

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Have we a philosopher among us?' If you permit us to include as 'among us' the citizens of 'Volcano California,' we 'answer boldly in the negative, that we *have*,' in the person of Professor HORN, of 'Volcano California,' who has just given to the world his '*Examiner into the Laws of Nature*,' a copy of which now lies before us. He tells us, in his preface, that the 'introduction to the people of his work is principally intended for the benefit of those who have not examined much into the laws of nature, and who have not made use of a variety of galvanic and other experiments; and *more especially for the benefit of children!*' To show how the style of Professor HORN sussurates with pellucid liquidity, and is therefore a very model '*for children*,' we quote a few passages from his learned work:

'From examining into the external organization surrounding the surface of the earth, we find that there are fixed laws created within the physical organization to bring on periods of changes. Said changes appear approaching toward perfection. By tracing some of said causes to the present period, we learn that all animated nature has undergone changes. From said changes, said cause so existing in and among men, has been so changed from time to time that it is difficult for one to become acquainted with said cause. Man can only become acquainted in said existing poisonous cause in and among man, in all its branches, from tracing said effects to causes up to the present period, as before said. . . . I believe a general knowledge of said cause so existing in and among men, that man will greatly diminish said cause so existing in and among men; and the effects that must follow from so diminishing said poison, must be beneficial results flowing therefrom.' . . . 'So of the growth of wheat: when said grains become composed in said heads and perfected, said two statues, male and female, remained in said grains until the next planting time, if said grains did not become decomposed from some cause. When said wheat-stalks and head were perfected, the power of affinity which compose said stalks and head through said liquid formation, and holds said stalks together in forms and shapes, and said stalks were strong and tough, the power of affinity existed the greatest in said stalks and heads. What effects followed said wheat-stalks, heads, and grains? When said liquid circulation within said stalks and heads ceased circulating, the power of affinity commenced decreasing, and said stalks commenced losing their power and strength gradually, as said power continued diminishing within; and by the time said power ceased holding said stalks together in form and shape, said parcels within had composed said stalks, and occupied the same position in parcels as they did when said formation commenced. Said grains, when perfected and become hard and somewhat solid, said power of affinity existed the greatest in some grains, and if left subject to said law, undergoes the same process as said stalks did.'

We should be glad to follow our author in his learned consideration of the 'formation of the earth and seas,' and his mode of 'decomposition of said water contained in said seas,' into the fine 'parcels' that they occupied previous to the *formation* of said seas, but our limits forbid. The high scientific attainments of Professor HORN, and the celebrity to which he must inevitably attain, must be our apology for offering a passage from his personal history:

'THE author of this work is in and about five feet and five inches tall; possessed of dark brownish hair and eyes; a projecting forehead over his eyes; *rather flat on the top of his head*; and has been a subject to a crook in one of his fingers on his right hand, the second finger from the thumb, at the first joint from the nail, crooking toward the thumb; and weighs in and about one hundred and twenty pounds.

'My mother did inform me that I was born in Northampton county, and State of Pennsylvania, February 18th, 1807. And as it was my parents' lot to be poor, and to become a subject to the support of a large family, and I being the oldest of the family, and through said cause I did not receive a proper education in my youthful days. All

the schooling I did receive at different periods, did not receive one year. Notwithstanding, in the construction, form, and shape of my physical organization, was constructed organs possessed of power to create natural impressions into my mind; although said organs was merely excited into action in my youthful days, owing to said cause.

Influenced by one of said organs, later in life, said Professor was led to go to California. His luck was various. A painful climax was found in the fact, that money which he had sent home to 'the States,' through a banking-house in San-Francisco, was lost, through a failure of said house:

... 'I HAD a little money left. I did deposit said money into a banking-house, and took a check from said banking-house: and I put said check into a letter; and I put said letter into the post-office, to be sent home to my friends. The next day, it was reported through the city that said banking-house had failed. From said report, I at once became aware that said money could not reach the Atlantic States. I was grieved for a few days with sorrows; but on meditating, I at once became aware, if I did continue fretting and grieving for said disappointments, that I should soon destroy my mind, and then I must remain hopeless of ever doing any thing for myself or friends. I at once come to a conclusion, as I thought, that I was born so unlucky: and if I was born so unlucky, that there must be a sure cause for it; but why was it so, or what cause existed in me that should make me so unlucky? As I was poor all my life at home, I had come to California, and unlucky, as I thought: but said cause thereof I could not tell.'

Professor HORN went into the mines and labored three years: but said HORN still met with reverses:

'IN December, 1854, I became so reduced in means that I had but one suit of clothes, which I had on my body: my clothes became a subject to lice, and I had to suffer the torments of said lice for five days, before I could possibly raise means to buy clean clothes; and became hungry, and went into a house and did ask for something to eat, and told them that I had no money to pay for it; and said household refused in giving any thing to eat, because I had no money to pay for it.'

We present a single passage from a profound essay upon '*The Formation and Composition of the Earth, and the Laws she is a Subject to.*' It will be seen that our philosopher 'begins at the beginning':

'In describing the organization of the earth, I shall first commence on her surface, and then penetrate into her internal parts. First, the earth has an outside crust or shell, extending from her surface toward her centre, from five hundred to a thousand miles, more or less, which forms a roundish arch within her. Said outside crust or shell in its composition is of a nature like the bark of trees, and like oyster-shells, and like rocks found on her surface. Said crust or shell is the roughest and most porous on and near her surface, like trees are the most solid toward and in their centre. Oyster-shells possess the same nature. . . . It is often difficult by looking small children into their faces, to tell if they are males or females; the great distinction only develops itself in and about the time they mature. The moon is possessed of the same organization as the earth. The moon has a current of air around his or her body, but said air does not as yet carry vapor, for this reason: the moon is not as yet matured to his or her full size; and if the moon is a female, her surface cannot produce vegetation as yet. The sea is the stomach of the moon, the same as the sea is the stomach of the earth, and in its organization collects matter out of space in parcels possessed of all the different qualities and properties required to compose every separate and different internal and external organ of the moon, in the same order that animals and men receive into their stomachs liquid and all the vegetable ingredients for their entire organization. The different organs in said organization separate the different properties required to compose the different parts of the body, although all are mixed up at once in the stomach.'

The Professor has another theory, of electricity, 'positive and negative,' in the 'human specie,' by which he can detect character with unerring precision. The 'too much *caloric*' in the head of one subject mentioned below, we think should have been taken into consideration:

'I HAPPENED to be at a hotel where a number of men had collected, and by looking said men in their faces, I soon saw that said men were possessed of different temperaments; and I looked at one man, and thought, owing to his organization, that his body must contain too much electricity, and not enough of caloric: and that his head must contain too much caloric, and not enough of electricity. I asked said man if he was not a subject of exciting uneasiness at spells, and if he did not become a subject of the blues or horrors during said exciting days. He said yes. I asked him if said blues did not come on him, and he did not know how. He said yes, knowing the days of said positive periods. I referred him back to said days, and asked him if he was a subject of said blues during said days; he said yes, knowing the days of said negative period which followed. I asked him how he felt in said following days. He said that he had become in a manner relieved from said blues.'

