

NOVEMBER TREES

Let poets sing of their leafy trees. When the tides of summer fancies swell. And rock their thoughts as a tropic breeze. Rocks the bee in a lily's bell. But give me a harp whose ring is sharp. Tuned for November melodies. That I may roam the bleak hills alone. And sing of the brown and leafless trees— The gray old trees, the naked trees, The leafless autumn trees for me.

Their branches are bare in the twilight dark, Cold and bare when the moon is high; Like the cordage and masts of a stranded bark That warp and freeze in a polar sky. There is never a leaf that the sky-born thief Did not hurry away ere its color was gone. But the branches bare to me are as fair As the naked forms of the Parthenon— The graceful trees—the garlanded trees— The wind-stripped autumn trees for me.

Where the branches part in the dusky wood, The golden mist of the sunset streams, And tracts of arid solitude Glimmer at night on a world of dreams. The wind is chill on the rugged hill, And the early snow is gathering; Fraught with the winter is nought, for their boahs are With the flow of sap, and the hope of spring— The patient trees—the hopeful trees— Bidding the hour that sets them free.

O, Patriots! whom the tyrant's hate O'er shadows like the winter drear, While like the patient trees you wait, Freedom—the nation's Spring—is near. Never despair, though the darkening air Sweep all your summer leaves away; The wind may rife your branches bare, The leaves will burst anew in May— [trees, On the blossoming trees—the joyous In the glorious spring of Liberty!

FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH. NOTES OF THE VOYAGE FROM TRIESTE TO SMYRNA. Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. CORRU, Oct. 26, 1851.

We are lying at anchor in the harbor of Corfu, and in the hour intervening before our departure for Zante, I shall try to give you some note of our progress. At Trieste, in conformity with recommendations which had been previously made to me, I took passage for Alexandria in the second cabin. I find it all that was promised, in every respect, but at the same time, if I should ever travel this way again, I shall most assuredly take the best place. The Adriatic is an uncertain sea, and to those who have delicate stomachs the extreme of luxury is not even bare comfort. However, now that we are lying in a smooth harbor, ruffled by the sweetest air I have breathed since leaving home and girded by the purple hills of Albania, I am not only satisfied, but delighted with everything. Yesterday morning, the case was different.

The fare from Trieste to Alexandria—a voyage of twelve days—is about \$10. This does not include provisions, which cost about 75 cents a day additional. There is a third place for "the scum of the earth," so that the second cabin is considered quite respectable, though not aristocratic. It is very neat, tolerably ventilated and furnished with berths which are perfectly clean and fleeced, though rather hard. As I have already been seasoned to Alaska, I find them very good. We rise at daybreak and are immediately served with small cups of rich black coffee. At ten o'clock a substantial breakfast is served, and at four a dinner of six courses, both of which meals are furnished with wine ad libitum—a light, pure Italian vintage, which Father Mathew might quaff without endangering the sanctity of his pledge. There is a barrel of the coarser sort on deck, which serves the mongrel Greek and Dalmatian sailors instead of a water-butt. Our day winds up with a cup of tea, made in good English style. If one cannot endure such hardships as these, while skirting the mountain shores of Greece and Albania, let me stix to his easy chair.

Our passengers are brought together from all parts of the earth, and from some odd corners of Society. In the after cabin there is a Greek, of the noble family of Mavrocordato; the English wife of a Turkish Bey, and a German missionary with an English wife, bound for Beyrout. In the fore cabin, there are three Italian singers, going to the Constantinopolitan opera; an Ionian, a most ignorant Prussian, bound for Athens, and a Swiss. The deck is occupied by a Jew and his family, who are on their way to Jerusalem. The man wears a greasy gown of black serge, with a beard reaching to his waist, and the whole family represent to the life Thackeray's "filthy Jews to lardboard. Uncombed, unwashed, unbarbered."

