NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THACKERAY'S ROUNDABOUT PAPERS.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. By W. M. THACKERAY. 12mo. pp. 222. Harper & Brothers.

Like all the writings of Mr. Thackeray, these miscellaneous contributions to *The Cornhill Magazine* reveal the soul and spirit of the man quite as much as the skill of the literary artist. Without the faintest trace of a puny sentimentality,—the furthest from it possible,—Thackeray always writes from his own heart, his own experience of life, his own impressions of society, and if his reflections are sometimes tinctured with a vein of bitterness, it is not from ill-nature, not from an unloving cynicism, not from hatred and contempt for humanity, but from the "sad sincerity" produced by a wide and keen observation of men and women, and a deep sense of their short-comings in comparison with any ideal standard of wisdom or excellence. His sharpest satires are pervaded by a genial charity, and with a deep sense of the comic, as well as of the evil, features of human frailty and pretension, he speaks more "in sorrow than anger" even in his stoutest hits at the absurdities which call forth his ridicule and scorn, but rarely his indignation. His most palpable caricatures are always founded on the theory of life which experience and conviction have compelled him to adopt. Certainly he has but a slender faith in human nature, as the phrase is commonly used; he anticipates no brilliant successes from the ongoings of the world; but he preaches with eloquent tongue the cardinal qualities of patience, mercy, integrity, and high honor. This gives an undertone of pathos to his most frolicsome humors, and makes him, even in spite of himself, a wholesome moral teacher, as well as a satirist of unequaled brilliancy and point. The contents of the present volume are on every variety of topic, or better perhaps, on no topic at all. He is as little tied down to his nominal theme, as was Montaigne in his delightfully rambling essays. But whatever the title at the head of the page, we are sure to meet with sentences of ripe, mellow, cordial wisdom, passages overflowing now with fun, now with pathos, sincere expressions, more or less cunningly veiled, of a generous, manly, feeling heart. Where is a more beautiful tribute from one celebrated man of letters to another, than the paper on Hood? What fine masculine sympathy with the sufferings of a man of genius in the exquisite sketch of Hood's last days!

Oh sad, marvelous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain! How noble Peel's figure is standing by that sick-bed! how generous his words, how dignified and sincere his compassion! And the poor dying man, with a heart full of natural gratitude toward his noble benefactor, must turn to him and say, "If it be well to be remembered by a minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a 'Bully Burleigh!'" Can you laugh? Is not the joke horribly pathetic from the poor dying lips? As dying Robin Hood must fly a shot with his bow—as one reads of Catholics on their death-beds putting on a Capuchin dress to go out of the world—here is poor Hood at his last hour putting on his ghastly motley, and uttering one joke more.

He dies, however, in dearest love and peace with his children, wife, friends; to the former especially his whole life had been devoted, and every day showed his fidelity, simplicity and affection. In going through the record of his most pure, modest, honorable life, and living along with him, you come to trust him thoroughly, and feel that here is a most loyal, affectionate, and upright soul, with whom you have been brought into communion. Can we say as much of all lives of all men of letters? Here is one at least without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of a pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted.

Here is a quaint little sermonette from the same essay which contains "words of profit," though not spoken from the pulpit:

I like, I say, Hood's life even better than his books, and I wish, with all my heart, *Monsieur et cher confrère*, the same could be said for both of us when the ink-stream of our life hath ceased to run. Yes; if I drop first, dear Bagps, I trust you may find reason to modify some of the unfavorable views of my character which you are freely imparting to our mutual friends. What ought to be the literary man's point of honor nowadays? Suppose, friendly reader, you are one of the craft, what legacy would you like to leave to your children? First of all (and by Heaven's gracious help) you would pray and strive to give them such an endowment of love as should last certainly for all their lives, and perhaps be transmitted to their children. You would (by the same aid and blessing) keep your honor pure, and transmit a name unstained to those who have a right to bear it. You would—though this faculty of giving is one of the easiest of the literary man's qualities—you would, out of your earnings, small or great, be able to help a poor brother in need, to dress his wounds, and, if it were but twopence, to give him succor. Is the money which the noble Macaulay gave to the poor lost to his family? God forbid. To the loving hearts of his kindred is it not rather the most precious part of their inheritance? It was invested in love and righteous doing, and it bears interest in heaven. You will, if letters be your vocation, find saving harder than giving and spending. To save be your endeavor too against the night's coming when no man may work; when the arm is weary with the long day's labor; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labor no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper.

