NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN.

LIFE OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. From the German of W. A. LAMPADIUS. With Supplementary Sketches. Edited and translated by WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE. 12mo. pp. 271. Frederick Leypoldt.

The pure and beautiful character of Felix Mendelssohn presents a no less enticing charm than the classical finish and elevated feeling of his musical compositions. As a man, as well as an artist, he affords one of the most attractive examples of genuine excellence in modern biography. The present work is of too fragmentary a nature to exhibit a complete view of the personal traits of the great composer, but his leading aims and purposes in life are faithfully described, together with such incidental notices of his mere private career, as to awaken the sympathy of every reader. It consists of the memoir of his life by Lampadius, which appeared not long after the death of Mendelssohn, and which is devoted chiefly to an account of his musical services; but the editor has judiciously added a variety of information from other sources, including sketches by Julius Benedict, Bayard Taylor, Chorley, Richard Storrs Willis, and John S. Dwight. The early development of Mendelssohn's musical genius is described in the following passage:

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, son of Abraham Mendelssohn, a well-known banker, and himself a man of very refined tastes, and grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the eminent philosopher, first saw the light in Hamburg the 3d of February, 1809. The house in which he was born was the large one, still standing, just back of St. Michael's Church; and in the same house, by a happy coincidence, his warm friend and fellow-artist, Ferdinand David, was born just a year later. He was the second of four children—Fanny, the oldest; then Felix; Paul and Rebecca. His mother, born a Bartholdy, was a very gifted woman, and watched over the progress of the boy with devoted love, which was requited by the utmost affection. The father, too, was always regarded with great tenderness by Felix. When the child was three or four years old, the family removed to Berlin. Under the favoring star which held him back, from his birth, from all contact with what was common and vulgar, his wonderful talents opened and ripened early. Even in his eighth year, he played the piano with remarkable facility; and at the same early age he disclosed that remarkable power of criticism, that lynx eye as Zelter terms it it, which enabled him to detect six consecutive fifths in a piece of Sebastian Bach, which escaped the keen eye of Zelter himself; and also that almost microscopic fineness of ear, which in the most powerful orchestra, or in an immense chorus, detected the least error of a single instrument or of a voice. He showed, too, an uncommon productivity for his years. Zelter, the veteran in musical science, and Ludwig Berger, the master in musical art, were his first teachers in composition and in piano-forte playing. Zelter called Mendelssohn his best scholar, even at the age of twelve; and his letters to Goethe are evidences of his warm interest in the lad, although that interest was often displayed by a rough address, which doubtless did some injury to the gentle spirit of young Felix. The best fruit of this correspondence was the intimate relation in which after this he always stood to Goethe. This nearness, and ease of approach, to a nature so grand and rich as Goethe's, was a very great advantage to Mendelssohn, and tended to encourage all that was large, generous, and noble in him, and to repress all that was small, contracted, and sickly. It would be a great treat to the reading-world to be permitted to look into the correspondence of Goethe and Mendelssohn; for the present, it is enough to glean from Zelter's and Goethe's letters the progress of this always-increasing intimacy. Zelter speaks of Felix in expressions like these: "He plays the clavichord like a young devil;" or, "Felix is always the first." And, in the Autumn of 1821, he writes to Goethe regarding a visit which he was about to make him: "I want my Doris and my best scholar to look upon your face before I die." In November of that year, he brought together his aged friend and his loved pupil. Afterward Goethe wrote to Zelter, in his cool, measured way, "Say a good word to Felix too, and his parents. Since he went away, my piano has been dumb: an effort to waken it again would, I am afraid, be useless after that." But this casual interest was destined to be yet deepened. Zelter wrote more fully regarding his boy's wonderful talents and great industry, and Goethe's friendship grew warmer toward him. On the 8th of February, 1824, Zelter wrote, "Yesterday evening, Felix's fourth opera was brought out here in a little circle of us, with the dialogue. There are three acts, which, with the two ballets, occupied about two hours and a half. The work was received with much applause. I can hardly master my own wonder how the boy, who is only about fifteen, has made such progress. Everywhere you find what is new, beautiful, and peculiar,—wholly peculiar. The massive, as if from an experienced hand; the orchestra interesting, not oppressive, not wearisome,—not more accompaniment. The performers like to play it; yet it is not very easy. What is known comes and goes, not as if taken for granted, but as if welcome, and just in its appropriate place,—life, joy without impertinent haste, temperance, grace, love, passion, innocence. The overture is a wonderful thing. You seem to see a painter rubbing a dingy color with brush and finger on the canvas, till at last a finished group emerges. You are amazed; you look to see how it came about, and only see that it must be so because it is true."

Passing over the details of his brilliant musical career, which will be perused with the deepest interest by the amateur, we select a few paragraphs illustrative of the personal character of the great artist.

