

issued, congratulated themselves on the amicable adjustment of the difficulty. He declares that the four powers have not advised the Porte what course to take in this matter, feeling it to be a matter too nearly touching his own honor to warrant advice from any quarter. They have only taken such a line of conduct as their treaty stipulations required for the protection of their common interests. The cause of the original misunderstanding between Russia and the Porte had disappeared, and the question which might suddenly arise at Constantinople was that of the very existence of the Ottoman Empire; under such circumstances France and England could not fail to take steps to secure the degree of influence to which they were entitled. The Emperor of Russia, moreover, by threatening to occupy the Danubian principalities had taken the initiative, and acted in direct violation of existing treaties. The Porte has an undoubted right to regard that step as an act of war, and the general interest of the world is opposed to the admission of such a doctrine as the act of the Czar implies.

The Sultan, on the 14th of July, published a protest against the occupation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian troops. It is a temperate document, and still manifests firmness. The Sultan declares his intention to maintain inviolate all the rights and privileges of his Christian subjects, but says "it is evident the independence of a sovereign state is at an end, if it does not retain among its powers that of refusing without offense a demand not authorized by any existing treaty, the acceptance of which would be superfluous for the object in view, and both humiliating and injurious to the party so declining it." Under these circumstances, the Porte expresses its astonishment and regret at the occupation of the principalities, which are styled an integral part of the Ottoman dominions. It denies the right of interference claimed by Russia, and refuses any further apology in regard to the question of religious privileges. The entrance of Russia into the provinces can only be regarded as an act of war; but the Sultan, anxious not to push his rights to the farthest limits, abstains from the use of force, and confines himself to a formal protest.

The Russian armies under Prince Gortschakoff meantime occupy the provinces. Bucharest is made their head-quarters and 80,000 troops are encamped in its vicinity, seventy-two guns of heavy calibre reached Jassy on the 7th of July, and on the same day the Russians crossed the frontier of Moldavia at Fokary and entered Wallachia. They have also taken possession of Oltenitza and all other fortified places on the Danube. It is reported and generally credited that strenuous efforts have been made by the other powers to prevent a war, and that negotiations have been renewed at St. Petersburg in such a form as promises a peaceful termination of the dispute. Sundry discussions upon the subject have been had in the English Parliament, notice of which will be found under the appropriate head.

#### CHINA.

Additional intelligence of considerable interest has been received concerning the progress and character of the rebellion in China. Sir G. Bonham in the British ship *Hermes* has visited Nankin and succeeded in holding interviews with several of the insurgent chiefs. He found Nankin nearly in ruins and the whole district in a state of anarchy and confusion. Both Nankin and Chin-kiang-foo were in possession of the rebels who were awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from the south before advancing to Peking. He procured some very curious and interesting information concerning the insurgents and their objects. They have a good translation of the Bible, hold the doctrine of the Trinity, and are Christians of the Protestant form of worship. Their chief is called the Prince of Peace, to whom a divine origin is ascribed, but who refuses to receive any of the titles hitherto assumed by the Emperors of China, on the ground that they are due to God alone. Their moral code is comprised in ten rules, which on examination proved to be the ten commandments. They are rigid in their enforcement of morality, and are profoundly influenced by religious feeling. Their leaders are described as earnest practical Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. This intelligence, if it shall prove reliable, will give a new and still more interesting character to this remarkable rebellion.

## Editor's Table.

**ARE WE PROGRESSING?** Who really doubts it? Who would even think of asking such a question in earnest, unless it be the narrow-souled conservative, the stiff-necked doter who can not turn his face from the past, and to whom the world's historical progress gives more trouble than ever the earth's motion caused to the monks in the days of Copernicus? The world is "progressing" in physical knowledge and physical improvement. That no one will have the hardihood to call in question. A journey from Buffalo to New York in fourteen hours, and soon, perhaps, to be accomplished in ten—regular voyages across the Atlantic in nine days—California, the medium of communication with the old Asiatic world—the news of an arrival from Europe sent before breakfast to every city in the Union—legislative portraits, historical pictures, or pictures of men making history, fixed upon the canvas with the speed of thought and the accuracy of light itself—progress of this kind, and in this direction, no one

denies. And yet there are some so stupidly stubborn, so immovably fastened in certain moral and theological dogmas, that they will still persist in doubting the fact of a moral and political progress corresponding to this most rapid and remarkable advance of the physical element.

