

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the very height of the Presidential campaign one bright autumn morning was hailed, in the pleasant town of Ithaca, in New York, with ringing bells and thundering cannon, but for no political celebration whatever. Had the little town, dreaming upon the shore of the lake so long, suddenly resolved that it would justify the classic name with which Surveyor-General De Witt blessed its beginning, and as old Ithaca produced a wise man so the new should produce wise men? The Surveyor who so liberally diffused so Greek and Roman a system of names through the hapless wilderness of Central New York half a century ago, would have smiled with delight to see the town decorated through all its broad and cheerful streets with the yellow and red of autumn, and ringing its bells of joy because a university was to open its gates that day. But old Paris, Salamanca and Bologna, Salerno and Padua, Göttingen and Oxford and Cambridge would surely have failed to recognize a sister could they have looked into Ithaca. Indeed they would have felt plucked by the beard, and yet they would have seen only their fair, legitimate descendant.

The hotels and the streets and the private houses were evidently full of strangers. Around the solid brick building, over the entrance of which was written "The Cornell Library," there was a moving crowd, and a throng of young men poured in and out at the door, and loitered, vaguely expectant, upon the steps. By ten o'clock in the morning there were two or three hundred young men answering to a roll-call at a side door, and the hall above was filled with the citizens. Presently the young men pressed in, and a procession entered the hall and ascended the platform. Prayer and music followed, and then a tall man, spare, yet of a rugged frame and slightly stooping, his whole aspect marking an indomitable will, stood up and read a brief, simple, clear, and noble address. It said modestly that this was but the beginning of an institution of learning for those upon whom fortune had omitted to smile; an institution in which any person could acquire any instruction in any branch of knowledge, and in which every branch should be equally honorable. Every word hit the mark, and the long and sincere applause that followed the close of the little speech showed how fully every word had been weighed and how truly interpreted. But the face and voice of the speaker were unchanged throughout. Those who best knew what he had done and what he was doing, knew with what sublime but wholly silent enthusiasm he had devoted his life and all his powers to the work. But the stranger saw only a sad, reserved earnestness, and gazed with interest at a man whose story will long be told with gratitude and admiration.

After a graceful and felicitous speech from the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, an ex-officio trustee, the President of the new university arose to deliver his inaugural address. Of a most winning presence, modest, candid, refined, he proceeded to sketch the whole design and hope of the University with an intelligence and fervor that were captivating. It was the discourse of a practical thinker, of a man remarkably gifted for

his responsible and difficult duty, who plainly saw the demand of the country and of the time in education, and who with sincere reverence for the fathers was still wise enough to know that wisdom did not die with them. But when he came to speak to the man who had begun the work and who had just spoken, when he paused to deny the false charges that had been busily and widely made, the pause was long, the heart could not stay for the measured delay of words, and the eloquent emotion consumed the slander as a white heat touches a withered leaf. It was a noble culmination to a noble discourse; and again those who were most familiar with the men and the facts, knew best how peculiarly fitted to each other and to their common work the two men were.

Ithaca had devoted this day to the opening festival of her University, and after dinner, through a warm and boisterous southerly gale, the whole town seemed to pour out and climb the bold high hill that overhangs it. The autumn haze was so thick that nothing distant could be seen. Only the edge of the lake was visible, and the houses and brilliant trees in the streets. Upon the hill there is one large building, and another rapidly rising. At a little distance from the finished building was a temporary tower, against which a platform was built. In front of the platform was gathered a great multitude, and in the tower hung a chime of bells. The wild wind blew, but the presiding officer made a pleasant speech of welcome, and then the chime of bells was presented to the University in an address of great beauty and fitness. After a few words of reception from the Lieutenant-Governor, the chimes rang out Old Hundred far over the silent lake and among the autumn hills. For the first time that strange and exquisite music was heard by the little town, "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky," and the heavy gale caught the sound and whirled it away. "Ring in the valiant man and free," and the wind was whist, and the heart of the multitude unconsciously responded Amen. Then Professor Agassiz—Louis, the well-beloved—fresh from the Rocky Mountains, magnetized the crowd with his presence and his wise and hearty words; and with two or three more addresses, and another peal of the chimes, the Cornell University was formally dedicated. The sun was sinking, a fire-ball in the haze, as the people dispersed. The hour and the occasion were alike solemn; and with meditative feet, his fancy peering into the future, the latest loiterer descended.

Mr. Cornell gives five hundred thousand dollars, a farm, libraries, and museums; he takes the nine hundred and ninety thousand acres of land granted by Congress to the State of New York at a fixed price; he devotes all his sagacity, experience, business skill, and enthusiasm to making the largest profit upon his purchase—and all for the University. Already its books and apparatus and models are worthy of the best schools, and the last experiment in science of London or Paris may be verified at Ithaca. Its chief is a man of ten thousand, and his body of professors are young men the most approved in their departments, with their names to make,

and with the intention, the opportunity, and the ability to make them. The seat of the University is secluded and beautiful. At the head of Cayuga Lake, Ithaca is but thirty miles from Owego, and is reached from the Erie Railroad at that point by connecting trains, or by steamer across the lake from the Central Railroad at Cayuga Bridge. It lies in an interval between the lake and the circling hills, and is but six or eight miles north of the water-shed. From a little spring at the side of the railroad the water runs north into the sea by the St. Lawrence, and south by the Susquehanna. As you go toward Ithaca you reach the top of the hill-range, and far below lies the happy town. Is that also a spring among the hills long hidden, and now about to flow with the living water of knowledge both toward the north and the south?

EVEN the quietest observer must be interested in the spectacle which the country has offered for the last few weeks. It has been thoroughly aroused and excited by the Presidential canvass, and the circumstances were such that even more than excitement was apprehended. But there have been many more "rousing campaigns" than this, and its interest for an Easy Chair is the illustration it affords of the national character and the vindication of our general system.

Here, for instance, is a question of indescribable importance submitted to a vote of millions of people. The arguments upon both sides for many weeks are the most forcible and kindling that can be presented. The country fairly rocks with the blast and counter-blast. Liberty itself is declared by all sides to hang upon the issue. The hour of peaceful decision arrives. It is made and accepted without convulsion. The victory is inconceivably greater than that of a party, for it is a triumph of the instinct of order, which is the indispensable element of civilization. There is nothing so assuring to faith in a steady progress and development of human society as the spectacle of millions of people submitting to a test which they have imposed upon themselves. Hundreds of thousands of votes are cast, and the decision of a majority of a few thousands or of a few hundreds is respected so sincerely that there is no more apprehension of trouble than if the result had been ten to one.

This is the rule, and the great exception of eight years ago merely served to show that great as political progress had been something was yet wanting. But the result of that exception will make the operation of the rule still more universal. Indeed all the conditions of our national life are adverse to disorder. There is plenty of elbow-room upon the continent; the climate is temperate, the temperament of the people is that of what is called the Anglo-Saxon; there is a very general education and intelligence; there is the long habit of order, and there is a constantly increasing perception of the truth of the old sailor's observation that God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right.

All this may be allowed without extravagant expectations of the Millennium at the end of next week. Ambition and passion here are what they are every where. An American citizen or an American party will, as we have seen, upon occasion weigh the chances of the last resort. We are not speaking of the perfect fruit; we are

merely remarking the growth of the tree. Indeed some of the most curious blunders have arisen from confounding the blossom with the fruit. Thus, on the 22d of February, 1861, as Senator Seward was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, he saw the flag flying from a hundred houses, and that sight, with the long habit of a life associating profound peace with the national standard, acting upon the hopeful temperament of a doctrinaire, caused him to say to his companion, "Look there! How extraordinary that any body should believe there is any serious hostility to the Union, when even here the flag is unrolled in the old, hearty, patriotic manner. There may be discontent, but there is no disaffection." In the speech which he delivered in the Senate a few weeks later the same inability to believe that there can be any thing so un-American as forcible resistance to the Union reappears. It was the incredulity of an optimist. Yet how general this feeling was! How hard it was to believe that the tradition of order was to be rudely broken! How black the cloud that settled upon the future when it was broken!

Now that the disorder has passed it is not likely to be immediately renewed. Events show that whatever may be the dreams of some, the heart of the whole is fixed upon order and the peaceful solution of all difficulties. Indeed, the ideal of a popular government is that every body shall freely urge his view and vote without fear. Then the decision really represents not only the will of the people, but the power to enforce it. Every body who honestly believes in such a government, therefore, favors in every way both the free argument and the unbiased vote. Whoever opposes or confuses either is the deadly foe of free government and betrays his neighbors.

These are truths which an Easy Chair can fairly assert, because they belong to patriotism, and not to party. And there is one other which concerns party, yet which may be fairly urged here. It is that parties represent tendencies and principles, and not policies merely; the policies spring from the principles. Party leaders may often see that their party is doomed to defeat, and yet be powerless to help it. The watcher on the mountain-top sees that the sun is risen, but the multitude in the valley do not see it nor believe it. The watcher is powerless, and the multitude follow their own faith. The attempt suddenly and radically to change the policy of a great party is impracticable. A popular leader may do it in an assembly, but no leader nor body of leaders can do it in a country. A few gentlemen in a parlor may see that it is the condition of success; but that condition is itself conditioned upon what they can not effect. In England Mr. Disraeli imposes upon the Tory party in Parliament a Liberal measure, but the Tory party is not a Liberal party; and when the surprise and confusion are passed the party will resume its ancient course.

In choosing a party, therefore, men must look at tendencies and necessities much more than at men or the special measure of to-day. When Mr. Clay was the Whig candidate for President, and Mr. Polk the Democratic candidate, the tariff was an important element in the struggle, and Pennsylvania, as usual, a most important State! But it was supposed that Pennsylvania must of

necessity be a tariff State, and counting upon a certain slowness of apprehension among the Dutch citizens of the remoter districts, the opponents of Mr. Clay raised the cry of "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842," which was a Whig measure. The State voted against Mr. Clay, but whether the Dutchmen obtained a continuation of the tariff of '42 they discovered before many months. But if a perplexed voter who wished to vote for a protective policy and for Mr. Polk had asked himself, "Do the principles and measures and tendency of Mr. Polk's party lead to a good rousing tariff or to free trade?" and had then satisfied himself by investigation, he would have seen that he must choose between Mr. Polk and the tariff, and that it was impossible both to eat his cake and have it.