They have a young child, which squalls twice as loud as any uncircumcised infant I ever heard. I recollect once hearing a camp-meeting hymn which commenced "What's become of the Hebrew children?" I think I could give information as to the locality of one of the aforesaid children.

There are also on deck two fat Turkish merchants, who spread their carpets as near to the engine as possible, and sit all day cross-legged thereon. Morning and evening, while the Jew pulls out his Hebrew prayer-book and reads, swaying his body to and fro, these Mussulmans bend their heads toward Mecca, (or as nearly as they can get the direction,) and repeat their prayers. They have ruddy, good-humored faces, and one of them greets me every morning with "addio!" instead of "buon giorno." I shall try him one of these days with "salvum alibi," or "wallah Bismillah!"

Our boat, the Imperatrice, is one of the newest and best belonging to the Lloyd. She is 260 tons burden, but very staunch in her build, and so broad in the beam that the chopping seas of the Mediterranean affect her but slightly. We sailed from Trieste at 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, carrying the strong land-wind with us, as we ran down past the Istrian promontory. Next morning, the islands of the Dalmatian Archipelago opened before us, and on our right, above and behind them, we could trace the barren spine of the coast. The islands, rising in conical peaks of dark rock, with here and there a scattered grove of small trees, have a striking resemblance to the coast of California. They have such a burnt and blasted appearance that I supposed them uninhabited, but on passing between Lissa and San Andrea, I discerned a large town on the western side of the former. The Trieste Company have a line of steamers which affords weekly communication between these islands and the principal ports on the coast, as south as Cattaro, on the Albanian frontier. Gardner Wilkinson's recent work has thrown some light on this region, which, whether in regard to its scenery, or the character and customs of its inhabitants, is one of the most curious and picturesque in Europe.

At sunset we had passed the last of the islands, thought, the keys of endless reverie, there is none so sadly sweet as—Arcady.

We crossed the point of the bay and entered the Gulf of Navarino. The harbor where the great maritime battle took place is almost excluded from view of the sea by the long island of Sphagia, (the scene of Byron's "Corsair," which lies across its mouth. A short distance further, in passing between the island of Sapienza and the main land, we ran close to the town of Modon, whose massive walls, the memorial of Venetian sway, project into the sea. Another headland brings us to the Gulf of Coron, and to the sight of the sublime mountain peninsula which divides this, the ancient Messenian, from the Laconian Gulf beyond. Toward its extremity the Taygetus suddenly terminates, but the narrow strip of Cape Matapan is thrust in advance, like the paw of a sleeping lion, driving its rocky talons into the sea. The aspect of this promontory, which is the most southern point of Europe, is remarkably grand. The perpendicular walls of dark red rock which form the cape are several hundred feet in height, and the wild ridges of the Taygetus rise gradually behind them to an elevation of 7,000 feet.

—We pass Cape Matapan, and the old Laconian Gulf, still larger than that of Coron, opens before us, separated by a narrow strait from the Ionian island of Cerigo. I strain my eyes, but in vain, for the loom of the Cretan Mount Ida. The sun has set before we reach the strait, but I can look through it on the twilight-darkened Egæan.

—I have spent four hours this morning in rambling over the Coreyean soil. The town is built on both sides of a small rocky peninsula, projecting from the center of a spacious bay which opens toward the Albanian coast, and is thoroughly land-locked. It is defended by the citadel, which occupies the end of the peninsula, by an immense fort on a hill behind the town, and by the island of Vido, in the harbor, which the English have strongly fortified. The houses are dazzlingly white, and built in the cool Italian style rise above one another from the sea, and are backed, at the top of the hill, by the battered walls and bastions left from the French and Venetian occupancy. The population is a mixture of Greeks, Italians and English, but the former predominate, and Romic is the principal language heard in the streets. I ascended to the esplanade, a spacious square overlooking both sides of the bay. The Lord High Commissioner of the Islands has a palace fronting this square, and several Highlanders, part of the regiment which now garrisons Corfu, were pacing guard before it. Their naked knees gave great diversion to our German and Italian passengers.

