

fortune in the early part of his visit will break down his purpose, until he has won his usual quota. The managers have even proposed to buy him off for half his usual earnings in advance, but he accepts of no compromise; and stolidly taking his seat at the table, with a bag of *rouleaux* at his side, he stakes his money, and records upon a card the run of the colors—nor quits his place, until his bag is exhausted, or the rooms closed for the night.

As is usual with these tit-bits of French talk, no name is given to the Hollander, and he may live, for aught we know, only in the pestilent brain of the easy paragraphist.

AGAIN, we render grace to French fertility of invention for this *petit histoire*, to which we ourselves venture to add a point or two, for the humor of this-side appetite.

Borrel, a great man in the kitchen, kept the famous Rocher de Cancale. Who has not heard of the Rocher de Cancale? Who has not dreamed of it when—six hours after a slim breakfast of rolls and coffee—he has tugged at his weary brain—as we do now—for the handle of a dainty period?

Borrel had a wife, prettier than she was wise—which can be said of many wives—not Borrel's). Borrel was undersold by neighbor restaurateurs, and found all the world flocking to the Palais Royal caterers. Borrel's wife spent more than Borrel earned (which again is true of other wives). So that, finally, the Rocher de Cancale was ended: Borrel retired to private life with a bare subsistence; and Borrel's wife, playing him false in his disgrace, ran away with a vagrant Russian.

Borrel languished in retirement: but his friends found him; and having fairly put him on his feet, thronged for a season his new Salon of Frascati. But directly came the upturn of February, and poor Borrel was again broken in business, and thrice broken in spirit. He took a miserable house without the Boulevard, in the quarter of the Batignolles, and only crept back to the neighborhood of his old princely quarters, like the vagrant starveling that he was, at dusk. Years hung heavily on him, and his domestic sorrows only aggravated his losses and his weakness.

But, in process of time, a Russian came to Paris, who had known the city in the days of the Rocher de Cancale. He came with his appetite sharpened for the luxurious dinners of the Rue Montorgueil. But, alas, for him—the famous Restaurant had disappeared, and in its place, was only a paltry show-window of *caleçons* and of *chemisettes*.

He inquired anxiously after the famous Borrel: some shook their heads, and had never heard the name; others, who had known the man, believed him dead. In despair he visited all the Restaurants of Paris, but, for a long, time in vain. At length, an old white-haired garçon of the Café de Paris, to whom he told his wishes, informed him of the miserable fate of the old Prince of suppers.

The Russian traced him to his humble quarters, supplied him with money and clothes—engaged him as his cook, took him away from his ungrateful city, and installed him, finally, as first Restaurateur of St. Petersburg.

His patron was passably old, but still a wealthy and prosperous merchant of the northern empire; and his influence won a reputation and a fortune for the reviving head of the house of Borrel. The strangest part (omitted by Lecomte), is yet to come.

Borrel had often visited his patron, but knew nothing of his history, or family: nor was it until after a year or two of the new life, that the poor Restaura-

teur discovered in the deft-handed housekeeper of his patron, his former wife of the Rue Montorgueil!

The discovery seemed a sad one for all concerned: Borrel could not but make a show for his wounded honor. His patron had no wish to lose an old servant; and the lady herself, now that the heyday of her youth was gone, had learned a wholesome dread of notoriety. Wisely enough, each determined to sacrifice a little: Borrel was re-married to his wife; his patron found a new mistress of his household; and madame promised to live discreetly, and guard carefully the profits of the Russian Rocher de Cancale.

If this is not a good French story, we should like to know what it is?

AGAIN we shift our vision to a *belle maison* (pretty house) in a back quarter of London—newly furnished—a little cockneyish in taste, and with all the new books of the day, piled helter-skelter upon the library-table. The owner is a tall, laughing-faced, good-natured, not over-bred man, who has traveled to Constantinople and Egypt—to say nothing of an adventurous trip to the top of Mont Blanc.