It may be a vain undertaking, but it is to the removal, if possible, of such a darkened state of mind on the part of any of our readers, that we would address ourselves in the present number of our Editor's Table.

And to come at once to the point, let us in all candor ask these unreasonable croakers what they would really regard as the truest signs or tests of a real moral and political advance? They must answer, of course, that such evidence would make itself apparent, first, in the individual character, and then in its effects upon the public mind or sentiment of the age or nation. Private, social, and political virtue will all present an intimate connection. The

statistics of crime will show an evident diminution, or, as an equivalent, there will be a great increase in some kinds of virtue, while the public probity, or the morals of public men, in their public capacity, will furnish a like cheering proof of an onward and upward progress in whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good repute.

And now may we not confidently appeal to such a test? In regard to the diminution of individual crime, a certain kind of statistical proof, we are aware, might be brought forward in seeming contradiction of such a view. There have lately been put forth statements of the kind by which the writers would show, and would even seem to prove, that our city of New York is becoming, in this respect, a perfect Pandemonium—that murders, and burglaries, and arsons, are multiplying beyond all former example. A very little thought, however, must convince any candid and rational mind of the fallacy of reasoning from such evidence as this. Admitting it to possess some degree of truth, still even its statistical value may well be questioned, as presenting only one aspect of society, while it keeps back what might not only give relief to the picture, but also turn the balance strongly to the other side of the account. Is the number of crimes increasing among us? So is our population. Do these crimes present peculiar features? So does the progressive genius of the age. The great advancement of society in other respects has multiplied temptations. It should be remembered, too, that it is a “transition period,” during which, for a time, the old vices may run somewhat faster than the new virtues. Moreover, foreigners are pouring in upon us, who have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with the genius of our institutions. It may be said, too, that the very virtues of the age contribute somewhat to the same temporary effect, especially when this is viewed in that one-sided aspect which mere statistical tables would present. There is so much more tenderness, so much more conscientiousness than there used to be, that this very cause contributes somewhat to swell that side of the account, when thus statistically stated. The universal spirit of philanthropy has led thoughtless minds to attach less value to those narrow individual privileges which law must protect as long as they exist, although constantly tempting the weak to their violation. A little farther advance in the progress of society, and this will, in a great measure, disappear. It is the great multitude of our restraining laws which occasions the most of crimes. Abolish these, and then, as a very able writer of the progressive school has most convincingly shown, you have taken a great step toward abolishing all transgression.

But taken at the worst, it is only an evidence of the universal movement. When every thing else is progressing, it would really be wonderful if crime should remain stationary. But are not our virtues—our public and private virtues, making a much more rapid advance. That is the real question, and to such a question but one answer can be given. If we may judge from the almost unanimous testimony of our numerous literary publications, our thousands and tens of thousands of newspapers, the discourses, the legislative reports, the public documents of every kind, there never has been an age like this, so distinguished for its light, its truth, its philanthropy, in a word, its devotion to the great cause of human regeneration. The *race*, the good of the *race*, the progress of the *race*, the melioration of society, the elevation of a world—these are the great ends pro-

claimed from every quarter; and shall it be objected to so noble an aim, and invidiously thrown in the way of its fulfillment, that there may be, what any thinking man would naturally expect, a slight increase of apparent wrong-doing in connection with so great, and, on the whole, so praiseworthy an excitement—this individual crime, too, sometimes springing from the very noblest of motives, or at the worst, from a premature and excusable desire to realize that unrestrained good of which we are as yet deprived by the false and crime-breeding structure of society?

Our croaking conservative may present his dry statistics of individual crime. Let him feast on such garbage if it suits his raven taste. The nobler spirit would rather turn him to the contemplation of that pure abstract benevolence in which this age so much abounds. Let the one spread before the public his disgusting detail of robberies, seductions, and murders. What is all this in comparison with that tender regard for human life which would abolish capital punishment, and turn our prisons into hospitals of mercy, instead of dens of vindictive cruelty. What is all this in comparison with that extreme conscientiousness which would prefer that every individual murderer should escape, rather than the law should exhibit a vindictive spirit? Here is the error of the mere statistical reasoner. The isolated cases of individual crime may, perhaps, present some appearance of numerical increase. But he fails to set against them, as he should, the still greater increase of public abstract virtue. To this aspect of the matter he is utterly blinded by that narrow and unphilosophical prejudice which would lead him to look for the reformation of society in the reformation of individuals, instead of seeing that the latter can be rationally expected only when society has first become what it ought to be through the progress of philanthropy and social reform. He can not see, what is so self-evident to the disciple of a more hopeful and earnest faith, that the elevation of our humanity, once accomplished, will most assuredly lift up the individual to a corresponding height of virtue. In other words, let *man* be regenerated and *men* are reformed as a matter of course.