At Corfu you first touch classic earth. Here Homer has been before you, and here you may still behold the Phœnician galley which bore Tryphes to his home, transformed into a rock by the vengeance of Neptune, in sight of its destined haven. The island is now noted for its sudden and perverse changes of temperature, but certainly no air could be more pure, sweet and elastic than that I am now breathing. In spite of the dryness of the season, the shores are green with groves of olive and fig trees, and the villas scattered along the bay are buried in the dark foliage of the orange.

Oct. 27.—We are crossing the mouth of the Gulf of Coron. Mt. Taygetus lies on our left, his lofty summit folded in clouds. On the lower slopes of the Mamote peninsula, I can count five or six villages, each surrounded by a small patch of green, but elsewhere the land is brown and dead. All the Morea is now suffering from a prolonged drouth, yet even its desolation is made beautiful by the purple veil of the Grecian atmosphere.

We left Corfu at noon yesterday. The heat was intense until we had passed the strait and met the breezes of the Acarlanian hills. We sailed down the shore, by Parga, whose citadel looks out over the waves, (here Childe Harold logs your elbow again,) and at sunset swept under the crags of Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia. I looked long through the dusk for Sappho's Leap, and may have descried it, but am not sufficiently certain of the fact to give a description.

As we turn the corner of Leucadia, another island appears between Cephalonia and the distant Grecian shore, and we feel our way by starlight through the narrow strait. This black rugged island, whose cliffs almost overhang our deck is Ithaca. A greater than Byron has your ear now, and if you cannot recall the rich Homeric hexameters, (as, unfortunately, I cannot,) you may think of him who

"drank delight of battle with his peers, Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," in language of a living poet, for which the shade of Homer will not reproach you.

It was too dark to distinguish anything but the abrupt outlines of the island, yet I did not go below till we had emerged from the channel. I had slept but three hours, when the shock of the anchor, dropping in the harbor of Zante, brought me again on deck. We lay in the center of an oval bay, the high and steep shores of which sparkled with the lights of the city. Half a dozen boats were at the gangways, receiving passengers and freight, including six black Corfu swine, one of which plunged into the sea and was drowned. Our company of passengers was made still more picturesque by the addition of a Moldavian lady on her way to Galatz, and a Greek Priest, with flowing hair and a blue robe.

—This morning the sun rose for me in Arcadia. When I went on deck, Zante was a light cloud on the water; the hills of ancient Elis, on my left, were tinged by the early beams, and the tops of the distant Dorian mountains glittered with snow. The Bay of Arcadia curved far inland, chased by a semi-circle of hills whose soft and harmonious lines melted into the long cultivated slopes that bordered the sea. These beautiful hills were familiar to me; for such as they had always filled the horizon of my visions of Arcady. I watched the smoke of the villages curling up from the olive groves, and fancied that it rose from altar-fires kindled to Pan. The air was silent; it should have borne to me the sound of flutes and cymbals, and the "evoo!" of swingers of the thyrsus, Alas for the Arcady of the poets! It is "the light that never was on sea or land." Yet, of all golden sounds, the fountains of harmonious

ly covered with wild sage and other plants which gave an aromatic and stimulating taste to the air, as they were broken under our feet. The nimble lizards scampered into their holes, but they were not more nimble than my little Greeks, whose caps bobbed up and down as they bounded with hands and feet up the rocks. They chattered incessantly to one another and to me, and I talked to them in English and Italian, both parties enjoying the conversation, though neither understood it. At last, when we had reached a rocky shoulder, not far from the summit, I dismissed them and ascended alone. I gave each of them a piece of 10 lepta, (the largest Greek copper coin); they laid their hands gravely across their breasts and bowed, after which their capers of delight were most amusing. They shouted and danced on the rocks, and then, clenching the coins tightly in their hands, went out of sight with the fleetness of young goats.