His history is written by the letter-writers in this way: Poor, and clever, he wrote verses, and essays, and sold them for what he could get; and some say, filled and extracted teeth, to "make the ends meet." It is certain that he once walked the Hospitals of Paris, and that he knows the habits of the grisettes of the Quarter by the Pantheon.

A certain Lord happening upon him, and fancying his laughter-loving look, and waggish eye, cultivated his acquaintance, and proposed to him a trip to the East as his friend, courier, and what-not. Our hero assented—went with him as far as Trieste—quarreled with My Lord—parted from him—pushed his way by "hook and by crook" as far as Cheops—and returned to London with not a penny in his pocket.

Writing brought dull pay (as it always does), and the traveler thought of *talking* instead. He advertised to tell his story in a lecture-room, with songs, and mimicry thrown in to enliven it. The people went slowly at first: finally, they talked of the talking traveler, and all the world went; and the adventurer found his purse filling, and his fortune made.

He bought the *belle maison* we spoke of; and this summer past set off for Mont Blanc, and ascended it—not for the fun of the thing, but for the fun of telling it.

We suppose our readers will have recognized the man we have in our eye: to wit—ALBERT SMITH.

And that—says Lecomte—is the way they do things in England!

Editor's Drawer.

IT WAS THOMAS HOOD, if we remember rightly ("poor Tom's a-cold" now)! whose "Bridge of Sighs," and "Song of the Shirt," both of them the very perfection of pathos, will be remembered when his lighter productions are forgotten, or have ceased to charm—it was TOM HOOD, we repeat, who described, in a characteristic poetical sketch, the miseries of an Englishman in the French capital, who was ignorant of the language of that self-styled "metropolis of the world." He drew a very amusing picture of the *desagrémens* such an one would be sure to encounter; and among others, the following.

"Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You'll repent, by Jingo!

"Signs I had to make,
For every little notion;
Arms all the while a-going,
Like a telegraph in motion.
"If I wanted a horse,
How d'you think I got it?
I got astride my cane,
And made-believe to trot it!"

There was something very ridiculous, he went on to say, we remember, about the half-English meaning of some of the words, and the utter contradiction of the ordinary meaning in others. "They call," said he,

"They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*!"

and he cited several other words not less ludicrous. The celebrated Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM, and her accomplished daughter LAVINIA, the cockney continental travelers, those clever *frivolous* of "JOHN BULL," were the first, some thirty years ago, to take notice of this discrepancy, and to illustrate it in their correspondence. The old lady, writing from Paris to friends in her peculiar circle in London, tells them that she has been to see all the curious things about the French capital; and she especially extols the bridges, with their architectural and other adornments. "I went yesterday afternoon," she wrote, "to see the statue of Lewis Quinzy, standing close to the end of one of the *ponts*, as they call their bridges here. I was told by a man there, that Lewis Quinzy was buried there. Quinzy wasn't his real name, but he died of a quinzy sore-throat, and just as they do things here, they called him after the complaint he died of! The statue is a more superior one than the one of Henry Carter (Henri Quatre), which I also see, with my daughter Lavinia. I wonder if he was a relation of the Carters of Portsmouth, because if he is, his posteriors have greatly degenerated in size and figure. He is a noble-looking man, in stone." The same old ignoramus wrote letters from Italy, which were equally satirical upon the class of would-be "traveled" persons, to which she was assumed to belong.