Fervently appealed to, as 'an organ of eastern scientific opinion,' (!) to make known 'the views of Professor HORN,' we have yielded to the request. Our *own* views are 'respectfully requested.' We give them freely. We do not believe there is at this moment on the globe a really *scientific* philosopher who can in any degree *compare* with Professor HORN. Will the Professor ever visit the *Atlantic* cities? - - - A RECENT English magazine-writer, in an article which we find in the '*Albion*' weekly journal, entitled '*A Strange Temptation*,' speaks of the 'unreserve and frankness' of the English abroad. Is n't *that* a good idea? Why, a gentleman of this city, of the highest respectability, rode with his wife, an estimable and accomplished American lady, from Liverpool to London in the same compartment of the railway-car with one of these same 'unreserved and frank' Englishmen, and he only spoke once during the whole distance, and then he was forced to do it by a direct question from our friend: 'Will you have the kindness, Sir, to tell me how many miles we are from London?' '*Th-i-r-t-y*!' said he, with a drawl and a scowl—nor 'word spake he more.' No: English writers themselves admit the fact of this boorishness. Col. SLEIGH, an Englishman, has the candor to say: 'English people are generally a reserved race: they journey and commune with their own thoughts, instead of conversing with their fellow-travellers. In the old country, hauteur is often assumed from an idea that it conveys dignity and importance. To be brusque and short in your reply, is to be a man of great mark and likelihood; to be sullen and disagreeable in your deportment, is to convey to vulgar minds an impression of exclusiveness. Answer a person in England civilly, and you are at once regarded as of no account. Be snappish and imperious, and the hat is touched, and you rise in estimation.' Col. SLEIGH goes on to remark that this course had better be avoided by English travellers in America; and his journeying countrymen will find out that he is quite right. However, it is but just to admit that the English gentleman is very imperfectly represented by the great majority of *our* 'Britishers.' 'Jo'd BULL,' said the eccentric ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN to us on one occasion, 'is a doble adibal at hobe: you do d't see him over here: what you see over here is dothing but the hoofs, and hords, a'd tail: you ought to see the *whole* adibal before you dow what Jo'd BULL is!' There is a good deal of truth, we suspect, in this; for after all, 'a gentleman is of no country.' The magazine-writer to whom we have alluded, speaking of one of the Pope's officials in Rome, whom he wished to pump dry, says: 'If with me his object was 'conversation,' he certainly 'took nothing by his motion,' while I gained a good deal from *his* communi-

cations.' When you meet such a man as this, reader, fix on him a 'glassy stare,' reply to him in monosyllables, communicate nothing, and never take your eye off him. We have had experience in this kind with snobs who would pick your brains, and 'do know whereof we speak.' - - - We have received from 'Gold-Land' a pamphlet-volume, in large quarto, with flaring types, entitled '*California Visions and Realities, a Series of Poems by H. J. M.*' It is a great work; but we can only spare space for one brief extract from a 'pome' entitled '*The Lone Grave on a Mountain.*' It is very touching:

'HERE, upon this solitary mountain,  
Empaled alone in his everlasting  
Sleep, lies one, who seems to have had a friend;  
For at his head there is a board, and at  
His feet a stone. He must have been a friend,  
Who that great oak, [whose hardy trunk hath borne  
The change of seasons far beyond a human  
Age,] hath felled, from which those pales were split  
To here inclose this lonely spot. Poor, poor  
Lonely corse! what sacred, silent sadness  
All about thee reigns. 'Rest thou, C. L. D.,  
Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three,' is all  
That here remains to speak of thee. Why, Man!  
What brought thee here to mould? But I can answer:  
*That Gold!*

This will do for once! - - - Our friend and contemporary, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine, sat down in his traveller's apartment at our beautiful Saint NICHOLAS Hotel the other day, and, in his clear and legible hand-of-write, 'threw off' for us the following, which he had just related with most marked effect. The types can do no justice to his *manner* of narrating the anecdote:

'Soon after JULLIEN'S return from the United States, and during the prevalence of the annual November fogs in London, he advertised a great shilling-concert at Drury Lane, the music to be selected entirely from the compositions of BEETHOVEN. I happened to be staying at FENTON'S Hotel, in St. JAMES' street, at that uncomfortable season, and my eye fell on the card in '*The Times*,' headed, in formidable capitals, '*BEETHOVEN Festival*,' as I was taking breakfast in the morning. There was a friend of mine some distance off, at MORLEY'S, upon whose spirits the murky atmosphere of Charing-Cross cast such a gloom that I was seriously apprehensive he might do something rash, if his motions were not carefully heeded; so, not resting content with assuring myself that he had neither strychnine nor pistols in his possession, I cast about for expedients of occupying his time agreeably. ALBERT SMITH, unfortunately, had shut up his '*Ascent of Mont-Blanc*,' and there was absolutely nothing in the way of evening amusement anywhere in the region of the West-End; so that I gladly caught at the '*BEETHOVEN Festival*,' as a capital way of disposing of at least one evening. My friend reluctantly consented to go; and after a dark and adventurous drive through the narrow streets leading to Drury-Lane, we were set down at the door of that famous establishment.

'On entering, we found the house very densely crowded. The shilling ticket had called out the *hoi polloi* in heavy force. We had not made the circuit of the lobby, however, when we saw an announcement posted on the wall, that, 'in consequence of unavoidable circumstances, unnecessary to mention,' the BEETHOVEN

Festival was postponed until the following week; and that in lieu of the programme for that occasion, the audience would be entertained with some of the eminent *maestro's* latest musical ebullitions, among which, the 'Inkermann Quickstep,' the 'Alma Quadrille,' the 'Balaklava March,' and the 'Crimea Schottische' testified the ready genius of the artist.

'After a while JULLIEN appeared, in all the glory of his buttony waistcoats and elaborate shirt-bosoms; and having smoothed out the last wrinkle in his primrose kids, brought down his *baton* for the start, with that easy and assured consciousness of victory which the sovereigns of Europe and the sovereigns of America have been equally lost in admiring. Alas! he little knew what troubles he was about to encounter! The instruments had accomplished but a bar of the music, when there arose a multitudinous din from boxes, gallery, and floor, which drowned every note, from flute to ophicleide, and rendered farther progress impossible. JULLIEN—what did he? Bidding the music cease, by a flourish of the *baton*, he threw an appealing glance at the audience, and order was restored, as he vainly thought, once for all. A minute elapsed, and off went the orchestra again, but only to be again overwhelmed in the roar of the London *demus*. For a few moments the unequal conflict was carried on between the two opposing forces, JULLIEN, in a frantic *fortissimo* gesture, urging the performers to their loudest exertions. But they might as well have sat down under Table-Rock to play for an audience on Goat-Island. Not a drum was heard, nor a violin's note; and, struggling with his emotions, JULLIEN gave up the contest and fled. *Abiit, evasit, erupit*.

'In a short time there came out a clarionet-player, who essayed to make an apology; but the tumult deepened. After having been asked whether his mother was aware of his absence from the paternal roof, whether she had sold her mangle yet, and a thousand other somewhat discourteous questions, he retired, amidst the jeers and laughter of 'an indignant public.'

'The occasion then called for a bold step on the part of JULLIEN, and he *took* it, with the nerve of a NAPOLEON. He came forward to make a speech, and there was silence so profound that the fall of a play-bill would have been heard in any part of the house. I am sure I cannot do justice to his effort; but, as well as my memory serves me, it was *after* this manner that he spoke:

'“LADEES AND GENTILMANS: I am ver' sorry to comes before you to make ze apolo-gee, but it vas imposs' to give ze cone-cairt to-night of ze Mossieu BEETHOVEN, and for zat I av make myself von plan to give it nex veek; and I av put ze small beel in ze ouse to tell him about zat. I av sent von leetle boy to ze offeece of ze newspaper' to make ze publeek know, but ze leetle boy her'r'on back ver' queek, and zay he vos too late; ze newspaper' vos go to ze press. So I can zay mysel' to any ladee or gentilmans as vill not likes mosh ze programme for this evening, he will be so good as to give bees monees back to ze man at ze door, or take ze teeket for ze cone-cairt of ze nex' veek. And if he prefer not dat leetle ar'rangemong, he shall take his hat and go to his home.' (Here a voice from the upper gallery demanded: 'What does 'The Times' say?') 'Eh? vot for you say vot zay ze 'Times?' Do you sup-pose I am reesponzeeble for vot zay ze Times?' My dear zur, it has been two months ze 'Times' tell you Zebastopol vos fall. You belevez 'im, eh?'

'Here the triumph of JULLIEN was complete, as abundantly manifested in the deafening applauses of the audience, and he might have profitably concluded; but the fury of eloquence was upon him, and he proceeded:

'“LADEES AND GENTILMANS: I av just r'r'eturn from ze grand Amerique, vere I av give ze grand cone-cairt from ze New-York to ze New-Orleang, and I must zay I av not

see such commosee-ong in any place in the great R'R'Republique as I av see to-night in ze grand meetropolees of ze vor'r'r'rd!