The article suggested by the deaths of Irving and Macaulay, within just one month of each other, although of course out of date, can never become obsolete, and as it may perhaps be unknown to many of our readers, well deserves to be reproduced even in our crowded columns.

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism; only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the Republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet, and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, short-comings, and give the Republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went among them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community, a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned, and honored, and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,* and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.† I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place, the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, while his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to console with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it, and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman.) He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New-York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries,) eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life. I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgement of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs, and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our Republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, among boys, among college students, among men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him; as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the Senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. Court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dining from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating Old World remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was among the first of the lands and that country is best, according to our British notion, at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder, to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 7th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers, you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so, with regard to Macaulay's style, there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults; we want to say *mi nisi bonum*. Well, take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History*; and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak a *casa ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls Sophia, Pantheon—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table and to have thanked Heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. "Not read *Clarissa*?" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the governor general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-in-chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me, and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The Governor's wife seized the book, and the secretary waited for it, and the chief justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the whole scene. He paced up and down the Athenæum library; I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others!

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none; and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender, and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theater footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and '*be good, my dear*.'" Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honored by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the baton or epaulettes, but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!

The volume is brought out in a neat edition, and is illustrated by several engravings in excellent keeping with the humor of the letter-press.

* At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Fillmore and Gen. Pierce, the President and President elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humored smile.

† Mr. Irving described to me, with that humor and good humor which he always kept, now, among other visitors, a member of the British press, who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country), came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of doing afforward, in a New-York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing, "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation while the other miscreant took my portrait."

* Since the above was written, I have been informed that it has been found, on examining Lord Macaulay's papers, that he was in the habit of giving away *more than a fourth part* of his annual income.

LETTERS OF ADA R. PARKER. 12mo. pp. 302. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New-York: A. D. F. Randolph.

The writer of these letters was born in Lee, N. H., and after a life devoted to useful purposes, partly in the capacity of a teacher, and saddened by an unusual share of ill health, died in Nottingham at the age of thirty-nine. She possessed an active and discriminating mind,—enjoyed the kind and degree of culture which is seldom wanting among the women of the better class of New-England villages,—indulged a taste for reading to an extent uncommon even with them,—cherished a lively curiosity in regard to the questions of the day, and the progress of thought,—was never frightened at the expression of novel ideas,—and apparently took great delight in the free communication of her thoughts and feelings to a pretty wide circle of friends. Her letters are artless and unstudied, free from affectation and pretense, with no striking originality of thought or felicity of phrase, but indicative of great sincerity of purpose, sound and natural good sense, and rare purity, sweetness, and disinterestedness of character.

The following remarks on the death of Webster may be commended for their just discrimination:

When a great man dies, one whose life affects the destiny of a nation, he becomes a public example, and from every inquiring mind there goes out the query, How far shall we follow him? But to answer this we must fall back to a more radical question, What is he? Has he faults? Yes, but whisper them not,—this is the language of his worshippers. How we should revolt at having the bodies of our kindred dissected! Yet somebody's friends must be dissected, that science may have its triumphs for the good of a diseased and stricken world. And our moral diseases, what shall be done for them? If the lives of others, even the renowned and illustrious, suggest the necessity of remedies, why not accept the teaching? Does not justice and the well-being of the world demand this? Still the cry goes out, O Anatomy, spare both the bodies and the souls of these loved ones! England is mourning the death of her own tried great man, the Duke of Wellington. It is said he was penurious, and if it be true, why not say it? America's gifted son sometimes allowed his animal nature to conquer the glory of his intellectual, and the decency of his moral. Shall we conceal the fact? Glad are we that the "Recording Angel" can drop a tear upon the record of such infirmities, and blot them out forever; yet we cannot help remembering that such infirmities existed. Here is the book—the life as spent in our midst—whose pages may be known and read by all. Let its evil and its good have its mission to them,—"this to seek, and that to shun." You would have me charitable to one, but remember I must be just to all. It is sometimes difficult for human vision to see just where these two views harmonize. True, any remark of yours will not affect the world; yet it is important that individuals the most obscure should think right, for the great world itself is only made of individuals.