The works of Mendelssohn are certain to gain for him an unceasing interest. It is impossible, therefore, to give any adequate sketch of his life, without touching more or less fully upon his personal appearance,—his presence, so to speak. He was a man rather under the ordinary stature and size, somewhat neglectful of his personal appearance, yet graceful in his walk and bearing. His head was covered with glossy black hair, curling in light locks; his forehead, as befitted the head which teemed with such a burden of thought and feeling, was high and arched; his features sharply cut, but noble. His eyes were unspeakably expressive; when they glowed with indignation, or looked at you with estrangement, too much to bear; but, in his general friendly mood, indescribably charming; his nose, noble, and inclined to the Roman type; his mouth, firm, fine, in his serious moods more than dignified, authoritative I might say, yet capable of the sweetest smile and the most winning expression. In this graceful, finely molded form was hidden not only a royal spirit, but a most kindly heart. To speak out in a single word what was the most salient feature of his character, he was a Christian in the fullest sense. He knew and he loved the Bible as few do in our time: out of his familiarity with it grew his unshaken faith, and that profound spiritual-mindedness without which it would have been impossible for him to produce those deep-felt sacred compositions; and, beside this, the other principle of the genuine Christian life, love, was powerful in him. God had blessed him with a large measure of this world's goods; but he made a noble use of them. He carried the biblical injunction into effect, to "visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction;" and he knew that to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked is a fast acceptable to the Lord. His threshold was always besieged by the needy of all sorts, but his kindness knew no bounds; and the delicacy and consideration with which he treated the recipients of his bounty largely increased the worth of his gifts, valuable as they were, even in a merely material sense. Since he died, deed upon deed has come to light, which I am not at liberty here to relate, out of courtesy to the receiver, out of consideration to the giver, which only shows how literally he fulfilled the Savior's injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

But what is to be reckoned largely to his credit is, that, with his worldly advantages, he cherished such a love of work; that he was a man of such restless activity. Many successful woers of the German Muse have been the children of poverty, and, without the stimulus of necessity, would have always been unknown; in many a man of genius, the sad experience has been repeated, that, so soon as Fortune smiled, his genius has been soothed to easy slumbers; but Mendelssohn, born in the lap of luxury, never gave himself with easy resignation to a life of contentment with worldly comforts; he only used his wealth as a means of giving his talents the more exclusively to his art; he did not compose in order to live, but he lived in order to compose. I must grant that this impulse to labor was the law of his nature. To be idle was for him to die. Sometimes, while his pupils in the Conservatorium were engaged on their tasks, he would execute charming little landscapes with his pen, which he used to gather up, and carry home. No little thing was able to disturb him when he composed. The place was indifferent. Sometimes, on his journeys, he would seat himself at a table as soon as he had reached an inn, and had established himself for a tarry, long or short, for dinner or for the night, "to write his notes," as he used to say. What he was to his wife and his children, despite this ceaseless activity, I need not try to tell. Enough to say, that he was the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers. Whoever did not know him intimately, and perceive how careful he was to shield himself from over excitement and every kind of influence which should jar upon him, would hardly suspect that his heart was framed for friendship, and that he was a very approachable man. But the large number of his intimate correspondents; the openness with which he revealed himself to them; the hearty interest in their work and welfare; and especially the close bonds which bound him to his friends in Düsseldorf, London, and Leipsig; the rich store of communications which his friends still hold,—declare the very opposite. Of course, a man like him could not open his nature to every one who approached: this was absolutely impossible. He was in much the same position as Goethe, though with a far warmer and more communicative nature than he. But Mendelssohn carried to an almost morbid extent an unwillingness to allude to anything pertaining to himself. From principle, he almost never read what was written about himself; and he was very unwilling that anything, musical criticism excepted, should be published about him. The will of a living man must be law in such matter as this: I trust that a desire to paint him worthily, now he has left us, would not offend his pure nature. Enthusiasm, such as greeted him so often, indeed so constantly, was not grateful to him; he had seen so much that was factitious, that he distrusted the real, excepting upon the fullest evidence that it was real. Discriminating praise, however, gratified him. That he was sometimes irritated, and out of tune, so to speak, as one may of a musical artist; that he was occasionally subject to a temporary ill-humor,—no one who knew him well, will deny; but, so finely strung a nature must be exceedingly sensitive; and one who carried in his mind such a burden of thoughts might well be pardoned for neglecting other men's talk sometimes, and giving full vent to himself. His whole education and training had been such as to fit him for the most polished society. In large gatherings, he was, for the most part, very much reserved; especially where he did not think it worth while to make much effort: but, if he did once break the silence, word followed word, each weighty and comprehensive; his enunciation became very rapid; his countenance was all aflame; and, as his knowledge compassed all departments of learning, he wandered at his will over the whole domain of science and art. In circles of his nearest friends, where he felt entirely at home, and did not fear being misunderstood, he was often merry and free to the very last extent of mere train. Larger circles he used often to enliven with graceful contributions of his art; and the social gatherings of the Leipsig singers remember his presence with the greatest interest. Especially his four-part songs, both in the rehearsals and when they sang them at the table, gave to all the highest pleasure. At such times, Mendelssohn was the very picture of amiability, the very personification of a lovely character.