Again—this statistical estimate of progress is one-sided and unjust, inasmuch as it regards the mere outward act as of more importance in determining the progress, whether of individuals or society, than the inward sentiment. Certainly nothing could be more irrational than this. What is a man aside from his principles? And what else constitutes the true character as well as glory of an age, than those expressed sentiments which may be said to form the spirit of its literature—the very inner life of its morals and politics? The conservative calumniator of his own times goes mousing among the records of criminal courts; he drags to light the dark statistics of our prisons: he keeps a daily register of the gallows; he gloats over the examples that now and then occur of political corruption. Why does he not rather refresh his spirit with the contemplation of that flood of noble sentiment which is daily issuing in so many streams from the press, the newspaper, the public lecture, and the literary discourse. If the cases of crime are rather more numerous than could be wished, can he not see how much virtue there is constantly coming forth in books, what glowing expressions of patriotism and philanthropy are continually proceeding from the mouths of our public men—how the newspapers actually overflow with zeal for the public morals, and with the most decisive condemnation of all individuals and companies who

may in any respect fail in that rigid accountability to which the press feels itself bound to hold them? Can there, indeed, be a greater evidence of a high state of the public morals, and of a most decided progress in public virtue, than the fact that so numerous a body of men should have so disinterestedly appointed themselves its champions, and so faithfully performed the duties of this responsible public guardianship?

And then again, what a proof have we of the same great fact in all our public oratory—in the speeches that ring from our legislative halls, and the eloquence that overflows from the political caucus and the stump? How utterly unselfish are men becoming: how absorbed in devotion to the public good! How dearly, how disinterestedly do our politicians love the people! What heroic sacrifices would they not make for their country and their race! Even their jealousies, their rivalries, their hot political feuds, come from the exuberance of this noble spirit of the age. They love the people so much that they can not bear the idea of having any rivals, or even partners in their affections. Much less can they endure the thought that others should do them wrong. The bare suspicion of such a possibility leads to the most superlative exertions to prevent the success of another combination of political philanthropists whom they may regard as less progressive, or less full of a warm affection for humanity than themselves. It is for this most disinterested purpose that either party, when triumphant, take into their possession all the offices, and assume the control of all political trusts. It is all pure philanthropy; and yet there are men among us who will still deny the reality of a moral progress, in the face of such facts as these—facts as undeniable as they are honorable to our humanity. Such men can see nothing but figures. All this vast amount of public virtue goes for nothing with them, simply because it can not be easily reduced to statistical tables, or because the bilious soul of conservatism must ever suspect the purity of a philanthropy it is utterly unable to comprehend.

But how is it with the body politic at large? Here, if we mistake not, may be found evidences of progress which none but the willfully blind would ever think of calling in question. Let us, then, briefly state some of these facts in the history of a nation that must, beyond all cavil, be viewed as furnishing such proof. All sober men, we think, would agree with us in regarding the following characteristics as presenting undoubted tests of national advance. A nation is making, or has made, a true moral progress, in which the reflective, the prospective, in a word, the rational, is taking the place of the impulsive, the reckless, the animal nature. A nation is making a moral progress which has acquired, and calls into exercise, whenever there is occasion for it, such a thing as a national conscience. A nation is making a moral progress which has so risen above the influence of cant or cant words, that all things are brought under the control of reason, and the great question is ever, what is right—where the public men, instead of being ever confined to questions of party expediency, or, in other words, living by the day, send forth their views to the future, and test every measure by its remote bearings rather than its immediate effects upon a present political contest. A nation that is making a true moral progress will not tolerate slang of any kind, or as representative of any school or party—such, for example, as the “divine right of kings,” or “divine right of the people,” “vox populi vox Dei,” “manifest destiny,” “country, right or wrong,” “Young America,” &c., &c. It will not

tolerate any thing that is unmeaning, and which, just in proportion to its unmeaningness, is hurtful not only to the moral purity, but the intellectual strength and elevation of the public mind. A nation that is making a true moral and political progress will have a strict regard to the rights, and not only to the rights but to the civic welfare, of other nations. It will, in this sense, acquire a true *national honor*, and this will pre-eminently exhibit itself in a tender respect for weaker powers, especially sister republics, and a more scrupulous justice than might be deemed right in other cases of political intercourse. Corresponding characteristics may be noted in respect to internal questions. Here there will be less and less of mere party spirit. In such a nation men will not seek offices, but offices will seek them. Public station will be desired only for the public good, and will ever be cheerfully relinquished for the pursuits of literature, or the more congenial practice of the private and domestic virtues. In short, there will be a manifest approach toward the realization of that golden age of which Plato dreamed, that perfect state in which the characters of the politician and the philosopher, so long divorced, shall be united in one inseparable and harmonious idea.

