or air,"

nevertheless, somehow or other, by influence or connexions, or the want of both, time got him into a newspaper office. It might be harsh to suggest in this, and withal some discouragement to rising genius, the powerful interest, a certain individual in the lower regions might have chosen to exert.

The correspondent, as a mortal man, may now take his breakfast. There we leave him, wishing him strong coffee, hot rolls, omelette, and such a beefsteak as would have served for both Gog and Magog. It is at this breakfast that he peruses the morning papers of the place, and is made happy by seeing himself quoted or commented on. True thought will travel up and down in this world, backwards and forwards like a weaver's shuttle; the flash of genius, like lightning, permeates the whole air. The next glance of the Correspondent is to official circulars. However well he may be posted up, a government organ will be a little ahead of him. If this matter be of importance, he will despatch the substance by telegraph, and proceed with a day's work scarcely begun. Scarcely begun! and when will it end? Only, we imagine, at the end of time, when the torn and unused despatch of some Newspaper Correspondent, together with some shrivelled telegraphic wires, must go along with the falling sign and broken easel in Hogarth's tableau.

(To be continued.)

THE MILITARY EXCURSION.

The ancient and respectable borough of Koonkletown, rejoices in a volunteer company. For ten years the *Rangers* have duly paraded on the Fourth of July, the twenty-second of February, and the eighth of January, besides an annual muster in battalion with three other companies in the county, under the command of Major Tompkinson, when they go through sundry "convolutions of the line," as the worthy major calls it, with more propriety than might at first be supposed.

The Koonkletown Rangers always ap-

peared at least equal to the other companies in these annual exhibitions, but something more was wanting to their glory; their renown had not extended far beyond the limits of their county, and they had become too aspiring to be satisfied with this "pent up Utica." A railroad that has been lately run through their town to the city of Hardscrabble, has put it in their power to see more of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of military life, as far as parading goes, than they have ever previously enjoyed.

Accordingly, the Rangers in August last made an excursion to Hardscrabble, and it is our pleasing duty to serve as the historian of the expedition, an event that will not soon be forgotten in either the city or the borough.

Two months were devoted to the necessary preparations. Their uniforms were mended, arms and accoutrements cleaned, and their business operations so arranged as to allow of an absence of four or five days from their beloved homes. Pecuniary difficulties, that might have prevented the departure of some of the company with their comrades, were properly disposed of; the captain guaranteed the payment of a note for eleven dollars, that would fall due by one of the privates during the time of their absence.

At length all was ready, and a lovely morning dawned over the village, giving promise of fine weather during the trip. They were to start at nine, but that they might be ready in time, every soul in the borough was waked by the drum and fife at day-break; and the company commenced assembling at seven o'clock, after breakfasts, somewhat disturbed by the tears and sobs of their wives and little ones; many of whom could not have shown more distress if the gallant corps had been under orders for Mexico, instead of Hardscrabble.

We say that the company commenced assembling at seven o'clock, by which we mean, that at that hour Captain Kegarice and the drummer and fifer were on the ground. The rest of the company, as became free and independent citizen soldiers, did not make their appearance until an hour later. It is not to be supposed that they could be tied down to hours and minutes, just as if they had belonged to the regular army! No, indeed!

After favouring their fellow-citizens with a short march through the principal streets and receiving an address from the Chief Burgess, in which he told them that he was sure that the honour of Koonkletown was safe in their hands, they ascended the cars of the Slapdash and Hardscrabble Rail-

road Company, and were off at nine o'clock precisely, for locomotives will not wait for even "the bold volunteers."

A ride of four hours brought them to Hardscrabble. It is only an act of justice to the corps, to state that they bore it with the steadiness of veterans. Not an accident occurred, and their pleasure was increased by plentiful supplies of pop-corn and ground-nuts, which attentive boys and girls provided at all the stopping places, on reasonable terms.

The city of Hardscrabble was properly excited on the occasion. The church bells were rung, and had they possessed any cannon, they would have been fired in honour of the joyful event, but having none, all that the authorities could do was to suspend the ordinance against firing squibs and crackers, which the boys discharged in great numbers. They would have done just the same if the ordinance had not been suspended. The Mayor, who was to deliver an address of welcome on the following day, overhauled Plutarch and the History of the American Revolution.

The depot in Hardscrabble, was about two hundred yards from the hotel (the Bumgarten House), at which they were to put up; but as the object of the excursion was to see and be seen, it was out of the question for them to proceed at once to their quarters. A procession was indispensable, in which the volunteers of Hardscrabble undertook to form the escort of their gallant guests. Originally, it had been intended to take them through every street in the town, from one end to the other, but as the thermometer was over ninety, and the dust six inches deep, the route was shortened to three miles. A troop of cavalry—seven men, including the trumpeter—led the way; then followed two companies of infantry, averaging twenty-three men each, and then the guests, the rear being brought up by a company of riflemen. We cannot state the number of this corps on parade, as it fluctuated considerably, the weather being warm, as above mentioned, and the lager-beer saloons very abundant. The captain commanding, who seldom appeared mounted, had as much as he could do to keep in the saddle, and the rear guard, therefore, enjoyed peculiar advantages. That officer could not have told whether the riflemen paraded five or fifty.

As the longest lane must have an end, so must a march, whether long or short. In an hour and a half they reached the hotel, and if the heat and dust were intolerable, they had much to compensate for their sufferings. Every window was filled with the joyous faces of the fair (and Hardscrabble,

as the Hardscrabblers say, is famous for the beauty of its women), who showered on the officers nose-gays (which those who do not understand French, are fond of calling *boquets*), and the men were not neglected, for no one reached the Bumgarten House without three or four holly-hocks and sunflowers under his cross-belts.

After fifteen minutes spent in the necessary ablutions, they sat down to dinner, a meal somewhat needed and much relished; after which, the Hardscrabble Browns, whose peculiar guests they were, marched them to their hall, and gave them another dinner; another company of infantry gave them a third repast, and the riflemen provided them with a very handsome collation, in which lager-beer was not forgotten. By this time the hour of supper had arrived, and the Rangers marched back to their hotel to enjoy it. A short visit to the menagerie followed, after which, they repaired to the wax-works. A military ball closed the amusements of the day. Never did the fair of Hardscrabble look lovelier—never did the heroes of Koonkletown appear more gallant! Both parties covered themselves with glory.

Breakfast being despatched on the following day, at a rather late hour, we must confess, the company repaired to the city hall to have a public reception. The Mayor delivered a magnificent address, which out-did his previous outdoings in that line; and in such things his experience was great, as he gave to every volunteer company and every fire company that passed through the town, a reception. Bunker Hill and Julius Cæsar, Thermopylæ and Marion, Pharsalia and Sergeant Jasper figured in it in glowing periods. It gave almost universal satisfaction; only one person found fault with it, and all that this unhappy grumbler could find to say, was, that the Mayor should have omitted all mention of "our glorious ancestors, the heroes and sages of '76," seeing that he was the son of an Irishman, who did not arrive in America until long after the Revolution, and that Captain Kegarice was the grandson of one of the Hessians who surrendered at Trenton.

Captain Kegarice replied with a mixture of manliness and modesty. He hoped that our peaceful shores might be free from the scourge of war, but if it should come the Koonkletown Rangers were ready—and here the Captain looked unutterable things. Another military dinner followed, and another ball closed the festivities of the second day in Hardscrabble.

The next day was devoted to short excursions in the vicinity, and to private parties, given by the principal inhabitants. It will

be enough to say, that the reputation of the Hardscrabblers for hospitality did not suffer any diminution.

Uninterrupted felicity is not the lot of mortals; some time or other the Rangers would have had to go back to their wives and families. The fourth day was fixed for their departure. They left their kind entertainers with hearts full of gratitude, and the muzzles of their guns full of flowers. When about starting the only accident occurred that befel them during the trip. Corporal Jenks whilst standing on the railroad had two of his toes taken off by a car. He has had two cork ones made by Mr. Palmer, and his marching is not materially affected.

The ride back was melancholy, as might have been expected; the pleasures of feasting, and dancing and hearing speeches, were now to be succeeded by the hum-drum of every day life. It was a week before any of them could settle down to business. The Orderly Sergeant's report presented that the killed were, none; wounded, one—Corporal Jenks, as above-mentioned; and the missing, one—Fifer Budge, who was left behind, and said that he missed his passage; but as he showed no hurry to come on by the next train, and is said to be about marrying the cook of the Bumgarten House, this is rather doubted. He had a severe lecture from Captain Kegarice when he did appear; and had there been another fifer in Koonkletown, he would undoubtedly have been court-martialed.

No time was lost in preparing a testimony of thanks to their kind hosts, and all who had contributed to their enjoyment. A committee of two lieutenants and three non-commissioned officers was appointed to draw it up, but it is thought that they received much aid from the captain. Here and there his style breaks out in the document, as will be admitted by all who know that officer, and have read the following

CARD.

With gushing and overflowing hearts we sit down to prepare a slight tribute of gratitude to our noble entertainers of Hardscrabble. Faintly, indeed, will it express our feelings, but our labouring bosoms must have some safety-valve.

First, we have to tender our thanks to the Managers of the Slapdash and Hardscrabble Railroad, for their generosity in affording us a free-pass; to the conductors, firemen, brakemen, and other employees of the company for our agreeable journeys to and from the noble city of Hardscrabble. Their road is an honour to our county, and, indeed, to all the counties through which it passes. Their cars are comfortable and well venti-

lated, and their apparatus for catching the cinders most admirable.

To the various volunteer companies of cavalry, infantry and riflemen, who received us with an escort, and especially to the Hardscrabble Browns, whose guests we particularly were, we are under an eternal weight of gratitude. Their courtesy, their unwearied attention, and their unabated assiduities would have won the applause of a Chesterfield or a Count D'Orsay. We cannot forget them, if we would; we would not forget them, if we could.

To the lovely fair of Hardscrabble, the glory of the female sex, we are under immense obligations. We thank them for their waved handkerchiefs, for their flowers, and, most of all, for their smiles. Never, while the heart of a soldier beats within our bosom, shall we forget the smiles of the fair of Hardscrabble. We should have to go through the whole directory, if we named all to whom we owe many and most delicate attentions; we may be allowed especially to mention Miss Sallie Jones, Miss Fannie Updegrove, the Misses Smith, Miss Bessie Judkins, Miss Pollie Thompson, Miss Lizzie Adamson, Miss Sookie Webb, and the amiable and accomplished Miss Higginson, whose first name has unhappily escaped our recollection.

To all the authorities of the city we must offer our feeble but heartfelt acknowledgments; to the mayor for his admirable, patriotic and spirit-stirring address, and to Constable Peck for preventing the interesting children of Hardscrabble from pressing too closely upon our line. We do not doubt that this rising generation will be worthy of their sires—yes, and, what is more, worthy of their mothers.

To the host of the Bumgarten House, words would be feeble to express our gratitude. Delightful are his chambers, clean and luxurious his cookery, and all his arrangements unsurpassed. To the traveller in want of a home, we can safely recommend the unrivalled Bumgarten House.

Our thanks must be briefly expressed to the employees of the Hotel:—

To Pollie, the cook, for the unrivalled fare provided for us. Never while the heart of a soldier beats within our bosom shall we forget those sausages.

To Peggie and Betsie, the chambermaids, for the neatness of the rooms, beds and crockery-ware; and to Peter, the Boots; the excellence of whose blacking is only to be equalled by the skill displayed in its application.

And, lastly, to all others who have contributed to our enjoyment during the excursion; if we have omitted any, we beg them

to believe that it is an error of the head rather than the heart.

JASON DOBBS,
LAFAYETTE P. SPLURGE,
CHRISTOPHER SCHMIT,
TIMOTHY O. BUCKALOW,
SOCRATES JINKINSON,
Committee.*

AN ODE FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

(A LOCAL LYRIC.)

Hail! sovereign saint, of matchless power—
Descend, and from some myrtle bower
The reign of Love proclaim.
Lead on the brave, the faint inspire,
Wake in each breast the latent fire,
And fan it to a flame.

Omphale's distaff proved thy might,
Leander's feat, fair Helen's flight,
And Eloisa's sigh.
Then, hand-in-hand, around his shrine
Cry "True-Love for St. Valentine!"
And speed the nuptial tie.

Bring burning blushes, longing sighs,
Contagious sparks from raptured eyes,
And hearts with heads at strife.
Compound a philter of the whole,
Drink to the dregs the nectar'd bowl,
And sink a slave for life!

And Benedictine be our rule—
Not he of stern, ascetic school
The churlish saint of yore—
But Benedick of stage renown,
Whose name should rouse the sluggard town
To gentle deeds once more.

Who vowed and swore he ne'er would wed,
Yet soon in captive chains was led
By Beatrice the fair.
See then how beauty, grace and art,
Can even catch the cautious heart,
When Cupid spreads the snare.

Where can he start such noble game,
Or add more glory to his name,
Than in preserves like ours?
Attest ye sofas, halls and stairs,
The fond delight of flirting pairs,
Ye true Arcadian bowers!

What beauty, wit, your coverts grace!
More dazzling charms of form and face
Could captious lover ask?
And Hymen—thou of mystic ring—
Thee I invoke! propitious, bring
Thy aid to crown the task.

* We have just learnt that Captain Kegarice had to pay that note for eleven dollars, and talks of resigning.

Then light the torch at Beauty's eyes,
 And pile an altar to the skies
 With many a bleeding heart—
 Urge on the boy of merry pranks
 To thin our full (but feeble) ranks,
 Nor spare his cruel dart.

FRAGMENTS.

Love of Country.

— If we look with the mind's eye over the earth, and those who dwell on it, it would seem to have been the design of Nature, by her mountain barriers, and ocean boundaries, that the human race should live, not as one great family, but as different nations, each distinguished by language and customs, and, in a word, by whatever makes up national character. Hence springs up from the element of the home feeling, aided by reasoning and revelation, the natural affection, known by the familiar name of Patriotism.

Patriotism is that passion whose great aim is directed to the duty and service to one's country, accompanied with an unfeigned desire and ardent efforts for the public safety and welfare. The broad and firm basis of this sentiment, although enlarged by collateral circumstances is the sincere love which the patriot holds for justice, peace, social happiness, and liberty. As the love of one's country is among the strongest principles in the breast of man, so, when not degenerated into selfishness, as to interfere with our love to man in general, it is one of the best and noblest of the benevolent affections.

From the earliest ages of the world we find that this principle has been held in the highest veneration, and regarded in an almost sacred light even by nations in the most savage state—nations unaided by a high degree of reason and reflection, showing it in their case, at least, to be rather an instinct of nature, than the offspring of thought. But not only the barbarous tribes of the ancients were deeply imbued with this affection, civilized nations of the most polished customs, skilled in more delicate refinements, than any attained in the present day, although often swayed triumphantly by the tyrannical hand of vice, were never regardless to the claims of patriotism. Greece may boast proudly of such warriors as Miltiades and Epaminondas among her host of sons inspired with her love—Rome of her Cincinnatus. Even in the darkest ages of Rome, when vice alone was predominant, when every tender sympathy of life seemed to have been banished from the human breast, when the moral world rocked under the profane tramp of a monster, such

as Caligula or Nero, yet in all these dire vicissitudes of fortune, her people never ceased to adore the merits of her patriotic heroes, who, under the same bondage, were never deficient in the most zealous endeavours to rescue their countrymen from the galling yoke which bore them down to the very earth.

Although the ancients have given us such remarkable examples of patriotic deeds, such as the establishing of good laws, the crushing of rebellions, or the devoting of life to the country's safety, the remembrance of which endear us to persons of the remotest ages and of the most distant countries, yet not the less have the nations of modern times been destitute of those spirits ready to risk in times of great and threatening peril, both life and wealth to ward off the political tempests which frowned upon their country, menacing darkness and destruction. If Greece had her Epaminondas, and Rome her Cincinnatus, France boasts a Sully, England a Chatham. In the character of Chatham we may behold a patriot of the most exalted nature. A friend to liberty and the oppressed, the defender of his country's rights, and a foe to tyranny, his fame can never die.

However glorious may be the patriotism of those whose lot is cast in civilized regions and in favoured climes, it is a feeling not to be limited to these, but of universal prevalence. The inhabitant of the frigid zone, who is seldom greeted with the genial rays of the sun, who lives amid perpetual snow and ice, where dreary cold and bleakness holds eternal sway, at the very moment the northern blast is howling through the crevices of his wretched hut, will relate to you, with heartfelt earnestness, the kindness with which God has looked upon his native country, which he believes to be the most beautiful of all under heaven. And the Swiss, though nature has looked so unkindly upon his country, is no less distinguished for his attachment to his native mountains. The effects of a favorite national air upon those once employed in the French service were very remarkable:—

"The Intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
 Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more;
 If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
 Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs."

In fact so great is the *maladie du pays* of the Swiss, that to play to their troops in the service of France the *Ranz des Vaches*, this so cherished air, was punishable with death; for, from those who heard it, the involuntary

tear would start, exciting in their breasts so ardent a desire to see their country again, that desertion and even death were frequent.

The Greek in his last agonies upon the battle field, rendered more wretched by being far from his home, is not forgetful of the land of his birth. "Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

But of all countries in the world we can find none, which has produced more and greater examples of Patriotism than our own; and, that this passion is always most prevalent in those communities where the stern and dignified virtues of self-denial and temperance are especially practiced, and where luxury and indolence meet with their just contempt, is observable from the throng of illustrious Patriots our country gave birth to when roused by the trumpet tones of war. Point to us upon the broad page of history greater examples of true Patriotism than Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Hamilton. And brightest, purest in this heavenly constellation gleams the placid star of Washington. Though others may flash more brilliantly, its benignant rays encounter so mildly the natural impulses of the heart, that wider by far than all is the halo of glory that encompasseth it. Though frequent and excellent are the examples we have mentioned of Patriotism yet in the annals of time never has been found one whom we can compare with Washington. The patriotism which glowed in his breast, was uncontaminated by a single selfish consideration; through all his public and private life he made the advancement of the prosperity of his country, as sacred an obligation, as to abstain religiously from every species of vice. Always ready to enter upon difficult and dangerous services, faithful in the performance of the charges entrusted to him, sacrificing his own ease and interest to the public welfare, practising in private life all godliness and honesty, he was in the true sense of the word a Patriot.

Love of Fame.

— Of all the passions of which the human heart is susceptible, there is none, which has a character so imposing as the love of glory; we may discover traces of its movements even in the periods of childhood, but it is only in the midst of society, that this sentiment acquires its full force. The field over which this passion expands is boundless, the height of its aim illimitable, it knows only the future, it possesses nothing but hope; and if it has often been presented as one of the strongest proofs of the immortality of the soul, it is, because it desires to reign over the infinity of space, and to be co-eval with eternity. Alexander,

after the conquest of the world, wept that he was unable to extend even to the stars the lustre of his name.

It is, without doubt, a matter of highest joy, to fill the universe with one's name, to perpetuate an existence even here beyond the duration of this life, and to look upon one's self as possessing something of the attributes of infinity. The soul dwells with proud pleasure upon the habitual conviction that the thoughts of multitudes are directed upon you; that every movement of your mind can control the destinies of thousands; and that your will is the sovereign law of a confiding people. These are the sensitive forms, under which glory is presented, that transport youth with hope, and enflame it with emulation.

This love of glory impels to extraordinary efforts, to great undertakings; it has so much grandeur in success, and is

a love so strong,

We think no dangers great, nor labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times, in glory to descend.

There is a species of ambition, ignoble in its purpose, and in its aim; which has for its object only the possession of place, of riches, or of honors which procure them, for base and selfish motives. To obtain these ends is the *whole* plan of the man urged on by such an ambition. Influenced by this sordid feeling, he is insensible to every other kind of distinction, a feeling, which implies a kind of disdain for the human race, a concentrated personality, which shuts up the soul from all other enjoyments; and having *obtained* his end, he has need of as many eyes as Argus to watch, as many hands as Typhœus to guide, and as many arms as Briareus to defend himself against calumny, and malice; for, as the highest mountains are most exposed to the storms of heaven, so, those who are placed on high afford most conspicuous objects, against which the envious and jealous direct their arrows.

In times of revolution, the man who would acquire great influence, must secure the confidence of the multitude, by addressing himself to their hopes and fears; and hence he is often led to debase himself, by pampering their pride and gratifying their whims. To maintain his station he must sacrifice victims to no interest but to fear him, and to commit crimes which his better feelings would prompt him to leave undone. What a price for such a glory! And yet how fickle the multitude, how uncertain the tenure of his power! he feels himself a slave whilst he has the air of a master. At such a time, it is as Cromwell said, in

walking through the crowd, whose suffrages had crowned him: "They would applaud the same, if I were conducted to the scaffold." Such a change may overtake him in a passing hour, his judges, his assassins, are in the multitude which surrounds him; and the transport of the crowd, which exalts him, is the same impulse which can overwhelm him. What danger threatens him, what rapidity in his fall, how deep his degradation! The honor that he sought, how short-lived! it is like the rose, which in the morning opens to the rising sun, and before evening withers and decays.

As ambition is one of the strongest passions in the bosom of man, when exerted for good, it is, indeed, wonderful in its power. Such was the ambition of Luther; with a soul undaunted by the terrors of an authority, which empires feared, to which kings bowed in the most slavish submission; with a breast so steeled by the armour of conscience, that against it the shafts of persecution fell powerless, he shook off the shackles which weighed down him, and his fellow-creatures, and led on by a heaven born impulse, which regarded life only as an instrument to carry out its mighty plans, and death the triumph of the soul, he boldly overthrew the barriers, which mightier than kings had reared to oppose him; and while the powers of Europe were still wondering at the daring of a *man*, he led them through the waters which parted, but to return with overwhelming ruin upon the hosts of the Pharaohs that followed him. To repay his noble ambition, his countrymen placed upon his brow, that diadem of glory, for which he had so heroically fought, and which he so worthily won; and to *finish* his triumph, the universe and posterity confirmed the gift of so august a crown.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

We have received from an acquaintance, an officer in the Navy, and now of the Japan Squadron, an interesting letter, a portion of which, being of general interest, we present to our readers.

UNITED STATES STEAMER POWHATAN, }
Macao, Nov. 4, 1853. }

"My last letter to you was dated from Capetown, in April. I will now give you some account of our cruise up to this time. After a rough passage from Capetown of fifteen days, we arrived at Port Louis, Isle of

France, one of the most beautiful spots it has ever been my lot to visit. Through the kindness of a Mr. Chauvin, a French merchant and planter, I was enabled to see more than ordinary folks, and truly my time was profitably taken up. One of our excursions was to the other end of the island, where Mr. C. has a large sugar estate, and where I enjoyed the old French hospitality. Every object of interest was pointed out to me, and specimens gathered of all descriptions; in short, had I been a Commodore, my reception could not have been more flattering. On another occasion we paid a visit to the mother of Mr. C. who has a plantation of her own, besides a large flour mill and salt works. As usual all hands set to work to amuse me, the sein was prepared, and the river dragged for fish, some of which we ate at dinner. On the 27th May we left Port Louis, and in fourteen days arrived at Pulo Penang, Island of Malacca. One object was to take a Singapore pilot; here I obtained some of the far famed mangostans; but I hardly think they equal in flavor some other fruits, which I have eaten. On the following morning we left Pulo Penang, and anchored off Singapore forty hours after. Here you see the East to perfection, all the various castes of India, Chinese, Yankees, Englishmen, and a sprinkling of almost ever other nation. The heat was intense, and during the hot part of the day, very few Europeans are seen, but towards sun-down, the green (all the Anglo Indian cities have them) is covered with an assemblage of people, who resemble the characters of a masquerade more than anything else.

"From Singapore to Labuan, an island on which large coal fields have been lately found, there is nothing interesting, if snakes twenty feet long, and very large monkeys be excepted. After coaling, we proceeded to the mouth of the river Bruni, and an expedition was formed for the purpose of making a treaty with the Rajah of Borneo, who resides at his capital (Bruni), situated about twenty miles from the mouth of the river. After an absence of thirty-six hours, the treaty party returned. One peculiarity of the Bruni folks is, that the town is built in the river itself; that is, the houses are supported on stakes driven in the bed of the river. This mode of building has one advantage, that of cleanliness. From Bruni we proceeded up the China Sea; and now I must relate a circumstance, which seems to be almost miraculous, one evening just before eight P. M., the captain gave orders to stop the ship at eight, in order to try the depth of water; the ship was going ten knots at the time: by some strange notion, the officer of the deck took it into his head to

stop four minutes before eight, and just as the bell struck eight, the ship struck a reef, over which a rough sea was breaking. Now, had the ship kept on her way four minutes longer, all hands would have been lost; the nearest land being four hundred miles distant. If I ever felt thankful to God in my life, it was at the moment when the cry 'all safe' was heard. We may well say 'time is valuable.' After this, our passage to 'Hong Kong' was pleasant. We expected to find Commodore Perry there, but learned that he had gone to Japan. We followed immediately with the hope of overtaking him at Loo Choo, but on our arrival there, learned that he had accomplished his object in Japan and had returned to 'Hong Kong,' leaving orders for us to follow; the engines requiring repairs, we remained at 'Loo Choo' for two weeks, where I saw a new people in almost every respect.

"You will find in the *New York Tribune* a more general account of these islands, than I can give you in writing by mail, Bayard Taylor having gone up with the expedition: I met him in Hong Kong, and a very pleasant fellow he is. On our return to Hong Kong we found the Commodore had gone to Macao, so the ship joined the squadron at Cumsing Moon, about half way between the two ports, the harbor being considered the best in these parts. A few days after our arrival the Commodore paid his visit of inspection.

"It is expected that the object of the expedition will be accomplished by the latter part of May, and it is said that Commodore Perry expects to be in New York by the first of August next. The Powhatan, however, will remain on the station for two years. The weather is said to be very warm for the season; I am wearing thin clothing and have the windows open. I am much pleased with Macao, and have lately taken to visiting the English and American ladies. Macao is the summer residence of the Canton merchants, and is, perhaps, indebted to that circumstance for its existence. It was formerly the great depot of European business, but since the rise of Hong Kong, has declined rapidly. I have no doubt the Portuguese Government would be glad to get rid of it. Its situation is delightful, being immediately on the beach, along which, is a beautifully paved walk, terminating at the lower end with a green, on which, of an afternoon, numbers of little John Bulls and Yankees may be seen with their odd looking Chinese nurses. Our band plays there twice a week, so that with walking, talking, eating, and drinking, my time is passed pleasantly. I have an invitation to dine at four this afternoon, and a party to attend in the evening."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Partisan, a Romance of the Revolution. By W. GILMORS SIMMS, Esq. Redfield: Nork York, 1854.

This is a handsome reprint of a Romance, which appears to have met, on its first issue, with a better reception than most American works of the class. On the whole it may be said to have fairly merited such reception. It is, to be sure, disfigured with the faults, which we have before noticed in the author's productions. That is, a considerable quantity of *dross* is mingled with the ore. But there is ore undeniably, and in this respect Mr. Simms has the advantage of numbers of his cotemporaries. The *cause* of his faults, we apprehend, must be his "*fatal facility*" of composition, with the "weak, washy, everlasting flood," which is extremely apt to follow as a consequence. But in almost every work of any length from the author's pen may be found passages not a few, in which may be heard the ring of the genuine metal. To produce *one quarter* the present amount; to *condense indefinitely*; to bestow upon the *form*, the *expression*, the *finish*, ten times the present care and labor—constitute three rules, which, adopted and rigorously adhered to, would immeasurably improve Mr. Simms's writings, and give them an immeasurably better passport to immortality.

We give the following as a specimen. A tory troop are about to hang a whig, with whom their brutal commander had had some rivalry. A troop of whigs are in ambush, and to a boy of seventeen is assigned the task of shooting the leader.

"'Yes, you d—d rebel,' continued Gaskens, 'you see what's come of your obstinacy and insolence. You fly in the face of the king and refuse to obey his laws; and now you have your pay. By G—d, but it does my heart good to see you in this pickle.'

"'Coward! if I could lay my hands on you but for two minutes—only two minutes, Amos Gaskens—and by the Eternal, chopped up as I am, you should never have it in your power to say again to an honest man what you have said to me.'

"'Two minutes, do you say?' said the other—'two minutes! You shall have two minutes, Griffin—two minutes, as you ask; but they shall be for prayer, and not for fighting. I remember you of old—I have forgotten nothing—and you shall pay off to-day a long score that's been running up against you. You remember when I was overseer to John Postell, and you gave me to know you didn't want to see me at your house, though that was a log-house like my own? I wasn't good enough for you, nor for yours, eh? What do you say now?'

"'The same. I hold you worse now than

I did then. And then I didn't despise you because you were poor, for, as you say, I was poor myself; but because I thought you a rascal, and since then I know'd it. You are worse now.'

"Talk on—I give you leave to talk, you d—d rebel—and that's a mercy you don't deserve; but I have you in my power, and it won't be long you'll have to talk. I wonder what your pride comes to now, when I, Amos Gaskens, who wasn't good enough for you and your daughter, have only to say the word, and it's all dicky with both of you. You yourself—you can't stir a hand but at my orders; and look there—that's your wife and daughter—and what can you do for 'em, if I only gives the word to the boys to do their likes to them?'

"Oh! villain! oh! monster! If I only had my arms free and a we'pon in my hand! cried the prisoner, vainly struggling with his bonds. But he writhed in them in vain. The tyrant looked down upon him from his horse with a grin of delight which completed the fury of the victim, until he rushed, though with a fruitless vengeance, against the sides of the animal, idly expending his strength in an innoxious and purposeless effort against his persecutor. A blow from the hilt of his sabre drove him back, while, as he reeled among the troop, a shriek from the wife and daughter in the rear, at the same moment, announced their consciousness of the whole proceeding.

"Two minutes you shall have, my boy—two minutes, as you asked for them,' said Gaskens to the prisoner, as they now approached the spring.

"Two minutes—for what?" he inquired.

"For prayer—and quite long enough for one that's passed so good a life as you,' was the sneering reply.

"What do you mean?" was the farther inquiry of the prisoner.

Gaskens pointed to the huge oak that surmounted the spring, and at the same moment a corporal approached with a rope, the running noose of which—as this agent was frequently in requisition—was already made, and now swung ostentaciously in his hands.

"Great God! Amos Gaskens, wretch as you are, you do not mean to murder me?"

"May I be totally d—d if I do not. You shall hang to that tree in two minutes after I say the word, or there are no snakes.'

"You dare not, ruffian. I claim to be a prisoner of war—I appeal to the troop.'

"Appeal and be d—d. My troop know better than to disobey the orders of a lawful officer in commission of his majesty; and as for your being a prisoner of war, that's a lie. You are a murderer, and I have proof enough of it. But that's neither here nor there. I

will answer for all I have done to the commander of the Dorchester post, and if you can make him hear your voice at this distance, you have a better pipe than my rope has touched yet—that's all. So, to your prayers, while I take a sup of this water. Here, boy, hold the bridle.'

The wretch descended, and the boy reined up the steed, while Gaskens strode onward to the spring. The corporal approached the doomed victim, and was about to pass the loop over his head; but he resisted by every effort in his power.

"Great God!—but this is not in earnest? Hear me, Amos Gaskens—hear me, man! Monster! are you not ashamed to sport in this way with the feelings of my poor wife and child?'

Gaskens looked round contemptuously, but still strode onward, as he replied—
"Do your duty, corporal, or blast me but I run you up, though I have to do it myself. You shall know, Wat Griffin, whether I am not good enough for your d—d log-cabin now, or not. Two minutes, corporal—only two minutes, and a short cord—remember—two minutes, I say—no more.'

With the assistance of two of the tory squad, Griffin was thrown upon his back, and lay struggling upon the ground, while the rope was adjusted to his neck.

"My wife! my child!—let them come to me, Amos Gaskens—let them see me, Gaskens—man or devil! Will you not suffer them to come to me?—let me see and speak to them, I pray you!'

"They will see you better when you are lifted up! Be quick—say your prayers, man, and lose no time. One minute is almost gone already. Make the most of the other.'

The ruffian spoke with the coolest indifference, while mixing a gourd of spirits and water at the spring. This done, he ascended the hill, bearing the liquor in his hand, and bade the execution proceed. They hauled the victim by the rope up the little rising, and towards the tree, almost strangling him before he reached the spot. In the meanwhile the air was rent with the shrieks of his wife and daughter in the rear, who were pressed back with the other prisoners, the guard keeping them back from any approach to the doomed man, then about to be separated from them for ever. He cried to them by name, in a thick, choking voice, for the rope was now drawn, by the party hauling him along, with a suffocating tightness.

"Ellen!—Ellen, my wife! Oh, Ellen, my poor child! Amos Gaskens—God remember you for this! Oh, Ellen! God help me! Have you no mercy, monster—none?" He screamed to his murderer, in agony—and in vain!

" 'Father, dear father!' cried the girl.

"The mother had simply stretched forth her hands as she beheld the threatened movement, and, overpowered by her emotions, had fallen senseless in the effort to speak. The daughter strove to rush forward, but the strong-armed sentinel rudely thrust her back with a heavy hand, and pressed her down with the rest of the prisoners, who had been made to file into the grove of tallow bushes, which the prescience of Singleton had already assigned them.

"Gasping, but struggling to the last, the victim had been already drawn up by his executioner within a few feet of the broad limb stretching over the spring, which was to serve the purpose of a gallows; and the brutal leader of the party, standing upon the little eminence—the liquor in hand, which he was stirring, yet untasted—had already declared the time elapsed which he allowed the prisoner for the purposes of prayer, when, distinctly and clear, the voice of Singleton was heard—above the shrieks of the daughter—above the hoarse cries of the prisoner in parting to his wife—above all the bustle of the transaction. The single word, as given to the boy Frampton, was uttered; and, in the next instant, came the sharp, thrilling crack of the rifle, fatally aimed, and striking the legitimate victim. The body of Gaskens, between whose eyes the bullet had passed—the word unspoken—the draught in his hand untasted—tumbled forward, prostrate, immovable, upon the form of his relieved victim, whom—still struggling, but half strangled—the corporal had just dragged beneath the fatal tree."—384-8.

For sale in Philadelphia, by Henry Carey Baird, Sixth street, above Chestnut.

SANS-SOUCI.

Amusements.

— At the WALNUT STREET THEATRE, the Ravel corps still continue to draw full houses. The Green Monster nightly calls down the applause of all who do not recollect it as performed a few years back, in what they are pleased to call the palmy days of the company; and even these are forced to acknowledge the merits of the present representation. M'me Marzetti and M'lle Ducy Barre do not cease to attract admiration and gratify the public; and above all, the ever graceful Yrca Mathias still continues nightly to

— bare her breast of snow,

Wave the light arm, and point the pliant toe.

They have had a sort of pot-pourri—a *rechauffé* of cold ballets—of late, called a

Grand Divertissement, in which all the most charming dances were culled from various other entertainments of the same nature, and served up together in this. We need only mention in this regard, that besides the figures in which M'lle Yrca appeared, there were *la Xota Arragoneza*, with which half the town went wild a few years ago, and a very pretty Polonaise. But what shall we say of the pleasure with which the whole house saluted the appearance of M'lle Yrca. Decidedly the most fascinating thing of the kind we have ever seen was a *pas seul* by her—*la Madrileña*, we think it is styled—in which she nightly figured. To begin with, her costume in this dance is the prettiest and most becoming in the world. It is abundantly picturesque, and sets off the beautiful contour of her person to the greatest advantage. Then, the nature of the dance is perfectly suited to the youthful beauty and the grace of its wearer. It is not in our power in cold words to give a correct idea of *la Madrileña*. Yrca's skill in it, is, in our opinion, perfection. The art with which she glides through its various evolutions is amazing; every motion reveals a new grace—every attitude is a study for an artist. Everything about her belongs, for the time, to the streets of Madrid. To the triumphant swell of a burst of music, half Moorish, half Spanish, she bounds upon the stage with an air of conscious power, a smile of assured victory upon her face, that convinces us this dance is no less a favourite with the artiste than with the spectators. Nothing can exceed the elegance of her motions in the calmer parts of the performance, nor their wild enthusiasm in others. Her manner of flirting her dress, for instance, grasping the skirt with a quick impulsive movement, that never fails to electrify the house, is very admirable. That particular gesture is the most effective point we have ever seen in any ballet.

On Monday night, the ballet was *Fleur de Marie*; we cannot say that it was not well rendered; but to our mind the prettiest thing in it—always, of course, excepting the ladies—was Yrca's dress, which seemed bursting into scores of little happy blushes. She looked like a rose tree, covered with half developed flowers, waving in a summer's breeze. It is probably a wise thing in the management to give the public a sufficient variety; and *Fleur de Marie* is succeeded by *Paquita*. For our part, we never expect to see Yrca dance anything better than *la Madrileña*.

If the fair Russian is half so charming off the stage as she is in this ballet, we do not wonder at the Czar's going to war. Two principalities will not more than suffice to

console his mind for the deprivation his empire must suffer in the absence of M'le Mathias.

At the ARCH STREET THEATRE a series of well cast classical comedies are being produced to constantly crowded houses.

At the NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE a splendid new equestrian drama, entitled "Wallace," has been produced.

Various entertainments of a novel and interesting character, are presented nightly at the CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE.

Sr. Badiali's Concert.

— Sig. CÆSAR BADIALI has been obliged to postpone the Concert advertised for Wednesday, until this (Saturday) evening. There has been so great a dearth of musical entertainments lately, that we feel sure that the musical public will avail themselves of the opportunity now offered by Badiali. The programme is an attractive one, and among the performers we recognise the name of Madame Costini, who made a very favourable impression in Philadelphia some time ago, as a soprano—and of Miss Brennan, a young American artiste, who makes her first appearance on this occasion, and who, from report, need not fear the criticism of a Philadelphia audience. Sig. Specchi and Mr. Herbert, the pianist, are also announced for that evening.

The great attraction, however, will be Signor Badiali himself. Any entertainment in which he appears is sure to be successful. We unquestionably place him as the first artist who has ever been in America. His voice is of the first order, and his method and style are admirable; nothing can exceed the taste and feeling which he throws into all his music. His dramatic powers, both in his singing and acting, are beyond praise.

Those who have once heard the romance from "Maria di Rudenz," will hardly need to be reminded to go; with those who have not, we will unhesitatingly enter into a musical obligation to any reasonable amount that they will be highly delighted if they do go. Take it altogether we do not think we ever heard anything more exquisitely tender and pathetic than that air as given by Badiali. He also appears in duets from the "Elisir d'Amore," "Nabuco," "Chiara di Rosenberg," and in the "Largo al factotum."

We are sorry to see it announced as a farewell Concert.

Interesting Correspondence.

— The authorities of the Girard College have been lately invited, by the managers of

the Circus, to bring the orphans to see their performances; and the whole correspondence upon this weighty subject appears in one of the morning papers, probably as a contribution to "The Complete Letter-Writer." The functionaries of the Circus and those of the College, both acquit themselves well on this most delicate and exciting occasion. It is expected that a projected visit of the orphans to the wax-works in Chestnut street, will bring forward some choice specimens of epistolary composition.

Obituary Poetry.

— The elegiac verses in the *Public Ledger* will be the death of us yet. The following lines appear in the paper for Thursday, February 2d:—

"Oh! dry your tears and shed no more,
Because your husband has gone before—
In love he lived, in peace he died,
His life was asked, but was denied.

Oh! happy husband, how fast you go
And leave me here behind—
Don't stop for me, for now I see
The Lord is just and kind."

The last verse conveys the idea that the deceased had gone off to the other world by the fast train, whilst his wife had missed the cars—which is absurd.

Prize Babies.

— It is said that since the new divorce law has been in operation in Ohio, and so earnestly agitated in other states, marriages have been placed under the head of "limited partnerships." In order to counteract the antipathy to double blessedness which the law is inspiring, we learn, that by way of inducement to marriage, the Committee of the Southern Central Agricultural Association have been authorized to offer the following premiums, to be awarded at the next fair in Augusta:—

1st Premium. Silver pitcher, \$50 for the handsomest and finest babe two years old. 2d. Silver pitcher, \$25 for the handsomest and finest babe one year old. 3d. Silver pitcher, \$10 for the handsomest and finest babe six months old. The children to be clothed in domestic fabrics, the premiums awarded under the direction of the Executive Committee.

To Loyal Frenchmen.

— G. A. Correa, Book and Print Seller in Chestnut street, below Ninth, has received, among late novelties, a pair of magnificent mezzotint engravings of "Louis Napoleon" and "Eugenie." They are of the largest size, and though cheap, as are all mezzotints, present at a little distance, the admirable effect of a fine line engraving.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP!"—*Furquhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

The idea has often occurred to me, that, under the lead and impulsion of a supervising Providence, the Shakers were, unconsciously to themselves, solving various problems for the weal of Society at large; and perhaps laying foundations, accumulating materials and fashioning and proving implements, whereby an advanced condition of universal Humanity was eventually to be wrought out. For to any reflective person surveying that band of thousands of energetic, never-pausing, patient workers, the question "*cui bono*"—"to what end is all this"—can hardly fail to occur again and again. No holidays and no amusements absorbing time and money; no costly habits whether relating to the dress, to the table, to the architectural or any other arrangements pertaining to their system of life, vary the one monotonous aspect of things, which everywhere addresses the eye. But, instead of these, a strict, though not pinching economy pervades every department, embracing even the minutest details of each, and insuring that no single penny is expended without a full, unmistakable equivalent therefor. Thus much for the negative side of the case.

On the positive side, you behold the entire Community, men, women and children, laboring steadily from January 1st to December 31st, more than the average number of hours per day elsewhere, with all the furtherance of the best labor-saving mechanism, and under that skilful guidance of a single unquestioned will, which precludes all clashing or distraction of effort and all waste of time in visionary experiments, and compels universal coöperation towards one profitable end. The invariable result, as I have elsewhere said, is steady accumulation—accumulation, too, as rapid as ever can consist with a sound and safe condition of things. The Shaker Body, then, as a whole, must

possess an amount of wealth, that may be pronounced vast. That wealth, moreover, must every year increase in a geometrical, rather than an arithmetical ratio. For, as every separate "Family" must make considerable annual accumulations above its necessary annual expenditures by the actual labors of each passing year, their large vested funds must be left to grow with *interest upon interest*. How fast a pile must grow by the large yearly accretions from these two several sources, and how large it must inevitably become at no distant day, it requires no very expert arithmetician to calculate.

Most, I presume, remember that the British Parliament, not very long since, passed an Act prohibiting thenceforward all repetition of the Thelusson Will. This gentleman, it will be recollected, so disposed, in his last Testament, of the bulk of his fortune, that it should accumulate for rather a lengthened term of years and then come into possession of an individual, who should, at that date, be the legal heir. The sum accumulated was, I think, some thirty millions either of dollars or pounds sterling. At all events, it was something enormous, and the Conscript Fathers judged it perilous to the safety of the State, that a sum so prodigious should be at the unquestionable disposal of a single private citizen. For, though money is emphatically *power everywhere*, it is such even more emphatically still among the penury-ground, and want-pinned myriads crowded within the too narrow bounds of the European countries. This peril, for the time to come, they endeavored to stave off by parliamentary enactment.

It is not then a question altogether without meaning, or interest, or perhaps even public importance, what is to be the eventual result of the above described condition of things among the Shakers. Already they must possess invested millions—I can imagine no other *probability*, if even *possibility*, than this. These millions are annually swelling by compound interest. And this is all apart from the fact, that seven or eight thousand persons are steadily engaged year after year in largely productive employments, living the while on a system of careful and skilfully ordered frugality, and thus year after year adding large savings to their already invested and interest-drawing funds. With such regular, natural increase as this, the increase of a *single private fortune*, vested in English three or four per cents, wears a comparatively insignificant aspect.

These thoughts used sometimes to pass through my mind while enacting my wearisome part in the bee-like industry of Shakerdom. At such times I was wont to

* Continued from Part 19, of BIZARRE.

question some of the brethren—especially one honest, not over brilliant brother, who had long worn the “broad brim”—as to what was the meaning or object of our toiling so incessantly and laboriously, living so economically, spending so sparingly, saving so carefully, and thus laying up each year so largely? What was the *use* of all this, and what was to be done with the vast sums thus accumulated?

His answer was, “we are working and laying up for those who are to *come after us.*”

“But,” I rejoined, “what are those who come after us to do themselves? They’ll be no Shakers, nor will they be tolerated here, unless they work and economise and save and lay up, just as *we* are now doing; and thus imitating us in *these* respects, they will also imitate us in adding yearly to the pile already accumulated. So, that instead of *needing* the fruits of our present labors, they will themselves produce a *surplus* far above their wants. Besides, according to your rule, those who preceded *us*, must have labored and accumulated for those, who were to come after *them*, that is for *us*. But how do *their* toils benefit *us*, or what sort of connexion have we with them? They labored and accumulated—we labor and accumulate—those following us will also labor and accumulate—what sense, then, in saying, we are laboring for those who are to *come after us?*”

My honest, stolid brother could not follow in my track, though it was certainly plain and straight enough. His sur-rejoinder was, “We work for them, that’s to come after us,—that’s what Elder Isaacbar said.” Beyond this he could not go, and I presume he made me this precise answer a full dozen times.

As I have already said, I cannot help thinking, that forty years hence, and perhaps even much sooner than this, the problem will not only be one of interest, but one which will press urgently for a wise and safe solution, what shall be done with the immense property, which by that date will be in possession of a single corporate body, organized and governed, too as this is? We know something of the wonders that may be achieved by *associated effort*—by numbers greater or smaller *combining their individual means and forces* and thus *moving and acting with unity of aim and direction*. We witness the results in our railroads, our telegraphic lines, our steam navigation, our factories, &c., which, within a few years, have changed the face of the world far more, than ancient methods were able to do in centuries. As yet, however, we have but a faint glimpse of the ultimate achievements of association, for we have not advanced

beyond its very alphabet. Archimedes would have recognised in it the longed for “lever, wherewith to *move the world.*”

We see what simple combination could accomplish, even without productive industry, by the immense accumulations of the mediæval monastic and other ecclesiastical establishments, the Orders of Knights Templars, Hospitallers, &c., &c. At the breaking up of Papal supremacy, it was found that in some countries *one-third* of the whole land was under ecclesiastical ownership. There would seem to be in wealth a sort of mysterious quality, whereby it increases in bulk on the one sole condition of being kept a unit and not dispersed among various owners. “To him, that hath *much*, shall be given *more*—from him, that hath *little*, even that little shall be taken away,” is a proverbial recognition of this quality. The large fortunes occasionally accumulated by *individuals*, are barred of this natural increase for any long duration by the frequent change of owners, through the laws of inheritance and in various ways besides.

But the Shakers are a Corporation of a peculiar character. The present holders of Shaker funds have not, like the present proprietors of other corporate property, the right of dissolving their contract and dividing the funds among themselves. These funds are pledged to certain specific uses forever, and the usufruct thereof is all that, in any case, ensures to the benefit of the beholders for the time being. But from the whole modes of thought and practical usages of the Shakers, it is plain that scarce any supposed exigency would induce them to draw on these vested funds for any present needs. What their present industry could not supply they would go without. None, therefore, of the ordinary causes which prevent the indefinite growth of a sum once accumulated have any application to them. Considering, then, the many principles of increase, which are united in their case, it is evident that, except for *unforeseen preventing circumstances*, the Shaker wealth must, in a few generations at least, swell to an amount, which will make it a problem of universal and even governmental concern. What direction matters may take in relation to it, it were idle to attempt foretelling. We know, that wealth may be so applied as to work immeasurable good; and we know, that many of the terrible evils, which now scourge society, are the direct result of poverty, and might be alleviated, if not completely extirpated, by the judicious application of wealth. The mere naming of these circumstances intimates what use *may*, at some future day, come to be made of those Shaker boards, which can never, under any ordinary condi-

tions, be of benefit to themselves. Such use, I, of course, am supposing would be made, if at all, with their consent and coöperation.

From the existing generation of Shakers, so far as I am able to judge, no measure of this sort is to be hoped. As a matter alike of principle, of feeling, and of pride, they are exclusive to the very core. I apprehend they care little what becomes of human kind beyond the walls of the Shaker-fold. But none may predict what the coming years shall witness. The spirit of change which is passing over and remodelling the world, is an element too subtle to be shut out by any barriers however high and broad. Institutions political, religious and social, which had seemed as immovable and changeless as granite mountains, are, in our day, seen to be like very wax in its moulding grasp. And that, which has shattered into fragments and rebuilt from the foundations monarchies, whose corner-stones were laid under the twilight haze of the middle ages; which has essentially modified the condition internal and external of the "infallible Church;" and which is stirring into life-renewing agitation the elements of that Chinese Society, which had already become stagnant, when Romulus was an infant; *that* spirit may surely be trusted to accomplish greater things, than to infuse *universal* humane sympathies into some coming generation of Shaker exclusionists.

The wild bees labor assiduously and accumulate in hollow trees large stores of honey beyond what their needs apparently require. Perhaps they are themselves unaware of *why* they do thus. But when the famishing pioneer is saved from starvation by these chance-found stores, or the heralds of civilization to these savage wilds find in them a help and a pleasant alleviation to the hardships of their missionary work, then we witness, may be, the *reason* why the bees so labored and accumulated. Possibly this example may shadow forth the providential significance of Shaker life.