Although this volume can make no pretension to the character of an exhaustive or elaborate biography, the American editor has well earned the thanks of the public by the assiduity with which he has sought for available materials, and the taste and skill with which he has applied them to the illustration of his interesting theme.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS. By J. W. CUMMINS, D. D., LL. D. 12mo., pp. 330. P. O'Shea.

The author of this volume, a distinguished Roman Catholic clergyman of New-York, has aimed at presenting a familiar exposition of Catholic morality, according to the rules of Christian perfection laid down by the highest authorities of that Church. He has avoided all details of argument, reference, text, or quotation, which might incumber his elucidation of a subject, confining himself to the statement of principles adopted to the instruction of inquiring Protestants, recent converts, and sincere, but uneducated Catholics. The work is written with great fervor and simplicity of expression, abounding in effective popular illustrations, and resting on a solid basis of healthy and robust common sense.

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH. Selected and arranged by the Rev. J. C. RYLE, B. A. 12mo. pp. 432. Anson D. F. Randolph.

The peculiar feature of this collection of sacred poetry is the omission of most of the familiar standard pieces that are commonly used in churches, their places being supplied with materials of a novel character, and in great part, of recent origin. Many of the selections are less lyrical than didactic in their tone, but they all breathe an elevated spirit of devotion, and will gratify the readers of sound religious poetry, although they may not be adapted to the purposes of sacred music. This volume is brought out in a style of typographical beauty which does credit to the taste of the publisher.

TEMPERANCE ESSAYS AND SELECTIONS FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS. Collected and Edited by EDWARD C. DELAVAN. 12mo. pp. 231. Albany.

A reprint of a variety of articles on the Temperance Movement published under the direction of Mr. Delavan during the past thirty-five years. They comprise historical, ethical, and physiological discussions, and a great mass of valuable statistical information. They are commended to the friends of temperance by the compiler as well adapted to meet the increasing demand for publications relating to this subject.

A neat edition in blue and gold, the first and second series of *Essays* by R. W. EMERSON is published by Ticknor & Fields. Only a handful of readers need to make acquaintance with these Orphic oracles for the first time, but the present issue brings them forward in an attractive exterior, and will tempt many lovers of mystic thought and quaint expression to renew their familiarity with such rare specimens of both qualities.

Books Received.

Luttrell of Arran. By Charles Lever. 8vo. pp. 223. Harper & Brothers.

Travels in Central Asia. By Arminius Vambery. 8vo. pp. 443. The Same.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture for 1864. 8vo. pp. 246. Wright & Potter.

The Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of Modern Criticism. Lecture on M. Renan's "Vie de Jesus." By John Tulloch, D. D. 12mo. pp. 208. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. 12mo. pp. 236. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer.

Walks About New-York. Facts and Figures. By the Secretary of the City Mission. 12mo. pp. 120. New-York.

Life of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. From the German of W. A. Lampadius. With Supplementary Notes. Edited and Translated by William Leonhard Gage. 12mo. pp. 271. Frederick Leypoldt.

Derrick and Drill; or, an Insight into the Discovery and Development of Petroleum. Edited by the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." 12mo. pp. 277. James Miller.

A Young Girl's Confession. A Novel. By George Sand. Translated from the French by J. Henry Hager. 8vo. pp. 130. Frederic A. Brady.

FROM MEXICO.

Submission of Gen. Echeagaray.

From The New-Orleans Picayune.

It has been stated in the Mexican papers that this General, who succeeded Gen. Uraga in the command of the chief army of Mr. Juarez in Central Mexico, had given in his adhesion to the Empire. The correspondent of the New-York Associated Press, who furnishes them with their news from Havana, undertook to deny this, asserting that the story that Gens. Echeagaray and Julio Garcia had yielded, was not true as to the former.

We have now the official documents showing, not indeed that Gen. Echeagaray has joined the Imperial cause, but that he and his whole army have abandoned the contest, delivered up their arms, and retired to their homes. Their pride and their consciences have not been outraged by requiring them to give in their adhesion to the Empire, but for all practical purposes their antagonism to the new order of things is at an end.

Gen. Oronos, who commands the Imperial army at Colima, introduces the following letter from Gen. Echeagaray by a dispatch, stating that, after their defeat in Zapotlan, Echeagaray and Julio Garcia sent him a deputation asking a conference. My answer was, says Gen. Oronos, that I could not hold conferences which would not result in the recognition of His Majesty the Emperor.

I then received the note, a copy of which, with my reply, I send to your Excellency. I have the honor to announce that this Department, and so much of Guiloso as is under my command, is absolutely free of any bands of extortioners.