'I need not add that such a peroration, delivered with indescribable energy and *aplomb*, brought down the house, and that the Crimean compositions were thereafter received with great enthusiasm.'

Isn't that inimitable 'French-English?' - - - THE following is a well-deserved tribute to the memory of a gifted correspondent, who has been taken too early 'hence, to be here no more.' Louisville, Kentucky, would have possessed for us an added interest, had we been aware, on our late visit to that beautiful city, of the circumstances here mentioned. 'C. C. D.,' who will accept our grateful thanks, writes us as annexed:

'A PURE spirit has gone to its reward. ISAAC A. COWLES, who has contributed some slight effusions to your Magazine, died at Syracuse, on the twenty-ninth ultimo, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was for a long period a student in the Oneida Conference Seminary, at Cazenovia; thence, after some months spent in teaching and diligent self-instruction, he went to Hamilton College, where he remained until the beginning of the present year, when he removed to Yale College, with the intention of completing his collegiate studies, and graduating at that institution. He was there only three weeks, when dyspepsia, from which he had greatly suffered, and a complication of diseases, which have proved fatal, compelled him to abandon his studies and return to his home.

'His character seemed to combine the opposite qualities of great mirthfulness and deep melancholy; these expressing themselves in an interesting variety of modifications, and at times in the strongest contrasts. Few persons could so well bear the affliction of sickness, and few, indeed, are so well prepared for the summons of the great MASTER. He had refined tastes, great fondness for social intercourse, an appreciative ear for music and much skill in its execution, and a retentive memory, well stored with beautiful thoughts and curious fancies, gathered in extensive reading. One of his favorite books, and often, I remember, his companion in summer rambles, was the little volume of poems by your brother, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE, every line of which, I doubt not, he could have repeated from memory. A singular fortune took him, a few years since, to Louisville, Kentucky, near which place, on the plantation of a distinguished gentleman, whose name I do not now remember, he spent some days in familiarizing himself with the experiences of Southern life; purposing to return to the North at an early day. But his pleasing manners won for him so strongly the affection of his new friends, that they prevailed on him to take a small school, and a few music-scholars, at a generous salary, and remain with them. No period of his life was a source of more pleasure to him than the year or two spent there. His kind-hearted friends were charmed with his playful, sweet, devoted spirit, and he in turn was enthusiastic in his praises of their hospitality, wit, and good-breeding. While there, he contributed some short poems to the columns of *'The Louisville Journal,'* which were received by Mr. PRENTICE with even more than the usual favor with which he notices the productions of young writers. In publishing one piece, I remember, he said: 'We do not know who *'GEORGE LOVELAND'* (ISAAC'S *nom de plume*) is, but we do know that he is a genius.' This was a beautiful description of an old man reflecting on his past life, and his solitary condition; but, unfortunately for me, I do not recollect a line of it at present. Very nearly in the same spirit was a fine poem written for New-Year's



day, 1853, by request of Mr. PRENTICE, and well meriting the complimentary manner in which it was introduced to the readers of the *'Journal.'* Is not this an affecting picture?

“We draw around the old familiar hearth,  
Where we have gathered in the days of yore;  
But some are gone who mingled in our mirth —  
Their beaming smiles are bent on us no more:  
And as remembrance fills the vacant chair,  
We mutely gaze upon each other there.

“Sometimes we start to hear the well-known words,  
On which we loved to dwell in olden times,  
Of those we lost, who went, like autumn-birds,  
Winging their way to calmer, brighter climes:  
But ah! we only start and list in vain —  
We shall not hear them on the earth again.

“Where have they gone? oh! whither have they fled?  
Ask of the clouds that sweep above their graves,  
Ask of the winds that moan around their bed,  
Or the low voices of the chanting waves.  
Whither? alas! to us 't is only known  
That they were with us once, but now are flown.

“Yon silvery moon trims her bright lamp on high,  
And pours her sweet effulgence o'er the earth;  
The stars, undimmed, wheel through the vaulted sky,  
And rise and set, as at their time of birth:  
But in the spirit's west, the stars that set  
Return no more to shine on our regret.”

ISAAC's compositions were grave and gay, pensive and mirth-provoking, by turns. Some were exceedingly humorous, even to burlesque and extravagance. I am not aware that he had decided on any profession or pursuit, other than that of his father — agriculture — which, with educated skill and taste, might, as he thought, be ennobled with the dignity of a science.

Finally, my dear Sir, I beg you will pardon this long but heart-prompted letter, for the sake of his memory who was one of my truest friends, and one of your warmest and most affectionate admirers. c. c. d.

*'Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens.'* - - - *'WHAT* you say, in your *'TABLE,'* (writes our friend and correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,) as to CHANTREY's opinion of the genuineness of SHAKSPEARE's bust on the Church of Stratford upon Avon, reminds me of a circumstance which bears out your assertion. The late GEORGE BULLOCK, of London, (who built the Egyptian Museum, in Piccadilly,) took the trouble, many years ago, of going down to Stratford, in company with JOHN BRITTON, the antiquarian, for the express purpose of taking a cast of SHAKSPEARE's monument. Shortly after this was done, a party assembled to breakfast, at BULLOCK's, to discuss (as well as the meal) the merits of the Monument, of which several *fac-simile* repetitions had been made, with a view to public sale. CHANTREY, the sculptor, was there, accompanied by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, the poet, his right-hand man. Here, also, was BRITTON, *petit* and lively; and I was present, under the shadow of his wing. Sir WALTER SCOTT was in London at the time, and joined the party. I recollect a great deal of the conversation, but two points particularly: CHANTREY, on carefully examining the bust,

said: 'This must be a resemblance of SHAKSPEARE. In the very early part of the seventeenth century, when he died, there was no sculptor in England capable of making such a bust as this, in the usual manner in which such things are done. If there were, so rude was the art in this country at the time, that I am persuaded he would not have preserved the individuality which these features exhibit. In every man's face, there is some difference between the right side and the left. You can clearly distinguish it here. A sculptor of the time would scarcely have noticed it, and if he did, would probably have considered it a defect, to be softened down. I judge, therefore, that this bust was copied from a cast taken after SHAKSPEARE died, and that the man who cut it did no more than faithfully follow the copy he had before him.' SCOTT said there was ingenuity and probability in the conjecture, but what puzzled him was the unnatural length of the upper lip. 'That,' said CHANTREY, 'proves the fidelity of the portrait. No sculptor would have *invented* what certainly gives a peculiar and marked character to the face. But, Sir WALTER,' he added, 'the Duke of WELLINGTON's upper lip is quite as long as that of SHAKSPEARE, and I suspect that your own is also as long.' He applied a pair of compasses to measure the length of SCOTT's upper lip, and amid much laughter, pronounced that it exceeded SHAKSPEARE's by what sculptors call a line and a half. If you examine good portraits of WELLINGTON and SCOTT, you will find that CHANTREY was correct. - - - OUR distinguished Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL's knowledge is exhaustless. Who have we in all this Great Metropolis, not to say 'ger-reat *ked'ntry*,' except the PROFESSOR, who could have written the subjoined? We venture to say, 'Narry one.' Observe, if you please, his style of argument, in the matter and instances of inverted 'cause and effect'—that bugbear of science. These present no difficulties to one who never fails to satisfy his own 'cravins for siance.' Listen to '*De Almanack*':

'Some ob you may tink it am too much for me wid de gebometer at 900, but we shall see.

'Some ob you too, I see smile, and work up your eyebrows, and make knowing faces at me, as if de subjic was too uninteresting to be worthy a place in de struggle ob my cumpus, but all sich will sing a different tune before I'm done, or else I'll gub up lecturing and turn clam-peddler.

'In de fust place fustly: What am de Almanack?

'In de second place secondly: What does it tell about?

'In de fird place firdly: Who made it?