Meanwhile, the Shakers have undeniably solved sundry problems of immeasurable moment to society universally. They have demonstrated the *possibility* of a social state, wherein intemperance, robbery, theft, licentiousness, with the manifold other crimes and vices, that deface and torment our ordinary society, may be wholly unknown; wherein, too, the multiplex, ineffable miseries and sufferings inflicted by *poverty*, shall be equally unknown; a social state, wherein abundance of all life's necessities and comforts, thriving industry, good morals, peace and harmony shall be the universal law and the permanent, daily fact. That Shakerism accomplishes all

these results both negative and positive, I know and do hereby testify.

And *how* is all this effected? There is no mystery about the matter. It is effected by a *certain combination of individuals, subjecting themselves to certain rules*. This is the whole of it. Be it remembered, too, that these individuals, many or few of them, are in no wise extraordinary for their capacities or gifts of any kind. They are simply seven or eight thousands of precisely such men, women and children as might be gathered in from a large assemblage of ordinary people by one unacquainted with a single person among them. Not only are they not the *élite* of society at large, but they have among them no *specimens of the élite*. For I believe it to be the fact, that not one person of thorough classical education, nor one person of *extraordinary talents* in any kind, is to be found in their ranks. All are ordinary working people, and what they accomplish is not through luck, speculations or felicitous inspirations of genius, but by ordinary, every-day methods and means. With this single exception, however, they have adopted and abide by a *specific organization*, including certain practical rules and usages. Organization—association—combination—is then the one potent principle, whereby they avoid the horrid *evils* of our Society and achieve the many great *goods*, which our Society lacks.

Let the world ponder this. For years the much abused Socialists have been declaring, that most existing evils are the results of vicious social conditions, and that by *altered conditions* these evils might be removed and supplanted by their opposites. For this they have been pronounced "disorganisers," "enemies of order," "infidels," "blasphemers," &c., &c., precisely as were Jesus and his disciples of old, and as all great reformers have been ever since. And yet, unknown seemingly to these loud-brattling, envenomed vilifiers, the Shakers, in their very neighborhood, have been daily, for half a century, demonstrating by their own example the literal, inexpugnable truth of what the Socialists have declared. These proposed socialistic schemes, may, perhaps, have had in them objectionable items. Let these, then, be cast aside, for they are not essential parts of their formative principle. Shakerism, too, may involve principles, which, like their *celibacy*, may to most persons be objectionable. But I do not believe, celibacy to be an indispensable requisite for the achieving of the great good of the system.

To sum up, it has been practically demonstrated, that in *organization* may be found a cure of our existing social evils, and a creative cause of a social state such as

Philanthropy has long dreamed of, and toiled for, and prayed for, all in vain. Here is the great central, radical, eternal fact. With our *existing social conditions*, I doubt if a much improved state of the world is ever to be hoped for. Certainly railroads, telegraphs, and steam navigation, can never effect it, and with all our inventions and discoveries, we find the mass of poverty, misery, vice, and crime, growing incessantly larger. Machinery benefits not the laborer and not even the majority of capitalists. It helps to produce more *things*, but the *producing worker* is worse off than ever. And our very institutions of charity, it would sometimes seem, create hardly less evils than they relieve. All these facts prove true the socialistic thesis, that in our false social organization lies the great spring of existing evils. Let the *remedy* of these evils be sought, then, in a *true* organization—one, which eliminating the objectionable features of Shakerism, shall retain and improve its right and beneficent principles and usages.

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.*

—
 "For all manner of mynstrales,
 And jestours that tellen tales,
 Both of wepyngs and of yams,
 And of all that longeth unto fame."

RIME OF SIR TOPAS.

A LIBEL ON WASHINGTON.

*Jackals — Scandal — Hypocrisy — Want of
 Reverence — The Levelling Process.*

"For thy desires
 Are wolfish."—MERCHANT OF VENICE. ACT I.

It is said that the jackal will neglect herself and her own young to secure prey for the lion—a very self-denying animal, certainly, that jackal, if this be true, despite its hideous teeth and horrid screech. Be not alarmed, good Christians all, by the announcement that Washington abounds with jackals, in human form, to be sure, but, for all that, worse than a set of heathenish, howling dervishes. Creatures, these, forever engaged in beating up game for some horrid monster to come and devour. Said devourer has never, to our certain knowledge, presented himself; yet the bush is still beaten and new game scared up with all wonted activity. "O yes! O yes!" give us Washington for scandal. Since the world began, it is without a rival. Known to those

Concluded from Part 19, of BIZARRE.

belonging to the brood of libellers, are all the dark and hellish arts by which life is made miserable, and more abstruse than Rosicrucian philosophy their legerdemain. Accomplished hypocrites! we acknowledge your surpassless dexterity. The Prince of Magicians is not your equal. August spiritual leeches! paid for your labor by the blood you draw, but which successive revelations of the truth are forever compelling you to disgorge. The libels uttered in Washington in the course of twenty-four hours, if compounded for in money, would figure at millions. No one who goes thither can hope to escape. He must become the sport of idle minds, on whom it is impossible to take revenge. "For what horsemen," says Carlyle, "when the day is declining, will descend and tarry to whip off a swarm of mosquitoes." Life decidedly, is too short for such small business. A concomitant of this spirit, is the want of proper respect for the powers that be, itself one of the most striking and singular characteristics of Washington life.

Now there happens to be that in the quality of reverence which we admire. The beholding of an ancient ruin, the monument of some person famous in old story, or even the place where some memorable action has occurred may, to one possessed of it, afford exquisite delight. As with true and pure love, its existence proves the absence of all base and unworthy passions. We would never have it withheld from what is truly admirable and praiseworthy. This is no plea for man or hero-worship. The greater portion of our own sentimentality has long since been expended in receiving the simplicity of the early ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing waters from the springs. But what then? If swelling self-sufficiency demands and gets attention for itself—a sufficiency that indispenses a man to take any method to discern it, or gives a wrong direction to activity, true greatness and nobility of thought and character surely merit their reward. In the street, or on the avenue, respect may be allowed to depend wholly on appearance, but we go beyond the first view and claim that men who are pursuing the public good, who are promoting the prosperity of the country, who by their words and actions evince the highest sense of official responsibility, should not be treated quite so lightly as Washingtonians treat them. The levelling process is all very good in theory but no further. That process is here continually going on. A Head of Department, though a gentleman of refinement, taste and sensibility, must, as the phrase is, "rough it," and be treated as he never was treated

before. Any one is at liberty to take him by the hand, to claim acquaintance with him, and boast of that acquaintance, to take up his time, to strut in his office, to visit at his house. Neither *Lares* nor *Penates* can render his threshold sacred. He is the most abused man living; puts up with more real though unintended insolence in the course of a month, than we anticipate meeting with, for ourselves, in the course of a life-time. And would you know why? Answer:—"He is a public servant." Know all men by these presents, that a public servant may be worried to death—capital punishment without privilege of clergy, in addition to having all his private confidences violated by the agents of newspaper correspondents. Put him then to all possible uses. You may never have such a chance again. Being a public servant, he merits no thanks, and gets elsewhere sufficient pay. If obsequious to him, you are a craven wretch. With other men you, of course, bear in mind your relative business or social position; with him only that the broad cloak of nationality enwraps you. However well governmental affairs are administered, bear in mind, if, as yet uninitiated in Washington customs, and wanting further courage for this daring, that affairs are not so well administered as they might be.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

How they Look—Whence they Came—What they Do—Who they Are—How they Entertain.

"Boatswain! pipe up, all hands hoy!
Turn out every man and boy;
Make sail, give chase,
Then splice main brace,
Loof boys, higher,
Stand by—fire!
She strikes, she strikes, ours is the day;
A glorious prize, belay, belay."—ANON.

It were bootless to inquire what Washington would be without its Congress. The men who compose its Congress compose also the grand feature of the season, and it is always the season whilst Congress is sitting. Their *personnel* disappoints you. They are not what you expected. On near approach, the giant, that at a distance, might have awed you pretty much like the spectre of the Brocken, dwindles to ordinary human stature. To be undeceived, is commonly to feel affronted. But recovering from this affront, you may amuse yourself in the great variety of men, with their characteristics, social, political, individual, and geographical. The only representatives whom a physiognomist would not easily spy

out for ascertainment of the last named point, are those from California. But even these will be found to bear upon their countenances the energy that marks the people of a new born and rising state. Some of the Western members are the roughest looking specimens of humanity of any you could encounter in a long week's travel—men who have come up with heavy interests to forward, to do which they are ready to employ untold energy. The Southern member, ardent and impulsive, and always a gentleman, never can disguise himself. The Northern man will be recognized less by his polish than by his shrewdness. He of the East by his mercantile, business air, and that subdued courtesy commonly obtained by long converseance with various ranks of men. For the most part, these members of Congress are a careless, intelligent, rakish looking set, whom you would judge, with a few exceptions, to be well paid and well fed. Yet there are those who seem bowed down with care, whose lives are written on countenances furrowed by intellectual struggles. The stump orator is here—the man who got into Congress by some happy, facetious thought, and he who has only won a doubtful tenure by years of unremitting and self-denying toil. Activity, with these gentlemen is an unvarying attribute. The energy shown by most, is indeed, beyond their years; all, with the exception of a few old fogies, being fast men. Altogether, they are eminently well satisfied men; men satisfied with the world and with themselves, notwithstanding the keen retorts and bad humors of debate, which, once past, are as the idle wind, which they regard not. Cicero has remarked that events the most disagreeable during their immediate influence, give an exquisite satisfaction when their consequences have ceased; and Eneas solaces his companions under the hardships they endured with the consideration that the remembrance of their sufferings would one day give them satisfaction. And so with an M. C. He is unflinching in good humor, whenever you meet him out of the gloom of the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives, out of the corridors of the Capital and the offices of the Departments. We have often thought that, as men of sense, they owed more, for their position and promotion, to a cheerful, trustworthy faith in the goodness of their fellow men, than to any personal address or proved talents. No man, looking at the members of either House, will believe that these comprise our *greatest* men. Our greatest men are seldom seen in Washington. Yet if the maxim be true, *que l'esprit qui regne au theatre est l'image fidele de l'esprit d'une nation*, that

the genius which prevails in the theatre is a faithful portraiture of the national genius; how true is this of our federal assembly, in which all views and opinions meet together to be collated and their deductions applied; where every varying emotion, passion and sentiment is displayed, half a continent legislated for, and the interests of the entire world affected.

The grand resort of the ladies of Washington, as well as of strangers, is commonly at the Capitol. If the debate in either house prove more than ordinarily interesting, the audience will sit for hours on hours unwearied and attentive, affording vast encouragement to the gods below, for the display of any rhetoric or oratorical grace in their possession. In the course of an important, long and exciting debate, how many phases of passion, will be displayed? Then what a development of character to those of the opposite sex, so gifted with intuition? One need study no books who will resort hither. Shakespeare himself, good man, would have delighted to listen, having left a large margin for an illustrative commentary on his works. Thus one member has just closed a speech, clear and methodical in his treatment of a topic, but dull and uninteresting. Yonder rises another, who, with a sharp zeal and resolute persistency, argues incoherently, and is powerless to furnish a practical suggestion. His adversary, with mind vigorous and active, judgment accurate, apprehension quick, and memory tenacious, waits to pounce upon him like a hawk on a sparrow. We shall next be called to admire a man who knows how to practice all the graces, who never vehement or loud, is at once modest and easy; with language, vivacious and elegant, clothing the gloomiest reflections, and though speaking forcibly, exhibiting a failure of judgment. The canvass is crowded. We are now looking down on one who loses no idea that is started, nor any hint that can be improved—an eagle he, in the wild flights of imagination, uncertain by nature, capricious by principle. Pride, in another, is the most powerfully developed of his passions, appearing in the form of insolence at one time, and then of vanity, constraining him to repress contempt, but never allowing him to avoid the appearance of petulance. Presently we find ourselves listening to a military gentleman, whose oratory is manly, nervous and convincing, well informed in the way of his profession, and delivering his sentiments, seemingly, without any predilection for his friends or his opponents; known never to speak on a subject in which he is not well versed, and usually dealing in truths too clear to be controverted, the energy of

expression by which these are accompanied and enforced, being, in a manner, too pungent and mortifying even to be forgotten, or perhaps forgiven, by those who would palliate or defend them. A gigantic man, with arrows dipt in keenest, bitterest gall, offers, haply, a rejoinder, giving way to one shrivelled in form, bent as with the ague:—

“In his sharp face a deadly paleness reigns,
His meagre form exposes stiffened veins;
His haggard eyes wear an eternal scowl,
His teeth, with livid rust deform his soul.”

Still we are not precisely in Ovid's House of Envy. Look at that demure gentleman, he of the wig, and, except when coughing, with features disposed in the most absolute tranquility. That cough introduces a sort of comic strife into his human nature; but he is about to rise and personate its follies. He takes, but will vacate, the floor just as soon as members please; expresses himself in general terms, and with general terms is satisfied. Anon starts up a notable individual, who, yet speaks so seldom, but always with such excellent effect, with so much of knowledge, so little of prejudice, as to suggest the case of the lioness, who on being approached by a fellow creature, that she brought but one young one at a birth—“I allow it,” she replied, “but that one is a lion.”

The contradictory qualities of the public are without end, because it possesses all the virtues and vices, and strength and weakness of human nature. What an arena then for these, its purveyors, who know its constancy and inconstancy, and yet that it is a judge incorruptible and impartial; who love its favor and solicit its approbation; conscious that though by the solid force of its reason, it is always in mature age, that it is also a child which the least plaything can captivate. To please and satisfy that public how many of these statesmen, or embryo politicians must exhaust their health and senses, and sacrifice their lives. A power so pre-eminent will not be satisfied without the most extraordinary labor. This the M. C.'s as a body feel. All this *en passant*. There is one member of the House of Representatives who, of a somewhat taciturn disposition, rarely commences a debate, but after having heard one, and observing how the House is likely to be inclined, takes up the argument and so states it, shortly and clearly, as to conduct it to the conclusion he desired, or if unable to do that, never without sufficient dexterity to affect some amendment. Apparently mistrusting his own judgment, he affects to have no views or information, but such as he received from others in the course of the

debate, and leads and guides his party, while they believe that he wholly depends upon their council and advice. Now for one of those men who possess the *vis comica* of true humor in its purity. He jests in the most voluble manner, and sets the most dignified members in a grin. He is altogether the sailor in his manner, and as rough, outside and in, as the element on which he has lived. The seaman's phraseology is his characteristic dialect. He is not fashioned to the modern times, and is as free in his expressions as in his manner. Averse to simulation, the constant bent of his temper is constantly and invariably apparent. As suddenly as the ocean he will rise into a storm, and as suddenly sink again into a calm; at one instant clamorous and vindictive, at another cool and apologetical. What think the ladies?

A VALENTINE CORRESPONDENCE.

ALONZO'S VALENTINE.

I've striven in vain for an hour or two,
Some Valentine rhymes to indite.
My muse must be stupid—or I must be "blue,"
For d—I a word can I write.

I've scratch'd my thick head where Phrenologists say
Ideality lingers about,
Till I fear me the hair I have scratch'd all away,
And scratch'd Ideality out.

I've read several volumes of Byron and Moore,
To gain a poetic idea—
But since I have read them I'm worse than before—
In fact, I am fairly at sea.

At last I've discover'd, with wonderful art,
What Byron nor Moore can disprove;
That *dart* is an excellent jingle for *heart*,
And *dove* rhymes most sweetly with *love*.

So I swear by the *feathers* of Noah's fam'd "*dove*"
Which, I'm told, direct Cupid's keen "*dart*"—
That you are the maiden I tenderly "*love*"—
That you are the queen of my "*heart*."
Feb. 14th, 1852.

ANSWER TO ALONZO'S VALENTINE.

That your vows are sincere, I rather incline
To think, may with reason, be doubted:
For a tutelar Saint, like the gay Valentine,
Would never let true love be routed.

But hasten with joy o'er a lover to shower,
Poetical fancies so free,
That, strangely endowed with a magical power,
His thoughts could be never at sea.

To accuse you of falsehood I sadly deplore,
But stronger proof yet will I bring:
Would a true lover seek in Byron or Moore?
Ideas from his own heart should spring.

Ah no, my dear friend, a true lover's thought
Asks no aid, and defies all control;
'T is not to be scratch'd for, nor otherwise sought,
But bursts from the depth of the soul.

To scratch so, I trust, you will never do more,
Tho' your brain be in fine frenzy tost,
For if a new scratch the lost hair will restore,
It will not Ideality lost.

If Valentine rhymes again you indite,
And think it poetic to swear,
Swear not by a feather, for that is so light,
The vow must be soon lost in air.

Yet I pardon these false vows, Alonzo, my friend,
And breathe for your welfare this prayer;
Ere another year pass, that Heav'n may send
To you the true Imogen fair.

Feb. 14th, 1853.

ALONZO'S REPLY.

I send you some rhymes,
For the sake of old times,
An annual offering befitting the day,
And though I seem merry,
I'm sad, very, very,
Not knowing what doom is awaiting my lay.

For two years ago,
As well we both know,
I sent you some verses, fond, tender and true,
But the next coming year
Brought a critique severe,
So severe that I tremble the strain to renew.

In fam'd days of old,
When knights were as bold,
And maidens as fair, though not critics or "blues,"
The song of a lover,
Though falling to move her,
Would find no harsh mistress to censure the Muse.

But in these modern days
Of fastidious praise,
A lover must study his sonnets by rule,
Lest some learned maiden
With knowledge o'er-laden,
In proving much wiser, may prove him a fool.

Alas! yes alas!
That the toilet and glass
No longer have charms the fair sex to engage,
But Law and Theology,
Physics, Geology,
And all other sciences now are the rage!

Now you can't fall to meet,
As you pass up the street,
Announcements of Lectures by some errant fair,
Who proves to conviction,
Beyond contradiction,
The rights of her sex and the wrongs they yet bear.

There's Miss L——y St——e,
A lady well known,
Harangues her fair sisters with doctrines most rife,
And tells them "in worth
They're the salt of the earth;"
Which is true, I suppose, since the fate of Lot's wife.

Then who will deny,
(Most surely not I,)
The Philosopher's Stone has at last come to light;
And that that precious gem
Is accorded to them,
To them, and them only who've learnt womens' right!

Oh, how I do hate
The man, who can prate
Of woman's first duties beginning at home,
By Jove, 'tis a scandal,
And he a vile Vandal,
Unworthy the glorious days that have come.

And I fear not to say,
That at no distant day,
Some blue-stocking lass, with a bright Yankee "notion,"
The circle will square,
Mount the wings of the air,
And astonish the world with perpetual motion!
Feb. 14th, 1854.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH FOURTEENTH.

*Scenery of Upper Georgia—Stone Mountain—
Naucooche Valley—Ocean View—Falls of
Tallulah—Summit Prospect.*

"With many windings, through the vale:—Look
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful!"—CHILDE HAROLD.

There are few sections of our country which afford objects more worthy the regard of the traveller, few that present features more engaging and attractive, than many portions of Upper Georgia. Some of them appear clothed in all the beauties, which a smiling Providence with benignant hand, at first lavished upon them. Forests in their native wildness—valleys still verdant with their original growth—streams murmuring freely over pebbly beds, as yet unconfined by the art of man—mountains swelling from the plain, robed in living green, all remain as they have for centuries. The footprints of the Red-man who beheld and loved to linger amid their pleasures, yet marred not their virgin proportions, have scarcely been erased by the winds and storms of Heaven. There rises the Stone Mountain, a perfect anomaly in the landscape. Rearing its bald

and rocky head, with not a single eminence near, clouds resting upon its precipitous front, it seems a "sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of its own originality," or like some Egyptian Pyramid, gloomy and peculiar, concealing in its own bosom, the secrets of its primary existence and majesty. Naucooche, a happy valley encircled by guardian watchers, above whom, like a presiding Deity, stands proud Yonah, overlooking the Blue Ridge as it mounts upward in the distance, peak after peak, higher and still higher—with the Chattahoochee clear as crystal meandering through its soft bosom, fragrant with the perfume of countless flowers—with its beds of golden sands, and last resting-place of the fair Indian maid, whose name it bears—a chieftain's daughter victimized by the cruel hate of rival lovers—the Look-out-mountain, beyond which, interminable forests and rich prairies expand in all their luxuriance, its base washed by the rapid waters of a bold river, its form a study for the artist—its bosom a mine of knowledge, where the geologist loves to linger—all these and many more might claim our attention, and delight the eye of him who is fond of mingling in the scenes of nature, and wearies not with feasting upon her ever-varying perfections. But we mentioned the *water-falls of Georgia*, and must forego the allurements of these and similar scenes. The principal of these are *Tallulah* and *Toccoa*—names which at once bespeak their origin, and remind us of those, whose language and lives were but the echoes of Nature—the embodiment and portrayal of reflections, which the untutored yet sensitive mind experienced when dwelling upon the free beautiful objects by which it was surrounded, and from the contemplation of which it imbibed whatever lessons of feeling and pleasure it possessed. The euphony of the Indian language, the adaptation of sound to sentiment, the appropriate names which they have bestowed upon localities suggestive of some agreeable, poetic, or powerful emotion, have frequently been remarked. Dearly should these lingering traces be cherished, and carefully ought these, in many places, their only memorials, to be preserved. Bancroft observes, "It is one of the surprising results of moral power, that language, composed of fleeting sounds, retains and transmits the remembrance of past occurrences, long after every other monument has passed away. Of the labors of the Indians on the soil of Virginia, there remains nothing so respectable as would be a common ditch for the draining of lands; the memorials of their former existence are found only in the names of the rivers and mountains. Unchanging Nature retains the appellations which were given by those,

whose villages have disappeared, and whose tribes have become extinct." Few and faint are the remains which the noble Cherokees have left behind them in Georgia. Beneath the dews of summer, and the frosts of winter, specimens of their handiwork, rude and frail, are mouldering rapidly away; but scarce is there a stream which, with its limpid waters, crosses the track of the traveller, hardly an object attractive in itself, which does not retain the becoming name by which the Indian knew it. Such is the case with reference to the Falls of *Tallulah* and *Toccoa*. The former, signifies *most terrible*, the latter, *most beautiful*. In each instance have they embodied in a single word, the prominent emotion which at first sight, rushes unbidden, and yet irresistibly upon the mind. Thus is it often with the soul instructed only from the oracles of nature, ever ready to give vent to those impressions which commend themselves most openly and powerfully. Man, the occupant of this soil, was as wild as the deep woods which surrounded him, in harmony with the unconstrained voices and manifestations of Nature, at whose altar alone he paid his willing adoration.

As you approach the Falls of Tallulah from the south, the road winds along the summit and sides of an elevated chain of hills. On your left, are the spurs of the Blue Ridge—stretching far away in the distance—covered with forests, whose paragons have not yet bowed beneath the strokes of the woodman's axe. Turning to the right, the eye is delighted with what is termed an *ocean view*. The illusion is complete, and you can almost fancy that you catch the low murmuring of the surge,

"That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes."

The eminence upon which you stand, overlooks Tugaloo Valley, and the head waters of the Savannah, Chattahoochee, and Coosa Rivers. Beyond, you can no longer trace the differences of wood, plain, or hill, but the scene seems expanding onwards, level as the unrudd surface of an ocean, in which you can trace neither breaker nor rock. Nearer, the silver streams flowing in liquid beauty, seen here and there through the opening trees, and the Currohee Mountain, which, apart from its fellows, appears a lone sentinel guarding the outposts of the Blue Ridge, are the only objects which remind you, that you are indeed viewing a landscape, and not the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Agreeable as it is to contemplate this quiet prospect, where no sounds of raging elements fall upon the ear—where the summer air breathes softly through the oaks and sombre pines—where the bright sun smiles

upon a region rejoicing in his beams—where the voice of Nature alone is heard, and man delights to linger, that his soul may be filled with those calm pleasing emotions suggested by the loneliness and beauty of the spot, still we cheerfully leave it, for this sight is only incidental to that, which we anticipate soon to enjoy in all its majesty. Our thoughts are upon Tallulah, and during the remaining hour which must elapse before we reach the falls, we are entertained with a description from some companion, who has already visited, and is returning again to admire the sublime scenery. From him we learn that the falls are situated on Tallulah River, ten miles above the junction with the Chatooga—the union of the two forming the Tugaloo—that the stream at this point is some thirty or forty yards wide, and within a quarter of a mile plunges down five successive descents. The first of these is the fall of *Lodore*, fifty feet in height; the second, *Tempesta*, one hundred and sixty feet; the third, *Oceana*, sixty; the fourth, *Horicon*; and lastly, *Serpentine*, of thirty feet. We are further informed, that these falls lie at the bottom of a gorge in the hills, varying in depth from six hundred to more than a thousand feet. With this general idea of the geography of the spot—embellished of course by the highly poetic portrayal of our friend—we alight at the hotel, a rough wooden building of undressed boards and unfinished appearance, in keeping with the uncivilized character of the country through which we have just passed. It stands in the depths of the forest, with high hills on either hand, embosomed in all the wildness of Nature. We see no water, we cannot at first catch even the thunders of the descending current, and our involuntary exclamation, or rather inquiry is, where are the falls? The sun which has all day shed a genial warmth around our pathway, is now bending his course towards the far off mountains, whose symmetrical forms boom up distinctly in the evening sky—

"The trees send forth their shadows long
In gambols o'er the earth"—

each little leaf and moss-clad rock is margined with feathery light, the air pure and cool is vocal with the notes of blithesome songsters, and at any other time gladly would we linger and enjoy the scenery. But we must at least take one look at the falls before they are curtained in darkness. A guide is called, and with buoyant tread we follow him through luxuriant woods, the branches arching completely over our heads. The visitor approaches almost to the verge of a precipice, without noticing any marked change in the physical appearance of the

scene. Forest trees and broken rocks environ him, and he walks in momentary expectation of beholding the dashing stream, until suddenly reaching the gorge, he starts back in astonishment and surprise at the fearful abyss which opens wide before him. A cold chill runs through the veins as the eye for the first time attempts to fathom its depths. Advancing cautiously, your arm around some firmly rooted tree upon the edge, with emotions of overwhelming awe and amazement you surrender yourself soul and body to the contemplation of the interesting, absorbing, and yet terrible natural sight. No one dare carelessly trespass or trifle upon the brink, and many are unable even with the assistance of some friendly arm to look down, mark the stream as it foams and roars below, and survey the rugged wildness of the scene, without sensations near allied to giddiness and fainting. The gorge through which Tallulah River is here rushing and plunging, is about nine hundred feet in depth, and you now stand upon the brow of this precipice. The falls although in themselves stupendous and imposing, are still from this height, rendered almost a subsidiary feature, in view of the immense walls of rock which rear their impenetrable, unbroken fronts, frowning terribly upon the raging waters and dark foliage below. The eye rests upon no artificial embellishments. The scenery wears only the artless yet magnificent robe of nature's wildness. In every feature are displayed the majesty and might of Him, who laid the foundations of earth, and wrought all her wonders.

The strata of the rocks are clearly seen upon the face of the walls which rise opposite. Those jutting cliffs, pointed and broken fragments—those massive sides of eternal cast—the opening abyss rough with immense boulders, which, detached from their places, have been precipitated and lashed into wild confusion by the current—the gnarled mountain trees, with sturdy trunks, wide-spreading branches and strong roots, taking iron hold in every crevice and fissure—the rocks ornamented with moss and shrubbery, stimulated into unwonted luxuriance by the humid atmosphere—innumerable rivulets springing from these rocky ramparts, and in beautiful cascades mingling their silver drops with the waters beneath—above all, Tallulah River at the bottom, now pouring along like a stream of molten glass—now angry and surging—whirling around and around, foaming within basins and recesses worn out of the base of the solid hill, rent asunder to afford a passage, as some giant longing to burst the fetters which enchain him, and again, freed from all constraint, leaping wildly over every obstacle, with ter-

rific bound plunging down, far down, and roaring among hidden rocks—and then from this dis severed shattered current, rising and mingling with the dark green array which borders here and there upon the maddened river, appear wreaths of mist—the ghosts of millions of lifeless drops, reflecting the beautiful and ever-varying colors of the rainbow, sometimes obscuring for a moment even the dark waters themselves—all these and many more, rivet the attention, and fix you to a spot, whose fearful position you at the same time dread. Exhausted, and yet not satisfied with a sight which ravishes your soul, and still affrights with its awful visions, you can fully sympathize with Edgar, as standing upon Dover Cliff he exclaimed,

“How fearful

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!

* * * * * I'll look no more;

Least my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down head-long.”

Now withdraw your eyes for a moment. Let them follow the gorge as it recedes for miles—let them take in all the beauties of distant mountains and primeval forests—the pleasing varieties of high table-lands, bald peaks, symmetrical hills—luxuriant valleys, smiling beneath a sky radiant with the beams of a declining summer sun, and you will have a panoramic view which is seldom surpassed in America. The entire prospect reminds one of the descriptions rendered of Swiss scenery. Here the overhanging precipices, the sound of the stream raging among the rocks, and the dashing of waterfalls, bespeak a power mighty as Omnipotence, displayed in almost terrific guise. Here is an impetuous Arve—there the trees seem bending over the very verge of the descent, as if liable at any moment to be precipitated hundreds of feet, and yet remaining firmly rooted in their stony beds—there rises the spray, with rainbow hues settling upon this deep green array, imparting health and vigor to every leaf and flower—but when we look around us for the mighty Alps to render the whole even more sublime—with their white and shining pyramids towering above all, as belonging to another earth, with Mont Blanc raising itself from the surrounding *Aiguilles*, with its tremendous dome over-looking the whole, then does the scene suffer in the comparison. The ear hears not the rumbling thunder of the falling avalanche, and the eye rests only upon hill-tops—you may perhaps call them mountain-tops—thickly wooded and robed in beauty, yet devoid of those frowns which “terrify the glance which their magnificence attracts.”

Schlegel, in noticing the different effects produced upon the mind by natural scenes,

remarks—"Nature here (in elevated mountain regions) stands visible before us as it were in all her majesty; in the presence of these rocks, the speaking monuments of her greatness, the primitive fragments of antecedent creations, our views become expanded and exalted; we are led back to the thousands of years that have gone before us; self and every thing petty and narrow, disappear. A similar impression to that made by beautiful mountain scenery, is produced by lofty primeval forests, little touched by the hand of man, where oaks of a thousand years (as in Germany, according to the description of the Elder Pliny) form with their clustering and intertwining roots and boughs, high arches, galleries and figures, strangely like to the daring constructions of human art, but only grander, more life-like and freer, as if raised for a great temple of Nature." The influence of continued association with such forms of Nature, as exerted in the formation of the character and habits of the ancient Germans—the high-toned morality, the valiant bearing and the lofty conceptions of a Supreme Being, for which they were distinguished, have all been commented upon by Pliny, Tacitus, Schlegel and others. Our bosoms are animated with sensations exalted and powerful, suggested in freshness and vigor, in keeping with the character of the scene; and while we ourselves are breathing the inspiration of this place and season, our thoughts involuntarily recur to those, whose memory is linked with every object before us, whose minds were fashioned in nature's mould, whose every action was in conformity with that bold, free spirit, which hovers around, infusing unwonted life and energy. No wonder that the Indian as he paused upon the brink of this precipice where we now stand, and with eagle glance surveyed these jutting crags, dense forests, and angry waters, should have extracted some of the sublimest conceptions that he possessed of the superiority of the Great Spirit. No wonder that from the plunging Tallulah he caught much of that intrepidity which laughed at obstacles and defied dangers. With such a scene at his feet, surrounded by the depths of a forest untrodden, save by men of hearts kindred with his own, the hill-top his throne—the valley his park, no wonder that sensations of pride and of freedom should have swelled his breast with intrepid daring. No wonder that from this and such scenes—from this mountain air, he should insensibly have derived that manly bearing, conscious dignity, native grace, and imaginative temperament, which in so remarkable a degree characterized him.

"The sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion; the tall rock

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to him
An appetite, a feeling, and a love;
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye."

And where does he now exist? Although that form buoyant with life and manly proportion, no longer stands upon these beetling crags, though that eagle eye no more surveys with pleasure and fearless delight these angry waves, as they chafe and roar among the rocky caverns of Tallulah, although those stalwart arms are no longer moistened with the spray, as it cooled the brow of the hunter eager in pursuit, or encouraged bleeding chieftains to prolong the death-bringing combat, has that Indian mind so replete with ideas, imaginations fanciful and eloquent, perished? Does it not still exist, in memory associated with, and imparting additional attractions to every object which surrounds us? That figure divinely formed, beaming with beauty, noble in council, terrible in war, has decayed, but the spirit which animated, still visits these mountains, and sports amid these cataracts.

But the shadows of evening are settling darkly above us. Objects just now distinct and striking, are becoming more and more obscured. The hills are assuming fantastic shapes and ghost-like forms, seem gathering on every side, and yet we have caught only a glimpse of Tallulah Falls, not examined their beauties or sublimities. To attempt a descent now were almost madness. Should

"Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere,"

should

"The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steal softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light;"

even then the daring heart would fear to risk the dangers of that precipitate foot-path, which leads to the bottom of the gorge. We listen once more to the leaden roar which rises heavily, breaking the silence of the star-lit hour, and then retrace our steps, recounting the impressions produced by this first sight of Tallulah, with bright anticipations of new wonders which the morning sun will reveal.

THE BEARDED SAINT, OR THE CANONIZED BALLEET DANCER.

We observe that Barnum's Bearded Lady is exhibiting about the country. We presume that her exhibitors would hardly care to have the public at large follow the in-

junctions of an old French proverb, as regards mustachioed maidens.

Homme roux et femme barbue,
De quatre lieues les salue
Avec quatre pierres au poing
Pour t' en aider s' il est besoin.

On the subject of bearded women, Artemidorus remarks in his *Oneiro Critica*, book I., chap. 32, that if a married woman dreams of being bearded, she will lose her husband, or at least be separated from him and thus become "governor" in the house—for the beard is an unfailing sign of authority and dominion. But for a widow to indulge in such a vision, presages that she will soon be wedded to a gentleman of mild and amiable manners—by which, we presume that Artemidorus intends to delicately intimate that the lady will wear the br—*andenbourgs* (vide last fashion plate).

From the witches in Macbeth, one might suppose that bearded women were under the peculiar protection of Old Nick himself. But the Roman Catholic mythology has provided a Christian Saint for them; who is none other than St. KUMMERNITZ, whose shrine is situated in the village of Castelruth, in the Tyrol, and amid the most beautiful scenery in the world.

"This saint was, by profession, a dancer, a figurante, a sort of Taglioni of the middle ages. She was unrivalled among her contemporaries in skill in her art, as well as in beauty of person. The latter gift, however, instead of an advantage, became a source of peril and anxiety to her, as her charms drew about her many admirers, noble and rich, to whose arts the particular character of the lady's profession, above all others, exposed her to become a victim. Her virtue was subjected to sore trials; but by dint of penance, mortification and prayer, for she was very pious, she long succeeded in resisting all temptation. At length so sensible did she become of the extreme danger of her situation and the weakness of good resolutions, that she prayed to Heaven that her beauty might be taken away from her, as the sole means of relieving her from future trials. Her prayer was heard, and the boon gratified in a very original manner. All at once a beard began to grow from her chin—not that soft downy excrescence, which in a southern beauty acts merely as a foil to the charms of the wearer, but stout, *bond fide* bristles, surmounted by a pair of curling mustachios! At the sight of them, horror and disgust seized her tormenting admirers, and they, with one accord, ceased their addresses to one whose chin in its present condition would have qualified her for a sapeur in a regiment of grenadiers. She

passed the remainder of her days unmolested in bearded holiness, and the miracle wrought in her behalf is perpetuated to this day, in the constantly increasing beard which decorates the chin of her statue at Castelruth."

Some ten or fifteen years ago, when the *lionne* mania raged at Paris, and every lady, "as was a lady," affected the Dudevant masculine style, many of the brunette beauties of that city cultivated the mustache to a high state of perfection. The teeth appeared whiter and the complexion clearer by the hairy contrast, while the gentlemen found a delightful sort of dubious piquancy in the *androgynal* appearance which their lady loves presented. Had Saint Kummernitz, our Blessed Lady of the Chalked Soles, been revived in those days, she would have been astonished to find herself more than ever "the correct thing," that is to say, in infinitely greater danger of becoming *in correct* than she had been in during the middle age temptations of her early youth.

A LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

Fair lady, 't is alas some time,
Since I have written any rhyme;
Indeed I'm almost forced to say,
Poetic fervor's died away;
Or else by Jove! my Muse has taken,
A nap from which she'll ne'er awaken—
I daily call her, yes, implore her—
Try every method to restore her;
But all my efforts are in vain,
She will not aid my sluggish brain.
I sometimes think perhaps she's dead,
If that the Muses ever die;
Or gone to live with some old maid,
And brush the tear drops from her eye,
And teach her in some quiet shade,
The art of writing poetry.
At all events I'm left alone,
With piles of law books 'round me strewn;
And I would like to see the brain,
Could draw from them one tender strain—
Now there's old Blackstone, Kent and Coke,
Whose works I'll wager ne'er awoke
The student's mind to think of verse,
On which they've placed their lasting curse.
Poor Blackstone and his Muse fell out,
She bade adieu and dropp'd her veil,
When he commenced to talk about
Those cursed estates in fee and tail.
And as for Coke and Kent, they strove
With bitter hatred to infuse
The minds of all who sought to love
The humble inoffensive Muse—
Yet still fair lady, still you see,
In spite of all the enmity
That has existed 'gainst the art
That fires the breast and warms the heart,
In spite, as I've already said,

Of being left now quite alone,
 The Muse, I've often courted fled,
 And with her all soft numbers gone—
 I still have raised my trembling pen,
 And humbly strike the lyre again—
 Yet when I look around and see,
 How hard it is to make a fee;
 How stern is my absorbing science,
 How poor the pay, how few the clients—
 I feel my conscience then reprove,
 And tell me that I should not love.
 But at this moment Cupid starts
 From short repose, and with his darts
 Attacks my unsuspecting heart,
 And proves how skilful is his art;
 Then sighing softly, stealing near,
 The sophist whispers in my ear,
 Impassioned words, with honeyed tongue,
 Like those he sometimes chaunts among
 Retired groves, where lovers meet,
 To listen to his wily song,
 And hear his accents low and sweet,
 As tenderly they trip along.
 And thus fair lady, thus I'm led
 From thoughts I better could approve,
 To sigh for some ungrateful maid,
 And fall one victim more to Love.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, M. P. New York: D. Appleton, 1854. (Part VI.)

— This is the most interesting number yet published of this gossiping work—as it contains the account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS Memoir of his life—immediately after the reception of the news of his death, on the 14th of May, 1824. On the 3d of May is the following entry in Moore's Journal: "A letter from Lord Byron at Missolonghi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy; the physicians," he says, "do not know which." He hears the news of his death on the 14th, thus: "Calling at Colbourn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead."

Byron, it appeared, gave his MS Memoirs to Moore. Moore hypothecated it to Murray for 2,000 guineas. The family of Byron were ready and anxious to pay this sum to Murray to obtain possession of the MS. Moore, however, paid it himself and surrendered the "Memoirs" to Byron's relatives, who burned the copy, and then insisted on repaying Moore the 2,000 guineas, declaring "if there was any power in law to make him take the money they would enforce it." Rogers advised him to take it on the score of his having a wife and children. Moore told him more mean things

had been done in this world under the shelter of "wife and children," than under any other pretext that worldly mindedness could resort to—and steadfastly refused to receive the money. Lord John Russell says:—

"As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet."

On the 21st of May occurs the following:—

"Forgot to mention that one of the days I called upon D. Kinnaird, he read me a letter he had just received from a girl, entreating of him (in consideration of her family, who would be all made unhappy by the disclosure), to procure for her her letters, and a miniature of her, which had been in the possession of Lord Byron."

A few days afterwards, these passages—
 "Answered a letter I had received from a Miss Sophia —, in France, expressing the most passionate feelings about Lord Byron's death, and entreating me to inform her of the particulars; whether he suffered much pain; whether he had any friends with him, &c., &c. Gave her all the information I could."

* * * * *

"The Gulccioli refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think). Spoke of the story of a girl in the Giaour. Founded (as B. has often told me) on the circumstance of a young girl whom he knew himself in Greece, and whom he supposed to be a Greek, but who proved to be a Turk; and who underwent, on his account, the punishment mentioned in the poem; he met her body carried along in the sack."

* * * * *

"Last night I received a letter from a French gentleman about Miss Sophie —, who, he says, will die if she does not get a lock of Lord Byron's hair, and entreating me, in the name of her distracted family, to save her from the grave."—497—524.

It is the most snobbish, tuft-hunting, and yet interesting book we have met for a long time.

For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co., Fifth and Arch streets.

Right of the Bible in our Common Schools. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 285 Broadway, 1864.

— This volume of 300 pp. quincimo, is forwarded us by Mr. Martien of this city. It is what all those familiar with the author's writings might readily anticipate. That is, it is the Puritan view of the subject handled, and is a logically arranged, clearly and vigorously expressed, and exhaustive discussion of the same. If *this* book do not bring over the reader to the author's opinions, he is not likely to arrive at that point at all.

Were this the place for it, we could say much on the topic in question, which would be greatly at variance with Mr. Cheever's notions. We have never thought the *use actually made of the Bible* in common schools to contribute much to the scholars' benefit, or to an *after* reverence for the volume itself. To appeal to figures—the pupils are in school 33 hours per week, and out of school 111 hours per week, besides 24 hours on Sunday, making 135 out of school hours weekly. It seems to us that religious instruction had best be given during these 135 hours, leaving these few 33 in school hours to their *appropriate secular* tuition. Especially so, if *otherwise* there must be a deadly quarrel between different sects of the same religion. By such quarrelling infinitely more *mischief* may be done than *good* can be, by the measure proposed. However, we refer the inquiring reader to the book itself.

Oriental and Sacred Scenes. By FISHER HOWE. New York: M. W. Dodd, 1864.

— Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city, have here favoured us with a duodecimo of 400 pp., from the press of M. W. Dodd, New York. It appears to have been written with special reference to the uses of those interested in oriental missions, as also those engaged in Bible research and instruction. This aim of the writer he may be said to have well achieved. We think he has been successful in clearing up passages, which have perplexed Scriptural commentators not a little. A specimen of this kind is found in the chapter on the "wild honey" used for food by John the Baptist, which was evidently the *date*.

Those who look in this volume for classic enthusiasm or "fine frenzy" of any sort, even while the author is traversing the world's most memorable spots, will be disappointed. But those who wish for plain, conscientiously verified information of the description above alluded to, will be fully satisfied. Certainly the writer who accomplishes all he undertakes, must be said to have done well.

SANS-SOUCI.

Sunday Travelling.

— On this subject, Chief Justice Black has lately delivered an opinion—dissenting from that of the majority of the Supreme Court—which contains some exquisite strokes of satire and humor. It matters little what contrary decision the other judges may make, when such a corrective as the Chief Justice's dissenting opinion goes with it. The whole opinion should be published by every paper, but our want of space limits us to a few extracts.

"The government has no more authority on this question of observing the first day of the week than it has on the other disputes of polemic theology. It may as well attempt to make men unanimous on the duties of prayer, devout meditation, baptism, or the eucharist as on this. It is, no doubt, very desirable that we should all be of one mind on subjects which interest us so deeply. But how shall such a consummation be effected? The experiment of legal force has been fully tried, and is a flat failure. . . . But of all blunders the most preposterous is the effort to advance religious truth by State favor, and of all tyranny the most brutal, blind and revolting is that which punishes a man for the sincere convictions of his heart. . . . I admit that there is a great difference between burning a man to death at a slow fire and compelling him to pay a fine, so small that a laborer, by diligence and self-denial, can make it up in a month. But the difference is only in *degree*. It was to extirpate the *principle* of intolerance that our Constitutions provided that 'No human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience, and no preference shall be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship.'

"Those among us who believe that the institution of the Jewish Sabbath has been engrafted on the Christian system, and changed from the seventh to the first day of the week, have a right to propagate their doctrine. But they must do it by moral means—by appeals to reason and conscience—by their own example of an upright walk and conversation in life—and by charity to those who differ from them. They must get their arguments from revelation (if they can) not from the statute book. Religious truth asks no favor except that of its natural freedom. The absurdity of planting an oak in a hot-house is not more palpable than that of sheltering Christianity under legal enactments. It needs no forcing glass. It demands the stimulus of no artificial heat. By the power of its truth it will conquer the

world: but it rejects the unworthy aid, which the arm of flesh is so prone to offer. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.* . . . Any thing which is calculated to bring Christianity into contempt is a deep public injury. And how can that be done more effectually than by clothing it in the coarse rags of human legislation, patched up and forced on by judicial decisions? Any advantage given by law to one sect over others, is an irreparable injury to the party so favored. It will naturally be construed into an admission that it has no vital truth to sustain it. We live among a people who scorn all contrivances to fetter the mind. Statutes are necessary for some purposes, but nobody in this country believes them to be inspired. Justices of the Peace and Aldermen, and Judges, and Sheriffs, and Constables are useful in their way, but they are not called and sent to preach any system of theology whatever. Convictions and executions, fines and imprisonment, will never be accepted as arguments by an American who has sense enough to know his right hand from his left. It is far better even for the denomination we may desire to help, that every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind and then suffered to act according to his honest convictions. Of course, if his opinions prompt him to do what is injurious to his neighbor, the law should stop him. But I hold that the essence of republican liberty consists in this: that every citizen may do as he pleases in regard to all those things which concern nobody but himself. And with due deference to the majority who seem to think otherwise, I submit, that if I choose to go to church, or even to a heterodox meeting, in a three cent omnibus instead of a carriage hired for three dollars, or bought for a thousand, it is nobody's business but mine, and neither I nor the man who drives me ought to be punished for it.

* * * * *

"It appears that the defendant is an employee of a line of omnibuses which runs between Pittsburgh and Lawrenceville, a town three miles distant, where the public cemetery is situated. If any thing can be proved by human testimony, it is established that these omnibuses are used on the first day of the week for purposes which are not only innocent, but meritorious and praiseworthy. The inhabitants of Lawrenceville prefer a residence there for reasons of taste, economy or health. But being a mere suburb of Pittsburgh, their business during the week, and their religious duties on Sunday, require most of them to be in the city. The convenience of an omnibus line to carry them and their families to church was a motive which, at

least some of them, is proved to have influenced the selection of that place. . . . The use of the omnibuses by these persons and by others who go to visit the graves of their friends, and by some who leave the smoke of the city to breathe a purer atmosphere in the woods and fields, constitutes the full sum of the immoralities complained of.

* * * * *

"The whole business is conducted with the utmost propriety. One person only, testified that on a single occasion, long ago, he had heard swearing in an omnibus. The proof is full that all disorderly persons were turned and kept out. It is certainly not improbable that among the many persons who use this conveyance for such purposes as I have mentioned, an occasional sinner in disguise may have been admitted, and used it for travelling on worldly or unlawful, and, for aught I can say, criminal business. But, surely it is better that a wicked man should be left to the punishment which will in turn overtake him, than that the innocent should suffer for his offence.

* * * * *

"The State government carries passengers over her own canals and railways every Sunday, and regularly provides by law the means of doing so, keeping for that purpose officers, agents and laborers in her constant employ. There is more walking and riding done on the first day of the week than on any other. Persons who cannot go out at any other time, go then.

"The whole population is in motion. Not even one in ten thousand thinks it his duty to keep within doors, and perhaps no man in the commonwealth is so completely saturated with bigotry, that he would prevent the people from moving from place to place, if he could."

Badiali's Concert.

— The farewell concert of Cesare Badiali, at the Musical Fund Hall on the 8th inst., was, undoubtedly, one of the first musical attractions of the season. Badiali of course sang well—he never fails. Last winter the New York critics fairly tired of being obliged to invariably praise him, and some fairly wished that by way of vanity he would, for once, give them something to find fault with. A romance by Donizetti, introduced him favourably to the audience. The other attractions of the evening were Signora Costini Specchi, with her husband, Signor or rather Meinherr Speck, of the grand opera of St. Petersburg, Miss Brennan, an attractive, graceful pretty American with a sweet voice, and M. Herbert, the pianist.

The ladies were remarkably successful in their parts, and it was really a pleasure to hear Comin' Thro' the Rye, sung simply, and sweetly, with a correct pronunciation, by Miss B., whom Willis of the *Musical World*, by the way, speaks of as the "Southern Mocking Bird." We have heard of late so many eminent foreign cockatrices as Mrs. Partington calls them, singing

Eef a pody mit a pody,
Gomin vrott de down;
Eef a pody keese a pody,
Need cin pody vrown?—

that we had really forgotten that the old song was Scotch at all. The Cavatina from Gemma di Vergy, by Siga. Costini, was a gem indeed, and was appreciated as such by a highly critical audience, which was, however, we regret to say, by no means numerous.

Good and Bad Copy.

— The following advice by Menage, will be highly approved of by those authors whose handwriting is bad:—

"If you wish that there should be no mistakes in the works that you get printed, never give the printers copies well written; for then they give them to apprentices who commit a thousand faults, instead of which, if they are difficult to read, it is the masters that work on them themselves."