So may her strictures on Theodore Parker's discourse on the same subject:

Theodore Parker's discourse on Webster is a powerful but severe analysis. Yet if he has failed to do his subject justice, it was not for the want of a will to do so, I think. He has has not given him the credit for honesty, even on the Compromise questions, which I have been accustomed to do; for hypocrisy is one of the most difficult sins in the world for me to believe in. Parker's own sense of justice, and his habit of looking at things in the abstract, gave Webster's political course a "crooked and perverse" aspect in its relations to human freedom. Yet a man must look at men and things through his own optics, and not another's. Parker's method of warfare is very much what he describes Webster's to be. There is no lying in ambush, no Indian tactics, but the heavy cannonading of open battle. It is a giant stature which he brings before us in the person of his hero. The head he has left pretty much entire, but there is a tremendous perforation in the region of the heart, quite enough to let in the daylight of a certain beautiful life beyond, and to show us what a glorious creature this would have been had its higher laws been always respected.

Her own position on the Slavery question is defined below:

I have not the heart to close my letter without a few words on the consuming subject of our place and time. Hope is so strong an element in my nature, that I cannot help feeling but that miserable Nebraska bill may prove a God-send to us yet. There must come a time when the North shall say to the aggressions of the Slave-power, "Enough, enough." This new measure has fired the souls of many who have hated the dust and din of political life, but who can hold back no longer. A dear friend, whose ideas are somewhat compromised both by Northern and Southern relatives, has fears for my safety, while by some other persons, nearer home, I am called a *conservative*. Can you read the riddle aright? To the former I have talked as I felt, stirred by a hope to correct her errors, and to excite her zeal, but with the lengths of the latter I cannot always go. It need not dishearten us that we are not rightly understood, yet I do hope not to be false in principle, and to be ready to do everything in my power for the cause of freedom. The question of Slavery is a most exciting one. I have felt it to be so above all others, particularly when talking to people from whom I expected better things than complacency. I have sought to obtain a permanent control over my feelings, both for my health's sake, and that I might do greater justice to myself and the subject. The conquest is a difficult one, especially in times like these, which, as our preacher from Worcester said the other day, "make even good men almost mad." Nay, we must be careful that hatred and bitterness take no root in us. But for this carefulness, and because I would not resort to violence in the case of Anthony Burns, I have been called a conservative. Slavery must be put to death; but I believe we can do it by fair means, and without "foul play." Theodore Parker's sermon showed more calmness than I supposed he could possess at such a time. He waked Daniel Webster from the dead again, repeating his words, "There is no North," adding, "No, it is South all the way to Canada." Was not this a home-stroke on the master-spirit of 1850? But I am beginning to feel that Parker is doing more than his duty to Webster. On all occasions of speech-making, at Faneuil Hall and elsewhere, there is a thrust at him, and as this has grown to seem like a personal grudge, I cannot like it. Parker dissected Webster once, for the good of science it may be. I stood the knife as a hopeful woman might, but I cannot bear to see even the body of an erring man become the prey of wild beasts. Parker is an earnest champion for freedom, and I thank him for it. And I thank the strong and eloquent ones everywhere for lifting up their voices in behalf of poor, down-trodden humanity.

Here is a little passage showing her love of nature, and her tender devoutness of feeling:

Would that I could waft you some of the odor of my room. The arbutus came early. On the 7th of the month the children gathered me a few. We are favored beyond many around us. Our home hill-side has a way of its own for stretching its hands toward heaven for a blessing. There is a spot, protected by woods on the north, and cradled by the motherly tenderness of sunshine and soft winds from the south, where the delicate blossoms open their eyes and smile upon us before the usual time. Oh, the gladness that bounds within us from the coming of these children of our early love! As Dr. Follen said in ecstasy at the birth of his first-born, "The origin and issues of its being are lost in my own nothingness of knowledge, and I feel as if God himself had become my guest!" The reverent and thoughtful mind may find the revelation of the Father's love everywhere. In the quiet chamber of the sick how many a grateful outburst has gone forth, which a life of health and freedom might not have known. Here, in the stilly hours of this sweetly treading spring-time, does my heart say, "Thank God for flowers!" My room is peopled with these "spirits" of the viewed and viewless air; for little hands (whose hearts are taier to nature than mine) are daily engaged in this ministration of beauty. M. and G. brought me their tiers full of Mayflowers yesterday, and I sat up an hour in bed to strip off the leaves and arrange them. On a table, on the opposite side of the room, is a large dish, filled with fresh bunches. On the mantel before me is the handsomest bouquet of the season, with sprigs of evergreen around it, deep pink colors in the center, and the halo of white between. And this is not all my treasures. Through the night a sweet little bunch has lain close beside my pillow, and its fragrance has kept me continual company to-day.