The note of Gen. Echeagaray is as follows:

REPUBLICAN ARMY OF THE CENTER,
SECOND GENERAL IN CHIEF
TACALITLAN, Feb. 8, 1865.

Finding it impossible to continue the war, for reasons which I will always be able to make satisfactory to my fellow citizens, my principal officers and I, after consultation, are disposed to lay down our arms, dissolve our organization and retire to our homes. All of which I have the honor to tell you, according to the intimation of your letter of the 7th. I await your reply.

Independence and Liberty.

MIGUEL MARIA ECHEAGARAY.

Sen. Gen. D. Carlos Oronoz.

Gen. Oronoz replies to this, under the same date, informing Gen. E. that he can deliver his arms and material of war to the civil authorities where he is, and retire with his officers and troops to their homes.

It will be seen that the successor of Gen. Uraga, who some time ago withdrew from the command of the same army, and has since identified himself with the Imperial cause, has followed his course, and not himself only, but that all that remained of that army has done the same. In a month from now we shall probably hear that Echeagaray and Porfirio Diaz have been appointed by the Emperor to some confidential posts, as was the case not long since with Uraga. Will Juarez and Ortiga follow their example?

In the death of the late George M. Selden, the city of Troy lost an estimable and public-spirited citizen. His estate, which amounted to upward of $50,000, he disposed of by bequest, as follows: $25,000, in Troy and Boston railroad stock, for the founding of an institution to be known as the "Selden Institute," for the education, bringing up and maintenance of female nurses; $5,000 to the Troy Young Men's Association, for library purposes; $5,000 to the Troy Unitarian Society; $2,500 to the Troy Children's Day Home; $2,500 to the Troy Orphan Asylum; and $10,000 to his niece, the oldest daughter of the late Dudley Selden of New-York, now Mrs. Morgan. The balance of the estate is divided among the relatives of the family.

THE FINE ARTS.

GÉROME'S PICTURES AT GOUPIL'S GALLERY.

THE PRAYER IN THE DESERT..... THE TURKISH DANCING GIRL.

Mr. Knoedler has lately received from Paris two pictures by Jean Léon Gérome, an artist whose name stands among the foremost of living Frenchmen, and who, thanks to the liberality and enterprise of the house of Goupil, is almost as well known in New-York as he is in the great capital, whose yearly exhibitions are adorned by no works at once so intellectual, so carefully studied, so near perfection in their execution as his.

Gérome's most notable picture thus far—the one which at once elevated him to the rank of greatest historical painter of his time—is the "Gladiators in the Roman Amphitheater"—a work which proved him not merely a learned antiquarian, nor yet alone a skilled and dexterous artist, but a man endowed with a clear and profound intellect, who brings to his subjects such breadth of view and such imaginative penetration into the very heart of his theme as have been rarely combined in one artist in any age, and which certainly are found united in few living painters.

The intimate knowledge of the daily life of the Greeks and Romans displayed in this picture—a knowledge which seemed to spring rather from sympathy or intuition than from study of books or long familiarity with the contents of the museums—might well astonish an Englishman or an American, whose countrymen, in their pictures, show little sense of the value of historical accuracy, but would hardly have sufficed to give supremacy rank to a painter in France, where artistic and literary conscientiousness are the rule rather than the exception; nor was the mere painting of the picture, in many respects, as remarkable as some of the artist's later work: the air and space of the amphitheater were in it, and the perspective drawing, looked at merely as an exhibition of skill, showed a thorough mastery in that field; but, in color, it was earthy-dull, nor did the execution approach the miraculous delicacy and sustained force of the "Almée." There are many painters living who could have surpassed it in these technical qualities—qualities which we by no means estimate lightly, but whose absence was forgotten for the time in the presence of the burning sympathy with human suffering and degradation, stretching back over so many centuries a poet's hand of recognition, the stern and pitiless exposure of the bestial Vitellius to whose gloating, sensual, upturned face this reeking blood and savor of carnage ascend as welcome incense, and the profound thought which is the key to the whole picture.

What is that key? Whence came this popular degradation—this lust of blood and carnage not satisfied by the deaths of myriad wild beasts, but calling for human victims, and delighting in the torture that made death a deliverance. How to explain Nero, Caligula, Faustina, Marcia; and not these alone, raised to a boundless license by the supremacy of their thrones, but the thronging, surging multitude that, rank on rank, fills up the climbing seats and galleries of the amphitheater, every man, woman and child of which would join in the chorus of indignation if some too dexterous stroke should rob them of the exquisite pleasure of seeing their victim writhe in agony before his death, and who, with one consent, would turn up their thumbs in affirmation if the bloody question were asked: "Shall this conquered gladiator be slain?"