Rain-beaux.

— A lady friend, having lent an umbarella during a shower to an acquaintance, received it the next day with the following verses:—

If in winter heaven's signal of hope
Is refused to poor mortals below,
I'll prove—by your lending umbrellas—
That on earth, there is still a Rain-beau!

Liberty of the Press in France.

— Alphonse Karr, the author of a late squib, entitled *les Guêpes*, published in a journal entitled *Paris*, (in which the government conceives itself to be disrespectfully alluded to,) has been fined 100 francs. The publisher of the paper, M. Lebarbier, was also fined 100 francs and sentenced further to a month's imprisonment.

Jane Shore in the Ditch.

— We see that Mad'le Georges, the celebrated French actress and mistress of the great Napoleon, whose life, after having been a series of brilliant adventures, has been gradually declining, has been reduced to petitioning for the office of umbrella-taker at one of the doors of the Great Exhibition in 1855.

Legal Profession in Germany.

— The *Weimar Cabinet* warns parents and guardians to dissuade their sons and wards from the study of law, if they do not possess private means of subsistence, there being now more than one hundred distinguished graduates in the profession who have not the least prospect of getting a place.

Lady Lee's Widowhood.

— It is stated abroad that Captain Edward Bruce Hamley, of the British army, is the author of *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, the brilliant story which attracted so many readers of Blackwood. This clever fiction is announced in London, to be published in two volumes, with illustrations.

Profession and Practice.

— Menage says that his father remarked that the dancing masters were not the most graceful of men, or the fencing masters the most courageous; and that when a man said that he was about to speak without vanity, he never failed to say something vain and consequently foolish, because there is no vanity without folly.

Aphorism.

— The Italians say that he who offends never forgives. Tacitus gives the reason for it, when he says that it is because the causes of hatred are the more violent the more unjust they are. Pope has versified the Italian remarks in these lines:—

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong;
They never pardon who commit the wrong."

Quiver and Arrow.

— Some one in praising the portrait of a well known Irish orator, said, "You can see the very quiver on his lips." "Yes," replied a hearer, "and the *arraâ* coming out of it!"

Amusements.

— The ARCH STREET THEATRE offers "The Comedy of Errors" for the fiftieth time—so strong is the hold it has taken upon public favor. It is certainly one of Shakspeare's most amusing comedies, and has never been better, or perhaps as well cast before in this city. Messrs. Drew and Nelson are remarkably well qualified naturally, to assume the characters of the two Dromios. "Twelfth Night," "Jane Shore," and other standard pieces are also being produced now in constant rotation, always at the rate of *two* first class productions each evening.

At the NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been produced as a magnificent spectacle, with accessories of horses, blood hounds, real cataracts, streams, &c., which every body with his wife is crowding in to see.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Argus*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

Few words in our language sound more pleasantly to my ear than the word gentleman. Lady, too, is a charming word, alike from its familiar associations and from its original meaning, "bread-distributor," and yet I am inclined to prefer its old-fashioned synonyme, gentlewoman. But however agreeable the images suggested by the term gentlewoman, the application of "gentle" to the rougher being, man, impresses us the more strongly in the way of contrast.

The epithet, gentleman, probably arose in a turbulent era of society, and must have denoted a somewhat extraordinary cast of character, the fruit either of native dispositions unwontedly genial or of unusual culture. For to be generally recognised as gentle where the habitual tone of the mass is the reverse; to be in manner self-controlled and considerate of others while the mass are prevailingly boisterous, egotistic and used to give full vent to rough humors and angry passions, implies a character hardly less rare than genius itself.

In every state of society the gentleman will exist, unless we may except that savagism, which neighbors the brute condition. True it is, that in different social states more or fewer qualities will be embraced by the definition, but the staple of the character, as to both positive and negative traits, will be nearly identical in all.

In the Ideal of the gentleman are comprised a variety and number of properties, which we must despair of seeing meet often, if ever, in the same individual.

On the negative side, the requirement would seem to be a complete self-forgetfulness; and on the positive, an entire engrossment by and devotion to the society in which he may be. Egotism, in each and all its forms, is high treason against the name. While rigorously repressing the exhibition of prejudice or hostile feeling, or even eccentricities, which might haply mar the enjoyment of the circle present, he is equally careful to avoid wounding their self-love by

a voluntary display of any very prominent superiority he may possess in knowledge or accomplishment. In fact, even without reference to others, it is not to his taste to make himself a voluntary cynosure for all eyes, or a central monologist for the universal entertainment. And yet, if for certain ends he is unanimously summoned to take this position for the time, he, of course, yields instantly and without affectation. In short, while, on the one hand, abstaining carefully both from egotistic obtrusion upon others and from all words and acts, that might wound or disturb them, on the other he surrenders himself completely to their disposal, prepared to employ on their behalf whatever gifts he may possess.

It is, perhaps, superfluous remarking that the gentleman, not merely in society but equally elsewhere, is the champion, the friend and the servant of woman, and this whether her nominal station be high or humble. In this characteristic, or the lack of it, lies perhaps the surest of tests to determine whether one be a gentleman to the core, or one of those *imitations* got up mainly by the tailor and dancing master.

This point is admirably illustrated by one of Charles Lamb's stories, whether fact or fiction I know not. A certain person was paying his devoirs to a young lady of beauty, wealth, and rank, and of a noble spirit as well. To a highly complimentary speech of his on some occasion, she answered rebukingly, "I cannot feel honored by your civil phrases, since you do not render me respect and homage because I am *simply a woman*, but because, in your view, I possess certain personal and external advantages. You are not aware, that I recently overheard you violently berating your laundress for not bringing your linen home to the moment. How can I feel pleased with the attentions of a man, who can treat thus harshly and ignominiously one of my own sex, merely because she is without my worldly advantages?"

Lamb goes on to say, that the young lady died before the appointed marriage day; and that the lover, who continued a celibate, was so deeply affected by her words, that ever after, he was an absolute eccentric in his respectful devotion to womanhood. In fact he might often be seen, hat in hand, holding his umbrella over some humble old woman, who had been caught abroad in the rain, and whom he was esquiring home.

I suspect the wag, Charles, stretched a point somewhat in this last item, but the tale, narrated in his exquisite style, supplies all that could be desired on the topic in question.

I must think, moreover, that the veritable gentleman revolts instinctively at oppression

and wrong in whatever guise, and is moved perforce to adopt the championship of the injured, the oppressed, and the weak. Probably his devotion to woman springs measurably from that organic weakness of hers, which appeals so forcibly to all generous spirits.

Kindred with this, his treatment of woman, is his bearing towards servants, dependents, and the humbler classes universally. He is unvaryingly courteous, kindly, and respectful to such, nor is any thing more alien to his feelings and habits, than the arrogant, humiliating, insulting demeanor not infrequently exhibited towards them by those pretending to the name. In fact, were it a possibility that he should ever display these traits, I am confident that he would far sooner make his peers and associates the objects of them, than the very lowliest in the social reckoning.

To which I may incidentally add, that of all persons on earth he is the very last to boast of his own social advantages, or to speak contemptuously of the great masses, according to the favorite usage of the "vulgar genteel."

Thus far I have spoken of the gentleman in his relation to others. But there are also certain principles proper to the character, an adherence to which he finds essential to the conservation of his own self-respect. For example, meanness, double-dealing, underhand management and the like, are, in all their forms and shades, mortally repugnant to the whole tone of his sentiments and feelings. A slight instance in Scott's "Guy Mannering" may serve to illustrate this topic. Julia Mannering writes to her friend, that her father's notions of honor are so punctilious, that "he would not break open a sealed letter superscribed to herself, though he were certain it came from a lover he disapproved, and contained an appointment for a clandestine elopement."

Superadded to this and kindred internal qualities, certain exterior advantages are required to complete our Ideal of the gentleman. These may substantially be summed up in the two particulars of *dress* and *manners*.

Of the former, the main requisites are perfect neatness and simplicity and a moderate compliance with reigning modes. Slovenry admits of no excuse, and whose is herein guilty, departs thus far from gentlemanliness, be his other claims what they may. Moreover, extremes in either direction are a deviation from the character; though, of the two, *overdressing*, or pushing the ruling mode to the verge of caricature, as do the class named "dandies," indicates absolute vulgarity of taste,—a matter far more objec-

tionable, than the wearing of an ill-shaped, anti-fashionable garb. An elegantly simple correspondence with the prevailing mode is the thing required,—one vastly easier to prescribe than to achieve.

As touching *manners*, our Ideal of the gentleman exacts such as are natural, easy, graceful, and cordial. Such manners have a charm of their own, which baffles description and defies analysis. Putting all within their reach completely at ease, they communicate interest to the veriest trifles. Noting their power to augment the comfort and happiness of social life, we may fitly rank them among the minor moralities; nor are they, by any means, the least important of these. In truth, were they assiduously cultivated and scrupulously observed in the close proximities of household life, many a hearth-fire would blaze clear and bright, which now is extinct or smouldering in its ashes.

I have but partially filled up the outlines of even my own conception of the character I am considering, let alone the ideas of others. Nevertheless I must now proceed to other portions of my theme.

As I have already remarked, the gentleman must exist in every stage of society above that of the brute-neighboring savage. I love at times to range through History and even Fiction in quest of those, who strike me as possessing the rare attributes, whereby we now recognise the gentleman.

Thus, among the ancient Greeks, the individuals who vividly impress me, as bearing the gentlemanly type, are Pericles and Epaminondas, Plato and Epicurus. To the reader I leave, if he so will, to verify my impression. If either of these images be more vivid than another, it is that of Epicurus. And it is with not less wonder than indignation, that I note the gross, utter misconstruction, which the man and his philosophy have endured at the hands of succeeding ages. In point of verity the Sage himself was among the purest and gentlest, the most refined and tolerant of human kind, while the latter taught the universal, harmonious culture of both mental and corporeal faculties, as essential to man's highest welfare and largest happiness. Like all things else, History has its anomalies, which set all explication at defiance. This misapprehension touching Epicurus, is repeated in the case of Mary Magdalene, whose name for eighteen centuries has been employed as a synonym of lewdness repentant; whereas the fact seems to be, that she was a gentleman of rank and fortune, resident in the town of Magdala, whence her subjunctive title, "Magdalene." That, in the phraseology of that age, "seven devils" are declared to have "gone out of her," no more im-

peaches her moral repute, than the statement, that others were "possessed with deaf or dumb devils" fastens a slur on their morals.

Among the many Roman gentlemen, that might be specified, Scipio Africanus, Julius Cæsar and Lucullus are special favorites of mine. Glad were I to add Tully to the list, for no name calls up pleasanter associations, nor for any of the olden time do I feel a stronger admiration. In all points save one he was a gentleman, but this exception is fatal to his claims. He was the very prince of *egotists*; vain and ostentatious to a monstrous degree; and such the *complete* gentleman never is nor can be.

Of the trio above named Lucullus impresses me most. Whoso has not read W. S. Landon's dialogue between Cæsar and Lucullus at the latter's villa on the Apennines, has missed one of the most delicate literary *morceaux* in existence. Lucullus was undeniably a person of grand capabilities, of exquisite genius and profusely various accomplishment. Cast, however, on evil, discordant, hopeless days, he scornfully shrank from mixing in the jostling, corrupt crowd in their squabbles for power and place. Secluding himself, therefore, among his books and his immortal works of Art, he devoted to the indulgence of his magnificent tastes and the realisation of an exalted Epicurism a genius, which had previously shown itself equal to the conquest of nations.

It has often been suggested, that among the Greeks and Romans there was nothing corresponding to the modern "point of honor." Whether this be or be not the fact, there must, of course, have been some principle, to which those ancient gentlemen held themselves amenable in the same way, as do the moderns to the so-named Law of Honor. I question, however, whether their massive common sense and their grand largeness of soul ever tolerated any thing analogous to the paltry absurdities of the modern duel.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted that, absurd as our duel-buttressed Law of Honor is in many of its items, it is itself an offshoot of Christianity. For it is, intrinsically, a rule of duty by which men of a certain class bind themselves to abide in their intercourse with each other. And though both superficial and partial in its requirements, tolerating many acts interdicted by Christian Ethics, still it is better than the entire absence of law,—especially as it embraces within its compass the same class in all nations. Now the ancients had no principle of obligation of universal appliance. Humanity, *as such*, was to them nothing, and imposed no obligation. *Citizenship* was all in all and covered all inter-

changeable duties. *Then* the formula of appeal against oppression and wrong was, "I am a Roman citizen." *Now* it is, "Am I not a man and a brother?" *Then* the proper symbol of the Age was the Lion, which makes prey of the whole animal kingdom save its own species, and not always spares even *this*. *Now* it is the Lamb, the type of the *anti-predaceous* element throughout.

Coming down to the closing days of the mediæval era, we find, in England, Sir Philip Sidney, Warwick, the "king-maker," the Black Prince, and Sir Thomas More; and in France, Louis IX., Francis I., Bayard, and Henry IV., who may all be cited as favorable specimens of the character in question. Perhaps hypercriticism may find something of *polish* lacking in the last named, though in the profuse splendor of other more essential qualities this speck is scarce discernible.

It would be a pleasant occupation to look through the modern Fictionists in search of specimens of the gentleman, but my space forbids. I may remark, however, that Scott's strongest point does not seem to me the delineation of either the gentleman or the gentlewoman. With the exception of Mannering and Frank Osbaldistone, Trevelyan and Lovel, I can at this moment recall none, that made this distinctive impression upon me very strongly.

(To be continued.)

ON MY DAUGHTER'S HOUR GLASS.

In "Dibdin's Decameron," Vol. II. p. 411, we have found the following beautiful lines, and cannot refrain from imparting them to our readers.

Mark the golden sands that pass
Brightly through the channel'd glass,
Measuring by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all.
Busy, till its sand be done,
See the shining current ran;
But, th' allotted numbers shed,
Another hour of life hath fled.
Its task performed, its travail past,
Like mortal man it rests at last.
Yet, let some hand invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same;
Whilst any golden grains remain,
'T will work its little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for man
When all his golden grains have ran?
Who shall collect his scattered sand,
Dispersed by Time's unsparing hand?
Then, daughter, since this truth is plain
That time once gone ne'er comes again,
Improved bid every moment pass,
See how the sand rolls down your glass.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH FIFTEENTH.

A Deer over the Precipice—Descent to the Bottom of the Gorge—Fall of Lodore—Tempesta—Oceana—Whirlpool—Emotions—Indian Mythology.

"And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing,
And so never-ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

SOUTHERY.

Refreshed by the soothing influence of "tired Nature's sweet restorer," exhilarated by the cool bracing temperature of a bright morning in the mountain region—the fine venison and fat wild turkeys of our landlord having claimed and received our particular attention—vigorous both in mind and body, we are eager to realize those expectations awakened by our summit prospect of last evening, anxious to see in person those sights, which Morpheus, the god of dreams, kindly caused to pass before us during the silent watches of the night. Retracing our steps of yesterday afternoon, we pause for a moment at the *Rock Pulpit*, to survey again the scene which then engaged our attention. Every object is perhaps rendered more attractive, because of that fuller flood of golden light, which is now beaming in such profusion upon them all. Each flower, stone, tree, is covered with clusters of dew-drops, which sparkle like so many pendant diamonds. While once more examining the depths of the gorge, and marking the plunge of Tempesta, as its waters disappeared amid the green array which bordered upon its brink, the eye was arrested by a group of black specks, which seemed moving hither and thither, far down upon the surface of a large flat rock—now collected around some object, now running to and fro, and chasing each other, as if engaged in some conflict. Upon referring to our guide, we were informed that it was a flock of buzzards congregated around the dead body of a deer. We subsequently learned that it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for a deer, when closely pursued by hounds, to leap over the edge of the precipice and be dashed in pieces; and that sometimes in feeding too near the brow, they lose their foot-hold, and are precipitated below. The buzzard, ever on the alert, soon attracted by the dainty repast, circling downwards, quietly descends, at one time generously sharing the booty with his fellows, again striving in protracted contest for the individual mastery. In thus regarding some object of a size with which

you are familiar, and marking the very diminutive appearance presented at this distance, you are enabled to form a more correct idea of the depth of the gorge, which opens at your feet. We may truly say,

"The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles."

There are three regular descents, and so precipitous are the paths, so laborious the undertaking both in descending and ascending, that one cannot comfortably accomplish more than two of them in a single day, especially if he lingers long enough to view the peculiar features which are visible at the end of each of them. As we have before remarked, the industry of man has here furnished very few improvements to facilitate the efforts of him, who would thoroughly examine the falls. The only access is that which Nature herself has rendered most convenient. Adjacent shrubs and trees are your balustrades—pebbles and crevices your steps—some fallen trunk, your only resting place. The earth rich, and moist from the continual fall of mist, is in many places very slippery. Now, your progress is assisted in consequence of footholds worn in the soil by those who have preceded you—again, where the solid rock will not yield to pressure, you are compelled carefully to slide over its polished surface, made even still more insecure by the covering of green moss which, clinging loosely to its bosom, glides from beneath your touch—again, with the friendly assistance of some tree, you avoid an impediment in the way—again, creep cautiously around an angle in the path, where, should your foot slip, or hold give way, you would be precipitated many yards below, at the greatest hazard of life and limb—again, you are compelled to preserve a vigilant look-out for stones and pieces of wood, which lying detached upon the side of the declivity, are easily set in motion by those who follow, and come rolling down with a velocity, by no means safe or pleasing to a person of a nervous temperament. Half-way from the summit, a delightful spring, pouring its crystal waters from a fissure in the rock, furnishes you with as pure a draught of Adam's ale, as ever revived the spirits of the traveller, heated, and somewhat wearied with the difficulties and dangers of the way. Seating ourselves upon a log, which has been placed in front of this little stream, we enjoy the cool play of the breeze upon the cheek and forehead—look upward at the path we have just been following, winding through confused clumps of bushes, here and there overtopped by a mountain pine or cedar—again catch a view of the falls, as they pour through the opening rocks, then follow

the windings of Tallulah rising far away among the hills. Such is the character of our present position, that we cannot with entire satisfaction contemplate the peculiarities of any one of the falls, and yet, these visions that we obtain through the opening foliage of the descending waters, especially of these clouds of spray, where

* * * * * "beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unhorn:
Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien;"

are beautiful in themselves, beguiling many a happy moment spent in admiring the attractive features which they present. Some, satisfied with this view, and wearied with the rugged descent, return to the top of the precipice. But our course is still downwards, and soon the bottom is reached. For the first time do we begin to experience the majesty of the Falls of Tallulah. That roar which hitherto rose as a dull leaden sound, now almost overpowers the senses with its volume and depth of tone. The stream, which, from the elevation above, seemed only as some silvery surface, around which spray was quietly circling, appears a headlong cataract, from which are expelled in rapid succession wreaths of foam and mist, eddying swiftly, wildly, as from the bosom of a boiling caldron.

As you thus stand at the bottom of this chasm, the torrent thundering at your very feet, and shaking the solid earth with its repeated plunges—a wall of rock rising on either side perpendicularly to a height, varying from six hundred to a thousand feet, echoing and re-echoing the fierce reverberations of the waters, emotions of the sublimest character, which can be suggested by natural scenery, throng the mind. To attempt a portrayal of them, would be a violation of that silent, sacred, powerful sympathy, which the soul at this hour experiences in its deep communings with Nature. Descriptive words, and all such endeavors to give adequate expression to our feelings, must prove abortive. He alone knows and appreciates what they are, who has himself witnessed the same or similar scenes. Positive security rendered oppressively insecure by surrounding dangers—man's own insignificance and impotence when compared with these wonderful exhibitions of might and power—might, that has rent asunder this fearful gorge, and hurled this impetuous river over its rugged surface—power, that laid the foundations of the world, here re-

vealed scarcely rind-deep, and yet sufficient to fill the mind with conceptions by no means faint, of the Omnipotence of Him who created all things out of nothing—these engross the attention—these fix the eye, the form, the mind to the spot, as if some unseen power had caused the blood to cease its wonted course, the breath to stop, and had transmuted the whole man into a marble statue. Again the veins swell, the eye flashes, the mingled spray and cool mountain air play above you, bend the trees, and you feel the same untamed spirit pervading your breast, which animates every object around. This excitement comes as a happy relief to the spell-bound state which at first sight oppresses the beholder in almost too remarkable a degree. You can scarcely pause to analyze the sources of the varied emotions which throng the mind, or minutely weigh the comparative influence which each object exerts in giving them birth. It is the grand compass of the whole, of all the eye surveys, of all the ear can hear, of all the mind can grasp, which begets that combination of sublime ideas, which terrifies while it engages, and delights while it awes. You are contemplating a scene, evincing at once the beauties and the grandeur of God's handiwork. The tender leaf is dancing in the mild air. Wild flowers—the morning dew and mid-day spray never off their lips—are opening their bright cheeks to the sun, wherever a handful of soil can be found in the crevices of the rocks, and even upon the very verge of that precipice so fearful. The song-bird chirps, and dips his tiny wing in the mist of those falling waters, whose impetuous force would in an instant rend in pieces the green withes, with which impotent man might attempt to curb the angry current. The quiet sunbeams gild the tree-tops—numerous little rills falling hundreds of feet, like silken threads, swept hither and thither by the wind, descend with gentle murmur upon the verdure beneath—while the overhanging cliffs rent asunder by a power unseen, Omnipotent—with their massive sides,

"through which earth's ribs,
Bared to the skeleton, protruding, show
The wounds time has not healed"—

frown darkly upon the abyss below, casting a sombre, forbidding shade athwart the stream, which courses madly, in some places wearing almost an Acheronic hue.

Lodore, seen at a distance, does indeed remind us of those cascades, around which Poetry and Romance have delighted to throw their fairest charms, at whose feet they were wont to weave their choicest garlands. Tallulah, which has hitherto rippled gently

through rapids, leaps joyfully over this descent, as if pleased with the bound, and unconscious of those hidden rocks, eddies and plunges which still further await its approach. All is comparative peace and repose. To contemplate this, is a pleasant prelude to the stormy scene, which, on this side, meets the eye. At the mention of this fall, who does not recur with pleasure to that poem of Southey—a curiosity in literature, exhibiting at once the fertility and force of the English language, which begins with the inquiry,

“How does the water come down at Lodore?”

With this description so apt and expressive, we can easily conceive how a poet of his accomplishments, could readily have found an original in the present scene, for each and every of those *one hundred and fifty adjectives*, with which he has happily portrayed the falling of waters over that precipice, near Keswick, in Cumberland. Would that a pen as competent, would also immortalize in verse the more imposing and suggestive Falls of Tallulah.

But it is when standing between *Tempesta* and *Oceana*, that we experience to the full, the sublimest conceptions which this war of waters can suggest. The former, as the name appropriately indicates, seems clothed in all the fervid wrath, which characterizes the whirlwind running riot in its might, or the dark lowering front of the thunder-storm, as it bows its deep blue bosom upon the plain or mountain-top, portending dire destruction. This is perhaps the most symmetrical, and certainly the most tumultuous of the falls. Tallulah chafing with its rocky shores on either hand, here leaps over a precipice of one hundred and forty feet. The descent is uninterrupted save by one jutting crag, which starts midway from the bottom. Upon its naked breast, the waters fall and are dashed into a thousand fragments. On each side the flow is comparatively unruffled, but here, and beyond, all is wild confusion. Masses of spray are forced in the air, where, hanging like a pure white cloud, it awaits that other still larger cloud, which, rising from the disjecta membra of the river, hurled with tremendous impetus against the rocks, and among the crevices below, rises, and like a gossamer veil, hides in its bosom each tiny lichen and twig, and hovers over the torrent, as if warning the descending tide of the terrible fate which awaits it at the bottom. The heavy roar is echoed by these perpendicular heights, and re-echoed within deep glens, thickly wooded with a primeval growth,

“Dixing and deafening the ear with its sound.”

Tempesta is passed, and does Tallulah rest? Follow the stream a little lower down, and let your eye, your ear determine. What do you view? A rock-girt basin, into which there is but one entrance, from which but one exit. Through the former, the demented current with blind fury comes foaming madly, as if to evade the pursuit of some dread tormentor, threatening its very annihilation. Escape seems its only object. To accomplish this, it needs not its course, until it dashes against the impenetrable wall, which effectually opposes all further advance. Here the surface is rudely cast back in rapid curling waves upon its own bosom, while the deep, swift under-current sweeps rapidly round, passing the exit, and fearfully rushes back to the centre of the whirlpool. There wave grapples with wave, current with current; for that portion last escaped from the plunge at *Tempesta*, in its hurried flight from that dread scene, will brook no delay, and hesitates not to contend for the mastery with its fellow. The reflux tide is once more impelled onward, a portion to be again borne against the opposing barrier, another part to be forced over the precipice, which, a short distance beyond, awaits its approach. Pausing as it issues through the exit, and nears the spot whence it must again take another leap, it quivers for a moment, as if feeling some presentiment of further turmoil, then eddying darkly amid the deep recesses, worn out of the solid base of the cliff,

“It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
New striking and raging,
As if a war raging
Its caverns and rocks among.”

until impelled by the advancing current, all hope of resistance fled, it moves sullenly onwards, and pours down, an unbroken sheet, the falls of *Oceana*.

Thus does Tallulah incessantly roar and toss within this whirlpool—rise and whirl among these caverns—leap over rocks, and then in thunder tones pass over these descents. Each new volume encounters the same dread ordeal, each sympathizing with the actions of those that have preceded.

“The roar of waters! * * *
The fall of waters! rapid as the light;
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the grove and

Making it all one emerald—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with a delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent,
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent."

But why follow Tallulah in all its windings, or attempt a portrayal of all its agonies? The eye feasts upon these sublimities, the heart deeply feels their influence, but the weak tongue cannot bespeak their power. The prospect is by no means one which merely elicits *momentary* admiration. This cannot be. Nature's works always demand the most careful examination, and will endure the severest scrutiny—each successive inspection tending but to reveal increasing attractions. Perfection dwells with the Author, and all these monuments denote the hand that has fashioned them. That veil of beauty covering the wing of the butterfly is perfect in its kind. So is this mysterious garb of grandeur, which, thrown around these majestic displays of Nature, terrifies and awes while it engages our every attention. Hours, days are insufficient to compass all the sublimities and beauties of this spot. Like a chained Prometheus you stand a willing captive, and would not for the world unbind those fetters so strongly thrown around you. A magnetic influence pervades the scene, and attracted by its power, you remain riveted to the place—trembling it may be before the presence of Him who rules amid these angry waters, yet sensible of the privilege permitted you, here to trace the handiwork of the Creator in one of his proudest natural manifestations.

It was a beautiful belief of the ancients, that the Deities and Nymphs who presided over waters and springs, were themselves endowed with prophetic or oracular power, and inspired those who drank of them with the same. May not some bright ærial being dwelling amid these falls, have imparted to the young Indian his romantic, imaginative temperament, and gifted the medicine man with his power over disease? Might not the aged chieftain here have bowed in supplication for courage and strength at this altar of the storm-God? Did the proud warrior—his cabin hung with the bloody trophies of battle—his grim visage disfigured by the colors of war, seek to animate his breast with feelings of valor and reckless daring?—did he desire to enkindle the darkly rankling feelings of revenge for wrongs sustained, and insults offered to his tribe?—would he strengthen that bow and make sure those arrows for winging their swift destructive way?—would he render sacred his vow of eternal vengeance against the foe, and secure the favor of that Divinity,

who presides over the ambush and the death-grapple?—then on some gloomy night, when the discharging cloud had maddened this foaming Tallulah into tenfold fury—leaping from rock to rock, with fearless tread he would descend to the bottom of this gorge, and with the lightning playing above him, the thunders roaring in awful peals from cavern to cavern, echoing in prolonged crashing notes from precipice to precipice, he would plunge that bow and dip those arrows beneath the flood—with eager tongue lap that water, as if to drink in the very spirit which gave it fury and imparted that headlong reckless career, and then placing his right hand upon the tide, as in wrath it chafed with the shore—his bared brow upturned—each fiery flash revealing the storm-cloud of war gathering darkly upon it, call upon the God of Tallulah to bear witness to his vow, and invoke his presence as the guide of his warrior-band, granting wisdom at the council fires, cunning and secrecy in the pursuit,—nerving his and their arms with unfailing strength, to strike the enemy of his country, and redeem the honor of his tribe.—But there is one spot upon which the Indian looked with feelings of profound reverence. It is the *Rock House*. Of this, in connection with Serpentine and Toccoa Falls, we shall speak hereafter.

• LINES.

(ON RETURNING A YOUNG LADY HER BRACELET.)

Restore to Celia—fickle fair,
The pledge she gave to me,
Fit emblem of herself, I swear—
Examine it and see.

Touch but a spring, whose secret cell
Lurks 'neath the rim of gold—
Her snowy arm with gentle swell
Disdains the loosen'd hold.

Thus, gaily press'd, the cruel maid
Deserts her lover's side;
And thus he rises, though betray'd,
Triumphant in his pride.

Observe, again, the cunning skill—
How pliant is the charm;
The jewel may adorn, at will,
The bosom, or the arm.

The nymph herself, when duly scann'd,
Thus plays a double part,
Now rests her hopes upon the hand,
And now upon the heart.

Ah! what may hold her firm and fast?
Some manacle devise—
A hoop, perchance, of plainer cast,
And one of smaller size.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Philadelphia: February, 1854.

This is the second No. of the present volume, being the 44th since the establishment of the periodical. It is illustrated by a steel plate and several wood engravings.

The contents original and selected are generally of the first class of literature, the list of contributors embracing some of the best writers of this country. Under that list, however, we might suggest a slight impropriety in inserting the names of Thomson and J. Stanyan Bigg. We take the liberty of reprinting some very suggestive poetry, by Mr. R. H. Stoddard.

LOVE'S AVENGER.

Pale as the gleam of the moonlight,
That now on the harem falls,
Yet blacker at heart than the river
That lashes the base of its walls.

My boat lies and rocks on the water,
I lean on the dripping oar;
But my thoughts are adrift in the darkness,
And my spirit can rest no more!

Far out on the swell of the surges
The lamps of the harem shine,
So bright that I see every lattice,
But know not which lattice is thine.

Nor know'st thou, nor dream'st I am near thee,
So near thy white hand I could see.
Wave it, sweet! and I soon will release thee,
Or die at thy feet, and for thee.

But no—I could hew down a thousand
Base slaves, such as guard thee to-night.
Weak women, who herd among women,
Nor dare with a warrior to fight.

And I will! on my sword I have sworn it;
For this have I flown from the west:
Ere midnight my arms shall enfold thee,
And thou shalt recline on my breast.

For when the moon sets on the harem,
And ebbs the long waves in the gloom,
My brave band will come down and avenge us,
And seal in the darkness their doom!

Letters to a Young Man and other Papers, by THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Ticknor, Reed & Fields: Boston, 1854.

Having before spoken in some detail of De Quincey's characteristics, we will not here repeat ourselves. In the present duodecimo of 300 pp. the reader will find much of both entertainment and instruction. Its contents are miscellaneous in substance, and fragmentary in form, but ever and anon you light upon a lump of gold or precious stone.

Since Coleridge's death no living man, in Anglo-Saxondom at least, so well deserves the title of "Thinker," as our author. Few, moreover, if any, have compassed a scholarship so profound and various as his. If to this you add a style overbrimming with felicities and splendors in all kinds, yet invariably pure, lucid, exact and graphic, it may readily be anticipated, that whatever comes from his pen must have peculiar value.

We are indebted for this volume to A. Hart.

SANS-SOUCI.

The Eastern Question.

—The late advices by the *Baltic* have dispelled any doubts as to the warlike termination of the present Eastern difficulties. The world had learnt to place so little reliance upon the rumors conveyed by telegraphic despatches to the press, that it had become somewhat incredulous as to the previous assertions of the imminence of the peril. But the late debate in the House of Lords—the assertion of Lord Clarendon in his official capacity, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the withdrawal of the Russian ambassadors from Paris and London, no longer a rumor, but an authenticated fact, leave little room to doubt that the worst anticipations are to be realized.

We have all along belonged to the class of those, who believed that at the last moment, this difficulty so unimportant in its origin, would be peaceably settled; and we still find it hard to realize that the age of reason has so little kept pace with the age of progress, that the last alternative of the sword is found to be the only solution of a question which for the past few months has assumed the aspect of being at the most a point of punctilio in diplomacy. There was more right in the Russian claim to the protection of the Greek Church in the Holy places, than has probably been admitted on this side of the Atlantic, where the intricacy of the relations of the European with the Eastern powers is imperfectly understood. The Russian rights, the Porte was willing to admit in substance, but not in the form asserted by the Czar. With the seizure of the principalities the difficulties became greater, but were still certainly capable of a successful mediation. And this mediation has at last been refused by Russia, on what must still be called points of form rather than of substance, and with that government therefore must rest the responsibility of the terrible results, which are to flow to the European communities. As far as we can pretend to judge or speak of the course of a government so silent and inscrutable as that of Russia, the measure may have been dic-

tated as much by the impatience of personal vanity and temper as by any settled system of national policy. No less fitting time could have been chosen for accomplishing the traditionary scheme of Muscovite ambition than the present, when the state of Europe has permitted a coalition, which will offer a stronger opposition than could be hoped to be opposed, in the ordinary state of the world.

With Lord Aberdeen and his policy we unfeignedly express our warmest sympathy. It is an easy thing for the rabid portion of the press, both in this country and in Europe, to apply the opprobrious epithets that have been heaped upon him, for a course which they designate as cowardly and vacillating, but which, we believe, has met with the approval of the right thinking men in both countries. It has probably failed in preserving peace; and with its usual justice the present age will judge his course simply by its success. If he had succeeded, as at one time, there was more than a probability, he would have risen to the highest point in European statesmanship. It is his motives only that we can now honor. With what ability his efforts at pacification have been conducted, neither we nor any one else have sufficient information fully to express an opinion. This we do know, that by every proper forbearance—yet always holding out a readiness, now about to be fulfilled, to meet the last resort—he has endeavored to stave off the tempest of war and ravage, which is to desolate the human race. If fully successful, his mission would have been as high as is conceivable for man. And we deny that his policy can be considered utterly a failure. By the exposition of his negotiations he has given clear historical evidence to show where the responsibility for this failure is to rest, and has left Russia without a single ally on the continent; we sincerely trust, that France and England, after having exhausted every method short of loss of national honor, to preserve peace, will be able to show that it is to those nations most averse to war, that Providence has entrusted the power of conducting it most fearfully, and therefore most successfully. We do not believe that any real damage has been done to the Turkish cause by the delay in assuming an entirely hostile attitude. At the time of the passage of the Pruth, England certainly, and France probably, was not prepared to send material succor to the Porte. The last few months have been amply improved by both powers, and a sufficient force of the bravest and best troops in the world will soon be in Constantinople, in time to prevent its fall except at such expense of blood and treasure as must exhaust Russia, if successful.

With regard to the ultimate results of this war, no man, unless gifted with a superhuman prescience, should dare to express an opinion. Its aspects are so immense and its possible results so overpowering, that we can hardly look at them with sufficient calmness to pretend to trace where they may end. As friends of humanity, we now sincerely trust that the powers who have allied for the defence of, what is to them more a principle than an interest, will make this conflict so fearful an example of what horrors war can inflict, that any nation in future will fear to give a like cause of offence, which may be visited with so terrible a chastisement. Greater numerical forces and more fearful engines of destruction, will be invoked to this great arbitration than ever the world witnessed before, and a fearful weight will rest upon him, whose course has made the necessity for this last appeal. If Russia shall be whipped back, shorn of her territory and her military prestige, presenting the humiliating spectacle of a foiled bully, no one will say, whatever immediate misery may be caused, that the sword will have been drawn in vain.

The remarks we have applied to the policy of the English Cabinet, we believe to be equally applicable to that of the French government. We speak more particularly of the course of the English government because it is through the English version we can get at the details of the negotiation. Both nations have shown an equal moderation and temper—both nations have shown the same honorable desire to prefer the growing industry and happiness of their people to the tempting prospects of glory and conquest. Both have not feared to meet the declamations of the warm and wrong-headed writers and demagogues, who use these terms as catchwords for popular excitement. We honor them even now, when as negotiators, they have failed; and when many attribute to this right spirit of hesitation about going to war, the necessity for a war at all—we honor them, we say, for the attempt, however unsuccessful. We take it as a pledge of their sincerity in the past, and as hope for a better result of such efforts in the future.

The Ballet at the Walnut Street Theatre.

—Under the inspection and at the instigation of M'lle Mathias, the charming ballet of *Bella la Paquerette* has, for the first time in America, been brought out at the Walnut Street Theatre, and nightly draws crowded houses. Having attended it with commendable regularity ever since it was produced, we ought to be able to give some sketch of its plan and merits; but, we freely confess, we have gazed less as critics than as ad-

mirers, and we greatly fear that when our account is weighed in the balance, it will be found wanting. It is no easy task, at any time, to write a good dramatic criticism; and we are not of the favored few who have proficiency in the art. As the Squiere has it in the Canterbury Tales—

“Who coude tellen you the forme of daunces
So uncouthe, and so freshe countenaunces,
Swyche subttill lokings and dissmulings,
For dred of jelous mennes aperceivings,
No man but Lancelot, and he is ded.”

Nevertheless, in default of the departed Lancelot, we will try our *coup d'essai*.

Bella la Paquerette, (M^{lle} Yrca) is the belle of a pleasant little village in the North of France, somewhere between the waters of the Seine and Somme, affianced to François, a carpenter (P. Brillant). Tuilfort (Leon Javelli), is the father of “Narcissus, a comick” (François Ravel), the unsuccessful suitor of Bella, and landlord of Martin (Jerome Ravel), the young carpenter's father. The piece opens with a pastoral pleasure *fête*, in which Yrca favors us with a *Scene Dansante*. The comick Narcissus vainly presses his love and his bouquets, while his father informs Martin that he shall speedily be ejected from “the lot or piece of ground, with the one story lath-and-canvas, messuage and tenement thereon erected” under the Landlord and Tenant Acts of the North of France. In return for this pleasant piece of news, François filially throttles the spirited proprietor, but proffers no cash. Presently a rural game is introduced. A costly silk kerchief the fabric of the rarest Pongee looms, is hung up by a thread. Each competitor is blindfolded and armed with a pair of shears. Narcissus must needs try his luck, and cuts off, in the most natural manner, the paternal queue. Bella then presents herself, and triumphantly bears away the prize. A grand *pas de quatre*, by M^{me} Marzetti, M^{lles} Yrca and Ducy Barre and M. Brillant, celebrates this auspicious event. This scene also contains a charming *pas des moissonneurs* by the *corps de ballet*, in which the whole process of breaking the earth, sowing and reaping, &c., is very gracefully delineated. We do not so much like the part where the wheat sheaves are bound and borne away. To see a dozen girls, each squatting down by her sheaf, and then bearing it in arms for all the world like the *fascas* of a Roman licitor is neither picturesque nor amusing. Barring this, it is a beautiful dance. But suddenly the tap of a drum is heard, and the recruiting sergeant Bridaux (Maugin), appears, to disturb the harmony of the assemblage, and gratify the

audience with the prospect of a pair of the stateliest legs that ever were seen. The lots for the conscripts are cast among the village youth. François escapes, but to save his father from the wrath to come of an unpaid landlord, sells out his liberty to Narcissus (who has drawn the fatal ticket), for a huge bag of tin currency. He bids an affecting farewell to the *cari luogi* of his youth, and to the dear ones he leaves behind, and glumly marches away.

Scene Second represents a barrack yard in the South of France, where the regiment to which François belongs is stationed, where soldiers and the sweetest looking *vivandieres*, in the most becoming scarlet skirts, are enjoying themselves after the fashion, we presume, of military life. The gate presently opens, and Yrca who, dressed as a boy, has secretly followed her lover, appears; and what a lovely boy she makes, to be sure! Her costume allows every development of her exquisitely proportioned person; such hips, such legs, such tiny feet, such springing insteps, we have never seen on a danseuse before. She desires to enlist in the regiment. After a brief interview, the cunning sergeant discovers her sex, and considering her as a special Gode send, determines to confiscate her as contraband goods. François appears, and in a row with the sergeant, is arrested and locked up in jail. Yrca and M^{me} Axel (the private and particular *vivandiere* of the sergeant, who greatly resents his sudden vivacity in the case of the putative strippling), plot together to befool the doughty officer. They fuddle him, steal his keys, free the captive, and he and his mistress fly together. The escape is discovered, but too late; and an amusing scene is presented by the appearance of Narcissus on the stage, in search of the vanished Bella. He is at once seized and substituted for the lost soldier, but by a series of most comical expedients, finally gets away amid the laughter and cheers of the audience.

The Third Scene opens upon a Russian post on the Danube, in the possession of the French, whither the lovers have fled. Years of patient industry are supposed to have passed over their young heads; and by the sweat of their brows, François has acquired a sufficient competency to enable him to purchase, for his own wear, a beautiful green vest with herring-bones down the front, and a pair of splendid scarlet pantaloons, embroidered in gold brought from

— distant Chersonese,
Or utmost Indian Isle, Trapobane.

Bella also appears in new robes, with no end of long trailing ribbons, and necklaces and

earrings of small gold coins, after the fashion of the country. Having been bred a carpenter, François has, of course, great skill in gardening, and vastly excelling all his competitors in this, the favorite amusement of the nobility and gentry, he accumulates wealth in the service of those opulent classes. Nevertheless, the heart of this esteemed young nurseryman and florist is far—far away. His bride yearns after the household gods—the Lares and Penates—that she has left behind, in the North of France; no babe dances upon her knee, to wean her thoughts from the home of her own infancy; for Lucina has smiled not on the nuptial couch, spread in a foreign clime. The *nostalgia*—the home-sickness of the wanderers—is abundantly testified by their mournful execution of a *pas de deux* in this scene. Even the cheerful *Danse Valaque* of the neighboring peasant youth, many of them very pretty, and all dancing with grace and spirit, fails to cheer the drooping hearts of the pair. But in the meantime the French army, twenty-seven strong, which occupies this important post, parades for a review by its general, an anonymous, but splendid looking creature, and vastly superior, we are sure, to anything of the same kind in our own service. In fact, it becomes the War Department to look into this business. Lord Wellington is said to have said that there was not a General in England who could march ten thousand men out of Hyde Park; and we as boldly pronounce that we do not believe there is a General in the American Army who could have manœvered an equal number of troops on and off the stage in as warlike a style as the distinguished, but nameless, chieftain we describe. And sure a more gallant presence, a more military mien, could not have characterized Murat himself, at the head of his charging squadrons, or “the white plume of Navarre,” as he plunged amid his foes. Who this hero is, the bills neglect to inform us; probably, like Mars upon the fields before Troy, he has private reasons for preserving his incognito; otherwise we should have been clear that it was Changarnier, or Cavaignac, or Lamoricière, or some other exiled soldier, who, to keep his hand in, had accepted the control of this gallant band. A strong resemblance to Monsieur Tailfort, of “the North of France,” confirms us in this idea; for, as every one knows, the grandmother of M. Changarnier was a native of those happy regions. The General, we may notice, was accompanied by a young acolyte in the science of war (probably the orphan son of some old brother in arms); but what was the military grade of this youthful warrior, we could not ascertain. He was splendidly arrayed in a blue uniform

coat and mulberry brown trowsers with a stripe of white relieved by sky-blue along the seams. Probably he held either the rank of military secretary or chief of the hospital department, but in either case, his glittering attire and martial bearing (the professional ferocity of which was modulated into a grim softness by his urbane affability), lent life and animation to the scene.

Pending the review, the *corps de ballet*, inspired with new enthusiasm, broke out in a fresh spot, and favored us with what we are told was *la Youh*, a character dance, in which they took occasion to display great vocal and physical excitement. In the remote background, utterly concealed from the observation of every one in the house save the audience and two-thirds of the performers, a couple of exceedingly ill-looking fellows, for all the world resembling two decayed Anabaptists from the *Prophète*, but in reality Boyars or Hospodars of conspiring dispositions and great wealth, quietly plotted the assassination of the French General. The excellent François, as a matter of course, overhears their plans. The thought at once seizes him to make his own peace with the government by betraying the base Bulgarians. In a moment, with Bella by his side, he lays his suit at the feet of the officer. The Boyars are seized and dragged to the front of the stage, struggling wildly, but in vain. After a brief exposure to the indignant gaze of posterity, they are hurried off to condign punishment. But still there is no pardon for the deserter. Bella is in despair. She endeavors to shake the General's obstinacy by a well sustained tremulous movement of the left leg, but in vain. Next she seeks, with the right, to find the road to his heart; but with no better success. Now, impressed with the perception that all human aid is useless, she appeals for help to superior powers. Bending her eyes steadfastly on the galleries, she solemnly, mournfully raises the heel of her left foot to a level with the general's mustache, pointing with the great toe to Heaven! Ho melts—he yields—that stern, rugged heart can bear no more! Though a general, he is still a man. Bella perceives her triumph. She confirms it by a motion (*leggero affettuoso*) of convulsive ecstasy of the whole five toes; and then waves them madly in circling wreaths of victory about that martial head, till his brows seemed shadowed with those fair young toes, as with the Delphic laurel! The redeemed François, his years of exile at an end, unites with bounding joy in the *Cszardasz*, a *pas de deux* beautifully performed by himself and his love, to the air of the Russian National Hymn, and at its conclusion, the whole company burst into *la Friss*, on which the curtain

falls; and thus concludes all the passages in the lives of François and Bella that are revealed to us. We leave them in peace upon the banks of that same rolling Danube, to which, according to the late Mr. Campbell, "fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er," and we devoutly wish them Godspeed back to their native France.

We would fain believe that it is all true that we have beheld. But presently the emptied orchestra again begins to fill; haut-boys and violins emit their experimental half-notes; the leader glowers around him, and suddenly waves his bow, and the well-known strains of a pantomime overture fall on our ears. Hats are peremptorily doffed, and the wearers come to an anchor; and the Green Monster for a season expels all thoughts of the sorely tried lovers from our minds. But all human pleasures must, sooner or later, come to an end. By and bye, virtue and the bespangled Harlequin are satisfactorily rewarded; vice, in the shape of the White Knight, receives its *quietus*; and even the young Lehman folds his horrid wings and is hushed for the night in grim repose. The gas-lights burn dimmer and dimmer, as one by one, like ships that go down at sea, they silently disappear. A cold gush of air strikes upon our backs from the widely opened door of departure, and the throngs that have tarried to see the pantomime crowd jostlingly together in their exodus. Into the damp and sloppy darkness we too wend our way, as we muse on the probably present condition of the smiling actors in the evening's scenes of enchantment. We look wistfully to the green-room door, in half expectation of beholding some happy peasant, or gay, innocent maiden in illusory shorts and tights, picking a careful step through the mud, on her way to that lattice-windowed cottage, ten feet by eight, where, by custom immemorial, peasants of the drama have their rustic abode. And we half whisper to ourselves, how unsuitable to the actual necessities of our climate must be such a garb! Alas—none such appear. All is dark and deserted, save where an occasional closely-muffled and very every-day looking figure flits through the gloom. Thoughts of doubt and dark suspicion begin to float across our soul. Possibly, the manly form that but an hour by-gone, was prostrated in humble devotion, as it offered its heart's dearest treasures at beauty's shrine, may be at this moment bending over the un-sentimental billiard board, or basely exhaling clouds of immoral tobacco! Possibly, the fair nymph herself, but now so ethereal that one could have sworn a rose leaf dissolved in dew, or the strains of some soft melody, constituted her most substantial diet, may be at this moment washing down a slight

repast of oysters with copious draughts of beer! What a disorganizing reflection! But stay—we surely recognize a well-known form—'tis that of the talented donkey, whose exertions this very evening have so nimbly borne away from angry friends, the fair Columbine and her lover, who the while with a stroke of his sword of lath, breaks the chariot in twain; and the surly father, and that base persecutor of female innocence and truth, the White Knight, are cast head-long to the ground. In vain do they bellow in dumb show, and mutely call upon the faithful Ass to bring back his lovely burthen!

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus.

The driver's borne beyond their swearing,
And the post-chaise is hard of hearing.

But, alas for man's ingratitude! This brave young beast, whom instinct alone had inspired to act in a manner that would have reflected credit upon the head and heart of a Chevalier de Bayard or a Sir Philip Sidney—what was his fate? Straightway harnessed to a rude cart, coarse reins are twined about his neck, the lash of the driver salutes his side—the wheels move round—and upon some deed of darkness he is driven away. Truly, the age of chivalry has passed and gone. The veil fell from our eyes, as we mourned the hopes that left us, and bowed no more before our past illusions. What is life at best, but the shadow of a dream—the remembrance of a vanished odour? "The thing that hath been, is the thing that shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

To Shakspearian Collectors.

— To complete the set of your various editions do not fail to secure the "Merchant of Venice," translated into French, and arranged as a *thrilling and gorgeous melodrama* for the "Ambigu;" to which, from all accounts, "Uncle Tom," as represented at the "National Amphitheatre," with real horses and hounds—more or less blooded—is mere child's play. M. Ferdinand Dugué is the ingenious inventor and translator of this piece.

Circus and Menagerie.