'And de fofr place fofrly: What would we do widout it?

'*Now* Ize gwane to tell you, look out! When Adam was placed in de garden ob Paremdice, in all de refulgent glory ob a he-model artist, how would he hab none it was January 1st, year one, if it hadn't a been for de Almanack? He woodent a none wonder it was July or January from de climate in dat lubly country. So you see de use ob de Almanack begin wid Adam, an it hab stuck to mankind eber sense. Again, How cood you tell when it was Sunday morning, (recollect a dirty shirt won't always do it, for in dese meltin times and beated terms, a shirt siles berry easy in tree days,) widout de Almanack in New-York. Will eny external sights about de city do it? No. Am not de rum-shops, de Dutch groceries, de 'potecary shops, de root-beer shops, de barber shops, and all Chatham street, open jis de same dat day as eny odder? How, I ax you, woud you tell Sunday from eny odder day if it wusent for de Almanack? I defy you to Jo it! Some may say dey can tell it by de ringing ob de church bells. Oh! but, my rens, how woud de church bells know when to ring if it wusent for de tex? Dat's a clincher!

'Widout de Almanack de young farmers woodent know how to sow his wild oats and, odder tings, nor de ole farmer when to plant corns, nor woud he know when to cut de grain, and pick de apples and plumbs. De sun woodent know when to get up in de



morning, and wood be rising in de middle ob de nite; nor de stars know when to strike a light at de gates ob heaben. De ole silwer moon, too, which hab set haff de young folks as mad as canine dogs in dog-days, woodent no more know when to shine dan a pig knows why he am happy when he am scratched wid a rake. Folks woodent know when to make fires in de parlor, nor to put on furs. De tides woodent know when to rise or fall, and hence you woodent know when to go swimmin' in short, we woodent know nuffin. Would you know how to take grease out ob silk—iron rust out ob linen—how to make sour crab-apples into sweetmeats? Go to de Almanack, dat will tell you. Hab you got de toofake? Look for a cure in de back ob dat precious book. It will tell you eberyting on earf, exceptin how to pay enormous rents, and stew clams properly; and I contend dat it am, nex to de scriptures, de most usefule book de world ebber seed, but like ebby ting else usefule and good, in dis world, it am put to bad use: ebby quack doctor in New-York prints an Almanack, and insted ob de ole land-marks, dat was de guide and safety ob de farmer, away in de back yard ob sibilisation, sich as: 'About dis time look out for squalls;' 'Thunder and lightning;' 'Snow drifts;' 'High winds,' etc.; you will see—'Take pills No. 2 to-day,' 'Mixture No. 3 afore breakfast;' 'Bitters before dinner;' 'Compound of Dr. Townsend three times a day;' and so on fruout de year—pills, plasters and poultices de year shaking round.

'Am it any wonder dat my indignashon rises like de gebometer in August, when I see sich intrusion made ob a book dat cost de anshent foolosofers so much time and trouble to fix up in a strate way? When de Almanack was fus made, it had only ten monfs in it, and ob corse folks dident lib morn haff deir days den; and dat wasent all, dey coodent fix de sun, moon, stars and tides right; dey wood rise at unseasonable hours kase time was out ob jint and not divided off in proper functions; so one day de foolosofers and siance men met (oh! if I had only libed den to hab a finger in dat pie and got in my receipt for making clam-soup,) and dey added two monfs, July, named arter Julius Caesar, my name-sake, and August, named arter AUGUSTINE, or AUGUSTUS, I forgit now which, but it don't make no odds as it am all for de best.

'Arter studyin all night, I come to dis conclushun, dat widout de Almanack dar wood be no week days, or Sundays; no morning, noon, or nite; no week, no monf, no year; and a general bust up ob all creation. De only good dat I can see wood 'cur to de poor man, wood be de fac, dat de landlord woodent know when quarter day come round, and you might fool him out ob a monf or two: but such am not de case wid Anty Clawson; she nebber read a leaf ob de Almanack nor noffin else, (for reasons ob her own,) and yet she can tell widin one day when my week's bord am due—she has two ways ob tellin it: fustly, she marks down de days wid a piece ob chalk behind de door; and, secondly, she knows when I gingle any money—kase if I got money to gingle I owe for bord, if I aint, I don't: see de inference?

'Brudder GREELEY being abroad, somebody else will haff to lead de singin. Brudder HEIDSTICK will pass round de sasser.'

An elaborate, well-reasoned lecture! - - - Just about this time, when the 'Great Snake' is disporting himself in the translucent waters of Silver Lake, '*The Yacu-Mama, a Snake-Story*,' by a new correspondent, will not be without interest:

'LIEUTENANT HERNDON, in his official report of a survey of the Valley of the Amazon, made in 1850, speaks of the Indians of the 'Lake Country,' a few miles below Yurimaguas, as having a superstition in regard to an immense serpent called *Yacu-Mama*, or 'Mother of the Waters,' which they imagine to be the guardian spirit of the waters. Lieutenant HERNDON says, 'he never saw it himself,' (which is very possible,) but gives a description written by Father MANUEL CASTRUCCI DE VERNAZZI, in an account of his mission to the Givaros and Zaparos of the river Pastaza, made in 1845. It runs as follows:

"THE wonderful nature of this animal, its figure, size, and other circumstances, enchains attention, and causes man to reflect upon the majestic and infinite power and wisdom of the SUPREME CREATOR. The sight alone of this monster confounds, intimidates, and infuses respect into the heart of the boldest man. He never seeks or follows the victim upon which he feeds; but so great is the force of his inspiration, that he draws in with his breath whatever quadruped or bird may pass him within from twenty to fifty yards of distance, according to its size. That which I killed from my canoe upon the Pastaza, (with five shots of a fowling-piece,) had two yards of thickness and fifteen yards of length; but the Indians of this region have assured me that there are animals of this kind here of three or four yards diameter, and from thirty to forty long

These swallow entire hogs, stags, tigers, and men with the greatest facility: but by the mercy of PROVIDENCE, it moves and turns itself very slowly, on account of its extreme weight. When moving, it appears a thick log of wood, covered with scales, and dragged slowly along the ground, leaving a track so large that men may see it at a distance, and avoid its dangerous ambush."

'Please to 'phanzy the pheelinks' of a timid young man within the 'twenty to fifty yards' *inspiring distance of a snake twelve feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty in length!*

'The 'Sea Serpent' is n't worth mentioning, and it altogether beats the wonderful *Joint Snake* I heard of in one of the Western States, said to have the power of separating itself into several parts, and afterward uniting again at its pleasure. About that joint-snake, 'thereby hangs a tale':

'A 'stranger' was describing the wonderful powers of this 'pizing sarpien't to a knot of individuals congregated 'somewhere out West.' They listened with open eyes and mouth agape with astonishment at the startling account. But the assurance that it could separate itself 'clean apart in five or six places,' and 'come together agin as slick a j'int as ever you see,' was a little too much to believe all at once. As a public speaker once remarked, they 'doubted the fact,' and intimated as much.

'That's so, I've seen it,' quietly remarked a very honest and innocent-looking hoosier, who stood by.

'Sho! ye don't say so! Tell us about it, won't ye?' exclaimed two or three in a breath.

'Wall, I do n't mind tellin',' said the hoosier. 'Yer see, I was comin' 'long the edge of the perayre one mornin', down in Indyanner, when, fust I know, I come across one of these 'ere j'int-snakes, as they call 'em, a great nice feller, stretched out in the sun as pooty as ever you see. I did n't scare him, but jest stepped back a little ways, and cut a saplin' about four feet and a half long, and trimmed it out slick with my jack-knife. Thinks I, old feller, I 'll find out pooty quick how many j'int's you got in yer. So I stepped up kinder softly, and hit him a right smart lick across his back, and by thunder ——!'

'Did he come apart? What did he do then?' asked the listeners, very much excited.

'Why, he flew into *more'n forty pieces!* and I'll be doggoned if every dernel one of 'em did n't take right after me!'