Speaking of Rome, and certain of its wonderful and ancient structures, she says: "I have been all through the *Vatican*, where the Pope keeps his bulls. Every once in a while they say he lets one out, and they occasion the greatest excitement, being more obstinate, if any thing, than an Irish one. I have been, too, to see the great church that was built by Saint PETER, and is called after him. Folks was a-looking and talking about a *knave* that had got into it, but I didn't see no suspicious person. I heard a *tedium* sung while I was there, but it wasn't any great things, to my taste. I'd rather hear Lavinia play the 'Battle of Prag.' It was very long and tiresome." Not a little unlike "Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM," is a foreign correspondent of the late Major NOAH's paper, the "Times and Messenger," who writes under the *nom de plume* of "A Disbanded Volunteer," from Paris. He complains that the French language is very "onhandy to articulate;" that the words wont "fit his mouth at all," and that he has to "bite off the ends of 'em," and even then they are cripples. "The grammar," he says, "is orful, specially the genders, and oncommon inconsistent. A pie is a *he*, and yet they call it *PATRY*, and a loaf is a *he*, too, but if you cut a slice off it, *that's a she*! The pen I'm a-driving is a *she*, but the paper I'm a-writing on is a *he*! A thief," he goes on to say, "is masculine, but the halter that hangs him is feminine;" but he rather likes that, he adds, there being something consoling in being drawn up by a female noose! *P-e-m-m-e*, he contends, "ought to spell *femmy*—but I'm blowed if they don't pronounce it *fam*!"

Like the English cockney travelers, he was pleased with the public monuments, particularly one in the "Plaster La Concord," built by LOUIS QUARTZ, & called, in consequence of the kind of stone used in its erection. The "Basalisk of Looksir," and the "Jargon da Plant," also greatly excited his admiration. No one who has ever studied French, but will be reminded by the "Disbanded Volunteer's" experience of the difficulty encountered in mastering the classification of French genders.

We find, on a scrap in our "Drawer," this passage from a learned lecture by a German adventurer in London, one "Baron VONDULLBRAINZ." He is illustrating the great glory of *Mechanics*, as a science: "De t'ing dat is *made* is more superior dan de *maker*. I shall show you how in some t'ings. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach? Ver' well; dat wheel roll five hundred mile!—and I can not roll one, myself! Suppose I am de cooper, what you call, and I make de big tub to hold de wine? He hold t'ons and gallons; and I can not hold more as *fives bottel*!! So you see dat de t'ing dat is made is more superior dan de *maker*!"

THE following domestic medicines and recipes may be relied upon. They are handed down from a very ancient period; and, "no cure, no pay."

"A stick of brimstone wore in the pocket is good for them as has cramps.

"A loadstone put on the place where the pain is, is beautiful in the rheumatiz.

"A basin of water-gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, or a quart, if partic'lar bad, with lots o' brown sugar, going to bed, is good for a cold in the 'ead.

"If you've got the hiccups, pinch one o' your wrists, and hold your breath while you count sixty, or—*get somebody to scare you, and make you jump*!"

"The Ear-Ache: Put an inyun in your ear, after it is well roasted!"

How old Dr. Johnson did hate Scotland! His severity of sarcasm upon that country is unexampled by his comments upon any thing else, however annoying. On his return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scottish gentleman, at an evening party in London, how he liked Scotland. "Scotland, sir?" replied Johnson, with a lowering brow, and savage expression generally, "Scotland? Scotland, sir, is a miserable country—a *contemptible* country, sir!" "You can not do the ALMIGHTY the great wrong to say *that*, Dr. Johnson," answered the other, deeply nettled at so harsh a judgment: "God made Scotland, sir." "Yes, sir," was the cutting rejoinder: "God *did* make Scotland, but He *made it for Scotchmen*! God made *hell* also, sir!" On another occasion, when asked how he liked certain views of scenery in that country, he replied: "The finest and most satisfactory view in Scotland, sir, is the view looking *from* it, on the high-road to London!" The same spirit was manifested in his reply to a friend, who was consoling him for the loss of a favorite cane with which he had traveled in the north of Scotland. "You can easily replace it, Dr. JOHNSON," said his friend. "*Replace* it, sir! Consider, where I'm to find the *timber* for such a purpose in this barren country!" It strikes us that a lack of trees or shrubbery could not be more forcibly exemplified than by this sarcastic reply.

SOMEBODY, in one of the newspapers, has been telling a story of a schoolmistress, who had a hopeful boy-pupil, whose intelligence was scarcely "fair,

to middling," if one may judge from one of his "exercises" in spelling. "I got him," said the school-marm, "clean through the alphabet, and he would point out any letter, and call it by its right name. One bright Monday morning I put him, when he was sufficiently advanced, into words of two syllables; but I was obliged to tell him some fifty times what was the *nature* of a syllable; and after all, his brain was opaque as a rock. In order to interest him, however, I said to him:

"Do you love pies?"