Gérome answers these questions in this picture; for all the main lines of the composition sweep to one point, and insensibly but irresistibly lead the eye to where, at the extreme right, sits by the wallowing Emperor's side, a woman—smiling, handsome, with her heavy Roman beauty, her olive skin, her darkly slumbering eye, her wealth of heaped up close hair wound with a wreath, whose crimson seems the blood of this horror of carnage distilled into one drop, fit for her wearing, whose degradation and abandonment—she standing as a representative of her sex—are the fruitful fountain of all this popular corruption.

Yes, from the breast of these women the Roman children drew the milk that roused and fed in them all that was brutal, all that was bestial, and not without a deep and reverent purpose has Gérome portrayed for modern eyes this scene where the Roman people showed their true nature, as delighting in it more than in any other that the earth had to show, and has taught us by the subtlest stroke from what defiling of the pure fountains, whence education and religion flow to men, came this ruin of a race.

Gérome, then, is to be judged by this, his greatest work, which proves him a man of acute and penetrative intellect, thoroughly informed on the subject which he has undertaken to illustrate; not eager to display a mere material learning, however extensive, but with a rare poetic insight, opening to us the hidden, spiritual secret of the affair. These gladiators, this Emperor, are not Greek and Roman masks of men, tamely, servilely copied from medals, vases, coins, galvanized into an academic life—they are men; they live, they breathe, they sin, they suffer. If you would see masks—spasmodic puppets of the theater—study David's platitudes;—that big canvas at the Cooper Institute will serve; study Haydon, Flaxman, and the rest of the High Art school. From these men you will learn nothing. They are such Greeks and Romans as Ben Jonson shows us, corpses snatched from the same tomb with his Sejanus and his Catiline, but Gérome's are the Greeks and Romans that Shakespeare drew. Nay, it is not extravagant to say that he unites Jonson's learning with Shakespeare's insight, and so gives us his own complete and satisfying result.

We believe, therefore, that Gérome, being such a man, must paint always with a purpose, and that he is to be judged, not by single works, but by the sum of all that he has produced. Yet, every single work, even if it be nothing more than a Turkish butcher standing indolently waiting for a customer, profoundly indifferent as to whether that customer come or not, but, gloating glad to watch that circle of bleeding heads at his feet, and tingling with dull pleasure to his finger-ends, remembering how they quivered and turned up hopeless eyes as the sharp edge of his great knife drank blood and life together—"better than sheep', your milk-white throats, infidel dogs, who stand and stare at me?"—or this fat, opium-fed donkey-boy, who looks less human than the donkey which he thinks he drives;—or Diogenes trimming his lantern in his tub, watched with grave looks by the circle of noble dogs, who seem philosophically to study the efforts of this human creature to reach their higher level;—whatever it be, we feel ourselves in the presence of a poet who welcomes all phases of life, studies with unwearying patience and sharpest eye their outward form, and so perfectly and completely sets it before us that we, too, can see in it all that he saw, and all that there is to see.

So then, in these later works, he unrolls the scroll of Eastern life, and only intent to see, and not to be deceived, brings out into honest daylight the glowing woof in all its dusky splendor, which time and distance and the many-toned jargon of dissenting travelers' voices had made an unreadable riddle to the West, and says, with calm assurance, "Behold the truth: not Gérome's word, nor Frenchman's word, nor any European's, but the truth, clear of all tings of personality, unmuddled by any national prejudice. Behold this life which, to the common eye, seems wholly diverse, as strange as, to the microscopist's, the sport of animancules in ditch-water, but which, to the poet's, is in all essential points the same as ours."

This Arab prays. Alone, under the wide-hung canopy of the deep, blue sky, signed across, as if in silent answer to prayer as silent by the tremulous waiture of the snow-white cirrus-plume, the benediction of an angel's wing, he stands with head bowed down, with outstretched hands, in no servile posture as of a slave before his master, but, with proud humility as of a lord before his king. His outspread cloak beneath his naked feet for all temple-pavement of starred mosaic—his long and slender spear stuck upright in the sand beside him for all tapering minaret of holiest mosque—he worships in a sublime simplicity, unhindered by priestly consecration, in a temple roofed by no human hands. Near him his horse, untethered, browses the scanty herbage growing here and there in tufts from out the sand of this mound of sand, just below whose edge is seen the head of another horseman, who likewise comes to pray. Beyond, stretches the desert waste, not as we see it in imagination, melting—a boundless and monotonous plain—into the far horizon, but shut in by strange and shapeless mountains of heaped up sand, drifted like snow, and obeying nearly the same laws of conformation—see how the crested tops are turned from the wind, and the scored sides reveal where the falling avalanche has plowed its way; and from far, along the foot of these unsubstantial hills, that even now the blasting Samiel may be stirring from their bases to overwhelm it, the long line of the caravan winds this way. Small as the figures are, so truly are they drawn, we see the swaying necks of the camels, the horsemen with their spears, the donkeys with their loads; a touch suffices, the master's hand has made it. When Seddon and Lewis and Holman Hunt were in Egypt and Palestine, painting their pictures, which, for the first time, did for England what Gérome is doing for France—giving all the poetry of the East by giving all the truth—the English, living in a land with no color but fog-color, and where the sunlight is moonlight, laughed at the glowing purple of the shadows. But ample vouchers answered that the painters were in the right, or, at least, approximated the right, for no paint could ever hope to rival the color of the shadows in the East. See here, then, how Gérome understates the truth in his sober desire to be believed, and marks these lengthening shadows in pale purple along the sandy plain.

