NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JOHN STUART MILL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STUART MILL. 12mo. pp. 313. Henry Holt & Co.

In the composition of the present work, Mr. Mill has departed, in a great measure, from the usual method of autobiographical writers, in exhibiting an analysis of his own intellectual character, and the influences which have contributed to its formation, rather than constructing a narrative of external events. Gibbon and Hume have confined themselves chiefly to an account of their literary performances, and the studies which entered into their preparation, without engaging in any process of spiritual anatomy, or revealing the hidden conditions which formed the essence of their individuality. Goethe and George Sand have been more communicative in relating their experience in the world of emotion, but the autobiography of each of those illustrious writers is more largely occupied with descriptive scenes than with subjective confessions. Mr. Mill, on the contrary, has little to do with the recital of outward events. His work belongs less to the sphere of history than of philosophy. It shows the same calm and impartial judgment, the same insight into abstract relations, and the same candor and frankness of expression that are displayed in his writings on logic and ethics. The study of himself which is embodied in the memoir is no less faithful and conscientious than his inquiries on the principles of philosophy. It is no less free from egotism than if it had been the record of another's life rather than his own. But the process of mental vivisection is at once so intrepid and so dispassionate that if it does not awaken a vivid sympathy it inspires a profound confidence, and furnishes a singularly instructive lesson.

Mr. Mill's early education was of a unique character. It was conducted exclusively by his father, a man of strong convictions, obstinate prejudices, and eccentric intellectual habits. The portraiture of this person, as presented by his son, affords a rare study of human nature. He was designed for the ministry, and, after going through the usual course, was licensed to preach, but never followed the profession, having found that he could not maintain any of the received doctrines of theology. For a few years he was a private tutor in various Scottish families, but afterwards took up his residence in London, and devoted himself to authorship. This was his only means of support until he received an appointment in the India House in 1819.

His method with his son was rigid and uncompromising. His aim was to form and discipline the mind of the boy, rather than to cram it with extraneous knowledge. At the same time, the course of instruction was thorough and even severe. Young Mill had no remembrance of the time when he began to learn Greek, but it must have been soon after he was three years old. Before he was seven he had read the whole of Herodotus, most of Xenophon, and the first six dialogues of Plato, besides selections from other Greek authors. He learned no Latin until his eighth year. In his teaching, the father had no regard to possibilities. He not only demanded of his pupil the utmost he could do, but much which under no circumstances he could have done. The evenings were devoted to arithmetic, which proved an eminently disagreeable task. It was a great relief to the boy to accompany his father in his morning walks. While enjoying the green fields and wild flowers, he would give an account of what he had read the day before. He thus went over a wide course of history, eagerly devouring the principal works, together with an unlimited range of travels and voyages. From his eighth to his twelfth year he read the principal Greek and Latin authors, winding up with Aristotle's Rhetoric, which his father made him study with peculiar care, as containing many of the best observations of the ancients on human life and conduct. During this part of his childhood, his favorite amusement was reading books on experimental science. He devoured treatises on chemistry and physics, before he ever attended a lecture or saw an experiment.

From about the age of twelve, he entered upon a more advanced stage in his career of study. The main object was no longer the aids and appliances of thought, but the thoughts themselves. He continued the study of Aristotle, with the attempt to master his most profound works. He read several of the Latin treatises on the scholastic logic, giving to his father in their daily walks a minute account of what he had read, and answering his numerous and searching questions. Mr. Mill attaches great value to his early familiarity with the school logic. It developed his power of thinking, and taught him the nature of argument. In his opinion, nothing in modern education tends so much to form exact thinkers, who attach a precise meaning to words, and are not imposed upon by loose and ambiguous terms. The boasted influence of mathematical studies is far inferior, since they present none of the real difficulties of correct ratiocination.

When he was about fourteen years old the lessons of the young scholar were brought to a close. He left England for more than a year, and after his return, although his studies went on under the general direction of his father, he could no longer be called his schoolmaster. Upon reviewing the course of instruction which he had pursued, Mr. Mill refers to one of its prominent points, that of giving, in the years of childhood, an amount of knowledge in the higher branches of education which is seldom acquired, if acquired at all, until the age of manhood. The result of the experiment shows the ease with which this may be done, and thus prevent the wretched waste of so many precious years in acquiring the modicum of Greek and Latin commonly taught to school-boys. He remarks that if he had been exceptionally quick of apprehension by nature, or of an unusually active and energetic temperament, the trial would not be conclusive. But he adds, with exemplary naïveté, that in these natural gifts he was rather below than above par; that what he did could be done by any healthy boy of average capacity; and that if he has accomplished anything in life, he owes it mainly to the early training bestowed upon him by his father, which gave him the advantage of a start of at least a quarter of a century beyond his cotemporaries.

One feature of this training is pointed out as the cause of whatever good it effected. Most young people who have had much knowledge drilled into them, have their mental capacities not strengthened, but overlaid by it. It is the education of cram. But this was not the case with Mr. Mill. His father never permitted anything which he learned to degenerate into a mere exercise of memory. He strove to make the understanding go along with every step of the teaching. The pupil was never told anything which could be found out by thinking, until he had exhausted every effort to find it out for himself.

A great evil which is apt to attend on any sort of early proficiency, and which often fatally blights its promise, was carefully guarded against. This was self-conceit. The elder Mill always kept his son, with extreme vigilance, out of the way of hearing himself praised. From his own intercourse with him, the pupil could derive none but a very humble opinion of himself, and the standard of comparison which was always held up was not what other people did, but what a man could and ought to do. He completely succeeded in preserving his son from the sort of influence which he so much dreaded. The young man was not at all aware that his attainments were anything unusual at his age. If he found that some other boy knew less than himself, he concluded not that he knew much, but that the other knew little, or that he had knowledge of a different kind from his own. His state of mind in this respect was neither humility nor arrogance. He never thought of saying to himself, that he was, or could do, so and so. He neither estimated himself highly nor lowly. He did not estimate himself at all.