"Yes, marm, I guess I *do*!"

"Well, then, 'apple' and 'pie,' when put together, spell 'apple-pie,' don't they?"

"Yes, marm."

"By the same rule, 'la' and 'dy,' spell 'lady?' You understand *that*, don't you?"

"Very well. Now, what do 'mince' and 'pie' spell?"

"I know!—*Mince-Pie*!"

"That's right: well, now what do 'pumpkin' and 'pie' spell? Speak up."

"I know *that*: that's *pumpkin-pie*!"

"That's correct. Now, what does 'la' and 'dy' spell?"

"*CUSTARD-PIE*!" exclaimed the urchin, with great exultation at his success.

Now, this is very good, and very possibly it may have occurred, precisely as narrated; but we have a suspicion—perhaps not a "*shrewd* suspicion"—that the whole thing was borrowed from the following dialogue, which is indubitably an actual occurrence:

"James," said a schoolmaster to a dull pupil, after the morning chapter had been read in the school, "James, we have read this morning that Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; now, James, will you tell us who was the *father* of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Sir?" said James, inquiringly.

"Why, James," answered his colloquist, "you have seen that Noah had three sons, and that their names were Shem, Ham, and Japheth. These were Noah's *sons*, James. Now, who was the *FATHER* of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Sir?" said James, dubiously pondering the full extent of the query.

"Why, James," said the preceptor, "don't you *know* who the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth was, after I've told you so much?"

"No, sir—I d' know!"

"You are very dull, James—*very*! You know Mr. Smith, don't you, that lives next to your house?"

"Sartain!—Bill and Jo Smith and I play together. Bill took my cross-gun, and owes me—"

"Very well: Mr. Smith has three boys, William, Joseph, and Henry. Who is the father of William, Joseph, and Henry Smith?"

"Mr. Smith!" exclaimed James, instantly; "Mr. Smith: guess I know *that*!"

"Certainly, James. *Very well*, then. Now, this is exactly the same thing. You see, as we have been reading, that *Noah* had three sons, like Mr. Smith; but *their* names were Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Now, who was the father of *Noah's* three sons?"

James hesitated a minute, with his finger in his mouth; and then, as if the difficult question had been suddenly solved in his mind, he exclaimed:

"I know now: *MR. SMITH*!"

PERHAPS some of our readers have heard of that rare compound of all that was quaint, curious, and ridiculous, Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was an ignorant, eccentric old fellow, who, having made himself a rich man, con-

ceived the original idea of setting up for a lord. Accordingly he proclaimed himself "*Lord Timothy Dexter*," bought a magnificent mansion, and set up an equipage in splendid style. Every thing that he did and every thing he had about him was original. He sent a ship-load of warming-pans to the East Indies; he filled his gardens with sprawling wooden statues; his dress was a mixture of the Roman senator and a Yankee militia-captain; the ornaments of his mansion were of the most unique stamp; and his literary compositions were more original than all the rest put together. He wrote in the most heroic disregard and defiance of the common laws of etymology and syntax. Here is a specimen of his style, and an illustration of his powers as a philosopher: "How great the soul is! Don't you all wonder and admire to see and behold and hear? Can you all believe half the truth, and admire to hear the wonders how great the soul is?—that if a man is drowned in the water, a great bubble comes up out of the top of the water—the last of the man dying in the water; this is *mind*—the *SOUL*, that is the last to ascend out of the deep to glory. Only behold!—past finding out! The bubble is the soul! When a man dies in his bed in a house, you can't see his soul go up, but when he is drowned, *then* you can see his soul go up like a kite or a rocket!"