— A French troupe of equestrians, male and female, are drawing crowded houses at the CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE. Their performances are of a novel and beautiful character. A very fine band of music performs, on the balcony of this establishment, every afternoon, and arrests crowds of the lovers of music in the street below. Yesterday afternoon in passing, we heard them performing the Prima Donna Waltz, and right well did they play that charming air.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Farquhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1854.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.*

It does, however, strike me, as one of James's strong points, and as a *very* strong one too. Out of either of his hundred volumes it were easy selecting, at a cursory glance, an example realising our completest conception of the gentlemanly character. Thus, D' Auvergne and De Coucy, Blenau and Montenero, Darby and Monsoreau, the Huguenot, Guise and Manners, are names instantly presenting themselves in confirmation of my statement; and had I a page at command, I might cover it with the full speed of my pen. Of these and similar portraits, it may, perhaps, be truly said, that they are not painted in the most vivid of colors. But for their accuracy of outline and delicacy of finish, they are not readily to be matched. Nor is this less true of his feminine portraiture.

As I have already said, the gentleman exists wherever society has passed beyond the barbarous stage. But, though in many of its elements remaining identical, in others, and especially in its distinctive outward aspect, it will vary with the specialties of the society wherein it appears.

Thus the English and the French gentleman, though in numerous points alike, yet impress the beholder quite differently. While repose and reticence mark the former, vivacity and *pronouncedness* distinguish the latter. The one is a cameo in basso relievo, the other one in alto relievo.

The American gentleman, when America shall have become a fully developed, mature nation, must needs differ from both. It will at least do no harm if I try to portray what I imagine he will be. And to do this, let me refer to what is described, as being the tone *comme il faut* of English society.

This tone would seem to be scrupulously *damped down* to the level of the least developed minds and the least excited feelings in the circle present. There must be no

salient points; nothing pronounced and strongly emphatic; no flight above the capacity of each to follow; no sentiment beyond the universal sympathy. A marmoreal repose of manner, and a waterline level of mental manifestation, are the inexorable demands of the "higher law." So I construe the best authenticated expositions of English Fashion. How would a vivid, demonstrative American enjoy, or how bear himself in such society?

The character of the modern gentleman, as existing hitherto, has been the result of a social state, which is now passing away. It is a state of repression, of inequalities of privilege and right, of castes,—a state wherein the claims of the human being, *as such*, have never been recognised or ever understood. There are nations who talk much of liberty and vaunt loudly their own possession of it, but whose apprehension of the *full import* of the word seems to me woefully inadequate.

In what European country, for example, can one, whether man or woman, act completely out his thoughts and wishes, how innocent soever, or even approximate thereto? Even aside from constrictive laws, which meet one everywhere, he is "cabined, cribbed, confined," by usage and opinion, in quality alike superficial and neither rooting itself in central verity and right. To infringe such usage and opinion is to pluck upon one's self penalties, which overweigh the satisfaction drawn from the assertion of individual freedom. Of consequence men count it the minor evil to forego the exercise of this freedom even in things desirable and innocent, except to the extent permitted by prevailing custom. The result is, that liberty, for all practical ends, bears an exceedingly circumscribed meaning, and the general mind moves in shackles and within narrow bounds, whether in work or play.

The above described idea of polite society, as well as of the gentlemanly character, is an outgrowth of this condition of things and exhibits the same lack of unconstricted freedom. The individual, in social intercommune, is not his total self, with his own distinctive character and attributes, but he is a single element of a composite mass, whose ingredients are so interfused and amalgamated, that the least worthless are very likely to give to the whole its predominant cast.

In this Country we witness the initiative of a social system, whose radical, formative ideas are quite the reverse. The very soul of this system is the *removal* of repression to the farthest *safe* extent; the abolition of all *fictitious* inequality; and the giving of not only *scope* but *incitement* to individual

thought and feeling to the utmost degree compatible with the rights of all. Our previous long colonial condition and our recently established independence, coupled with the vast influence still exercised over us by older countries through their literature and intercourse, have thus far prevented more than a quite partial operation of our proper national ideas. The American gentleman, therefore, probably differs not greatly from the English gentleman of similar position and associations.

With lapsing time, however, our national ideas must mould and tinge thoroughly the national mind and heart, and will manifest themselves in the character of the gentleman, as in all things else. And while on its negative side it will resemble the old type, I believe its positive aspect will present several new features.

Why, for example, need there be any other restraint in social interchange, than that imposed by correct morals and good taste? Why should the ruling tone of thought and feeling be by *artificial* means depressed, instead of being left to find its own level? Whether the object of social commune be enjoyment or instruction, methinks it were expedient not merely to tolerate, but to *summon forth* the brightest and most exalted sentiments possible, and to give amplest scope to each mind's most vivid and potent efforts. None certainly would be authorised to complain of this, and the inferior minds would, if such thing were possible, be thus best entertained and benefitted. Why, in one word, not be *natural* in society as elsewhere?

And this same word *natural* will, I suspect, best denote the dominant character of American society, as of the American gentleman, when our distinctive national Ideas shall have wrought their perfect work. No longer will exist that *hauteur*, which is assumed to keep at due distance those, who are thought compounded of baser clay. Not thus do men deal with their brothers. But the fraternity of human kind is a fundamental of the American social creed, and simple manhood is, in all cases, an adequate safeguard against this arrogant repellency.

Our admirable countrywoman, Mrs. Kirkland, one of the most thoroughly American of American writers, has a few most appropriate words on the topic under consideration, which I am happy to transcribe.

"The only *true grandeur*," says she, "at which American society can aim with honor, is that of a *bold and true simplicity of manners*; courage which dares live out its natural and staple ideas; independence founded on conscious power and worth,

which can afford to be *original in small things, as in great ones.*"

Having encountered this passage after developing my own idea, of course I was extremely gratified to find that idea so powerfully confirmed. In a few vigorous touches the lady has presented the main specialties of American gentlemanhood. Boldness and independence; liberty, conceding amplest play to whatever is individual and distinctive within the bounds of correct taste and pure morals; kindly feeling, interdicting whatever may wound or disturb; and simplicity and naturalness presiding over and lending a charm to all,—such, I apprehend, will be the characteristic traits of the American gentleman.

Nor will I be deterred by fear of ridicule from recording my faith, that these will ultimately become *national traits*, and that this nation will be *substantially* a nation of gentlemen. *Substantially*, I say, because in polish, in grace, in accomplishment, there must of course be, and this perhaps *always*, a wide range of *degrees*. But in the *fundamentals* of the character, both positive and negative, I do firmly believe there will be a well nigh universal diffusion.

And this result I anticipate from the inevitable working of our national ideas and institutions conjoined with the influence of universal education. The exercise of the rights and enjoyment of the privileges, monopolised elsewhere by a few, by all here without exception,—these privileges and rights, too, being such as are most valuable and are most coveted by men universally,—and the incessant contact and interchange of each class with every other growing out of this state of things, all tend towards the general diffusion of what each possesses among the rest. The very principle of *imitation*, therefore, were sufficient here to work results quite other than obtain in communities distributed into classes, which are kept far asunder by usage and opinion, even were we to ignore that proverbial national shrewdness and ambition, which both discern, and aspire to grasp, whatever contributes to personal advancement.

Certain it is, be the causes what they may, that one prime element of gentlemanhood is already so general among us, that it may be pronounced a *national trait*—I mean respect for woman. I believe in no country save this can a woman travel unattended hundreds of miles in every species of public conveyance, and yet meet everywhere only respectful attention and service. Here this can be and is occasionally done.

Once travelling in a stagecoach with a foreign gentleman of much intelligence and polished manners, he expressed great surprise at my surrendering my place on the

back seat to a plainly dressed, elderly woman, who was taken up by the way. Nor was I less surprised at his surprise, and I drew from it an inference he little dreamed of touching national manners and their indications. Therefore it is, that with universal respect for woman as a basis, and with general education and popular institutions and usages, and the consequent freedom of commune between all classes, for means of discipline, I think it not extravagant to look for a diffusion, elsewhere unexampled, of what are recognised as distinctive gentlemanly traits.

Nor is it very difficult to predict what must be the dominant tone of social interchange. Freedom, independence and frankness will introduce there a state of things alike new and original. Each one will be himself, with his own distinguishing personalities there as elsewhere; thus substituting a vivacious variety for the dull monotone before alluded to.

Nor need we apprehend, as the consequence, either a social anarchy or an autocratic despotism of superior over inferior minds. "Order is Heaven's first law;" and as in a Republic more respect is awarded to the Land's laws than elsewhere, so in social circles, where every one is free to be himself, and all of himself, a tone will prevail, which will combine unrestricted freedom with impregnable order.

Something such, imperfectly sketched, is my prevision of the American gentleman and the American society, that are to be.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH SIXTEENTH.

Rock House—Indian Tradition—Superstition—Serpentine Falls—Descent and Prospect—"My Landlord"—Falls of Toccoa—The Wooing and the Wood.

"I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

CHILD'S HAROLD.

It is evident from the character of the legends which have been preserved relating to Tallulah, that the Indians regarded this as in many respects a sacred spot. Would that we could learn and feel the real impressions formed in their minds, apart from such as were suggested by the natural features of this locality—emotions in unison with their romantic religious temperament. Connected

with such scenes, they always had some traditions, rendering them remarkable—sometimes consecrated—which, although divested of that air of unquestioned truth, which they possessed in their eyes, would, nevertheless, prove of the deepest interest to us of the present day. We may rationally conjecture that the name—*Tallulah, (Most Terrible)*—was bestowed, not merely because the emotions awakened by these falls were awe-inspiring and sublime, but because there were other circumstances tending to throw a deeper, more mysterious garb over the whole, than those which visibly affected the senses. "Memoriae proditur"—that the hunter would never pursue the deer upon the verge of this gorge—that so soon as the timid animal sought a refuge amid the deep glens which bordered upon the brink, the Indian paused, unstrung his bow, and turned in serious thought to the contemplation of other and more weighty matters.

You will observe in the side of one of those perpendicular cliffs, an opening in the face of the rock, about ten or fifteen feet square. This is the *Rock House*. Through this aperture, the Cherokee affirmed that the dead of his tribe obtained access to the regions of the blest—that their spirits equipped with bow and arrow, had been often seen flying from the burial grounds—disappearing at the mouth of this entrance, whence stretched an avenue, conducting the warrior to the Hunting Grounds of the Brave. From its lofty position they were unable to approach and examine it. Hence this and similar persuasions, suggested in accordance with their religious belief, remains uncontradicted—perhaps with the lapse of years inspiring additional veneration and respect.

Opinions of this kind are in perfect consonance with the character of man in both a savage and semi-civilized condition. In fact, these states are properly regarded as most favorable to those wild fanciful creations which people every cave, rock, glen, waterfall, with superior spirits or the ghosts of departed greatness. That untutored mind, within whose secret chambers the lamp of Revelation has never shed one genial ray, cannot be free from those grievous shackles—those varied fears—those images of good and evil, which false devotion imposes. Often does it wander amid the countless mazes of conjecture, uncertain, trembling—often in loneliness and sorrow tread a mournful and untried pathway to the tomb.

Nothing is so suggestive of superstitious feelings, as natural scenery. Every breeze which agitated the groves of the Isle of Mona, awakened sensations of sacred mystery in the bosom of the ancient Breton. The Oak Temple, and the consecrated Lake, were to the German invested with solemn, awe-in-

spiring interest. "Est in insula Oceani castum nemus, dicatumque in eo vehiculum veste connectum: attigere uni sacerdoti concessum." * * * *

"Mox vehiculum, et vestis, et, si credere velis, numen ipsum *secreto lacu* abluitur. Servi ministrant; quos statim idem lacus haurit. *Arcanus hinc terror, sanctaque ignorantia, quid sit illud, quod tantum perituri vident.*"

No wonder, if in the fearful cavern of Porth-mawr, through which, in Stygian darkness, flows that Acheronic stream, the Melte. No wonder that amid the surrounding wilderness of Nature, strange legends should prevail. No wonder that within these damp caves, spectres of frightful visage should terrify the rustic maids of the valley. No wonder they imagined that the Giant Idris enthroned on his mountain chair, shook those rocky crags, or that the frantic shrieks of Idwal could be discerned by the untutored peasants, amid the awful storms which burst above the purple peaks of Snowdonia. Nothing could be more natural than the idle phantasies so prevalent in the romantic regions of the Dolgolly.

The azure cave of Capri, with its beautiful floor of iris-hued sand, at one moment greener than emeralds, at another brighter than sapphires—with its rock-bound walls washed by the translucent sea, inspired even the Roman with such superstitious veneration, that he dared not investigate the attractions of the locality, and, unless driven by adverse winds, carefully avoided this cavern, where Neptune had reared one of his most glorious temples. Even the modern Italian, although he ventures to sail nearer, will never dream of entering this "hole in the wall." Poets peopled the heavens, the earth, the air, the waters, with bright beings, ethereal spirits, mighty gods, and dark demons. What to them were but the offsprings of fancy—to the vulgus commune, became investigated with all the pleasing and stern reality of actual existence. Blindly did they court the smiles of the propitious divinity, and tremble when he thundered from Olympus. Around these unknown gods clustered a depth of mystery, which unaided reason could not fathom. The verdant grove—the retired grotto, was frequented by Genii and Rustic Fauns. The inhabitant of that age saw no mending stream, without remembering that beneath its limpid waters sported those fair nymphs, who bore Hylas from the companionship of Hercules. A sweet fancy suggested all this, and in the contemplation there was pleasure. But when turning from these placid scenes he thought of his latter end, then immediately did the mystic form of Charon stand revealed in all its fearful

obscurity—then were the shores of another world seen guarded by the black waves of the Stygian flood—then were the images before him of the Daughters of Danæus vainly attempting to fill vessels that could hold no water—of Ixion turning his massive wheel—of Tantalus striving to slake his thirst in streams that always elude his lips—of Sisyphus, with unavailing labor rolling up that huge stone, which eternally falls back—of Tityus in agony, feeling the incessant gnawings of the vulture preying upon his heart knowing no diminution.

Can we wonder then, that the Indian unacquainted with the ameliorating influence of the arts and sciences—with no teacher save the voice of Nature—no revelations of a Supreme Being except such as were manifested amid the trackless forests, caught amid the lightnings—those mystic gleams of God, as they flashed forth from the darkness of the storm—read in the deep thunders of the descending flood, should have selected such a spot as this, as one best suited to awaken feelings of reverential awe,—the mid-way cavern as the entrance to the blooming fields of the happy land, or the opening to that deep and dark descent, which leads to the world of sorrow and punishment, and to this wild scene, this series of waterfalls, have given the name of Tallulah, most terrible?

The Indian has disappeared from this beautiful Cherokee region. Ghosts no more visibly frequent this gorge. The swallow and the bat find in the *Rock House* a secure retreat, unmolested by spirits of departed chieftains and warriors, in their hurried march to the hunting grounds of the brave.

"Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud topp'd hills an humble heaven,
Some safer world in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier Island in the watery waste."

The third descent conducts you to the foot of Serpentine Falls, so called on account of the winding of the stream just at this point. This is less arduous than either of the former, the prospect from below perhaps not so imposing. Yet even here you are amply repaid for all the fatigue you may have undergone. The perpendicular walls rise to a greater height, for, although the brow of the precipice seems to the eye very nearly level, still you are below all the Falls, and the gorge deepens with each successive plunge of Tallulah. The number of those little rills, springing hundreds of feet above us from the bosom of the walls, and

with scarce audible murmur settling upon the stones and verdure beneath, is increased. The side of the slope where your path lies is more thickly wooded, and with finer specimens of forest trees—while here and there the native grape may be found, in luxuriant festoons hanging from over-arching branches—their purple clusters bathed in the rising spray. Below, the ravine appears devoid of much of that rugged wildness which has hitherto characterized it, while the stream no longer plunging madly, courses merrily—rapidly—now and then chafing with the rocks, which frequently are seen rising above its surface. The river was low, when we visited Tallulah—for the body of water is much affected by the character of the season—the volume being greater in early spring when the snow melts from the mountains, than in the middle of summer—the warm sun drying up many small fountains which contribute in sustaining it. Some distance below the falls, there were so many rocks bare, and in such proximity, that stepping from one to the other, we reached the channel. There the current was still deep, and rapid. There the trunk of a floating pine had lodged securely, each end against a rock, thus forming a rude bridge over this otherwise impassable portion of the river. It was preserved firmly in its position by the rushing tide. Crossing upon this, we gained the opposite bank, and climbing along the sides of the declivity, succeeded in making our way above Serpentine Falls,—only about thirty feet in height. Just above and beyond, where the stream plunges over this descent, we found a log left high and dry, probably placed in its present position by a freshet, which carried it there and then subsided. By dint of log-rolling, we at length pushed it down to the water's edge. For a moment it turned slowly, quietly around in the eddying and comparatively quiet current near the shore, then with rapid start gliding swiftly out, it approached the edge of the falls. End foremost, for a second it hung suspended upon the crest of the descending wave—quivering in the air, then borne downwards by the torrent, it entered the basin beneath, and was entirely lost to view. Our eye was eagerly fixed upon the water, awaiting its re-appearance. Nor did we remain long in suspense. Suddenly rising in a position similar to that in which it had disappeared, at the distance of some forty feet it sprung high up and lunged heavily forward, like some sea-monster weary with an unequal contest, making a desperate effort to escape an imminent and pursuing danger. We are thus enabled to form an idea of the depth of the hole worn out of the rock and sand bed, at the foot of the falls,

which is every moment more or less increased by the continual precipitation and attrition of the water.

It is useless, however, to attempt a further portrayal of the features of Tallulah. Its beauties and sublimities must remain untold, unfelt, until an abler pen can do them justice—or rather, until the sensitive lover of natural scenery, can himself feast upon its manifold attractions. As we have before intimated, he alone can form a proper conception of them, who has in person stood upon the summit of the frightful precipice, and with trembling form looked into the dark abyss, yawning like futurity, where

—“each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath;”

who has descended and gathered the terrors of the storm spirit which broods above the reckless plunge of Tempesta, or urges on the war of maddened waters, amid the roaring confines of the whirlpool. You can only receive an impression of the sublimity of power and of majesty, when in its actual presence. Descriptive words are as idle as the winds which whistle through this rugged gorge. Here also will you experience the force of that remark of F. Von Schlegel: “Nature too is a book written on both sides, within and without, in which the finger of God is clearly visible; a species of Holy Writ in bodily form—a glorious panegyric as it were on God's omnipotence, expressed in the most vivid symbols.”

A word with reference to our host, now that we are upon the eve of bidding farewell to Tallulah. He is indeed an original character. His head seems completely filled with visionary schemes of wire bridges to span the chasm—of winding steps to be cut out of the solid rock, leading down to the foot of Oceana or Tempesta, of cars to descend by ropes from the suspension bridge, and bring the visitor within a foot or two of the crest of the falls. It is amusing to hear him converse in ore-rotundo style, employing scientific phrases strangely at variance with his well known back-woods dialect—with pompous manner stating the numerous improvements contemplated, when, in fact, we presume he has scarce three hundred dollars at his command. His oddity further manifests itself in the fanciful names which he has bestowed upon his children. Three of them answer to the names of *Tallulah*, *Cherubusco*, and *Magnolia*. He says he is determined to perpetuate in his family, the remembrance of the *Natural*, the *Military* (alluding to one of the victories of our arms in Mexico), and the *Botanical*. However, the duties of his station as “my landlord,” are discharged in a becoming manner—

the tables being always well supplied with game from the mountains—his consort freely contributing her services in the bestowal of every rustic attention.

A ride of sixteen miles brings us to the *Falls of Toccoa*, situated on a small creek of the same name, emptying into Tugaloo River. No house of any description is in this vicinity, and parties who visit the spot, leaving their carriages in the road, can spend only a few hours, and must then pass on to Tallulah, or Clarksville. Toccoa Falls are completely environed with hills covered by forests luxuriant and beautiful, which have not as yet been disfigured by the hands of advancing civilization. Descending the slope of one of these, and following the stream, you come full in view, and in front of the cataract. The stream, or rather rivulet, is not more than twenty or twenty-five feet wide, and at the time when we climbed to the summit of the precipice, was quite shallow, each little pebble appearing distinctly at the bottom. Disturbed by no boisterous rapids, but dancing joyously among rocks and against its moss-clad shores, it approaches the brow of the descent and falls one hundred and eighty feet. Expanding into fine rain, with here and there a small column retaining its form and consistency, the water is received at the bottom into a lucid lake, which here lies in quiet beauty. The spray lifted by the mountain breeze floats through this little valley, resting lightly upon tree, flower, and stone, imparting to each an appearance of life and vigor. The sides of the chasm seen in the bright rays of the sun—the green leaves of vegetation—the moss-covered boulders, all seem mantled with a golden sheen. The entire scene is an impersonation of loveliness and calm repose. We were reminded of those pure streams, which with fancy's eye we had watched as they sprang from the summit of some mountain gorge in Switzerland. It is like the cascade of Arpenas, fancifully pretty—a narrow streamlet falling from a great height, losing its power before half-way down—feathering its waters away into air, and making all the steep banks around one living emerald. The tall pines and firs which gather so thickly upon the brows of the hills, seem guarding Toccoa with its fairy lake, lest

—“the winds of Heaven
Should visit it too roughly.”

The water—that beautiful element—is here as pure as that which fills the Chédo, or supplied the fabled springs of Helicon. Translucent and sparkling, it reflects the minutest pebble, and images upon its bosom the form of every tree, of every flower, which bends

over its edge. There they stand glassing themselves in all their luxuriance and careless profusion—forming as it were the “reposing ringlets round the eyes and forehead” of the basin.

“The guardians of her innocence.”

One should have a pencil of light to paint the beauties of this waterfall. Iris herself has in sportless mood carelessly thrown her rainbow robes over the blithesome waters of Toccoa. The entire scene is a type of tranquillity—an emblem of every thing quiet and resigned. When we first gazed upon these lovely features, the rich “life breathing” sunlight lay full upon them. The leaves danced in the mild radiance—the notes of happy birds came joyously from out the depths of the woods and mingled with these gentle murmurs. The grassy banks seemed reposing in gleams almost of glory—the moss-clad stones appeared clothed in softer lustre, and the flowers assumed a gayer hue. You feel persuaded while looking upon Toccoa, that no Naiad of Grecian Romance ever by a lovelier stream untwined her golden hair—no fairy ever tripped by moonlight on softer slopes. How charming here would be the glories of autumn! when the “dark pine hills around would be tinted with deeper softness; when the green of those rich banks would be mellowed, and when the trees would hang over them, shedding down their golden treasures which they were unable to bear, while the silvery clouds would sleep on the water in the day, and the evening star raise her crystal lamp over all while folding in the curtains of night.” A very Epicurean in imagination, could amuse himself with drawing hence a thousand fantastic combinations. We cheerfully say with the Poet Waller,

“Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.”

The impressions formed, are those savoring only of tranquil beauty. Not a single object inspires the least feeling of terror. You see no frown gathering upon the brow of that tall cliff—you fear not the power of those pleasant showers. This gentle spray is not the impetuous deluge which will sweep headlong and dash in pieces the adventurer who would play with its waves. This is *Toccoa most beautiful*, not *Tallulah most terrible*. Standing upon that flat rock below, the cool air and mist sporting with your hair, you love to contemplate the scene—to dwell upon and cherish the pleasant thoughts suggested. The hills opening to afford a passage—rivulets coursing over their verdant sides—the lake unruffled, save by those tiny drops, as parting from the

water above they settle upon its bosom, the solitude unbroken, save by the harmony of Nature's own music—the subsequent windings of Toccoa, as, quitting the basin, where for a moment it passed to taste sweet repose after its aerial plunge, it ripples over its pebbly bed and disappears through that ravine, all unite in forming a view so attractive in all its parts, that a superior can seldom be found. A spirit of freedom and of wizard beauty beams from every feature. Nothing we could desire to perfect the scene appears wanting, save the presence of the absent Indian. He, who was the child of Nature, whose chief pleasure and worship was the adoration of the Supreme Deity as manifested in her works, surely should be here. We involuntarily look for him, and expect to see him seated upon some stone—his bright eye fixed upon the falls,—from its soft voice acquiring those accents of poetry which dwelt upon his lips. We imagine the young maiden, as tripping lightly from the depths of these green woods—the glen re-echoing the blithesome song of that heart which knew no sorrow—she filled her rude pitcher from this very basin—or perhaps, when the sun had disappeared behind the hills, and the wigwam fire burned brightly, calling home the wanderers of the day—when the south-wind blew softly through the valley—bounding away with her gay companions, she would dip her graceful limbs in these pure waters, chasing her mates from rock to rock beneath this spray. Did the young Indian Brave covered with trophies of his first and victorious conflict with the enemy, woo the fair "Humming Bird" of his tribe? By the quiet waters of Toccoa you would find them seated, when the full orb'd moon and her starry train were beaming brightly upon the unruffled bosom of the lake—when all nature was hushed, save this murmur, which, like the soft notes of an Eolian harp, fell soothingly upon the ear. There would he win her affections—breathing into her listening ear sentiments of love, clothed in Nature's eloquence, sentiments in harmony with the occasion—portraying scenes wildly attractive to that heart which warmly appreciated them all. In confirmation of plighted vows, rising from their rude seat—the moonbeams playing upon their upturned faces, and revealing those bright anticipations of coming joys which animated every feature—joining their hands and looking towards the falls, they would invoke the Goddess of Toccoa to seal their mutual love, and guide this affection to a pure and holy consummation.

The stern warrior bowed before the altar of the storm-God who presided over the terrors of Tallulah, but the lover paid his devotions

to the gentler spirit of Toccoa. The suitor and the maiden are now exiles from this their home of love and beauty, still the name Toccoa will ever be preserved as a precious memento of their euphonious language—while the remembrance of their lives, their affections, shall remain a sweet perfume, breathed by every zephyr which floats through this happy valley.

Readers in noticing the falls of the Staubbach, presents us with the following description, which, in many particulars, is peculiarly applicable to the Falls of Toccoa:—"So stupendous is the elevation from which it falls, that its body and strength are almost immediately lost—its powers being unequal to the immense descent. Then commences the marvel; for one sees the water attenuated and feathered away into the air—nay for a moment becoming part of it, the two elements blending into one; but the beautiful union is as incessant as transitory, for the showers after making the grass round them one emerald, recollect themselves, and again embodying, are precipitated downwards into the rocky caldron below, casting up to the light the most beautiful prismatic hues. While I was gazing on this fairy fantasy with unqualified delight, the wind which was high, swept between the face of the cliff and the cataract, throwing the airy stream fantastically away from it like a floating veil of gauze. I never saw any thing so graceful and impressive. Homer, could he have seen it, would have recognized the undoubted veil of Iris drifting negligently down the rock, being dropt and forgotten in her flight toward Heaven." Such is a brief outline of the principal features of Tallulah and Toccoa Falls, imperfectly drawn and devoid of that interest, which the character of the subject should have inspired. Let the student of Nature visit and examine their perfections. Here will he find examples of that true sublimity and delicate beauty, which emanate only from the noble specimens of the Creator's handiwork.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion?

LETTER FROM CHINA.

We have received another letter from our Naval acquaintance, now of the Japan Squadron, and print a portion which is of general interest.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }
Canton, Dec. 9th, 1853. }

"Shortly after my last letter was written an application was made to Commodore

Perry by the merchants here, for an armed vessel to protect their families and treasure in the event of an outbreak, which will very likely occur, should the rebels be victorious. The application was granted, and this vessel chartered for six months, at five hundred dollars per month. I was appointed to, and am now comfortably settled on board of her. We lie opposite the factories, or houses of business, in such a position as to command one of the gates; and if any disturbance occurs, there will be no difficulty in getting the women and treasure on board. From here I can see at least ten thousand boats of all sizes and descriptions, and each containing from five to one hundred people, who live entirely on board of them. It is really a strange sight, and although I have been here nearly three weeks, I see many new things every day. There is no such thing as quiet, however, as gongs are beaten and crackers and fire-works let off eternally, and the people themselves are full of noise. We employ a small boat for the ship, which is *manned* by two women, and pay but five dollars per month for it; these boats are very comfortable in all weathers, and are much healthier than the houses of the poor at home, besides being perfectly clean. Occupations seem to be reversed. Women are the boatmen, while the men are mantua makers. I have paid one or two visits to the streets in which Europeans can go with safety, and saw many rare articles. A shawl worth sixty dollars in the United States, can be had for twenty-five here; the most beautiful silks are worth here from eighty cents to four dollars per yard. There are thousands of articles to tempt the shoppers. I have not yet made any purchases; and unfortunately the articles I prefer are mostly bulky, so that I could not carry them with me.

"It is very amusing to hear a Chinaman speak English. We have a comrador, whose office it is to wait on the ship, buy provisions, &c., who makes me laugh with his efforts to explain himself. I was telling him he had charged me too much for some dried ginger—he replied: 'I no talkee lie, my proper, you makee pigeon (business) ashore, you see I talkee true.' He calls an hotel a Chow-Chow Factory (Chow-Chow means victuals). When I come home I hope to be so well versed in the lingo as to make you laugh. I have made some acquaintances among the missionaries, and shall avail myself of their services when I buy my shawls. I attended service at the house of one, last Sunday, and have a general invitation there, which means to dine or take tea when I feel so inclined. Some of the missionaries live in very good style, and look out for the creature comforts as well as

any one. It is uncertain when the squadron will leave for Japan, but I hope that the treaty will be made by the first of June, which will enable those ships which are entitled to be sent home to reach the United States by November next."

THE BLACK SHAWL.*

In silence I gaze on the black shawl, and mourn:
 My chill soul, distracted, with anguish is torn.
 In youth unsuspecting, when heedless I roved,
 A young Grecian maid with mad passion I loved;
 The charming one soothed me with love's fond caress,
 But soon was I fated to deepest distress.
 My friends were once with me in mirth's gayest flow;
 A Jew came, despoiled, and my joy changed to woe:
 "With thee thy friends feast," said the horrible Jew,
 "This mirth is ill-timed, thy fair Greek is untrue!"
 I curst him as gold for the sad news I gave,
 Then called, to attend me, a trustworthy slave,
 And, mounting my bold steed, to seek her swift rushed,
 Whilst pity's mild voice in my bosom was hushed.
 The crime of the fair Greek I scarce could behold,
 My eyes swam in darkness, my blood all ran cold,
 As, reaching her chamber, and gazing around,
 The Armenian embracing the false one I found.
 Detesting day's beam I my sounding glave drew,
 And, surprised in his dalliance, the foul villain slew;
 His headless trunk trampled—she, at the dread sight,
 As silent I viewed her, turned pale with affright.
 Her prayers I still hear, see her blood's gushing tide;
 The fair Grecian perished, and love with her died!
 From her brow, pale in death, I unbound the black
 shawl,
 Wiped the blood from my steel, whose red hue might
 appal,
 And, when night o'er the earth threw her shadows, my
 slave
 Cast their crimson-stained bodies in Danube's dark wave.
 From that hour I ne'er have known one blissful night,
 From that hour have kissed not eyes beaming delight;
 Like a madman I gaze on the black shawl and mourn,
 My chill soul, distracted, with anguish is torn.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Poems of Dryden, 5 vols. Poems of Thomson, 2 vols.
 Poems of Swift, 3 vols. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1854.

It is a most admirable enterprise, which the above-named publishers have undertaken and which is now in process of rapid execution. It is to furnish the public, so far as practicable, with the standard poetry produced by British genius from the days of Chaucer to those of Wordsworth. Of what incalculable value this treasure must be to its appreciative possessor must be obvious on the mere mention. The genuine poetry

* Translated from the original Russian, of ALEXANDER POOSHKIN.

of a people is the quintessence of its noblest aggregate life. It constitutes for all successive generations a perennial spring of intellectual and moral power and inspiration.

The merits of the publishers of such a work must, of course, lie chiefly in the *manner* of its getting up. And herein the present publishers undeniably deserve well of the reading world—very well. The volumes, in size and style, resemble those of Pickering's Aldine edition of the poets. In other words, they are of a small duodecimo, or, more strictly perhaps, the quatuordecimo size, with clean, white paper and admirably distinct type—making precisely the book to hold in the hand by your fireside, or to take with you to beguile a railroad or steamboat journey.

The present is not the place or time to discuss the literary claims of the authors named above. These are already fixed at a point, where they have stood for a century and a half without essential modification. That they will stand at the same point another century and a half, is not to be anticipated. With the progressive elevation of the race and the enlargement and refinement of its views, the standard applied to poetry and all other intellectual products must needs become more rigorous and exacting. The time, therefore, must arrive, sooner or later, when the "classics" of the past must be subjected to an unsparing reconsideration, and their *present worth* be stamped with a new seal of authentication.

Meanwhile, however, in the vigorous, masculine sense, and "the long, resounding march and energy divine of Dryden,"—in the admirable landscape and seasonal descriptions of Thomson,—and in the marvelous shrewdness, the profound knowledge of social life, and the penetrative satiric acumen of Swift,—are found large stores, from which all may draw both entertainment and benefit. And for bringing these stores within our reach in a shape so commodious and pleasing to the eye, as well as at so reasonable rates, the publishers merit the public thanks. Nor less are these thanks due to the accomplished editor of the work, Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard University, for the able manner in which he has fulfilled his duties.

These books, whether single works or the whole series, can be had in Philadelphia, of Messrs. John Penington & Son, Fifth street, above Chestnut.

Heroic Women of the West. By JOHN FROST, LL.D. A. Hart, Philadelphia, 1854.

This duodecimo of 348 pp., forwarded us by A. Hart, of this city, is intensely interesting, as might be conjectured from its title in conjunction with the name of the author. Dr.

Frost, in repeated previous works, has manifested the possession of an eminent aptitude for historic and biographic compilation, and his present theme is one furnishing wondrously rich materials for the exercise of his distinguishing gift.

In the tremendous trials and hardships of early pioneer life at the West, woman, of course, had her full share. And the reader will here find, that in courage, fortitude, patience, and the many other noble qualities, which often flung a bright halo about the darkness of those perilous, sanguinary, suffering days, woman may justly challenge at least a perfect equality with her hardier companion.

The time must come when American Pioneerism will be illustrated by classic History, as well as by the highest genius of Romance and Poetry. Then, be sure, woman will shine with a brilliancy, beside which the lustre of even Homer's Heroines will show dim.

Meanwhile we recommend to young and old this volume of Prof. Frost.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine. New York: February, 1854.

—When we examine the rich variety contained in this serial—both of first class periodical literature, and of exquisite wood-cuts—we cannot wonder at its prodigious success, however we may be astonished at the system upon which it is conducted. Greatly as the "Reprints" of "Blackwood" and the "English Quaterlys" have been abused, they are certainly much more pardonable than the self-appropriation of literary matter for pecuniary benefit, accompanied by the outrageous and, to us, inexplicable suppression of the name of the author, or magazine whence derived. In the former case the writer, or periodical, as the case may be, receives a further extension of his or its literary fame—in *some* degree a valuable consideration paid to them by the publisher thereof. Insignificant then as is this consideration—valuable to the author who receives it—valueless to the giver—on what grounds can the Messrs. Harpers pretend to justify this practice? Apart from these all-sufficient causes, the *reader* himself is at a great disadvantage in being totally uninformed of the source of what he is perusing—the reasons why are various and may be peculiar to each reader, but every one, we are sure, reads now with some degree of dissatisfaction. However, its 150 pages of elegant print—its illustrative wood cuts—its fashion plates—its pictures from Punch—its "Newcomes by Thackeray"—all address themselves to the pocket—and while we, and we believe every body

else, continue to find fault, all continue to buy. "The smell of money is good."

Messrs. Getz & Buck, Sixth street, above Chestnut, are always among the first to receive this Magazine from the Publishers.

Theological Essays, by FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. From the second London Edition. With a new preface and other additions. Redfield: New York, 1854.

— This being a sectarian work, we must avoid the discussion of any of the topics introduced. Suffice it to say that it is a clear and natural treatment of subjects generally mystified by much incomprehensible language. The next to the last chapter is a defence of the Trinitarian doctrine in opposition to that of the Unitarians. The concluding chapter, however, is the most ably written. This is a discussion of the *Signification of Eternal Life and Eternal Death*, expressions so frequently used in the New Testament. Though strictly *orthodox* through all the preceding chapters the author here argues that to be consigned to, or to be punished with eternal death is to be left in a state of sin. The turning point of his argument is that as the word *eternal* in reference to God, means without *beginning* as well as without end, *eternal life* and *eternal death* can be terms applied only with reference to him—and meaning respectively a state of virtue and a state of vice. In a few lines this idea cannot probably be imparted, for the author requires several pages to work it out. In tracing the history of the current belief on this subject, the following forcible language is used: "And certain dilettanti popes established once for all the doctrine, that the thing men have to dread is punishment and not sin, and that the greatest reward which the highest power in the Church can hold out is deliverance from punishment, not deliverance from sin."

Altogether it is a book of deep interest.

It is dedicated to "Alfred Tennyson, Esq."

For sale in Philadelphia, by Henry C. Baird, Sixth street, above Chestnut.

Classic and Historic Portraits, by JAMES BRUCE. Redfield: New York, 1854.

— In these 348 pp. duodecimo, are comprised numerous items of most interesting character. We can much more appropriately speak well of the *work* than of its *author*. He has brought before us fifty-eight of the notabilities of our race, male and female, ancient and modern, and at the cost, evidently, of much research, has collected numerous particulars more or less recondite and of a personal description concerning them. It is precisely the species of book, if so executed as to match its own

ideal, to interest and fascinate the majority of readers beyond all other. To see or hear of or read about the *distinguished*, the heroes and heroines whether of the present or the past, is with most persons a sort of passion, and not an unworthy one either. While, therefore, as we remarked above, we can commend the *volume*, as a *mélange* of interesting facts concerning persons of whom we like to hear, we cannot commend the *writer* for much else than his explorative industry. Indeed we can scarce help wondering, that with such *materials* he has achieved so little. He seems to have little, if any, pictorial genius, for we cannot find that with his abundant facts concerning individuals, he has succeeded in painting one distinctly pronounced, life-like portrait. Among our many grievous disappointments, we think our greatest was in his sketch of Demetrius Poliorcetes. Byron, in half a dozen lines of his "Deformed Transformed," has brought this superbly beautiful ancient hero far more vividly and livingly before us, than our author in nine whole pages.

However we will not blame the writer for failing to do what he was not born to do, but choose rather to commend him for what he has performed well. He has accumulated a mass of facts, which constitute an interesting volume, and such, we doubt not, the reader will find it.

It comes to us from Henry C. Baird.

Sketches of the Irish Bar, by RICHARD LALOR SHEIL. With Memoir and Notes by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 2 Vols. Redfield: New York, 1854.

— We have here 754 pp. duodecimo, of intensely interesting matter. It could hardly be otherwise with such a theme handled by a writer of such genius as Sheil. It comprises sketches of Ireland's distinguished public men, reaching back to Curran, Grattan, and their illustrious compeers of the times of the "Great Irish Rebellion," and coming down nearly to the present hour, accompanied with details of the most prominent and memorable facts of Irish history during the same turbulent, yet brilliant, era. The reader will be charmed with Mr. Sheil's delineations of character. Herein he shows an ample measure of that dramatic genius, which accomplishes by *words* what the inspired portrait painter does through *colors*. He gives us a large gallery of *mental* portraits—portraits of such men, that they are well worth gazing at again and again, and keeping by us for this express purpose. Its annalistic value, moreover, is such, that we should regard it as an important addition to a domestic library for purposes of consultation touching an era, whose results are even yet far from having *all* come to light.

We are so perplexed about making a specimen selection from so great a mass of

equally interesting items, that we prefer having the reader take the volumes themselves in hand. Possibly *he* may make a selection. We are pretty sure he will read the whole.

For this work also we are indebted to Henry C. Baird.

The Working Man's Way in the World. Redfield: New York, 1854.

— A veritable "feast of fat things" has, this week, been provided for us by Henry C. Baird, for this volume is also from him. And a capital volume it is—one of that class which with us are special favorites, because written by a working man. Such a one, if he writes for publication at all, usually gives us something richly worth reading, since he wields the pen from a sort of inward compulsion, and is therefore to no small extent inspired. He commonly, too, gives us something fresh, original and idiosyncratic, for he looks at all things with his own natural eyes, and not through the colored glasses of collegiate, classic preconceptions.

The writer of the present volume fully verifies these conditions. He is an English printer, who narrates numerous adventures of his own,—plenty of racy ones among them—and utters much sound sense on events, institutions and usages that come before him. We cannot always adopt his conclusions, but we can always find something to like and to ponder in what he says. The general reader will be pleased with the book, we are sure, and his fellow craftsmen should get it for the type's sake. Pp. 359.

SANS-SOUCI.

The Ravels.

— The Ravels at the WALNUT STREET THEATRE during the past week, have continued to attract large audiences. They have certainly presented a most agreeable diversity of entertainments, both of pantomimes and ballets. *Bella la Paquerette*, had been succeeded by the fascinating *Madrileña* and by *Paquita*; and the *Green Monster* has yielded to smaller pieces, less gorgeous as spectacles, but not less adapted to display the peculiar talents of these unrivalled actors. *The Magic Flute*, *Vol-au-Vent*, and the *Milliners*, are three of the most amusing pieces ever presented. In the latter the impersonation of M. Maugin deserves particular commendation. As *The Bedouin Arabs*, the Ravels perform the most extraordinary feats, throwing summer-sets over rows of bristling bayonets, firing pistols in their evolutions—forming human pyramids of wonderful height and curious

shapes, &c. The *Fête Champetre* embraces the humorous efforts of François Ravel and the wonderful tight rope feats. *Jocko*, or the Brazilian Ape, is a most singular piece. M. Marzetti's impersonation of the character of Jocko is inimitable; in certain passages a brute pathos is introduced that is truly affecting. Nor should we omit to bestow a well-deserved word of approbation upon the performances of the child (we forget the name), in this piece—nor upon the extraordinary feats—albeit we never could find much pleasure in witnessing them—of MM. Leon Javelli and Blondin, and M'me Axel, upon the *corde tendue*. *Robert Macaire*, too, is another of the triumphs of the Ravels; François, as Bertrand, is capital. The story of these two scamps, Robert Macaire and his humble ally, Bertrand, so fertile in dramatic and ridiculous situations, so redolent of the police, is better known to a French audience, by which it is always perfectly appreciated, than to an American; nevertheless it is always well received. The career of Robert Macaire belongs to History; his name is not less a positive fact than that of Don Quixote or Gil Blas. His existence is as well settled in the imagination as that of Alexander the Great or the Count de Cagliostro; and we are pleased with the successful efforts of the Ravels to preserve his memory green.

After witnessing the performance of the moving pantomime at the theatre, we turned over at our leisure the fixed, motionless, but enduring pantomime of *les Cent et un Robert Macaire*, from the pencil of the famous Philipon, which made such a noise in France a dozen years ago, and were much struck with the fidelity to nature of the artist. We will on another occasion, perhaps, venture to ask our readers' perusal of some sketches of the varied shades of Parisian imposture and humbuggery which MM. Alhoy and Huart have appended to these engravings of Philipon, promising only, however, that if it be thought the cap fits the latitude of Philadelphia, as well as that of Paris, that the blame or praise of the satire be permitted to rest upon its originators and not upon the translator.

On Wednesday evening a series of tableaux of classic statuary were produced in magnificent style. We will speak of them at length hereafter. The bills of the Theatre announce that *Mazulme* or *The Black Raven of the Tombs* is being rehearsed, and will be presented immediately to the public.

National Amphitheatre.

— At the NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "Receptions" have been numerous attended during the past week; crowds nightly visiting his "Cabin," and

leaving highly pleased with the entertainment afforded by their world-wide-known host.

In the production of Uncle Tom's Cabin, the extensive resources of the "National," have been brought to bear with good effect. Combining as it does the attractions of Theatre and Circus, the management have so drawn on each in the production of this representation as to add materially to its dramatic interest. We must certainly yield our tribute of admiration to the *moving* effect produced by the introduction of horses and dogs.

We by no means agree with one of our cotemporaries who asserts that the different characters of this religious drama are carelessly portrayed at this theatre. "Uncle Tom" is a quiet, sober, religious and extremely "a mile an hour" negro—and as such, we think Mr. Webb right in the delineation of this character. "Topsy"—Miss Daly—needs ask no more favorable opinion than the applause she receives at every representation. *Le plus noir des noirs* leaves a white mark on the calendar of many a memory. Little "Eva," by Clara Mowbray—the only pleasing "infant phenomenon" we ever saw on the stage—wins every heart by the charming way she sustains her little part. There is life and animation in a piece containing, as this does, dogs, horses, dances, songs, combats, and—that bonnet! Where did it come from? Go and see it!

Arch Street Theatre.

— The performances here are invariably of a high character—in fact, this theatre is at present the only home of the legitimate drama in Philadelphia. "The Hypocrite" has been performed during the last week, well and with the usual success that has attended every production of "The Arch's" judicious manager. Mr. Drew as Jem Baggs in *The Wandering Minstrel*, tended to shake a bit our loyal faith in Chapman.

We may observe for the benefit of our readers, that it is absolutely necessary to secure *beforehand* seats for ladies—so numerous is the constant attendance.

Circus and Menagerie.

— A continued run of custom at this place attests its high popularity among the million. The afternoon performances are a source of much innocent enjoyment to children.

Wood's Museum of Wonders.

— It is not often that so many natural curiosities have been exposed to view for a *quarter* as are now at this place. "The Siamese Twins," "The Bearded Lady," the dwarfs, &c., have severally been heretofore exhibited at that, or a greater price. "The

Siamese Twins" have become so celebrated a *lusus naturee* that it would be unpardonable in any one here not to take advantage of this opportunity to see them.

Perelli's Soirée.

— Signor Perelli's Soirée on the evening of Saturday week, was one of the most satisfactory of the many charming entertainments he has given. The company was choice, not only on the point of musical taste, but also on that of general refinement. Every body seemed pleased, and the plaudits were frequent and cordial. Perelli himself was in the finest possible condition, and whether he showed himself by voice or piano accompaniment, he never appeared more in earnest.

The programme was not so extended as usual, but it was very rich in selections from the best operas. The ladies who sang, particularly Miss G., Mrs. R., and Mrs. S., acquitted themselves like *very prime donne*. The first is known everywhere in our musical circles, for her fine method, and her sweet and flexible voice; the two latter are making for themselves, in the same circles, reputations but little less decided. All these excellent singers, it should be remembered, received their training from the accomplished Perelli; an evidence strong that he deserves the warm praises which BIZARRE has ever accorded to him.

We have only time to add,—and all this should have been said last week—that Mr. D., as usual, acquitted himself most handsomely. In a duet from the "Elixir of Love," with Miss G., and in a solo from "Ernani," he was emphatically good.

Sanford's Ethiopian Opera Troupe.

— This popular company will commence a series of humorous entertainments at the Musical Fund Hall next Monday evening a week.

A New Error in the "Comedy of Errors."

— A young man, who in a conversational race always lets his tongue come in "ahead" of his wit, speaking of the "Comedy of Errors," lately acted at the Arch Street Theatre, advised his friend to go and see it, winding up with, "I never saw any characters so well assumed as those of the two Romzoes."

Autographs of Edgar A. Poe.

— A friend of ours has two autograph letters of Poe to dispose of. They are characteristics, particularly one, which is brimfull of wrath. A history of the circumstances connected with the letters written by the person to whom they were addressed accompanies them. The price of the two letters is five dollars. A single letter of Poe's has been sold for that sum.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Ferquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

It is so long since I commenced this narrative, that I cannot recollect whether or not I have spoken of one item as I intended. No matter, however, whether I have or have not, since a brief reiteration will do no harm. This item is the *position of Woman in Shakerdom.*

Now I know of not a single class in the community, whose estimate and treatment of womankind are marked throughout by such invariable good sense and correct feeling, as those of the Shakers. To every Shaker man a Shaker woman, whatever be her age or her characteristics personal or mental, is precisely what a mother or a sister is to any man of pure sentiment and high-toned character. What higher commendation could possibly be awarded to the estimate and treatment above mentioned?

Observe, too, the admirable sagacity of these so-stigmatised fanatics! They by no means hold to female idleness. They do not consider respect for woman as implying, that men should toil like slaves in order that their mothers and sisters should lead an idle, useless, luxurious life, wherein all their organic fine sympathies and noble qualities die out, and selfish indulgence becomes the supreme law. No. They believe that Woman was created for industry equally with Man, and that in a life of moderate, genial labor her nature finds its truest, healthiest development, and she, therefore, is most likely to become what she was intended to be. By consequence to every female from childhood to old age some regular employment is allotted, matching their years, strength and capacity. And in the adaptation of such employment you will especially discern the kindly spirit pervading the Shaker administration as regards woman.

A single example will suffice to indicate this spirit. Thus in ordinary weather the women enact the role of cow-milkers. It is not a hard task, and is, moreover one, to which woman is naturally better suited than

man. But in rainy, snowy, very cold, or tempestuous weather, it becomes a severe and disagreeable task. At all such times, therefore, it is ordained, that men take the place of women, and the ordination is universally obeyed with great promptitude and entire cheerfulness. And thus it is everywhere and on all occasions.