Rather 'hard story' that! - - - READ '*Harfang on Birds*.' He worthily opens the present number. Our OWL looks down approvingly from the mantel-piece. He feels that after all there are appreciative and kindred minds in the world, and that HARFANG's is of them. And what a noble tribute he pays to our national bird — the EAGLE! We could not choose but think of it the other day, when we stopped in at ARCHIE GRIEVE's, in Chambers-street, to get a tasteful collar for our handsome and graceful greyhound — a present from an esteemed friend and Rockland neighbor. There we saw two EAGLES: one in a small cage, standing upon the ground; the other in a somewhat longer and broader prison; but both pining for freedom, and evincing the most supreme disgust at their situation: 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' among sick monkeys, rheumy-eyed dogs, of high and low degree, misanthropic ourang-outangs, growling young tigers, and two crocodiles in wooden box-troughs, wheezing and blowing — a 'windy suspiration

of forced breath' that sounded precisely like the puffing of the high-pressure engines of steamers on the Ohio river. Oh! it was *too* melancholy to see that noble GOLDEN EAGLE, instead of the free air of heaven, inhaling the mingled odors of tigers, monkeys, puppies, whelps, and hounds, and countless coops of unclean birds, stalking restlessly about, looking up to the top of his cage with his eyes of fire, and ever and anon raising his broad wings, as if to plume them for distant flight! We thought of his noble counterpart, as pictured by CAMPBELL:

'He clove the adverse storm,  
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight  
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,  
And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, like  
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,  
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay  
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads:  
Then downward, faster than a falling star,  
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct  
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;  
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,  
To hear his nearer whoop! Then up again  
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn  
In all his movements, whether he threw round  
His crested head, to look behind him, or  
Lay vertical, and sportively displayed  
The inside whiteness of his wing declined,  
In gyres and undulations full of grace,  
An object beautifying heaven itself.'

What a picture! what a contrast! - - - Our friend Mr. WAGSTAFF, the gifted editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*,' (a journal which has only been suspended 'for a season,') has been visiting the Great Cataract at Niagara. He writes to us as follows from the Clifton-House, Canada side: 'I Been here five days, and had a gelorious timet. I thought I'd take the Brittish side for once't. There is more water seen from here, and less brag abeout it besides. It is supple-ended to the sight, but for the stomach, what little is uset for that porpoise brings on the Diary; but they qualify with a view to that fact, and prevent the overflow in the human system. The outflux of the lakes produces, if it be uset by way of drink, a flux into the body, by codnesequencet of the too great projectile capability of the aqueous fluid hereabout. No person in travellink to the great West can be too keerful about his water. He must use it and not abuse it, for Natur has squeegeed lime into it; and lime into the Laek, or lime into the punch, or lime into the water, 's all's one. *Sallsome*, any how. I spent this afternoon on Goat Island, among the greatest bobbery of rainbows, thunderings, frothings, prismatics, aqueducks, viaducks, (no other ducks,) islands, eyelets, and the rock where AVERY split, that Natur, in her most wiolent contortions, almost anywhere ever any time did, some how or other, appears to me kind of seem to cut up! She certingly puts her shef-dooover foot forward in this place. Not in wain: nothink is in wain. Oh! what a good time I had, wandering about in the solemnity of that grand Druid wood! I see several goats and one ass.' No doubt: we saw two or three while *we* were there; and one especially who 'could n't be bought at *any* price,' so highly did he hold himself. But he 'was n't worth much, after all.' Who *can*

be worth much who 'puts on airs' in the great presence of Niagara; a place that dwarfs the mightiest of men! - - - We have 'laughed consumedly' over a Prospectus sent us from New-Orleans, for the '*United Merchants' General Factory for the Delivery of Prints at Domicil*,' in other words, a letter and circular city-dispatch! How characteristically magniloquent is the intensely French-English of this prospectus, may be gathered from the following. He wants to know, in the first place, whether New-Orleans hasn't business enough to support such an agency:

'Has not its population reaches enough an important number? — does not concurrence hold as elsewhere, the first degree? Is it not abound every day by a considerable number of foreigners?

'Therefore it is with the greatest confidence that I have announced to the public my intention of establishing in New-Orleans an administration of distribution of prints at domicil, in the same manner as those of Paris and London. A few words shall be sufficient, I doubt not, to attract the general sympathy upon me, because the use of such an undertaking and the important services which it is called to render to the whole population, will be soon acknowledged by her.

'Before this, when a merchant had some circulars, catalogues, or cards printed, he was often very embarrassed to have them forwarded to his clients: now that difficulty is subdued, etc.: by applying to the administration, the merchant may be certain that his prints will be distributed or carefully delivered at domicil, with dispatch, and by means of a short fee.

'It is the same manner for letters of death, letters of convocation, bills in writing, hand-bills of spectacles, ballots of election, etc.; as a bound complement, a printing-office being attached to the establishment, it will be very easy for me to execute orders in the shortest possible delay. There is another point upon which I cannot call the better attention of the public. I mean to speak of the collect of funds: my factors, as I have already said, leave the administration three times a day: their service compel them to go through the city in every way, and it may be said, at every hour of the day. I suppose that a merchant had a hundred invoices to collect, and that he is in need of his funds for the same day, he has only to apply to the factory. This effect, whose difficulties I intend to level, had always been very agreeable and expensive for the trade, and very often the usual collectors, notwithstanding their good will, could not satisfy certain exigencies dictated by useful and imperious wants.'

This beats the great 'Siccative.' - - - In going from Jeffersonville, Indiana, to Seymour, (named after our departed friend, the late H. C. SEYMOUR,) there was little to attract us, save 'stations' without houses, and places without inhabitants. Yes, by-the-by, there *was* one thing that attracted admiring attention, and is worthy of especial mention. All along the whole line of the road were BLACKBERRIES — ripe, luscious, melting; overhanging all the banks — enough to supply even our Great Gotham for a twelve-month. We saw, *then*, where the splendid berries came from that graced and enriched the tables of Cincinnati and Louisville. But we are on the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, with our faces toward the great metropolis of Ohio, and 'hastening thitherward.' - - - CERTAIN members of a certain 'Half-dozen party' from the metropolis, who accompanied us from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' to Rockland Tower, the other afternoon, strayed on their way into by and forbidden paths, through individual obstinacy and conceitedness; and although to memory dear, they were presently lost to sight. What was to be done? It would never do to lose the glorious sun-set view from the Tower: the great orb of day was drawing about him the gorgeous curtains of his evening tent; and no time was to be lost. WE, the counsellor and guide, had been left comparatively alone, in 'the right way' — deserted by our companions. Some were wandering among the tombs of the circumjacent 'Rockland Cemetery:' the feet of others were

stumbling on a dark mountain near by, clad in thickest foliage, and only lighted up by the small, bright tin-pails, which the United States Coast Surveyors, employed and paid by our common 'UNCLE SAMUEL,' had erected upon long poles thereon, as beacons. 'At this crisis,' as Mr. G. P. R. JAMES would be most likely to write, 'a person, an individual, indeed, we might go so far as to say, that a man,' took from his mountain-coat pocket a singular-looking instrument, which seemed, at the first glance of the eye, to possess musical properties. 'It *did that*.' It was the '*Swinette-à-Pist'on*.' We never knew the extent of the powers of 'The Swinette' before. We blew a blast upon it. It awoke the very echoes beyond the Tappaan-Zee. We

— 'BLEW both loud and shrill,  
And all our bold com-pà-nions  
Came skipping o'er the hill,'

and we forthwith addressed ourselves to our journey to 'THE TOWER!' Of what we then and there saw, shall not there something be said or written by 'some of us' hereafter? - - - THE trees begin to put on their many-colored hues, in all the region round about: and as we write to-night, we hear without the moaning of the Autumn wind. 'Mournful, oh! mournful' is that solemn sound! We have been, half-unconsciously, repeating the ensuing lines, written twenty years ago for this Magazine, by one 'too early called away.' Pardon its reproduction here. We have fifty thousand readers *now*, who were not our readers *then*, and they, at least, will be glad to read it. Place it to the account of weakness, if it must needs be so, but we have never found it possible to read the poem without tears:

'October.'

