The New Orleans Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1868.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for July.]

The Dole of Jarl Thorkell.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The land was pale with famine
And racked with fever-pain:
The frozen fiords were fishless,
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgia
Before them come and go,
And, through their dreams, the Urdarmoon
From west to east sailed slow!

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera
At Yule-time made his vow;
On Rykdall's holy Doomstone
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her;
To Skuld, the younger Norn,
Who watches over birth and death,
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter
Took up the sprinkling rod,
And smeared with blood the temple
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er,
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,
Alott in icy space
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer
Beneath its baleful light
The Jotun shapes of mountains
Came crowding through the night.

The gray haired Hersir trembled
As a flame by wind is blown;
A weird power moved his white lips,
And their voice was not his own.

"The Æsir thirst!" he muttered;
"The gods must have more blood
Before the tun shall blossom
Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,
And hence our blight and ban:
The mouths of the strong gods water
For the flesh and blood of man!

"Whom shall we give to Asgard?
Not warriors, sword on thigh;
But let the nursling infant
And bedrid old man die."

"So be it!" cried the young men,
"There needs nor doubt nor parle;"
But, knitting hard his red brows,
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping
At the temple door was heard;
But the old men bowed their white heads,
And answered not a word.

Then the dream-wife of Thingvalla,
A Vala young and fair,
Sang softly, stirring with her breath
The vail of her loose hair.

She sang: "The winds from Alfheim
Bring never sound of strife;
The gifts for Frey the meetest
Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,
The grazing kine's sweet breath;
He loaths your bloody Horg-stones,
Your gifts that smell of death.

"No wrong by wrong is righted,
No pain is cured by pain;
The blood that smokes from Doom-rings
Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make them,
As earth shall Asgard prove;
And hate will come of hating,
And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread,
That old and young may live;
And look to Frey for favor
When first like Frey you give.

"Even now o'er Njord's sea-madows
The summer dawn begins;
The tun shall have its harvest,
The florid its glancing fins."

Then up swore Jarl Thorkell:
"By Gimli and by Hel,
O Vala of Thingvalla,
Thou singest wise and well!

"Too dear the Æsir's favors,
Bought with our children's lives;
Better die than shame in living
Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion
To him who hath most need;
Of curdled skyr and black bread,
Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from his neck-chain
Three links of beaten gold;
And each man, at his bidding,
Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,
And daughters fed their sires,
And Health sat down with Plenty
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal;
The Doom-ring still remains;
But the snows of a thousand winters
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now; the Æsir
Have found their twilight dim;
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old
The Vala sang of Him!

The British Peerage and the House of Commons.

HOW THE LORDS ARE RECRUITED FROM THE COMMONS.

The London Daily News says:

"As the Parliament elected by the ten-pounders in boroughs and by the freeholders and £50-rentes in counties will soon pass away, it may be interesting to glance at the influence which the peerage has maintained in the House of Commons, and to ask whether, under the enlarged franchise which has been granted, there is likely to be any material diminution of the aristocratic element in the future lower chamber of the legislature. From the time when the present House of Commons was called—nearly three years ago—until now, 136 sons, brothers, nephews and cousins of peers have been returned as members. Of this number, 79—48 conservatives and 31 liberals—have sat for counties: and 57—34 liberals and 23 conservatives—for boroughs. During those three years the following have become peers by right of succession:

Hon T. G. Baring	Lord Northbrook.
Earl of Brecknock	Marquis Camden.
Lord Burghley	Marquis of Exeter.
Hon F. W. Calthorpe	Lord Calthorpe
Hon. C. R. Carington	Lord Carington.
Viscount Cranborne	Marquis of Salisbury.
Hon. A. W. Cust	Earl Brownlow.
Hon. W. E. Duncombe	Lord Feversham.
Hon. G. Heathcote	Lord Aveland
Viscount Ingestre	Earl of Shrewsbury.
Hon F. Lygon	Earl Beauchamp.
Lord Stanhope	Earl of Chesterfield.
Hon C. H. Trefusis	Lord Clinton.
Earl of Tyrone	Marquis of Waterford