To sum up, there is no single particular, wherein man enjoys any advantage or assumes any superiority over woman, but both theoretically and practically is accorded to the two sexes a complete equality of rights and prerogatives. That there must be some sound philosophy in a system, of which this is one of the leading principles, will not, I think, be denied by any save the narrow-minded and hard-hearted.

My chief purpose, however, in the present chapter, is to point out what I believe to be some of those principles in the Shaker discipline, from which flow the desirable results enumerated in previous chapters. As I have already stated, I do not consider the *religious idiosyncrasies* of Shakerism, as the *generating causes* of the Shaker wealth and universally prevalent good morals. On the contrary, I regard these results as flowing from principles, which *might* be combined in social organizations entirely free from Shaker specialties.

Let me attempt, then, to designate these principles, at least to some extent.

In the first place, the *Shaker kitchen* is far less expensive than most others, while its supplies are superior both in *quantity and quality* to those of most others. The Shaker table might be pronounced perfect by all save epicures and gourmands of the first water. The *cause* of this less expensiveness is plain.

Thus a Shaker family comprises, say, one hundred persons, men, women and children. For these one hundred a single kitchen, with a couple of fire-apparatuses, suffices, and here all the cooking, baking, &c. &c. are performed. For work done on this large scale labor-saving and fuel-saving machinery becomes possible and proper. So, too, in a single room with one or two heating apparatuses, all the washing, ironing, &c., for these one hundred are performed, and fuel-saving and labor-saving mechanism is again employed. And the two fires in each of these two rooms, after subserving their primary ends, may by mechanism be made to diffuse heat enough nearly, if not entirely, to warm the whole buildings wherein they are situated. Besides, in consequence of the labor-saving mechanism, half a dozen persons, at the outside, suffice to execute the cooking, washing, ironing, &c., for the whole one hundred.

Now suppose these hundred persons were

* Continued from part 20, of BIZARRE.

distributed in separate families living after the ordinary manner. With five in each family they will make twenty families. At the most moderate computation these families will require one fire each, or twenty fires in all, and fuel-saving and labor-saving mechanism is impracticable. To perform the cooking, washing, ironing, &c. for each family, one woman must devote her principal labor and time. The difference, then, between the one Shaker family and the twenty other families is, that the former with *four fires* and *six women* performs the labor, which in the latter demands *twenty fires* and *twenty women*. The balance, therefore, in favor of the former is, that it saves the cost of *sixteen fires* and the time and labor of *fourteen women*, which may be given to *productive employments*.

But I am not bound to select twenty families, all maintaining but one fire each. I may suppose some to be farmers, some merchants, some mechanics in thriving conditions, and some belonging to one or another of the many professional classes. In such case, the number of fires must be considerably multiplied, as also the number of persons employed in doing the work above specified. In such case, then, a large addition must be made to the *amount saved* by the single Shaker family. I here do but suggest mere hints, leaving the reader, if he so please, to go into a thousand various details of economy, wherein the Shaker has the advantage of ordinary families through the *system* adopted by the former.

Note, for example, the difference of mode wherein the two provide the family supplies, *e. g.* food, groceries, clothing, fuel, &c. &c. Ordinary families purchase all these things mostly in small quantities, and of the retailer, and therefore pay a large advance on the original, wholesale price. This advance is, of course, so much as will afford to the retailer a support, and not infrequently wealth, for himself and family, as else he would not continue his business. In some cases the article passes through even three or four successive hands from the wholesaler to the consumer, and then the *advance* must be sufficient to furnish a subsistence to three or four several retailers.

Now the Shaker family purchases of the wholesaler, and in quantities sufficiently large at one time for several months' consumption. It thus saves all, that other families pay to the retailer, besides getting some reduction on the wholesale price itself on account of the quantity taken. In the *making up* of garments, shoes, &c., it saves whatever *profits* would go to the tailor, cordwainer, dress-maker, &c., since each Shaker family has within itself members of these several vocations.

Now if you add together the manifold items of saving made in these respects by the Shaker family, the amount within no long period will be found very considerable. And this amount, be it remembered, becomes at once *productive capital*, and under numerous different appliances goes to swell the unitary resources. So that the advantage of the Shaker family over others is constantly increasing in a *double ratio*—the former first *saving* what the latter *consumes*, and secondly making this *saving* a *source of increase*. Were this the *sole difference* between the two, it were nothing strange the one should grow *rich* while the other continued *poor*. This, however, is but one of a large class of kindred matters.

For example, the Shakers by their organization are able to get considerable productive labor out of children not yet beyond their school-attending years. Thus, the school occupies *six hours* of the twenty-four. Allow eight hours for sleep, and *ten hours* remain to be *somehow* disposed of. The three meals together absorb *just forty-five minutes*, and the diurnal worship, or its substitute, say, an hour and a half more—the two, in all, two and a quarter hours, leaving seven and three quarter hours *still vacant*. Now Shakerism tolerates no *vacuum* in time. It knows not *idleness*, and as little does it know what is commonly called amusement, recreation or pleasure. During these seven diurnal hours the children are as regularly employed in productive industry as the adults. In the kitchen, or the wash-room, in the garden, on the farm, or in the workshops with their various branches of labor, some work is found adapted to the age and capabilities of each, and in reference to the total products of the family, the labor of the children, so far as it goes, is precisely as profitable as that of the adults.

This advantage the Shaker family owes to its organization with the large diversity of employments involved therein. With ordinary families, the children, instead of being *helpers*, are *hindrances*—that is, as a general rule. For, by their organization, it is impossible to provide for children productive employments suited to them. The *why* and the *how* of this are too well understood to require discussion. The *pecuniary* difference between the *single* family and the *twenty* families, arising from the former employing, and the latter not employing, the children in *lucrative* industry—a difference both positive and negative—is much larger than one would at first suppose, and in a few years would swell to a *very great* total.

The Shaker family has usually—I believe invariably—a large farm; one comprising as many acres as three or four of the ordinary

farms. It may readily be seen how this circumstance affords opportunity for numerous economies as well as positive advantages. Thus one or two barns will subserve all purposes of storage, instead of the eight or ten which four several farmers would require—not to mention that these one or two might be so much better constructed and appointed, as to yield other benefits. So the *single* farm would require little, if any, more fencing than the *four*—another item of large saving.

Again, the four several farmers, for carrying their produce to market, would need *four teams* and *four drivers*, while the Shaker family could perform their own market-carrying with a single team and its driver. Moreover, this same Shaker teamster with his team would also serve to carry to market the various products of the different work-shops, which are always associated with their farms. If you consider the various savings arising from these several particulars, and consider, too, the amount of these savings as transmuted at once into *productive capital*, you perceive the *single* farm to be getting ahead of the *four* with constantly accelerating speed. And, by a little reflection, you may recall numerous other items, wherein exists the same difference in favor of the Shaker unity.

On the *positive* side may be perceived advantages not fewer, perhaps, in number or less in importance. A large farm *may* be cultivated to vastly greater advantage, than a small one. In the case of the Shakers, which alone I am now considering, it will be remembered, that, from the various particulars of their organization, they always have *abundant capital*. This enables them to manure their land up to the very highest pitch, which sound husbandry prescribes. Very rarely is the *single farmer* possessed of sufficient means to do this. The latter, too, must cultivate whatever crops sell best and quickest, whether his land be best suited to them or not. The Shakers may adapt crops to soils, whether the returns are to be immediate or not, for they do not need instant returns. In short, not being a practical farmer, I am able only to say in general what is authenticated by those well instructed, that a large tract cultivated, as a *unit*, by those having abundant *capital* coupled with skill, may in a thousand ways be made more profitable, than the same tract divided into several farms and tilled by several different owners possessing, as is *then* usually the fact, but moderate or even scanty means. Thus, for one thing, the former may introduce labor-saving machinery largely, while the latter are, for the most part, not justified by their profits in so doing.

The Shaker family has, moreover, this advantage, that carrying on manufactures of various kinds in connexion with their farming, they can grow on their own land many of the raw materials of their manufactures, and in this way make a large saving.

(To be continued.)

THE STATE HOUSE POLITICIAN.

Peter Flunkey was a politician—not one of your two-penny politicians was he, but grandly comprehensive—a sort of equatorial intellect that girded the globe. Napoleon, Metternich, Talleyrand, and such small fry, were sucking babies in political acumen compared with Peter Flunkey. He never condescended to look at the surface of things, but dived clear through the upper crust, head foremost, plump into the very heart, marrow and gravy of the philosophy of the question. A natural keen perception joined to a judgment heel-tapped by experience (for our hero had once been a boot maker), enabled him to pierce through the upper leather and penetrate the *soul* of the subject.

When Pete's bright eyes sparkled beneath his gray hair, his genius was at work like the pent up fires of a snow-capped volcano. Woe be unto him of small perceptions that dared at that moment to proclaim to Peter a feeble sentiment, or give birth to one little palpitating idea. Ineffable the disdain,—scorching and withering the look, our hero then fired at the trembling culprit from his double barrelled percussioned eyes. Tadpole—the meek eyed Tadpole—was also a politician, once an eminent bill sticker, and hence familiarly called Bill, and by others known as Mr. William Sticker, but his name was Tadpole. Hiram Tadpole was now an aspirant to a more lucrative office. Great was the reliance of Mrs. Tadpole upon the energies of her lord, numerous were the little Tadpoles, and continually did they cry for more provender—

“As if increase of appetite had grown with what they fed on.”

Many a corner wall and watch-box bore testimony to Tadpole's plastic-hand, when he “sorewed his courage to the sticking place;” and yet he was not content to be the man he was: like little Oliver, he wanted *more*, and so did she, his better half, with all her progeny.

To be or not to be Squirter General to the State House, soliloquised the moody Tadpole, and with a hose obliterate those marks “which even he himself had made”—his

heart swelled with ambitious aspirations, its quickened pulsations giving a deeper dye to his ensanguined nose, as he raised that feature towards the steeple where Tommy rested, as he thought, secure in his high place. Within the shadow of that spire stood Peter Flunkey, all intellect, his stomach neither paralysed by buckwheat cakes nor the quick celerity of his perceptions soddened by a sausage. The moment was propitious, and Tadpole determined to consult the oracular Flunkey upon the important question.

The oracle aforesaid, was just then in one of his whiffs of intellectual vigor. His white hat lifted and quivered upon his head, purely by the force of the inward workings of his brains, like the lid of a musical teakettle under the influence of the pent up steam. The political future was settled by the irresistible force of his own silent cogitations.

Cass was applauded, Douglas mistrusted, and Pierce advised and tutored, all in a flash. His gigantic mind straddled from Maine to California. He felt as if he were the world's protection for protection's sake, and measured the altitude of the lone star as with a quadrant.

The mere physical man trembled under the force of cumulative thought. He saw with regret, that such inspirations like the teapot, before alluded to, should be confined within his own breast, when all mankind might be so wonderfully benefitted by their development.

Tadpole, with timid steps and slow, advanced towards our hero, and with a slight pull at his coat tail, startled Peter from his reveries, and received at the same moment a scorcher from those double barrelled percussion eyes. Tadpole staggered back as if to deprecate a pull of the trigger, the chin being at full cock, as much as to say: "Don't fire, Mr. Flunkey, I'll come down." And he did at once come down to the point—not however, without some awful wriggings, and twistings and turnings, evidences of a full appreciation of the controlling genius of that master spirit he was about to address.

If an off-hand glance from that gentleman was so terrific to Tadpole, the reader may imagine the full force of a squint concentrated by genius and with a rest. Tadpole quailed under it, what else could be expected from a poor quivering bill sticker, when grindstones were not fortified against perforation.

"Mr. Flunkey," deprecatingly said Tadpole, "what is your opinion of things in general?" The gentleman to whom this original and very significant proposition was made, closed his two eyes, then slowly opened them, winked awfully for a second

or so with his right one—Tadpole, the while, watching every movement with intense anxiety. The man of genius then made a half moon, of his left hand, applying that member to his ear, and stood for a moment or so like a pig in a forest that had just heard the drop of an acorn. Then he patted his forehead soothingly with the three forefingers of his right hand, as much as to say, be quiet thou volume of brains, but a trifling scintillation of thy energies will be required here; then closing the three inferior digits, he applied the remaining one to the side of his nose in such an imposing and impressive manner as somewhat to derange that prominent organ out of the line of beauty, converting it from a very significant pug into a flattened nondescript, gazing the while at Tadpole with almost superhuman scrutiny. Now, though parts of this strange pantomime had startled Mr. Tadpole, yet his nervous system was not particularly deranged by the last motion, he being himself familiar with the action, more especially when suffering with a cold in the head; quietly, therefore, did he wait for the usual *dénouement*, as Mr. Willis or Lady Blessington would say—but that finger reposed, I should say was impressed, upon Mr. Flunkey's nose for no ordinary vulgar purpose. It meant something. It spoke unutterable things, though it said nothing. The glaring eye, its intolerable effulgence mercifully mitigated by the lids wrinkled and screwed down to a mere peeping crack—the mouth jammed tight into the shape of a horse shoe—all indicated, even to the obtuse Tadpole, that genius was peacefully at work within *that* man; and how this contest between the physical and intellectual was to terminate, whether by a compromise between the belligerent parties, or by an explosion, he, poor Tadpole, was at a loss to say. His own experimental philosophy had been confined to ginger pop and beer bottles under a similar state of high effervescence, and he, very naturally, therefore, anticipated the same sort of explosion from so much corked up abilities.

These conclusions were warranted by the exaggerated expression of Mr. Peter Flunkey, whose white hat, to the excited imagination of Tadpole, would fly high up into the air accompanied by a sharp pop, whilst all the intelligence, in foaming effervescence voluntarily decanted out of the politician into the bill sticker, like a porter bottle upon a sign board. Mechanically he played the part of the tumbler, and, with hat in hand, waited to receive the coming effusion.

But suddenly that nose was relieved from the vehemence of that sidelong pressure, and instantly reassumed its pugnacious attitude, as if indignant at the assault, and to the

alarm of Mr. Tadpole, it was advanced to within an inch of his own ear, receiving from the man of genius, at the same time a punch from the thumb in that region facetiously termed the bread basket, which elicited from that amiable individual an inarticulate sound, not inaptly termed a grunt.

"You want brains, sir," said Mr. Flunkey in a hoarse whisper—Tadpole trembled—"you want — *tact*, sir"—the last words uttered with such startling emphasis as made poor Tadpole hop back a foot. "You are—nobody; you eat, you sleep, *d' ye see*, now listen! From the tops of yonder pyramids, forty centuries look down upon your deeds this day." And Tadpole looked up with the expectation of seeing some phantom in the opposite garret windows. Then with a bland smile, as if reproving himself for uttering such mighty quotations to a simple-hearted bill sticker; he continued, "I am wrong, you don't understand that, *d' ye see*, see, see, see, e. What made Napoleon? Genius,—don't speak—listen—*d' ye see*." Poor Tadpole now gazed wildly about him with the expectation of seeing some astounding phenomenon—but there was nothing out of the common way; an apple woman or so, a few obstreperous Ledger boys crying out Ledger, an omnibus rolling by, or some anxious queer looking people running in and out of offices with green bags.

"You are a frail mortal! you're all clay, clay, clay." "I'm not," said Tadpole somewhat indignantly; "I'm Pierce and King to the back bone." "Che, che, che, che," interposed he of the white hat, "you take it in the wrong sense, I'm generalizing whilst your mind is grovelling about the physical: that's because you eat and sleep." "Well," said the bill sticker, with an offended air, as if an unwarrantable aspersion had been cast upon his habits: "Well, don't you?" "No sir," promptly and energetically replied the other. "No sir, I think—I think: some men think they think, but I think:" and then seizing the distracted Tadpole by the collar, he drew him closely on one side, and in the most awfully mysterious manner, called his attention to an individual then passing by, who was apparently perfectly unconscious that two such terrible conspirators were taking aim at him. "Do you see that man?" "To be sure I do," said Tadpole; "him what's blowing his smeller." "Ah there you go again," said our hero, with an expression of part contempt and part pity for the weakness of his companion. "Never mind those trifling acts, *d' ye see*? They are not german to the matter. O! immortal Shakespeare!! Well! that man, look at him." "I am a

looking," said Tadpole. "But take another look." And then Mr. Flunkey turned aside, as if to give his companion full and ample time for the important investigation. "Now sir, have you looked? Is your mind prepared for the disclosure?" "Oh go ahead Mr. Flunkey," said Tadpole imploringly. "That man's a humbug"—the last word uttered with low and solemn emphasis. "You don't say so," said Tadpole, "how awful." "Yes sir," reiterated Flunkey, "you're a humbug, all mankind's a humbug—except myself, except myself—immortal Shakespeare—but I'm throwing pearls to swine. Pardon me, sir, no offence;" and he waved his hand from side to side—"I'm speaking figuratively." "But," replied poor Tadpole, who began to think it time to get a little of that solid political advice, those "hints of policy" he thirsted for. "But Mr. Flunkey." "Think no more about it," rejoined that gentleman. "Be cautious—be discreet—mention to no human being, not even to Mrs. Tadpole, the sentiments I uttered—I confer and correspond with the most distinguished men of the nation—generalize—generalize—or you are a lost man"—and away scampered the politician, leaving poor Mr. Tadpole in a high state of bewilderment, not certain whether he had not been the passive recipient of some awful confession, but whether it related to murder, burglary, or arson, he was not able clearly to define.

Some mournful misgivings shot through his distracted and puzzled brain, that instead of arriving at that preferment he so eminently desired, he would be arraigned before some bar for some crime, as yet an undeveloped mystery—and his astonishment was unbounded when he actually perceived that he was standing before a certain bar, not far from where the conversation above described took place, at which, to his clear perceptions, there was a choice of evils: he took "the smaller" however, and found such immediate and general benefit to the whole corporeal and intellectual man by the application, that he began to think the precepts of his friend Flunkey, not so bad after all, and determined hereafter to generalize upon the same principle, whenever puzzled by politics.

ROSE-LEAVES.

The wanton summer wind caught up
The leaflets of the rose,
And they are blushing on his cheek,
As sportively he goes,
Whirling around, in his wild dance,
Wherever fancy woos—

The wanton wind hath fled away
Upon his wing's swift gleam,
And one by one the fair leaves fall
Upon the placid stream;
And on the wave the crimson flakes
Like fairy barges seem.

Awhile they float—they rise and fall,
Upon the mimic sea,
Awhile—and they have passed away
Even from memory
In hearts caught up by flattery's breath,
The rose-leaves' fate we see.

VERSES.

IN THE STYLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Thine eyes are like the stars, my love,
That gem the veil of night,
When envious clouds are thrust aside
And every orb beams bright:
But ah, those lights shall all be dimmed,
For stars shall fade away,
Nor canst thou hope thine eyes, my love,
Will longer shine than they.

Thy cheek is like the clouds, my love,
That spread the west at even,
Of glowing dyes too bright and pure
For aught save thee and heaven:
But ah! how soon the spoiler night
Blots out each lingering ray,
Nor canst thou hope thy bloom, my love,
Shall ne'er know like decay.

Thy soul is like an angel's love,
All holy, warm, refined,
Thou wert but lent to earth to show
How pure are angel kind;
Those happy spirits all enjoy
A never ending day;
With them thy soul set free, my love,
From earth, shall bloom for aye.

THE SULTAN AS A MUSICAL CRITIC.*

As soon as any artist who has given a series of concerts in Paris thinks it expedient to make a tour, he immediately begins to torment every unsuspecting individual, who has not had the sense to conceal the fact of his having foreign acquaintances, for letters of recommendation. Letters must be written to some innocent banker or amiable ambassador, or generous friend of the fine arts, stating that Monsieur A—, or Madame B—, is about to give concerts in Amsterdam or Copenhagen, and hoping that the re-

* From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ.

ipient of the letter will be so kind as to give them some encouragement and assistance. This system of tactics has in general the most lamentable result, particularly for the person recommended.

I heard a story last winter when I was in Russia, of a ballad singer and her husband, who having *done* St. Petersburg and Russia without much success, nevertheless thought themselves sufficiently meritorious to ask for letters which would give the entrée to the Court of the Sultan. The fact of Russia having shown them the cold shoulder, they thought an additional reason why they should try their fortune under a more propitious sky. Our couple set off, well recommended, following like the three wise men, the perfidious star which guided them to the East. They arrive at Pera, their letters produce the desired effect, and Madame is informed that she will be allowed to sing her ballads before the Commander of the Faithful. A concert is to be given at the Court—four black slaves bring in a piano, a white slave (the husband) follows with the music and shawl of the fair songstress. The candid Sultan, who had no idea of what he was doomed to hear, seats himself on a pile of cushions, surrounded by his principal attendants. His narghile is lighted, and as it sends forth a volume of odorous smoke the cantatrice begins this plaintive ballad of M. Panseron:—

“Je le sais, vous m'avez trahie,
Une autre a mieux su vous charmer;
Pourtant, quand votre œcur m'oublie
Moi, je veux toujours vous aimer.

Oui, je conserverai sans cesse
L'amour que je vous ai voué;
Et si jamais on vous délaisse,
Appellez moi, je reviendrai.”

Here the Sultan makes a sign to a dragoman interpreter, and says to him with the well-known laconism of the Turkish language: “Naoum”—whereupon the interpreter turning to the husband, says: “His highness orders me to tell you that your wife will have the goodness to stop.”

“But she is just beginning—it would be such a mortification.”

During this dialogue the lady, rolling her eyes, still continues the plaintive ballad of M. Panseron:—

“Si jamais son amour vous quitte,
Faible, si vous la regrettez,
Dites un mot, un seul, et vite
Vous me verrez a vos côtés.”

Hereupon a new sign from the Sultan; who stroking his beard, throws over his shoulder a remark to the dragoman: “Zieck.” Whereupon the dragoman to the husband

(the lady still singing the plaintive ballad by M. Panseron): "The Sultan orders me to tell you that if the lady does not stop immediately, he will have her thrown into the Bosphorus." This time the trembling husband hesitates no longer, and clapping his hand on his wife's mouth, rudely interrupts the touching refrain,

"Appelles moi, je reviendrai,
Appelles moi, je . . ."

An awful silence ensues, only broken by the sound of the drops of perspiration which fall upon the piano from the brow of the husband.

The Sultan remains immovable, and our two travellers dare not retire; when suddenly a new word, "Boulack," breaks from his lips in the midst of a cloud of smoke. The interpreter addresses the husband:

"His highness orders me to tell you that he wishes to see you dance."

"See me dance."

"No other."

"But I am no dancer—am not an artist. I merely accompany my wife to carry her music and shawl, and really —"

"Zieck Boulack," interposes the Sultan exhibiting signs of impatience."

"Sir, his Highness orders me to tell you that if you do not immediately begin to dance, he will have you thrown into the Bosphorus."

There is no alternative, and so our poor wretch commences a series of the most absurd capers, which he continues until the Sultan stroking his beard for the last time, cries with a terrible voice:

"Daïoum be boulack Zieck."

And the interpreter: "Stop—his Highness orders me to tell you, that you and your wife may retire, and must leave Turkey to-morrow, and that if you ever return to Constantinople, he will have you both thrown into the Bosphorus."

Sublime Sultan, admirable critic, what an example for us. Why, oh why is not the Bosphorus in Paris.

I did not hear whether the unfortunate couple pushed on to China, or if the tender cantatrice obtained letters of recommendation to the Celestial Emperor. It is more than probable, as nothing has been heard of them. In that event, the husband has either perished miserably in the Yang-tse-kiang, or has become *premier danseur* to the son of the Sun.

ENIGMA.

With joy it is taken, with rapture return'd,
Not kept for a moment when lovingly earn'd;
A dish that is served on a platter of pearls,
All garnish'd with coral—despise it ye churls!

Of nectar, ambrosia, compounded the whole,
With a bouquet that flavours the brim of the bowl.
'T is a crop that you gather as soon as 'tis sown;
A bubble that bursts into nothing when blown.
Its substance is changed to a shadow, a ghost,
If you give it by proxy, or send it by post.
A thrill of delight, an incendiary spark—
Impulsive, extatic—a theft in the dark.
And should she her loss the fair ravish'd deplore,
The thief's ever ready the prize to restore.
And should you, fair creature, this riddle divine,
The answer I'll give you—it straight shall be thine;
But beware! should you fail—I will, Sphinx-like to sup,
With a thousand such marvels, devour you up!

A Kiss.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Lectures Complete of Father Gavazzi, as delivered in New York. Reported by an eminent Stenographer, and revised and corrected by Gavazzi himself. With his Life, by G. B. NICOLINI. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1854.

—Gavazzi having been a Monk, and preacher of great distinction, and having taken an active and conspicuous part in the late Italian revolutions, is well qualified, our readers must acknowledge, to supply interesting material for lectures, or for a book. Nor will they be disappointed therein in the perusal of this book, how much soever they may decry the author's intemperance upon sectarian matters—against the Society of our old friends at Eden Hall, "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart," he is uncompromisingly hostile.

The following extracts are amusing:—

"But, what is the work done by nuns in behalf of the Universal Church? I speak here especially of the nuns of what is called in Latin *Clausura*, (that is, concealed in the monastery); they paint wax candles for Candlemas; make *agnus-dei*, scapularies, small rosaries; they take care of some very innocent lamb, the wool of which is to be used to make the *pallium* of the Archbishops; they, of course, cut, sew, wash, iron, perfume the dresses to be used by the priests in church; they prepare largely artificial flowers, and costly embroideries; they write with golden ink spiritual mottos; they manufacture by wax, silk, paper, beautiful little shrines for relics; they take particular care to create dolls, of every description, but especially of *Bambinos*; and nearly all their cells, all the corners of their nunneries, are filled with *Bambinos*, with beautiful curls, beautiful eyes, beautiful ribbons, beautiful cradles, beautifully done by them for the purpose of exciting their cold hearts towards the infancy of Christ: they embroidered the baby-linen presented by the Pope himself to the Queen of Spain, for some new-born baby! . . . They have everywhere a very large kitchen, in

which they make very fine sugar-plums, excellent *bombons*, of the best kind of sweetness; you have no idea, the *meringues* of the nuns are so good! How delicious are their comfitures! When the Father Confessor is in bad humor, to dulcify his mouth they present him a delicate sweet-meat. When the Archbishop visits the house, he is always presented with a large plate of sugar plums, and so with their preachers, their keepers, their friends, their birds, and their cats."—pp. 89—90.

"Here is a fact, as related by Saint Alphonso Liguori.

"A nun, letting her mind wander from her sacred vocation, and indulging the carnal propensities of her heart, abandoned her monastery, and ran off with a lover. After a few days she became repentant, and turned her steps back towards her monastery, saying, 'I will ask pardon of my mother abbess, and humbly pray for time to repent and do penance.' I forgot to say that this nun was the housekeeper of the monastery. Trembling, pale, prostrate, she approached the gate and knocked, when, oh wonderful! it was opened by the identical figure of herself! I don't remember her name just now, but let us suppose she was called Sister Clemence. Poor Sister Clemence stood aghast, and was sinking to the earth, when the figure smiled on her blandly and said, 'Sister Clemence, don't be afraid: I am the Virgin Mary, to whom, you know, you every day offer an *Ave Maria*. I have saved your good name by taking your figure, and I have served for you in the monastery as housekeeper all this time of your absence. Come now, be a good sister in future, and always be my devotee.' The poor nun was very glad to find that the Virgin took her place as housekeeper while she was engaged with her lover; it was quite convenient. And of course Sister Clemence was afterwards one of the warmest worshippers of the Virgin Mary."—pp. 176—177.

Here is a paragraph upon the subject of Ugo Bassi, whose death aroused the Americans to such a degree against Monsignor Bedini:—

"My dear companion, Ugo Bassi, a fine young fellow, beautifully done from God and nature; a profound scholar, versed in Greek, Latin, English, French; instructed in all the fine arts, a performer on three or four instruments, skilful in painting and architecture; an orator of the highest rank even among Italian orators, and unrivalled in the eloquence of the pulpit; one of the best poets of our country; an ardent patriot, a true and simple Christian, without bigotry or superstition, but severe in morals and practice; my dear companion, Ugo Bassi,

who was with me during all our struggle, who preached with me our Italian crusade, who was wounded by the Austrians at Treviso, and taken prisoner by the French while assisting his dying brethren on the field of battle; who was every where with the legion of the heroic Garibaldi; Ugo Bassi, so young, so good, so talented, so learned, so devoted, so dear to Italians, was shot by order of Pius IX. in his native city, Bologna, where his mother was then living! Before being shot he was '*dis-consecrated*,' that is, the skin of his hands was scraped off by the father-inquisitors; and, in the morning, after six hours' suffering, on the same spot where he had preached the liberty of Italy, while the Austrian officer who was commanded to shoot him wept, he fell, wounded in the breast by seven bullets, crying, as he expired, '*Viva Gesu! viva Italia!*'"—p. 363.

The book is for sale in Philadelphia by Lindsay & Blackiston.

Miriam Alroy and the Rise of Iskander, by B. D'ISRAEL. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 1864.

— We are indebted to T. B. Peterson for this volume. The two tales comprised therein are both extremely interesting; the first of the two, originally entitled, "*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*," preëminently so. The sole drawback to this interest is an attempt by the author to introduce a species of rhythmic, poetico-prose style, the actual effect of which is rather to mar and make ridiculous than to improve the work. In spite, however, of this, the tale is full of life and stir and dramatic interest from beginning to end. All the splendors and anomalies of Oriental existence, before its specialties had been in any degree worn off by Western intercourse, are here most vividly depicted. The rise of a Jewish hero by the power of his own genius, aided by taking advantage of his nation's traditions, to the throne of empire, and his sudden and total fall through his own dereliction, constitute the staple of the story. And of all Eastern tales it strikes us as the most attractive and rich.

The Rise of Iskander, though of humbler pretensions, will amply repay its readers. Pity that a man, who has more of the *vivida vis* of genius, than any other now living, should prefer the political to the literary arena. Politics, properly cultivated and applied, is doubtless a useful and noble science. But, in its *actual state*, we know of nothing less worthy the attention and time of a genius like D'Israeli. We trust he will reach this conclusion before it is too late.

The Parlor Magazine. Cincinnati: February, 1864.

— This is the second number of the second volume of a monthly magazine in the style

of "Graham's" and "Godey's." It contains a steel plate, and several wood cuts of the fashions, &c. There is plenty of good reading in it, but it is impossible to distinguish the original matter from the selections—as is the case too, in all the other magazines of the same character. Articles by "Byron," and "Dom Bouquet"—"Gray," and "Ivanhoe"—"Burke," and "The Old Man," are all cheek by jowl, without any hints to enable the reader to discover to what age or country he may refer them. The "Oratio ad Dominum, by Thomas H. Chivres, M. D.," is one of the best English imitations of its original—the "Dies irae"—that we have ever read. Whether it is a contribution to this magazine, or not, we cannot say.

The Illustrated Magazine of Art. February, 1854.
New York: Alexander Montgomery.

—This is the second number of the third volume of a very interesting serial of general literature, but more particularly of articles upon art and artists—being framed upon the model of the popular *Magasin Pittoresque*. Its lives of the great painters which have been regularly furnished from the beginning, are concise and interesting biographies, perfectly adapted to the popular taste. The chief feature of this monthly, however, is its illustrations, which are to be found on every leaf. They are wood cuts, executed in the beautiful style achieved in Europe during the last few years—for that these are all engraved abroad we have not a doubt. The literary matter, too, is of that plain and solid character, and still so free from pretensions, and in its anonymousness, so indifferent to public praise—characteristics seldom combined in our American literature—that we are inclined to believe that the magazine is entirely of *English* execution, in spite of its New York Title Page. The engravings are illustrative of all sorts of subjects, but the larger proportion of them are copies after the most famous paintings of the great masters—of every school. Who ever has studied the series of these copies, with the accompanying text, from the commencement of this magazine, may compliment himself upon the possession of much of that information which hitherto has only been acquired by running through the great Galleries of Europe. In execution some of the illustrations in the concluding portion of the present number are not up to the usual standard, and should not be taken as specimens of the magazine's general run of engravings. The incident in the life of Xavier de Maistre, and the circumstances attendant upon the publication of his "Voyage autour de ma chambre," afford a very agreeable article, and an opportunity for the introduction of a charm-

ing illustration, by Tony Johannot. "The Expert Swimmer," and "The Unknown Master-piece," relate two other highly interesting incidents.

For sale in Philadelphia, by Getz & Buck, No. 4, Hart's Building.

Ouvres sociales de W. E. Channing, traduites de l'anglais, précédées d'un essai sur la vie et les doctrines de Channing et d'une introduction; par M. Edouard Laboulaye, professeur au Collège de France, membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1854.

—This is a highly interesting work and a capital translation of some of the best writings of New England's great divine—enthusiastically entitled by his translator, *The Fenelon of the United States*. The articles translated in this volume are: De l'Éducation personnelle ou de la culture de soi-même.—De l'Élévation des classes ouvrières.—De la Tempérance.—Du Ministère des pauvres.—De l'Obligation où sont les villes de pourvoir à la santé morale des citoyens.

Channing died in Boston about ten years ago, at an advanced age.

This book is for sale in Philadelphia, by Messrs. John Pennington & Son, Fifth street, above Chestnut.

SANS-SOUCI.

Wearing the Hat in Doors.

—Have you noticed, reader, how this ungraceful and unhealthy practice is gaining ground amongst us? You walk into a counting-house, and there are the members of the firm sitting at their tables with their hats on, and the clerks standing at their desks with their hats on. Go into a broker's office and there he is with his hat on; and so on through a number of the callings of men.

We desire to say a few words against this senseless and injurious practice, premising that none of our remarks are intended to apply to those who make it a part of their religion to keep their hats on in doors; all that we have to say to them is, that we wish they followed a more healthy mode of devotion.

The object of a hat is to protect the wearer's head from the sun and the rain, but as there are none in doors, the hat should be removed on crossing the threshold. A man who should insist on moving about a room with an open umbrella over his head, would be just as wise as he who wears a hat in such a situation.

One of the rules of health is to "keep the head cool," but wearing a hat heats the head, produces headache, and causes the hair to become thin and fall out. One who always wears his hat, will feel but little

benefit from it when in the air, and will feel the ill effects of bad weather more sensibly.

Reader, let your influence be exerted to assist in banishing this ridiculous and pernicious usage.

New Music.

— The Quiet-Family Polka, composed by Francis H. Brown. Flora Mazurka, composed by Wm. Iucho. "There is Darkness on the Mountain;" ballad written by J. R. Planché; composed by Wm. Vincent Wallace. The Hazel Dell—a song with chorus.

These are the titles of four new pieces of music just published by William Hall & Son, 239 Broadway, New York. The first is a very melodious and brilliant piece of music, and although a polka, a perfectly new composition. It is also simple and easy of execution. Its title page is graced by a pretty tinted lithograph of a fashionably dressed handsome group, in an oval, representing, of course, the *Quiet Family*, and furnishing as good a name to the music as any other expressing nothing. The *Mazurka* is rather more intricate in composition, but very inspiring. As for the ballad: Planché and Wallace—two venerable names—could hardly connive and fail to produce a beautiful work, and this song and air tend further to justify this assertion. The air itself is perfectly simple; but, except to expert players, the accompaniment is rather difficult. The *Hazel Dell* is a plaintive little song, imitative of Lilly Dale.

Deaths in December.

— In the *Shop of Spiritual Wares*, by the eccentric Abraham & Santa Clara (whom Richter absurdly prefers as a wit to Rabalais), we find it stated that the following Popes all died during the month of December: Dionysius, Eutichianus, Melchiodorus, Damasus, Zosimus, Adrian, John the Eighth, Stephen the Eighth, Agapitus the Second, Donus the Second, Gregory the Sixth, Calixtus the Second, Anastasius the Fourth, Gregory the Eighth, Innocent the Fifth, Celestin the Fifth, John the Twenty-first, Clement the Sixth, Urban the Fifth, Pius the Fourth, Innocent the Ninth, and Clement the Ninth. "And in this same month wherein death beareth away all that is most precious in the world, died the Emperors Conrad, John, Commodus, Otho, Basilus, Constantine, Michael, Lotharius, Frederic, Albert, and Sigismund."

Building Churches by Lottery.

— This was a common practice in Pennsylvania, during the last century. The following are copies of two of the advertisements of schemes for such purposes. Appeals to

piety and to the pocket, are jumbled up in a way that seems strange to the present generation.

[From the Pennsylvania Gazette, July 2, 1761.]

"Scheme of a Lottery for building a Presbyterian Church in Carlisle.—When a benevolent spirit so remarkably discovers itself in promoting so many Designs for the benefit of Mankind, it is humbly presumed that a regard to Religion and a generous Encouragement to build decent Houses for the Worship of God, will continue the chief objects of publick Attention. The Members of the first Presbyterian Congregation of Carlisle having subscribed, many of them generously, and all, according to their abilities, for erecting a House of Worship; but finding that the said sum will fall far short of completing it in a suitable manner, beg Leave to apply to the Publick for Assistance in the Way of a small and easy Lottery.

"As other Societies who had nothing peculiar in their condition, to bespeak publick Favour, have met with remarkable success, it is reasonably expected that a Frontier Town and County, where many of the Inhabitants have been sufferers in the late Calamities, will not be denied the Countenance and aid of the Generous and Well-disposed."

[The highest prize was \$500—1493 Prizes, and 2951 Blanks—and the price of a ticket \$3.]

[From the Pennsylvania Gazette, 1761.]

"Scheme of a Lottery for raising £500 for enlarging Trinity Church, of Oxford Township, Philadelphia County, erecting of Galleries, walling in the Grave-yard, &c.

"As the voice of the Publick has given a kind of sanction to Lotteries in General, and more especially those intended for noble and disinterested Designs; we presume it would be an Affront to their Understandings, to entertain them with Arguments in their Justification; we shall only add, that if Benevolence be the Motive to Persons to become Adventurers in this Lottery, there can scarce be a fairer opportunity to exert it; if Interest have the Ascendancy, the Scheme is so calculated that they have a fairer Chance of becoming fortunate than in any other that has yet been made publick."

Passages from Jeremy Taylor.

— "It was a pretty story that Ælian says the Brachmans tell of a certain king of the Indians, that had many sons, who being, all of them (the youngest only excepted), immorigerous and rebellious, at last drove their father and mother from their kingdom; and they, with their youngest son, wandering in strange places, were quickly consumed

with age and weariness and inconvenience. The young man seeing his parents dead, burnt their bodies, and, striking his head with a sword, put the ashes into the wound, by that act of piety, giving his parents the most honourable sepulchre, but with it also emblematically representing that his parents, even after death, had power upon his head, and that his head ought to be submitted to them."

"But that which is not alterable by laws, is that which is the natural and necessary duty that parents be maintained by their children if they need it: for this is in the commandment, this is a part of the honour that is due to them. For so our blessed Saviour remarks the antithesis: the Pharisees that taught the children to cry 'Corban'—'It is a gift'—and, therefore, out of it the parents must not be profited; he calls it 'a not honouring the father and mother,' and the double honour which St. Paul commands to be given to the elders that rule well,' is instanced in the matter of maintenance."

Sterne's account of Corporal Trim's behaviour to his parents, seem to have been suggested by this last passage.

From the Bulletin du Bibliophile.

—A Bibliographic Review has been commenced at Madrid, under the title of REVISTA BIBLIOGRAFICA, the editor of which, is M. Cipriano Moro. It appears once or twice a month, and is sent gratis to all the Libraries, Academies, Colleges, &c., of Spain and Portugal.

By a decree of the minister of public instruction, M. Baudement, Librarian of the Mazarine Library, has been appointed first clerk of the Imperial Library. M. Jules Sandeau has been appointed Librarian of the Mazarine Library. M. de Maune, first clerk of the Imperial Library, by imperial decree, had been named *assistant conservator* of that Library, in place of M. Ballin, deceased.

Politics vs. Charcoal.

- Embower'd in flags, amid tobacco smoke,
Where pea-nuts crack responsive to each joke,
And a strong smell, like burning leather,
With whiskey fumes roll 'round together;
The pot-house politician stands,
Beating the air with brick-red hands.
"Our country, freemen, will you see
Groaning beneath such tyranny?"
"Charcoal, charcoal, charcoal for sale!"
In answer came with hearty hail.
Confused, the speaker called the man,
And asked him, "Why he thus began
Right there, to holla out his trade?"
To whom the coal-man answer made—
"I, 'cause I serve the public some way—shout.
You, 'cause you serve 'em no way—spout."

Kindness to Animals.

—Whenever animals are treated kindly, they are lively and are pleased with man. In Germany and England they do not beat the horses and abuse them with words; they arrange themselves of their own accord at the pole of the coach; they set off and stop at the least utterance of the voice, at the smallest movement of the bridle. Of all peoples, the French are the most inhuman: do you see our postillions harnessing their horses? they push them to the shaft with kicks in their sides, with blows with their whip-handles over their heads, breaking their mouths with the bit to make them back, accompanying all with oaths, cries and insults to the poor animal. They oblige the beasts of burden to draw or to carry weights that exceed their strength, and to compel them to advance they cut their skin with lashes; the ferocity of the Gauls has remained with us; it is only concealed beneath the silk of our stockings and of our cravats.—*Translated from Chateaubriand's Memoirs.*

Lamentable Historical Ignorance.

— "Vat fore all zese flag fly, zese soldats parade, hein?" inquired the only stupid Frenchman ever heard of, the other day.

"Why it's Washington's birth-day."
"Va-shing-tones birs-day," repeated Jacques slowly. "Ah! I comprehend; ze day zat he vas lanch. He?"

Thinking he intended this for an "equivalent term," the answer was,
"Oh, yes! we celebrate it since his death."

"E vare sins 'is det. So!—zat means sins he has blow up, bust. Eh?"

"Ye-es!"—(still labouring under the "equivalent term" blunder.)

"Ah, mon dieu! Vat a nation! Zey make ze mos grate stembotes as ees in ze vurd!—ze mos superbe—ze mos magnifique; and zen ven zey blow up, in memoire of zeir det zey keep zeir *birst-day!*—mon dieu!"

Coming to an explanation it was found out that Jacques had heard of the steamboat "Washington," but never of "The Father of our Country."

National Amphitheatre.

—In addition to the "Acts in the Circle"—the National has continued, during the past week the representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to even larger houses than those of the previous week. It certainly requires good *artistes* to draw such houses; it only needed the addition of horses to "draw the houses down" every night.

In our last notice of some of the characters represented, we omitted to mention that of "Phineas Fletcher," by Mr. Cony; let us do him justice at once for his faithful por-

traiture of this personage, and also for his strict adherence to that rule laid down by the "President of Actors," to Actors, in Hamlet.

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the *action* to the *word*, the *word* to the *action*." Certainly Mr. Cony follows this advice, and the audience profit by it.

"Haley," by Mr. Dunbar, we like; he throws fire and "*vim*" into his acting, doing what he has to do, naturally. We would fancy a little less whip-cracking, but not one particle subtract from his horse-management, in which he shows himself to advantage.

"Miss Ophelia," by Mrs. Monell carries one back to the time of Sir Charles Grandison's "adorable, beauteous beings."—*That* bonnet, *that* tortoise shell comb, *that* reticule. How would "Young America" figure, making love to such a being? she would probably transfix him with a look, and kill him with the exclamation "how shiftless!"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has its "latch string out!"

Ite et Plaudite.

Circus and Menagerie.

— A very agreeable variety of entertainments is furnished at this establishment. Mr. McFarlane, though not so graceful a dancer on the tight rope as the Ravels, performs feats much more surprising than any we have ever seen attempted by either of the members of that family. After performing the usual variety of steps, summersets, and latitudinal shakes of the legs while bounding up and down; inverting an ordinary chair upon the rope, he deliberately takes his position on the *bottom* of its *bottom* among the four uprising legs, and stands there immovable as a statue. Proceeding from wonder to wonder, he balances on the rope an ordinary barrel—the staves lengthwise with the cord—stands a chair upon the barrel, and seats himself composedly upon it. Still unsatisfied with the applause of the audience, he places upon the rope, a foot apart, two ordinary wine bottles, *the necks down*, and stands upon a bit of board placed from the bottom of one bottle to that of the other!

Miss Sally Stickney is the most charming little *danseuse en cheval* we have ever seen. Though very young, she displays the grace, the ease, and the confidence we only look for in a woman. Making her appearance as a bewitching little Bavarian girl, in high cap, brown, high-necked dress, and grey stockings; after two or three circuits of the ring, she transforms herself, like magic, into a smiling little *Bouquetiere*, in *chapeau de paille*, white, low-necked, and

short dress, and white stockings, her basket of flowers swinging on her arm. But before you have sufficiently admired her—presto—the innocent flower-girl is metamorphosed into the intriguing, *rustic* Spanish dancer, in yellow satin skirt, begirt with black lace flounces, and upon the flying steed she actually goes correctly through all the figures of the Cachucha, accompanying herself with the castanets in accurate time. To this succeeds a sort of apotheosis, in which she is transmuted into a species of American tutelary Genius, as which, she vanishes amid the flapping of her little star-and-stripe-bedecked flags, the strains of Yankee Doodle, and the applause of the audience.

The Ravels.

— One of the most agreeable entertainments we have ever attended was the exhibition produced by the Ravels, called "The Vatican," which was repeated three times, and in which they represented some of the principal pieces of ancient and modern statuary.

The display was another evidence of the artistic taste which characterises the exhibitions of this troupe. The groupings were very faithful copies of the originals. Among the figures particularly well rendered were the "The Dying Gladiator," and "The Apollo;" in the latter especially, the expression of the face and figure was very well copied. "The Laocoon," whose "torture dignifying pain," is, as may be imagined, a somewhat difficult affair to manage, was also extremely well rendered. The grouping, entitled "The Burial of Hector," slowly revolved like a solemn frieze taken from some temple of antiquity. We feel justified in saying that this entertainment met with the entire approval of the good taste of the audience.

Arch Street Theatre.

— Shakspeare's play, "Much Ado about Nothing," is played here nightly to crowded and intelligent audiences. The presentation of the piece is admirable.

Chestnut Street Shows.

— Our fashionable thoroughfare is becoming every day the site for new shows. First among them is Wood's Museum of Wonders, where the Siamese Twins will be exhibited during this day and evening, for the last time in this city.

On the other side of Chestnut street, an immense Rocky Mountain Bear, and other curiosities are to be seen for 12½ cents—and next to the Chestnut Street Theatre, "Dr. James Thom, Naturalist," exhibits an alleged petrification of a man. As the article in question is under a glass case, it is impossible to arrive at any other knowledge of its substance, except that gained by ocular examination.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Perquasno.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

On the mere economies of Shakerism I shall say but little further. With a brief notice of a single additional point, I shall leave to the reader's own reflections to fill up, if he so choose, the outlines I have projected.

This point is the *complete unity both of plan and of action* among the one hundred individuals of the supposed Shaker Family. A shrewd, sagacious man at the head, whose mandates are obeyed instantly and without appeal—he too, entitled to summon to council and take advantage of the suggestions of the wisest and most sagacious of the "brethren"—prescribes the various labors to be performed, and sees that his prescriptions are strictly and fully carried into effect. The consequence is, that *all*, whether men, women or children, know precisely what their tasks are, and have nothing to do or think of but the literal execution of them. All the laborers are so regulated, that (vulgarily speaking) "they play into each other's hands;" each department aiding and furthering the rest, and all tending consentaneously to the production of a single great profitable result.

The advantage of such a system is, that each individual is as efficient and profitable a worker, as though he were personally gifted with *first rate business capacity*. Whereas if you were to take these hundred persons, as living and enacting their parts in ordinary society, most likely you would not find half a dozen out of the hundred, who possessed such capacity. Shrewd, "get-ahead" business men are extremely rare. The majority are competent to work and to earn more or less money, but not so to use their earnings and administer their affairs, as to accumulate wealth. Out of the fruits of their toil they support, in one way and another, themselves and their families; but, as society is now constituted, the remainder of these fruits, and ten times the larger portion of them, go into the hands of a few

individuals. *These* are the skilful managers, the keen traffickers, the sagacious business men. They, in number a comparative few, get rich, while the vast majority live little otherwise than "from hand to mouth."

Now, as I said, the Shaker system has the advantage of making *every individual* an *accumulator* of more or less beyond the costs of subsistence, instead of a *consumer* of his *total earnings*. All working according to a plan sagaciously devised and skilfully adjusted, the total result is the same, as though each individual were an apt, sound business man.

To this may be added, that the Shaker family enjoys the immense advantage derived from an extensive use of labor-saving mechanism. Whereas the same individuals, scattered abroad through the community, would for the most part be deprived of this advantage.

These hints must suffice touching the reasons for Shaker associations uniformly accumulating wealth.

I would now offer a few words on the causes of the strict order and correct morality, which prevail throughout the Shaker body. There is no great mystery about this state of things. The very nature of their organization sufficiently explains it.

In the first place, there is no *competition* of the ordinary kind among the Shakers. Their interests are one and the same, and emulation and rivalry, if existing at all, are altogether friendly and genial. What a host of evils of various sorts they thus escape, will appear on a brief consideration of what competition is, and what it leads to in ordinary society.