What need to tell how deftly drawn is every thing contained in this small canvas; with what thorough knowledge, what affectionate labor, what desire for the truth. The composition, too, is masterly. Gérome follows no academic law, laughs quietly at "central lights," at "balance," at all the formulas by which incompetence tries to solve its little problems, and in his own simple way shows how possible it is to harmonize a perfect unity of impression with variety in details; to carry the execution of these details to absolute completion, and yet allow no one of them to hold us long from that which is noblest in the picture. The floating cirrus, the mighty hills of sand, the sweeping caravan, the scanty herbage—each beckons us away for a moment, each has a song we wish to hear; but this outspread cloak is the holiest spot in this wide silence; we will pray with him who prays.

But, while this prayer goes up from the desert-temple, what do they do in Cairo coffee-houses? Bright sunlight without, that shows us the warm street with its huddling, pointed houses through the latticed doors, sunlight that dazzles the eyes, and makes us glad to find ourselves within this dark, cool, ample cave, whither the thrumming, tooting jingle of tom-tom, pipes and tambourine have summoned us to see this Circene Lamia wreathe her serpent dance.

How coolly those Bashi Bazouks take it, sitting a-row on the low stone bench, surveying the scene, not with stupid wonder, nor yet with faces wholly stolid, certainly far removed from sensuality. You shall see faces far more sensual in Paris, or London, or New York, in running your eye along the boxes while Ellsler or Taglioni shames modesty and taste together. This Nubian indeed, sits his hands together and chants a sturdy stave, keeping time to the tom-tom in the corner, but there is a seriousness in all the faces that might better befit an oratory than this dark Circe-den. Had by the body of the dancing girl, another Bashi Bazouk quietly nurses his leg; we see nothing of the man but a foot and a bit of his knee, but they sufficiently interpret his attitude of indolent composure. In the back-ground the coffee maker, rising on his tip-toes, and leaning over the tall oven, blows the smoldering charcoal to a glow, with never a glance at the dancer; the players on instruments in the corner toot and thrum as indifferently as if they were owls and bitterns in the ruins over Nile. Paused, we ask ourselves, "Which scene is calmer, more removed from passion, more earnest—the prayer in the desert, or the dance in the Cairene coffee-house?"

The Almée stands in the middle of a large carpet zebra-striped with bands of brown. Out from her ample robe-like trousers of a pale rose-color, held by her gold-wove girdle about her hips, rises her olive-ivory body, shining in imperial splendor through the dusky gloom, but veiled above by cloud-like folds of vapory gauze, over a bosom that strains apart the tightened vest of satin, crocus-golden, bud-and-leaf embroidered, and flows round arms that wave in rythmic swaying to the clink of her castanets. Her head droops down in heavy languishment swathed in its streaming hair, dark as the night, with coins for stars; her eye-brows, lids and lashes—henna stained; she stands before us an Egyptian Venus, the impersonation of sensual passion risen from the sweltering mud of Nile, as she of Milo in chaste splendor of mellow starlight from the violet sea.

Perfect drawing, lovely color, wonderful union of breadth and finish; finish complete, without a fault, without a flaw, but without a trace of weariness; polish, yet not for the sake of polish, but only in patient loyalty to truth; all these—and yet we turn away with sorrow for the wasted, desecrated hours spent over the wondrous work.

But we are wrong; for, be sure, that the man who painted the "Gladiators in the Amphitheater" knows better than to waste his golden years; knows better than to risk his honorable name on any work less worthy. This picture, from behind its splendid mask, asks silent questions enough; questions that pierce to the very marrow of the bone of our Western civilization. The prudish may turn away, the sensual may gloat, the poor critic may try with tongue or pen to belittle the picture to his own small standard, and decry that which he is too lazy or too incompetent to learn from—but the picture is not for these, nor such as these. It is painted with an absolute purity, nor makes one gross appeal. "Behold," it cries, "this human degradation, this slumber of the higher life, this worship of the unclean, this dragging down of womanhood from her high seat of pure and spiritual power, trailing her glory with her into these sensual styes. Behold it, reach out your hands, lift up the fallen, touch the untaught, unseel the eyes that see not God; yet not in pride, nor bigotry, nor scorn, but as those who, sitting in the broad light of noon, have earned no right to cast a single stone of condemnation against these children, nor to sit in judgment upon them."