BY THE LATE LAMENTED WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

'SOLEMN, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The summer's melancholy bier.  
The moaning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

'Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze:  
O visions bright! O blessed hours!  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers —  
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

'I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold —  
The year's dead honors on the ground:  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

'When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the West;  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;  
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

'How like those transports of the breast,  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all, as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath  
Which Hope about her forehead twines,  
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe;  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

'Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care!  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring.  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness side by side.'

'They are gone — they have all passed by!' - - - PRIVATE theatricals, among the highest classes, are becoming very popular in England, and have brought out, as amateur actors, some of the brightest intellects in Great-Britain. Hereabout, we understand, a similar success attends kindred performances. Last spring, at Cincinnati, an '*Amateur Dramatic Festival*' was held for the benefit of the poor, which netted over five thousand dollars! A friend of ours, and a good theatrical critic, told us that he had very rarely seen a better HAMLET than was that of Mr. CHARLES ANDERSON, an accomplished gentleman of high standing in Cincinnati, on this occasion. His movements were graceful, his bearing self-possessed, his action natural and energetic, and his voice well-attuned to the character. In the library scene from '*The Iron Chest*,' Mr. CHARLES BARRAS, of Cincinnati, won the most enthusiastic applause. 'It was,' said our friend, 'in every sense, the performance of a finished actor.' And this we can well believe. It was our good fortune to meet with Mr. BARRAS, at a social gathering of gentlemen, and to hear him in one or two admirable vocal imitations and recitations; and we candidly confess that, in rendering one of the former, his 'power of face' exceeded even BURTON'S, when he convulses his audiences with the pathetic ballad of '*Villikens and his Dinah*.' At the close of Mr. BARRAS' performance, on the occasion to which we have alluded, he was loudly and enthusiastically applauded; and he responded to the call by appearing before the curtain, and delivering, in the most inimitable style, the following satire upon the ridiculous pretension, inordinate vanity, and pompous self-sufficiency of some of those would-be dramatic luminaries who attempt to foist themselves upon managers and the public. We quote from the Cincinnati '*Commercial*' daily journal:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To say that I am dissatisfied with the manner in which I have been received by you this evening, conveys but a faint idea of my feelings. Having, with that princely liberality and self-sacrificing spirit for which I am proverbial, made a gratuitous tender of my transcendental shape and talent, by which act this occasion has been made to assume a dignity and importance which otherwise it could not possess, it was but just and reasonable on my part to an-



ticipate, on my entrance to the stage, at least nine cheers from the audience, and a triumphal march from the orchestra. That this expectation has not been realized, I need n't remind you. Nay, even my modest anticipation that I should be encored at the end of every other sentence, and thus prolong indefinitely your pleasure, has been doomed to disappointment. It was my intention, instead of giving you only one scene of this play, to have favored you with its continuance up to the catastrophe, and, in the death-scene, although the author vaguely intimates that the hero is to die but once, it was my intention to have died half-a-dozen times, if you had desired it, and each time I purposed making my spasmodic action different, thereby giving a practical demonstration of the varied effect upon the nervous system, of the different diseases to which poor vulnerable humanity is subject in this climate.

'Even in the most affecting part of the scene, when I myself came near suffocating from the inward pressure of conflicting emotions, upon glancing toward the boxes, in order to ascertain what effect I had produced, to my great humiliation and mortification, I discovered one gentleman stolidly engaged in reading the advertisements in a newspaper, and three ladies sympathetically munching roasted pea-nuts.

'Now, from what springs this manifest indifference? It springs from one of two causes: either the seeds of non-appreciation have been sown broad-cast over the land, or there is in existence a well-organized combination to crush me! That one or the other of these causes *does* exist, I am convinced, from the circumstance of my having applied to Mr. BATES (the manager) for a brief engagement of five hundred nights, and offering to take the entire gross receipts of each night's performance as payment for my services, which Mr. BATES, actuated by some, to me, secret influence, declined. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the manager told me, in plain and unmistakable language, that he would n't do it!

'If the object of these persecutions is to crush me, I may as well state here that it *has* failed, and ever *will* fail; for I draw that consolation from *my own* consciousness of my merit, which, through a lack of discernment, proper appreciation, or something *worse*, on your part, has been denied me here. I leave you to your reflections!'

A friend, to whom we read this speech the other evening, informed us that it was a most 'palpable hit.' 'There was a burst of uncontrollable merriment,' said he, 'at the close of every sentence, and at the conclusion, the applause was tremendous.' - - - The corner-stone of the '*Rockland County Female Institute*' was laid the other day at Nyack, in the presence of a 'great cloud of witnesses.' The address of Hon. HUGH MAXWELL was an eloquent and every way admirable and appropriate effort. The proceedings were terminated by a dinner at SMITH's (late of the Brooklyn 'Globe' Hotel,) where were much congratulation and some good speaking, by Colonel PYE, Mr. FERDON, Rev. Mr. WEST, of Piermont, and others. The following is now 'in order:'

'MR. SIMON V. SICKLES, a native of Rockland county, prompted by a laudable American enterprise, sought in early life the improvement of his condition, as an adventurer at the 'sunny South.' Having been prospered in business far more than in health, he has devoted himself for several years past to the recovery of the latter, by foreign travel and comparative retirement from the anxieties and cares of business life. The subject of Female Education, especially in the solid and substantial acquirements which are appropriate to the mothers and guardians of early youth, has long been a favorite one with Mr. SICKLES. About a year since he made the generous proffer of a splendid lot containing about four acres, with water front, situate a little south of Nyack Village, (commanding a view of the Tappan-Zee, with its variegated border of thriving villages, fruitful fields, and lofty mountains,) to the Executive Committee of '*The American Woman Educational Association*' for a female college. As their chief aim, however, pointed more westward, where they have already two enduring monuments of their benevolent enterprise in the female colleges of Milwaukee and Dubuque; and as their Association, in common with every other department of Christian benevolence, was not free from the pecuniary pressure of the times, they could give no very early promise of a similar Institute at Nyack.

'At this juncture Rev. Mr. VAN ZANDT, pastor of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Nyack, after consultation with Mr. SICKLES, and deliberate consideration, volunteered his services to ascertain what could be accomplished for female education in Rockland, on the basis of a joint-stock company. After carefully selecting the men, and preparing the way for a private meeting for the purpose of forming a nucleus, such a meeting was called on the 9th December of last year; about fifteen gentlemen were present. Mr. SICKLES was called to the chair, and Mr. VAN ZANDT appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was stated by the Secretary, and warmly entertained by the meeting. A Committee was raised to report rules and regulations for the proposed Institution. These were reported and adopted; a Board of Trustees

was constituted; an Executive Committee chosen; and nearly five thousand dollars subscribed (by the gentlemen present) toward the establishment of the Institute.

'Since then this important enterprise has steadily advanced. An amount of nearly thirteen thousand dollars has been secured, beside the lot. A suitable plan for the building has been matured, which, when completed, cannot fail to become an object both of admiration and attraction. The hope is entertained that in a few weeks the work will be under contract, and that during the coming autumn the Institute will be opened for the reception of pupils. The plan of the building, as approved by the Committee, will be one hundred feet front, on the bay, and the Piermont Road, with five stories on the former and four on the latter, and with ample capacity for one hundred boarders. The domestic arrangement and general policy of the Institute are to be similar to those of the Female Seminary at Mount Holyoke, (Mass.) Eighteen thousand dollars are already subscribed to the work.'