THERE is a very amusing story told of a curious fowl called "*The Adjutant*," in the East Indies. They are as solemn-faced a creature as the owl, the "*Bird of Minerva*." Sometimes they become great favorites with the soldiers and officers of the army stationed there, and numerous, and not unfrequently ridiculous, were the tricks which the wicked wags played upon them. Sometimes the soldiers would take a couple of half-picked beef-bones, tie them strongly together, at each end of a stout cord, and then throw both where some two or three "Adjutants" would be sure to try to rival each other in the first possession of the desiderated luxury; the consequence of which competition would be, that two of the ravenous birds would attack the treasure at one and the same time: the one would swallow one (for they have most capacious maws) and the other the other. Then there was trouble! Each saw before him a divided "duty," the "line" of which, while it was sufficiently defined (and *con-fined*) was very far from being convenient to follow, so far as the *practice* was concerned. But each, in the consequent struggle, rose into the air; a pair of aerial Siamese-twins, with no power of severing their common ligament; so that very soon down they came, an easy prey to their ingenious tormentors. But the funniest trick was this: A soldier would take a similar unconsumed beef-bone; carefully scoop out a long cavity in it, establish therein a cartridge and fusee, with a long leader, lighted, and then throw it out for the especial benefit of the feathered victim. It was of course swallowed at once; and then, like a snake with a big frog in its belly, the uncouth bird would mount upon some post, or other similar eminence, and with one leg crossed like a figure-four, over the other, it would stand, in digestive mood, and with solemn visage, until suddenly the secret mine would explode, and the unsuspecting "Adjutant" would be "reduced to the ranks" of birds "lost upon earth."

HE was a right sensible man who wrote as follows; and his theory and advice will apply as well in Gotham as elsewhere: "As to extensive dinner-giving, we can be but hungry, eat, and be happy. I would have a great deal more hospitality practiced

among us than is at all common; more *hospitality*, I mean, and less *show*. Properly considered, 'the quality of dinner,' like that of mercy, 'is twice blessed—it blesses him that gives, and him that takes.' A dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings; a pompous entertainment, where 'no love is,' is the least satisfactory.

"I own myself to being no worse nor better than my neighbors, in giving foolish and expensive dinners. I rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, et cetera; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with 'still' and 'dry' champagne, just as if I *knew his name*, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. Now if we receive great men or ladies at our house, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry-tart for their dinner; forsaking altogether the '*entrées*' which the men in white gloves are handing round in the plated dishes. Asking those who have great establishments of their own to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastry-cook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. Great folks, if they like you, take no account of your feasts, and grand preparations. No; they eat mutton, like men."

As to giving *large* dinners, moreover, Mr. BROWN reasons like a philosopher. In the right way of giving a dinner, he contends, "every man who now gives *one* dinner might give two, and take in a host of friends and relations," who are now excluded from his forced hospitality. "Our custom," he says "is not hospitality nor pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of our really best acquaintances from our dining-list." Again, these large, ostentatious dinners are scarcely ever pleasant, so far as regards society: "You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbor and neighboress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people around one board can not engage together in talk. You want even a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place with the lady of the house." The sensible conclusion of the whole matter is: "I would recommend, with all my power, that if we give dinners they should be more simple, more frequent, and contain fewer persons. A man and woman may look as if they were really glad to see *ten* people; but in a 'great dinner,' an ostentatious dinner, they abdicate their position as host and hostess, and are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioner's emissaries who crowd the room, and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial major-domo who officiates 'for that night only,' and thought to myself, 'Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be, if there were but half the splendor, half the made-dishes, and half the company assembled!'"

To our conception there is something rather tickling to the fancy in the following sage advice as to how to conduct one's self in case of fire: "Whatever may be the heat of the moment, keep cool. Let nothing put you out, but find something to put out the fire. Keep yourself collected, and then collect your family. After putting on your shoes and stockings, call out for pumps and hose to the fireman. Don't think about saving your watch and rings, for while you stand wringing your hands, you may be neglecting

the turn-cock, who is a jewel of the first water at such a moment. Bid him with all your might turn on the main!"

