# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## AUGUST MAGAZINES.

### THE GALAXY.

In the paper entitled "Zealot and Student," Dr. T. M. Coan utters an eloquent protest against the mechanical tendencies of modern civilization, with an urgent plea for the higher culture which is at once the condition and the fruit of a serene life. The writer's speculations are always suggestive, and will amply reward attention, although they may not always command assent. The following paragraph may be taken as a fair specimen of the general tone of the article. "I know that our time is abundant in famous names, especially in those of scientific men, even in those of poets and artists; what I say is that the times make against them; that they make against the higher and sweeter tendencies of the mind; and that though I am no pessimist in the matter, and think that after a time we shall get over our excitement, yet we suffer meanwhile. The blind belief in machinery, in inventions, in the popular reforms, which I call a mark of the lower intelligence, is a thing that we can guard against; and we who think that machinery, and inventions, and popular reforms are not going to do any permanent good, that the higher intelligence must come into play and point out new methods of human improvement, may well keep clear of some of the men of action we know, and wait for our great inventions to finish their work. That work is temporary and mechanical; and when it is done let us hope that the new world will become old a second time, and that men having subdued it again, will turn once more from heated action to the things of the serener intelligence, and so, perhaps, make the world better worth living in than now." "A London June" is a lively, gossiping article, describing some of the features of London society in the light of the season, presenting such glimpses, however, as are attainable by a transient observer, rather than by one who is to the "manner born," and familiar behind the scenes. Here is a picture apparently from the life. "Literary society in London has a charm peculiar to itself, borrowed possibly in some degree from the quaintness and historic interest of its surroundings. A literary dinner party in old Kensington, under the very shadow of Holland House, has a character distinctively its own; a supper in an old house on the Strand, where Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson supped a century ago, has an air which could hardly be given to the most delightful supper party in New-York or Boston. There is a well established air of bonhomie and culture and freedom, with no lack of elegance, about the English *literati* which makes them charming company on all occasions; a gentle combination of the Bohemian and the man of society, above all a cordial disregard for caste, a quick recognition of genius or merit, and a wide, abounding hospitality. No houses are more charming than those of the London *literati*: weekly receptions are held among them, dinners, suppers. A supper party the other night a little out of town revived one's ideas of the days of 'Elia.' Around the table was the younger generation of that older one; sons and daughters of the men who graced Lamb's, Hazlitt's, Wordsworth's boards; a sprinkling of *the* profession; a celebrated novelist, a well-known singer, a leading authoress from Kensington. We sat about the hospitable board until the 'sma' hours.' Anecdotes were told, public events, and people, and works discussed. There were sparks of wit which would not have disgraced those earlier days which were here shadowed, songs sung, and music contributed which would have roused an audience of 1830 to enthusiasm. We remember this as a typical English party. The very dishes were English in character; the smoking game pies, the claret cup, were all part of the English element, which we newly experienced."