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We hope our esteemed friend and correspondent will pardon us for quoting so much of his private letter as relates to our mutual friend and old contributor, the author of '*The Saint Leger Papers* :'

'OUR friend ST. LEGER is breathing the pure mountain air among the Granite Hills. His summer home is on the east bank of the Connecticut, just below old Dartmouth, and near the residence of his venerable parents, where for more than a century the sturdy old oak and elm have shaded the ancestral home. Away in the distance, resting its blue peak against the sky, rises Mount Ascutney, second in height to the White Mountain range. Intervening mountains rise above the thickly-wooded hills which stretch along the banks of the Connecticut, the Muscomy, and the White rivers, which mingle their waters here. Just discernible between the trees, and in beautiful contrast with their green foliage, is the white bridge, which crosses the Muscomy. I watched the long trains of cars darting over the bridge and away among the trees, and the smoke of the locomotive rising in graceful curves until it mingled with the blue vault above. Again I looked at the mountains, the undulating fields, the rivers, the white bridge, and the green trees: and I thought, 'Truly this is a fit abode for Genius.'

'Our friends have made their summer retreat a graceful and elegant home. As you enter their dwelling you see that the hand of taste and genius has been busy there. If the forthcoming second series of ST. LEGER meet not the anticipations of its warmest admirers, we must deduce that luxurious repose drives away labor.

'There, at Lebanon you have your choice to take the morning train, at six o'clock, or the afternoon train, at two o'clock, either of which brings you down the beautiful valley of the Connecticut to New-York in just ten hours.'

We like to see genius 'well-bestowed.' - - - Our neighbor, Colonel S —, has a glass, which reveals the other side of the Tappan-Zee to our vision as perfectly as if we were on the opposite shore, although it is full three miles from where we indite the present scriblet. And, as the orators say, 'when we take our eye and throw it' across the river, we see many things of various interest. Every day, we can discern GEOFFREY CRAYON walking along the pleasant Pocantico, that throws its clear stream into the Hudson, near the south side of his beautiful nest of refinement, 'Sunnyside,' or thoughtfully surveying his 'profane improvement,' the d — m, over which the waters pour in a sheet of translucent silver. We are not of a prying disposition, and probably it is none of our business: but we must say that the Monday's washing along the line of the Hudson River Rail-road, opposite to us, does n't reveal a very creditable state of things in the *ménage* of the millionaires who expand and burgeon upon the east bank. There are shirts along that line that require immediate attention: and there are two pairs of summer-pantaloons — it may perhaps be adscititious to allude to the fact

now, as the season is getting late — which, with all our lack of ‘worldly gear,’ we should not think of wearing in their present state. But, ‘the least said, the soonest mended.’ As we remarked before, it is none of our business. But we can’t help *seeing*, when we are looking through Colonel S ——’s matchless glass. Who was that man who got out of the cars on Saturday afternoon, at Irvington, and sent up an old black trunk to Mr. K ——’s by a red-haired porter, with a pair of ancient patent-leather boots strapped on the outside? He couldn’t have been any ‘great things.’ His hat was a very indifferent ‘tile,’ too, if we are a judge of hats. - - - Ah! ladies! — if you knew how such a tribute as the following to ‘*A Baltimore Belle at Newport*’ touches the hearts of bachelor-men, you would flirt less, flaunt less, be less affected and pretentious, and ‘more *yourselves*’ every way:

‘SHE has not the hardihood nor the style of her New-York rivals; there is less of general aspect, but far more of home-bred and feminine grace. She is thoroughly amiable; her smile is winning, her costume modest, her voice ‘gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman;’ without the mental culture of the Bostonian, or the exclusively tasteful charm of the Philadelphian, there is something more girlish, quietly cheerful and unconsciously pleasant about her. Her affability is caught from habitual intercourse with domestic characters; from truly social, friendly relations, and not from promiscuous or showy associations. She makes you think of a happy fire-side and a loving companion; you imagine her name to be MARY, and think it would be the most natural and charming thing in the world to make it your household word. She does not seem in the least ambitious or hackneyed or complacent, but altogether the most delectable of ‘human nature’s daily food,’ without the remote possibility of ever becoming either a blue-stocking, a shrew, or a strong-minded woman. In a word ‘she is *lovable*.’

This is a beautiful character. - - - PASSING down Fourth-street, Cincinnati, in the windows of an establishment like that of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway, we saw a striking portrait of a face that seemed familiar to our remembrance, ‘Who *is* that?’ we asked, of a handsome young man, smoking a segar near the door. ‘BEARD, the Artist.’ ‘Who painted it?’ ‘He did.’ ‘What! our old friend BEARD? It is a capital likeness, and a good painting.’ ‘It is so considered *here*.’ ‘Will you oblige me with a light?’ We took out a ‘BURNETT-House’ segar (find *better*, out of Cuba, if you can,) and having inquired the direction, proceeded to BEARD’s studio, a beautiful apartment, with the best of lights. It needed but a glance at his portraits to show how much he had improved upon the last painting which we had seen from his pencil in New-York. Afterward we had the pleasure to meet him, and make him acquainted with a genial but quietly-waggish friend: ‘Mr. T——, Mr. BEARD.’ ‘Yes, I *see*!’ said W. C. T., pointing to the flowing mass which depended from his cheeks and chin: ‘*Beard*, I think you said the name was.’ The hit, kindly meant, was as kindly received; and after the discussion of a Catawba-wine cobbler, (*can* there be sin in such a nectar?) ‘so it was that we departed,’ to roll a ‘three-hundred string’ of ten-pins! - - - HAVE you seen any of the ‘*Ambrotypes*’ of Mr. BRADY, the distinguished Daguerreotypist of this city? Nothing so artistic and truly beautiful has ever been seen of its kind in this country. The artist who inserts the scenery and back-grounds, in water-colors, is a most gifted and finished painter, with taste as exquisite as his touch is delicate and effective. - - - THE thermometer was at ninety-

five degrees, in the shade, at the 'Louisville Hotel,' when, in answer to the courteous card of PRENTICE, of the '*Louisville Journal*,' we sallied out with our friend M——, to beard the lion in his den. Rivers of water ran down our back, because we kept not our promise to forego stirring out until the sun had declined somewhat from the zenith. Howbeit, we went and found the EDITOR seated at the head of an oblong table, like a General directing the movements of an army; his sleeves rolled up, the perspiration pouring from his face, while he dictated to an amanuensis — the luxurious hebdomadalist! — the 'leader,' 'second column,' and incidental 'niaseries,' for the next day's '*Journal*.' Something further of this well-known journalist's history in our next, that has often made us laugh,

— 'TILL ye might see  
Ye teares rolle down ye cheeke.'

It is as authentic as it is good. - - - WE are frequently asked, 'How can we get to your country quarters?' We answer: 'Two excellent and well-officered boats, the '*Isaac P. Smith*,' Captain BLANCHE, and '*The Arrow*,' Captain LIEDECKER, sail to Piermont every day; the first in the afternoon, at three o'clock, the second at eleven in the morning. - - - ANOTHER grab at 'that quarter,' from another quarter:

DANAE in her tower sat,  
Unwitting what could sin do;  
Why should she care, imprisoned there?  
No one could scale the window.

But mighty JOVE, possessed with love,  
Said: 'Let's see what can *tin* do;'  
In a golden shower he pierced the tower,  
And scorned both door and window.

RIP

Who holds the stake? - - - WE don't intend, by any means, to relate *all* our recent 'travel's history' this month. What 'times' we had in Ohio and in Kentucky: what we saw in returning through Indiana 'by rail' to Cincinnati: the pleasant trip we made, with most kind guidance, to Columbus, and what we saw there: our journey thence to beautiful Buffalo: thence to Niagara and the SUSPENSION BRIDGE; what we remember of numerous 'impressions by the way;' shall not all these appear hereafter? 'By the mass,' and they *shall*, 'life and health permitting.' - - - WE could have wept, if it could have done any good, when we opened the basket of peaches sent us by our obliging contemporary, Mr. GEORGE F. BROWN, Editor of the '*Alton Daily Courier*.' All were spoiled, save *one*, and that one showed us what we had lost. - - - WE have seen and heard RACHEL! And never have we seen or heard her equal. Her influence in voice, action, general manner, is simply *electrical*. You cannot describe it, and *we* shall not try. All *we* shall do, will be to go and hear her every time she performs, if we can. Our advice to all others is, to do the same.