One part of Mr. Mill's scheme for the education of his son, was to keep him from free intercourse with other boys. He earnestly endeavored to protect him not only from the corrupting influence which boys exercise over boys, but from the contagion of vulgar modes of thought and feeling. For this he was willing to pay the price of inferiority in the accomplishments which schoolboys in all countries chiefly cultivate. The son was accordingly deficient in the things which boys learn from being brought together in large numbers, and turned out to shift for themselves. From temperance and much walking, he grew up healthy and hardy, though not muscular. He could perform no feats of skill or physical strength, and knew none of the ordinary bodily exercises. The need of physical activity was satisfied by walking. His amusements were mostly solitary, and, in general, of a quiet, if not a bookish turn. Hence he always remained inexpert in anything that required manual dexterity. His mind, as well as his hands, did its work lamely when applied to practical details. Thus he was constantly meriting reproof for inattention, inobservance, and general slackness of mind in matters of daily life. The father was at the opposite extreme in these particulars; his senses and mental faculties were always on the alert; he carried decision and energy of character in his whole manner and into every action of life. This, quite as much as his talents, contributed to the strong impression which he always made upon those with whom he came into personal contact.

The religious education of Mr. Mill was entirely of a negative character. He was brought up from the first without any religious belief, in the common acceptation of the term. His father, who was educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism, had been early led to reject the doctrines both of revealed and of natural religion. After remaining for some time in a state of perplexity, and obtaining no ground for mental repose, he at last yielded to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known. This, says Mr. Mill, is the only correct statement of his opinion, for dogmatic atheism he looked upon as absurd, as most of those whom the world has considered atheists, have always done. His rejection of religious belief was not primarily a matter of logic and evidence, but the grounds of it were moral, still more than intellectual. He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an author combining infinite power with perfect goodness. He was more inclined to the old Manichæan hypothesis of a Good and an Evil Principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe, and has been heard to express surprise that no one had revived the theory in our own time. It would have been inconsistent with Mr. Mill's idea of duty to allow his son to acquire impressions contrary to his own convictions in regard to religion. He, accordingly, taught him from the first, that concerning the origin of existence, nothing was known, but at the same time, he took care to acquaint him with what had been thought by mankind on that impenetrable problem. The young man was thus one of the few examples in England who had not thrown off religious belief, but who had never had it.

The influence of the lady who afterwards became his wife, upon the development of his mind and opinions is described by Mr. Mill in a tone of enthusiastic, but delicate appreciation, which presents a rare portraiture of womanly excellence. His first introduction to her was when he was in his twenty-fifth and she in her twenty-third year. With her husband's family it was the renewal of an old acquaintanceship. Although it was several years before his acquaintanceship with Mrs. Taylor became at all intimate, he soon found her the most admirable person he had ever known. Up to the time when he first saw her, her nature had chiefly unfolded itself according to the received type of feminine genius. To her outer circle she was a beauty and a wit, with an air of natural distinction that was felt by all who approached her; to the inner, a woman of deep feeling, of intuitive intelligence, and of a singularly meditative and poetic nature. She was married at an early age to a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual and artistic tastes that were essential to a perfect companionship. He was a steady and affectionate friend for whom she had the truest esteem and the strongest affection through life, and whom she most deeply lamented when dead. Shut out by the position of woman in society from the exercise of her highest faculties in action on the surrounding world, her life was one of inward meditation, varied by familiar intercourse with a small circle of friends, of whom one only (long since deceased) was a person of genius, or capable of feeling or intellect kindred with her own, but all had more or less of alliance with her in sentiments and opinions. As described by Mr Mill, her character was not the product of hard and rigid intellect, but of great strength of noble and elevated feeling, combined with a highly reverential nature. Alike in the highest regions of speculation and in the smaller concerns of daily life, her mind was the same perfect instrument, piercing to the very heart and marrow of the matter, always seizing the essential idea and principle. "Her intellectual gifts," says Mr. Mill, "did but minister to a moral character at once the noblest and the best balanced which I have ever met with in life." Her unselfishness was not that of a formal system of duties, but of a heart which thoroughly identified itself with the feelings of others. The passion of justice might have been thought to be her strongest feeling, but for her boundless generosity, which was lavish of its gifts to all who could requite her sympathy. She combined the most gentle modesty with the loftiest pride, an absolute simplicity and sincerity with the utmost scorn for whatever was mean and cowardly, and a burning indignation at everything brutal or tyrannical, faithless or dishonorable in conduct and character. The marriage of Mr. Mill took place in 1851 to the lady "whose incomparable worth had made her friendship the greatest source to him both of happiness and improvement during the many years in which they never expected to be in any closer relation with one another. Ardently as I should have aspired to this complete union of our lives at any time in the course of my existence at which it had been practicable, I, as much as my wife, would far rather have foregone that privilege for ever than have owed it to the premature death of one for whom I had the sincerest respect and she the strongest affection. That event, however, having taken place in July, 1849, it was granted to me to derive from that evil my own greatest good, by adding to the partnership of thought, feeling, and writing which had long existed a partnership of our entire existence. For seven and a half years that blessing was mine; for seven and a half only! I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavor to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her, and communion with her memory."