Such is the picture. What can the most bigoted conservative object to it as a delineation of a true progress—a true moral progress—a rational, a spiritual progress in distinction from a merely physical or material movement? And now, again we ask, can there be a doubt of its applicability to our own present age and country? There may be some few points, perhaps, in which we are not coming quite up to the ideal—but will any candid man deny that such a picture as we have drawn of a true national progress, brings strongly before the mind some of the leading traits of our own moral and political life? Why should the latter be so strikingly suggested? Why, in dwelling on each particular of such a sketch, should our own times, our own men, our own measures, come so vividly up to the thoughts, if there were no real correspondence? Is it not a fact that we are becoming every year more rational, and less animal in our political movements? Are not all public measures—especially those involving such momentous issues as that of war or peace—determined more by pure considerations of right, and less by unreasoning cant and impulse, than in former times of the national history? Are not our national elections becoming, at every successive return, more pure, more elevated, more worthy of rational beings, more and more controlled by questions of high moral bearing, instead of mere party expediency? Does not every Presidential contest thus purify the public mind, and raise it to a higher ideal, by ever bringing out our ablest statesmen, and, in this manner, stimulating all the public virtues by the honors bestowed on the most valuable national services?

Again—is there not every year less and less of political corruption? We mean not simply that petty kind against which some of our statutes are aimed. Every body, of course, condemns the poor wretch who sells the political franchise for a dollar or a glass of whisky; although it might be said, by way of palliation, that the man who buys votes in this manner pays for them in what is strictly his own, instead of something belonging to the people, and only committed to him as a sacred trust. So universal, however, is the abstract condemnation of this, that it is hardly worth mentioning in the scale, even though, from accidental causes, there may have been lately some apparent signs of its increase among us. But

that worse kind of political corruption, which consists in the buying and selling of the people's offices for considerations of party support, or as a reward for party support rendered—in respect to this we may boldly ask the question—Is it not manifestly on the decline, and is there not evidence that in all this *men of all parties* are governed by a lofty patriotism every year becoming more pure and disinterested? We know that there are some who would deny it. They complain of the proscription, as they choose to call it, which each and every political party alike practices toward its opponents; and this they call corruption. They say it is in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and of the oath to maintain it which every officer, the appointed as well as the appointing, are solemnly required to take. They call it gambling—gambling of the worst kind—gambling with what does not belong to the gamblers—gambling with the best interests of twenty-five millions of people. So do these croakers talk; such are their raven notes. But surely this is all an uncharitable judging of other men's consciences—a rash deciding that selfish and party considerations prevail in place of those noble motives of patriotism that are avowed, and which we have so much reason to believe are the true governing influences in such transactions. How blind, too, are those who make these objections, how utterly insensible to the sublime moral spectacle which is a natural consequence of these necessary political transitions. Every four years and oftener, new bands of men, once reckoned by thousands, and now, in the course of progress, by tens of thousands, are called to take the solemn oath of office. They lift their hands to Heaven, and swear to support a Constitution, according to whose spirit, as we all know, offices are for the public good alone, and were never intended for the reward of party services. And, of course, they take the oath in this spirit. Of course the men who thus swear must regard it as no light matter. They doubtless ponder long and deeply upon its meaning. Thus viewed—we repeat it—what a sublime moral spectacle does its frequent repetition present! What a religious aspect must it impart to our national character? What a powerful moral and devotional effect must it have upon the minds of all who take it, and of all who are witnesses of the solemn spectacle. Conservatism sometimes has much to say of the want of the religious element in our political institutions; but how unfounded the complaint in view of these annual and quadrennial exhibitions of official reverence. Thus, too, at each successive change of administration, a larger and still larger body of men are brought under this salutary influence. Here, then, instead of political corruption, we have, in fact, one of the most striking evidences of progress. And it is this view we are bound to take—the view which is most in harmony with a noble charity, most consistent with those large professions of patriotism, of philanthropy, and of all abstract virtue with which the age so much abounds.