A great party can not change front in the face of the enemy, although theoretically it is the only method of success. The attempt can only disorganize the line and ruin it. Let no man, therefore, expect that the party of his choice will outwit the other. If its tendencies and principles seem to him noble, and wise, and humane, let him act with it, and try to make all its measures conform. Blind obedience is never necessary. If a party nominates improper candidates, don't vote for them. For when that is the habit of a party, its tendency is to corruption and decay, whatever its argument may originally have been. Of course, pushed to the wall, we must all choose between evils. But practically that is seldom the case. We may be pushed upon a certain candidate—in which case, brethren, scratch him! But when the character of the candidates is no security for the principles they profess, how can those principles gain by the candidates coming into power?

A FRIEND was lately kind enough to urge the Easy Chair to protest against the increasing extravagance of life and manners in this pretty Babylon. "You remember the days of your youth," quoth the kind friend, "when you were a neat little stool, and the straight high-backed chairs of our ancestors, which, if they were not the identical chairs that came over in the *Mayflower*, were their legitimate descendants, had not yet disappeared. But I assure you they are now wholly gone. The last one was destroyed—and it was the chief curiosity—in the burning of Barnum's Museum. Possibly in some remote and secluded vale among the country hills an arm or a leg of some of the old chairs survives, but the race has wholly perished. There is nothing left but luxurious lounges and grotesque seats of inconceivable costliness. We are all gone off in a whirlpool and a whirlwind of stupid and reckless and perilous extravagance."

The tone was lamentable. The Easy Chair, however, perceived that under this remarkable metaphor of old-fashioned straight-backed chairs and modern soft seats, the kind friend alluded to the enormous extravagance which is now the grave consideration "to those about to marry." And while the words were still warm from the warm heart of the speaker the Easy Chair proceeded upon its daily meditative stroll up Broadway to behold Babylon with eyes anointed by that urgent entreaty. And indeed it was immediately evident that those straight-backed chairs were indeed gone. The first female figure could

certainly not be described by the epithet straight-backed. No venerable piece of furniture, indeed, like this can undertake to say what the figure was or was not, what it had on or had not on. There was a mass of festooned furbelows, and broad knots, and flyers, and fringes, and bulges, and bands; a general impression of a frame tortured by corsets and hanging helplessly forward, with hands and arms superfluous, and pawing or patting the air—of a vast and awkwardly concealed load behind, and of feet cruelly set in shoes of heels so high that there could be no secure stepping. This was the cruel and confusing spectacle. Chinese women are lovely by contrast, and graceful and winning. Patter, patter, patter, went these figures along the pavement, and "the superior sex" turned and smiled as the more extraordinary specimens passed, and perhaps respected the "gentler sex" more highly—and perhaps not.

To the loitering pedestrian taking his pleasure in Babylon it is all a pretty spectacle. And he says to any sober friend who would fain moralize a little: "Fudge! don't generalize from the fools. These women are not so bad as they seem, and all women are not like these. Let us look at the entertainment provided, my dear Easy Chair, and enjoy ourselves and rest and be thankful."

If the Easy Chair ventures to suggest that certain traces show the existence of gold and certain symptoms reveal disease, and that a wise parent may be alarmed by the lustre of his daughter's eye or the deep hue of her cheek, the pedestrian who is enjoying the entertainment changes his seat or his companion that he may be in a pleasanter neighborhood. But is it not still true, and worth thinking about? When we were all bidden the other day to that prodigious feast, and sat down to the wilderness of the rarest flowers and the most dazzling golden service; when even the stoutest and most experienced of us in such matters was fairly confounded by the splendid extravagance, it was not indeed a rule, but was it not a symptom? Little Eins drives only a single bay in his wagon, while Zwanzig urges a four-in-hand. But a quart is practically as much too much for a pint pot as a gallon. It is more ruinous for little Eins to drive his bay than for Zwanzig to urge forty instead of four-in-hand.

Besides, all this gold and glass and porcelain was wholly undigested; not that the Easy Chair is so venerable that it seriously expects to eat the plates and dishes, but that it likes to see some kind of due relation and proportion between men and things. We all flock to Zwanzig's superb feasts, for instance, but we might as well flock into the coin vault of a bank. Zwanzig has, indeed, changed or digested a certain amount of coin into table service and house furniture such as Marie Antoinette might have sighed for, and over which her *garde* might well have sung, "O, Richard! O, mon roi!" But the process has stopped there. Is it any pleasure to drink Lagrima Christi out of old Murano glass with a man who talks bad grammar or utters bad sentiments, or is merely passively vulgar? Is there no "keeping" in human life? Fine things imply fine people. If the host is essentially vulgar and the guests are of the same kind, the magnificent service merely emphasizes the fact. When

we go into a cellar in Fulton Street or elsewhere and partake of lager, cheese, and bread with Zwanzig, it is not exactly pleasant, for he is not a pleasant personage; but it is not out of keeping. But when we meet him over engraved glass and golden spoon, it is, at least, bewildering.

Protest a little, quoth the kind friend. Well, there has been a pretty steady protest for many a year and in many a country, and it shall be continued. But there is no tyranny so inexorable, no slavery so abject as that of this kind of extravagance. What seems easier than to spend only two thousand dollars a year if you have but two thousand a year? But what is actually harder? Little Eins says that he is as good as any body; that he has Zero blood in his veins; that his associates are of a certain kind; that he can not be at home with certain other people; that he must live in a certain quarter and in a certain way. There is no end to the certainties which little Eins enumerates. Let us grant it all, and then what? If you can not live "in a certain way" without ending in disgrace and the State prison, wouldn't it suit the Zero blood better to live in a certain other way? Wouldn't Mrs. Eins's friends come to see her if she and her husband lived within their means? And if not, dear Eins, couldn't you spare their visits?

Don't misunderstand. It is *not* pleasant to be poor; but, if you *are* poor, the best thing is to make the best of it. There are fifty clerks in the city of Babylon who will read these lines and who are living beyond their incomes, eking them out by money not their own, which they mean fully to replace, of whose use nobody is ever to know, and which they would die rather than steal. That is the way it seems to you, for instance, Mr. Jones, who are already beyond your depth. You are as infatuated as the drunkard who is going to leave off drinking day after to-morrow. There is one way for him and one for you—stop now. If Zwanzig won't recognize you when you live in a second-rate boarding-house, what will he do when you live at Sing Sing?

But Jones's situation, and his fearful skimming along that thin ice which is sure to break presently, merely shows, brethren, what we said in the opening of our discourse; it shows that this extravagance is a symptom. If it ended with Zwanzig—if only those who could afford to pay the bill indulged in this delirious orgy—it would not be so bad. But their motion makes a vortex, and it sucks in all the lighter craft and the waifs of every kind. Poor Eins! Poor Jones! They can not help themselves; can we do any thing to help them? There is a very pat proverb which you may quote, that the gods only help those who help themselves. But we are not the gods, we are only pedestrians and Easy Chairs. And if we only showed such Einses and Joneses as we know that, although we do happen to have lots of money, we don't make it the test of our society; and, although we are not only rich as Croesus, but have nothing but the bluest blood coursing through our veins, yet that we like ladies and gentlemen in second-rate boarding-houses more than we like Zwanzig and Company with all their gold services and magnificent upholstery, then we should protest to some purpose.

The dollar is almighty upon one condition only

—that we permit it to be so. Jones! square up those accounts at once. Eins! sell that ridiculous bay. Don't put Zwanzig's ring through your nose, and he will treat you like a man, not like a toady. It was a pleasant old book that we used to read, "Philosophy in Common Things;" and why should we not study a little the value of heroism in little things? How many men, for instance, are brave enough to be truthful in all the details of life? Mrs. Opie tilted at White Lies. How many did the charming lady tell herself? Indeed where is that vanishing line where truth ends and white lying begins? Did those straight-backed *Mayflower* chairs themselves swerve a little? If they did, let us be all the more careful that we do not.

THE interest in polar adventure is inexhaustible. We read the accounts in the papers to-day as we used to read the stories of Parry long ago. It is indeed a fascination of terror, for it is impossible not to shudder as the simple narrative proceeds. Dr. Kane described the Arctic silence as sometimes almost dreadful. And one day after dinner when he was fresh from his travels and was telling his adventures to a party of friends, Thackeray, who was of the company and sat quietly smoking, said to the host when Kane had finished, "Do you think he would let me kiss his boots?" The genuine heroism of the traveler impressed Thackeray's imagination, and when Kane said that one day, in the coldest and sharpest season, he saw a sailor intent upon a book, and going up and looking over his shoulder saw that it was "Pendennis"—when he said this, Thackeray's bluff face was suffused with the softest emotion, and he did not try to speak but quietly smoked and looked at Kane like a lover.

Captain Hall is likely to have "good fame" among the arctic explorers. His book, published a few years since, is one of the most graphic and interesting of its kind, and a kind of invincible simplicity of character seems to promise for his efforts the best results. The theory of his exploration is undoubtedly the true one; but it is only to be put into practice by an arctic fanatic. Captain Hall thinks that if any thing is to be ascertained of previous explorers, and of the best methods of exploration, there must be some kind of intelligent relation established with the natives. They know something of their own country, and they have traditions and reports when they do not know; and familiarity with them will teach the explorer what he could not otherwise learn. This is the plan which Captain Hall has pursued. He has domesticated himself among the polar bears and seals and the other natives, and is quietly waiting to go to the open Polar Sea in the swiftest and most comfortable manner.

The last news from him is in August, 1867. He was then at Repulse Bay, and had obtained several relics of the survivors of Franklin's party, which the gentleman who brings the news had himself seen. Captain Hall had heard of Captain Crozier, one of Franklin's officers, and indeed the relics which he has were Crozier's; but the poor Captain has disappeared, and Hall says that "the opinion most entertained is that the natives killed him." Hall hears of a cairn, or rude vault of stones, built by the last six survivors

of the Franklin Expedition, in which they had deposited documents and relics. This cairn is described as about four hundred and fifty miles northward from Repulse Bay, in the country of a certain King William, with whom the people of Repulse Bay are not upon friendly terms. Last February or March Captain Hall intended to start to find this cairn. His party was to consist of five Caucasians besides himself, and a force of King Alfred's men of Repulse Bay. King William's army is two hundred strong, and can all be assembled in a month's time. If this formidable host should attempt to oppose Captain Hall, he will raise the battle-cry of "Alfred, the documents, and victory!"