Mr. Mill presents an admirable exposition of the motives which prompted his course in relation to the American civil war. His strongest feelings were engaged in this struggle from the beginning. He foresaw that it would be a turning point of the course of human affairs for an indefinite duration. Its character as an aggressive enterprise of the slaveholders to extend the territory of slavery was not concealed from his view for a moment. Their success would be a victory of the powers of evil which would give courage to the enemies of progress throughout the civilized world. It would create a military power grounded on the worst form of the tyranny of men over men, which by destroying the prestige of the great republic would give to the privileged classes of Europe a false confidence, probably to be only extinguished in blood. The failure of the rebellion, on the other hand, would have abolished the system of slavery, and open the national mind to the recognition of improvement in the institutions and customs of the people. "Foreseeing from the first," says Mr. Mill, "this double set of consequences from the success or failure of the rebellion, it may be imagined with what feelings I contemplated the rush of nearly the whole upper and middle classes of my own country, even those who passed for Liberals, into a furious pro-Southern partisanship: the working classes, and some of the literary and scientific men, being almost the sole exceptions to the general frenzy. I never before felt so keenly how little permanent improvement had reached the minds of our influential classes, and of what small value were the Liberal opinions they had got into the habit of professing. None of the Continental Liberals committed the same frightful mistake. But the generation which had extorted negro emancipation from our West India planters had passed away; another had succeeded which had not learnt by many years of discussion and exposure to feel strongly the enormities of slavery; and the inattention habitual with Englishmen to whatever is going on in the world outside their own island, made them profoundly ignorant of all the antecedents of the struggle, insomuch that it was not generally believed in England, for the first year or two of the war, that the quarrel was one of slavery. There were men of high principle and unquestionable liberality of opinion, who thought it a dispute about tariffs, or assimilated it to the cases in which they were accustomed to sympathize, of a people struggling for independence."

Among other topics of profound interest that are presented in this volume may be mentioned the connection of Mr. Mill with the school of Jeremy Bentham, his obligations to the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge, his personal relations with Carlyle, and the character of the philosophical systems of Comte and Sir William Hamilton. Rarely has so thorough an introspective view been exhibited of the nature of a great man. It presents in the clearest light of day the secret workings of the machinery that have been productive of so beneficent results. The writings of the author will henceforth be surrounded with fresh interest by this transparent revelation of the inner man.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A PROTEST AGAINST HORSE-CAR BELL STRAPS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I should like to call the attention of the street car companies, through your columns, to a nuisance which exists on the cars of the different lines. I refer to the bell straps which forms a sort of swing above the platform—very detrimental to the hats of gentlemen entering or leaving the car. By kindly giving this a place in THE TRIBUNE, a remedy will, without doubt, follow, and a marked improvement in the condition of hats will be noticed. INJURED BEAVER.

New-York, Nov. 1, 1873.

THE LIBERAL STRENGTH IN THE STATE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The Liberals throughout the State voted mainly the Democratic State ticket for the crumbs thrown them in their counties by the Democrats—nominations for county clerks, sheriffs, &c. It is estimated that we have cast in this way and for the Elmira ticket 25,000 votes. Be this as it may, however, we have probably divided success between the opposite tickets, and I think even our small power exerted with such effect will rally to us all our friends. We shall hold together, and in such shape perhaps effect through the awakening in the Republican party a prosperous reunion with them, under new and pure auspices, or drift into sympathetic combination with a farmers' and laborers' movement now being inaugurated within this State. I look upon the result of the election as not only evidence of the fatal weakness of the Democratic party, but as subjecting its decrepitude to the humiliation of accepting success and a few State offices at the hands of a few thousand Liberals. The same thing is true of the Republican party, with the difference that while the result is the passing bell for the Democracy, it is a lesson to the Republicans, by which, if they learn it, they may revive to fuller life. The moral, doubtless, of it all is that the elections reveal a body of electors strong enough under the most discouraging circumstances to incline the fortunes of our elections in favor of honest and exemplary candidates.

Could you, when the event is ascertained, make a review of the field and place the Liberals aright? In truth, our battle at the polls is your battle in the press, and so far as we strike for the same principle, our paths must be toward the same object. LIBERAL.

New-York, Nov. 14, 1873.

DR. THOLUCK A UNIVERSALIST.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: How did it happen that the Evangelical Alliance extended its invitation to German theologians, who are Universalists, and yet did not see fit to invite such men as the Rev. Drs. Chapin, Miner, Ryder, &c., of our own country? Not asking space to quote now Dr. Tholuck's own statements, I will but repeat the words of his friend, Prof. Sears of this country, who, when abroad, conversed with Dr. Tholuck upon the question of the restoration of all things. Prof. Sears, upon his return home, wrote to *The Christian Register* as follows:

But the most painful disclosures remain yet to be made. Though as a theologian Dr. Tholuck is on the side of orthodoxy, it must be remembered that it is the orthodoxy of Germany. I feel the more called upon to state frankly what I know to be the truth, from the fact that the works of several German critics, of whom he is the safest, have now become so popular in England and America as to demand a translation. This distinguished and excellent man, in common with the great majority of the evangelical divines in Germany, though he professes to have serious doubts and is cautious in avowing the sentiment, believes that all men and fallen spirits will finally be saved.

Again, in a conversation held in London, between Dr. Tholuck and Dr. Sears, the following words were exchanged, as reported by the latter:

Dr. Tholuck—"I suppose my American brethren would consider me orthodox in general, except in my universalism."

Dr. Sears—They would, most certainly; but with them that one point would be a serious matter. With this sentiment you could not hold a standing in our orthodox churches."