A few minutes more of breathless climbing brought me to the top of the peak, which cannot be less than two thousand feet in height. Some friendly hand had piled a tottering tower of stones, up which I mounted, and then sat down to breathe the delicious air and contemplate the magnificent view. The horizon was so extended as to take in nearly the entire group of the Cyclades, with a few of the Sporades. I counted twenty-five islands, besides Syra—some rising into cloudy summits, some low and barren, some lying in dark-purple shadow, some gleaming bright and yellow in the sun, and all girdled by the same glorious blue of the sea. Here, almost at my feet, was Delos, where Latona gave birth to Apollo and Diana; yonder Paros, the birth-place of the Medicæ Venus and the Dying Gladiator; behind it Naxos, sacred to Bacchus and Ariadne; and faint and far to the south, Nio, where Homer died. To the west lay Thera, Zea and Andros, and away beyond Andros the shadowy hills of Negropont, the ancient Eubœa. Zea concealed the promontory of Cape Colonna, but between the island and Negropont, dim as a dream, stretched the main-land of Attica, the tops of Hymettus. In the north-east I distinguished Icaria and Samos, and in the south the topmost summit of Milo. The feeling with which I gazed on that panorama can scarcely be expressed in words; or, if in words, only in that speech taught by him who was born in Delos.

On my return, I descended to the fountain, which gushes from the solid rock, in the ravine behind the old town. It is the same to which the pilgrims of old resorted for purification, before visiting the shrine of Apollo at Delos. Without the supply of soft and pure water which it affords, the island would not be habitable. I found a number of women grouped around it, waiting to fill their heavy jars, which they then bore off on their shoulders. The water is sold in the town, and even retailed by the glass to the sailors along the quay. I came on board like one of the messengers from Eschol, bearing a cluster of transparent pink grapes, which weighed more than four pounds.

Oct. 30.—We left Syra toward evening yesterday, with our deck crowded with Greeks, Turks and Jews. On passing the strait between Tinos and Mycone we entered the open sea, and made for Scio, about fifty miles distant. As the night was dark, and we only touched at the island for half an hour, sometime past midnight, I kept my berth, but rose at dawn to see a sunrise in Asia, for the first time. We were just entering the Bay of Smyrna—a magnificent sheet of water, between thirty and forty miles long, and varying from five to ten in breadth. Its shores are mountains, whose green and wooded slopes present an agreeable contrast to the bare hills of Greece. The narrow plains at their feet are covered with gardens and grain-fields, and dotted with white villages and country-houses. No part of the Mediterranean that I have visited has a more fertile and flourishing appearance than this coast.

After passing the "Castle of the Sea," a large white-washed fortress commanding the channel, we first see the minarets of Smyrna. Mount Phagus, on the southern side, crowned by its ruined citadel, keeps the city in shadow, but as we approach, the mass of houses, flat, dome-like roofs, gay mosques and light minarets, stretching for nearly two miles along the shore and climbing to the dark cypress-groves of the burial grounds, high on the hill, grows distinct in all its novel and fantastic features. Our boat passes slowly to the Frank quarter, in the northern part of the city, and drops anchor within a hundred yards of the shore.

SWITZERLAND.—The choice of Federal officers took place at Berns on the 4th inst. The President of the Confederation chosen for the ensuing year is Mr. D. FARRER, the Vice President Mr. NAFF. The other members of the Executive Government are Messrs. Muzinger, Druey, Francini, Frei-Herosee and Oshenben. The election of these men—they are chosen by the National Council—renders it certain that there will be no essential change, either in the internal or external policy of the country. They were sworn into office on the 5th.

ALABAMA.—A State Convention of the Union party is to be held at Montgomery on the 19th of January, for the purpose of organizing and determining what action they will take in nominating candidates for the ensuing Presidential Election; and they recommend that the several counties in this State hold meetings immediately and appoint delegates to attend said Convention.