It is pleasant to know that Joe and Hannah will accompany the Captain. They are the Es-

quimaux who were in this country with him, and were educated here. They are now his interpreters, and being faithfully attached to him, their service is inestimable. The expedition was to proceed by dogs and sleds; and if it were successful, and the forces of King William remained merely an army of observation, Captain Hall hoped and meant to push on to the open sea, and return, perhaps, by Behring Strait. If, however, he were delayed, he expected to return in September of this year, and winter again at Repulse Bay. Where is he now? Has he met and routed King William? Is he sailing upon the open Polar Sea? Has he joined Franklin and Crozier? Let us hope the best for the brave explorer, and look speedily to welcome him heartily home!

Editor's Book Table.

THE book-receiver is like the ancient gate-keeper of the city, against whom, for his want of faith, the prophet denounced the penalty that he should with his eyes behold the plenty of the land but not partake of it. Our table groans beneath the superincumbent weight of the autumn fruits. And yet, though when this page meets the reader's eye the season will be far advanced, now, as we are penning it, only the early fruits of the summer's ripening have fallen, and the boughs hang full above our heads with others, that in a few weeks will drop from the publishers' shelves into our emptied autumn baskets. Of these fruits of the mind, like those of the orchard, there are various sorts. Some books there are which, however valuable in their day, are as evanescent as the daily paper. They are good only when fresh. Others are winter fruit and live a season. A few will bear preserving, and go to stock the libraries of the future, outliving the generation which called them forth. We rarely have occasion to notice in these pages other than the latter two classes. Some books are like autumn leaves—brilliant indeed, but sure to perish speedily—and we are too busy with the living to pronounce even a panegyric over dead books.

NOVELS.

ONE can not altogether divest himself of a certain feeling of gallantry in approaching, even with a critic's pen, such a book as Miss Dickinson's *What Answer?** The authoress is an old acquaintance. She has been deservedly admired, not less for her courage and patriotism than her pleasing voice and her often powerful sentences. A certain romantic interest has surrounded her, like that with which we delight to invest the heroines of history, Joan of Arc, or Florence Nightingale. By assuming a public position she subjects herself, it is true, to public criticism. But one would, notwithstanding, treat a lady with courtesy, no less on the platform than in the parlor. This feeling is intensified by the conviction that in "What Answer?" Miss Dickinson has exhibited the same moral qualities

which have given her her prestige as a lecturer. It is, we are told, a *brave* book. But so was Don Quixote's attack upon the wind-mill a brave act. The avowed object of her novel is to break down the prejudice between the white and black. Its plot turns upon love between an Anglo-Saxon hero and a quadroon heroine. But the story is only a shepherd's sling to cast a stone at the giant whom she thinks to be defying the armies of Israel. One honors the bravery of the young David, and we all the more regret that her shot is so ineffective; but it is quite clear she has never practiced with this weapon, and that she shares the very common but very egregious error of supposing that any one who can tell a story to an audience in a speech can construct a novel that shall secure a place in literature. It will take a much more skillful aim to bring this Goliath down—if, indeed, he be a Goliath at all. For, warmly as we sympathize with this honest endeavor to break down the inveterate prejudice which has been so sedulously fomented against the negro, we are heretical enough to doubt the conclusion to which she would conduct us—the intermarriage of white and black. We are quite sure, at all events, that it is not such advocacy of which the negro is now most in need. Liberty in fact as well as in name, the rights and prerogatives of citizenship, open avenues to all avocations, fair remuneration for work done, an open field and no favors—this the African has a right to claim; less than this a republic founded on the equality of all men before the law can not consistently or justly award. This awarded, the marriage question may be left to solve itself. If legal barriers be broken down man will not be able to keep apart hearts that God marries. If, on the other hand, that almost universal sentiment of aversion which tends to restrain the intermarriage of different races be a law of nature, no romance will be able to weaken its power.

"ONLY a love story" is thought to be the most contemptuous condemnation of a novel. Pray why? What experience is more sublime than that of love? He who can write the story of a heart has done far more than he who writes the story of a life. A true novel is truer than a his-

* *What Answer?* By ANNA E. DICKINSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

tory. And he who has taught the heart how truly, wisely, and well to love has taught it the best of all lessons. *Mildred** and *The Woman's Kingdom†* are both love stories, though of a very different sort. The former is a sensational novel. No one can doubt its power. It is a book of great fascination. But we can not think it healthful. The strong passion which it portrays is not the best and highest form of love. It may be a real experience; we are sure it is not a healthful one. A well-born gambler, over whom is thrown a glamour of romance, a high-spirited, noble-hearted, but headstrong young lady, and a weak old father, constitute the main figures in this drama of life. Our sympathies are all with the maiden; but, after all, our judgment is with the father. However it may be in romance, in real life professional gamblers are not desirable matches for maidens, even though they possess some noble characteristics; and it is never safe to marry a doubtful character in the hope of reforming him.

Woman's Kingdom is a very different sort of book. Two twin sisters—Letty and Edna Kenderline—schoolmistresses, and of course not rich, meet “by chance, the usual way,” two brothers—William and Julius Stedman—at a watering-place, whither sickness has brought both parties, out of the season. William, the doctor, is drawn to Edna by her noble heart, and yields himself willingly to a love which, strong though it be, is always self-restrained. Julius, warm-hearted but fitful of purpose, captivated by the fair face of Letty, who has all the beauty of the family, is carried captive away by an uncontrollable passion. Edna returns the doctor's love, marries him, and shares with him the quiet of his poor and unpretending home. Letty, flattered, vain, her heart spoiled by many flirtations and deepened by no true love, replies coquettishly to Julius's suit. She will have him only when he has acquired a competence to give to her. He abandons his profession—Art—enters mercantile life, and finally accepts a mission to India, not really for the purpose of acquiring a fortune, save as it enables him to acquire her. And this first act of the drama closes with Letty starting out on an East India merchantman to join her intended.

Fifteen years pass away. Letty's strong ambition has conquered her weak love. She has accepted a wealthier lover on her journey out, and has returned to England with her husband and her only child, a daughter about twelve years old; followed, though she does not know it, by the wreck of her former lover, ruined by her falsity to him. He haunts her like a ghost; pursues her wherever she goes as her own shadow; contrives furtive interviews with her daughter, Gertrude; tells the daughter the story of his wrong without disclosing his name; awakens her indignation against the unknown woman who has ruined him; gradually arouses the suspicions of the mother as to his true character; taken sick, is discovered by his brother William through the interposition of Gertrude, despite the efforts of the mother; and finally is taken to his brother's

home, where the book leaves him, recovering in body, but never to recover the real health of a strong soul again; while Mrs. Vanderdecken “still lives at Holywell Hall in great honor and undiminished wealth, flourishing like a green bay-tree, except that—poor woman!—she can not fairly be likened to the wicked. She is not wicked, only weak.”

The story is very simple. There is no intricate plot to be unraveled. There is but one hair-breadth escape. There are no passages in which you turn the pages in haste to see what new catastrophe will follow next. It is a quiet story of heart life, but a story of great power. With marvelous art-touches Miss Mulock (by which name the literary world still best knows her) has preserved the characteristics yet noted the changes in her characters. You see the hair grow gray. Letty Kenderline and Mrs. Vanderdecken, Julius the young impetuous lover, Julius the old broken-down soldier—the same, yet how different! Beneath these disguises of the outer you read the life of the inner. You see for yourself their identity. The moral of the story is as simple as its plot, but, like that of real life, invrought into the fibre of the story, it is not easy to be separated therefrom. The book is one worthy to be put into every young woman's hands; sure to enkindle in all true hearts a noble womanly ambition. It is a better sermon than any mere didactic one could be; its moral, more powerful because it imbues the story, is not appended to it. *Woman's Kingdom* is love. Her noblest ambition is a queenly supremacy in the heart. She who abdicates this true throne to grasp at any other sceptre dethrones herself. It is better to love and suffer than not to love and be happy—if an unloving heart can ever be called happy. For love is the highest life. This is the meaning of this last and perhaps best story from the pen of one who combines a careful study of life with a rare genius in depicting its real experiences, and who renders charming even a very simple story of actual life by the glow of a warm and loving heart with which she transfuses it.

THE remaining stories that lie on our table must make room for new books with no other word than a mere mention. SOL SMITH's *Reminiscences** do not occupy a very exalted place in literature. But he who provokes a hearty laugh does humanity real good; and no one can read these *disjecta membra* without a good many hearty laughs.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE† is, it is hardly too much to say, one of the best short story writers in America. His *Exaggerations* are told with such a charming naïveté, and his *Impossibilities* are so exceedingly natural, and he utters, in a word, the most absurd fictions with so grave a face, that it is no wonder he deceives the very elect. Since De Foe's famous *Plague* of London there has been no fiction which has secured such universal credence as his “Man without a Country.”

* *Mildred*. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† *The Woman's Kingdom*. A Love Story. By the Author of JOHN HALIFAX, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* *Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years*. Interspersed with anecdotal Sketches. Autobiographically given by SOL SMITH, retired Actor. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† *Of, Yes, and Perhaps*. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

POETRY.