### HARPER.

A curious specimen of tracing a literary pedigree to a remote source is found in the "Editor's Drawer," in which the writer undertakes to show that the true original of Mrs. Malaprop is not to be discovered in Theodore Hook's "Ramsbottom Papers," nor yet in Sheridan's "Rivals," but that she is the legitimate descendant of Shakespeare's immortal Dogberry. He puts the case rather plausibly as follows: "If we compare the features of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington with those of their great ancestor in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, we shall recognize the unmistakable family likeness which proclaims them of one kin. The sole difference that is discernible, it will be found, is no more than might have been expected, the difference in sex being considered: there is the same guilelessness, simplicity, innocent ingenuousness, and absence of trick and consciousness. They are honest to the core, and mean what they say, although their way of saying it may strike one as oddly deficient in the particular of exact accuracy. First, let us peruse the features of honest Dogberry, and trace the lines of resemblance to his distinguished modern daughters, when he enters upon the scene with Verges and delivers his famous charge to 'the watch,' after inquiring, with ponderous gravity, 'Who think you to be the most *desartless* man to be constable?' Observe the weight of magisterial care that sits on his candid brow when he turns to his neighbor Seacoal and delivers this imperishable charge, 'You are thought here to be the most *senseless* and fit man for the constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall *comprehend* all *vagrom* men.' And again, 'You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most *tolerable* and not to be endured.' Afterward, in Leonato's house, when he is eager to discover to that nobleman the mare's nest the 'watch' have discovered, Dogberry replies to Leonato's inquiry, 'What would you with me, honest neighbor?' 'Marry, Sir, I would have some *confidence* with you, that *decerns* you nearly.' Then, when Verges 'will be talking' of his being 'as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I,' Dogberry cuts short the warp of his discourse with, 'Comparisons are *odorous*; palabras [Spanish for 'few words'], neighbor Verges.' So when Leonato, wearied with the important nothings of his visitors, exclaims, 'Neighbors, you are tedious,' what a genuine forebaste of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington combined is contained in Dogberry's finely courteous reply: 'It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the *poor duke's* [duke's poor] officers; but, truly, for mine own part, *if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.*' Finally, when the patience of Leonato is exhausted, and he declares, 'I must leave you,' Dogberry comes to the point, which he had so long been ineffectually laboring to reach by going away from it: 'One word, Sir: our watch, Sir, have, indeed, *comprehended* two *aspicious* persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.' Finally, in the prison scene, where the 'aspicious' persons are brought before Dogberry, how he out-Partingtons Mrs. Partington, trans-Malaprops Mrs. Malaprop, and proves satisfactorily that 'none but himself could be his parallel!' Imposingly arrayed in his official gown, he exclaims, with elephantine dignity, 'Is our whole *dissembly* appeared?' And when the clerk of the quorum or custos rotulorum inquires, 'Which be the malefactors?' he responds, with placid self-complacency, 'Marry, *that am I and my partner*,' showing himself to be not only a master of the use of words in a mistaken sense, but an adept in the misapplication of those used by others. Later on in the examination, when one of the watch testified that Borachio had conspired with Count Claudio to disgrace Hero and not marry her, honest Dogberry's indignation found vent, to his perpetual honor, in these deathless words, 'O villain! thou will be condemned into everlasting *redemption* for this.' But the crowning glory of Dogberry is contained in the elegiac monologue which he utters when Conrade, discomfited fellow, ejaculated, 'Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.' 'Dost thou not *suspect* my place?' he exclaimed, with rueful dignity. 'Dost thou not *suspect* my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of *piety*, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away. O that I had been will down—an ass!" The eighteenth chapter of Castelar's "Republican Movement in Europe" continues the discussion of the religious ideas of the Germanic races, treating especially of the latest doctrines of Strauss, and the physical science of the present century in its relation to theology. The fervid eloquence of the writer will call forth the sympathy of many readers, while it does not impair the clearness and force of his lucid expositions. The genesis of the modern theory of the transformation of species is thus stated:

This materialist philosophy, from which God, the soul, and the idea are forever absent, had its origin in the last century, having, like all modern ideas, many ancient predecessors in the science of the Greeks. Lamarck, a Frenchman, was the first to point out that species were developed through progressive evolutions. The immense authority of Cuvier discredited this theory, in spite of its having appeared again in St. Hilaire, until Darwin came to revive it, after twenty years of observations and study, in his wonderful book of the "Origin of Species."