ERNEST KISS.—This is the singular name of a singular man, and one of the most distinguished of the Hungarian Generals, who were taken prisoners and executed by the Austrians in the late war. The following notice of him is condensed from an interesting account of Hungarian Generals, published in a foreign journal. Ernest Kiss was a wealthy proprietor, owning twenty-three villages, and was a man of excessive personal elegance as well as of chivalric courage. He regularly set his linen all the way from Hungary to Paris to be washed, and was, in similar respects, a Parisian as well as a Magyar. His complexion was remarkable, and it is told of him that on one day, while on an Austrian battery, making an observation, he ordered his servant to bring him a cup of chocolate. A shot struck him from his hand and killed his horse. "My servants," said Kiss, "they have taken my breakfast." When taken out with three others to be shot, he was suddenly dressed. The order was given to fire, and his companions fell, while he stood unharmed. "You have forgotten me," said Kiss, in his usual tone of voice. The corporal of the 45th regiment stepped up and fired and the ball striking him in the forehead, he fell dead without a struggle.

PERSONALITIES OF THE INDIANA LEGISLATURE.—Mr. General Eccles, of Johnson County, is the oldest, being 62 years of age. Mr. O. B. Taylor, of Dearborn County, is the youngest member, being 24. Four were born in Indiana, 11 in Virginia, 11 in New York, 11 in Pennsylvania, 19 in Kentucky, 3 in Ohio, 4 in Vermont, 4 in New Jersey, 1 in North Carolina, 3 in South Carolina, 2 in New Hampshire, 1 in Massachusetts, 1 in Ireland, and 2 in Scotland—4 are black. 50 are in the Legislature for the first time. 54 are farmers, 19 lawyers, 6 physicians, 2 mechanics, 1 stone dealer, 1 editor, 1 farmer and surveyor, 1 druggist, 1 produce dealer, 1 carpenter, 1 miller, 1 "ball swain," and 1 bank. 61 are Less Pecon, 38 are Whigs, and 1 is a Democratic free Soiler. 94 are married, 3 are single, 3 are widowers, 1 is a bachelor, probably 14 are for next President, 5 for Fillmore, 2 for Clay, 35 for Joe Lane, 1 for Buchanan, 2 for Douglas, 1 for Fremont, 2 for Cass remainder voting and non-committal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"WORDS IN EARNEST." (12mo. pp. 320. Edward H. Fletcher.) A collection of Essays on several important moral subjects, namely, The Influence of Cities; The Theater; Duties of Employers and Employed; Theory of Punishment; A Plea for Children; and The Sabbath. The authors are Rev. W. W. Everts, Rev. G. W. Alexander, Rev. William Hague, Prof. G. W. Anderson, and Rev. George B. Cheever. The Essay on the Duties of Employers and Employed, by Rev. William Hague, abounds in excellent suggestions, and his views are stated with precision and good sense. Prof. Anderson's discussion of Punishment is scholastic in its method and intensely Pagan in its spirit. He maintains that punishment is not preventive nor reformatory; that its legitimate purpose is not to deter the criminal from the repetition of crime, nor to warn others by his example, still less to make a bad man good; but only to satisfy a natural appetite for the infliction of evil on the evil doer. In other words, to minister to the passion for revenge which belongs to a certain condition of human nature. His Essay does not show the slightest glimpse of the sacred evangel that "vengeance belongs to the Supreme Power"—no ray of sympathy with Him who "came not to condemn, but to save the world." His argument may be Platonic, but it certainly is not Christian, and is still less human.

"THE SNOW IMAGE AND OTHER TWICE TOLD TALES." BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (12mo. pp. 173. Tucker, Reed & Fields.) This is a new volume, by the most original of living story-tellers, consisting of articles which were left out of his former collections, some of them being among his earliest writings, which, as the author naively remarks, "after living for years in manuscript, skulked into the annuals or magazines, where they have hidden themselves ever since." A curious bit of autobiography is given in the preface, addressed to Horatio Bridge, Esq., U. S. N.