Can any one tell us just what proportion, or if all of the Continental delegation hold the same views as Dr. Tholuck? G. E. O.

New-York, Nov. 10, 1873.

CHRISTIANIZING INDIANS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: In a recent number of *The Christian Union* is an editorial of which the following is the gist:

At the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in the Academy of Music there was one sentence spoken by the Chairman, the Hon. Felix Brunot, which seems to have excited no particular comment, but which appears to us to be of peculiar significance. Rising at the end of the speech of the eloquent East-Indian, Narayan Sheshadri, the Chairman exclaimed: "And if in this representative from Hindostan we have a living proof of the possibility of Christianizing the Indians of the East, why should we not also infer the possibility of Christianizing the Indians of our own country?" The logic of that question is without a flaw. There is no good reason why the Christian people of this country should doubt, as now for years practically they have done, the adequacy of Christianity to cope with the moral infirmities of the red-faced heathens who are native to our own soil and are near to our own doors.

The editor of *The Union* extends his remarks, but adheres strictly to this line, drawing his argument solely from the nature of Christianity and the general needs of the race. Could any adverse criticism of our Indian policy convey a more sweeping condemnation than is contained in Mr. Brunot's question and Mr. Beecher's response? After 300 years of painful, persistent, enthusiastic, and ruinously expensive efforts to Christianize our savages we have the head of our missionary plan and its most able defender, gravely asserting the possibility of success in the indefinite future, and drawing all their evidence from the general nature of things and the triumphs of a totally different scheme! No wonder Chairman Brunot's exclamation fell stillborn on the Alliance! His friends, or the friends of the policy he represents, ought to rejoice if it could escape comment, for it, more than any public statement recently made, shows the absurdity of our whole Indian system. After a trial of centuries, during which the people of this country have expended uncounted millions of treasure and offered hetacombs of human sacrifices, our national missionary goes to Hindostan for proof, or rather for hope, that our labors may at some time before the end of the world bring forth some other fruits than those meet for repentence, which is the only crop they have yielded up to the present day.

Mr. Brunot's exclamation calls attention to the fact that in the Indias of the East, where heathenism has been steadily confronted by the introduction and enforcement of a growing Christian jurisprudence, where savage people have been taught to respect Christian justice by the swift and terrible punishment of savage treachery and crime, where savages earn their bread or go without, Christianity has made signal triumphs while in our Indias of the West, where a thoroughly savage jurisprudence is maintained and perpetuated by a Christian people, where savages have learned to despise Christian justice by its non or mal-administration, where a premium is constantly paid on vice and idleness by feeding and clothing the idle and vicious, Christianity has but the hope in a divine purpose that it shall one day prevail! It reminds us that whereas that system of missionary effort which has won trophies in the East is one of bibles, tracts, preaching, and teaching among a people compelled to work in order to live, that which has so signally failed in the West is one of butcher-knives, Spencer rifles, and ammunition for the savage foes of Christian people; of blankets, beads, and bread for able-bodied men who are, by them, confirmed in their hereditary contempt for honest toil.

It is putting Christianity to a test its author never designed it to bear, when we demand that it shall convert savages so heavily bribed as are ours to continue in savagery. While our Christian Government maintains those tribal organizations which are each and all authoritative centers of idolatry, polygamy, communism, and a religious worship whose principal feature is human sacrifice, it is an insult to common intelligence to set up a claim that we, as a people, are laboring to Christianize our Indians. JANE G. SWISSHELM.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6, 1873.

BOSTON.

LITERARY NOTES.

"ARTISTS AND ARABS," OR WHAT YOU SEE IN ALGIERS—"HISTORIC FIELDS AND MANSIONS OF MIDDLESEX,"—"FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON," AND "THE FUR COUNTRY." BY JULES VERNE—"OLD AND NEW" FOR DECEMBER—NEED FOR A SENTIMENTAL CENSUS-TAKER.

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—"Artists and Arabs," by Henry Blackburn, is to be the next addition to the "Sauntering Series" of J. R. Osgood & Co. As in "Normandy Picturesque," Mr. Blackburn sets out with a clear conviction of that instinct in the English mind that makes the Englishman fly south with the swallow in the Autumn. They were "a sketching party," he and his two or three confrères; and, toward the end of October, it was literally a toss-up where they should go. The lot fell on Algeria, and the next morning they were on their way. At Marseilles they think every Englishman must be going either to India or to Italy, and to get the luggage fairly started for Northern Africa requires some strength of mind. The voyage from Marseilles to Algiers averages forty-eight hours—too long for a pleasure trip and too short for one fairly to settle down to it, as in crossing the Atlantic. But you are paid for all the discomforts of the way by the first sight of Algiers, with its clusters of white houses, set in bright green hills, the range of the lesser Atlas forming a background of purple waves, rising one above the other until they are lost in cloud.

It is a good beginning of Orientalism to have a stately, bare-footed Arab, shoulder your baggage from the port, and note how nobly he bears his load, how beautifully balanced is his lithe figure, and with what grace and ease he stalks along. His dignity almost embarrasses you, as you pay him his small "tariff" of three francs. Once established in Algiers, there is plenty to see. Here, close to the water's edge, is the great Mosque, with plain, white, shining walls, nearly destitute of exterior ornament; but the most perfect example of beauty and strength, fitness and grace, that you can find in any building of this type. It is thoroughly Moorish in style, though the legends say it was built by a Christian architect. The old Moors took him captive, and promised him his liberty if he would build them this Mosque. True to his own creed, he dexterously introduced into the ground plan the form of a cross, and when all was done they gave him his liberty, indeed, but it was out of the mouth of a cannon, through a window looking seaward. Here, if only you take off your shoes, you may enter and hear the Koran read, and pray, with Moors and Arabs for neighbors. There are plenty of Roman Catholic churches in Algiers, but the buildings that strike the eye first are mosques rather than churches; the sounds that become more familiar to the ear than peals of bells are the Muezzins' morning and evening salutation from the tower of a mosque, calling all true believers to come to prayers.