Other unmistakable tests of progress are to be found in the increasing purity, dignity, and intellectual elevation of our public bodies. This is certainly a fair criterion, and to it we would appeal with the utmost confidence. It furnishes a conclusive reply to all that conservatism has said, or can say, on this point. If the nation has been “progressing” morally, politically, and intellectually, especially will this show itself in the greater members of the body politic. If the age is before any other age, its Presidents, its legislators, its governors, its judges, its lawyers, will present a corresponding ad-

vance. Nothing can be fairer than this, and on it we would cheerfully rest the whole question. A few examples are not enough for a true induction, but take a large range of view, and the general progress becomes most manifest. Let us only look at the list of our Presidents, commencing with the feeble and inexperienced infancy of the republic, and following it down almost to our own times; for any comparison with present incumbents would, of course, be both impolitic and unjust. How does it read—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor. Who would be so hardy as to deny the steady progress presented in that list? Of the late President, as well as of the present respectable incumbent, we say nothing. They are too near our own immediate times to be correctly seen. History is yet to show whether they are to be regarded as having continued or reversed that ascent—as having turned back toward the lower and feebler standard of our first administrations, or as having taken an upward and an onward step in that glorious advance which so strikingly characterizes the latter half of the scale.

Like proofs may be derived from other and similar sources. Let any man compare our Congresses with those that assembled twenty-five or thirty years ago. How much more dignified than the men of those rude days! How much higher, too, the range of intellectuality than was ever exhibited in the times of the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys, the Ames, the Wirts, or even in those later, and therefore more advanced periods, whose light has but recently faded with the memory of a Calhoun, a Clay, and a Webster. So rapid is the march of progress, that even those yet living, and who, only a few years since, were justly regarded as our ablest statesmen, are already thrown in the back-ground and become antiquated. Where is Benton, and Van Buren, and that ripe scholar and “fine old American gentleman,” Lewis Cass. In former days, when great men were comparatively rare, a politician might keep himself up and ahead for a quarter of a century; now the best of them are run down and run out in five years. They have hardly entered upon the race before they become “Old Fogies;” such is the railroad speed of Young America.

Now can any man be so foolishly conservative as still to deny progress, with such facts before him as these? If they are not deemed enough, proof cumulative and overflowing might be brought from every department. We might present our present judicaries as compared with those of whom the croakers are ever croaking—the Kents, the Spencers, the Van Nesses of former times. We might institute a comparison between our present lawyers and the Emmetts, the Hamiltons, the Williams, the Harrisons, the Wells, the Van Vechtenes of a past generation. More especially might we point to those illustrious examples of elevated statesmanship which have been lately exhibited on the floor of our State Legislature, and boldly challenge a comparison with any proceedings that ever took place in the times of the Jays and the Clintons. But above all, would we be willing to meet our conservative on the arena of our own city councils. How unexampled has been the physical progress of New York! In fifty years her population has increased from fifty thousand to more than half a million. We might conclude *a priori* that the political progress would be in the same ratio. And is it not so? Those who have in charge the highest earthly welfare of five hundred thousand souls ought to be no common men—and they are no common



men. Will any one deny that there has been a steady yet rapid progress in the character of the Common Council of the city of New York? There has been nothing like them in past times, and now, perhaps, there is not a similar body of men on earth with whom they can be compared.

"None but themselves can be their parallel."

In pursuing this general argument, we are strongly tempted to turn to the departments of literature and theology; but time and space will not permit. He who, in the face of the proofs we have presented, will still rail against progress, is inaccessible to argument. He denies the evidence of his own senses, as well as the most clear and well-attested facts.

### Editor's Easy Chair.

OF the seven hundred and fifty thousand souls who are wont to sleep within hearing of the great fire-bell on the City Hall, there remain in town during these mid-August days only the odd seven hundred thousand who are kept behind by business, poverty, or a wholesome dread of railroad and steamboat accidents. Our own mid-summer recreations in the country seldom take us more than a two-hours' ride from town; and as our absence does not often exceed two days at a time, there is hardly opportunity to get the hot glare of the red brick brushed from our eyes by the cool freshness of country verdure. The height of our present ambition in this regard is to be able to sandwich a couple of weeks' roaming somewhere between the closing sheet of the present Number and the opening sheet of the succeeding one. For that hoped-for fortnight we have laid out a scheme almost as extensive as the plan of life framed by the famous "Omar the son of Hassan"—(was not that his name?)—of whom we used to read in our schoolboy days. Our scheme embraces, among other things, beholding a sunset and sunrise from Mount Washington; decoying the finny inhabitants of Moosehead Lake; breasting the shaggy sides of Mount Katahdin; besides a sail up the Saguenay and St. Lawrence.