If anybody is responsible for my being at this hour an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were laid together at a country college—gathering blue-berries, in shades of hours, under those tall academic pines, or watching the great loes, as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods, or hot fishing in the summer twilight; or catching trout in that shadowy liverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again—[too idle to do,] doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us, still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny, that it was to be a writer of fiction.

C. S. Francis & Co. have issued a variety of excellent juvenile works adapted to the season, which deserve the attention of parents and those who are in pursuit of appropriate gifts to their young friends. We notice as of special value among their publications, Mrs. HOPLAND'S "HOME TALES," an old favorite with young readers; "THE STORIES FROM MODERN HISTORY," a collection of interesting narratives extending from the death of Charlemagne to the battle of Waterloo; "THE BOOK OF ENTERTAINMENT," comprising a large mass of curious and wondrous in nature and art; "MERRY TALES ON LETTER PAPER," illustrated with numerous engravings; "STORIES BY A MOTHER," and many others, forming a comprehensive and delightful juvenile library.

Charles B. Norton has issued a "HANDBOOK OF LIFE INSURANCE," explaining the principles of the system, and maintaining a view of it directly the reverse of those in a recent article on the subject in "Hunt's Mercantile Magazine." The same publisher has commenced a series entitled "THE RAILROAD LIBRARY." The first number is Dr. LATHAM'S "MAN and his Migrations," an interesting and instructive work—demanding too much attention for reading in a railroad car. A series of attractive stories, biographies, and books of travel nearly got up for that purpose would meet with extensive patronage.

"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, OF THE NEW DISPENSATION," BY A LAYMAN. A defense of the claims of EMANUEL SWENDBERG as a teacher of extraordinary illumination, together with an exposition of the leading points of his theological system. It is ably written, often eloquent, and in a far more liberal style than is usually employed by writers of the Swedenborgian school. Many of its criticisms on the spirit of the age are pungent and strongly sustained, a vein of masculine thought pervades its course or argument, and no one can read it in a contemplative mood without receiving important and fruitful suggestions. (12mo. pp. 425. John Allen & Co.)

"YOUNG AMERICAN ABROAD." A unique little volume, consisting of a record of travel in Europe by a number of pupils and their instructor. It is in the form of familiar letters to one of their companions study at home, and faithfully describes the impressions made on youthful minds by a foreign tour. The volume is issued under the auspices of Rev. Dr. CHOLEY, who, we presume, performed the functions of "guide, preceptor and friend," to the young travelers. (12mo. pp. 371. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Sold by A. D. F. Randolph.)

An admirable series of juvenile books from the pen of FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH, a writer for young people almost without a superior in this country, has been published in Boston, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and is sold by Stringer & Townsend. The titles of the little volumes are "THE DIVINE BELL," "THE PEOPLES' BAG," "MIRIAM," and so forth. "THE STRAWBERRY GIRL" is another charming juvenile by the same author, published by Charles Scribner.

"MEDITATIONS IN AMERICA," BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. A second edition of poems, which have found a large and appreciative audience among our countrymen since their first appearance, and which give the promise of a continued popularity, by their enthusiastic freshness, their glowing patriotism, and their frequent bursts of genuine poetical inspiration. (12 mo. pp. 143. Charles Scribner.)

"THE IMPERIAL GUARD OF NAPOLEON," BY J. T. HEADLEY, forms an appropriate sequel to "Napoleon and his Marshals," the most characteristic work of the author. It has more the air of a compilation than his previous volumes, but still retains sufficient boldness of description and speculation to make it quite an attractive publication. (12 mo. pp. 310. Charles Scribner.)