Thus among tradesmen or mechanics of the same class there is a constant struggle to get the better of each other and secure the largest share of the general custom to themselves. That ill will, envy and malice are often the result of this state of things, every body is aware. These cankering passions are themselves bad enough, but they are far from being all. Fraud, too, is extensively practised. Adulteration of articles on sale has become absolutely universal, applying not only to all foods and drinks, but to the very drugs administered to the sick. An act of Congress has been passed to stay the enormity of this last villainy, but from recent reports even this legislative movement would seem to have availed little. Intensity of competition induces vendors to use every means to secure patronage, and among others extreme cheapness. Such cheapness cannot be afforded without large adulteration of their commodities.

This same mania for cheapness is the cause of incalculable oppression inflicted by the vendors of manufactured goods on their

* Continued from part 22, of BIZARRE.

operatives. It is enough, in respect to this matter, to refer to what is well known to the public touching the infamously low prices often paid to various classes of our needle-women, though the same evil presses with greater or less severity on many descriptions of labourers besides. From these sources flows an immense amount both of misery and suffering in various kinds and of general moral depravation. A large troop of the bitter and cankering passions; wide-reaching habits of fraud and cheater; and last, though not least, intemperance, debauchery, licentiousness and prostitution, may be traced, through channels direct and circuitous, to the same deep, dark poison-spring. And all this is apart from the physical injury and pecuniary loss attendant on the extensive use of adulterated foods and drinks and ill made, worthless manufactured articles.

The one radical cause of these manifold effects I have stated to be *competition*. But the evils of competition have scarce been touched upon even yet. They appear in myriad other forms; as rivalry under its innumerable aspects; as ambition personal or social; and, finally, as a passion for national supremacy. Instead of the prevalence of the Christian Law—the principle bidding each individual to love his neighbor as himself, or, in other phrase, to regard as a near friend and very brother every human being, whether a townsman, a fellow countryman, or a denizen of the antipodal regions, and to care for the best interests of such being as truly and practically as for his own; what do we actually witness? The universal prevalence and incessant vehement activity of *bald, unleavened selfishness*—a principle, which makes the world's teeming societies Ishmaelites to the very core. Each struggles exclusively for his own individual advancement, and employs his own superior talent, skill and cunning to elevate himself above his neighbor, if possible, and make, if practicable, his neighbor's capabilities and toils tributary to his own supposed advantage. To be distinguished *somehow* above the generality, whether by wealth, office, social standing, or some one of the myriad species of personal consideration—this is the universal passion. It is a passion so intense, that, if it cannot be gratified by fair means, so-called, it prompts the use, in cases numberless, of unfair, dishonest, dishonorable means, be they what they may. You need but glance superficially at public and political life, or at the thousand departments of private life, to witness an immense mass of vices and crimes, of woes and miseries, which are the direct product of this single cause.

But ambition does not confine itself within

the boundaries of a single community or even country. It often burns for a far wider theatre, whereon to exhibit its prowess. Hence the devastating careers of conquerors, and of conquering nations. Yes, of the wars, which have made of one or another region of the earth a smoking, blood-crimsoned battle-field, with scarce an interval within human memory, and which, first and last, have cut off by untimely, violent deaths far more myriads than now inhabit its surface; the much greater number have sprung from that rivalrous, ambition of nations, which, in the last analysis, must be traced back to *that single principle of competition*, which, in its lower forms, we behold working hourly about us in the shopkeeper, in the mechanic, and even in the lady of fashion and the seventeen-years-old *belle* "just out!" Fancy not that this is exaggeration. It is bald, simple truth—nothing more or less or other. You remember the nursery rhymes,

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

You know, too, that, standing on a steamer's deck at a certain place in the western portion of South America, you might look abroad on a shoreless watery expanse, and never dream that you were elsewhere than on mid-ocean. Yet, if turning your prow westward you steam onward a few days, you reach an immense range of sky-piercing mountains. And in some crevice of that range you find a splash of water, which you might perhaps cover with your hat. In that *water-plash* you behold the *origin* of that liquid tossing world, in which old Ocean recognises the noblest of all his million tributaries!

In this example witness what is, after all, but a feeble illustration of the magnitude, number and importance of the consequences, that flow from the familiar principle of competition. Imagine then, if you can, what must infallibly be the favorable changes in the morality, the order and the happiness of the world, if this principle were swept completely out of existence.

It is so among the Shakers, as I have already remarked. Competition exists not among them, since their *interests* are in all respects *identical*. They are "many members" indissolubly united in "one body." Though performing different offices, these offices are all alike essential to the unitary weal, and as such they are unanimously recognized. Nor is there the least room for rivalry of any other description, or for jealousy, envy, and their like, since all stand on the same platform of equality in rights, in privileges, and in whatever enjoy-

ments obtain among them. True, there is a *seeming* exception in the case of the four Elders and Elderesses, but even this would alter but little the main fact. And the exception is rather *apparent* than *real*. For these leaders labor at the same vocations, and with the same regularity, as the brethren and sisters at large. From my own experience in fact, I should think they were the hardest workers in the community. In food, in dress, and in every other particular of life, they enjoy no advantage whatever over a single other individual. As to spending money from the unitary funds, I know not precisely what their personal rights may be. But, as a matter of fact, they do *not* spend such money for *individual* purposes. Indeed there is no way, in which they *can* so expend it. Their food, clothing and general subsistence are provided out of the common funds, and precisely such is the case with all the others. Save in two or three items, then, they are on an exact equality with the members generally. These items consist in leading the worship, in giving general orders about labor, in hearing confessions; and in sum, administering the functions of government according to rules long ago established. Thus in addition to laboring with the hands like the rest, they underlie the cares, anxieties, toils and responsibilities of government. In my own view, their position is less desirable than that of the others, since with great additional burdens, they have no compensation unless they can find it in these burdens themselves. There is no occasion for enlarging on this topic. It is obvious how competition is done away in Shakerdom, and with the *cause* the multiform *effects* must vanish also.

And here comes in the consideration of another point, though on this I can here say but a word. *Poverty* in all its forms and degrees is unknown among the Shakers. Abundance, and even wealth, are universal, and of consequence the ample enjoyment by every individual of all life's material necessities and comforts. And this, too, not for the time present exclusively, while health and vigor for toil yet remain, but even in extreme age and second childhood, or in case of sickness, whether temporary or life-long. The Shaker has no anxiety about the future. He has before him no vision of famine, nakedness and houselessness, or the (so deemed) disgraceful alternative of the Almshouse. He labors regularly while health and years permit, knowing the while that when *helplessness* through infirmity or years shall arrive, he is not only *entitled* by Shaker law and usage to a support and all requisite care until death, but that he will unfailingly *receive* all this,—

rendered, too, not grudgingly, but freely and with a kindly willingness. It should be chronicled to the honor of the Shakers, that their treatment of sickness and helpless age, is thoroughly and altogether admirable. The tendance in such cases is that of affectionate brothers and sisters.

Now put these two things together—a present absence of material want in its every shape, and a present abundance of all the material indispensables and comforts of life, together with an absence of all solicitude about *future* subsistence and an undoubting assurance of future support and requisite care in all imaginable circumstances,—and what an incalculable influence must be exerted thereby on the feelings, the principles and the moral state of men? Who does not know what an eternally gnawing worm at the core of human happiness is poverty,—especially in its severest degrees? Who does not know how incompatible with present serenity, peace and enjoyment are goading anxieties about the prospective support of ourselves and the dear ones dependent upon us? And who has not seen again and again what terrible temptations keen penury offers to the perpetration of a thousand various crimes, and to the plunging into manifold vices destructive of both body and soul? Fraud, underhand practices, theft, robbery, burglary, and arson; prostitution partial and entire; intemperance with the throng of leprous mischiefs that accompany and follow it; and finally, a host of money-getting vocations and services too infamous even for description; all may be seen, at one time or another, starting directly forth from grinding poverty, especially when coupled with solicitude about the future. Could you, at one blow, strike out of existence poverty *present* and *prospective*, and substitute for it ample abundance, together with the full assurance that this abundance shall be co-enduring with life; you would at once dry up one of the chiefest fountains of human degradation, misery and wo; a fountain co-ëval with human history, and co-extensive with earth's habitable regions. A little reflection will make this so manifest to the reader, that my enlarging upon it were entirely superfluous.

Now, as we have seen before, poverty and solicitude about the future, are utterly banished from Shakerdom, and in their place exist present plenty, coupled with entire absence of anxieties about the time to come. Of consequence the causes, which produce so vast an amount of the world's moral depravation and misery have among them no existence. No wonder, that order and peace and correct morals prevail universally through their families.

Now in the absence of *competition* and *poverty*, with the infinitely diverse evils flowing directly therefrom, as I have above pointed out, I think we witness the principal causes of the desirable and praiseworthy characteristics of Shaker life. I cannot believe these characteristics have any indissoluble connexion with their religious specialities either theoretic or practical, or with that secular feature so objectionable to many, their celibacy. Neither do I think it essential to their present thriving, that literary and scientific and artistic culture should be so utterly ignored. Were they to devote to manual toil precisely the number of hours they now do, and sequestrate for the culture above named the six evenings now given to an eternal reiteration of services, which cannot secure any benefit, a change infinitely for the better would ensue, yet without the loss of any now existing good.

I might go further. Why labor so many hours per diem, as now, when thousands of dollars are yearly added to invested funds already vast, and doing no iota of good to one living human creature? Why not consecrate a portion of these hours to the acquisition of knowledge—a species of vested funds, which not only cannot possibly be lost or lie idle, but which benefit their possessor and all about him now, and will benefit him and others eternally? No valid objection can be urged against this change, but a host of most cogent arguments in its favor.

(To be continued.)

LINES TO THREE YOUNG LADIES.

FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR RECEIVED (ANONYMOUSLY) THREE SUGAR KISSES.

Thanks to those fair ones, those three charming Misses,
A thousand warm thanks, and a kiss, for their kisses;
Though their names be concealed, and I'd ne'er seen their faces,
Still, all know that sweet things, can but come from sweet places—
As the leaves of the rose, by their fragrance and hue,
We may tell from which flow'r and of what stem they grew—
So I, my dear maids, were I blind, yet still from
The sweet taste of these kisses, could tell whence they come.
And my lips and my heart ah! how grateful they'd be,
Wen for one single kiss!—how much more then for three!—
And could you but know half the joy they impart—
Scarce touching my glad lips, they sank to my heart.
There, with their fair donors, they all softly rest,
Both kisses, and Misses clasped in my fond breast.

A DEFENCE OF BACK-BITING.

[The following essay is from the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, No. 197—Monday, August 28, to September 7, 1732. It was probably written by Franklin, whose style it much resembles.]

"Impia sub dulci melle venena latent."—Ovid.

"Naturam expellas furca hinc usque recurret."—Hos.

There is scarce one thing so generally spoke against and at the same time so universally practised as *censure* or *backbiting*. All divines have condemned it, all religions have forbid it, all writers of morality have endeavoured to discountenance it, and all men hate it at all times, except only when they have occasion to make use of it. For my part, after having frankly declared it as my opinion, that the general condemnation it meets with proceeds only from a consciousness in most people that they have rightly incurred and deserved it, I shall, in a very fearless, impudent manner, take upon me to oppose the universal vogue of mankind in all ages, and say as much in behalf and vindication of this decried virtue as the usual vacancy in your paper will admit.

I have called it a virtue and shall take the same method to prove it such as we commonly use to demonstrate any other action or habit to be a virtue, that is by showing its usefulness and the great good it does to society. What can be said to the contrary has been already said by every body, and indeed it is so little to the purpose that anybody might easily say it: but the path I mean to tread has hitherto been trod by nobody; if, therefore, I should meet with the difficulties usual in tracing new roads and be in some places a little at loss, the candour of the reader will the more readily excuse me.

The first advantage I shall mention from the free practice of *censure* or *backbiting* is, that it is frequently the means of preventing powerful politic ill-designing men from growing too popular for the safety of a state. Such men are always setting their best actions to view, in order to establish confidence and trust, and establish a party; they endeavour to shine with false or borrowed merit and carefully conceal their real demerit (that they fear to be evil-spoken of is evident from their striving to cover every ill with a specious pretense); but all-examining *censure* with her hundred eyes and her thousand tongues, soon discovers, and as speedily divulges, in all quarters, even the least crime or foible that is a part of their true character. This clips the wings of

their ambition, weakens their cause and party, and reduces them to the necessity of dropping their pernicious designs springing from a violent thirst of honor and power; or if that thirst is unquenchable, they are obliged to enter into a course of true virtue, without which, real grandeur is not to be attained.

Again, the common practice of censure is a mighty restraint upon the actions of every private man; it greatly assists our otherwise weak resolutions of living virtuously. *What will the world say of me if I act thus?* is often a reflection strong enough to enable us to resist the most powerful temptation to vice or folly. This preserves the integrity of the wavering, the honesty of the covetous, the sanctity of some of the religious and the chastity of all virgins. And, indeed, when people once become regardless of censure, they are arrived at a pitch of impudence little inferior to the contempt of all laws, human and divine.

The common practice of censure is also exceedingly serviceable in helping a man to the knowledge of himself; a piece of knowledge highly necessary for all, but acquired by very few, because very few sufficiently regard and value the censure put by others on their actions. There is hardly such a thing as a friend sincere or rash enough to acquaint us freely with our faults; nor will any but an enemy tell us of what we have done amiss to our faces; and enemies meet with little credit in such cases, for we believe they speak from malice and ill-will: thus we might always live in the blindest ignorance of our own folly, and, while every body reproached us in their hearts, might think our conduct irreproachable; but thanks to Providence (that has given every man a natural inclination to backbite his neighbour), we now hear of many things said of us that we shall never hear said to us; (for out of good-will to us, or ill-will to those that have spoken ill of us, every one is willing enough to tell us how we are censured by others), and we have the advantage of mending our manners accordingly.

Another vast benefit arising from the common practice of backbiting is, that it helps exceedingly to a thorough knowledge of mankind, a science the most useful of all sciences. Could we come to know no man of whom we had not a particular experience, our sphere of knowledge of this sort would certainly be narrow and confined, and yet at the same time, must have cost us very dear. For the crafty tricking villain would have a vast advantage over the honest undesigning part of men, when he might cheat and abuse every one he dealt with, if none would take the liberty to characterize

him among their acquaintance behind his back.

Without saying any more in its behalf, I am able to challenge all the orators or writers in the world to show (with solid reason) that the few trifling inconveniences attending it, bear any proportion to these vast benefits! and I will venture to assert to their noses that nothing would be more absurd or pernicious than a law against backbiting, if such a law could possibly take effect; since it would undoubtedly be the greatest encouragement to vice that ever vice met with, and do more towards increasing it than would the abolishing of all other laws whatever.

I might likewise have mentioned the usefulness of censure in society, as it is a certain and an equal punishment for such follies and vices, as the common laws either do not sufficiently punish or have provided no punishment for. I might have observed that were it not for this we should find the number of some sorts of criminals increased to a degree sufficient not only to infest, but even to overthrow all good and civil conversation: but it is endless to enumerate every particular advantage arising from this glorious virtue! a virtue which, whoever exerts, must have the largest share of public spirit and self-denial, the highest benevolence and regard to the good of others, since in this he entirely sacrifices his own interest, making not only the person he accuses but all that hear him his enemies; for all that deserve censure (which are by far the greatest number), hate the censorious;

That dangerous weapon, Wit,
Frightens a villain when a few you hit:
Whip but a cur, as you ride through the town,
And straight his fellow-curs the quarrel own:
Each knave or fool that's conscious of a crime,
Tho' he 'scapes now, looks for 't another time.

A virtue decried by all that fear it, but a strong presumption of the innocence of them that practice it, for they cannot be encouraged to offend for the least prospect of favor or impunity; their faults or failings will certainly meet with no quarter from others. And whoever practices the contrary, always endeavouring to excuse and palliate the crimes of others, may naturally be suspected to have some secret darling vice, which he hopes will be excused him in return. A virtue! which, however, ill people may load it with the opprobrious names of *Calumny, Scandal, and Detraction*, and I know not what; will still remain a virtue, a bright, shining, solid virtue of more real use to mankind than all the other virtues put together; and indeed it is the mother or protectress of them all, as well as the enemy, the destructress of all kinds of

vice. A virtue, innately, necessarily and essentially so; for—but, dear reader, large folio volumes, closely written, would scarce be sufficient to contain all the praise due to it. I shall offer you at present only one more convincing argument in its behalf, namely, that you would not have had the satisfaction of seeing this disclosure so short as I shall make it, were it not for the just fear I have of incurring your *censure*, should I continue to be troublesome by extending it to a greater length.

THE "CARPENTERE'S WIF."

FAMILY FROM CHAUCER.

Young she was, and fair—bedeckt with taste;
A silken girdle spann'd her taper waist,
Whence sprung her bodice, and thence, scarce repress,
Still rose and fell her ever-busy breast.
Below there spread as white and fresh a smock,
As milk in pail at early crow of cock;
And over that a kirtle loosely roll'd,
Where formal creases marked the recent fold.
Her comely neck was curv'd, in pride of place,
To bear the burthen of so bright a face.
Though trimly bound beneath a kerchief gay,
Some wayward lock would strive to get astray,
And shade a brow, high-arch'd and well defined,
Where lurk'd an eye, most wanton of its kind.
Her mouth was sweet as is the breath of May,
Or hoard of apples hid in new-mown hay;
Its dimpled smile broke joyous on the sight,
Like the gold coin, new-minted, springs to light.
No frolic colt that gambols on the green,
Or any kid that ever yet was seen,
So toy'd with time and dallied with the day,
Which merry laughter gally snatched away.
Though cease her gown, and humble though her state,
Lucky the wight who had her to his mate:
Whate'er his rank, thrice happy were the pair—
Fit for a king—she was so dainty fair.

EPIGRAM ON THE BRONZE HORSE.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Proud monument, thou art an useless thing,
Thy vanity endeavours quite in vain
To swell the glory of our hero-king,
Who knew so well to fight, so well to reign;
What boots it on the borders of the Seine
We see his life-like effigy displayed?
We make him not the theme of our discourse;
Of the Fourth Henry not a word is said,
The only mention made is of the horse.

* A statue in Paris, bearing a representation of Henry IV. and famous for the excellency with which the horse has been cast.

THE EMPEROR OF RUS- SIA.*

Constantine would have been the rightful successor of Alexander, the most powerful friend and enemy of Napoleon I. But he renounced the crown of the Czars while his elder brother was living, and preferred to dwell in Poland with the Princess de Lowicz. Nicholas, the present Emperor was the youngest of the three brothers; and considering the renunciation of Constantine as doubtful, he sent an aid-de-camp to his brother upon the demise of Alexander, apprising him of the event, and instructing his messenger to salute Constantine as Emperor. Nicholas durst not mount the throne without a more formal relinquishment on the part of Constantine than a mere verbal renunciation.

Constantine, when the envoy had spoken, was the victim of a dreadful fury. His passions had always been ungovernable, until the Princess de Lowicz had succeeded in taming him in some measure. He had, indeed, been called "the wild beast." Between the desire to reign, and the shame of violating a promise which had been voluntarily made, he was the prey of contending emotions. He ordered every one out of the chamber. No one ventured to utter a syllable in his presence during his ungovernable rage. At the end of two hours he grew calm. The door was opened. The furniture had been broken, the mirrors shattered to atoms, and the tapestry and paintings torn, and cut in pieces. When he issued forth, he beheld the princess in an attitude of supplication, beseeching him to accept the imperial diadem. His face was at length tranquil. He approached the princess, and taking her hand, said: "Be composed, madame, you will never reign." Saboureff, the envoy of Nicholas, returned to the capital of Czars and reported the result of his mission.

Nicholas now saw no obstacle in his way. He determined to be Emperor, and ordered preparations to be made for his coronation. Yet, being at times uneasy and fearful, because the faithful old officers of the empire would have preferred to witness the coronation of the rightful heir, he urged his elder brother to be present on the occasion at Moscow. He was not a usurper, and he really desired to remove all cause of suspicion.

On the morning of the day appointed, Constantine descended from a common carriage, at the palace, attended only by an aid-de-camp. Nicholas, radiant with smiles, ran

* Translated from the *Histoire Dix Ans* of LOUIS BLANC. Five Vols. Paris.

to him; but his surprise was great to hear the Grand Duke Constantine declare, in a dry tone, that he came only to assist at the ceremony; and that it was his intention to set out for Poland again that very evening. To increase the embarrassment, Nicholas had to apprise his brother that the preparations had not been completed, and that the coronation could not take place for six days. Upon hearing this, Constantine expressed his discontent with great freedom, and even with grossness of language: but always declaring that he resigned his right to the throne.

The news of the arrival of Constantine at Moscow spread through the city, and produced much agitation among the old Russians—men of long beards—who repeated his name with a sombre enthusiasm.

To charm the leisure of the "savage Duke," Nicholas ordered magnificent military manoeuvres every day near Moscow, and accompanied his brother to witness them. On one of these occasions, Constantine rode away abruptly from Nicholas, and the thousands and tens of thousands of the people followed him, shouting his name, while the Emperor found himself accompanied by no other escort than the diplomatic corps. In this manner Nicholas was continually devoured by chagrin.

Constantine, one day, heard the workmen at the church say that Nicholas had ordered three thrones to be erected for the coronation—one for each of the brothers, and one for their mother. From that moment, the "savage" exhibited a profound alteration of features. On the morning of the coronation day, Nicholas and his brother descended to the *place du Kremlin* to view as usual the parade. It chanced that the first soldiers passing in review made part of the regiment of which Constantine was the nominal chief. The title of chief of a regiment in Russia is purely honorary, and is conferred even on princesses. Hence one in that relation may not command. Therefore the emotion was startling, when Constantine was seen to place himself in the rear of *maréchal* Sacken, and to the right of the first grenadier of the second line. The agitation was immense. In view were many thousands of people, waiting to witness the ceremonies attending the coronation. The Emperor, at the extremity of the *place du Kremlin*, looked on, apparently unmoved, but with a heart full of trouble. Constantine traversed the ground, mockingly keeping his place with the regiment. But when he arrived before the Emperor, before whom all the troops were to pass, he elevated his hand respectfully for a military salute. Nicholas seized his arm; and Constantine bowed down and kissed the hand of his

brother, now his master. Their arms were thrown open, and they affectionately embraced each other. The military spectators shed many tears, and the people uttered prolonged acclamations.

At the church, Constantine rejected the throne prepared for him, and ranged himself modestly at the side of the Grand Duke Michel. Never was an imperial investiture more touching and more heroic.

What is the mission of Nicholas? To startle the world with the news of his having marched 300,000 men to Constantinople—being now within ten days march of it—and of having the British and French fleets entrapped inextricably in the Black Sea?

LINES TO

O how, Love, could I tolerate
That pitiless award of Fate,
Which bade me from thy dear side sever,
And say to thee "farewell forever!"

I know not how events might turn—
Whether the sad funeral urn
Would soon the mortal ashes hold,
Of one unseasonably old,
Because his Sun was struck from heaven,
And he to cold and darkness given;
Or whether life would linger on,
With growth and bloom and freshness gone;
And he stand like a blasted tree,
Which still successive seasons see
Outstretch its branches on the air,
All naked, verdureless and bare;
No sap through its shrunk vessels stealing,
No bud one sign of life revealing,
Waiting the hour, when slow decay
Shall waste its dead, dry bulk away!

But well I know, the dismal day,
That plucked me from thy side away,
Would shroud me in a denser gloom,
Than ever hung around the tomb!
For they, from whom the vital spark
Is gone, *feel not* the hideous dark
That wraps their narrow house,—but they
Who still behold the light of day,
(Of natural day)—yet whose soul's light
Is quenched in everlasting night,—
These grope in depths of polar gloom,
With ne'er a blade of vernal bloom;
But where eternal winter reigns
O'er boundless, freezing, icy plains!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Barclays of Boston. By Mrs. HARRISON GRAY OTIS. Ticknor, Reed & Fields: Boston, 1854.

— We can readily believe what we have heard of the reception of this volume in

Boston—that “it went off like hot cakes.” The truth is, the writer has long been one of the notabilities of the “American Athens;” the most agreeable of existing widows; and for long years one of the unchallengeable leaders of the world of fashion. Any movement of hers would have produced a sensation. No wonder, then, that a book quite tolerably written and possessing considerable interest as a story, should have created quite a *furor*, especially among her town’s people. Not, however, that it is void of entertainment even to the general reader. It is not very profound or intense, or leavened with much either of philosophic or poetic genius. Perhaps it may be most fitly characterised, as a lively, charming, well adjusted *piece of gossip*, or rather series of gossipings,—just such as, we suppose, might flow from the lips of the fair authoress while exercising her *rôle*, as *raconteuse* and conversationist. Tried by this standard, it may be pronounced a very successful performance. There are in it numerous remarks on American society and usages so sagacious and valuable, that we could wish our people universally might “read, ponder and inwardly digest,” not forgetting above all to apply them to practice. We notice some verbal errors, such as employing the terms “lay” and “laid,” instead of “lie” and “lay,” &c., &c., but on the whole the style is pure as well as vivacious. We trust the authoress will *repeat* her pleasant experiment.

It comes to us from W. S. Martien, Chestnut street.

The Lamplighter. John P. Jewett & Co.: Boston, 1854.

—Notwithstanding the odd title of this book, and the further oddity of its having no line of preface or introduction, and no author’s name, we can promise the reader a tale of considerably more than average power and interest. We have found in it uncommon vigor of characterization; incidents strongly fastening the attention; and a style at once clear and fluent, forceful and graphic. Nor is it to us an objection, that in its machinery and mode of development, the story has a somewhat old-fashioned air. In short, it exhibits more the air and tone of the *romance* than the *novel*, using these terms technically. For ourselves, we like occasionally—in fact pretty often—to encounter a tale woven out of *uncommon*, instead of the *common, everyday* incidents of life. The latter we have continually without resorting to books. For the former we must be mainly indebted to the fictionist.

On the whole, then, we can cordially recommend this volume to the reader. It

comes to us from W. S. Martien, Chestnut street.

Hot Corn, &c. By SOLON ROBINSON. Dewitt & Davenport: New York, 1854.

—Though it is now too late to subserve the purpose of calling public attention to this volume, since it has, some time since, passed into the hands of thousands of readers, yet we may enjoy the satisfaction of adding our own hearty commendations to those it has already called forth in such sincerity and profusion. In fact we rarely, very rarely, meet with four hundred duodecimo pages, comprising so much instruction of vital moment in a form so intensely interesting. Never assuredly was a volume penned, which inculcated total abstinence so strongly by picturing the perils and enormities of intemperance, with the multitudinous throng of vices, crimes and pangs in every kind, that infallibly follow in its train. Could Sodom and Gomorrah have circled with their walls scenes more hideous, revolting, and woe-brimming, than every night’s stars look down upon in New York? The wrongs perpetrated on defenceless women of all ages, the cruelty and depravation wrought upon helpless childhood, are alone enough to “call down the avenging thunder” on the actors.

The writer has done a work of inestimable utility by bringing out into noonday facts of actual, every day occurrence. All remedy is out of the question without an exact, complete knowledge of the disease. This knowledge our author has procured for us at the cost of great toil, heart-harrowings without measure, and no small absolute peril to limb and life. For this the world owe him heartiest thanks and amplest applause. And yet will it be credited, that twaddlers and bigots not a few are found, who condemn the author as guilty of *impropriety* for bringing such scenes before the reader? What would these “*purists*” have? To *ignore* these abominations does not *extirpate* them? Shall hell run riot unchecked, because its name sounds harshly to “ears polite?” The purity, that can be corrupted by descriptions of vice, with its *intrinsic odiousness* and its *horrible consequences*, is not worth attempting to save. It is *corrupted already*. Out upon such foul-minded fault-finders, and all honor to our frankly outspoken author, who has done for us a work so difficult and so pressingly important. We trust a pen, which has wrought such magical effects here, will not long continue unemployed.

Mellichampe. By W. GILMORE STILES. Pp. 431. Redfield: New York, 1854.

—This Revolutionary tale, with which H. C. Baird has favored us, we regard as

decidedly among our author's ablest works. It contains some fair delineations of character, and the incidents of the narrative are, on the whole, sufficiently interesting to keep our attention awake to the close. The partisan war of the Carolinas, which constitutes his theme, affords the romancer scenes and topics of the finest description. Though our author may not have made of them the best conceivable use, yet he has done well enough to deserve our cordial thanks, and these we would frankly render. Could he but subject his facile profuseness to a *fourfold distillation*, the *quartessence* thus evolved would be admirable. But alas! his abnormal superabundance and ease of production, coupled with the mania of *hurry*, epidemic amongst us, leave us slender hope of this. Consequently Mr. Simms must forego his aspirations to the rank of a *first-class* fictionist and content himself with a place considerably lower.

Nevertheless as he claims the possession of a *vigorous will*, we will not pronounce the above hope utterly desperate.

SANS-SOUÏ.

Mr. Park Benjamin's Lecture on the Ridiculous in Life — was delivered on Thursday evening, the 9th instant, to a large audience. The night was very inclement, and Mr. Benjamin aluded, before commencing his lecture, to the number present on such an evening as being the greatest compliment that had been paid him during his present visit to Philadelphia.

Mr. Benjamin in opening his lecture stated his belief that the faculty of perceiving the ridiculous was a rare one; in this we think that he is in error, believing that those who do not possess it are the exceptions among men. He doubted whether its possession was a desirable gift, as tending to introduce thoughts upon the most solemn occasions in life. Numerous anecdotes, exceedingly well told, were interspersed through the lecture, of which our readers may take the following as specimens, accompanied with our regret that in retailing them we cannot give some idea of the inimitable manner in which Mr. Benjamin delivered them.

A drunken man was found lying in the gutter by a benevolent person, who endeavoured to rouse him up by the enquiry,

"What are you doing here?"

"I made an appointment to meet a person here," was the reply.

An Irishman leaning against a lamp-post in front of a house, from which a funeral was issuing, was asked who was dead.

"I don't know exactly," was his answer, "but I believe it is the gentleman in the coffin."

A coloured store-keeper in one of the Atlantic cities took a trip to the springs in summer, leaving his partner to attend to the business affairs of the firm. On arriving at Buffalo, he thought he would enquire, by means of the telegraph, how their concerns were getting on, and accordingly he despatched the enquiry over the wires, "How is things?" to which his partner promptly replied, "Things is fine," which so satisfied the traveller that he prolonged the time of his trip, but returning home, he found his store closed, the goods sold off, and the partner departed with the proceeds and the traveller's wife.

The cream of the whole lecture was the anecdote of the Frenchman who preferred Talma's performance of Macbeth to Kean's, for this among other reasons, that Kean cried out, before commencing the fight with Macduff,

"Come on, Macduff,

And damned be he who first cries Hold, enough!"

Whereas, Talma's reading was

"Come on, Macduff,

And damned be he who first cries hold!"

and when Macduff runs him through the body adding the "Enough!"—"for why," said the Frenchman, "should Macbeth cry *enough* until he have got *him*?"

This was admirably told in the best bad English conceivable.

The lecture afforded complete satisfaction, and was warmly applauded.

March Fashions.

— *Scott's Mirror of Fashion* contains the following advices of the last European fashions:—"Coiffures are of various forms and colors. Gold, silver, flowers, fruits and ribbons. Generally speaking, they are not as large as they were last year. Many ladies, particularly those with dark hair, have inaugurated this year a simple though very rich coiffure, consisting of studs of diamonds, of pearls, placed, as if planted, all around their head. At the last ball of Tuilleries, Mrs. — A —, of New York, wore among her fine dark hair thirty-two stars of diamonds, with which her hair seemed spotted as the sky above us on a dark night.

"The gentlemen's style of dressing is still very simple. The black or blue cloth dress coat is always the most fashionable. The black dress coat is lined with watered silk of the same color. The blue cloth dress coat is lined with satin of the darkest blue, and the buttons are plain gold

without the slightest ornament. The collar is short, the *revers* small, the sleeves large and without cuffs. The waist is exact to the form of the person, and the skirts of a moderate size. The waistcoats are made of white marseilles or white watered silk. Some elegant *beaux* of Paris have inaugurated the white velvet, either as pure as snow, or spotted with some flowers or embroideries. Black cloth pantaloons *satins de laine*, of brilliant shade and tight to the form without straps. Boots are quite abandoned for parties. They are replaced either by gaiters, made in the style of pumps, with mock silk stockings, or by genuine pumps, with light black silk stockings. White mustin scarf, with a very small gauze in front. The shirt collars are left either standing or folded down around the scarf. The shirts are made of very rich materials, of the finest linen, with horizontal plaits, and many with embroidered bosoms, in the shape of a check table for playing *tric trac*."

Origin of the word "Tontine."

— Tontine comes from *Tontino*, a Jew, who lived in the city of Florence, and was celebrated through Europe for his knowledge in speculation and finance, and to whom a former Emperor of Germany was obliged to have recourse for a new object of finance—having exhausted every resource in the empire by the prosecution of a bloody war. Tontino was consulted in behalf of the Emperor. He projected and brought in his scheme which was accepted. His plan was to open a subscription on life, and that the sum subscribed should be *forever* given, in consideration of which, the government was to pay 10 per cent. to the subscribers' lives for seventy years and no longer. His project was received with avidity, and the Emperor's finances were on a better footing than at any time before. But it was found at a certain number of years, that the deaths of subscriptions amounted to 20 per cent., and at the end of seventy years the subscribers being *all dead*, the money was retained in the hands of government.—*Philadelphia Freeman's Journal*, of Feb. 29th, 1792.

George Sand

— has published a letter in relation to her Biography by Eugene de Mirecourt. She says among other things, "My name is *not* Mary. I was not born in 1805, but in 1804. My grandmother never lived at Abbaye-aux-Bois. My father was not a Colonel. I did not ride and shoot at the age of fifteen—I was at school then. My husband was neither old nor bald: he was twenty-seven, and had plenty of hair."

Surnames.

— Surnames do not always go by contraries, in spite of James and Horace Smith. We see in a New York paper that one *Fargo* is an express forwarder to all parts of the globe, and that an omnibus proprietor possesses the appropriate name of *Pickup*.

We observed lately a sign in this city: "*Telfer, Engraver*." As *Telfer* or *Taille-fer*, means *Iron-cutter*, we have here also a most apt surname. The engraver was possibly ignorant of his following the same calling, or something similar to the one, that had gained his remote Norman ancestor that name which his descendant still bears.

Gems of American Oratory.

— A correspondent of BIZARRE, who is in the habit of attending public meetings, and taking notes of the most brilliant passages, asserts that he lately heard the following:

1. At the meeting at the Exchange on the Erie troubles.

"We *wuz* determined to maintain the sovereignty of Pennsylvania, and we done it."

2. At the meeting at the Museum respecting the North Pennsylvania Railroad.

"When our merchants came to town they found that this man, when in the Legislature, had voted against the North Branch Canal, and they said to him, 'We *won't* buy none of your goods.'"

A Marriage Announcement in the last Century.

— From the *Pennsylvania Chronicle* of Sept. 5th, 1768.

BORDENTOWN, Sept. 3.

On Thursday last, Francis Hopkinson, Esq., of Philadelphia, was joined in the Velvet Bands of HYMEN, to Miss Nancy Borden, of this place, a Lady amiable both for her internal as well as external accomplishments, and in the words of a celebrated poet:

"Without all shining, and within all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight."

Charity covering a Multitude of Evils.

— An American gentleman with a large heart, but limited knowledge of the French tongue, was observed by his travelling companion in the *diligence*, giving small coins quite liberally to those applicants for charity who closed their supplication with the words "*pour boire!*"

His friend, aware of the giver's close adherence to temperance principles, and at a loss to account for this generous response to such appeals, asked him his reason.

"Why," he replied, "when the poor fellows try in broken English to express their situation, I can't refuse them!"

"Broken English! I haven't heard any."
"You haven't? Why every other one since we've started has said '*poor boy!*'"

The Ladies of Belgrade.

— Belgrade is a picturesque Turkish city, on the south side of the Danube, in the Province of Servia. We extract the following from a letter dating thence, February 1st, in an English paper:—

“I spoke last evening at a large carnival party with some twenty daughters of the ministers and merchants and bankers of Belgrade. Those who were dressed in the Parisian or Vienna style had been at school, either in Pesth or Vienna, and spoke either German, or French, or Greek, in addition to the Servian. They would also compare favorably with the young girls of any usual European circle. But the young and genuine Servian damsels, still wearing the fez, and even the neck being encircled by the ‘barbaric’ ornaments of golden Turkish or Austrian coins—a whole row of golden ducats jingling as they danced—could speak only Servian, with the exception of the heiress here, who, a *millionaire’s* daughter, wears the Servian very striking costume still, and will answer you with spirit and animation in three or four languages. You can hardly credit the extent to which this truly ‘barbaric’ pomp of ornaments (in Milton’s sense) is carried. It is estimated, that the women of Belgrade alone wear about their persons, in gold pieces taken directly from the circulating medium a million sterling.”

The Law of Endorsement.

— The following dialogue between two old gentlemen was lately heard in a railroad car running from Philadelphia to —.

First old Gentleman. I passed a ten dollar note of the Harrisburg Bank upon a man the other day, and he wrote my name on the back of it.

Second old Gentleman. Well, I would never let any man do that. It’s flat forgery. If that bank breaks in ten years, you may be called upon to pay that note.

F. O. G. Yes, I know.

An Epitaph.

— The *Pennsylvania Chronicle* of September 5, 1768, says:

“The following was copied last Sunday, from a tombstone in Essex.

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary, his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They liv’d without strife;
And the reason was plain;
They abounded in riches;
They nor care had, nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.”

Take a Drink.

— The *New Orleans Delta* says, that this familiar invitation contains the philosophy

of New Orleans political life. It is a more important condensation of worldly wisdom than any of Rochefaucault’s maxims, and includes more practical sagacity than Machiavel’s most elaborate work. It is an invaluable *vade mecum* for the politician’s memory, and the readiest passport to fame. At present it is universally practised, and will continue, doubtless, for some time a popular phrase. After the election, its intrinsic value may decrease.

A Lady’s Skates.

— An English journal thus describes a pair of skates, made for Queen Victoria:—The iron in the front is in the form of a swan, chased in imitation of feathers; the clog is of satin-wood, with the leathers formed in the shape of a shoe, so that, when fitted to the foot and laced, it is very firm. At the opposite extremity is a plate cup to fit the foot, and chases with the rose, shamrock and thistle. The strap round the heel is of black patent leather, stitched to correspond with the heel-cup. The clog and front leather are lined with “chamoury” skin, to secure warmth to the foot.

It might even be considered agreeable to tumble with the consciousness of having such a pair of ‘skates attached to your feet.

An Opera House.

— What destitution! A city of half a million inhabitants mentally starving for musical food! Oh, that some one would turn the Barmecide feast of promises held in castles in the air, into operas performed in a local habitation, with a brown stone front! Every thing springs up at this season of the year; why should’nt an Opera House? Lablache, Grisi, Mario! All coming over, possibly, next winter. What house have we suitable for them? Large enough—especially for Lablache?

The Source of the Danube.

— Born in the Black Forest, the Danube goes to die in the Black Sea. Where lies its principal source? In the court-yard of a German baron, who employs the Naiad in washing his linen. A geographer having thought fit to deny the fact, the gentleman proprietor commenced a law-suit against him.

It has been decided that the source of the Danube was in the court-yard of the said baron, and could not be any where else.

—*Translated from Chateaubriand’s Memoirs.*

Homes of Wit.

The mantle of wit, now deprived of its Hoop,
Of course to America comes.

A lover of all that true humor will cover,
Let’s claim it at once for our Hólm’s.

Lindley Murray.

— It may not be generally known that this distinguished personage was a Pennsylvanian. He was born in Swatara, Lebanon county, Pa., 1745. In New York city he studied law, and at 22 was admitted to the bar. He went to England and lived there 42 years, seldom in good health after leaving our shores. He was 49 years old when he wrote his "Grammar." He was a fine old Quaker, and when he died in Yorkshire, in 1820, was universally lamented.

The Order of Talent.

— The King of Bavaria has just declared that all the members of the order of Maximilian, recently instituted by his Majesty in order to reward men distinguished in science, literature and the fine arts, are admissible at court. The chapter of the order has just chosen the illustrious chemist, Baron de Liebig, professor of the University of Munich, as its president.

A Good Idea.

— A Mr. Clinton, of the New York Assembly, has given notice of a bill to prevent the abuse of horses. That's a good move, and one that might well be imitated in this State—in this city especially. The common law penalty for cruelty to animals, does not seem to answer the purpose here. We want something more stringent.

Count D'Orsary,

— hearing an American talking very grandly of Yankee enterprise, proposed to join him in any speculation he might choose. "Well, then," replied the American, "I'll take you to New York and exhibit you. Tickets would be sold at auction. The rush to see you would be tremendous. We should instantly make a fortune."

Birth and Infancy of Punch.

— *Punch* was born in the dark back-parlor of a public-house, behind Drury Lane Theatre. The paper struggled on for about a year, and was then sold for £100 to Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the printers. In their hands it has risen to eminence.

An Editor's Desk converted into a Hen's Nest.

— A friend has laid on our desk a well-formed egg, the produce of a Shanghai hen, which weighs five and three quarter ounces, and is seven and a half by nine inches round.—*Charleston News*, Feb. 24, 1854.

The Petrified Man

— is still exhibited in Chestnut street. The New Yorkers consider him a genuine "Hard," and set him down unhesitatingly as a bachelor.

New Music.

— The *Rescue Quick-Step*, composed for the piano, and dedicated to Captain Creighton, of the "Three Bells," by Henry G. Thunder. Lee & Walker, 188 Chestnut street.

Verbena, Schottisch Brilliant, composed by Henry G. Thunder. Dedicated to Mademoiselle Louise Gubert. Lee & Walker, 188 Chestnut street.

These are the titles of two new pieces of music for the piano. The *Rescue Quick-Step*, opening with plaintive dying notes, succeeded by others enlivened by the first gleams of hope of the shipwrecked, concludes at last with a joyful triumphant swell—the whole being admirably expressive of the subject. The composer has shown himself in this study to be capable of great serious musical enterprises.

The Schottisch is beautiful and melodious, but less simple than the *Quick-Step*.

National Amphitheatre.

— This popular place of amusement continues the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to full houses and admiring audiences. The management are continually adding to the attractions of the piece by introducing new features, such as "Pop goes the Weasel," for the plantation dances, &c., &c.; bringing the representation to such perfection that we must acknowledge the necessity for the apotheosis of "Uncle Tom," and the fulfilment of little Eva's prediction that "Topsy" will become a bright (brack?) angel!—in "the realms of bliss and resting place of the good, occupying the full extent of this immense stage."

Miss Julia Daly, as "Topsy," still continues the bright, particular "star" of the Cabin. She has evidently studied the negress character closely, and her actions, looks, tone of voice are in admirable keeping with our conception of the bona fide "Topsy." Miss Daly's voice is very well adapted to the style of songs she sings, and she receives justly merited *encores* nightly.

The characters are all well supported, and on the principle that "practice makes perfect," should, by this time, have reached the conclusion of the consequence. With the family of half a million now matronized by Philadelphia, she has patronized the "National" establishment liberally, determining that as long as she can't give her children Italian, she'll present them with Horse Opera.

Arch Street Theatre.

— This establishment has been doing an excellent business during the past week, and is crowded nightly by intelligent audiences.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—Furygator.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

The truth is, that were the acquisition of wealth *alone* concerned, a more comprehensive and various mental culture were an advantage greatly to be desired. As matters stand, almost all the Shakers are neither more nor less than simple operatives, competent to obey directions clearly issued, but entirely without *inventive* capacity. They have among them, it is true, a few labor-saving machines, but of the simplest description. They accumulate wealth steadily, as I have said, but this is done more by dogged, persevering toil and excellently adjusted economy, than through the qualities born of high cultivation. Possessed of the latter, they might augment their resources far more rapidly even than now.

And then it were superfluous remarking, that material wealth and comfort and even a freedom from the ordinary vices, crimes and miseries, that torment society at large, do not fill up the measure of man's capacities, wants and inborn aspirations. His capabilities of eternal progress and indefinite expansion, what shall be done with these? They cannot be extinguished; they will ever and anon stir and yearn within us; and a system, that ignores their existence, or makes no provision for their requirements, puts itself in contravention of the eternal laws of Providence, and without a reform in this feature must prove an eventual failure. As a friend to the Shakers, I would strongly press this matter on their consideration. How stands their case at present, and what are the probabilities of the future?

Their Society is not yet so old, as to have wholly lost the invigorating influences of the original enthusiasm, to which their establishment was owing. They have yet among them firm believers and sagacious men brought up at the feet of the inspired Fathers and Mothers of the new Faith. But this race is nigh outspent, and who are to take their places?

First, there are those, who join them from the world without, and trained in the world's ways and opinions. Among these you will find no educated men,—no men of eminent ability of any kind,—no men, whose weight of character or native vigor is such, as to have given them wealth or a commanding position in the community. Cultivated persons will not go where cultivation is wholly ignored and its pleasures unknown. And men of wealth or commanding station find nothing in Shakerdom to attract them thither. Only the more *common* and *sub-mediocre* class, whose force and ability have been inadequate to win prosperity, are likely to become Shakers, and how among such are you are to find the combination of qualities to fit them for *leaders*, or that "leaven" of vigor, which is to "leaven the whole lump?"

The other mode of supplying the places of the generation dying out, is from the children taken from the world and brought up within the Shaker-fold. But, setting aside the consideration, that these children are not likely to possess, through inheritance, any very high order of natural qualities, their Shaker education is not of a sort to develop much ability of any kind. So *repressive* is this educational system in all its branches, whether of direct inculcation or circumstantial influences, that even native genius and extraordinary talent would be more apt to be stifled than drawn forth by it, while children of average capacities are more likely to be fashioned into odd-looking automatons than any thing else.

From neither of these two sources, then, can I perceive how individuals are to be drawn to make good the places of those sons and daughters of the "Founders," who are fast passing away. The inevitable tendency, I think, is towards deterioration and feebleness, and without the infusion of some renovating and reinvigorating element, Shakerism must, I apprehend, eventually go out like a lamp exhausted of oil.

This element, I believe, is an enlarged, sound and various cultivation. This, I feel confident, is the one thing especially needful—an absolute *sine qua non* to Shaker longevity. "By bread alone" man cannot live, and though he cater for the *body* however abundantly, the *man* must eventually perish unless the soul be also cared for.

Whether there be any *natural* end to my theme I know not. I do positively assure the reader, however, that I will ere long *make* an end if I cannot *find* one. But I should first like to speak briefly of the Shaker celibacy.

The *celibacy* of the Shakers, as intimated before, is a matter with them of religious

*Continued from part 24, of BIZARRE.

obligation. Anne Lee, their Messiahess, professes to have been taught by angels, that man's original sin was an abuse of the marriage relation, and the fall and extrusion from Paradise the direct and premonished consequences thereof. The present quality of the relations of the sexes in the world, under whatever form and name existing, is so far infected with the primal taint, that absolute, literal celibacy is enjoined on all "true believers," and the whole world lying beyond the bounds of Shakerdom is reckoned one common slough of foulness and sin.

The religion, philosophy or common sense of this dogma, I have no occasion to discuss here. It is quite certain, that the race at large will never become converts thereto. The aspects, under which I would consider this celibate life are its economical tendencies, and its influence on the happiness and the intellectual and moral state of its subjects.

Now if we suppose the Shaker discipline and mode of life to remain in all other respects identical, what influence on their *economy*, both positive and negative, would be produced by the members of one of these "Families" holding towards each other the relations of husbands, wives, and children? Would they be less amenable to recognised authority? Would they be less disposed to labor industriously? Would they be less inclined to a careful economy in the matters of expenditure and saving? In sum, would they be less likely than now to make their annual earnings transcend their subsistence-expenses, so as to maintain the present character of the Shakers, as a wealth accumulating people? I cannot see why or how the affirmative should be the fact,—at least when all the circumstances of the case are carefully considered.

• True, the Shakers escape the care of infancy, which pertains to ordinary families, and thus the time, which elsewhere is so absorbed, is by them given to money-getting employments. The question, however, cannot be settled by confining our regards to this single point. We must take a far wider survey. We must inquire what is the predominant effect of marriage, as compared with celibacy, on the entire being, intellectual and moral, of man and woman? Other things being equal; is not the married a creature of higher development and more completely unfolded capacities than the celibate? And if so, are not his powers both of thought and action superior? If this latter question must be answered affirmatively, then the *superiority of power in all kinds* of a married over a celibate community, must vastly overbalance the loss of a certain fraction of time, which, in the

former, must be devoted to the offices of the nursery.

Now numerous as are the imperfections, abuses and evils pertaining to the matrimonial relation, as now existing in the world, the superiority of married to single life would seem to be established by a variety and weight of evidence, which cannot be rebutted. Statistics show, that duration of life is in favor of the former to the amount of several years. *This fact implies many others, such as health, happiness, &c., &c.,* while superior health and happiness involve superior capability, vigor and efficiency alike mental and corporeal. Even prior to experience we should anticipate these results from the fact, that marriage accords with a fundamental and universal law of Providence, and therefore the whole body of the laws and potencies of nature is operative on its behalf; while celibacy is an exceptional position and thus contravenes some laws preordained for the common weal. The matrimonial and parental relations evolve and bring into active and incessant exercise some of the most potent of human affections and impulses—and not potent alone, but such as, beyond most others, tend to purify, to elevate and to impart dignity and weight of character to their subject. In a word, the Family is the basis whereon the entire superstructure of civilised society is reared, and in precise proportion to the elevation of a land's individual households by the more and more perfect fulfilment of the duties pertaining thereto, does that land advance in light and happiness and universal well being. Every one's experience will suggest numerous instances, where an almost total transformation has been produced by matrimony, and a dignity, force and efficiency of character imparted to the man or the woman, of which before they might have been supposed incapable.