"While fourteen members of the House of Commons have gone to the Lords by succession, nine have been called up by the creation of new patents. They are:

Sir R. W. Bridges	Lord Fitzwalter.
Sir Hugh Cairns	Lord Cairns.
Colonel Douglass Pennant	Lord Penrhyn.
Lord Henniker	Lord Hartismere.
Sir W. Jolliffe	Lord Hylton.
Sir E. B. Lytton	Lord Lytton.
Sir J. Trollope	Lord Kesteven.
Sir J. Walsh	Lord Ormathwaite.
Sir C. Wood	Viscount Halifax

"Taking the successions with the creations, it is thus seen that on an average during the past three years the House of Lords has been recruited from the Commons at the rate of eight members annually. The total number of their lordships who have passed through the lower house is 151. The roll of the peerage comprises 467 names, but as 19 noble lords are minors, the available strength of the House is 448. The august assembly is, therefore, leavened with the leaven of the House of Commons in the proportion of about 33 per cent.

"With the extinction of grouping of little towns, and the extension of the country franchise, the influence of the peerage is not likely to be so great in the Parliament of the future as it has been in those of the past."

Baron Bunsen and the Queen.

A memoir of Baron Bunsen, late minister to the court of St. James, from his majesty Frederic William IV, has just been published in London. We take from it a few interesting extracts, where he writes of his visit to the queen:

December 28, 1841.—I am at Windsor Castle * * * and thank God! I am here without having sought the position; on the contrary, after having begged leave to retire from public life. Thus, I feel thankful to be here, and hope I am so. Never was a reception more distinguished than I have here met with. I had my audience at 8 o'clock, just before dinner; I was directed to conduct the Duchess of Kent to the place opposite the queen, and then to place myself at the queen's right hand. I had been told by Brunnow that I had no choice of a place but by the side of the duchess or Prince Albert. In obeying the queen's command, I thought of what the popes say when receiving peculiar honor—"*Non mihi sed Petro*," "Not to me is this offered but to St. Peter," well aware that it is the king's high position which has raised mine; wherefore I really enjoyed it much. The queen is quite different from the representation I had heard of her, speaking with much animation, encouraging conversation, relishing fun. We passed a cheerful evening. In playing cards with the queen, I won a new *nine shilling* of her majesty's especial coin, which Fanny shall have to keep.

I can assure you that I never passed a more quiet and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last in the queen's house, in the midst of the excitement of the season. I think this is a circumstance for which we ought to be thankful. It is a striking and consoling and instructive proof that what is called the world, the great world, is not necessarily worldly in itself, but only by that inward worldliness which creeps into the cottage as well as into the palace, and against which no outward form is any protection. The queen gives hours daily to the labor of examining into the claims of the numberless petitions addressed to her, among other duties to which her time of privacy is devoted.

Palace of Bruhl, 1845.—Queen Victoria's apartment is the only thing magnificent, and in that the only thing costly is her dressing table, with the cover of finest Brabant lace. There is, later, the king's speech in proposing the health of the queen and prince. The queen bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears, and as the king was taking his seat again, she rose and bent toward him and kissed him on the cheek. She took her seat again with a beaming countenance.

Windsor Castle, Sept. 25, 1846.—I arrived here yesterday at six, and at eight o'clock all followed the queen in to dinner in the great hall hung round with the Waterloo portraits. The band, so placed as to be invisible, played exquisitely, so that what with the fine proportions of the hall and the well subdued light, and the splendor of the plate and decorations, the scene was such as fairy tales present; and Lady Canning, Miss Dawson and Miss Stanley were beautiful enough to personate the ideal attendants of an ideal court. The queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression which she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind, which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with the truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguished her countenance, in all its changes, from the fixed mask, only too common in the royal rank of society.

We all spoke German, and the princess royal, by desire of the queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The queen often spoke with me about education, and, in particular, of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time, liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert,) hates all formalism. The queen reads a good deal.