In Germany this doctrine had forerunners, and still has adherents who extend and push it to extremes. Treviranus regarded the zoöphytes as the root of the tree of organism, whose most perfect fruit is the human brain. Oken gives the same origin to all beings, says they grow, transform themselves one into another, and all continually ascend to a superior life. Goethe, whose studies on organic beings are much more meritorious and profound than his studies upon light, declares, in the "Metamorphoses," the existence of an organic type, the leaf, of which all plants are variations and irradiations. And he considers the vertebra in zoological organisms the same as the leaf in the vegetable organism, and regards the human brain as composed of vertebræ similar to those which form the spinal marrow in vertebrate animals. The cranium is a bony capsule, a larger variation of the rings which encircle and contain the marrow, and the same is true of the cranium of all mammals. After having recognized in man the intermaxillary bone, which demonstrates his kinship with inferior beings, he declares that all organisms proceed from one common root; that there is a close relation between the vegetable organism and the animal; that some species are derived from others, as the butterfly is derived from the grub; that by a centripetal force organisms are strongly attached to the fundamental law of their species, and by another centrifugal force they are disunited and diversified into innumerable species, which fill the eternal and the infinite with the rich texture of their forms.

We would never finish if we had to mention all the authors in Germany who have, before or since Darwin, sustained the principle of the transformation of species. The one who with most energy and success has promulgated the doctrine, under the high guidance of Darwin himself, is Haeckel, who is still bolder and more enthusiastic in his generalizations, carrying the theory from the vegetable and animal creations into history, and extending it as well to the development of worlds in space as to the development of humanity in time.

The new philosophy is presented in strong contrast to the orthodox traditions, though no doubt many will call in question the legitimacy of the comparison.

This is the new faith of the Christian theologian, the idealist philosopher, the young mystic—a philosophy which has nothing to do with spirit; a philosophy reduced to chemistry and natural history; a philosophy which by force of study and acuteness has encountered, if you please, analogies of one being with another and the relationship between different organisms, but which has never been able to explain, either through adaptation, nor atavism, nor inheritance, nor vital competition, nor by series, that superior world of the human spirit, that heaven of life, that mystery of space, that harmony of art, that conception of right, that organism of the state, that succession of the sciences, that interior world which does not fall within the senses, which cannot be analyzed in retorts, which cannot be precipitated by any chemical combination, and which is called, and always will be called, the world of the spirit, upon whose summit is God.

At first view the faults of the system appear. To believe that alimentation explains intelligence is to deny the eternal teachings of history. If the Father fed very the more intelligent, why did not Philip the Third and not Cervantes write "Don Quixote?" The intermediate species have never been found. Even these creatures bordering on the inferior world, which have the greatest analogy with still lower grades of organism, belong resolutely to one species. The intermediate species do not appear. The new naturalists avoid this difficulty by saying that intermediate species have disappeared through their own weakness and in the period in which they arose. The anthropoid ape, which they seek everywhere, in every corner of the earth, in the bowels of the planet, among fossils, they have never been able to find. By his good luck and ours, this venerable father of the human race, that Japhet of the human organism, who gave birth to Raphael of Urbino and to Newton, must be found in the bottom of the Indian Ocean, drowned with the land which was his cradle. You must fish for him there.

The transcendental side of the question is set forth with the glow of feeling and power of expression in which Castelar has few peers among living writers.