In regard to dogmatic faith, she appears to have been somewhat unsettled in her mind, though always watching for light, and hopeful of the future:

Have you read "The Suspense of Faith," by Dr. Bellows? It has made some impression on serious and earnest minds, and I have been glad to be favored with it, through the kindness of a friend. A criticism upon it in *The Independent*, a few months since, denied that Protestantism was a failure, as Unitarianism had here confessed itself. What think you? In protesting in the name of "Faith" (as Luther did), have we lost Faith? I know that the Church was then degenerate, but in that strongly individual protest, may not something in the Catholic faith or doctrines be lost sight of, to which we need to return? My own occasional hungerings for a more devotional atmosphere to live and breathe in, have often hinted this. Then, too, I have felt for a long while that it takes all the Christian sects to tell all the needed truth, and so I am prepared to sympathize with this sentiment from Bellows, "I know that the whole Gospel cannot be taught to individuals, as individuals." To me there is something exceedingly pleasant in this truth, if such it be; for how beautiful is the humility which thus leads us to *depend upon one another*, as well as upon our Savior and God! And I believe, in the "church of the future," the children of various names are to lose their individual pride, and arrogance, and dogmatism, and sit down lovingly together, and listen to the oracles both without and within them. That day may not be so far distant as we imagine! *O Lord, revive thy work! Beginning at Jerusalem.* Everything relating to Faith,—the lifting of the heart to heaven, or the bringing of heaven down to our hearts,—I am earnestly in search of. I long to be more in unison with celestial music, and to be flowing out in the inspiration of right feelings toward every human being. Keep me, Savior, near thy side, and draw me by thy love into useful and beautiful company with all human souls!

Much of the correspondence is taken up with comments on the books she had been reading, and allusions to favorite authors. They evince considerable knowledge of literature, a high standard of excellence, and for the most part, a delicate and appreciative taste.

THE YOUNG SEA OFFICER'S SHEET-ANCHOR; OR, A KEY TO THE LEADING OF RIGGING AND TO PRACTICAL SEAMANSHIP, by DARCY LEVER, with additions by GEORGE W. QUERT. 4to., pp. 134. E. & G. W. Blunt.

In this new edition of a well-known standard English work, beside former American additions to the original, the articles on guns, gun-carriages and projectiles have been rewritten, embodying tables that exhibit the range, caliber, weight, &c., of all the improved ordnance recently introduced into the army and naval service of the United States. The Dictionary of Sea-terms has been carefully revised, and enlarged to more than double its former extent. This, together with the 113 large engraved quarto plates, gives the work great value, not only for the use of the professed mariner, but of the public in general. As a practical treatise for the young seaman it is unsurpassed, the subjects being treated in a plain, intelligible style, and with the illustrations on the facing page enable him to understand them with perfect ease.

LUNSFORD LANE; OR, ANOTHER HELPER FROM NORTH CAROLINA. By the Rev. WM. G. HAWKINS, A. M. 12mo. pp. 365. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Lunsford Lane, an account of whose life is here given, was a slave for thirty years in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, and after eighteen years of toilsome effort succeeded in raking together a sum of money large enough to purchase the freedom of himself and family, consisting of a wife and seven children. The story of his adventures, as here related, is full of interest, and may be read with profit in the present state of the "negro question."

DARING AND SUFFERING. A HISTORY OF THE GREAT RAILROAD ADVENTURE. By Lieut. WILLIAM PITTENGER. 12mo. pp. 424. J. W. Daughaday.

The adventures of the writer on a secret expedition for the destruction of the Georgia Railroad in the Spring of 1862 are here related in an interesting narrative.