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY, BY CHARLES DAVIES. This is not a new compilation. Every line of it has passed through the rigidly mathematical mind of its distinguished author. It is designed to hold a place between the larger treatises, like Legendre's, and those intended for strictly elementary studies. It is well adapted to that purpose. (12 mo. pp. 362. A. S. Barnes & Co.)

A. S. Barnes & Co. have published a Spanish translation of Mr. WILLARD'S "History of the United States," by M. T. TOLSON, a Cuban exile of accomplishments and ability. We can recommend it as an agreeable text-book to students of the Spanish language, and also as a convenient manual of History to Spanish readers.

"TALES OF THE CARAVANSARY," translated from the French of SARRAZIN, by W. WILLARD. A collection of Oriental stories, conveying a wholesome moral through the medium of highly imaginative allegories and parables. (12 mo. pp. 247. Crosby & Nichols.)

"WHAT I SAW IN NEW YORK," BY JEET H. ROSS, M. D. is a birdseye view of city life, presenting a variety of fancy sketches and incidents, obtained from personal observation. (12mo. pp. 320. Derby & Miller.)

"WINTER IN SPITZBERGEN," A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF C. HILDEBRANDT, BY E. G. GOODRICH SMITH, describing the grim features of a northern winter with facility of coloring and no common graphic effect. (12mo. pp. 300. M. W. Dodd.)

"SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE," BY A LADY. (12mo. pp. 315. R. Carter & Brothers.) A selection of devotional poetry from the most approved writers, inscribed "to the bereaved, the sorrowing, the weary and the heavy laden."

"THE ISLAND HOME," edited by CHRISTOPHER ROBERTSON, Esq. is a pleasant narrative of wild and exciting adventure intended for young people, in the Robinson Crusoe style. (12mo. pp. 401. Gould & Lincoln. Sold by A. D. F. Randolph.)

"SUMMERFIELD, OR LIFE ON A FARM." A pleasing narrative of rural life, written with considerable vivacity and a high moral aim. (12mo. pp. 246. Auburn: Derby & Miller.)

The Hopedale Community. A Circular has recently been issued by the Hopedale Community, a religious, Socialistic Institution in Worcester County, Mass., under the direction of Rev. Adin Ballou, from which we gather some interesting facts in regard to the history and present condition of that establishment.

The Hopedale Community, originally called Fraternal Community, No. 1, was formed at Mendon, Mass., Jan. 28, 1841, by about thirty individuals from different parts of the State. In the course of that year they purchased what was called the "Jones Farm," alias "The Dale," in Milford, their present location. This estate they named HOPEDALE—joining the word "Hope" to its ancient designation, as significant of the great things they hoped for from a very humble and unpropitious beginning. About the 1st of April, 1842 a part of the members took possession of their farm and commenced operations, under as many disadvantages as can well be imagined. Their present domain, including all the lands purchased at different times, contains about 300 acres. Their village consists of a house for dwelling, a school, a meeting-house, a store, a saw-mill, a carpentering and other machinery, a small chapel, used also for the purposes of education, and the old domain, with the barns and out-buildings much improved. There are 100 families (the 1st of April, 1851, some 35 families, besides some persons, youth and children, making in all a population of about 175 souls.)

The advantages enjoyed at this institution, according to the statement of its President, are as follows:— 1. It affords a theoretical and practical illustration of the way in which the world might be better governed, if it became individualized and socially happy. It clearly sets forth the principles to be received, the righteousness to be exemplified, and the social arrangements to be entered into, in order to this happy result. Here, the individual is not only corrected and improved, but he also sees the earth in a more correct, understandable, practically sane system of ways and means for those who really desire to do good, to be useful, to be successful in their employment. This will one day be seen and acknowledged by multitudes who now know nothing of it, or knowing, despite it, or regarding its excellence, are unwilling to do it, as a suitable sphere of individual enterprise and responsibility, in which each one may by due self-education elevate himself to the highest point of his capability.