WHILE Mr. Longfellow is enjoying himself among the mountains of Switzerland, or in the excitements of Paris life, his latest poem* is simultaneously published in London, Leipsic, Paris, and Boston—a curious illustration of the unity of the Republic of Letters and its superiority to all national lines. To our fancy Mr. Longfellow's Pegasus drives best out of harness. His power is that of reading the subtle likeness of things to common eyes unlike, and that of a heart which knows how to utter the subtlest and deepest experiences. But he has never developed remarkable genius in the analysis of character, or the portrayal of those great struggles which run the plow-share through the community roughly and turn up its roots. In selecting, therefore, New England life in the days of the Pilgrims he has chosen a theme not peculiarly adapted to his genius, though his genius renders attractive any theme. We doubt whether he understands either the furnace heats in which these men of steel were tempered, or the war that made it necessary that the blade should be so unyielding and so keen. The characteristic of the Puritan was conscience. His defects—and they were great—were those of a conscience untempered by love. The key-note to Mr. Longfellow's character as a poet is a refined taste, and a tender and sympathizing heart that revolts against the roughness and the cruelty of rough and cruel times. His imagination, too, is restive under the restraints of such a theme. It will not, indeed, be restrained; and puts into the mouths of John Endicott and old Simon Kempthorne and Edith the Quakeress similes which are all the more incongruous for their very beauty. It is as if he should put pearls upon the Quaker's bosom and a diamond ring upon the Puritan's finger. And yet we read the book with a consciousness that he has attired both much more plainly than his luxuriant imagination would choose to do. We can not think, on the whole, that he has really lifted the veil that hides the past, or let us into the secrets of Puritan life, or disclosed by a poet's sympathy its true experiences. This work he is not the one to do. But, if he has not done this, he has made his simple story a thread for the utterance of thoughts as healthful as they are beautiful; and as a testimony to the worth of mercy and of love, in contrast with mere conscience, we welcome this book to a high place in Christian literature.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

HISTORY is in these latter days made so fast that it is quite impossible to keep pace with it. The invasion of the Crimea† has been erased from the public mind by events of so much greater moment that it has already been almost forgotten. The noise of this far-off battle on the shores of the Black Sea is drowned by the cannon of Magenta and Solferino, and they in turn by the fiercer conflicts of our own civil war. The history of such a campaign can not, however, be truly written while it rages. The muddy waters

must be allowed to settle before the truth can be discerned, reflected upon their face. Mr. KINGLAKE has undertaken to incorporate in a standard and permanent history the events of the Crimean War, heretofore to be obtained only from evanescent literature and in unreliable forms. Whoever desires to understand modern European politics must know something of this campaign; and prior to this book his search for knowledge would have been conducted, it must be confessed, under serious difficulties.

HISTORY trenches on biography, and it is never easy to draw the line between them. ABBOTT's *Life of Napoleon III.** is in reality a history of Europe for the last quarter century. For, whatever may be thought of the nephew of his uncle, there is no doubt that he is by far the most prominent if not the most influential man in European politics; and there is scarcely a single problem on the political chess-board during the present era that he has not aided either to solve or to complicate. Mr. Abbott is a Frenchman—not by blood, but by nature. He is a man of warm sympathies, of ardent impulses, capable of intense admiration and of intense loathing. For years he has made French history and French character his peculiar study. He has twice visited France during the last sixteen years, and personally examined the workings of the French Government. His previous *Life of Napoleon I.* gave him an admirable introduction to Napoleon III., and the reception which was awarded to him intensified his already intense admiration of the family. The result is a thoroughly Frenchman's history of the Emperor. The author joins heartily in the cry, *Vive l'Empereur!* Doubtless there are spots on the sun, but he is not concerned in observing them. On the whole he is assured that "the empire is peace;" that it is the Napoleons who have given France her stability and prosperity; that the overthrow of the Emperor would reinstate anarchy; and that, whatever minor defects of administration may exist, France possesses on the whole an admirable government, not exactly republican indeed, but one far better fitted to the character and condition of her people. To the advocacy of this view he brings all the results of twenty-five years' acquaintance with French history and literature, and four years of special investigation of the career of Napoleon III., fused and magnetized by one of the most eloquent pens which any American historian wields. No man can doubt the eloquence, the ability, the power, or the honesty of the advocate. He will materially modify, we fancy, the judgment of the impartial reader concerning the subject of his biography. But he will not secure the judgment for which he pleads.

THEODORE IRVING† and ARTHUR HELPS‡ cover somewhat the same period of history.

* The History of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Including a brief Narrative of all the most important Events which have occurred in Europe since the Fall of Napoleon I. to the present Time. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Boston: B. B. Russell.

† The Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto. By THEODORE IRVING. New York: George P. Putnam and Son.

‡ The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HELPS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* The New England Tragedies. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Invasion of the Crimea. Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The latter, in the fourth volume, now before us, finishes what must be regarded as the standard history of an era of which hitherto little or nothing has been known. The contrast between the civilization of North and South America, between the Republic of the United States and that of Mexico, can only be understood by him who traces their history back to the days of their founders. The strong purpose to be impartial has led Mr. Helps to dignify some very bad men and some very infamous deeds with very honorable titles. But the temptation to excess in the other direction was very strong, and was very wisely resisted.

MANY circumstances have conspired to invest the life of General Grant with peculiar interest: the romance of his career who from so humble a birth has risen to so exalted a station; the personal enthusiasm which a naturally military nation feels for its great military chieftain; the peculiar affection which an immense though now disbanded army feels for the leader who gave to it its victories; the patriotic regard which Americans possess for one whom they esteem in some measure the restorer of the Republic; and the general desire of every man to know something of the silent actor who is to be the Republic's Chief Executive for the next four years, and to whom so many look in hope for a policy that shall heal the wounds of war, already kept open too long; all these considerations conspire to whet the public appetite for lives of General Grant. From the score or so of biographies which have been issued in compliance with the universal demand we select two as likely to be measurably permanent, and as valuable because they represent two different phases of his life and character.

BADEAU'S *Life** is, as its title indicates, a purely *military* history. In this aspect it is not only the best, it may be almost said to be the only one. The author, the aid-de-camp of General Grant, and his constant companion, having free access not only to all his official reports, but also to much of his private correspondence; knowing, by the necessity of his position, the nature of the General's plans and purposes more intimately than any other person; generally witnessing with his own eye the movements which he has described; and subsequently obtaining, through the War Department, free access to the Confederate reports; has not only enjoyed remarkable facilities for his work, but appears to have faithfully availed himself of them. His *Life* introduces General Grant a brigadier-general. It drops the curtain, or proposes so to do, at the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. It thus affords what is not a complete, but is by far the most authoritative, history of the rebellion in its military aspects. The book is finely issued, and the maps and plans are of immeasurably greater value for a real understanding of the military movements than the absurd melange of soldiers, cannon, and horses, in all manner of inconceivable melodramatic attitudes, which usually disfigure, under the poor pretense of illustrating, military biographies.

* *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant.* From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By ADAM BADEAU, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

BUT the life of General Grant is more than the record of a military career. It is a magnificent illustration of the power and worth of the substantial but unshowy qualities of earnest purpose, decision, and independence of character, and patient and invincible perseverance. Impetuous Americans need such a lesson. Young men, anxious to leap into success without earning it, grumbling at a world that does not appreciate them, dazzled by the show of a false and quickly fading greatness, can not read the life of this quiet doer of great deeds without feeling the inspiration of a new and a nobler ambition. It is the most healthful of stories to read; the best possible antidote to the miserable spirit of romancing which sets the young to searching for some Aladdin's lamp that shall raise them a palace in a night, instead of stimulating them to dig with their own hands its foundations and rear with patient and persevering labor its walls. This aspect of General Grant's life has been seized and well presented by Mr. RICHARDSON,* the war correspondent of the *New York Tribune*; much of the time with General Grant, more on the look-out for incidents and anecdotes, which are always read with avidity, than for great plans and policies, which, if known, could not be disclosed. Mr. Richardson, by the vividness of his descriptions, takes us with him into the campaign and permits us to share the hospitalities of his hero's tent. He does something toward lifting the veil that hides every public man from the real knowledge of the public, and if he gives us little new information concerning Grant's campaigns, gives us a good deal that is new concerning Grant himself. His book, written in the easy but not always elegant style of a newspaper correspondent, is always readable, though rarely eloquent. He rightly terms it a personal history, and well maintains his right to the title. Those who wish to know accurately what General Grant has done will do well to obtain Badeau's *Military History*. Those who desire to know what General Grant *is* will find an admirable portraiture in that of Mr. Richardson's.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

THE year 1868 opens almost a new era in American history. In certain quarters an outcry against the increasing immigration to our shores has been popular. Men forget that our multiplied railroads are largely due to the Irish, and a considerable proportion of our cultivated Western farms to the German. Hitherto, however, it must be confessed that immigration has added chiefly to our material resources. Yet ever since the advent of Jenny Lind America has been permitted to welcome the ablest musical artists of the Old World, and it now begins to receive accretions to its literary circles. One of the most popular preachers of New York city is an Irish immigrant from Dublin—Dr. John Hall. The lecturer-elect on history in the Cornell University is an English immigrant from Oxford—Professor Goldwin Smith. And the newly-installed President of Princeton College is a freshly-arrived immigrant from Belfast. His coming is fittingly accompanied by a new

* *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant.* Illustrated. With a Portrait and Sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By ALBERT D. RICHARDSON. Hartford: American Publishing Company.

American edition of his works.* Themselves the fruit of hard study and intense thought, they require intense thought and hard study to master them. But they are well worth it. They form an admirable introduction to America of one whom we are rejoiced to welcome as henceforth an American; while we return to the mother country our hearty thanks for sending us in him one of the ablest modern representatives of the so-called evangelical school of philosophic theology.

THE growing controversy between Protestant and Roman Catholic lends peculiar interest to MOEHLER'S *Symbolism*.† To the reader unversed in theological lore it may be necessary to say that *Symbol* is the theologic phrase for creed or confession of faith, and Moehler's *Symbolism* is neither a treatise on Ritualism nor on Scripture types, but by far the ablest, as it is by far the fairest, Roman Catholic exposition of the doctrinal differences between these two great Churches. Those who will be least ready to accept his conclusions will be most ready to acknowledge the value of his contribution to theological literature, and to honor the Christian spirit in which he has written.

MR. ALBERT BARNES‡ is, if not the most scholarly, certainly the most successful commentator on the Scriptures. There is no man of ancient or modern times who has done so much to interpret the Scriptures to the popular mind. His own mental characteristics fit him peculiarly for this which has been his life-work. His moderate views in theology give offense to none but extremists; and his interpretations of Scripture, free for the most part from party prejudice or from pet theories of his own, may be aptly characterized by the term common-sense. No man has rivaled him in his peculiar department. And to those who esteem the Bible the Word of God the elucidation and practical application to daily life of its meaning will appear to be one of the best services which a Christian scholar can render to his fellow-men. It is said that already half a million of volumes of his commentaries have been issued in this country, and as many more in Great Britain; while portions of them have been translated into Welsh, French, Chinese, and the languages of India. We hope for this work—the first volume of which only is yet issued—a success as marked and a welcome as warm as that which has been accorded to its predecessors.