In the morning I accompanied the royal party to the terrace to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honor of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colors passed. I inquired of Prince Albert whether he had formed any idea as yet of his position at this early age (five years.) He told me that last month, in traveling through Cornwall, he had asked for an explanation of the cheers accompanying the cry of "The Duke of Cornwall forever!" when Prince Albert informed him that there had been long ago a great and good Prince of Wales called "the Black Prince," who was also Duke of Cornwall, and he had been so beloved and admired that people had not forgotten him: and it ought to teach him to emulate the merits of that great prince in order to be equally beloved and remembered.

Osborne.—We drove between rows of laurel and myrtle, as in Italy, and, on arriving, found that the queen herself had come towards us on the lawn, but had not been perceived by the party, for which omission I was made responsible as being the only one wearing spectacles. * * * The queen's own room had a beautiful prospect from a balcony toward the sea, Spithead and the fleet; all decorations everywhere show good sense and real taste. * * * Seeing Prince Albert and the queen in their beautiful tranquility in the Isle of the South, overlooking the sea, rejoiced me. I am heartily devoted to them both, and they showed me all their accustomed kindness.

Osborne, 1849.—Prince Albert had encouraged me to send his letter by the common post; he had no objection to its being known, wherever the packet might by the way be opened, how he condemned the acts and the persons by whom Germany was betrayed. * * * It is at Osborne House that the queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds to her heart's content, in the prospect of the sea and the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. * * * I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance and strength, and has a pleasing countenance.

Osborne, 1850.—After lunch I stayed in my room till half-past 4, when the queen kindly told Lord John to call me to walk out with her till 7. The air was delicious, and the conversation such as I thoroughly enjoy, open and free, and treating of things important for head and heart.

July 3, 1850.—The all-absorbing subject of interest has been collecting and learning everything that can be known about Sir Robert Peel. The newspapers give an interesting summary of his life, and some of them were edged with black out of respect for him. The queen's grief is excessive; she is in a constant flood of tears, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevailed upon to hold the levee, which, having been fixed for this day, could not be put off. Many expressions of hers are quoted, showing her full sense of the loss she herself and the country have sustained: "I have lost not merely a friend but a father."

17th July.—The loss of Peel can never be supplied. The queen and prince have shown, on the occasion of this calamity, their own high standing in human nature. Altogether what a treasure of sincerity, truth and noble feeling is there in this royal pair! What a blessing for the country! A great impression has been made upon the prince of Prussia by such a degree of mourning for a public servant.

(To Baron Stockmar.)—"As I was on the way to your door in the palace yesterday morning, I saw the prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle) in the fine corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets; meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded on reason, and integrity and love—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the continent and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland.

The queen has been most gracious: she made me write her name and my own in the first volume of *Hippolytus*, and made me a present of three beautiful prints, after Winterhalter, of Prince Alfred, Princess Alice and Prince Arthur. Then I have passed two hours with the prince this morning, one hour with the duchess of Kent at Frogmore, two with the princess of Hohenlohe. * * Prince Albert had been much amused by a long visit received, when at Edinburgh, from a Roman prince, dwelling with much emphasis upon the queen's evident leaning (!) towards Roman Catholicism in spite of the persecution (!). The prince let him speak on, and then gave him strongly to understand a piece of his mind as to Romanism in general, and his and the queen's opinion of it in particular.

I had a visit from ——; very full of accounts received from the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur, who is the wife of a mason at Rhyl, in Flintshire, and wound up her abundant details and observations upon court life with the expression, "that the queen was a good woman, quite fit to have been a poor man's wife as well as a queen." Such a compliment has not often been paid or deserved; it showed the woman's conviction of the queen's intrinsic merit, sense of duty, and activity in all things. She also made the remark that the royal children were "kept very plain indeed—it was quite poor living—only a bit of roast meat and perhaps a plain pudding."