On these and like grounds, then, we conclude that a *marrying* community, organised otherwise like the Shakers, might, to say the least, thrive equally with the present *celibate* associations in *pecuniary* respects, since the general superiority of mind and character proper to the former must naturally exhibit itself in this, as in all spheres beside.

The question suggesting itself next in succession is, whether the order and correct morality, which mark the existing Shaker Societies, would be likely to survive the change from celibate to matrimonial life. If common experience furnishes any test, we should infer that this question must be answered in the affirmative. In all known countries it has passed into an axiom, that marriage is favorable to good morals and to the general tranquility and order. The

new and peculiar affections awakened in the parental heart; the novel and weighty responsibilities naturally imposed by these affections; and the more serious character imparted to that prospective life, in which are involved the destinies for weal or woe of young, helpless, dependent creatures dear to him as his own soul; all these things constitute incitements to a pure, orderly, reputable life and safeguards against infractions of the laws of morality, which are peculiar to the married person and *additional* to all those common to the celibate and himself. If, then, you suppose a marrying community to maintain, in *all other particulars*, the Shaker organization, it would seem, that their preservatives of order and sound morals would, instead of being diminished and weakened, be vastly multiplied and strengthened?

And from this change would certainly result one very important advantage, which, I suspect, has never occurred to our Shaker friends. As I have previously stated, I was told by an Elder himself, that nine out of ten, who join their Society, abandon it within the first year. He *understated*, I suspect, the number leaving, for it is not uncommon for members to leave at all periods after admission, ranging from one even up to twenty years. Now these leaving persons are mostly specimens of the better sort,—individuals of too much compass, vigor and buoyant vivacity of mind to submit patiently to so many *needless* restraints, —especially to restraints so unnatural as those of *celibacy*. Celibacy, indeed, proscribes the exercise of sentiments and impulses so central and so potent in quality, that they may be pronounced absolutely the *main-springs* of human life. Strike out of existence all that has sprung from this source either directly or collaterally, and the globe whereon you stand would be a stranger to you. Its brightest lights and its chiefest embellishments and glories would instantly vanish, and little would remain but earth in its primeval savagery. By stifling, then, in the individual springs of emotion and action, thus demonstrably important and vital, you leave but a marred, etiolated, fragmental being.

No wonder, therefore, that persons of the class above named should sooner or later relinquish the Shaker-fold. The Society thereby loses its most capable, vigorous, promising members—those remaining permanently, being, for the most part, persons whose sensibilities are either organically dull or rendered obtuse by circumstances. From such no great vigor of capacity or action can be expected, for passion and affection are the very life whether of thought or performance.

Now from a marrying community such

persons would not be very likely to migrate; since matrimony would furnish a large and congenial sphere for the exercise of their keen susceptibilities, and provide enjoyments especially adapted to natures thus constituted. And they would be *certain* to remain, if to *this* change be added another, of which I have before spoken, the introduction into Shakerdom of a liberal education and a large and various culture. In such case the Shakers would possess, in combination with the two choicest advantages of the "world without," all the other advantages now peculiar to themselves.

I have, thus far, spoken of married and celibate life, mainly in reference to the bearing of the two on the economic, pecuniary condition of a society. And I think it has been shown to be probable, that the economic superiority of Shakerdom has no *indissoluble* connection with its celibacy, but might still remain unimpaired, though celibacy were supplanted by marriage.

I might say much on the superior influence of marriage over celibacy, in promoting the happiness and general dignity and elevation of its subjects. But this influence is all along implied in what I have said on the general topic, and I forbear enlarging upon it here. It is a divine ordination, that all the faculties and susceptibilities originally bestowed upon us, were designed to be developed and exercised. Nor less is it a divine appointment, that properly unfolded and legitimately exercised, they all tend directly to make us wiser, nobler, happier beings. This is enough for us to know in order for us to determine our course, and on this we may firmly rely. We cannot *gain*, on the whole, but must inevitably *lose* by *suppressing* and striving to *ignore* feelings implanted within us by Infinite Wisdom and Benignity!

(To be continued.)

THE DAY OF EXPECTATION.

(FREELY FROM THE FRENCH.)

Last Thursday afternoon, when I came to my rooms, Mrs. Mullett, who lives in the basement, and does my chamberwork, approached me, smiling in a mysterious way that was quite unusual to her.

"What now! have you a letter?"

"No, sir, something better than that."

"Well, what then?"

"A lady has been here to see you."

"A lady?"

"Yes, a charming woman; and she was

very much vexed at not finding you—she inquired after your health.”

“Did she give you her name? Her address?”

“I asked her, but she declined giving them, saying she wished to see you at home.”

“The deuce!”

And I made a thousand conjectures without being satisfied with one.

“But how was she dressed?”

“Oh, everything in the best.”

“Yes, but that don’t describe her costume.”

“Well she was dressed elegantly—in the latest fashion—”

“But you don’t tell me—”

“But wait a minute—she had on a dress—”

“Oh, I believe you—she had on a dress.”

“A dress of black satin, which made her white skin look still whiter.”

“I can’t imagine—”

“A muff—oh, such a muff! It must have been the finest fur!”

“And what else?”

“Glossy, straw colored gloves—silk stockings, and chocolate colored gaiters, covering the prettiest little feet in the world.”

“Good heavens, Mrs. Mullett, you are drawing me into an intrigue! And what age was she?”

“No more than twenty, at farthest. And what an agreeable, lively woman! She was very anxious to see you.”

“And is she to call again?”

“I made her promise to do so.”

“Mrs. Mullett, give me your hand. How grateful I am to you! And when is she to come?”

“To-morrow morning at ten.”

“Oh thank you, I shall never forget this service.”

I went up to my room perfectly distracted. I tried to apply the description Mrs. Mullett had given me to all my female acquaintances, but it would fit none of them! I was restless, uneasy. I seated myself to write, but the lovely stranger, as Mrs. Mullett had depicted her, hovered constantly before my eyes.

I went out for supper: I had no appetite: my beautiful unknown had arrested the functions of my stomach.

I went back to my chamber. Eleven o’clock struck, and I could still do nothing. There she was still before me—a head of Waugh! a virgin of Raphael! What charming hands! What happiness, what voluptuousness in those feet! It strikes twelve! I am still in meditation, and the hours seem years! When you desire it, you never get old fast enough. I go to bed and try to read, but she is still at my bedside. I turn over

the leaves of the March magazines, but even Mrs. Neal’s charming lines do not arrest my attention to-night. I see a lovely drawn satin bonnet—covered with trimmings of bows and ruches of lace—a velvet nacarat mantelet—with fur trimmings—a plump hand—a divine foot—every charm that an exalted imagination can bestow on the gentle angel it has created!

As my book was useless, and as one can think as well in the dark, I put out my candle, and plunged myself into unfathomable conjectures. “She is not married,” I said to myself. “She is in love with me. That proceeding, that delicate attention in inquiring after my health proves it.” And I turned over every minute invoking sleep, for I would surely have delicious dreams! It was impossible to close my eyes: I had vitriol in my veins; all the narcotics in the world—the Washington papers, or a Panorama lecture included—would have had no effect on me.

“She can’t be an ordinary woman,” I said, changing my position; “she must be an authoress! of extreme sensibility! Oh, Heavens! if there, were only sent to me to sweeten the bitterness of my literary career, one of those angels whose names vibrate so eloquently upon my soul! another Lesbian Sappho, an Heloise, a Julia d’Eanges, however fictitious, an Eliza Mercœur, a George Sand, or any of those divinities which have appeared like dazzling meteors in this world! How much I would love her! how happy she would be! this would accomplish the dream of my life.”

The night was passed in such ideas and in a delirium of the imagination.

At seven, I was up, and lighted a beautiful fire, putting on plenty of nice wood. “She will sit down there by it, and I also,” I said to myself. That will be perfect. I will begin by saying—“What procures me, madame, the happiness of receiving you here? Deign to excuse my contracted apartment—I did not expect—that is I did expect.” She will make charming replies; the conversation will become animated, and, in a moment of abandonment, I will tell her I love her! and I will not lie, for I feel here, in my heart something which says she is essential to my happiness—to my existence. But I must not think of this any longer. Quick, my razors! for I must be shaved.” I rush to the glass, and shave myself; but so close to the skin, that I leave a great gash on my cheek. The deuce take it! How disagreeable to have a great streak of court plaster on your face when you are expecting a beautiful woman!

Courage! I am happy to suffer for her!

My books are scattered pell-mell over my table, chairs, and mantel-piece. I replace

them with care on their shelves, establish order everywhere, and sprinkle the room with half a bottle of Cologne water to perfume it.

It is only eight o'clock! How long the time seems! It drags! I will offer her a cup of chocolate! it will be charming! a breakfast in my room, tête-à-tête with a lovely woman! But perhaps she will not accept—the first visit demanding a certain ceremony: And then my crockery! No matter! I will make two cups of chocolate—one for her, the other for myself. And the next minute behold me boiling the water. I prepare the cups, I run to the grocer's and buy a pound of finest sugar, and then go up the stairs, proudly humming that well-known refrain:

Oh! my dear, lovely May,
Her eyes are bright
As the stars at night,
When the moon has gone away!

From the head of the stairs I shout out, "Mrs. Mullett, tell any one you see coming here I am not at home—except—you know."
"Well, well, I understand! Go, you good-for-nothing!" she replied.

In fact, I did not wish my friends to discover the presence of this divine woman at my room; it affords matter of scandal—wicked jokes—sly thoughts; and the most honest woman in the world wouldn't be exempt from them, if found in sociable conversation in a bachelor's apartment.

In the midst of these philosophic reflections, one of the sticks on my fire rolled forward against the coffee-pot, upsetting both its contents and the hopes of politeness I had founded on this impromptu breakfast.

If thunder had stanned me, I could not have been more confounded. "Half past nine! I have not time to make more chocolate. Somebody is coming up stairs—it is in this direction. A shudder runs through my body! What a sloop on my hearth! Good Lord, what's to be done? Quick!—a towel. Oh, they are not coming here—they go in at my neighbor's. I breathe again—and now to work! and, wiping up the chocolate, I muttered, "What can I offer her now? Sweetened water? I am able to wait for my breakfast; but, she, so delicate, so frail—if she were to suffer." The idea strangled me. Just as I was to taste such happiness, need such a blow fall on me! Well, I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have done things decently; success has not depended on myself; and if, some day, I become her friend, while I relate this accident, she will give me credit for my good intentions and my troubles, and a kiss will repay me a hundred fold for all my pains.

At last the hour approaches—a quarter of ten! Everything in order. I set myself to work, for I must have the appearance of being overwhelmed with business; it is much more interesting. But after all, that ugly sloop on the hearth is the first thing visible on entering. "Let us pull the rug forward a little," I said. There, that is better. I will stir up the fire, and the rest will dry up in fifteen minutes. Everything will look nice. Yes, nice enough for me, certainly! but not for her—so young and so beautiful.

But I hear some one on the landing; she is talking! What a heavenly voice! There is no doubt. Five minutes of ten yet—the dear angel! The time was long for her, too—no! I was mistaken, it is Mrs. Mullett scolding her boy. There, they are gone.

All is quiet now in the house; the next visit will certainly be mine. I take my seat by the fire—and when the charming stranger knocks at the door, I will say, in sweet tones, "Come in, if you please." Oh! I hear steps again. I am in raptures—my soul is swimming in a sea of delight. She gives two gentle raps on the door; faithful to my lesson, I faintly stammer, "Come in, if you please." But she turns the knob in the wrong direction. I fly to the door—"Permit me—turn the other way, Miss—to the left, Miss—oh, what trouble I give you! Pardon me, Miss!" My impatience is at its height—the door yields—I fling it open wide—I behold—my laundress!

THE BEGGAR BOY.

First Lady,
Listen—at the palace gates
Of the wayholding humour
A poor beggar waits.

Listen,
While the curious little boy
Utters his sorrows—and his hopes
Of joy.

I'm starving—
Feed me from thy lips,
As turtle doves and pigeons
Feed their chicks.

Very poor!
Give me a part,
Fair heiress, of that coronet of gems—
Thy loving heart.

I'm Blind!
Bathed let me be
With tears from thy fond eyes,
That I may see.

I'm cold!
Throw thy pale glorious arm
Around my neck, that I may be
Forever warm.

Cupid
At thy door, long suppliant hath been.
Have pity on his hapless case,
And let him in!

CHESS WORSHIP, OR THE TEMPLE OF CAISSA.

"*Dulce est desipere in loco.*"—HORACE.

(AN OCCASIONAL POEM.)

PREFACE.

The MS. of which we present our readers a free translation, was discovered in December, 1848, by some workmen employed in pulling down the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Thinc-of-nought-but-how-to-win-a-game, near Chess-ter, England, in order that a railroad might be carried across the site. It was found in the secret crypt of a chamber, supposed to be the Abbot's apartment. It was greatly defaced by time and damp, but being carefully subjected to certain renovating processes, some portions were found still legible, and proved to be parts of a poem, written in antique Norman French, and entitled "*Chess Worship.*" By which we are led to conjecture, that the worthy Abbot not only loved a well-contested game of chess, but was sometimes induced to forsake the shifines of St. Winifred and St. Bridget, in order to burn incense before the nine female divinities, of celebrity more classical than theological.

At great expense of time, labor and money, we have accomplished a translation of all that could be deciphered; and having submitted both original and translation to the inspection of certain antiquarians, literary, and critical friends, have been permitted to enrich our pages with their valuable notes.

TRANSLATOR.

ARGUMENT.

The Realm in which Caissa is Worshipped—The Government—Description of Caissa's Temple—Crowd of Worshipers—BRADIFFER distinguished from the rest—He prayeth to the Goddess, and placeth costly gifts upon the Altar—Caissa, moved by his devotion, granteth his prayer.

BRADIFFER, enjoying the favor of the Goddess, becometh careless thereof—Fancieth many strange things—Soliloquizeth, and resolveth

to abstain from the worship of Caissa—The Goddess, incensed thereat, pronounceth a curse upon the Apostate—BRADIFFER appalled, repenteth, and is pardoned—He reneweth his worship with great zeal.

CHESS WORSHIP.

This beautiful realm

Two warlike Queens both State and Church defend,
The Knights adore them, and the Priests befriend;
Each fair Semiramis protects her mate,
Her skill his safety, and her power, his fate:

The sacred fane on ivory pillars rose,
And chequered marbles did the floor compose;
There sixteen youthful Clerks the altar drest,
And Bishops four the sacred mysteries blest;
Around, four Castles towered in guardian pride,
And four bold Knights kept watch and ward beside.

Here throned the Goddess sat, to hear and bless;
Caissa, called by Gods—by mortals, *Chess*.
Before her altar knelt a suppliant crowd;
There Youth's light grace, there serious Manhood bowed;
There Childhood's little gifts were borne in state,
And Beauty prayed, to give—not get—a mate.(1)

Amid the throng one stately form appeared,
Whose powerful hand a costly gift upreared;
As towers the oak above the sapling crowd,
As mounts o'er molehills rise in stature proud,
So BRADIFFER(2) amid the suppliants stood,
And with a princely grace the Goddess' favor wooed.

"Hear, bright *Caissa*!"—so his prayer began—
"He bows to thee, who ne'er yet bowed to man.(3)
From China's realm these gifts I bring to thee,
Fair as her rice, and verdant as her tea.
Lo! on thy altar what these Chess-men shifine,
Whose sculptured charms are meet for eyes divine.
Hear, bright *Caissa*!—if to muse by day,
Before the board to sit each eve away,
If late at night the eager strife to keep,
And the *Chess Manual*, study, ere I sleep;
If to rejoice, with palm and wall-bred glee,
When thy kind influence gives the game to me;
Or, if my foe the hard-won victory claim,
To keep my temper though I lose my game—
If thus to do, may win a smile from Fate,
Oh! teach me every partner to check-mate.(4)
Hear, bright *Caissa*!"

Thus the eager player
Implored the Goddess—and she heard his prayer.
The mental powers that erst were bent on law,
That clinched the argument, or found the flaw,
New all their concentrated lustre poured
Upon the mystic movements of the board.
The Pawns to advance—with skill the game to ope—(5)
Display the Bishops—give the Knights good scope—
Harrass with checks—the ranks with captures sweep—
Or some sly Pawn promote with purpose deep—
Bring to the charge the Amazonian Queen,
Yet from assault her sacred person sweep,

And when the kingdom totters to its fall,
 T' entrench the King behind the Castle wall ; (6)
 Or, if the foe that shelter seek dismayed,
 To turn the Battle into a Blockade ;
 Till worn—exhausted—he succumb to Fate—
 (Gods call it *Skull*), and sink beneath *check-mate*.

Thus favored BRADIFFER, night after night,
 Marshall'd his host, and put the foe to flight ;
 Lowered the proud crest of fair HUNGARIA'S son,
 And bade him tell how fields were *lost*, not *won* ;
 Till conquest-sated, from the shrine he turn'd,
 And votive *frags* no more to kind Caisa burn'd.
 "Too much," he said, "too much the Goddess asks—
 Her votary's mind too heavily she tasks.
 Not only *thought*, but *feeling*, does she claim—
 The more I play, the more I love the game. (7)
 In vain I bend o'er Poesy's witching page,
 Or seek the glittering sorceries of the stage.
 In vain I plunge amid the toils of law,
 The title scan, or the agreement draw ;
 E'en while my client pours into my ears
 His tortuous tale of wishes, hopes, and fears,
 Still float the Chess-men past my mental eye,
 Still brilliant checks, new gambits I descry ;
 And when his desperate case is fully stated,
 I merely say—'I fear you'll be *Check-mated*.'
 This must not be. Vain fancies! leave my brain—
 I'll play no more—'Richard's himself again.' (8)

The insulted Goddess heard the recreant speak—
 Rage lit her eye, and crimsoned on her cheek ;
 "For this," she cried, "did I thy worship bless,
 And lead to conquest in the wars of Chess?—
 Teach thee with patient skill thy game to ply,
 To watch the foe with quick-detecting eye,
 With concentrated thought thy moves to make,
 With calculation deep to give or take ;
 No guard to overlook, no check to waste,
 Till Victory on thy brow her laurel placed.
 For this!—vile ingrate!—dearly shalt thou rue
 The hour thy worship from my shrine withdrew ;
 Not only shalt thou mourn each battle *lost*,
 When fierce ALARMS thunders on thy host ;
 When RUPPER'S spear shall pierce thy squadrons
 through,
 Quick as his wit, and as his memory true ;
 But ALMON'S son, a novice in the field,
 To sly *Check-mate* shall bid thy Monarch yield.
 And base Defeat shall drag thee from the war,
 Chained to the wheels of a triumphal CAR.
 Even WOMAN'S hand shall check thy flight of pride,
 And thy poor King shall die—as Swedish Canfried
 died. (9)

"— Nay, even the Ivory army thou hadst led,
 With life-like scorn shall treat th' apostate head ;
 No vassal Pawn shall rush to lend thee aid ;
 No Bishop bless thee in the Chess Crusade ;
 No Knight for thee put conquering lance in rest ;
 Nor Castle hide thee in its sheltering breast ;
 E'en thy brave Queen the ingrate's curse shall share,
 And check on check, shall force the valiant fair,
 Like Boadicea from the fight to fly,
 Or like Zenobia, chained and captive die.
 And thee—while scorned and lone thy King shall
 stand,

The sad survivor of the martyr band—
 Shame's snaky furies shall compel his fate,
 To all the horrors of a base *stale-mate*! (10)

Here ceased the Goddess — * * *

[*Cætera desunt.*]

NOTES.

1. "And Beauty prayed to *give—not get—a mate*."

The vice of punning seems to have been fashionable with Monkish Bards.

2. "So BRADIFFER amid the suppliants stood."

The BRADIFFER mentioned in the text, was probably descended from BRADIFFER, a Pagan giant of great renown, whose doughty deeds are chronicled in the charming romance of Valentine and Orson. Being vanquished by the princely brothers, he embraced Christianity, and having greatly assisted the King of Scotland in quelling a disturbance among the border clans, that sovereign gave him his eldest daughter in marriage, and settled the young couple in a castle on the borders, where the stout arm and heavy mace of his son-in-law, proved exceedingly useful in the management of the intractable Scots. BRADIFFER became the father of a numerous family, who intermarried with the border clans from generation to generation, and are to this day renowned in Scottish chronicle and ballad. ARMSTRONG, being only BRADIFFER, or *Boas de fer*, (viz. *Arm of Iron*, or *Strong Arm*) anglicised. The ARMSTRONGS seem to have borne a high character for promptness, as well as courage.

"Ye need not ride to Liddesdale,
 For when they see the blazing bale,
 Elliots and ARMSTRONGS never fail."

WALTER SCOTT.

3. "He bows to thee who ne'er yet bowed to man."

Kotzebue seems to have had this passage in mind, when he wrote Rolla's celebrated speech.

4. "Oh! teach me every partner to *check-mate*."

"Though to play a good game of Chess, be not the highest achievement of human intellect, yet, the man who, turning readily from the toils of business to the refreshments of pleasure, acquires skill in the game, without waste of time, or neglect of duty, may be admired while he is envied, and receives approbation while he participates employment."

JOHNSON.

5. "— with skill the game to ope."

"In the *primary formation* of the plan which is to carry the game to a successful close, the *first* snare laid to catch the enemy's

queen, may very properly be denominated, *primitive trap*. An *oblique stratum* of pawns is sometimes discovered, where we do not ordinarily expect to find it."

BUCKLAND.

6. "T' entrench the King behind the Castle wall."

Castling the King.

7. "The more I play, the more I love the game."

"In certain nervous cases, where it is desirable to present to the mind some agreeably exciting interest, unconnected with the affections, I am persuaded that the daily exhibition of the *chess-board*, would be found a powerful remedial agent." RUSH.

8. "Richard's himself again."

This quotation fixes the date of the MS. at least as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, unless we suppose that Shakspeare only followed historical tradition, in making Richard use the above exclamation.

9. "— as Swedish Canfried died."

Canfried, King of Sweden, who was defeated and slain by Ildegerte, Queen of Norway.

10. "To all the horrors of a base *stale-mate*."

"Therefore, oh! Chess-player, fear not thou this, the beautiful, time-honored, sage-invented, game. Not in this exertion of pure intellect, shall evil be found. Go on then, as it is permitted thee, in earnest oneness of purpose, to add thy name to the glorious list of the Philidors, the Sollis, the Lewiss, the Petroffs, the Stammans, the Heroes of the Chess-board—the Worshipers of thought-concentrating, soul-calming, caution-teaching, triumph-giving *Caissa!*"

CARLYLE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Presbyterian Review. March, 1854. Philadelphia.

— This is an unusually able number. The articles are entitled as follows:—I. The Nebular Hypothesis. II. Pre-existence of Souls. III. Layard's Nineveh and Babylon. IV. Erskine Mason. V. Wordsworth. VI. Young America. Religion and Philosophy. VII. Literary and Theological Intelligence.

The ablest articles are those entitled "The Nebular Hypothesis," and "Wordsworth." In the former, Laplace's famous theory is powerfully defended. What a triumph for the great astronomer that the orthodox, religious press should at last

speak out for him. The writer quotes the following strange piece of reasoning from Dr. Benjamin Pierce, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Harvard University:—

"The farther I extend my researches into the physical universe, the stronger appears to me the evidence that the process of creation was conducted by the Divine Geometer in a modified form of that very hypothesis, which was contrived by a shallow and wicked philosophy for the direct purpose of excluding the Deity from his own works."

In other words: A wicked Philosophy contrived an hypothesis of the process of creation for the *direct purpose* of excluding the Deity from the work: the more I extend my researches into the physical universe the stronger appears to me the evidence that *that very hypothesis is true*: therefore, I believe that the process of creation was conducted by a Divine Geometer. A curious style of reasoning, the worst feature of which is that Professor Pierce should charge that wicked Philosophers contrived, a process of creation which would exclude the idea of a Deity—(i. e. invented one, without believing it themselves—or why should they be wicked)—and in the same breath confess that he believes that their *contrivance* is true. This is the credit then that Harvard gives to the unfortunate Laplace. We believe your theory, but it is impossible that you should have believed it: you are a wicked philosopher, and only invented it to exclude the notion of a Deity.

"Young America" is rather an interesting article. We quote the following paragraph from it:—

"Will subsequent generations believe that multitudes of men and women, about the middle of the nineteenth century, became mediums of communication between spirits and men; that they formed 'magnetic circles,' night after night, for weeks, and months, and years, to receive communications from the world of spirits, and believed that the ghosts of departed great men dictated twaddle to silly amanuenses? Will they believe that whole books, filled with such matter, were printed and sold well? Will they believe that grave attestations, were published, from people that had been, some of them, highly respectable, including ministers and judges, stating that furniture was thrown about, noises made, music played, and that they believed it to be done by spiritual beings who had found means to reach our senses; that multitudes were exalted into the conviction of a dawning millennium, and that many brains gave way under it, and became the inmates of lunatic asylums?"

The Knickerbocker. March, 1854. Philadelphia: W. B. Ziebar.

— Our first impulse was to set down this number as stupid, because we did not find Chapter X. of "The Gypsies of Art;" for the *Scenes de la Boheme*, is one of the most entertaining books of modern French literature, and Mr. Bristed, in a style of translation we have never found equalled, is making "The Gypsies of Art," an English book, fully equal in every respect to the original. We found, however, that the *hiatus* in question was filled with a most fitting and worthy substitute, under the title of "Switzerland: On the Road. By Robert M. Richardson," an article both graphic and scholastic, humorous and philosophical. Ever since its perusal we have been haunted by the phenomenon thus described:—

"Immediately opposite was slouched a Germanic individual endowed with a description of ugliness not of this world. Most mortals we meet with are at least 'of the earth, earthly;' in their ill-looks, but *his* seemed to belong to the *sea*. There was something weird and formidably incongruous in his ill-assorted lineaments. It was as if, when fishing far from land and ordinary life, one should suddenly discover at the end of his line a monster of the deep whose preternatural aspect and contortions fill him with dismay. Years of acquaintance might fail to assure you that he was invested with every-day humanity. No familiarity could accustom, no philosophy could reconcile one to the abandoned woe and wildness of his face. A professional ghost-seer would hesitate long before venturing alone in the dark with this incarnate nightmare. The writer's pen, even now, recoils from the unwholesome and unavailing effort of embodying with description such elements of frightfulness as lay disordered in his visage. True, I might possibly sketch the surface of his countenance, which some unheard-of disense had embroidered as elaborately as could any Feejee cosmetic; true it is, that I might convey an idea of his nose by likening it to a coarse Roman Mosaic of a shapeless ruin; or of his eyes, by describing the black poop-port-holes of a mouldering wreck, with the rusty muzzles of the displaced cannon peeping piratically through; this much may be possible, but Mr. Catlin himself, the painter of the ugliest Indians in creation, would have broken ignobly down had he attempted a complete portrait. Indeed, I fear it seemed as if those warty features, horrid though they were, had actually broken down with frailty in their hopeless office of giving expression to the more than Mokanna horrors which yet lurked behind in all their native deformity."

Are we right in inferring from the title,

"Switzerland: On the Road," that we are to have a continuation of the subject under the head, perhaps, of "Switzerland: in Geneva," or, "in a Watch, Musical-box, or Cheese Manufactory?"

Godey's Lady's Book. March, 1854. Philadelphia.

— Here we have nearly one hundred pages of highly interesting matter from numerous sources. The articles contributed by Alice Neal and Mrs. White, particularly attracted our attention. Among the embellishments are a mezzotint engraving, a steel fashion plate, and numerous illustrations on wood—also the music of *Pop Goes the Weasel* arranged for the piano.

SANS-SOUCI.

Thomas Couture.

— Whoever was in Paris during the summer of that year, must recall vividly to mind the *Salon* of 1847; if not for the general excellency of the pictures exhibited, at least for its principal feature, a painting which elevated to the first rank in his profession, a young artist, who, on the morning after the opening of the exhibition found himself famous. "Les Romains de la décadence" of M. COUTURE (a pupil of BARON GROS and PAUL DELAROCHE), conveys to the mind of the spectator all that the "pictured page" of GIBBON, in the course of eight volumes, does to that of the patient reader—the complete moral of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. With a truly poetical spirit the artist has illustrated the forcible words of JUVENAL, which are at once suggestive of his design:—

"Saeclor armis LUXURIA incubuit,
Victumque ulciscitur orbem."

Upon a surface of canvas of West-like dimensions is represented a scene of debauch that might have been witnessed during the reign of DOMITIAN or CALIGULA. In a noble hall of palatial grandeur, the architectural proportions of which are carefully preserved, is spread a sumptuous banquet, such as LUCULLUS or APICIUS might have provided. "*Siculae dapes*" and Persian apparatus. The revel is at its height. Reclining about in every stage of wild excess a crew of Sybarites anointed with precious unguents, and crowned with roses and with myrtle, abandon themselves to all the luxurious refinements of sensual indulgence, as they temper relays of nightingales' tongues with the Sabine wine, or wash down oysters from the Lucrine lake; with copious draughts of old Falernian—the degenerate offspring of sires, who, by the sublimity of their aspi-

rations, their virtue, temperance and austerity, held the world in awe. The central figure is a female, herself a symbol, the personification of fallen grandeur still beautiful, but debauched—the Roman matron reft of her virtue—LUCRETIA, but loosely clad. Her *trichium* elevated above the rest gives her a commanding position. She holds aloft the shallow, vine-wreathed cup that inspires the group. One reeling bacchanal "flown with insolence and wine," stains the pavement with the long-laid-up Cæcubian, as he tauntingly raises to the sternly compressed lips of a statue of CATO his surcharged goblet; meanwhile the brow of the august figure wears, an expression of offended majesty, mingled with apparent scorn, rebuke and sorrow at the scene around. At an opposite niche another profane reveller, in wanton mockery, decks with garlands the statue of BRUTUS, which seems instinct with life, and to shrink with disgust from the contact.

The poetry, the design, the conception of this admirable effort of the modern French school is enough in itself to commend the picture. But when the wrapped spectator can disenthral his mind from the crowd of fancies that take his senses captive, and, turning from the design, look at its execution, where every head is itself a separate study, he is overwhelmed with admiration for the artist.

At the close of the exhibition the picture was bought by the government, and is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg, whence, in the due course of time, it will be promoted to the posthumous honour of a permanent enshrinement in the palace of the Louvre.

The following year M. COUTURE was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

He is eminent as a colourist, and effective in his drawing, following in both these respects the Venitian school. The pure, transparent tone of his flesh tints will not fail to remind the connoisseur of some of the happiest productions of PAUL VERONESE. The grouping, movement and general treatment of his picture is strikingly suggestive of the "supper at Cana."

We could not have better introduced to the notice of our readers a pupil of M. COUTURE than by this preliminary. Mr. BOWERS, a native of Baltimore, who has lately established himself in Philadelphia, faithfully pursued his studies in the *atelier* of this eminent artist. He has caught much of the fire of his master; and his bold, vigorous, characteristic portraits, bearing the unmistakable *chic* of true genius, will at the approaching exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts be favourably contrasted with the weak, enervated designs of such

triflers with the brush as content themselves with a painful elaboration of insignificant details, so apt to deceive the unwary—a vicious school of painting which has prevailed long enough in Philadelphia to exert a baneful influence upon the nobler reaches of the art.

The Editor of the Times.

—A late letter in the *New York Herald*, contains the following amusing narrative:

"It is said that soon after the arrival of Mr. Buchanan at London, he sent Mr. Sickles, his Secretary of Legation, to the office of the London *Times* on a special and private mission. The bland and somewhat obsequious Secretary succeeded, by dint of showing his diplomatic card, in penetrating his way through long passages to the presence of the editor, or of some one who represented him. In that mincing, supple, and almost insinuating way, which the Secretary has, he at last made known the object of his visit. It was, that their 'own American correspondent' had written about General Pierce and his Cabinet in such terms that it had become quite offensive to the American government.

"Well, Mr. Secretary, that is quite probable; will you have the goodness to tell me how that concerns the legation?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Editor. The *Times* is known to be a very powerful and influential journal."

"Well, Mr. Secretary."

"Well, Mr. Editor."

"Well, Mr. Secretary."

"Well, really! Mr. Editor."

"Well, really! Mr. Secretary."

"Mr. Sickles, according to the account, was not particularly *au fait* at either diplomacy or business—the editor being probably familiar with both. Seeing that he had failed in his mission (meeting with such a dull chap), the Secretary rose and said that 'he hoped the organ of the British government would not admit any more of these attacks upon the American President and his Cabinet.'

"Mr. Secretary, will you be kind enough to inform me who has represented the *Times* as the organ of the British government? We have been under the impression that the *Times* was an independent journal; and we were not aware till now that your government had deputed any diplomat either to institute relations for us with the United States, or to call in question the relations we instituted ourselves."

"The aforesaid Mr. Sickles is reported to have retired with but a small abatement of his usual blandness.

"What occurred between the Ambassador and his Secretary is also passing current,

but I deem that it may be counterfeit. I adhere, therefore, to what is pretty well known.

"Having failed in the diplomatic line, the Ambassador is said to have resorted to the consular battery; and consequently, Mr. George Sanders, the consul, is, on good authority, reported to have rushed up to the *Times* buildings, and made his way, *vi et armis*, both fists doubled, into the presence of the editor, somewhat after the style that Judge Haliburton leads English readers to suppose that Davy Crockett rushed up towards the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

"Mr. Editor, Young America won't stand this; Judge Douglas won't stand it; the American people won't stand it; and, what is more, I, George Sanders, the American Consul to London, won't stand it!"

"It is said that the editor rang a bell, and politely requested the man who answered it to 'show that person down,' and Young America was escorted to the door.

"Not long after, other means were called into requisition to get 'Our Own Correspondent' dismissed. Mr. Buchanan is said to have called upon Lord Palmerston, at his residence, Carlton Gardens.

"My Lord, I have called upon you on most important business. It appears that the London *Times* continues its virulent attacks upon the American President and his Cabinet; and, as we are in the midst of important negotiations with Her Majesty's Ministers, I have to request that you will have the courtesy to cause the American correspondent of the *Times* to be dismissed. I once knew the fellow who writes those letters. He is a very disreputable man, and has become particularly offensive to General Pierce and his Cabinet. He is, moreover, a man of no consideration or talent; and you can, doubtless, by a word, put an end to his silly and contemptible assaults upon our great and glorious President and his brilliant Cabinet."

"Mr. Buchanan, I am most happy to see you; but really I was hardly prepared for such information. You seem to be laboring under some misapprehension. The *Times* is not the organ of Her Majesty's government, nor have Her Majesty's Ministers any responsibility in the matter; besides, it seems to me very strange since the correspondent you speak of is a very disreputable man, and of no consideration or talent, that you should give yourself any trouble in regard to the influence of his letters; for the letters of a man of that stamp certainly could have very little influence on British opinion, much less could they be thought to sway the feelings of a British Cabinet.

"Mr. Buchanan, I think no minister of

the crown will object to your representation of this case to her Majesty. I am only afraid that it would end in some gossip which would terminate the usefulness of our Washington minister, if he has done anything of the kind. I recommend you to call upon the editor of the *Times*, and make your complaints there, provided you think your instructions extend as far as Printing House square. Mine do not?"

New Music.

— Wm. Hall & Son, of New York, have just sent us some new songs of a very popular class. The Plantation and Characteristic Melodies of Christy's Minstrels, have become "as familiar as Household words," and we are pleased to recommend to our musical readers, four new and really excellent songs of this class. The melodies are all graceful and easily remembered, and they are just the kind of pieces to have universal popularity; they are "Carry me back to Tennessee," by C. C. Converse. "Old Times come Again," by C. C. Converse. "Yo! Yah! Yo! Strike the Old Banjo," by C. C. Converse. And "Sally Primer," or "Pompey's Courtship," by C. C. Converse, a comic song in which the Minstrels, it is said, are nightly encored. Address Wm. Hall & Son, No. 239, Broadway, New York, and they will send them, by mail, to any part of the country, on receipt of 25 cents for each piece.

Heraldiana.

— *Advertisement.*—Oscar Shanghai and Lady will leave the Battery Sunday A. M. 12 o'clock, with a skiff, in hopes of overtaking the steamer for Europe, having been disappointed in the hour of her departure. Their last call will be at 11 o'clock, at No. 2 Dey street.

Criticisms.—*Graham's Magazine* is improving though still immeasurable depths below our own monthlies.—The *New York Monthly* is a sickly looking magazine, born a few days ago. It is composed of the same materials as its rivals; steals like Harper's; prints bad wood cuts as Putnam's does occasionally; and makes its debut in the world on as bad paper as Graham has to answer for. Its leading article is—who could have guessed it?—the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by an author now deceased, one Walter Scott.

Paris Correspondence.—The Emperor held a special presentation on Wednesday last, to which Mrs. Gordon Bennett was honoured with an invitation. She wore a dress of velour-spanglé, covered with two founces of point d'Angleterre, a berthe to match. Her coiffure consisted of white and red flowers, and a magnificent poignard de diamons. She looked remarkably well, and both the

Emperor and Empress were pointedly attentive to her.

A Remarkable Meeting.

— Yesterday a dinner took place at the house of the American Consul, Mr. Sanders, Weymouth street, Portland place, at which, amongst other guests, there were: His Excellency, the American Ambassador to this country; the American Vice Consul; Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, Arnold Ruge, Herzen (the wealthy Russian emigré), Worcell (the Pole), Garibaldi and Orsini.—*London Daily News*.

Operatic News.

— A new *prima donna assoluta* has made her appearance in the cities of the South of France. Her name, Carolina Sanazaro—her age 22—her face, beautiful—her voice pure and melodious. The city of Nice is paying her extravagant devotion. When will our Opera House be built?

Sanford's Soirees.

— Sanford's Company of Negro Performers, now at the Musical Fund Hall, is the most amusing, and most characteristic company of actors in their line, that we have ever seen; and we know those who have become, they say, *blasés* to such a strange point that they can find no amusement anywhere but at this sort of negro performances.

Arch Street Theatre.

— The excellence of the management of the Arch Street Theatre has continued to draw crowded houses. This Theatre is the last resort of the legitimate drama, and here her muse (if she has any still), has taken refuge from the persecutions of her sister Terpsichore, who has displaced her from her accustomed shrines. The company is a very fair one in point of ability, and some attention is still paid to costume, and occasionally they have revived the old English comedies, including Shakespeare's, in very excellent style.

The "raging" piece, however, lately, has been "The Hypocrite," a comedy in every respect unfit for representation before a decent audience. It is only redeemed from absolute failure by the excellent acting of Mrs. Drew; and it was not in the least improved at its last representation by a sermon delivered by Mawworm (Mr. Drew), on local subjects, in the style of an English dissenting cobbler, in which respectable names were introduced very offensively. The whole piece is below criticism.

With the exception of this piece, the entertainment have been of a character to deserve the crowded houses which they have drawn during the winter.

Wajant Street Theatre.

— The patronage of the Ravels has met with no abatement yet. "The Elopement" was repeated on Thursday: the early part of the pantomime is only for the purpose of introducing a series of tableaux of the most exquisite description—representing the young girl's return to the cottage—reconciliation with her father, and marriage with her abductor. It is one of the prettiest things we have ever seen; and we were very much struck with the arrangement of the lights; we only wish that sufficient applause had been given to induce them to repeat it. But the audience seemed to have exhausted themselves in encoiring the polka cottillon, Schotische, and Redowa, which were danced with sufficient vivacity and energy, to put to the shame some of the dancing girls and warm youths "who earn their invitations" as mentioned by Kurz Pasha. We are not certain, however, that we should go to the play to see that part of the piece, though unquestionably Messrs. Brillant and Maugin did wield such pliant toes as would have made them very desirable partners, if the entertainment had taken place in private life. On Wednesday the beautiful Statuary tableaux, which we lately noticed, were again presented, and on Tuesday the amusing little ballet, entitled *The Four Lovers* was performed. *Mazula* has been produced with its pristine splendor; we may, probably, give a more extended notice another time.

National Amphitheatre.

— The acts in the circle have been made more attractive by the introduction of the equestrienne Mlle Marie. She rides with confidence, going through her performances, without hesitation, so quietly and well that you hardly realize their difficulty. If Mlle Marie would be popular, let her make her *entrée*, with a bound, to the rolling of drums; dressed in the Spanish "Maja" dress, black and cherry; armed with castanets, and let her execute "El Bolero," or "La Manola," on horseback, throwing life, energy, and action into every movement from the time she enters until she leaves the ring; her success—if orchestra, horse and rider are in unison—would be triumphant. We hope yet to see, however, a revival of the quiet riding-dress style of Caroline Loyo. True, it requires long and arduous practice to acquire as perfect a knowledge of the *manège* as she possessed, but it can be done. Open the lists and let the aspirants for this distinction enter.

The great *Pièce de Résistance*, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," still affords food for amusement to admiring and enthusiastic audiences.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU MADCAP?"—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SHAKERS.*

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger,—yet—farewell!
Ye, who have traced the Shaker to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories float
A thought, which once was his, if on you swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his round-toed shoon and broad-skirt coat;
Farewell! with him alone may rest the pain,
If such these were—with you the moral of his strain."

One principal reason for my having dwelt so long on the concerns of the Shakers, is my conviction, that the World may, from their system and its results, gather most important hints for its own guidance. In fact I believe our present social organization to be so radically imperfect, that its tendencies, carried out to their logical ultimates, must inevitably produce a general chaos of vice and crime, misery, and intestine, deadly conflict. Through modern inventions and discoveries in all kinds, these tendencies are now evolving with unprecedented rapidity, and the goal must be far nearer, than might, a short time ago, have been supposed. Nor can we, more than Europe, expect to escape this catastrophe. Though in sundry items our *political* system differs from theirs, our *social* system in its main features is the same. Inequalities of wealth and condition, crime and vice, wide-spread misery and pauperism—all these growing with frightful celerity—as distinctly, if not as extensively, mark our social state, as that of the European peoples. We reiterate our conviction, therefore, that the civilized world must either reorganize its social system, or must perish. And we believe the new system must either comprise some of the principal items of the Shaker code, or it will be unavailing.

To authenticate my views of present society, I will cite certain statistics relating to the leading European countries,—facts demonstrating what have been the results of the operation of their existing social institutions for long centuries, with all the aids of

science, art, literature, and Christianity itself. These statistics are drawn from governmental reports of the nations they concern.

I. In France, out of a population of 33,000,000, 22,000,000 have, on an average, but SIX CENTS PER DAY EACH to defray all expenses, food and clothing, housing, education, &c., &c.! (This report was made some years since.) Again, of the whole number of French dwellings, 348,401, HAVE NO APERTURE SAVE THE DOOR,—1,817,328 have only one window,—1,328,937 have only two windows. 16,000,000 of the population are sheltered in these wretched hovels!

II. In Great Britain 17,000,000 live literally from hand to mouth, each day's subsistence depending wholly on the same day's labor. By sickness or disabling casualty befalling the head of the family, the entire household is at once plunged into destitution.

In London, one-tenth of the whole population are paupers, and twenty or thirty thousand persons rise every morning without knowing where to get a meal or a lodging! The number of paupers on the island is reckoned at two or three millions!

Again, the number of persons charged with serious offences in England is five times greater than 30 years ago—in Ireland, 6 times—and in Scotland 27 times. (Vide Allison.)

The majority of the English agricultural population never enjoy good health beyond 40 years of age. The cause is their being fed with bad food; insufficiently clothed; greatly overworked; and having nothing to hope in life. (Vide Robertson, English Physician.)

The care of paupers and the repression of crime costs England £30,000,000 (\$150,000,000), per year.

In Ireland, out of 8,000,000 population, every third person, during 30 weeks per year, experiences a deficiency of even third rate potatoes!

In Dublin 60,000 persons passed, in one year, through the fever hospital. (A consequence of their physical wretchedness.)

In Glasgow, nearly 30,000 persons are, every Saturday night, brutally drunk, and every twelfth house is a dram-shop. (The direct result and demonstrative proof of misery.)

Symonds, Government Commissioner, speaks thus of the Glasgow wynds or lanes:—"In some of these lodging rooms (visited by night), we found a whole lair of human beings littered along the floor, sometimes 15 or 20, some clothed and others naked; men women and children huddled promiscuously together. Their bed consisted of a layer of straw, musty and intermixed with rag."

There was generally little or no furniture in these places; the sole comfort was a fire. Of this population, to from 15 to 30,000, *theft and prostitution were the chief resources!*

In Liverpool are 7,862 cellars dark, damp, dirty and ill ventilated, in which live 30,300 of the working people.

In Manchester 14,960 of the operatives live in cellars!

In Bury, one-third of the working class are so poor, that in 773 houses, one bed served for 4 persons; in 207, one bed for 5; and in 78, one bed for 6!

In Bristol 46 per cent. of the working classes have but one room for a whole family!

Of the whole 17,800 houses of Leeds, 13,600 are so poor, as to be under £10 rent per year.

In 1837 in Glasgow, 22,000 persons had fewer out of a population of 250,000.

In Sicily, the granary of the ancient Romans, it is not rare for multitudes to be left, at winter's approach, without employment and utterly destitute of means of subsistence; and it is common to find peasants starved to death in the fields with grass in their mouths, wherewith they had endeavored to stay the agonies of hunger!

I might easily multiply statistics like these, but it is needless.

If it be said, that our country is so much better conditioned as not to come within the category of Europe, I reply, that a careful examination of facts would show, that we have far less reason for self-gratulation, than is often taken for granted. Our statistics prove the existence of three or four millions, out of our population, as suffering either comparative or extreme destitution. Hundreds of thousands are destitute of the first rudiments of education, and that vice and crime in all shapes and degrees are extensively prevalent, and rapidly increasing, our newspapers bear amplest testimony. But, above all, it should be considered, that this, being a new country with all the superior advantages thereto pertaining, should in the natural order of events be less infected with poverty, vice and crime, than older lands. But, as before suggested, our social organization being the same, time alone is wanting to evolve the same results here, as everywhere else. A few years more or less, then, should not affect our estimate. My proposition is, that the social system of civilised lands universally is so radically imperfect, that its ultimate result is self-destruction, and that the very salvation of our race imperatively requires a reorganization of this system "from turret to foundation stone."

To establish this principle beyond the possibility of cavil, let us very cursorily sur-

vey the world, as it now stands, at the end of thousands of years devoted to its culture—contrasting its present condition, in sundry particulars, with what it might and should be.

I. How marred and spotted is the surface of our material globe! The polar snows and ices locking up from use one-quarter of its acres; barren, burning sand-wastes covering numberless square miles of the Tropics; vast swamps and bogs in the Temperate Zones poisoning the air with their exhalations; the finest regions in the world tenanted either by beasts of prey and monstrous reptiles, or by unimproveable barbarians, under whose blighting sway the arts of civilised life and man himself dwindle away, and the very soil is swallowed up in deformity and barrenness; such is the aspect now presented by that earth, which was entrusted to man's charge, and which, under suitable culture, might be transformed into one universal garden. Yes polar ices, tropic sands and extra-tropic swamps are all capable of transmutation into genial human abodes by the intelligent, persistent industry of man, and might have been so already, had all the time, toil, and inventive and executive skill, hitherto desecrated to war, been consecrated to this end. But such an achievement, under our existing social organization, is not to be hoped.

This condition of the material globe, symbolises accurately enough that of its inhabitants.

II. Thus, what must be said of a social system, which fails to supply fully the mere physical wants of those submitting to its laws and usages? And such this system is! Not simply thousands, but hundreds of thousands, and even millions, in the most advanced countries, are habitually ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed—insufficiently so for comfort, for health, and for securing their normal vigor and efficiency. And even worse, multitudes every year absolutely perish with famine, and not many years since, in Europe's wealthiest land, the cry of "bread or blood" was abroad on the air, wrung from tens of thousands of hearts maddened by starvation in the very midst of mountain-heaped plenty! Nor is this an accidental or temporary circumstance. It is a permanent fact, and flows unavoidably from our defective organization.

III. That man was endowed with intellectual powers capable of that magnificent development, which characterise Plato, Bacon, Milton, and their compeers, is proof demonstrative, that the normal condition of the race is that, wherein to every individual, are furnished amplest appliances for developing to their highest attainable degree all the capacities bestowed upon him. But

what is the present fact? The measureless majority are educated (technically speaking) scarce at all. "Darkness covereth the earth and gross darkness the people." In short, while multitudes are famishing, and often *perishing*, for lack of the *body's* food, myriads beyond counting are *intellectually* lean and dwarfed for want of the bread adapted to the nobler nature. Alas for a civilization, of which *this* must needs be affirmed!

IV. The normal condition of man is undeniably the amplest liberty. This is established by the fact, that, without liberty, it is utterly impossible for man to reach his highest, completest development, or to enjoy the largest happiness, of which he is susceptible, or, in fine, to become his *intrinsic, total self*. For the accomplishment of these several ends, he must not be evolved and moulded by a man-imposed exterior law, but must unfold spontaneously and freely *from within*, outward—from centre to circumference.