There can be no question that HENRY WARD BEECHER is the greatest of living American orators.§ For over twenty years his church in

Brooklyn has been crowded to excess every Sabbath. His prayer-meeting audiences would awaken the envy of any ordinary clergyman. His sermons have been eagerly caught up and repeated by the daily press. His services are always in demand on the platform. Henry Ward Beecher is "a card" that always draws. His political utterances are looked for with an interest only second to that which attaches to his speech on ethical subjects. His power is cosmopolitan. His orations in Great Britain did more than any other one thing to revolutionize public sentiment there. His pen is only less powerful than his voice. For a few months, assuming editorial charge of a politico-religious newspaper, his editorials proved him a giant in the editorial as in the ministerial desk. His humorous dashes in the *New York Ledger* run the round of the daily press. He writes a novel, and all America watches curious to see what he will make of "Norwood." And alike as editor of an agricultural paper in Indiana, and of a religious paper in New York, alike on the platform and in the press, alike in politics, art, and religion, in philosophy, theology, ethics, and romance, he proves himself among the most popular of writers and speakers in America.

But it is not doubtful that Mr. Beecher's final reputation will be built upon his voice rather than upon his pen, upon his sermons rather than upon his humorous effusions or his political efforts. To see him at his best one must hear him in his own pulpit and among his own people. He is never greatest on great occasions. He always does best what he does without effort. All that he says and writes is really sermon. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge. "I n-n-never heard you d-d-do any thing else," replied stuttering Lamb. We might almost say the same thing of Mr. Beecher. His humor is not broader in the *Ledger* than it is in his own pulpit. His lectures are sermons with life for a text. His political addresses always discuss the moral aspects of the canvass, and address themselves chiefly to the moral sense. His novel is a slender thread of story on which to hang a very beautiful array of moralizing pearls. And we venture to predict that his promised "Life of Christ" will be far more a development of the philosophy of Christianity than a dramatic or even historic narrative of the earthly life of its Author. The sermons of Mr. Beecher constitute his best work. By them posterity will judge him.

It is Mr. Beecher's misfortune to hate literary labor. He is never painstaking. There is not a busier man in America. But he is constitutionally opposed to *hard* work. He works, but because to his abounding life it is easy to work, hard only to be idle. He does every thing extemporaneously. He writes his sermons always at a white heat; almost always at a single sitting; writes, not as most ministers, that he may be sure he has something so to say, but that he may guard against the danger of having too much. He never stops to pick up mistakes. He dreads to revise, recast, correct. If he has not done the right thing yesterday, he prefers to do some other right thing to-morrow. This is admirable philosophy. But the consequence is that until now he has never issued any thing from the press worthy of his name. Some admirers have caught

* The Divine Government. Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. The Intuitions of the Mind. Defense of Fundamental Truth. By JAMES M'COSH, D.D. Four vols. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

† Symbolism, or Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants. By JOHN ADAM MOEHLER, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication House.

‡ Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By ALBERT BARNES. In three vols. Vol. I. New York: Harper and Brothers.

§ Sermons by HENRY WARD BEECHER, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from published and unpublished Discourses, and revised by their Author. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

up pungent sayings and given them to the public in "Life Thoughts" and similar fragmentary publications. His sermons have been taken down by short-hand and given forth without revision or correction—with all the imperfections of heated discourse, and none of that interpretation which his inimitable voice and manner afford. Meantime there was danger that his influence would die with him, and that his name would remain, like that of Whitefield, the name of a brilliant rocket shot across the sky and then gone out forever. Mr. Beecher has at length, however, yielded to the importunities of his friends. Kept to his work, we know not by what assiduous endeavors, and aided in it by a friend who acknowledges his appreciation and personal indebtedness to Mr. Beecher in an introductory note, he has at length given to the public and to posterity, in the two handsome volumes which lie before us, forty-six characteristic sermons, which he has carefully revised, and by which he is willing to be judged. They constitute the only official and authoritative exposition of his philosophy and his methods.

These sermons are selected from over five hundred published and unpublished discourses. Some of them have never before been printed. Others are substantially rewritten. Others are materially modified. They are not theological, though there are theological discussions among them. They give a fair portraiture of the author's preaching; illustrate his most common and most popular methods; appeal, as he does, with almost equal power to every faculty; address in turn the reason, the imagination, the fancy, and the affections; and always, though by different routes, reach the heart. They will interpret to many a young minister the secret of true success; not only because in one or two autobiographical discourses Mr. Beecher uncovers his heart and lets us look therein, but because in them all he displays the customary methods of the most popular modern preachers. They will be esteemed by every student of theological philosophy as the authentic exposition of the views of one who has done more to modify modern theology—at least in his own denomination—than any other man since the days of Edwards. For Mr. Beecher is essentially a metaphysician. He believes, with Rufus Choate, that "it's a great mistake to think any thing too profound or rich for a popular audience." The profoundest problems of modern philosophy form the topics of his most popular and powerful sermons; but always presented, as Jesus always presented the like topics, in "anecdote, or sparkling truism, or telling illustration, or stinging epithet; always in some concrete form, never in a logical, abstract, syllogistic shape." Above all, these sermons will be warmly esteemed by many a Christian who will find in these pages the wants of his heart appreciated by an exquisite sympathy and fed by one whose unrecognized wealth of heart is greater even than his recognized genius. The richest of these sermons, the richest of all Mr. Beecher's sermons—as all will agree who have been attendants on his ministry—are not those that deal with the problems of the intellect, but those that deal with the subtler problems of the heart. And while no student can rise from the perusal of such discourses as that on "The Divinity of Christ," "The Second Incarnation of Christ," or "The

State of Christianity To-day," without a profound admiration for the philosophic breadth and insight they display, no man can rise from reading such sermons as those on "The Sepulchre in the Garden," "The Blind Restored to Sight," "The Lilies of the Field," "The Ministration of Suffering," or "A Conversation about Christ," without profound affection for the one whose warm heart pulsates through these disclosures of Christian experience, and profound gratitude to him for the inspiration they afford. For this, after all, is the power of Mr. Beecher, that no one ever goes from his church empty away. This must be the power of any pulpit. Not by the symmetry with which the table is set, not by the flowers that garnish it, but by the food that is upon it, the meal must be judged. We predict for these volumes not only a present extensive popularity, but a permanent place in American literature.

REV. W. H. FURNESS is always a suggestive writer, and his little book,* whose title is too long for its size, follows out a new line of thought, and is not less valuable for its indirect influence in leading the reader to a better appreciation of Scripture than for its direct influence in meeting some of the skeptical tendencies of the age. The same may be said of Dr. KIP's book,† which draws attention to facts and events in Scripture which the cursory reading it generally receives fails to observe. GEORGE JONES's larger work,‡ companion to a previous volume of like character on the New Testament, is better in design than in execution. He endeavors to take Bible scenes and Bible characters out of that mystic land in which our reverential fancy places them; but his learning is ill-digested, and he constantly carries his readers away from the thread of his narrative by quotations which should be confined to notes or an appendix, and by digressions from which they return to the main road with difficulty.

MR. GREELEY's *Recollections of a Busy Life* (Ford and Co., Hartford) are already familiar to the public, not only through the columns of the *New York Ledger*, but through those of other journals, into which many of his chapters were copied. He is the accredited author of the saying that "No man can succeed in New York who is not able and willing to do two days' work in one." His *Recollections* are a sufficient attestation that he has practiced on his own motto.

The Eminent Women of the Age (S. M. Betts and Co., Hartford) is a remarkable book chiefly for the method of its composition. It is a sort of mutual admiration gallery, in which a number of eminent men and women have combined to paint the portraits of their friends, so that each one has sat for her portrait to an appreciative artist. Such photograph albums, where a great company of outline profiles are gathered in a single volume, are increasingly popular.

* *The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels.* By W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

† *The Unnoticed Things of Scripture.* By the Right Rev. WILLIAM KIP, D.D., Bishop of California. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman and Co.

‡ *Life Scenes from the Old Testament.* By Rev. GEORGE JONES, M.A. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues and Co.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of October, four days previous to the Presidential election, the canvass for which has to a great extent occupied the public mind during the month. Long before these pages are read the result of the election will be decided.

It was conceded on both sides that the issue of the State elections to be held on the 13th of October in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska would give important indications of the vote for the Presidency. Each party professed perfect confidence in its ability to carry at least three of these four States. The Republicans succeeded in all, though by small majorities. In *Pennsylvania* General Hartranft, the Republican candidate for Auditor-General, the leading office now voted for, received a majority of not quite 10,000, in a total vote of about 653,000. The Legislature is Republican by a decided majority in both Houses, which insures a United States Senator of that party in place of Mr. Buckalew, whose term of office will soon close. There are one or two seats in the House which will be contested; but the Democrats will probably gain three or four members.—In *Indiana* the contest was still more close. Mr. Baker, the Republican candidate for Governor, having only about 1000 majority over Mr. Hendricks, now United States Senator from that State.—In *Ohio* the Republican majority was a little more than 17,000. In *Nebraska* the Republican majority was about 2500. Last year *Pennsylvania* and *Ohio* were carried by the Democrats by very small majorities. The Republicans this year carry them by majorities greatly less than those which they received in 1864.—In *West Virginia* the election took place on the 22d of October. The official returns are not complete, but the Republicans have probably a majority of about 5000.—In all these States each party charges that enormous frauds were committed by the other. It is certain that the number of persons naturalized in view of the coming election is large beyond all precedent. In the city of New York alone the number naturalized within a few weeks is nearly 30,000; and it is clear that in some of the Courts certificates of naturalization were granted without due investigation. It appears that many of these certificates, duly signed and sealed, were made out, leaving blanks for the names of the applicant and his voucher; and that these papers were sold in beer cellars for a mere nominal sum to any one who applied, upon assurance that they should be used for the Democratic party. One agent, who has been arrested, boasted that he had disposed of 5000 of these fraudulent certificates. It is understood upon all hands that a very large majority of the newly-naturalized citizens will cast their votes for the Democratic candidates.