PUNCH once drew an admirable picture of a London "Peter Funk," a sort of character not altogether unknown in the metropolis of the western world:

"The amount that prodigal man must spend every year would drive ROTHSCHILD into the work-house. Nothing is too good or too common, too expensive or too cheap, for him. One moment he will buy a silver candelabra, the next a silver tumbler. In the morning he will add a hundred-guinea dressing-case to his enormous property, and in the afternoon amuse himself by bidding a shilling for a little trumpery pen knife. Why he must have somewhere about fifty thousand pen-knives already.

"The article he has the greatest hankering for, are razors: and yet, to look at his unshorn beard, you would fancy that he never shaved from one month's end to another. The hairs stick out on his chin like the wires on the drum of a musical-box. It is most amusing to watch him when the razors are handed round. He will snatch one off the tray, draw the edge across his nail, breathe upon it, then hold it up to the light, and after wiping it in the gentlest manner upon the cuff of his coat, bid for it as ravenously as if he would not lose the scarce article for all the wealth of the Indies. What he does with all the articles he buys we can not tell. Saint Paul's would not be large enough to contain all the rubbish he has been accumulating these last ten years. His collection of side-boards alone would fill Hyde-Park, and he must possess by this time more dumb waiters than there are real waiters in England."

A CAPITAL burlesque upon the prevalent affectation of popular song-writers, in making their first line tell as a title, is given in the following: such, for example, as "*When my Eye*," "*I dare not use thy cherished Name*," and so forth:

"Oh! don't I love you rather still?
Are all my pledges set at naught?
Dishonored is Affection's bill?
Or passed is Love's Insolvent Court?
Is Memory's schedule coldly filed,
On one of Cupid's broken darts?
Is Hymen's balance-sheet compiled,
A bankrupt's stock of damaged hearts?"

"SECOND VERSE.

"I dare not use thy cherished name,
Would'st thou accept, were I to draw?
The god of Love may take his aim,
But with an arrow made of straw.
Each fonder feeling that I knew
A lifeless heap of ruin lies:
Yes, false one! ticketed by you:
Look here!—'Alarming Sacrifice!'"

WE must say one thing in favor of JOHN BULL. He confesses to a *beat* with great unanimity and frankness. It is in evidence, on the authority of the three gentlemen interested in the race of the yacht *America*, that the triumph of American skill in ship-architecture was most candidly admitted on all hands, as it was in all the public journals most handsomely. This is as it should be; and we were glad to see, that at the recent dinner given to Mr. STEVENS at the Astor-House cordial and ample acknowledgments, for courtesies and attentions from the QUEEN herself, down to the most eminent members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, were feelingly and appropriately rendered.

Literary Notices.

A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs, by BAYARD TAYLOR. This volume consists chiefly of pieces which have not before been given to the public, and are evidently selected with great severity of taste from the miscellaneous productions of the writer. This was a highly judicious course, and will be friendly, in all respects, to the fame of Bayard Taylor, whose principal danger as a poet is his too great facility of execution. The pieces in this volume exhibit the marks of careful elaboration; of conscientious artistic finish; of a lofty standard of composition; and of the intellectual self-respect which is not content with a performance inferior to the highest. They are profuse in bold, poetic imagery; often expressing conceptions of exquisite delicacy and pathos; and pervaded by a spirit of classic refinement. Mr. Taylor's merits as a descriptive poet of a high order have long been recognized; the present volume will confirm his beautiful reputation in that respect; while it shows a freer and nobler sweep of the imagination and reflective faculties than he has hitherto exercised. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

Phillips, Sampson, and Co., Boston, have published a revised edition of *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal*, in two volumes. The edition is introduced with a characteristic preface by the author, explaining his own conception of the drift of the work, and justifying certain features which have been severely commented on by critics. In spite of its numerous displays of eccentricity and waywardness, we believe that "Margaret" possesses the elements of an enduring vitality. Its quaint and expressive delineations of New-England life, its vivid reproduction of natural scenery, and the freedom and boldness with which its principal characters are sustained, will always command a certain degree of sympathy, even from those who are the most impatient with the reckless mannerisms of the writer. His genius is sufficient to atone for a multitude of faults, and there is need enough for its exercise in this respect, in the present volumes.