In the streets and shops, however, there is an extraordinary preponderance of French influence. Most of the best streets are French, with arcades like the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. Many of the houses are lofty, and as you pass through the French quarter, with its new, wide streets and squares, and the inevitable boulevards, the number of shops for fancy goods and Parisian wares, especially those of hair-dressers and modistes, seems rather extraordinary, remembering that the entire European population of Algeria, agricultural as well as urban, is not more than 150,000. Nearly all the upper town is Moorish, and is approached by narrow streets or lanes, steep, slippery, and tortuous.

The ordinary visitor, of a month or two, to Algiers, will drop down pleasantly enough into the system of hotel life; and even if he stays for the entire Winter, he will probably find it most convenient and amusing to take his meals, in French fashion, at the hotels; ringing the changes between three or four of the best, and one or two well-known cafés. Everything is neatly and quietly served; the *menu* is varied enough, with good French dishes, and game in abundance. To the stranger there seems to be little "going on;" but soon you find out a round of simple amusements; there are concerts, balls, a theater, and, best of all, lovely moonlighted walks beside the sea. If the traveler be anything of an artist, life here will be full of delights for him.

He will pass through narrow streets and between mysterious-looking old houses that meet overhead and shut out the sky; he will jostle often, in these narrow ways, soft plump objects in white gauze, whose eyes and ankles give the only visible signs of humanity; he may turn back to watch the wonderful dexterity with which a young Arab girl balances a load of fruit upon her head down to the market-place; and he will, if he is not careful, be finally carried down himself by an avalanche of donkeys,—driven by a negro gamin who sits on the tail of the last,—threading their way noiselessly and swiftly, and carrying everything before them; and he will probably take refuge under the ruined arch of some old mosque, whose graceful lines and rich decoration are still visible here and there; and he will in a few hours be enchanted with the place, and the more so for the reason that we have already hinted at, namely, that in Algiers he is let alone, that he is free to wander and "moon" about at will, without custodian or commissionaire, or any of the tribe of "valets de place."

Your Moorish home will be a house of two stories, with an upper terrace from which you overlook the town. On this upper terrace you can sit and sketch, in this perfect climate, even in December or January. You have the perfection of light there, and, as you work, you have the inexpressible satisfaction of pitying your artist friends, struggling in foggy London to paint Italian scenes by the light of a gas "sun-burner." How foolish they are, all of them, not to come out to Algiers! There is one difficulty here, however, for the artist—that of finding satisfactory models. You can get one at last, and here is her portrait.

Her costume, when she throws off her haik (and with it a tradition of the Mohammedan faith, that forbids her to show her face to an unbeliever), is a rich loose crimson jacket embroidered with gold, a thin white bodice, loose silk trousers reaching to the knee and fastened round the waist by a magnificent sash of various colors, red morocco slippers, a profusion of rings on her little fingers, and bracelets and anklets of gold filagree work. Through her waving black hair are twined strings of coins and the folds of a silk handkerchief, the hair falling at the back in plaits below the waist.

She is not beautiful, she is scarcely interesting in expression, and she is decidedly unsteady. She seems to have no more power of keeping herself in one position or of remaining in one part of the room, or even of being quiet, than a humming-top. The whole thing is an unutterable bore to her, for she does not even reap the reward—her father or husband or male attendant always taking the money.

She is *petite*, constitutionally phlegmatic, and as fat as her parents can manage to make her; she has small hands and feet, large rolling eyes—the latter made to appear artificially large by the application of henna or antimony black; her attitudes are not ungraceful, but there is a want of character about her, and an utter abandonment to the situation, peculiar to all her race. In short, her movements are more suggestive of a little caged animal that had better be petted and caressed, or kept at a safe distance, according to her humor. She does one thing—she smokes incessantly, and makes cigarettes with a skill and rapidity which are wonderful. Her age is 13, and she has been married six months; her ideas appear to be limited to three or four, and her pleasures, poor creature, are equally circumscribed. She had scarcely ever left her father's house, and had never spoken to a man until her marriage.

There seems to be in the Moorish nature a wonderful sense of the harmony and contrasts of color. Two Orientals will hardly walk down street side by side unless the colors of their costume harmonize. You find a negress selling oranges or citrons; an Arab boy, with red fez and white turban, carrying purple fruit in a basket of leaves—always the right juxtaposition of colors. The sky furnishes them a superb background of deep blue and the repose of these solemn Orientals, who sit here like bronze statues, save that they smoke incessantly, inspires you with a curious respect. They are men who believe in fate—what need that they should make haste? "Artists and Arabs" is a charming book, in its way. It is like a succession of pictures by Theodore Frere—where the skies glow with brooding warmth; where men and the camels are alike patient; where marriage is merchandise, but prayer is a passion. The illustrations are from sketches made on the spot.

"Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex," by S. A. Drake, is a book which should have been better. It is valuable as it is—full of interesting information and a picturesque addition to the dry details of history—but it is combined with many tedious details, and the mass of material lacks harmony of arrangement. You like to know—if, indeed, you don't know already—that Charlotte Cushman was born in the old North End of Boston in an old house built on ground that is now inclosed in the Hancock school-yard, and that John Gilbert was born in the next house. But you don't care much to hear that when little Charlotte fell off Long Wharf into the water, and was fished up again, for the future good of the American stage, her mother whipped her, instead of kissing her. No doubt she had been forbidden to play on Long Wharf, and richly deserved the whipping she got. Are we all to spare the rod and spoil our Charlottes because there may be the making of some Lady Macbeth of the future in them? But we can forgive some rubbish for the sake of the great store of useful and valuable facts which this book contains. As a literary artist, there is room for Mr. Drake to improve; as an American antiquarian, I think he has not his peer.

Middlesex County takes in some of the most interesting localities in the neighborhood of Boston. Cambridge belongs to it, and Charlestown, and Lexington, and Concord. Its past is full of mighty ghosts; and to-day many of the world's great men are to be found within its limits. In the brief space of a newspaper letter I can do no justice to the store of serviceable information concerning the past and the present contained in this full volume—information which no history of New-England contains, and which Mr. Drake must have collected at great expense of personal toil and investigation. It will be profusely illustrated, partly by wood-cuts, and partly by the heliotype process in which J. R. Osgood & Co. so much delight.

Undismayed by the panic, this firm are launching book after book on the fickle tide of popular appreciation. Mr. Drake's facts will be speedily succeeded by Jules Verne's fancies. "Five Weeks in a Balloon," with 48 heliotypes, will come first; to be followed, in a few days, by "The Fur Country," with 100 illustrations. "Five Weeks in a Balloon" is a clever satire on modern books of African travel. They say that, so far as it describes the geography, the inhabitants, the animals, and the features of the countries the travelers pass over, it is entirely accurate. *I* don't affirm this, since I have been accused of a too credulous mind. If I had time I would go in search of Livingstone, and come back with the truth, and a little black African for witness to it—but what would you? The book would be out before I could get there, and I should not be in season to protect the general public from imposition. Belief is a good thing—let us then believe in Jules Verne, who, at least, is entertaining. Need I explain that I don't believe he traveled in a balloon to find it out but that I do believe he knows something about Africa? His incidents and adventures are fictitious? Certainly, but then they are most ingenious. Whoever has been down under the sea with him, and round the world, will not object to go up in his balloon. He is as much at home in the air as on the earth or under the water. A week or two hence we shall travel with him into "The Fur Country" with equal pleasure. "The Fur Country" is the "hyperborean region," as the author is fond of calling it, within the Arctic Circle, whither the best fur-bearing animals have carried their glossy coats. In this region of deadly cold the imagination of M. Jules Verne fairly runs riot. Never has he told tales of adventures so wild, of escapes so impossible. The very pictures that illustrate the book are enough to make your hair stand on end. Of course a woman was of the party—several women, indeed—but one in particular, who was pronounced by an enthusiastic lieutenant to be their comforter, their consoler, the very soul of their little world. This suggests to a logical mind the reason why Arctic explorations have been so often unsuccessful—the woman was wanting. Did this one then succeed? you ask. Ah, that Monsieur Verne's book will tell you.

Old and New for December discusses the present financial position, and the duties of the XLIIId Congress. So many plans have been proposed that even Congressional wisdom—and how great that is do not all men know?—must be puzzled by them. It is not easy to legislate order out of financial chaos, but *Old and New* ventures to hope that Congress may do something toward providing against future disorder by working out the best system for national education. The Republican leaders have received so heavy a rebuke in the November elections that they may well consider whether they had not better do something which the country wants, instead of getting ready to begin to prepare to try to do something in the future. And the other men of honor and character, who are quite indifferent to mere partisan success, may well see that in a session like this, where there is no President to be elected, their opportunity is come for the great measure of reconstruction. The War of the Rebellion was the fulfillment of the obligation in the Constitution that the nation should guarantee republican governments to the States. Now that true republicanism has replaced the old oligarchies which a few white planters ruled, the next battle to be fought is with the purblind obstinacy of the so-called Conservatives of those regions—an obstinacy which has often been strong enough to retard all effort for even the simple, primary education of the people. Now, if they will not educate their own people, *Old and New* thinks the nation must educate them; and in this principle the different projects for this purpose already laid before Congress are all agreed.

Lucretia P. Hale translates a charming little story from the French of George Sand, entitled "The Giant Yéous." J. P. Quincy has a really able paper on "Charity at Cost," in which he maintains that tax exemption is an unjustifiable form of State aid. Mrs. L. A. Millington writes lovingly of "Ferns," painting the portrait of these graceful families in words as dainty as themselves. The Rev. J. Vila Blake has collected "Some Beautiful Old Carols;" and, talking of poetry, T. G. A. (Thomas G. Appleton) has a poem on the Polaris which so touches the key-note of our universal interest and sympathy that I must find room for it.

"God will bring us through."—[Journal of John Herring.

They faced with valiant hearts their fate,
Exiled upon their raft of ice;
Worn, famished, drenched, and desolate;
Aliens beneath the Polar skies.

They did not murmur; silently
Their eyes unquailing saw their doom
To fight, to fail, to waste and die,
The black, cold wave their nameless tomb.

While we on beds of softness lie,
They sleepless stand through nights of fear,
Pierced by the needles of the sky,
And visited by visions drear.

Wolf-like the winds howl fierce and grim;
The hungry seas, more wolf-like still,
Snatch at their floe's diminished rim,
And at their feet their torrents spill.

The giant berg above them shone
With nodding towers which spectral gleam;
Round it the surges toss and moan,
And o'er it wild fowl soar and scream.

Breast close to manly breast, like rocks,
They stand impatient for the day;
Endure the billows' cruel shocks,
Ice-mailed in clouds of freezing spray.