The immediate effect of the elections of October 13 was a general conviction that the defeat of Seymour and Blair was inevitable. A strong effort was made to induce them to withdraw, in order that other names might be substituted. It was said that Mr. Blair's Brodhead letter had done great injury to the cause. The intent evi-

dently was to present Chief-Justice Chase as the candidate for the Presidency. Brief reflection, however, convinced the leaders of the party that any change of candidates at so late a day would insure inevitable defeat.

Mr. Seymour was induced to enter personally into the canvass, especially in those Western States which are considered at all doubtful, and upon whose vote the result of the election will depend. His speeches at different points were essentially the same. In form and manner they were courteous and dignified. The leading point in all was one entirely new in the canvass. It was an attack upon the financial policy of the Republican party, so far as it is embodied in the National Banking Law. He affirmed, in substance, that this system, wrong in itself, and to which he had interposed his veto as Governor of the State of New York, was also unfairly carried out to the great advantage of the East and the great detriment of the West. He said: "The people of New York had a great many bonds; New England had many bonds. The East made a great deal of money out of the war. You made some, but not as much. When this privilege [that of issuing currency upon the security of national bonds] was given out, they should have said, 'Here are all the great States of the West, which want currency because they do business with it, and they shall have it according to the rule of proportion.' If this rule was departed from, according to Mr. Seymour, it should have been in favor of the West, because there business is done with currency, whereas at the East it is conducted mainly by means of checks. Illinois needed more currency than Massachusetts in proportion to population; but in fact Massachusetts had \$57,000,000, while Illinois, with twice the population, had only \$10,000,000. The result was that the people of the West had to borrow from the East at a heavy rate of interest, and thus the West has 'to pay 10 or 12 per cent. interest, when in New York it is 5 or 6 per cent.'" Other topics were introduced into the several speeches of Mr. Seymour. The Reconstruction measures were declared to be wholly wrong in principle, and ineffectual in practice. The introduction of Senators in Congress from Southern States who did not fairly represent any constituency was a wrong, for, by way of example, "Two men sitting in the Senate of the United States from the State of Florida—one who went from the State of New York an unknown man, the other from some quarter who does not represent the white people of that State—not represent the negroes, because they do not know that there is a Senate—cast the same vote as the Senators from the great central States."—In one of his earlier speeches, by way of answering the objections raised against Mr. Blair's Brodhead letter, Mr. Seymour said that there could be no ground of alarm, since if he and Mr. Blair were elected, they would really be wholly devoid of power, the Republicans having a majority in Congress and the control of the army.

Mr. Blair also has made several speeches, the general tone of which is widely different from

those of Mr. Seymour. Perhaps the most significant of these was delivered at New York on the 28th of October. He said that the "Radical fanatics had devised infinitely worse treatment for the South than the British oppressors of Ireland had ever invented.....they had put the people of the South under the heel of their negroes." He reaffirmed what he had elsewhere said, that the Reconstruction Acts were unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The Constitution gave no authority to establish military despotisms to take the place of civil Governments at the South. The gist of these Acts was to disfranchise 300,000 white men of the South, and confer the right of suffrage upon the negroes, "thus giving to the negroes the entire control of the Southern States." This disfranchisement, Mr. Blair averred, was of the nature of a bill of attainder, and could only be made after a fair legal trial. He illustrated the point by a reference to the case of the late Vice-President of the Confederacy. Mr. Stephens, in the Georgia Convention, made the most able speech ever delivered in favor of the Union. But the Convention was overawed by men armed with weapons seized by permission of the Government from the arsenals of the United States. Government failed to protect Mr. Stephens, and consequently had no claim to his allegiance; and therefore no jury could ever convict him of treason against the United States. Mr. Blair was quite willing that the Government should prosecute, and, if found guilty, punish, any man who was dangerous to the Republic. There was one man whose prosecution he would like to undertake. That man was Mr. Stanton, late Secretary of War. He, as Mr. Blair affirmed, encouraged Mr. A. G. Brown, then Senator from Mississippi, to go home and make war upon the Union. "After the war was ended," continued Mr. Blair, "Alexander H. Stephens fell into the hands of our forces, and was delivered over by Mr. Stanton, and was by him thrust into Fort Warren in Boston Harbor; and I would like to have a verdict of a jury to show on which side of the door stood the traitor when Stanton turned the key on Stephens." Mr. Blair then went on to speak of the affirmation which had been made that General Grant "had no policy." "I know him a heap better than that," said Mr. Blair; "he has a policy. His policy is to reach supreme dictatorial power in this country. If you think he has no policy you are dreadfully mistaken about him. It is mighty bad policy on our part to think he has no policy," and so on, the purport of all being that General Grant, if elected, would never leave the Presidential Chair so long as he lived, but would establish a permanent military despotism.—This speech, of which we have given mere abstracts of some of the leading points, was delivered within Tammany Hall, Mr. Blair closing it rather abruptly for the reason that he had of late over-exerted himself in speaking in the open air. He soon appeared at a stand out of doors, in order, as he said, to supply an omission in the speech which he had just made. This omission related to a charge of "Know-Nothingism" which had been made against him. This he denied most absolutely. "Every time that he had been

a candidate it had been his good fortune to beat a Know Nothing, and he should have to beat a Know Nothing this time." He then charged his immediate opponent with being a Know Nothing. He said, "The whole history of Schuyler Colfax is that he was vomited out of the stomach of a Know Nothing lodge into politics.If I wanted to set a trap to catch him with, I would bait it with a secret political society, and I would have him as sure as any old rat that was ever caught in a trap with a piece of roast cheese.....He is the very dad of the Know Nothing ticket, and I have a right to charge him with that crime."

Mr. Colfax has entered somewhat into the canvass; but General Grant has sedulously refrained from taking any part. After his letter accepting the nomination he put forth no statement of his views and proposed line of policy.

The general condition of the South remains very much disturbed. Outrages have rather increased in frequency during the month, and have assumed a graver character. Thus in *North Carolina* Governor Holden, October 7, wrote to General Miles, commanding in that district, that large quantities of arms had been received at various places, and distributed among the members of a political organization, these arms being Enfield rifles, and other weapons of a purely military character, and that there was every reason to believe that they were to be used for purposes hostile to the General Government and the peace of society. In case of a conflict, the civil authorities, after exhausting their power to preserve the peace, would call upon the Federal military, and he requests that these may be so posted as to afford the greatest practicable aid to the authorities.—General Miles replied that he had received reports, legally substantiated, to the same purport, and that he would lay the whole matter before General Meade, the Commander of the Department. General Meade subsequently issued an order directing that the United States forces should aid the civil authorities in preserving the peace.

In *Louisiana*, especially in New Orleans and its vicinity, serious disturbances have taken place. On the 26th of October Governor Warmouth telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the civil authorities were unable to preserve the peace in the parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, and St. Bernard. He, therefore, desired that the forces of the National Government should be employed for that purpose. The Secretary thereupon directed General Rousseau, commanding in that Department, to take such action as might be necessary to preserve the peace. On the 28th General Rousseau issued a proclamation stating these facts, and urging all good citizens to abstain from assembling in large bodies in the streets, and for the present prohibiting political processions and patrolling the streets by armed men. General Steedman was appointed temporary chief of police, with the assurance that in case of need the police would be supported by the military.

In *California*, on the 21st of October, several earthquake shocks of considerable violence were experienced. Much damage was done, especially in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Editor's Drawer.

AND after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourish'd by the Idaen mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

So wrote glorious old Edmund Spenser, two hundred and sixty years ago; and in his words doth the Drawer "freely drink an health to all his readers," and commend to them the pleasant things strung together for the Christmas month.

In the recent debate in the House of Lords on the bill to disestablish the Irish Church, the speech of the Bishop of Oxford is acknowledged to have been the best delivered, having in largest measure the qualities of warmth, fervor, readiness, and spontaneity—if not, indeed, of wit and humor. Among his unepiscopal functions the Bishop possesses a rare talent for mimicry, and in quoting Lord Grenville imitated his ingenious and coaxing tones so exactly that even the noble earl joined in the laughter. "The unction," says the *London Review*, "with which he related the sardonic Dean of St. Patrick's theory about the Irish bishops was irresistible. The Bishop did not read the quotation, but gave it from memory—how that in Dean Swift's time the English Minister used to select the best possible man for an Irish bishop. Unhappily for poor Ireland the holy man, after his consecration, always set out in his chariot to travel down to the west coast. But as, by the laws of geography, he had to pass over Hounslow Heath, the highwaymen beset his cattle, murdered his servants, and pitched the bishop into a ditch. 'The captain of the highwaymen' (added the caustic Dean) 'then puts on his small-clothes and goes over to Ireland, where he acts as bishop in his stead.' It is true that the wit was the Dean's and not the Bishop's, but the loud and prolonged laughter was due in great part to the felicitous way in which the Bishop gave the apologue. The Conservative peers may have preferred the speech of Lord Derby, or Lord Salisbury, or the Lord Chancellor, but the favorite orator of the Peeresses' Gallery was certainly the Bishop of Oxford." The point will be better understood by the readers of the Drawer when told that the Bishop of Oxford's side is that which appointed "the best possible man for bishop," and that the "highwayman" is the man whom Gladstone would send over to fill the episcopal office.

THE anecdotes of General Houston published in late Numbers of the Drawer are attracting the attention of his friends. We are favored with several original ones, more or less amusing, from which we select the following:

During the first summer of the late war there lived in one of the sea-port towns of Texas a merchant named Stubbs, originally from the North, but for many years a resident of the Lone Star State. Anxious to appear entirely Southern, he allowed his heart to ignite early in the conflict, and became well known as a leading secessionist. When it became certain that a

blockading fleet would soon be off the town, several merchants, Stubbs included, prudently removed their goods to Houston for safety. After the first important battle of the war a negro belonging to Stubbs asked permission to make a brief visit to San Jacinto, which was granted, on condition that he should call on General Houston, and ask what he thought of the battle of Bull Run. The condition was accepted; the visit made. Before returning the man and brother approached the General and, with much bow and scrape, said: "If you please, Sah, massa Stubbs, Sah, wanted me to ax you, Sah, what you thought of de battle of Bull Run?" Old Sam slowly raised his eyes, and said: "He wants to know what I think of the battle of Bull Run? Tell him I think a good many Yankees were killed there, and a good many mean Yankees ran away, but I don't think any of them were as mean as he is, nor could run so fast, nor *knew when to start* as well as he does!" The negro delivered the answer, which was received standing and in silence. Old Sam, however, not satisfied with his message, added to it a conundrum, which rapidly circulated throughout the surrounding country: "Why is Stubbs like Washington?—Because he is first in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of the country!"