It is very noticeable what a sudden gush of affection these dog-day heats kindle in the breasts of our town ladies for their kindred in the country; for those at least who chance to be blessed with spacious farm-houses or cool village dwellings. If report speaks truly, however, it happens in cases not a few that this affection burns itself out before the arrival of the later autumn months; and is quite extinct by winter time, when their hospitable summer hosts, with their blooming daughters, come to town to return the visit.

Meanwhile, as our ruralizing daughters write us (who manage, by the way, to insinuate quite too many small commissions in the way of gloves, shoes, millinery, and the like, into their gossiping daughterly epistles), the green roadsides and shady lanes within accessible distance of the town are sunflowered over with the broad-brimmed straw flats of our city neighbors' children; and not a tree but there is in its shadow some sentimental young lady trying to get up an extempore love of the country by a diligent perusal of "Lotus Eating," the "Old House by the River," or some such pleasant summer book; and the verandahs are populous with nurses in charge of puny infants sent out for "pure milk and country air," while their lady mothers are dissipating at Saratoga, and Sharon, and Newport.

Newport, and Sharon, and Saratoga aforesaid are swimming on, each in its own delicious amount of

cool sherbets, mint juleps, and Congress water. New belles are building up reputations in bowling alley, or in polka; and new heiresses are coming out from the obscure state of French *gouvernantes* and pantalets, into the halcyon light of watering-place admiration. Bachelors hungry for fortunes are writing new names upon their schedules; and the gay damsels who have worn their honors in miserly way these five years past, till the younger sisters are growing up in their path, are turning their gaze with more eagerness upon the bachelor ranks, and hunting up with spirit the beaus of a gone-by day.

THE "Crystal Palace" perhaps more than any one thing else ripples the current of town talk; although it is not altogether the engrossing topic which our out-of-town correspondents seem to fancy that it must be. Our nimble coadjutors of the daily and weekly press have abundantly chronicled the incidents of its inauguration. Much yet remains to be done before the performance will fully come up to the promise of its projectors; but each day renders the approximation nearer. The edifice itself, with its graceful proportions, airy structure, and harmonious decorations, leaves little cause for regretting that in mere point of magnitude it falls so far behind its London prototype. The collection, though still far from complete, already affords matter for study and contemplation, from the ponderous raw material up to the most delicate productions of mechanical and artistic skill. We must, however, enter a special protest against the equestrian statue of Washington—monstrous both in the literal and metaphorical signification of the word—which stands so conspicuously under the dome. In the same protest we would join the feeble statue of Webster. Who that ever beheld the majestic lineaments of our great statesman would ever recognize them in that smirking plaster travesty? We wish the projectors of the Exhibition all the success that they deserve, and such accessions to their deservings as shall make their success fully equal to their desires.

To a townful of people tending more and more toward hotel life, few things have a more direct interest than the successive opening of new caravanserais, each apparently eclipsing in splendor all that had preceded it. The latest accession to the number of these bears the name of the "Prescott House," in honor of our great historian. We had an "Irving House" before; and as the project for a monument to our greatest novelist seems to have fallen wholly into abeyance, we suggest that our next great hotel be christened the "Cooper House." And as poetry is of a more ethereal nature than prose, why might not Taylor's gorgeous Ice-Creamery be called the "Bryant Saloon," in honor of the poet foremost beyond all dispute among those now living who use the English tongue? Why, moreover, should not the bill of fare be made a monument to the honor of the author whose name the establishment bears? Let the different dishes be named after the characters and scenes of their respective works. It has been asserted that no man can be a great cook who might not have become a great poet; that as much genius is required for the composition of a Salmi as of an Epic, of a Soup as of a Tragedy. The *chef* at the Prescott might well task his genius, when in his happiest mood, to produce a *Potage à la Isabella*, or a *Vol-au-vent au Columbus* worthy of its name. Ude or Soyer, if transferred to the "Irving," could ask no higher theme than a *Sauce piquante à la Sleepy Hollow*, or a *Cotelette d'Agneau de Pierre Stuyvesant*.