I should best have liked to have had your children with us to see what I saw that evening between 5 and 6 o'clock, when we were allowed to follow the queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where hung a red curtain, which was presently drawn aside for a representation of the Four Seasons, studied and contrived by the royal children as a surprise to the queen in celebration of the day (anniversary of the queen's marriage.) First appeared Princess Alice as the Spring, scattering flowers and reciting verses, which were taken from Thomson's "Seasons." She moved gracefully, and spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice and penetrating like that of the queen. Then the curtain was drawn and the scene changed, and the princess royal represented Summer, with Prince Arthur stretched upon the sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest work; another change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine leaves and the skin of a panther, represented Autumn, looking very well. Then followed a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented Winter, with a cloak covered with icicles (or what seemed such,) and the Princess Louise, a charming little muffled up figure, busy keeping up a fire, the prince reciting (as all had done) passages, more or less modified, from Thomson. Then followed the last change, when all the seasons were grouped together, and, far behind on a height, appeared Princess Helena, with a long white veil hanging on both sides down to her feet, holding a long cross and pronouncing a blessing on the queen and the prince. The Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but, by command of the queen, the curtain was again withdrawn, and we saw the whole royal family together, who came down from their raised platform; also the baby, Prince Leopold, was carried in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, stretching out his arms to be taken by the prince consort.

Salad Making.

[From "All the Year Round."]

The special charm of a salad, the poetry of it, in fact, is on a hot day in summer, when the London pavement is hot enough to cook a chop; when the paint on the shop doors is blistering, and policemen's brains are grilling like toast cheese inside their helmets; when cabmen, very choleric and short in temper, keep taking blue handkerchiefs out of their hats and dashing them in again as if they were trying to knock out the crowns, and street apple women fall asleep totally heedless of custom or urchin thieves; when shopboys drip pattens on the pavement with their water cans, and splash any person if they can safely; when Clapham omnibus-drivers are thirstier than usual, and drain off stout faster than their smoking horses suck up the palsful of water held up to them by the hostlers at the halfway house; when in the West End squares pleasant music oozes from open windows and Venetian blinds; when Covent Garden is one vast flowerbed, and smells like Bucklersbury at "simple time;" when dirty-looking men, either burglars tired of the night's prowl, or idle mechanics, go to sleep face downwards in the parks, and give them the appearance of battle-fields, and the Achilles, though not over-clothed, is so hot that he'd scorch you if you touched him—then, I say, it is a pleasure to retire into some old-fashioned tavern—the Mitre, where Doctor Johnson planned with Boswell his venturous trip to the Hebrides; or the Cheshire Cheese, which Goldsmith used to frequent—go and refresh your body with a steak, and your eyes with a salad. As you stir up that moist foliage, the fatigue and dust and heat and stuffiness of London pass from you, and there arise thoughts of

"Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth,"

and of

"Grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves."

At such times I fancy myself again in my own country garden, beating the dark earth from the fibrous root of the portly lettuces, whose large hearts have almost burst the bass zones that bind them, drawing carefully my pink radishes, or lifting out tenderly the young onions with heads scarcely bigger than bodkins; if I divest myself of culinary thoughts, I imagine myself lazily lying on my back, buried in flowering grass, just ripe for the scythe, watching a foot above be an orange-shelled lady-bird climbing a grass stalk, or some little blue butterflies flickering round a honey-sweet clover-flower.

The old French proverb-maker, who said—

"Qui vin ne boit apres salade
Est en danger d'etre malade,"

had many other wise saws relating to food, of more or less value, such as,

"Old fish, old oil, and old friends are best.
Veals, fowls, and fish fill the churchyards.
Take the middle of wine, the top of oil, and the bottom of honey.
After pears, wine or the priest.
After melon, wine is a felon.
You must drink as much after an egg as after an ox."

Of all salads lobster salad is the most picturesque. The red-skinned flesh of the creature contrasts exquisitely (was surely intended to contrast exquisitely) with the tender April green of the virgin lettuce. To parody Brillat Saverin, may I not say, Powerful kings, invincible paladins, friends of Nero and Heliogabalus, how I pity you, for you did not know the lobster salad! The very scarlet of the lobster-shell gives one an appetite. With what a keen pleasure one cleaves the crimson plate-armor of the sea monster through with one steady, strong pressure from head to heel; from his little black prominent beads of eyes to the last brown filament of his fan-like tail. Easily as an almond from its soft shell, gently as a coin from a mould, comes the plastic flesh. We toss it into the bed of lettuce leaves, and prepare for the sauce. We make it like Mrs. Rundall, but with this difference, that we put more oil and less vinegar, and we do not forget essence of anchovy, mushroom ketchup, hard boiled eggs, or a little mollifying cream.