On a certain occasion Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was engaged in a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin F. Hill of that State, when the latter charged him with saying that he (Stephens) could eat Judge Cone for breakfast, himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "I never said it; but if I had, the arrangement of the meals would have been somewhat different. I should not have taken Mr. Hill at dinner, where he has placed himself, that being the heartiest meal of the day. In fact, I should prefer him for supper, in accordance with that wise rule of medicine which prescribes a *light diet* to sleep on!"

At another time Mr. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is said to have drawn the fire of the "great Georgian" in the following way. Mr. Stephens, at the time of the great Know-Nothing conflict in the South, was accompanied by a favorite dog named *Rio*, and the intelligent animal was almost as well known on the hustings as the statesman.

Mr. Wright, at the close of a political speech, turned to Mr. Stephens and said: "Sir, I demand a list of your appointments. I intend that the people shall have information. I want to know when and where you are to speak, for I intend to *dog* you all around this Congressional district."

"Then," retorted Mr. Stephens, pointing his long thin finger to his dog sleeping on the stand at his feet, and lifting his fife-like voice to its highest note—"then I shall send *Rio* home. One *dog* at a time is enough!"

AMONG the thousands who have read the speech of Vice-President Stephens of Georgia against secession, made November 14, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an

amusing incident that followed it. At the close of the speech the leader of the Opposition party, Hon. Robert Toombs, arose, and after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the purest of patriots, moved that the meeting give three cheers for him and adjourn, which was done. Governor Herschel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their return to the hotel, and said to him, in substance: "Sir, your action to-night, coming from so prominent a secessionist, deserves all praise, and I for one can not forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behavior."

Toombs put on that droll look which always precedes his best hits, and said, dryly, "Yes, I always behave myself at a funeral."

THE following incident occurred in Charleston, South Carolina: A little girl had lost her brother, and on going to school the next day a little playmate noticed her grief, and asked the cause. This was soon told, with the addition that little Willie had gone to heaven, and she could not see him. Her little friend asked if she was certain he was gone to heaven, and was assured that there could be no doubt of that, for mamma said so. "Then," was the instant rejoinder, "I know where heaven is, for I saw where they put him, and know the way." The little mourner had seen the place too, and not knowing the way she started with her guide as soon as the infant-school was dismissed. It was late at night, and the earth was wet with those angel tears, the dew drops, when the two friends were found crying at the grave—because, as the sister said, "They had come to the door of heaven, and Willie would not let them in, nor even answer."

DR. MONTGOMERY, of the Harrodsburg (Kentucky) Presbyterian Church, had a little boy as pretty as he was intelligent. His mother, like all mothers, was proud enough of her little prodigy in short dresses, and liked to show off his acquirements before visitors. On one occasion he was up for inspection before some lady callers, and his mother put the usual Catechism question, "Who made you?" Reverently little Jimmy folded his hands as at prayer, and raised his eyes as birds do when "saying grace" after drinking; and then the answer came, "Dod makes and p'eserves us;" and instantly added, "Dood Dod to make p'eserves for us; ain't he, mamma?" Children understand sweetmeats sooner than they do the Catechism.

Is there extant a boy—be he boy of fifty or boy of ten—who will not appreciate the grim humor of the following advertisement, which, under the head of "Instruction," we copy from the New York Daily Times of August 10:

FLUSHING INSTITUTE.

DEAR BOYS,—TROUBLE BEGINS SEPT. 15.
E. A. FAIRCHILD.

Ah! *didn't* it?

WHEN Miss Logan, the charming actress, was in the South, her manager happened to be a veritable cockney, with a chronic habit of omitting his *h's* where they should be, and inserting them where they should not be, as "art" for "heart," "hedge" for "edge," and the like. On arriving

one evening at a new place Miss Logan was indignant at finding that no room had been prepared for her, and said as much. Whereupon the manager bawled out at the top of his voice: "Miss Logan's room is hell! Here, boy, make a fire in hell, and put Miss Logan in there!" The good-humor of the lady was at once restored; for she knew that he referred to the room marked on the door with a capital "L."

AN overgrown political opponent once undertook to sneer at the diminutive size of Mr. A. H. Stephens, and said, "I could put a little salad oil on you, and swallow you whole." To which Mr. Stephens at once replied, "And if you did you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head."

THE etiquette of the bar-room in Colorado may be inferred from the following notice, posted in a saloon in that Territory, and forwarded by a correspondent for Eastern enlightenment:

"NOTICE.—No one is allowed to remain in the hall longer than five minutes without taking a drink, or in the sitting-room ten minutes without doing likewise. Any one refusing to drink will be kicked out. No gentlemen are expected to eat the lemon-peel in their cock-tails, and those who do so will not have any more in future, and will *not* be considered gentlemen."

BANKERS must have their little jocularities as well as other people. Some years ago the President of one of the oldest banking institutions of Western New York was called upon to discount a note signed by Mr. G——, a member of the Universalist church, and Mr. M——, of the Presbyterian church. The note was handed to the President, who, after scanning it closely, passed it to the cashier, saying, "Signed by Universal Salvation and Universal Damnation: I reckon *that's* safe enough; we'll take it."

THE gigantic failure of the Marquis of Hastings on the English turf, and the disgusting immoralities of the racing men of England, have been capitally hit off by *Punch* in the following

WAIL BY A SMALL "BOOKMAKER."

I ain't a member of Tattersall's,
But I ventured my pound or so
At a bookmaker's 'ouse in the Boro',
As gentility might term low.
I lost my pound, and the gent
Was took afore the beak;
To prison of course he's sent
For four-and-twenty week.

It's wrong for to venture small,
It's right for to venture large:
It seems all square for the rich and sich
What never gets given in charge.
You may book the bet of a Bart or Duke,
Not of cads and snobs and tykes;
For there's one lor for the Heart of Fluke,
And another for Villiam Sykes.

THIS of Tom Corwin by a Columbus correspondent: Some one asked Mr. Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's.

"Was it about himself?" inquired Corwin.

"No, I believe not."

"Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. C., gravely.

THE pardonable aversion to bomb-shells entertained by fond mothers who, through the papers, were made acquainted with their awfully

destructive explosions, was strongly felt by a good woman at a place called Lewis's Island, in Maine, who, seeing a huge object moving rapidly high in mid air, cried out to her brood of little responsables, "Come in, children, for Heaven's sake; come in *quick!* there's an awful big bomb-shell coming from the South!" It was Professor Wise, who in his mammoth balloon had made an ascension from Bangor on the ever-memorable Fourth.

Boston is celebrated for its monument to the lamented Mr. Bunker Hill, Providence for Roger Williams, Philadelphia for its butter and Quakers, New York for its curiously constructed "rings," and Hartford, as we now learn from the excellent Mr. Twain (Mark), for its Charter Oak. Mr. T. has visited Hartford. He saw the Oak. Likewise heard it spoken of. He says:

I went all over Hartford with a citizen whose ancestors came over with the Pilgrims in the *Quaker City*—in the *Mayflower* I should say—and he showed me all the historic relics of Hartford. He showed me a beautiful carved chair in the Senate chamber, where the bewigged and awfully homely old-time governors of the Commonwealth frown from their canvas overhead. "Made from Charter Oak," he said. I gazed upon it with inexpressible solitude. He showed me another carved chair in the House. "Charter Oak," he said. I gazed again with interest. Then he looked at the rusty, stained, and famous old Charter, and presently I turned to move away. But he solemnly drew me back and pointed to the frame. "Charter Oak," said he. I worshiped. We went down to Wadsworth's Athenaeum, and I wanted to look at the pictures; but he conveyed me silently to a corner, and pointed to a log rudely shaped somewhat like a chair, and whispered "Charter Oak." I exhibited the accustomed reverence. He showed me a walking-stick, needle-case, a dog-collar, a three-legged stool, a boot-jack, a dinner-table, a ten-pin alley, a tooth-picker—

I interrupted him and said, "Never mind—we'll bunch the whole lumber-yard, and call it—"

"Charter Oak," he said.

"Well," I said, "now let us go and see some Charter Oak for a change."

I meant that for a joke; but how was he to know that, being a stranger? He took me around and showed me Charter Oak enough to build a plank-road from here to Great Salt Lake City. It is a shame to confess it, but I began to get a little weary of Charter Oak finally: and when he invited me to go home with him to tea, it filled me with a blessed sense of relief. He introduced me to his wife, and they left me alone a moment to amuse myself with their little boy. I said, in a grave, paternal way,

"My son, what is your name?"

And he said, "Charter Oak Johnson."

This was sufficient for a sensitive nature like mine. I departed out of that mansion without another word.

A CORRESPONDENT at Galveston, Texas, in alluding to our inquiry as to the authorship of the saying, "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young," remarks that it was said of Lord Mansfield by Doctor Johnson, and adds: The connection in which it is told may be worth

repeating. Lord Mansfield, having received his education in England, always considered himself an Englishman; but his Scotch origin was once referred to with great effect. General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar, failing in extorting money from a Jew, sent him back by force to Tetuan, in Barbary, from whence he had come to Gibraltar. The Jew afterward came to England, and sued the Governor for damages. Murray (not yet Lord Mansfield) was counsel for the Governor, and said in his defense before the jury:

"True, the Jew was banished; but to where? Why, to the place of his nativity. Where is the cruelty, where the hardship, where the injustice of banishing a man to his own country?"

Mr. Norvell, who appeared for the Jew, retorted: "Since my learned friend thinks so lightly of this matter, I would just ask him to suppose the case his own: would *he* like to be banished to *his* native land?"

The court rang with peals of laughter, in which Murray himself joined.

Doctor Johnson would never allow that Scotland derived any credit from Lord Mansfield, as he was educated in England, and then added what has passed into a historical witticism—"Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young."