A sumptuous holiday edition of WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Sketch Book* has been published by G. P. Putnam, with typography, binding, and artistic illustrations of a character to make it one of the most elegant volumes ever issued from the American press. The paper has the smooth, glossy surface which makes it such a luxury to turn over the pages of the best class of English books—the type is large, cleanly-cut, and produces a brilliant impression—the binding is chaste, but highly ornamental, and neatly and accurately executed, though perhaps without the compactness and solidity of the most finished foreign workmanship. The work is embellished with one hundred and twenty engravings on wood from original designs by eminent American artists, representing a well-selected variety of the picturesque and humorous scenes which give such a perpetual charm to the pages of the Sketch Book. They are executed, for the most part, in the best style of the respective artists, and many of them are remarkable for aptness of conception, and spirit, and vivacity of touch. It is truly delightful to recall the whimsical fancies and gracious amenities of our beloved American humorist in this ample and splendid form. Perhaps it is because they have remained for a long time unread, but they seem to possess a more melting sweetness, a more delicious flavor than ever before. There is no danger that these writings of Washington Irving will lose their interest with the lapse of time. His more elaborate historical productions may yield the palm to fresher and graver works; but the transparent simplicity of feeling, the exquisite beauty of description, and the seductive melody of style, which lend such an enchantment to these apparently careless effusions, are an assurance that the Sketch Book will not pass away with the present generation of readers, but will continue to delight many yet to come.

The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture will hold a meeting Dec. 8—11, at Springfield, at which Prof. Agassiz and Wyman of Cambridge and Johnson of New-Haven will deliver free lectures to all who choose to attend.

Books Received.

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by George Long. 12mo. pp. 302. Ticknor & Fields.

Able to Save. By the Author of the "Pathway of Promise." 18mo. pp. 280. Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Fatal Marriage. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo. pp. 487. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Twice Lost. A Novel. 8vo. pp. 162. Loring.

A Digest of Taxation in the States. By Alfred B. Street. 8vo. pp. 267. Weed, Parsons & Co.

Heine's Book of Songs. Translated by Charles G. Leland. 12mo. pp. 230. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. New-York: F. W. Christern.

Heinrich Heine. By Matthew Arnold. 12mo. pp. 64. The Same.

Human Follies. By Jules Noriac. Translated from the French by George Marlow. The Same.

Daring and Suffering; A History of the Great Railroad Adventure. By Lieut. William Pittenger. 12mo. pp. 424. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday.

General Butler in New-Orleans. By James Parton, 8vo. pp. 463. Mason Brothers.

The Cruellest Wrong of All. By the Author of "Margaret; or Prejudice at Home." 12mo. pp. 236. James G. Gregory.

Literary Characteristics and Achievements of the Bible. By Rev. W. Trail, A. M. 12mo. pp. 262. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

Home Life: What It Is, and What It Needs. By John F. W. Ware. 12mo. pp. 180. Wm. V. Spencer.

Claude the Colporteur. By the Author of "Mary Powell." 12mo. pp. 316. Robert Carter & Brothers.

Peculiar. A Tale of the Great Transition. By Epes Sargent. 12mo. pp. 509. Carleton.

Alice of Monmouth. An Idyl of the Great War, with Other Poems. By Edmund C. Stedman. 12mo., pp. 151. The Same.

The Russian Ball. By a New-York Editor. 12mo. pp. 32. The Same.

The Mill Agent. By the Author of "Opposite the Jail." 12mo. pp. 332. Boston: Graves & Young. New-York: Sheldon & Co.

Intellectual Philosophy. By Hubbard Winslow, D. D. 12mo. pp. 442. Boston: Brewer & Tileston.

The Nose of a Notary. From the French of Edmond About. 12mo. pp. 171. Boston: Loring.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 12mo. pp. 273. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs. By the Author of "Widow Rugby's Husband." 12mo. pp. 201. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Artist's Edition. 4to. pp. 264. George P. Putnam.

MOSELEY & BRO., JANESVILLE AND MADISON, Wisconsin, have THE DAILY and WEEKLY TRIBUNE for sale.

FROM LONDON.

A Great Divorce Scandal Implicating Lord Palmerston—Rumors about it in the London Clubs and Newspapers—English Opinion on the Speech of Napoleon III.—Dismissal of the British Consuls by Jeff. Davis—The Alexandra Case—Nautical Items—President Lincoln as a London "Guy" on the Fifth of November.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, Saturday, Nov. 7, 1863.