## New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc.

MACKENZIE'S 'BITS OF BLARNEY. — Commend us to an Irishman for a hearty appreciation of a work like this. Hear what a competent Irish critic, a country neighbor of ours, says of the book :

'THE reader who takes up this volume with the idea that its contents are exclusively 'blarney' will, we opine, be agreeably disappointed when he finds what an agreeable book Dr. MACKENZIE has given to the public. He will find a collection of sketches, including traits of the Irish people, anecdotes of rollicking boys, who lived but for fun and frolic; wild legends of the peasantry, many of them involving very good morals, pleasant stories, to while away the long evenings, and essays upon the two great Irish Publicists, HENRY GRATTAN and DANIEL O'CONNELL, the latter particularly, being the best sketch of 'Great Liberator' we have seen. It carries him from his cradle almost, to the time when, 'mid Genoa's stately palaces, on his way to the Eternal City, broken down in health, and worn away by his life-long labors, he delivered up his soul to his MAKER, his heart to Rome, and his body to his poor country, where it now rests in Glasnevin cemetery. The Doctor writes *con amore*, and he writes, too, of what he has seen and knows, and gives us no mere speculation; and hence the pleasure found in reading his books. He evidently was no worshipper of O'CONNELL, the man who, when he was reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons for charging corruption and bribery on the dominant party in the House, deliberately rose in his seat and repeated the offensive charge; but the Doctor gives us an estimate of his character which the 'Old Irelander' will, when he thinks coolly of the matter, see the justice of, and that will make 'Young Ireland' weep that such a man was so wedded to 'moral force' that he refrained from raising the cry on the Hill of Tara that would have led to Ireland's resurrection.

'Of poetry, we have 'The Geraldine.' But why call this a 'bit of blarney?' By APOLLO! the dying chief's address to his 'Younger Born,' with the latter's response, and his promise

'To win the fame that warriors win, and haply to entwine,  
In other lands, some honor new round the name of GERALDINE,'

instead of betaking himself to the cloister, as laid out for him in his infant years, made our blood tingle. They are noble lines. Many a countryman of the dying chieftain yearns to see some one

'Unfurl the silken sun-burst in the noon-tide's golden shine,'

in the cause of his country against the *Sassenach*. No, no! this is no 'bit of blarney,' but a right noble ballad.

'We have also a sketch of Captain ROCK, the famous outlaw, which contains graphic descriptions of scenes in Ireland during the WHITEBOY Insurrection, together with a biography of the mysterious Captain, and the story of

'His gallantry, his glory, and his fate,'

which contains many facts interesting to those who would know of the terrible Captain ROCK, a person who at one time gave the English authorities in Ireland a great deal more trouble than they thanked him for. In fact, Dr. MACKENZIE has given us a right pleasant book, the merits of which in no wise suffer from the way in which REDFIELD has embalmed it. It abounds in anecdote, and tells us of the famous 'PROUT Papers,' which the readers of FRAZER will recollect with pleasure, and furthermore, tells of the real 'Father PROUT,' who did not write the 'PROUT Papers,' at all, at all. By-the-by, we do most respectfully call the attention of all dominies, whose 'respected' but bad-paying 'hearers' are backward in coming forward with their salaries, to Father PROUT's sermon on that all-important subject; and if the respected 'PEPPER' be yet in the land of the living, we wish him to notice the 'Pome' to

— 'a barrister of great fame,'

in the 'bit' on Irish dancing-masters.'

THE ITALIAN OPERA, at the Academy of Music, will commence the first of October, for a season of over three months. Madame LAGRANGE and the distinguished artists who accompanied

her, with others, are to appear. In addition to the more favorite Italian operas heretofore presented, MEYERBEER's operas, the 'HUGUENOTS,' 'PROPHET,' 'ETOILE DU NORD,' and other novelties are to be produced in the style which gave such pleasure to all who last season saw 'WILLIAM TELL' and 'TROVATORE.' We learn that the chorus and orchestra are to be increased, the latter under the direction of the popular MARETZKE, and that no effort will be spared to make the Academy worthy of the continued support of all who appreciate an entertainment so refined in its character, and so elevating in its influence.

CUMMINGS'S SCHOOL OF DESIGN. — CUMMINGS, the artist, opened his School of Design for the season on the Fourteenth of September. Pupils, however, may enter the class at any time. Some new arrangements are in contemplation for the purpose of giving the pupils larger opportunities in the higher branches of an artist's education. Provided the demand be sufficient to cover the necessary disbursements, classes and lectures will be established, under competent instructors, in perspective, anatomy, sculpture, and modelling, wood-engraving, architecture, and mechanical drawing, living and costumed models, or any of those departments. The skill and assiduity with which the pupils of Mr. CUMMINGS's school are instructed, lead us to hope that the opportunity for making those new arrangements will be afforded.

THE advertisement of the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION will be found on the second page of our cover. The Association enter on their second year under the most favorable auspices, and will distribute among their patrons a much larger number of paintings and valuable works of art than they did last year. Subscriptions for the KNICKERBOCKER and all the Magazines on their list are received by our publisher at 343 Broadway.

AMONG the late publications of Messrs. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, of Boston, to which we hope to give more attention in future, are 'MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED,' discussing the Revelations of DAVIS; the Phenomena of Spiritualism, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Revelations of SWEDENBORG. By Rev. A. MAHAN, First President of Cleveland University. President MAHAN has paid more attention to modern spiritualism than any of our scientific men.

Also, 'CORA AND THE DOCTOR; OR, REVELATIONS OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.' We have often thought the wife of a practising physician might write an experience of surpassing interest, and we doubt not the volume before us is worthy of a wide circulation.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY we have 'JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS,' a large volume, with maps. By RICHARD HILDRETH, author of the 'History of the United States.' As a matter of course, this volume embraces all the latest information which has been obtained about Japan, and will be most welcome at this time. From the same house we have received 'LETTERS TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN JUST ENTERING UPON PRACTICE.' By JAMES JACKSON, M. D., LL. D. The high position Dr. JACKSON has so long maintained, and the easy, familiar style of these letters, will no doubt commend them to every young physician and student.

A friend writes us, that when last in Boston, he called on Messrs. PARKER, KING AND COMPANY, Cornhill, and saw there, among other beautiful works, a most pleasing picture by HALL of this city. The subject was the 'Sun-Shower,' and three lovelier female faces huddled under an umbrella, from which the rain was fast dripping, he never beheld. We will add that Messrs. PARKER AND COMPANY's establishment is similar to that of WILLIAMS AND STEVENS of this city, and they always have some fine paintings on view, well worth the attention of citizens and strangers.

FETRIDGE AND COMPANY, Franklin-Square, New-York, and Washington-street, Boston, have issued 'MOREDUN,' the *soi-disant* novel of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and the 'CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN' and 'JEALOUS WIFE.' By Miss PARDOE. All popular novels in the cheap style.

LOWNDES' PATENT PEN AND PENCIL CASE is a very ingenious, neat, and convenient article, manufactured exclusively by W. M. WILMARTH, 44, Maiden-lane, New-York.

\* \* \* NUMEROUS excellent publications await early notice, among which are the following: 'Poetry and Mystery of Dreams,' by CHARLES G. LELAND; 'Art Hints,' by J. J. JARVIS; 'American Indicator,' by THOMAS VAIDEN; 'Learning to Talk,' by JACOB ABBOTT; 'Clouds and Sunshine,' by READE; 'Oration and Poem before the Delta-Phi Society, New-York;' 'Professor BANYARD on Collegiate Education and College Government;' 'American Journal of Education and College Review;' 'Indian Legends and Other Poems,' by MARY GARDINER HORSFORD; 'Iowa as it is in 1855;' 'History, Organization, and Transactions of the Ohio Editorial Association, 1853-4-5;' McLEE's 'Alphabets for Engravers and Painters of Letters;' TENNYSON's 'Maud,' etc.