The dumb, white terror of the snow,
The wheeling gulls, but answer give,
And thunder of the rending floe,
To every prayer, but still they live.

Their cry of faith,—was it unheard?
Far hid in light, One heard and knew:
Soared bird-like to Him the true word,—
"God sees us, He will bring us through."

Gently his finger drew them on
To where his creatures gave them food,
And softer suns upon them shone,
And lo! two ships before them stood.

Their faith the mountains did remove,
And bore far off each icy crest,
And now they bask in rays of love;
He giveth His beloved rest.

Mark Sibley Severance tells a tale of adventure, under the title of "Checkmate to Apaches," H. M. Hinckley writes of "County Sights and Sounds," and there are liberal installments of the two serials—Mr. Bérnand's and Mr. Perkins's. The latter gives an analysis of love, which, in these days of much speculation about the emotions, is worth our consideration.

It is not quite true philosophically, though it may be practically, that

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Not quite. For instance, try anger; try hunger; try fright; try love of property; try love of power! Not quite all, dear Coleridge! But a good many of them. Love, full, complete, perfect human love, is to feel and express and receive the counterpart of all the attractions which make one human being desire another—admiration, respect, friendship, enjoyment, sympathy (*i. e.* co-enjoyment), affection, passion. All these are unselfish. As for the selfish consciousnesses which the wonderful English Minnesinger, by a noble material fallacy included in his assertion, they are comprehended, if at all, only negatively, as crime and misery are included in Christian society, to be reversed and eliminated. But without any one of these unselfish elements, Love, though it may be Love, is imperfect. Still more, or rather most of all, is any one of them alone an imperfect love. The old saw that "Pity is akin to love" is just as true, and no more, as that beauty is concerned with love. The beautiful object must be lovable too; the pitied object must be lovable too, before there can be a love in consequence of the beauty or of the pity. When Xerxes bejeweled the beautiful tree, he showed how love for a tree is not love. Whatever love comes of pity may be felt for a dog. Of sympathy in the sense of co-suffering, of pain by reason of the pain of another, the like is true. Whatever love comes of such sympathy, may be felt by man for beast, or by man for man. It is the sympathy of co-enjoyment which is a necessary part of love.

Surrender is the measure of love. This is true equally toward God and man; the truth is so deep as to be of the substructure of both loves, and it is conclusive accordingly of the criterion of unselfishness for human love. And let no one say that such an analysis is cold or passionless. It is, or at least is susceptible of being, vivid with a sustained, deliberate passion which is to any other what the sun's steady, white heat is to the thin flash of tinder.

If, indeed, this, and nothing short of this, is Love, it would be an interesting experiment to send out a sentimental census-taker to discover how large a proportion of the human race have ever experienced the grand passion. L. C. M.

THE HON. D. W. VOORHEES RETIRES FROM POLITICS.

From an Interview in The Indianapolis Sentinel.

I have made my last political speech before the people, and I am glad of it. The pleasure of pursuing my private concerns as a citizen is exceedingly grateful to my feelings, more so than you can conceive. I went early into politics. I might have been elected to Congress at 24; had my age allowed I should have been. I have been nine years at Washington, and know all about it. I have fought my battles as I conceived to be right. But all the old issues have passed away, and henceforth new ones will arise. And upon the new questions a new set of men will be demanded by the people. Some old politicians try to force themselves into notice after their day has gone by, but it is very unwise. Parties will be changed in effect but not in name, perhaps. The Democratic party will liberalize its organization; and if it is done wisely, so as to unite the elements of disaffection against the present order, they may be able to elect a President. The name need not necessarily be changed, but the party must be essentially a new one.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FLUORIDE OF CALCIUM.—Among other mineral substances which the chemist has succeeded in producing artificially in his laboratory, may now be mentioned fluoride of calcium, in crystallized forms, identical with those of the native compound. A combination of fluor-spar and barytes, identical with a native one, well known to mineralogists, has also been produced.

FASHIONABLE GREEN FOR SILK.—This new green is produced by aniline iodine-green, with the addition of a little water-glass. The dyeing must be carefully done, and the silk added very gradually, to keep it uniform. Since iodine-green is not uniform in quality, if the shade is wanting in yellow, it may be brought to that of the sample by the addition of picric acid, the article then being passed through a diluted acetic acid bath.

BURGLAR-PROOF SCREW.—A screw, adapted to fastening locks, has been described by Tucker. It has a right-hand wooden thread at the head-end, and a smaller left-hand iron thread on the other end, or *vice versa*, the latter being supplied with a nut. An effort to remove it from one side by unscrewing at the head only tightens the nut, while an attempt to drive out the screw on the other side, after taking off the nut, is resisted by the wooden thread.

CHINESE PREPARATION OF SOY.—Equal quantities of beans and wheat are boiled together, and then triturated between stones, and water occasionally added. The mass is cooked in a pan, and cut into thin slices, which are kept covered with straw for about 20 days. When completely fermented, the separate slices having become moldy, they are washed with water, placed in a vessel, and their weight of water and of salt added. In this condition they are kept for a number of days, and are finally again triturated between stones.

CHINESE PREPARATION OF VERMICELLI.—A dough is prepared out of small green peas by soaking them thoroughly in water and grinding them between stones, adding water and pressing them through a sieve; then subjecting the mass obtained to pressure in a strong vessel and thus removing the water. This dough, well softened with water, is poured through a gourd vessel, usually with 10 holes in it, into a vessel of boiling water; the higher the gourd above the boiling water the longer and finer the vermicelli. On removal from the boiling water the threads are immediately dried.