2. It guarantees to all members and descendants employment, at least adequate to a comfortable subsistence, in their own industry, peace and rational enjoyment. This will one day be seen and acknowledged by multitudes who now know nothing of it, or knowing, despite it, or regarding its excellence, are unwilling to do it, as a suitable sphere of individual enterprise and responsibility, in which each one may by due self-education elevate himself to the highest point of his capability.

3. It solves the problem of how to bring practical justice, the harmonization of just individual freedom with social cooperation. Here exists a system of arrangements simple and effective, under which all capital, industry, trade, talent, skill and energy are made to cooperate and cooperate, with no restrictions other than those which Christian morality every where rightly imposes—constantly to the advantage of each and all. All may together cooperate in the same way, and all may individually cooperate, each in his own way, and all may together cooperate in the same way, and all may individually cooperate, each in his own way, and all may together cooperate in the same way, and all may individually cooperate, each in his own way.

4. It affords a most desirable opportunity for those who are desirous of doing good, to be useful, to be successful in their employment. This will one day be seen and acknowledged by multitudes who now know nothing of it, or knowing, despite it, or regarding its excellence, are unwilling to do it, as a suitable sphere of individual enterprise and responsibility, in which each one may by due self-education elevate himself to the highest point of his capability.

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POWDER EXPLOSION.—The Steuwerke (O.) Messner learns from a correspondent that while Mr. George Raston, family and two friends, were on a visit from Wetzlar, Germany, were sitting by the fire near King's Creek, Va., a keg of powder in the cellar exploded and the building demolished, two of Mr. Raston's children killed, and the balance of the company more or less injured. Several times drawing powder from the tote in the keg, and the explosion now is, that he was experimenting with fire and powder for his own private amusement—having taken a coal of fire from the kitchen stove.

THE POISONING AFFAIR.—Those newspapers which have copied a spicy item, representing some forty young ladies at the Utica Seminary to have been poisoned by an indignant cook, are specially requested to notice that nothing of the kind has taken place at the Utica Seminary, nor is it likely to, unless the worthy cook of that institution has an opportunity of feeding the editors who have so negligently poisoned the public mind respecting her. The alleged scene of this culinary tragedy was the Female Seminary at Utica, not Utica.

DEATH OF HON. DEMOSTHENES C. LE ROY.—Hon. Demosthenes C. Le Roy, late a member of Assembly from Otsego County, and the Opposition candidate for State Senator in that district, died at Utica, N. Y., on the 24th inst. at the age of 67. Mr. Le Roy was born in Preble, Louisiana, in 1819, and removed to Syracuse in 1857, where he resided until 1843, when he went to Canastota. He commenced the study of the law at Utica, and was admitted to the bar there subsequently, but never devoted his full energies to the practice of his profession. He has held several public stations, the duties of which were discharged with unscrupulous fidelity. He leaves a wife and two children.

ADVERTISING.—The St. Louis Union thus descends upon this subject. To expatiate on the advantages of advertising would, at the present day, be a superfluous labor. The law of gravitation is not more uniform, certain and inflexible, than that by which the liberal advertiser will receive the benefit of his advertisement. The advertiser is a man that should at the present day doubt the indispensable necessity of this mode of doing business should be ranked with the class of those who are to be pitied, and not with the class of those who are to be envied.

ENRAGEMENT IN ILLINOIS.—We learn from the Marshall Democrat that all efforts to discover the murderer of Col. Barlow, have proved abortive, and it is supposed has left the country. Some of the best officers have been conveyed to the "committee," and put on the rails some promising to leave the country, and others that would be honest men.

RUN OVER.—A Mrs. Lane, residing at No. 105 Washington-st., ran over, on Wed. and Broad-way evening, at the corner of 2d-st. and Broadway, and seriously injured by a omnibus. She was conveyed to her residence by officer Fish of the Third Ward.