Mashed potato, rubbed down with cream, mustard and salt, is no bad substitute for egg, and imparts to a salad a new and not unpleasing flavor. Tomatoes—those warm orange-lobed tropical "pommes d'amour"—are excellent, too, in a salad. Their rich-flavored pulp and skin, warm as capsicums, are incomparable, if well spread and diffused on a proper friendly footing with the other ingredients. French beans, too, the most delicate of vegetables, make a salad of great merit. You must boil the beans as usual for the table, then mix a dressing in the following proportions:

Four mustard ladles of mustard.
Four salt ladles of salt.
Three dessert spoonsful of essence of anchovy.
Four ditto of mushroom ketchup.
Three ditto of the best Italian oil.
Twelve ditto of vinegar.
Three unboiled eggs.

The Spanish use pomegranates in their salads. For myself I dislike that fruit, with the shell like baked clay. The Arab poets may compare the lips of those they love to the rosy, fleshy pips of the pomegranate, but to my mind the acid is of an uninteresting, insipid and rather disagreeable character. Perhaps they are grateful to men choked with the dusty heat of a Spanish summer; but when one can pick from the green parent tree an orange just yellowing, who would eat the poor watery fruit of Granada? Still, to the epicure, eager for novelty, the thing is worth a trial—at the worst it is only a bowl of salad to be thrown away; for, depend upon it, servants won't eat what their masters dislike.

In the time of the regency an old French emigré of taste and refinement, an epicurean marquis, who had perhaps often supped at the Petit Trianon with the thoughtless, laughing ladies of poor Marie Antoinette, or reveled with Egalité in the Palais Royal, on dishes rarer and stranger than even nightingales' brains or stewed canaries—attended parties at the West End as a preparer of salads. He carried with him a mahogany case full of sauces and essences, and the result was, (well, only a Spaniard could express it by joining the tips of his five jointed fingers, and then blowing them apart with a kiss)—

"Whew! Perfection!"

The old emigré made a fortune, and returned with the Bourbons to regenerate the French with a new salad mixture. Ventre de St. Gris! that man would have deserved a London statue as much as the duke of York or Jenner, had he only left us his recipe.

If tradition be correct, the roi de la salade constructed his finest work somewhat on these lines:

He chopped up three anchovies with a little shallot and some parsley; these he threw into a bowl, with a little mustard and salt, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and one brimming over with vinegar; when madly mixed, he added to these extremely thin, short slices of Westphalia ham, or the finest roast beef, which he first steeped in the seasoning. He then covered the bowl, and in three hours the salad was fit for table. He garnished with parsley and a few waifers of bacon. Perfection is not the word. A dying man could get up to taste that salad. Let that salad be the touchstone of all French cooks. Let it be the first question to aspirants, "Do you know how to construct ('make' is a word degrading to the grand science)—do you know, monsieur, how to construct the Salade des Hesperides?" If the wretch says "No," look down again on your blotting-paper, bow and glance at the door. As the Count de M. once said to Talleyrand of a candidate for a secretaryship:

"I have no great opinion of this man's mind; he has never eaten pudding a la Richelieu, and he does not know the cutlet a la Soubise." As Brillat Saverin says, profoundly, "It is chiefly men of intellect who hold good eating in honor; the herd is not capable of a mental operation which consists in a long sequence of appreciations and many severe decisions of the judgment."

The ship John Bright sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 5th of June with 650 Mormons, all bound for Utah.

"The Hour of Death"—A Scientific Investigation.