"While we were looking up and down," wrote Rabelais in his veracious chronicle, "we heard a loud and various noise, like that of paper-mills, or women bucking of linen; so with all speed we went to the place whence the noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, misshapen old fellow called Hear-say. His mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts. He chattered, tattled and prated with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages. He had as many ears all over his head and the rest of his body as Argus formerly had eyes; and was as blind as a beetle, and had the palsy in his legs. About him stood an innumerable number of men and women gaping, listening and hearing very intensely." This allegorical monster (whose description is so felicitously pertinent to the matter in hand that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing it) has been immensely busy of late in London, and not in London alone but throughout England, apropos of a tremendous scandal—such a one as does not every day set his forty-nine fragmentary tongues in motion. It appeared first in public in the shape of a mysterious paragraph in *The Morning Star*, vaguely announcing a forthcoming divorce suit, involving a criminal action for damages of enormous amount, the reputation of a man foremost in power and position, and a trial of as great and similar interest to that of Lord Melbourne for adultery with the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton. This, of course, was duly copied into other journals, and liberally commented upon by the country press. Very soon the eloquent descriptions of the imagined future defendant could apply only to Lord Palmerston, and the Tom, Dawkes of London society had each his separate version of the scandal, with any amount of startling and appropriate details. It was a Dutchess, the—Good Heavens!—the wife of a Bishop! of a clergyman, an illustrious commoner—a singularly handsome housekeeper at Broadlands, Hampshire. It had been going on for years, for months, for only a few weeks. The outraged husband had come home suddenly like Rawdon Crawley in "Vanity Fair," had been offered a foreign mission, had gone mad for a time, only recovering to fly to pistols, and being "overpersuaded" from the use of them, to instruct his lawyer to sue for the most appalling damages ever heard of. Lady Palmerston had discovered it by means of a letter misdirected to her by her unfaithful husband; she had taken the dreadful epistle in a cab to "the poor bishop," who straightway betook himself to Windsor Castle and frightened her Majesty into a fit by his disclosure, for which he was sent to the Tower. Lord Palmerston had been taunted by the butler-husband of the beautiful housekeeper, in front of Broadlands, on the occasion of a "lawn meet" of the sporting aristocracy, after the manner of an injured British peasant in domestic drama. He wouldn't defend the action; he would; he must lose the Premiership, and, hiding himself in obscurity, blush out the remainder of his existence. All this and more in the clubs, where, as Thackeray says in the current number of Cornhill, "many false reports must fly about," where there are "many chatterboxes, and feebles, credulous, mean, and rancorous persons, prone to believe ill of their betters, eager to find fault." Presently the public appetite for scandal was additionally whetted by the printed assertion "that the eminent person alluded to had acknowledged the substantial truth of the charge by effecting a compromise," the which becoming the subject of editorial comment in *The Star*, produced a sharp denial by "Mr. Wells, Solicitor to the Petitioner," who assured the journal and all concerned in the words of Sam Weller that "the action was going on, and no mistake," and that "the action was going on, and no possible contingency would it be accomplished. Then up rose Mrs. Gamp of *The Standard*, and bewailed herself and the interests of public morality, canting as only a British newspaper can, deepening and extending "the unhappy scandal" while it assumed to condemn it. Then *Punch* availed himself of the opportunity to discharge eight lines of vitriolic rhyme at his adversary, *The Star*. Then the sensational *Telegraph* "went in" for all the finer feelings of our common nature, and talked of Lord Palmerston as if it had been his admiring brother, pronouncing Mr. Wells what we in New-York should denominate a shyster lawyer, and a disreputable advertiser for business in its own columns. Simultaneously a Mr. Charles Hersley, "Solicitor to the Respondent," wrote to *The Standard* to the same effect, declaring his client's innocence, asserting that of the noble co-respondent, otherwise Lord Palmerston, and also that the petitioner wasn't a clergyman (as had been suggested by Mrs. Gamp), but a person in the service of the partner of Mr. Wells, the advertising shyster lawyer. Then the rest of the papers, with the exception of *The Times*, had their say, and the scandal raged worse than ever, nor is it yet allayed. I think the most prevalent form it has assumed identifies the injured husband with Mr. Ducane, M. P. for Essex, the lady as the daughter of the late Lord Lyndhurst, said to be only 24 and beautiful. This is, of course, a mere rumor, and contrary to the assertion of Mr. Horsley, who should know. Certainly one is inclined