APPROPRIATE to Lord Mansfield's banishment. In early Texas legal history, a Mrs. M— was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to death—then the legal penalty for that crime. There was at once a general feeling of repugnance at the capital punishment of a woman, especially for such an offense; but there was also a general desire to rid the country of the convict, who was a very notorious character; and President Lamar offered her a pardon provided she would go back to Arkansas, from which State she had removed, and never return to Texas. She peremptorily refused, and is said to have answered, "H— itself before Arkansas!" The President was obliged to pardon her unconditionally.

MR. E. HANNAFORD, of Cincinnati, has recently published on the subscription plan a clever book, in which is narrated the services performed during the war by the Sixth Ohio Regiment. It contains here and there an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, showing the humorous side of war. We reproduce four:

Mr. E. A. Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," when speaking of the Confederate defeat at Missionary Ridge in November, 1863, quotes a humorous repartee of a Confederate soldier. "A brigade," says Mr. Pollard, "in the centre gave way, and in a few moments what had been a regular and vigorous battle became a disgraceful panic and an unmitigated rout. Never was victory plucked so easily from a position so strong. . . . General Bragg attempted to rally the broken troops; he advanced into the fire, and exclaimed, 'Here is your commander!' but was answered with the derisive shouts of an absurd catch-phrase in the army, 'Here's your mule!'"

In the olden time, when planters were less thoughtful for the spiritual than for the corporeal health of their slaves, Colonel Ramsey saw his "boy" Dan (aged forty) going one morning, Bible in hand, to church. Knowing that Dan

was not a person with strong literary proclivities, the Colonel said: "What are you doing with that Bible, Dan?—you can't read it?"

"No, massa, can't zack'ly read 'em, but I c'n spell 'em out a little."

"What's the use of spelling it out? You can't understand it, any way. The Bible, for instance, says that 'the very hairs of our head are numbered.' Now you haven't any hair on your head—nothing but wool. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, massa, I 'spect dat's so; but I spell out little verse w'ich say dat on las' day de sheep dey will go one side and de goats on de todder. Now de sheep has de wool, but de goats dey got ha'r, jus' like white folks, and I 'spect dey ain't gwine to be saved—dat's w'at I 'spect!"

DURING the march of the Sixth Ohio Regiment from Cripple Creek to the Chickamauga the soldiers were compelled to sleep in that most uncomfortable of all shelters, a "dog tent"—so called from its capacity to hold about one ordinary dog. The successes of Rosecrans were bringing the campaign to a conclusion. In the Confederate army there seemed to be a growing dissatisfaction and consciousness of weakness—such, in fact, as induced many hundreds of Tennesseans to desert and return to their former homes. The mistake was not unnatural, therefore, when Rosecrans's men pronounced the war in Tennessee "about played out;" or, as a staff-officer in the Sixth Ohio expressed it, by a pun of unmitigated atrocity, it was "about ended to all *in-tents* and *purp-houses*!"

APROPPOS of the terrible earthquakes in South America, we have to tell a story which will serve to illustrate the comic features of even so terrible a scene:

Just before the departure of the Hon. Anson Burlingame for China, some years ago, he was closeted with Mr. Van Valkenburg, Minister to Japan (the same who has since distinguished himself in maintaining foreign foothold in Osaca); Colonel Buckley, Chief Engineer of the Siberian Telegraph Company (the same who has since given us a correct estimate of the value of Alaska); and Colonel Thomas M. Knox (the same who has since given the readers of this Magazine an entertaining account of his travels on the Amoor and through Siberia, and who is still to tell his story of a thirty-six hundred mile sleigh-ride through *White Russia*), engaged in a game of "High, low, Jack, and the game." Fred Macrellish and Will Woodward, proprietors of the *Alta Californian* (since and *always* distinguished as "jolly good fellows"), were engaged in watching the game. Knox had been indulging Macrellish, during the intervals of the game, with an account of his horror of earthquakes, and his fear that if one should happen (eight or ten visit San Francisco every year) his two hundred pounds would be the first to suffer. Macrellish endeavored to quiet his fears by hoping that he would have an opportunity of enjoying one before he sailed. Shortly after the pictures and looking-glasses hanging on the wall began to shake and rattle; the glass and the pitcher of ice-water on the card-table jingled together, and "those who were seated" felt the floor moving beneath them in a most intoxicating manner.

"There!" said Macrellish, "there, Tom—

there's one of those infernal earthquakes. Play the ace! play the ace, Tom! catch Jack sure."

And sure enough "Jack" was caught in spite of bad playing and earthquakes too.

JOHN SAVAGE, Esquire, has spoken in glowing terms of the appearance of Alexander H. Stephens before the Commercial Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1839; but there is an incident of that visit to the "city between the rivers" which he does not give. Mr. Stephens was accompanied by two merchants (Mr. Thomas Chafin and Dr. John M. Anthony), who were his personal friends, and together they sought the hotel kept by a kind but very energetic woman. Mr. Stephens was then, as always, of feeble health, and being fatigued, availed himself of a comfortable sofa or lounge to make the situation as easy as possible. Just then the landlady came in, and found the two merchants still standing, while some one, whom she took for a country boy, occupied the easy lounge. Her manner was perfectly kind, and somewhat patronizing, as she said to him, "My son, you must let the *gentlemen* have this seat."

The "gentlemen" were amused, and the good lady somewhat troubled when she afterward found that her "son" was the important personage of her house, and the lion of the whole city.

MANY good things have been published as the sayings of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, but the following is, so far as we know, new to the types.

His residence was approached by a long lane, some mile and a quarter in length, leading through the plantation, and far from comfortable on the burning August day of the incident. A neighbor, possessed of more lungs than brain, rode down this lane, and without dismounting at the yard gate, some five hundred feet from the dwelling, he began to call aloud and wave his hat, as if a house was on fire. Judge Dooly came out in great haste to learn the cause of the noise, and was saluted with, "I say, you haven't seen Mr. Williams about here to-day, have you?"

"No," said the Judge.

"Well, that's all I wanted," said the fellow, as he rode off.

Dooly waited until he was nearly out of sight up the long lane, and then commenced to blow a horn which hung in the porch; and when the horseman turned to see what it was the Judge in turn began to beckon with his arms, and shout for him to return, which he did at full speed. Arriving again at the yard gate, Dooly called out to him, "Come up here, I want to speak to you!" So the man dismounted, and came up to the porch. The Judge paused in his walk, and said, fiercely:

"No, Sir! I have not seen Mr. Williams, and hang me if I want to see him! That's all, Sir: you can go now."

HON. GARNETT ANDREWS, of Georgia, tells of another occasion in which he was the victim of Dooly's wit.

It seems that Judge Dooly had conceived the idea that young Andrews, then only an attorney, was quite too *slow* for a business man. At one of the County Court sessions some of the bar, including the Judge, were congregated to eat water-melons. When the supply on hand was exhaust-

ed, without satisfying the general desire for the ice-cold fruit, Mr. Andrews volunteered to go across the square and get another one.

"No, don't go," piped the Judge in his shrillest tones; "don't go; it would be *dead ripe* before you got back."

JUDGE ANDREWS also tells of another occasion when, to use a Southern phrase, he was "taken down" by one of his audience during a political address. He was a candidate for Governor of his State, and was explaining to the large crowd how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him, and that he was not seeking the office.

"In fact," exclaimed he, "the office of Governor has been *following* me for the last ten years!"

Just then a tall countryman in the audience arose and shouted, "But here's yer consolation, Judge: you're gainin' on it all the time, and it will never catch you!"

The prophecy was literally fulfilled.

OUR Southern friend to whom we are indebted for the anecdotes of Alexander H. Stephens sends us the following epitaph, copied from a grave-stone in Union District, South Carolina:

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin;
Mouth almighty and teeth accordin':
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder;
If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder!"

This reference to the upper part of Robert's body reminds us of an epitaph on a good woman whose death was caused by ailment lower down:

"Here lies the body of Betty Bowden,
Who would live longer, but she coudden;
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carr'd her away."

How will this do on a disreputable subject of the British crown?

"Here lies William Smith; and what is somewhat
rarish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in this here parish."

Or this, on a Mr. Bywater? (By-the-way, we think all these are entirely new to readers of the *Drawer*.)

"Here lies the remains of his relatives' pride:
Bywater he lived, and by water he died;
Though by water he fell, yet by water he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies."

Or this, which is commendably exact as to the age of the parties?

"Here lies Donald and his wife,
Janet Mac Fee:
Aged 40 hee,
And 30 shee."

Or yet this, which being upon an editor, is especially commended for "copy" to the brethren who propose to notice this Number of the *Magazine*?

"Here lies an Editor!
Snooks if you will:
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let him *lie still*.
He *lied* for his living: so
He lived while he *lied*;
When he could not *lie longer*,
He *lied* down and died."

On a certain occasion Judge Underwood (not

Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, but his father) was engaged to defend some lawsuit in Upper Alabama; and the point of this story lies in the fact that Georgia had just removed the *savage tribes* of the Cherokee Indians from her mountain counties.

At an early stage of the case the Georgia Judge saw a weak place in the pleadings, and by a few appropriate words so opened it that it was soon evident to the presiding Justice and the most of the bar that his point was fatal to the suit. It so happened that a young Alabama lawyer, who was the opposing counsel, did not see the point, nor appreciate its power. Therefore, in his reply, instead of endeavoring to weaken it or overthrow it, he attempted to make sport of what he termed "the Georgia lawyer." His intended severity was closed by the recommendation that the *Georgia lawyer* had best reserve such points as that to make before his own home courts, but not attempt to play Georgia tricks before an Alabama bar.

Judge Underwood then arose, and after quietly restating his point in a few words, turned suddenly on the young man with this retort: "And as for my very *young* friend, who advises me to keep my Georgia law at home, I would simply remark, for his information, that Georgia ultimately extends her jurisdiction over all *neighboring savage tribes*."

SYDNEY SMITH, in his celebrated Peter Plymley letters, affords a notable illustration of the powers of rhetoric in written eloquence. As instance this passage, *apropos* of the English Embargo Act—by which, among other things, drugs were for the moment excluded from France: "Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is intrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a master-piece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute; and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's Ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor-oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders can not be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? There's the rub! Depend upon it, the absence of the *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst from the Baltic to the Mediterranean!"