Words like these the picture breathes out of its beautiful lines, its delicate, harmonious hues, and asks infinite questions that puzzle, confound, and will not be denied. Outside of it all the artist stands, and, himself, listens to the voices, and seeks with what faith he may for an answer, as do all of us. It is not he that asks these questions, but another than he, who speaks continually to us in man and nature.

The artist is His Interpreter, His Seer, His Prophet. And not the least among them is this painter-poet, whose noble works add another link to the chain that binds us in gratitude and admiration to his native France.

STATE SHEEP FAIR.—The N. Y. S. Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association holds its Annual Fair at Canandaigua on the 9th, 10th and 11th of May next. About $1,500 are offered in premiums, and these may be competed for by residents of any State or country. The first day the entries, &c., will be completed; the second will embrace the principal exhibition; and the third be filled up with reading reports, the shearing festival, and the public sale of sheep. Every effort has been made to render the Fair both a useful and attractive one, and it is anticipated that it will present the finest show of sheep and the greatest gathering of "sheep men" ever witnessed in the United States.

BOOTH'S ABSOLUTE FIENDISHNESS.—The *Philadelphia Inquirer's* Washington correspondent says: "Behind the door of the passage a hole had been made in the wall, in which, at night, Booth inserted the end of a board, as a brace against the door, thereby precluding any one from following from the dress circle. The screws were next removed from the lock of the further door, opening into the double box. The thread of the screw-holes was broken and the lock and screws replaced, so that should the inmates of the box fasten the door by which they entered the other door might be easily pushed open."

FROM MISSOURI.

Lee's Surrender—Influence upon Missouri Affairs—What will Kirby Smith Do—More Negroes Hanged—Rebel Recruits Captured—Judge Bates on the Rampage, &c.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ST. LOUIS, April 11, 1865.

The effect of the news of the surrender of Lee's army in this city was about the same as elsewhere. The excitement which followed the receipt of the news was of the most intense character, though it was not manifested by so many outward demonstrations as marked the news of the fall of Richmond a few days ago, though in some respects the joy of the people was more decidedly expressed. We all thought the climax of flag displays was reached a week ago; but to-day fresh lots of bunting were opened, and in addition to the profusion of flags on shore, the steamboats displayed their colors, rang their bells; the State Convention gave nine cheers, the merchants on 'Change were too excited to do any business, and sang a few patriotic songs. The Germans were especially excited, and in their own particular sections of the city held several impromptu celebrations on their own account. One man elevated an effigy of Jeff. Davis, and appended to it a placard with words: "The Road to Peace." A meeting is to be held to-morrow to prepare for a celebration on the 14th, the anniversary of the capture of Fort Sumter. The newspapers were badly sold by some mismanagement in getting the full correspondence between Grant and Lee last night. It came as a separate message to Gen. Pope, and passed through the telegraph office, going to Leavenworth City. Yet it was withheld from publication until the Associated Press report arrived, when at the unlucky moment the wires gave out, and the papers were forced to go to press without the important details foreshadowed in the three-line dispatch from Secretary Stanton.

Now then the next important consideration to the people of this State is, what effect will the surrender of Lee's army have upon the suppression of guerrilla warfare in this State. Judging by the past it ought to have an excellent effect. Whenever the Union arms have sustained a reverse, the bushwhackers have sprung up like magic all over the State, and the contrary effect should follow where such a decided victory has occurred. The most intelligent Rebels have long believed that the chance of Missouri being restored to the Confederacy depended on Lee's army. The ignorant masses have learned to believe that Lee would certainly whip Grant, and ultimately capture Washington and in due time dictate the terms of peace so as to include the State in the Southern Confederacy. This has in fact been their sole and only reliance since the disastrous issue of Price's last invasion. It must be remembered, however, that the Union men in the interior have expelled hundreds of Secessionists, and that others taking the hint of a possible contingency voluntarily left their homes and emigrated to California or some other distant State. The discouragement of guerrillas from the absence of their friends, the withdrawal of sympathy on account of the hopelessness of the Rebel cause, will soon be developed.

Another interesting question to the whole country is the fate of the large army of Rebels. The largest and perhaps only army of any respectability left to the Confederacy, is now in Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas, under supreme command of Kirby Smith. This army is estimated by the Rebels at 52,000 strong, but our own authorities reduce the number to 40,000. A circumstance occurred a few days ago, which has given rise to many wild impressions. A printed circular fell into our hands embodying a letter written by Major C. S. West, Judge-Advocate on Kirby Smith's staff, to the Governor of Texas, wherein the proposition is distinctly stated, that the impending danger of the defeat of Lee in Virginia, will bring the whole brunt of the war upon the State of Texas, as the other trans-Mississippi States are not reliable. The writer says the troops on this side of the river will not obey an order from Jeff. Davis to go East, and it is useless to prolong the war against the whole North. He therefore proposes to join the Rebel force to the Liberals under Juarez and drive out the French and Maximilian, in hopes of deserving well of the United States Government, once more established over the whole land. This is the reverse of the sensation story lately heard, that Kirby Smith was negotiating for a transfer of his army to the service of Maximilian. It is plainly evident that the Rebels must make some early disposition of their force or they will be turned into banditti to eat up the substance of their own friends.