Now, how stands the actual fact?

Despotic governments and arbitrary usages; the despotic paucity of means and opportunities; the compulsory necessity of excessive, everlasting toil for the pittance that barely keeps soul and body together,—such are the fetters, whereby the huge majority of our kind are robbed of the prerogatives and blisses of freedom. It is a lovely vision, this freedom, and all human hearts pant naturally for it, as the desert-traveller for the gushing fountain. Nor can any social system be counted the true one, which does not, for every child of Adam, transform this lovely phantom into a flesh-and-blood-fact!

V. Once more, man's normal condition is one of universal order and virtue and peace, and cordial reciprocities. What is his *existing state*?

For answer, I may point you to the prison and the gallows, that cast their shadow across every community; to the criminal courts in everlasting session; to the brothel disgracing and cankering every city; to the Bedlam "making night hideous" with its gibberings; to the poorhouse everywhere *punishing* that pauperism, which the best wisdom of the highest civilization has hitherto failed to *prevent*. If *such*, in spite of all concealments, are the *symptoms breaking out on the surface*, what must be the amount of *moral disease*, in all kinds and degrees, which is ravaging within the *vitals* of our social life?

I have thus, in the most cursory manner, glanced at existing evils and imperfections; at the same time intimating my conviction, that we cannot look for any essential melioration of the same under our present social organization. We have seen, that the

Shakers have succeeded in banishing these evils and imperfections from their borders. I think, moreover, I have shown, that they have accomplished these results, not through the *objectionable* principles of their system, but through principles, which might work all their desirable effects in combination with all we most prize in our own existing system.

My inferences from all this narrative and discussion must be too obvious to the reader to need further words.

WESTMINSTER HALL AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

We reprint some very interesting paragraphs from the London correspondence of the *Daily News*.

The manner of conducting business in English law courts is reported by some persons to be far superior to the American mode, but my observations do not confirm that assertion. The jury trials for the county of Middlesex are held in Westminster Hall, and people are admitted into the court rooms during the hours of business. My curiosity led me to these legal apartments, lately, and while in them I made some notes of the proceedings. The rooms are small—in fact, there is not a court room in Philadelphia so deficient in accommodations and so illy adapted to the purposes for which they are designed as are those of this county of Middlesex, the most populous in England, and which lies wholly in London, or nearly so. That of "Queen's Bench" is small, indifferently ventilated and not very well lighted. The lawyers, as is well known, wear wigs and gowns in English courts. There were ten or a dozen of them present, and each and all wore a long black robe and gray wig. Their appearance was a source of amusement to me, and some of them, who were quite young men, looked extremely ridiculous in the disguise.

The dress is presumed to give to the wearer an air of dignity and gravity, but in my humble judgment, it produces a result immediately the reverse of what is intended. The mere youth has the manner of a disguised monkey, and the middle aged man, in too many cases, that of an "old fogey." The Court business was not conducted with that high majesty which is supposed to belong to the Queen's Bench, and there was as much noise and chatting among the barristers as would be noticed in a Court-room of some remote county of Illinois. The lawyers when speaking gave distinct utterance to their thoughts, and used good language, but

they did not exhibit much eloquence. Their manner of address was embarrassed, and none spoke with the ease and freedom of American pleaders.

The lawyers made their speeches prose, by the frequent use of the words "My Lord," and "My Lord Judge." The first they pronounced with affectation, as would one of our elegant dandies, if conversing with a fine lady. They uttered it mouthing, thus: "me *lud*, me *lud*, judge," as if incapable of saying, "Lord." This was introduced into the speech, parenthetically, and whenever it was possible to get it in, and when the words were uttered, it was with a slight ungraceful inclination forward of the person.

By a pass, obtained from the American Minister, I was admitted to the strangers' gallery of the House of Peers, during an evening of the last week. The room itself is gorgeously fitted up. It exhausts the whole range of Gothic and Saracenic ornament, and exhibits a profusion of carving, gilding, painting, and decorative art. It is a small oblong square, with lofty ceiling and suitable appointments. The walls are elegantly embellished, and at regular intervals along them, above the ladies' gallery are brackets, on which are to be placed bronze statues of the barons who wrung Magna Charta from King John. Three of these figures are in their places—the other brackets are still vacant. At the west end of the room is the Queen's throne, a highly elaborate piece of work, with a profusion of gold, and a rich canopy. It is separated from the floor of the House by a fine railing; outside of which, and in front of the throne, is the famous "wool-sack." The seats for the Lords rise one above the other, to the right and left of the room. They are like settees, or lounges, with cushions covered with red morocco, and each member takes his seat where he chooses. The clerk's desk is on a level with the "wool-sack," at the eastern part of the chamber—the reporter's gallery over the clerk's place, and back of that, against the eastern wall, at a considerable elevation, is the stranger's gallery, fitted up with benches, cushioned, and so located as to command a view of the proceedings below; and very fair for hearing. On the two long sides of the room are the ladies' gallery and that for the members of the "House of Commons;" but all are very small, and not so convenient nor yet so large as the accommodations for visitors in the United States Senate Chamber at Washington.

The Sessions are usually convened at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and are continued, as circumstances allow, from ten until one or two in the morning. The

bishops have seats in this body, and when I was present there were fifteen of them there. The house was thinly attended until sundown, when the number of lords was much augmented. I expected to see dignity and decorum in such an assemblage, but confess that I was entirely disappointed. The bishops occupy benches to themselves, wear their robes of office, and sit bare-headed. They were orderly. Some persons may consider it strange that I should say so, taking for granted that a body so eminent as that of the English House of Lords would be conducted with the utmost decorum. But such is not the case. The United States Senate, at all times, is a more dignified and a better conducted assemblage than the House of Peers. My own observations, and those of others capable of judging, lead me to this conclusion, which is correct. The Lords sit with their hats on, some of them lounge at full length on the benches, with the greatest free and easy indifference, or sit with their hats cocked over their eyes, playing with their canes or umbrellas, which articles they take into the House with them. Some are busy conversing, others laughing, and some asleep. Several of the younger sprigs were sprawling at full length, with canes in their fingers and hats cocked, as you would expect to see a company of bar-room loafers. Members were constantly going out or coming in while the preliminary proceedings were being attended to, and it was only when something of really great interest was before the House that silence was obtained. As a body there was neither dignity, refinement, nor decorum in it; and as for ability, the Senate of any State in the Confederacy would show more. There were about two hundred in attendance, the majority of whom were bald-headed men.

Lord Cardigan, a young man with light moustache, and an affected manner of speaking, addressed the House at some length. He is an officer in the army, and a hearty hater of the Catholics. He became painfully tedious before he concluded, and nearly always began a sentence with "my luds, eh, ah—a," and experienced difficulty in giving utterance to those sounds.

Great men oftener exist in imagination than in reality, and although I am not silly enough for a moment to suppose that talent and greatness are to be found in the families of the nobility, I did expect to see a greater display of refinement in the English House of Lords, than is to be seen there. Nor is it surprising that I should. A nation which prides itself on good manners, should set the example in all places; and if the English nobles are not men of superior acquirements, they should at least have sense enough to

conduct themselves with dignity in their Senate Chamber, and not lounge as carelessly there, as they would in the parlour of a village inn. What would we think, did we see our Senators at Washington, lounging about the Senate Chamber with their hats on and caps in their hand, talking about the last horse race, and paying no attention to their duties as legislators. Methinks a petition would soon be sent to them to mend their manners. Such a display of rowdiness would be almost as bad as throwing inkstands at each others' heads, an amusement once common in the House of Commons, but now abolished; and it would be as well if the nation were to abolish lounging and foppery from the House of Lords.

TWILIGHT.

I love when evening shades descend,
And dim the landscape late so fair,
When night and day together blend,
When spirit whispers fill the air,
Alone, in some secluded bow'r,
To dream away the twilight hour.

'T is fair to view at early morn
Sol rising from his ocean bed,
Whose golden tints all earth adorn,
And light and life on nature shed:
But dearer far the twilight hour
To those who feel its mystic pow'r.

'T is sweet to float on Ocean's breast,
When Luna's pale and silv'ry rays,
Gleam on those waves that never rest,
Like memories of bygone days:
Yet dearer, sweeter, holier far,
To me the modest twilight star.

Some love to join the mazy dance,
Or in the sprightly waltz to move,
Where eyes, with soft resistless glance,
Melt e'en the coldest hearts to love.
Yet oh! still dearer to my view
The flow'r that sips the twilight dew.

Dear is to some the midnight rout,
Where thought is lost in reckless glee—
The jovial song, the boisterous shout
Of Bacchanalian revelry:
Yet such have never known the pow'r
That lingers in the twilight hour.

Yes! when Death's summons I obey,
My spirit longs to take its flight—
Not in the dazzling glare of day—
Not in the sable gloom of night—
But in the twilight hour I love;
When most I'm fit to soar above.

ROBERT THE MAGNIFICENT.

(FROM THE CHARIVARI.)

Robert the Magnificent is sumptuous, and he is poor. Let us understand—he is sumptuous for others, not for himself: he lives for the public. The embarrassments of his private life, and the inner privations of the individual, trouble him little. He has no care about being happy, but only to appear so. A happiness unknown to the world, is a worse thing for him than hidden misery.

His existence is a problem to those who have not sounded him to the bottom, and that is a difficult task. Nothing is known of his possessing a fortune; whither he comes, or where he goes, no one knows; he does nothing, or so little that you are inclined to believe him, when he says he only works to avoid idleness; and yet he is apparently well dressed, and well gloved: he even wears an eyeglass appended to a chain of problematic metal; but which you will not be unkind enough to take for pinchbeck.

He dines on twenty sous at a table d'hôte, in an anonymous quarter, at the corner of a deserted street, and enters there at all sorts of fantastical hours, and only when he is sure no one sees him. He would feel that he had lost his reputation, if he was seen by the valet of any one of his companions of the Boulevard du Gand.

For Robert is a *Vicour*, at least he passes for one, and that suffices for him. Between six or seven you will find him perched on the portico of the Café de Paris, torturing his gums as if he had dined sumptuously, while, in reality, he has not had perhaps his daily porridge.

On stepple-chase days he shines, at the frequented places, with spurs on his boots, and a riding whip in his hand, to give himself the air of a member of the Jockey Club.

In the evening, the first on the ground, he reads the *Moniteur Parisien* and the *Messagers des Chambres*, to glean that information which he will transmit to you as having been derived on the spot: and, if necessary to convince you, he will appeal to the paper, and assume the paternity of the article from which he has been reciting.

He is at all fêtes which cost nothing, and at all gratuitous assemblies; you see him at all first performances, if not in the Theatre, why, still better, in the green-room: he glides in under this or that pretext, for no door-keeper would be so indiscreet as to hinder the passage of a man who stalks in as if entering his own house. He is taken for a stockholder, or at least a subscriber. If he has not the *entrée*, he ought to have it,

and to him that is precisely the same thing.

At the breaking up of the Opera, or the Italian Theatre, you find him stationed in the vestibule, pretending to pass everybody in review, while, in fact, he wishes to be passed in review by everybody. He accosts you, if you are the last to leave, takes your arm, and is in extacies over Grisi's voice, or the movements of Taglioni. He is ravished, transported, and sings out of tune an air from the popular opera, which he has learned from a street organ.

Be there, in any section, a *matinée* or a *soirée*, either dramatic, poetic or musical, Robert may invariably be seen dangling there in the prescribed black coat and yellow gloves. He will pass twenty times before the door, will enter the vestibule, and will station himself there as if his *entrée* was obstructed by the crowd; there he will learn from the mouths of those going in and out those details which he will to-morrow pretend to know better than themselves. The next morning he will get up two hours later, under pretence of reposing from the fatigue of the *fête* at which he has assisted in imagination; but that suffices him, provided it be taken for a fact.

In winter, especially, his diplomacy fatigues him. He can't decently dispense with going to the ball of the Opera, that is to say, with appearing to go there. So he tramps the pavement of the gallery of the Horologe from eleven in the evening, consuming a cigar, as if impatient at not seeing the door open—the sill of which he will not cross over.

Those who are not in the secret ask from what source he draws so much money to support these reputed prodigalities.

For nothing in his exterior life betrays his pretended habits of luxury and magnificence. Had Humann cut his clothes, they could not fit better: perhaps, indeed, they came from his shop, although Robert is not one of his customers. There are certain young men of family to whom nothing is sacred, not even one of Humann's coats, and who sell proportions of their wardrobe to their own profit, but at two hundred per cent. loss to their respected governors who pay the bills. It is from the traffickers in these bargains that Robert derives a costume both magnificent and cheap. As to his jewelry, as we have said, it is suspicious. No matter, so it produces the effect!

The world believes that he is domiciled to perfection. He talks complaisantly of the extent and elegance of his apartments. He announces, every six months, that he is about to change his furniture! Who dares contradict him? If you go with him to the door, you are struck by the beauty of the

house; it is a palace; his skill had already apprized you that he lived in one of the handsomest streets of the most fashionable quarter of the capital. But he has always an excuse for not asking you in, out of discretion—for he divides his apartments with a lady of note, who dares not receive visits. The truth is, he would only have to offer you an ascent to the sixth story, and the pleasure of stretching yourself in an old arm chair, from which the hair is bursting. Visitors are also further convinced by the porter's peremptory answer, "Monsieur has gone out!" or, if it is early in the morning, by dismissing them, in a tone which seems to be mysterious, with, "Monsieur has not come in yet!"

You understand, that, to procure this obedience, Robert has seduced the porter with the price of gold: he gives him six francs a month to clean his boots, and take care of his room. Relations and creditors, who are in the secret, make no inquiries, but go up by the servants' staircase: it is good enough for them.

Robert the Magnificent, is then, neither a millionaire, nor a sinecurist, nor a gambler, nor a spy. All his resources are reduced to an income of eighteen hundred francs. It is on this enormous capital that he bases his system of economical luxury—his plan of cheap profusion. His happiness is, however, complete, for everybody believes it except himself. It is true he is not any fatter for this.

If ever he loses these eighteen hundred francs, he will speak of himself as utterly ruined, which will be the truth; but his misery will not be without consolation, for he will hear folks around him say, "That man has squandered away his weight in gold." Then his joy will equal his misery, for people will believe he has been magnificently ruined.

Poor Robert the Magnificent!

AUTOGRAPH LETTER.

[Original Letter from Benjamin Franklin to John Bartram, hitherto unpublished.]

LONDON, July 17, 1771.

MY GOOD AND DEAR OLD FRIEND—

I received your kind letter of April 29, wherein you complain of your friends here not writing to you. I had written a letter to you on the 20th of the same month, per Osborne, which I hope is long since got to hand; but I confess I ought to have written sooner to acknowledge the receipt of the Box of Seeds, whereby I was much obliged.

As to your pension, there is not, I believe, the least reason for you to apprehend its being stopped. I know not who receives it for you here, or I should quicken them in writing to you. But there is no instance in this King's reign of taking away a pension once granted, unless for some great offence. Young is in no esteem here as far as I can learn.

I wish your daughter success with her silkworms. I am persuaded nothing is wanting in our country for the produce of silk but skill; which will be obtained by persevering till we are instructed by experience.

You take notice of the failing of your eyesight. Perhaps you have not spectacles that suit you, and it is not easy there to provide one's self. People, too, when they go to a shop for glasses seldom give themselves time to chuse with care, and if their eyes are not rightly suited, they are injured. Therefore I send you a complete set from No. 1 to 13, that you may try them at your ease; and having pitched on such as suit you best at present, reserve those of higher numbers for future use as your eyes grow still older; and with the lower numbers, which are for younger people, you may oblige some other friends.

My love to good Mrs. Bartram and your children.

I am as ever,

Your faithful friend and servant,
B. FRANKLIN.

MR. BARTRAM.

P. S.—July 30. On enquiring I find your pension continues, and will be regularly paid as it becomes due, to the person you empower to receive it for you.

JENNY LIND TO THE AMERICANS.

I.

I dwell in Sweden far away,
God granted I could sing,
I left my home for many years,
O'er Europe travelling:
I sang to Kings and Queens, but tried
To be of use to all;
Pleasing the great—yet off I hope
With profit to the small.

II.

But from my childhood I had heard,
That far across the wave,
A nation called America,
A people free and brave,
Was flourishing in happiness,
In brotherhood and peace;
Where bloomed that tree of Liberty,
That bloomed of yore in Greece.

III.

Her fame resounded in my ears—
My strain was echoed there—
I longed to see America—
My song she longed to share—
But, hark!—my heart's most ardent wish!—
Across the ocean roars
A mighty voice: "America
Invites thee to her shores!"

IV.

I fly in joyful haste—and dare
The ocean's angry brawl—
God lands me safely on your shores—
I stand amid you all—
And now these gleaming eyes proclaim,
A thousand tongues besides—
I'm welcome to your land! your homes!
Your holy fire-sides!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Planter's Northern Bride. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Parry & McMillan, Successors to A. Hart: Philadelphia.

— Mrs. Lee Hentz is undeniably one of our very best *novellette-ists*. Without much intricacy, or special ingenuity of plot, her stories are always interesting and hold the reader fast from title page to finis. With much purity of sentiment and taste; with some power of characterisation and an easy, graceful style; she is generally fortunate in her selection of incidents and scenes, and for the most part we lay down the finished volumes with bright, cheerful feelings and in excellent humor with both the authoress and the world.

In the last named item the present work is somewhat of an exception, in consequence of her dwelling, so much on a vexed and painful theme. The book, in fact, must have been called forth by Mrs. Stowe's world-renowned "Cabin," and is a systematic effort to exhibit the *sunny side* of slavery. We, of course, have no objection to this, and we can freely say, that if Southern Slavery be, in *literal, existing fact*, what she represents 't, and if Slaveholders, as a body, do actually count themselves "missionaries" pledged to *civilize and Christianize the heathen blacks into a fitness for freedom*, as she would have us believe; then the North are mightily deceived about the matter and are disquieting themselves far more than occasion warrants. For ourselves we must hold our judgments in suspense, but can cordially recommend the volumes to the reader.

Poetical Works of Edward Young. 2 Volumes. Pp. 710. Little, Brown & Co. Boston, 1864.

— We have here another handsome issue from the same distinguished press, which

furnished the edition of Churchill above mentioned. In two neat, convenient duodecimos we have those poetical works of Young, on which his fame has principally rested. The most important of these are the *Night Thoughts* and the *Satires*. These once held a very high place in the public estimation, more especially the former of the two. Their reputation is, at present, very far below its original height. Bulwer, indeed, in his "conversations with an ambitious student in ill health," strove hard to stem the downward current by a series of criticisms on the *Night Thoughts*, eulogistic almost without qualification. He produced, however, but little effect on the prevalent opinion. Young unquestionably has considerable vigor of thought; and somewhat fertile, though gloomy imagination; and a fluent, copious, energetic style of utterance, disfigured, however, by a tendency to turgidness and bombast. Like so many other of his poetic contemporaries, he is not destined, we think, to immortality.

Some, doubtless, may yet be found, to whom his writings impart both pleasure and instruction. To all such, and indeed to readers universally, we can commend the present edition as one not likely to be surpassed.

This book is for sale in Philadelphia, by Messrs. John Pennington & Son, Fifth street, above Chestnut.

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill. By W. YOUNG, F. R. S. 3 Volumes. Little, Brown & Co. Boston, 1854.

— It is a highly commendable enterprise, which through various publishers, is now in progress, that of giving us well-edited, convenient-sized and excellently printed editions of the authors heretofore reckoned among the British Classics. It may be said, that the materials are thus preparing to enable the critical public to make selections of those works, or portions of works, which have a *permanent* and *intrinsic* worth, instead of the interest, which *temporary* and *fictitious* associations may have given them at their first appearance. The present volumes constitute an exceedingly neat, handsome edition of nearly 1000 pp. quindecimo, of an author once greatly celebrated, but now considerably *passé*. The contents are chiefly satiric verses, and for this very reason more likely to possess a *contemporary*, than a *lasting* popularity. We confess to being no great admirers or lovers of Churchill. His personal character was not such, as to qualify him for reproving the vices and follies of society with authority. Some considerable knowledge of the world and considerable masculine vigor and facile dexterity of versification are displayed by the

writer, and for these let due credit be given him. We suspect, however, that the principal interest of the volumes will attach to the copious notes by the editor, comprising numerous anecdotes concerning contemporary persons and events, which to the scholar and reader of leisure may be amusing, if nothing more. This is not very high praise, but it is all we can spare.

For sale here also by John Pennington & Son.

The War between Turkey and Russia, &c. By A. SCHUMBLER. John Walk: Philadelphia, 1854.

— In this 68 pp. pamphlet is condensed a large amount of information concerning a subject, which at present deeply interests the whole civilized world. It would seem to have been penned by a military man, and much of it requires, for its *complete* apprehension, more acquaintance with war-tactics than we possess. Enough, however, remains to compensate richly the general reader for its perusal. The author gives us a brief sketch of the past history of both countries, as also of their present condition; glances at the various foregone wars between the two; describes their present military resources; delineates the features of the regions about to become the theatre of conflict; suggests the probable course the belligerents will take, &c., &c.

Here are topics, which certainly *ought* to interest the public; and handled, as they are, with apparent fulness of knowledge and executive aptitude, we think the essay will be cordially welcomed.

For sale in Philadelphia, by G. A. Correa & Co., 232 Chestnut street.

SANS-SOUCI.

Louis Blanc and his History of the Revolution.

— The London Correspondent of the *Tribune* gives us the following interesting information:—

"M. Louis Blanc still works on undauntedly in his exile, in a small back drawing-room, not luxuriously furnished, situate in Harley street, Cavendish Square. He labors many hours each day at his great work on the French Revolution. He visits but little in private, and is still less in public. He may be seen often in the reading-room of the British Museum, where he finds valuable materials for his work, as our collection is far richer in records of the memorable era of which he treats, than even that of Paris. Literature will be all the wealthier for his exile. He has already written three volumes of this history since he has been in England, as he now gives us the fifth volume. I have no doubt that this

will be *the History of the Revolution par excellence*. It will extend to twelve volumes: at least, that is the number which M. Louis Blanc contemplates. The present volume opens with the massacre of the inhabitants of Nancy, by the butcher Bouillé, closing with another massacre—that of the Champ de Mars, where the National Guard fired on an unarmed multitude of the people. What a brilliant array of gifts M. Louis Blanc brings to the compilation of his history. He appears to combine the force of Michelet, the perspicuity of Guizot, with the poetic grace of Lamartine. No writer hitherto has so grasped the meaning of that epoch, and possessed such profound insight into its springs of action. Above all writers does he penetrate and reveal the causes and undercurrents of Revolution, and where others stop to admire or shriek with horror at effects, with indefatigable perseverance, scalpel in hand, he dissects, until he lays bare to you the secret cause. Thus he gives so much prominence to the atrocities of the enemies of that revolution that you must see at a glance how great were the motives and incentives of the people in avenging the crimes perpetrated against them, and much is explained that may have hitherto appeared inexplicable. In almost every instance the crimes of the mass were the echoes of blows that had been struck at them, only reverberated again and again: the atrocity of the one, or the few, being avenged by the many. This volume is equal to the others for artistic power, and contains some glorious writing, full of novel views of the subject; startling, but profound. It contains living pictures of Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins, executed with wondrous subtlety and genius. Success to its author: may he live to accomplish his work, and may his term of exile have a speedy end. As there have been so many attempts to sketch the person of M. Louis Blanc, and all so varying, the public must have a very confused idea concerning him, and perhaps I may be excused if I give you an etching. He is nearly five feet in height, (I have heard it stated that he was not four), formed with such symmetry that you soon forget his stature. His chest is full and fine, and his hands and feet are peculiarly small. His complexion and hair are dark. He has a clear healthful color in his firm cheek. His face has a touch of the Hebrew in it, or perhaps it is derived from the Spanish in his blood. There is something stern at times in its aspect, but when he smiles it wears a look peculiarly sweet. I may say, it has a touching, child-like simplicity. There is a strange tone in his voice which seems to feel about the heart as if in search of the tenderest string. It is only when you hear

him in public that he dilates into the man who could sway a people and smilingly fold himself round with the Parisian multitude as in a mantle. There is a strange fire in his dark eyes, and his head is a feast for a phrenologist. M. Louis Blanc one day told me that the first of his countrymen whom he met on arriving in England in 1848, was Louis Napoleon, at Morley's Hotel, who rushed upon him and embraced him with tears, assuring him that he too was a Socialist, and would endeavor to realize in practice M. Louis Blanc's social-theory, in case he should attain the presidential power. He has redeemed his promise by the murder and banishment of Louis Blanc's friends and followers wherever he could lay hands on them. However he goes his way, and it may chance that they too may meet again, as then, the one landing in exile, the other returning home, only the personal position may be reversed."

A Correspondent in the Moon?

— *The Home Journal* in announcing the commencement of a new volume, thus enumerates its various future contents:—

"Besides the original productions of the Editors—the Foreign and Domestic Correspondence of a large list of contributors—the spice of the European Magazines—the selections of the most interesting publications of the day—the brief novels—the piquant stories—the sparkling wit and amusing anecdote—the news and gossip of the Parisian papers—the personal sketches of public characters—the stirring scenes of the world we live in—the chronicle of the news for ladies—the fashions and fashionable gossip—the facts and outlines of news—the pick of English information—the wit, humor and pathos of the times—the essays on life, literature, society and morals, and the usual variety of careful choosings from the wilderness of English periodical literature, criticism, poetry, etc.—several new and attractive features of remarkable interest will enrich and give value to the new series of the work."

Very Late American News.

— A newspaper in the French and Spanish languages, called *Le Continent European*, lately established in this city, contains the following passages under its American heading:—

"Après une discussion des plus orageuses et qui a duré plusieurs jours, Le Sénat a adopté à la seconde lecture le bill des territoires (Nebraska) à la majorité de 29 voix contre 12.

"L'acharnement avec lequel les ennemis de l'esclavage avaient combattu l'adoption du bill, finit par dégénérer en lutte ouverte après la dernière séance.

“Le combat extra parlementaire eut pour résultat de renvoyer chez eux Mess Toombs, Douglas, Mason, Geller et plusieurs autres sénateurs, avec des marques sanglantes.”

After a very stormy discussion which lasted many days, the Senate passed through the second reading the bill respecting the territories (Nebraska), by a majority of 29 to 12.

The bitterness with which the enemies of slavery had resisted the passage of the bill, ended by degenerating into an open struggle after the last sitting.

The extra-parliamentary combat resulted in sending to their homes Messrs. Toombs, Douglass, Mason, Geller, and many other senators, with bloody marks.

Are such misrepresentations to be tolerated?

Gen. Morris's Poems

— have recently been published in a volume in New York. The author of “Woodman, Spare that Tree,” deserved the honour; but we hope, for the sake of his poetical reputation, that the verses to the tune of Shinbone Alley are not included. The last verse is as fine a specimen of *bathos* as any in Martinus Scriblerus:

“Cold her feelings, cold the weather,
Cold her faded form;
Her heart and morning broke together
In the storm!”

The music requires the word *the* in the last line to be sung as a word of two syllables! A good imitation of this verse runs thus:

“Hot his temper, hot the weather,
Hot his purry form;
His bank and breeches burst together
In thuh-huh storm!”

The Russian Government.

— When Talleyrand was once asked by a lady to explain to her the nature of the Russian Government, he replied, readily, “*C'est une monarchie absolue limitée par l'assassinat*,” an absolute monarchy limited by assassination. The definition is as memorable and expressive as it is clear. He had studied the annals of the house of Romanoff and spoke humorously but truly. The witticism is an historical fact. The first and second Demetrius, the Czarovitch Alexis (son of Peter the Great), Ivan or John the Fifth, Peter the Second, Peter the Third (the elder brother of Paul, a child), and Paul himself, are sufficient examples to instruct coming generations, and to speak as a handwriting on the wall, to warn their successors. It was long thought by many that the last emperor, Alexander, might be included in the list. His death was mysterious and unexpected, which occasioned a general outcry of “Murder”

throughout Europe; but M. Schnitzler, in an able and most interesting work, lately republished in England, has supplied ample and authentic details to convince us that, in his case, typhus fever anticipated the more legitimate effect of secret conspiracy, and that, had not natural death intervened, he was equally marked out, like his predecessors, for the assassin's dagger. He had offended some of the high military officers and influential nobility, and after his death, the plot which was intended to destroy him, exploded, and was put down by Nicholas.—*Bentley's Miscellany* for March.

Litrary Belle.

— From the *Freeman's Journal*, May 7th, 1783.

The Subscription is begun, and to be continued at John Mason and Co.'s Upholstery Store in Front Street, next door but one to the Friend's Meeting House, for the Grand Exhibition that is to make its appearance through the streets of this City on a proper day, when finished, viz: A Superb Sopha mounted on a Triumphal Car, drawn by Six White Horses, in honour to the American Army with Portraits of the Principal Officers that have persevered in the present contest.

When a sufficient number of subscribers appear, the work will begin, and not before. Gentlemen's generosity will dictate to them how much to subscribe: for according to the subscription so will be the appearance. And as all due respect is to be paid to the ladies, they have an opportunity of displaying their ingenuity by preparing garlands, curious knots, and artificial flowers to decorate the car. If any gentleman is so happy as to have a white horse or horses, and will be so obliging as to lend them, with a likely postillion for the day and evening, they will greatly contribute to the grandeur of the procession. All the music, both vocal and instrumental, will be procured, with thirteen large torches, and thirteen times thirteen boys drest in white with small ones, &c.

As it will take a considerable time to prepare and execute the above, we hope all those gentlemen that wish to perpetuate the memory of those officers who have fought, bled and died for the welfare of America, will be speedy in subscribing so that the above plan may be executed in time.

A plan of the above may be seen at the store.

N. B.—The young gentlemen that intend to grace the procession are desired to call and enter their names.

First Agitation of a Maine Liquor Law.

— Extracts from the Presentment of the Grand Jury of Philadelphia, Jan. 3, 1744.

“The Grand Jury do therefore-state, think

it their duty to complain of the enormous increase of public houses in Philadelphia, especially since it now appears by the Constable's Returns that there are upwards of one hundred that have licenses, which with the retailers make the houses that sell strong drink, by our computation, near a tenth part of the city; a proportion that appears to us much too great, since by their number they impoverish one another, as well as the neighbourhoods they live in, and for want of better customers may, through necessity, be under greater temptations to entertain apprentices, servants, and even negroes."

After presenting a number of persons for keeping disorderly houses, "The Jury observed with concern in the course of the evidence that a neighbourhood in which some of these disorderly houses are, is so generally thought to be vitiated as to obtain among the common people, the shocking name of *Hell Town*."

Landscape by Montalant.

— We have lately seen in the Gallery of Mr. Earle in Chestnut street, below Ninth, where it is still on exhibition, a landscape painted by Mr. J. O. Montalant, a native artist. We consider this the finest painting yet executed by him, both as regards its design and execution. Its size has allowed the artist room to exercise his skill, and convey effects that a canvass of more limited dimensions impedes if it does not prevent. The rocks, herbage, foliage of the trees in the foreground, are finished with great care. The castle on the hill, the hamlet at its foot, the winding river, mountains in the distance, the warm light of sunset thrown in rays over the still scene make in combination one of the most beautiful, dreamy scenes we have ever noted. The effect produced by the sun-light piercing the cloud and lighting up parts of the landscape, while other portions, by its absence, are greatly toned down to mellow, softer light, we cannot sufficiently praise. It shows a close earnest study of Nature, which pursued will soon rank Mr. Montalant, although so young an artist, with the very first of his profession.

We hope that this landscape will be sent to the Annual Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, which opens on the 15th of this month.

Root's Daguerreotypes.

— Whatever may be said of numerous other heliographic operators, Root is beyond all question a veritable Artist. Had he continued at the easel, where he commenced, we have no doubt that he would have achieved eminence in portraiture, if not in historic and landscape painting. These are

not merely our individual sentiments, but those of many of our first Artists and Amateurs, as we happen to know.

His preeminent heliographic skill has not only penetrated all quarters of this country, but has become extensively celebrated in Europe. We recently examined two largest-sized portraits, taken in that *crayon* style of which he alone has the patent in this city, which were got up under quite interesting circumstances. A foreign gentleman, now travelling in this country, wished to procure specimens of our most perfect *heliographs* to exhibit on his return home, in demonstration of the progress made by this Art here. One of our most distinguished Artists directed him to Root. The pictures we saw were taken for this gentleman, who was in the highest degree charmed by their *artistic excellence*, as well as their *fidelity as portraits*. He was himself a most intelligent connoisseur, and his judgment was a most cogent testimony to the worth of these pictures. It hardly need be said, that our own decision agreed perfectly with his. To strangers and citizens we can frankly recommend Root's Gallery, 140 Chestnut street, as a place richly worth visiting for an examination of its artistic treasures.

A trio of Pretty Books.

— G. A. Correa & Co., 232, Chestnut street, have just received three exquisitely printed 18 mo. volumes, of uniform style, containing choice extracts of English, French, and German poetry, and entitled as follows:—

1. The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, a collection of English poetry, chiefly modern. Pp. 638.

This volume is edited by that accomplished English scholar and distinguished German poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath.

2. Album Lyrique de la France Moderne — par Eugene Borel. Pp. 434.

3. Deutscher Dichterwald. (The Grove of German Poetry.) Edited by George Scherer. Steel frontispiece. Pp. 624.

An Unpleasant Situation.

— A morning paper, in giving an account of the casting of Mr. Wood's iron statue of Henry Clay, says, that

"Three immense *ladies*, containing respectively 7,000, 4,000 and 3,000 pounds of hot iron, were suspended over the mould by means of a crank."

Remarkable Coincidence.

— It has come to light that the petrified man was named Peter. Whilst then every one has been laughing at the Showman's transparent sign, "THE PETRIFICATION OF A MAN INTO STONE," it turns out oddly enough that his expression is not in the least tautological.

A Singular Bill.

— A bill is before the New York Legislature, which provides that every person who shall obtain a livelihood by fishing, shall, towards the close of the fishing season, impregnate the spawn taken from at least two dozen female fish, with the milt taken from the same number of male fish, and plant the same upon their fishing ground, in the presence of a justice of the peace living in the district. The penalty for the violation of this provision is to be a fine of fifty dollars.

To the Caudles and Coquardeaus.

— California is the blissful land for you. The following is a short but authentic history of a union and its dissolution in that State: Married Jan. 19th, '54. Quarrelled on Feb. 20th, '54. Petition for divorce filed by plaintiff on Feb. 24th, '54. Defendant's answer filed same day. Referred same day. Report of referees recommending divorce filed Feb. 25th. Submitted to the court same day. Decree rendered, and parties divorced Feb. 28th, '54.

Charles Dickens

— commences about the present date the publication of a new novel by him, to be entitled "Hard Times." It is to appear weekly in *Household Words*, the whole to be completed in five months. Dickens's recent inquiry into the Preston strike is said to have originated the title, and, in some respects, suggested the turn of the story.

Domestic Colloquy.

— "Going out again this evening, Mr. Tompkins?"

"Yes, my dear, to a stag-party at Mr. Crummels's."

"Stag-party—humph—I guess you mean a stagger-party—you brute."

The Charleston Weekly News and New Orleans Weekly Delta

— are certainly two of the most interesting and best edited hebdomadals of the South.

A New York Exchange Paper

— should not require us to call attention to the impropriety of using our matter, and avoiding the acknowledgment of its source.

Curt Review.

— The *Rockland Gazette*, reviewing a new work, comes to the point thus: "We received a book entitled 'Arabella, a Tale of Tenderness.' The author is a fool."

Chestnut Street Theatre.

— We regret to see that most excellent actress upon the American Stage, Miss Davenport, playing to anything less than

overflowing houses; but, from some cause or other, her audiences at the Chestnut Street Theatre are rather thin. This lady's merits are very great. Perhaps we do not go too far in saying that she is the only woman at present upon our stage who completely fills one part; who leaves nothing behind in her conception and delivery of one character in a standard play, that has become a part of the English language. Her Letitia Hardy, in the *Belle's Stratagem*, is the part we allude to. During her present engagement, however, she has been going through a course of modern tragedies, chiefly of the Franco-Roman school—classic scenes, adapted from the French. In *Valeria*, one of these pieces, she is very good, although she supports the burthen of two characters. *Valeria*, the wife of *Claudius* the Roman Emperor, is secretly in love with *Silius*, a Senator. *Lysiscia*, a Greek girl, bearing a wonderful resemblance to the empress arrives at Rome. *Agrippina*, *Cæsar's* niece, who aspires to the succession of her own son *Domitian* to the throne, in lieu of *Valeria's* child, manages by means of confounding the emperor's mind with an orgy of the Grecian courtesan's (whom he believes from the likeness, to be his wife), to bring about domestic dissensions, which, in a short time, end with the death of *Valeria* and the frustration of her hopes for her child. *Miss Davenport's* representations of her two characters of the empress and the woman of pleasure, are exceedingly good. In the one she is all majesty, elevation, or imperial sternness, tempered only by the woman's feelings of mother or mistress, in which, however, she never sinks the queen. In the other, it is all *abandon* and reckless passion. We have rarely seen better acting (though we did not much like the play), and we cordially commend our readers to attend some of *Miss Davenport's* performances.

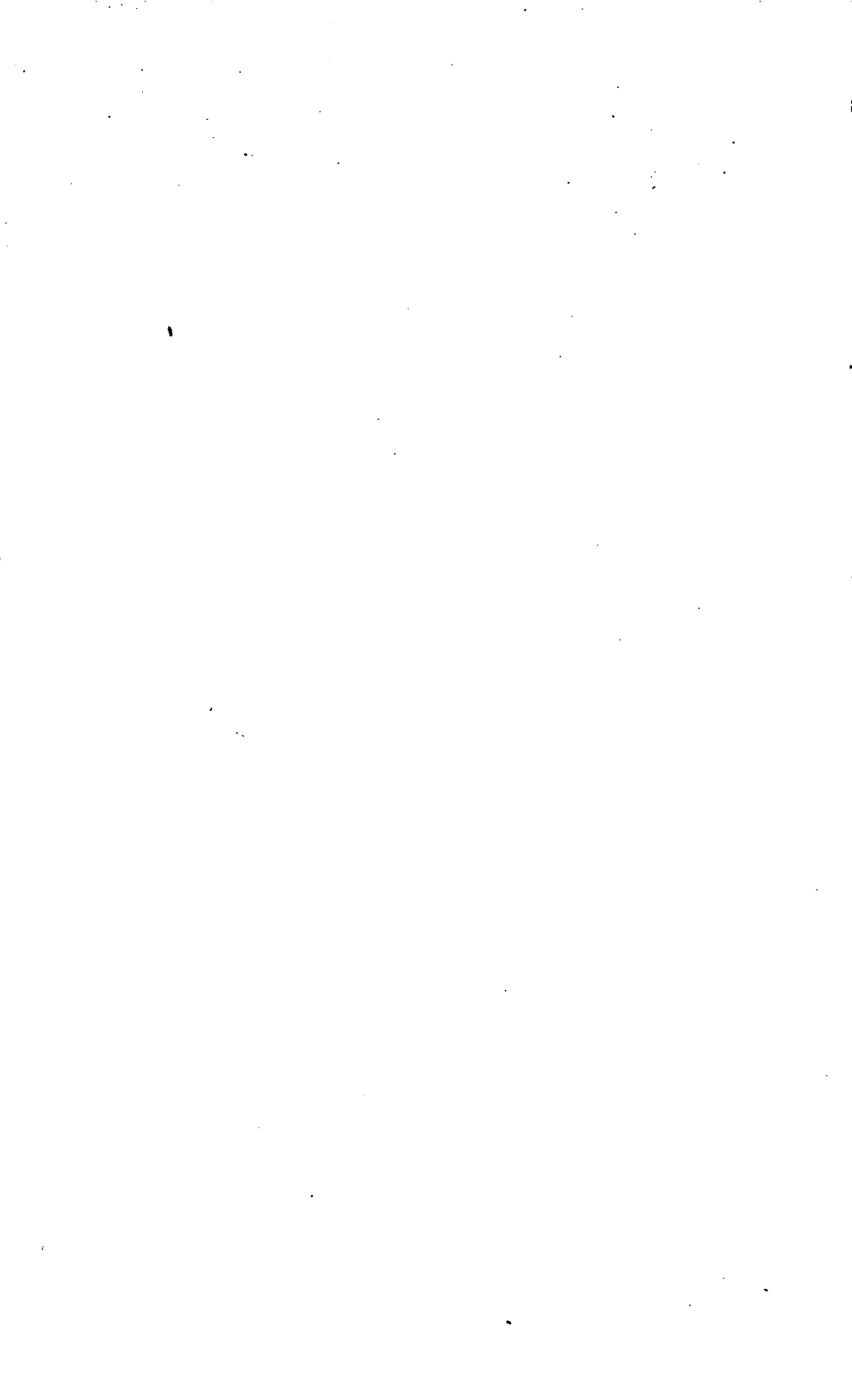
National Amphitheatre.

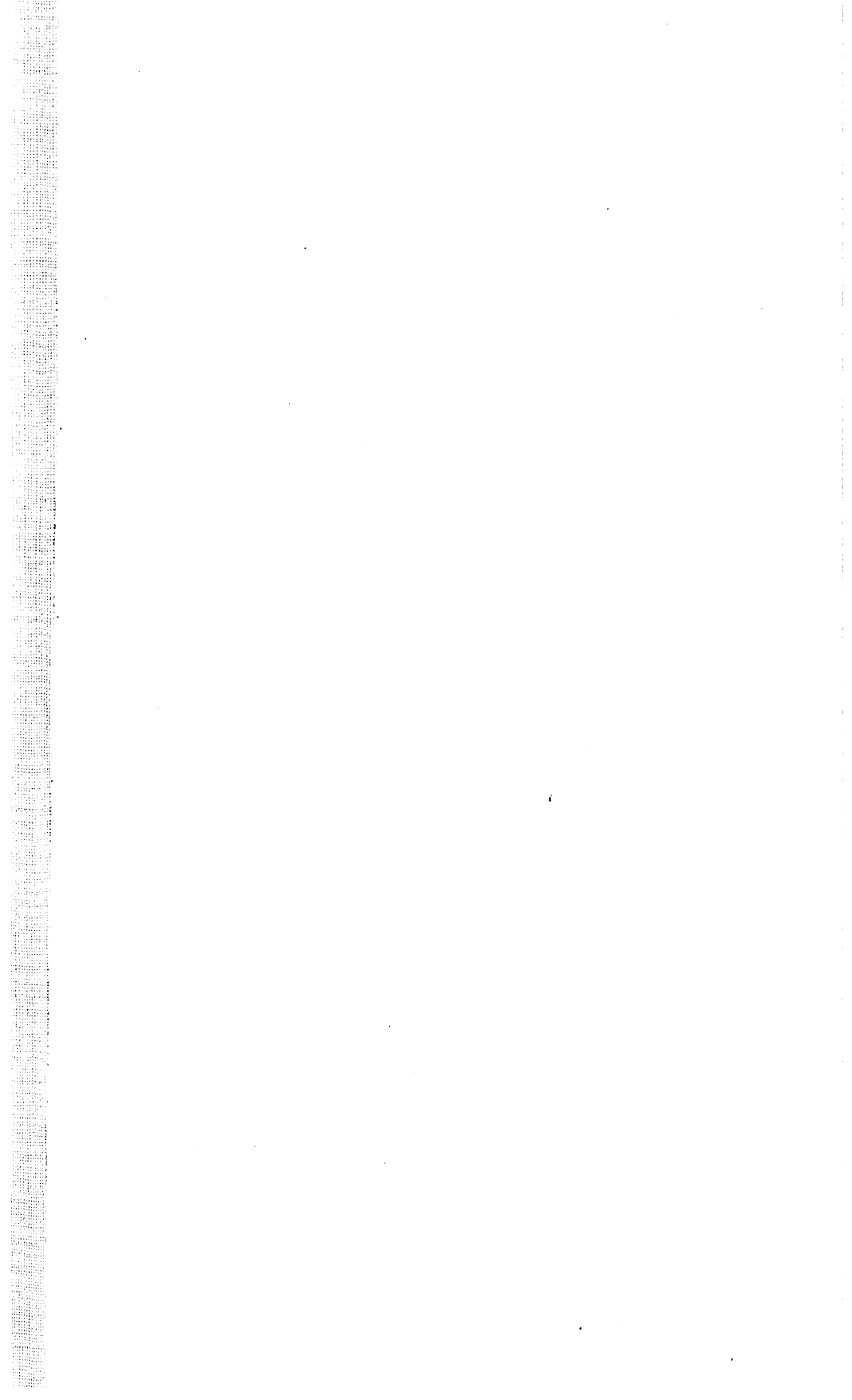
— On Monday evening last "The New Historical Spectacle," founded on Sir *Walter Scott's* novel of "The *Talisman*," entitled "The *Conquest of Jerusalem*," was produced at this establishment for the first time. It presents all the requisites to render it very popular: Grand Processions, Combats, *Ta-bleaux*, and exciting incidents.

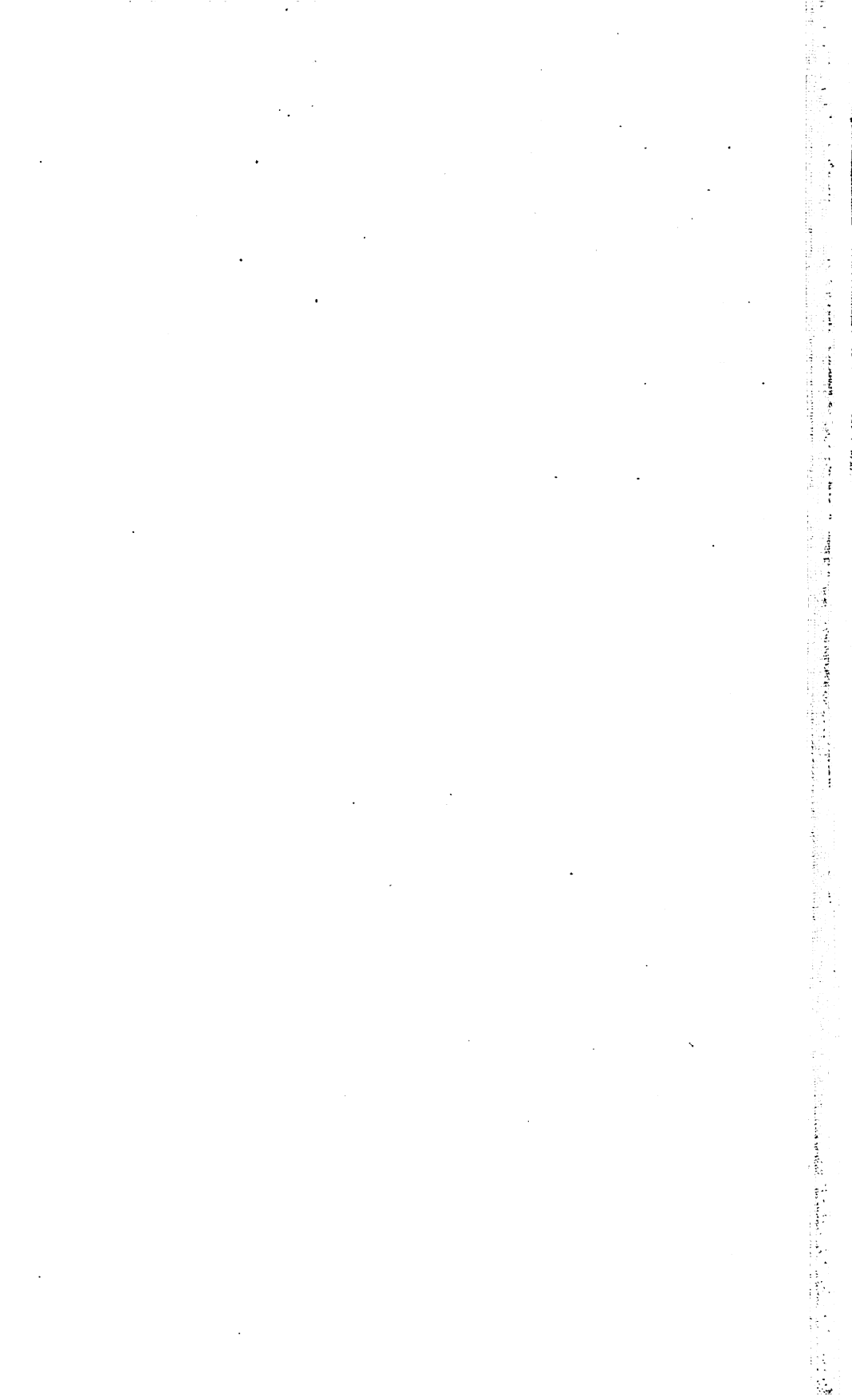
The wide extent of stage, the large dramatic and equestrian company; its fine stud of trained horses, allow the "National" to produce "Spectacles" in an unsurpassable style. A fact of which the public seem fully aware, by the encouragement given to pieces so well produced.

The "Acts in the Circle" are enlivened by the graceful horsemanship of *M'lie Marie*.









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