Do what you please with the atoms that course through the fibers of plants, the globules of blood that descend to the callous feet of the peasant or rise to the brain of the philosopher, but do not attack my personality, nor dissolve me in a Pythagorean communion of matter. I feel my close kinship with all created things, but at the same time I feel it with all uncreated things. We have been light, heat, gas, in the acrolitic or cometary journey of our planet during its fluid state, as when it hung like a red cross from the head of the sun. We have felt our flesh condensing itself in the first condensation of the world. We find the deepest roots of our nature in the fossils buried everywhere, like letters of rock which declare in immortal carving and indelible epitaphs the triumphal career of organism. We have grown with the zoophyte, and swayed in bottomless seas with the zoöphyte. We dragged ourselves with the reptile over the earth after having passed through the transformations of the mollusk. We entered, full of warm blood and lyric nerves, clothed with variegated feathers, into the wide ether singing in the sublime chorus of the birds. We have fought, ran and over with the lion of the desert and the forest. We have made war with the lion and the tiger. We have run with the horse and the stag. We have been, if you please, the hoard buffoon of the universe with the ape, the chimpanzee, and the parrot. But from the moment when we have come to our organization we have felt flowing throughout our being something which did not live in time, which was not developed in space; something clearer than light, more rapid than electricity, more vivid than heat and magnetism, the spirit, the human spirit, and within it a never-setting cup which is called thought, an irresistible force which is called liberty. And when we had believed that this sun and this force were ours, and that we belonged to ourselves, tyrants and conquerors have made us pass through another street of bitterness, through another passion longer than that suffered in our millennial voyage through matter; we have been pariahs, sudras, helots, slaves, and serfs, the creature of others' pleasure, the instrument of others' profit, everything but free, until have arisen the prophets, the martyrs, the heroes, the hero-martyrs, and they have revealed to us our own being, and have broken the chain upon our hands, and freed our shoulders from the lash, have created us anew, giving us, as it were, a second spirit with the idea of our right. And now we are citizens—a victory which still cannot satisfy us, because after having conquered our destiny in the world, after having realized our ideal in time, after having labored for the good of humanity and of the planet, we sign with the desire of new worlds, of new horizons, of new heavens, for the harmony of arts more beautiful, the light of a science more grand; and we must labor and struggle through the love of the infinite, ascending in the scale of progress, bathed to-day in blood and to-morrow in light, until we meet face to face our Creator and our God.

The poetry in this number includes Longfellow's "Moriturí Salutamus," and "Sunrise in Venice," by Joaquin Miller, which have already appeared in our columns, "Tieonderoga and Montcalm," and "Salmalison," by Celia Thaxter.

### LIPPINCOTT.

One of the most agreeable articles in this number is entitled "Satyrs and Sylvan Boys," a piece of bucolic Dutch painting, in which the interior of the farmhouse is delineated in natural colors. There is something in farm life, according to the writer, that fosters the heroic, that turns the whole will towards effort, and the whole soul towards endurance. The tough fellows who were boys on the farm are the men who now run the world. Their strong hands beat open every door. District schools seem to give boys the kind of education that makes them ready for anything. The books in the cherry book-cases of the old farm-houses are of a kind to develop the best of talents, a talent for using one's talents. Here is a portrait of the "sylvan boy" as you sometimes see him in actual life, but the genuine specimen, we fancy, is not to be found every day. "A farm-boy's future fortune is secure, since he is perfectly acquainted with self-denial and the art of getting along without things. He is used to carrying the old bushel-basket bottomed with canvas and having splinters that hurt his shoulders, for the hired man generally wants the new one. He takes up with the old hoe and the worst and most vilely-hung scythe. He is content to be the ruggedest person alive—ruggeder than newsboys, beggars, or bootblacks. The coat he wears on rainy days is a wonder, being mostly composed of patches. Rain, snow, sleet, hail, rusty hatches, splinters on gate-posts and bars, screws, hooks, iron rake-teeth, and other coat-destroying elements of farm-life, have each and all left their marks upon it. When Rabelais says, 'ragged as an apple-gatherer,' he employs a true as well as picturesque expression, for in apple-picking the boy's coat and red flannel shirt leave tatters waving like banners from the tops of half the trees in the orchard. 'It's well there is no wind blowing, or your rags would whip you to death,' is the comment of that satyr, the hired man, who works in good clothes himself. The boy of the farm is so impressed with the necessity for carefulness and frugality that if he loses the heel-wedge of the scythe (he is supposed to have lost it whenever it is gone), he thinks he has lost an article of incalculable value, and spends hours in looking for it; and to break a plow-point is in his regard a heart-shattering event. When he wants nails he searches for them in refuse boards, and is satisfied with such ancient wrought-iron ones as are to be gathered from the walls of sheds; and even those he fears ought to be put in the nail-box, where they will be of use, and not wasted nonsensically, for so the farmer thinks. 'If this boy don't learn economy somehow, he will never be able to earn a living,' says the farmer. A hard-fisted farmer is a safe man to imitate. He is catchpenny wise, without being by any means pound foolish. He knows how to accumulate stocks and bonds as well as collections of worm-out harnesses and wagon-wheels. He understands the founding of the fortunes of a large family: his sons will be judges, railway directors, bankers; their sons, after Yale and Harvard, will be tourists in Europe and loungers at Saratoga; and their sons—for so we go—will be boys of the farm and children of the district school." The influence of driving an ox-team as a means of grace is not often descanted on in verse or prose, but no one can deny that the writer has touched the matter with a needle in this racy paragraph:

The farmer's son is predestined to success in the world, for he is able to do two days' work in one on occasion, his vigorous early efforts having given him an elasticity of constitution that enables him to revive immediately after exhaustion or overwork, and he has the power of continuous, dogged application. No one will flinch from business troubles who knows what it is to pick stones on a twelve-acre lot "when white-oak woods are going gray" and rubed east winds are blowing. Patient and strong as if infused with oxen's strength is the youth who has learned to drive oxen; he is like well-grown maize—nothing can will him. Driving oxen will make a Stoic philosopher of a boy, they are so unspeakably difficult to manage; it is impossible to back them, insanity to turn them, utter exasperation to hasten them; the only thing they do with any facility is to stop; yet they must be swayed by a touch 'twixt the ears from a long, slender blue-birch gad with a leather lash. To add to their value as sources of discipline, they have a species of ox-diablerie about them. They like breaking a neap; and those oxen which have been trained to the convenient habit of following the boy about the field while dragging will insist on following him around behind the drag when he goes there to adjust anything, which causes a general upsetting. Furthermore, as he marches before them, thinking of other topics, or perhaps following with his eyes some neighbor's carriage bowling down the road, he frequently discovers that the oxen are left far behind him in the field, where they stand stock still composedly chewing their cuds. And they have a disagreeable way of starting off on a trot unexpectedly, particularly on warm April days, when wild natural impulses, mad longings for forest freedom and life without toil, take possession of them at the delicious smell of the Spring greenwood, causing them suddenly to lash the neap with their tails and rush frantically for the woods. When an old mare is leading the steers, this is almost tragedy. The mare is dragged backward, the harrow rattles at the heels of the oxen, the farmer and the hired man hasten across the fields to the boy's assistance with "Whoa! haw there! Stop them! whale 'em! Belt 'em over the head!" and the boy shrieks, bolts, and follows the galloping oxen until they dash their yoke against a young tree between them in the woods. Such an ilad of toils is involved in the driving of oxen! Sometimes the old mare herself will feel the intense sweet power of Spring in the air, and will be a trial and a chastening affliction to a boy; sometimes during a day of cultivation she will torment him by treading on the young corn, and by walking along with the tender shoots which she has bitten off dangling from her mouth; and on the way home at night she will without warning set the farmer, the hired man, the boy, the cultivator and the axe playing backgammon together in the lumber-wagon, and will finally toss them out in a heap on a rock, stunned and confounded.

The "Monthly Gossip" describes a picture, supposed to be a genuine Raphael, of which our financial countryman, Mr. Hooker, the eminent Roman banker, has recently become the fortunate possessor. The picture, which is painted on wood, represents a Virgin and Child, and has hitherto been preserved by the nuns in the Convent of St. Clare at Urbino. Mr. Trollope, who gives the account, considers it beyond the possibility of doubt that the picture was painted by Raphael in his early years. Mr. Hooker's many American friends will sincerely congratulate him on his precious acquisition.