A new edition, greatly improved and enlarged, of ABBOTT'S *Young Christian*, has been published by Harper and Brothers, and will speedily be followed by the other volumes of the series, *The Corner Stone* and *The Way to Do Good*. It is superfluous to speak of the rare merits of Mr. Abbott's writings on the subject of practical religion. Their extensive circulation, not only in our own country, but in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, India, and at various missionary stations throughout the globe, evinces the excellence of their plan, and the felicity with which it has been executed. Divesting religion of its repulsive, scholastic garb, they address the common mind in simple and impressive language. Every where breathing an elevated tone of sentiment, they exhibit the practical aspects of religious truth, in a manner adapted to win the heart, and to exercise a permanent influence upon the character. In unfolding the different topics which he takes in hand, Mr. Abbott reasons clearly, concisely, and to the point; but the severity of argument is always relieved by a singular variety and beauty of illustration. It is this admirable combination of discussion with incident, that invests his writings with an almost equal charm for readers of every diversity of age and of culture. While the young acknowledge the fascination of his attractive pages, the most mature minds find them full of suggestion, and often presenting an original view of familiar truth.—The

present edition is issued in a style of uncommon neatness, and is illustrated with numerous engravings, most of which are spirited and beautiful.

Episodes of Insect Life, Third Series, published by J. S. Redfield, is brought to a close in the volume before us, which treats of the insects of autumn and the early winter. We take leave of these beautiful studies in nature with regret, though rejoicing in the eminent success which has attended their publication, both in England and in our own country. They have entered largely into the rural delights of many a family circle, during the past season, and will long continue to perform the same congenial ministry.

George P. Putnam has issued the first number of *A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects*, by S. SPOONER, M.D., compiled from a variety of authentic sources, and containing more than fifteen hundred names of eminent artists, which are not to be found in the existing English dictionaries of Art. Free use has been made of the best European authorities, and a mass of information concentrated which we should look for in vain in any other single work. The editor appears to have engaged in his task, not only with conscientious diligence, but with an enthusiastic interest in Art, and with such qualifications, his success in its performance is almost a matter of course.

The third volume of *The Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers* (published by Harper and Brothers), embraces the period of his life during his residence at Aberdeen, and a portion of his career as Professor at Edinburgh. The interest of the previous volumes is well sustained in the present. It contains many original anecdotes, illustrating the private and social life of Dr. Chalmers, as well as a succinct narrative of the events in which he bore a conspicuous part before the public. Every incident in the biography of this admirable man is a new proof of his indomitable energy of character, his comprehensive breadth of intellect, and the mingled gentleness and fervor of his disposition. Whoever wishes to see a strong, compact, massive specimen of human nature, softened and harmonized by congenial religious and domestic influences, should not fail to become acquainted with these rich and instructive volumes.

The Bible in the Family, by H. A. BOARDMAN (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is a series of discourses treating of the domestic relations, as the chief sources of personal and social welfare, and illustrating the importance of the principles of the Bible to the happiness of the family. They were delivered to the congregation of the author, in the regular course of his pastoral ministrations, and without aiming at a high degree of exactness of thought, or literary finish, are plain, forcible, and impressive addresses on topics of vital moment. Their illustrations are drawn from every-day life, and are often striking as well as pertinent. An occasional vein of satire in their descriptions of society, is introduced with good effect, tempering the prevailing honeyed suavity of discussion, which, without a corrective, would be apt to cloy.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have republished *The Scalp Hunters*, by Capt. MAYNE REID, a record of wild and incredible adventures among the trappers and savages of New Mexico. It is written in an incoherent, slap-dash style, in which the want of real descriptive strength is supplied by the frequent use of interjectional phrases. The scenes, for the most part, consist of pictures of city brawls and forest