In Mr. John Timbs's "Notable Things of Our Own Time," are some accounts of the curiosities of scientific investigation—among them the following concerning the hour of death:

"The subject of the hour of death, (says Mr. Haviland, an eminent surgeon, in a paper read to the British Association,) has occupied the attention of medical writers from the time of Actius, who flourished at the court of Constantinople in the fifth century, up to the present date, but no practical fruit has been the result for the physician in his treatment of disease. He concluded that the time had now arrived for a thorough investigation of the facts in our possession, inasmuch as if there be any latent truth in them of importance to mankind, it is our simple duty to evoke that truth, and avail ourselves of its teachings in the practice of medicine. He remarked that the physician's duties do not cease when he has ascertained the disease of his patient, and prescribed medicine to remove it; by medicine alone the patient is not healed, he has to act upon the advice of Hippocrates, and see that those in attendance do their duty also, and in his absence watch every phase and act in the living patient. But, to so direct, the physician must know each cause of change, and by his knowledge anticipate what may occur; lay down simple rules for the guidance of friends and nurses, and teach them how to watch each circumstance of disease; he must know the changefulness of our bodies in health; he must take due account of this changefulness when illness supervenes; he must know when all our vital functions are at their height; he must know when they are at their lowest ebb, for this knowledge is a most necessary element of success in his combat with the enemy he is implored to encounter. Of late years the art of nursing has more than ever occupied the thoughts of physicians and the laity at large. We have had noble efforts made in the camp and at home to soothe the anguish of the wounded and diseased.

"The author had collected over 5000 cases of death, with the hour of death, and other circumstances recorded, which he had tabulated, and exhibited on a large chart, the difficult collections being distinguished by colored diagrams. By this chart he showed that in 1000 cases of death in children under five years of age the periods of the greatest mortality took place between the hours of one and eight A. M.; that an extraordinary depression took place in the succeeding hours between nine and twelve P. M., and that the ratio of mortality was at its minimum. He then compared these statistics with 2891 deaths from all causes, and the chart showed new remarkably the wave lines of death compared with those above. He then compared these diagrams with deaths from consumption, which, although they showed a general resemblance in the wave line, yet between the hours of four to eight A. M. there was a depression when compared with the first four hours' period. He showed that small numbers are not sufficient for a statistical truth, and he therefore urged upon his provincial brethren to assist him in this work by forwarding to him data for further investigation of this interesting subject.

"He contended that the tables on the chart proved the extraordinary mortality in the early hours of the morning, when the powers of life were at their lowest ebb, and strange to say, when the patient was most cared for. He urged the necessity for feeding and stimulating the patients at their weakest hour, so as to tide them over a critical period; and, even if death be inevitable, to support the patient that he might at least have a few hours more of life snatched from eternity to admit of his being able to carry out some neglected duty, pardon some enemy, or see some beloved friend. He next urged upon his professional brethren the importance of teaching friends and nurses how to attend to those under their charge. He concluded by saying that the subject itself required no apology for its introduction to the association, however much the mode of his treating it might. He felt convinced that it was one which had occupied the attention of many of his hearers when they had been watching hour by hour the fitful changes of disease in the persons of those dear to them, or of those to whom, as nurses, they had desired conscientiously to do their duty. To simplify this duty and to calm this solicitude, at a time when either an excess of the one or an ignorant neglect of the other might be fatal, was one of the main objects of this investigation; and he felt convinced, however imperfectly he might have expressed his opinions on the subject, that it is one of deep interest, not only to his profession, but to the community at large."

"London Assurance" by a Star Company in London.

The London correspondent of the New York Herald, writing on the 6th, says:

The morning performance at the Haymarket Theater, for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College, and under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, came off yesterday with great éclat, and will assume a very prominent place in the histrionic annals of London. The entertainment was given at the express desire and request of the prince, who, happening to meet Mr. Sothern at a hunt, said to him, "I suppose that it would be impossible to have a comedy performed in London in which every part should be filled by first class actors." Mr. Sothern replied that he had no doubt the idea could be realized if the prince desired it. "I should like it very much, indeed," answered the prince, "and if you will undertake to get up such a performance, in any way you please, both the princess and myself will be present." Mr. Sothern then consulted with Managers Webster and Buckstone, and this trio selected the programme, apportioned the parts and decided that the proceeds should be given to the Dramatic College. The following is the cast of the two pieces selected:

London Assurance.—Sir Harcourt Courtley, Mr. Benjamin Webster; Max Harkaway, Mr. E. P. Addison; Charles Courtley, Mr. Sothern; Dazzle, Mr. Charles Matthews; Mark Meddle, Mr. J. L. Toole; Cool, Mr. H. Irving; Dolly Spanker, Mr. Buckstone; Solomon Isaacs, Mr. G. Vincent; Martin, Mr. Johnson; James, Mr. James; Simpson, Mr. Wetten; Lady Gay Spanker, Mrs. Chas. Matthews; Grace Harkaway, Miss Nelly Moore; Pert, (on this special occasion,) Mrs. Keeley.