Events in the State are comparatively insignificant. The villains who have lately turned their attention to lynching negroes for the horrible crime of refusing to work for them, have entered Callaway County and created a panic among the colored population by stringing up two negroes in the northern part of the county. This act was performed by a few Rebels led by a fellow who calls himself "Bill Martin, a young Hellion of Callaway." The cavalry are on a sharp hunt for Martin.

The bushwhacking now reported in Missouri consists of raids upon defenseless settlements consisting of three or four houses, and horse-thieving by five or six villains who claim to be regular Confederate soldiers. Our cavalry are never burdened with prisoners of that stripe, however, and no knotty questions are ever brought before Gen. Pope for his decision on matters defining the status of prisoners.

It was different however, with 14 Rebels and a Rebel Lieutenant belonging to Price's army caught on the Forsyth road, south of Springfield, one day last week. The Lieutenant was on the sick list when Price left the State and was taken into a private family of Rebels and concealed for several months until he was entirely well. The fellow then recruited 14 men for Price and started southward. He is now in the Alton Penitentiary.

A large haul of whisky has been made by the Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District in this State. He discovered that the returns of certain distillers in Illinois were about 60 per cent of the amount they regularly shipped to their consignees in this city, and on closer investigation, ascertained that a regular system of fraud has been practiced for several months by which the Government has lost about $500,000. He has now 1,500 barrels on hand of confiscation.

Another fossil has come to the surface again. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States, has undertaken to prove that martial law is an unconstitutional usurpation, the acts of provost marshals arbitrary and unwarranted by any law, and the acts of the Missouri State Convention revolutionary. Of course such an effort is a direct appeal to the people to resist martial law and thereby create a second rebellion. Judge Bates is evidently in his dotage, and thinks he may become a martyr, as he tells us in his first essay that he has been warned that his views are dangerous and his person will be subject to military arrest if he persists. Let him proceed; he is a fine study for an artist who desires to witness the concentrated essence of an old fogy in one man.

Emigration to the State continues unabated.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT AT FORT RICHMOND.—A distressing occurrence took place on Tuesday afternoon at Fort Richmond, Staten Island, resulting in the loss to the Army of one of its most promising young officers. The circumstances were these: Lieut. Cantwell, of the Engineer Corps, a graduate of the class which left West Point, last year, and on duty at the fortifications being erected at Fort Richmond, while calling on one of his brother officers, noticing a double barrelled fowling-piece standing in one of the apartments, took it up for the purpose of performing the "manual of the piece." After holding it for an instant, he passed it to the friend he was visiting, who took it by the stock, Lieut. Cantwell still grasping it by the barrels. Scarcely had his friend seized it when there was a report, and Lieut. Cantwell fell to the floor with the words "I am shot." The officers in the room, one of whom was the Post Surgeon, not knowing that the piece was loaded, and supposing that a cap had only had snapped, thought him to be jesting, but he repeated, "Yes, I am. I am shot," and then fell motionless. Still incredulous, his friends turned him over, and to their horror discovered a large wound in his left side, just above the groin, from which the blood was flowing in torrents. He did not speak again, and in a very few minutes he had breathed his last. Upon examining the gun a large charge of fine bird shot was found in the left barrel. The piece did not belong to the occupant of the room, having been only temporarily deposited there by an acquaintance, and it was not supposed to be loaded, as there was no charge in either barrel when brought there. Some unauthorized person had loaded it, and carelessly left it in that condition in the room. The Coroner was immediately summoned and a jury empanneled, who rendered a verdict of accidental death. Lieut. Cantwell was a native of Utica, in this State. He was a young man of brilliant promise, and a universal favorite. The affair has caused a gloom throughout the post, second only to that occasioned by the national bereavement.

For four years past the State of Tennessee has been without a Legislature, but having at last obtained one, the Nashville papers are improving the occasion by publishing brief sketches of the individual history of its members. Of the 24 Senators, 22 are native Tennesseans; and of the 76 Representatives, 61 are natives of the State. Two-thirds of all the members have been slaveholders, but a will be recollected that their very first official act as a Legislative body was to ratify the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery.

A number of log-rafts, which were moored in the Allegheny River, just below Kerr's Island, near Pittsburgh, Pa., broke loose and floated down to the river, most of them becoming gorged against the old aqueduct piers and railroad bridge. They were worth $300,000, and as most of them cannot be recovered the loss will be very serious, although divided among several firms and individuals.

BROOKLYN ITEMS.

BODY OF A WOMAN FOUND IN A SEWER.—The body of Margaret Hogan, a widow residing in Van Brunt-st.,