A PERMANENT PASTE.—The following process will, it is said, afford an unusually adhesive paste, adapted to fastening leather, paper, &c., without the defects of glue; which, if preserved from evaporation in closed bottles, will keep for years. Cover 4 parts, by weight, of glue, with 15 parts of cold water, and allow it to soak for several hours; then warm moderately till the solution is perfectly clear, and dilute it with 65 parts of boiling water, intimately stirred in. Next prepare a solution of 30 parts of starch in 200 parts of cold water, so as to form a thin, homogeneous liquid, free from lumps, and pour the boiling glue solution into it with thorough stirring, and at the same time keeping the mass boiling.

NEW METHOD OF IRON-MAKING.—According to *The English Mechanic*, a new process of iron-making, which dispenses with the blast furnace, has been practically tested, and specimens of its produce shown at Wolverhampton. The bloom is made direct from the ore, which is ground, mixed with lime and pitch, and baked in a coke oven. This is treated as pig-iron, and a furnace being charged with it, it is ready for the helve or the squeezers in half an hour. The inventors claim that by their process they can make a ton of finished iron from the ore at an expenditure of only two tons of coal; that they can make German steel as cheaply as cast-iron, and that they can furthermore make the latter equal in purity to charcoal iron.

HARDENING STEEL TOOLS, &c.—The following secret, unpatented composition, suggested by the chemist Kulicke, has been employed with success at Saarbrücken for restoring burned steel to its primitive condition, and as it affords a peculiarly hard metal, it is also used for tempering steel tools that are too soft, or may have become so by use, as chisels, saw-blades, &c. Although rather expensive, it is really an economical treatment where large numbers of steel tools are used. Burned steel heated to a cherry red, and forged somewhat on an anvil, is plunged into a well-mixed doughy mass (in a box near by), composed of tartaric acid, 6 ounces; cod-oil, 30 ounces; charcoal powder, 2 ounces; bone black, 8 ounces; beef tallow, 10 ounces; yellow prussiate of potash, 5 ounces, and burned hartshorn, 3 ounces, and is then completely cooled in water. Steel tools are similarly treated. Small articles of cast-iron, such as wheel-boxes, axle-bearings, &c., may be successfully case-hardened by being plunged red-hot into a mixture of 10 buckets of urine, 5 pounds of whitening, and 4 pounds of salt.

EFFECT OF TOPPING POTATO STALKS.—Comparative experiments to determine whether cutting off the stalks at the commencement of the potato disease protected the tubers without diminishing the yield, were made by Paulsen, by raising one row and topping another on the same day, at regular intervals. While the result showed that the separate rows, by like treatment, without disease, varied in yield, the topped plants had for the most part a larger proportion of large tubers than those that had been raised on the same day. It seems, however, that only water is taken up by the tubers after topping, since no increase of dried matter was found when the topping occurred so late that the stalk did not grow again; and under any circumstances the yield seemed poorer in quality and quantity than without topping. Although the stalks topped at the proper time had fewer diseased tubers, the spores of the fungus seem to be carried to the tubers through the stalks rather than by rain; otherwise the topped stalks would have received a supply from the neighboring ones. In warm, dry weather the increase in growth is greater than in cool, wet periods. Early kinds of potatoes seemed to do better than late ones. Heavy manuring, especially with horse or sheep manure, favored the disease, and increased the watery contents, and the yield was also less, although with luxuriant growth of the stalks.

DESTRUCTION OF PHYLLOXERA.—Tessie du Motay remarks that, among the many propositions for the destruction of the Phylloxera or the grape-vine louse, apart from the method of flooding the roots of the vine with water during the Winter season, the application of sulphur is most efficient, and that the method of applying this, as is customary, in its crude form, does not meet the needs of the case, as it is not carried sufficiently far into the soil to act upon the insects. We must, therefore, resort to some very soluble and assimilable chemical compounds, and this is best done by using in succession two different liquids, the mutual decomposition of which will result in the separation of the sulphur in a nascent state.

Two processes are suggested by him for accomplishing the result. In the first of these he waters the foot of the vine with a solution of a soluble hyposulphite belonging to an alkaline or alkaline-earthy series. As soon as the acrid solution, in penetrating the soil, has reached the roots, he waters them anew with a solution containing a sufficient quantity of the acid phosphate of lime, soda, or potash, since the excess of phosphoric acid saturates the base of the hydrosulphite originally employed, thus producing the nascent sulphur.

In the second method he waters the plant either with a hydrosulphate of sulphur, or with any other sulphate of the alkaline or alkaline-earthy series. As soon as this solution has penetrated the soil sufficiently to bathe the roots he applies a solution containing a sufficient quantity of soluble hyposulphate to produce the nascent sulphur by double reaction. The same solution may be employed, alternately, for watering the trunk, the branches, or the leaves even, as well as the roots of the plant, with the object of destroying parasites.

UTILIZATION OF OLD FISH PICKLE.—It would hardly be supposed that so apparently innocent a substance as old fish pickle would have any special medical or physiological properties. The fact is, however, that in the earliest ages it was believed to have important medicinal qualities; and quite recently it has been used to a very great extent in the manufacture of propylamine and methylamine (maintained to be distinct bodies by some, and simply different forms of the same substance by others) now so largely employed as a remedy in acute articular rheumatism. Recent experiments also show that a small quantity of this pickle administered to poultry produces fatal results; and in France it is quite common where the premises are infested by a neighbor's poultry, to soak grain in this pickle, and when dry to throw it out where the intruders can take it; the result in most cases being their death in a short time.

The poisonous properties of the pickle are almost entirely destroyed by heating, this causing the ure