A Roland for an Oliver.—Sir Mark Chase, Mr. Chippendale; Alfred Highflyer, Mr. Walter Lacy; Selbourne, Mr. H. Neville; Fixture, Mr. G. Belmore; Gamekeeper, Mr. Weathersby; Maria, Mrs. John Wood; Mrs. Selbourne, Miss Louisa Moore; Mrs. Fixture, Miss E. Farren.

The performances commence at half-past 1, at which hour the theater was completely crowded by one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled, comprising not only many noblemen and ladies of rank, but the *élite* of the theatrical profession in England. The prince and princess of Wales and the crown prince of Denmark entered the royal box just before the end of the first act, and were received with hearty cheers, the whole audience rising and the orchestra playing the "Prince's Hymn." The prices of all the seats had been doubled, and the receipts netted over £400. Mr. Sothern personally directed the performance, and Mr. Dion Boucicault superintended the rehearsals of his comedy.

To show the interest taken in the affair by actors I may mention that Mr. Toole studied the part of Meddle expressly for the occasion, having never played it before, and that Mr. Ben Webster was at a similar trouble in regard to the part of Sir Harcourt. The events of the day, however, were the re-appearance of Mrs. Keeley, after her long retirement from the stage, and the appearance of Mrs. John Wood, who is regarded here as an American actress, and was thus doubly complimented by being invited to assist at such a performance. Mrs. Keeley was enthusiastically received and acted the little part of Pert with all her old spirit and success, and the Era, the English theatrical authority, says of Mrs. Wood that she "played the character extremely well, looked remarkably handsome and sang with excellent taste." So the New York stage holds its own with the best London artists.

As you have often had "star" performances of "London Assurance" in New York, and notably for John Brougham's benefit at Niblo's and at a morning performance at the Academy of Music, it will interest the public to read a few comments upon the acting yesterday. Mr. Webster was not perfect in the part of Sir Harcourt and acted it very stiffly and stagily. There was no comparison between him and such American representatives of the character as Mr. Charles Fisher, the late Mr. Walcott or the late Mr. Kingsland. Mr. Addison's Max Harkaway was hearty, robust and excellent—just in the style of Mark Smith's Old English Gentleman. Mr. Sothern's Charles Courtley was capital. I have always believed that no one else can play this part so well as Mr. Lester Wallack; but Mr. Sothern adopted the same view of the character and most of Mr. Wallack's business, and the result was a complete and deserved success. Mr. Charles Matthews, the original Dazzle, acted perfectly until the fourth act, and then fell off through fatigue. Mr. Dion Boucicault, who personated Dazzle in New York, is still without a rival in this part. Mr. Toole's Meddle was exceedingly clever; not so good as Burton's, but quite as good as anybody's since Burton. Mr. Irving's Cool was mediocre; Mr. Vincent's Isaacs was below mediocrity; Mr. Buckstone's Dolly Spanker was only passable. Among the ladies, Mrs. Charles Matthews was very bad, and spoke so low as to be almost unheard; Miss Nelly Moore was pretty, but too weak for the part of Grace, in which Miss Agnes Robertson and the late Mary Gannon as easily eclipse her as Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Hoey eclipsed Mrs. Charles Matthews in Lady Gay; and, as I have said before, Mrs. Keeley, as Pert, carried off all the honors. "A Roland for an Oliver" was perfectly rendered; but the piece is weak, and comparisons are unnecessary. The Mr. Neville who appeared in it is the famous original of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man;" the Mr. Belmore is the original Nat Gosling in "Flying Scud." On the whole, I consider that the best London can do in the way of such a star performance is far below what New York has done and can do again on any special occasion.

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