### SCRIBNER.

"The Farmer's Vacation," by George E. Waring, contains several interesting sketches of the people of the island of Jersey, their crops and their cows, their manners and morals, describing the locality which is so rarely visited by American travelers, and hardly known except for its famous cattle, as one where the cattle still remain in all their beauty, but are but a single element of a beauty that is almost universal. The agriculture of the island is briefly described as follows: "There are very few farms of over fifty acres—not more than six or eight in the whole island. From fifteen to twenty acres is the usual size of the larger holdings, but the majority of families make a comfortable support from very much less—often from two or three acres. Nearly every one living in the country cultivates some land, no matter how little; if only a small garden plot, he still raises vegetables for market. If he has two or three vergées, he keeps a cow and some poultry, and swine. Consequently, one's wanderings in any direction outside of the towns are among an almost purely agricultural people. The 'gentry' invariably cultivate their own estates, and indeed one is at a loss to learn where the gentry ends and the peasantry begins. The best names in the island are borne by the smaller landholders as well as by the larger, and consolidation links the population into a very compact community. One result is a much higher grade of intelligence among the very small farmers than would be expected; *noblesse oblige*—to the extent that all feel themselves to belong in a higher social plane than their possessions would indicate, and that they strive to maintain their rightful dignity. The island directory, which contains the names of many who, from the smallness of their holdings, would be called peasants in other parts of Europe, is headed, 'List of the names and addresses of the Resident Gentry.' The ambition of this people to maintain a good position is furthered by their situation and natural circumstances. Their soil is fertile; the sea-weed is abundant and is a capital manure; the climate is absolutely a perfect one; and they have the best market in the world (Covent Garden) almost at their doors, to say nothing of their own a town, which of itself should be able to consume all their staple products. Add to all this the possession of a race of cattle popular throughout the world, and of which the surplus is eagerly bought at high prices, and we shall understand why the position of the Jersey farmer is exceptionally favorable." Of the celebrated Jersey cow, Mr. Waring gives a full account, from which we take some paragraphs:

Charming though this little island is in every respect, and hence yet engaging to the general tourist, it is only the farmer who can fully appreciate its most celebrated attraction—the one which has made it noted throughout the agricultural world. I refer to the beautiful and excellent Jersey cow (miscalled the "Alderney"). It was for the sake of its cattle that I made my first visit to Jersey, as it was for the sake of the rural beauty and historical and social interest which the first visit had revealed that I made a second and a longer one. This gave opportunity for gaining a better knowledge and fairer estimate of the real merits of these animals, and confirming a belief that no better service can be rendered to an important department of American agriculture than by making still more widely known the benefit which would result to our butter-making farmers from the general adoption of this breed.

The ultimate origin of the race is quite unknown. There is a report of a Jersey calf having been born in this country with the tail of a deer, and certainly nothing could be more deer-like than the characteristic eyes and facial expression of these animals. Many of them are of a tawny brown color, and they sometimes have a prominent tuft of coarse hair at the base of the horns. This has been believed by some to indicate a remote cross of the bands of Southern Europe. The gray color and black switch-tails so frequently seen among the cattle of Southern Germany and France, and of Northern Italy, point clearly to one element of their parentage. Whatever may have been its earlier history, this breed obviously came to Jersey from the adjacent country of Normandy, where one still sees, in almost universal use among the peasantry, cattle of an entirely similar character—similar, yet not at all the same, for the Jersey cow, as we know her, has long been jealously guarded by the Jersey man as the best in the world for his purpose, and to be improved rather by careful selection within the race itself than by crosses of any foreign blood. There still exists in force an old enactment of the States of Jersey of nearly one hundred years standing, by which the importation into Jersey of "cow, heifer, calf or bull," was prohibited under the penalty of two hundred livres, with the forfeiture of boat and tackle, besides a fine of fifty livres to every sailor on board who did not inform of the attempt at importation, the animal being declared to be immediately slaughtered and its flesh given to the poor. Later laws are equally stringent; no foreign cattle are allowed to come to the island except as a temporary visit, and the quite different cattle of other parts of Europe are not deemed foreign under these laws, for Sir John le Couteur says that there are certainly even a dozen of that breed in the island, and that they and their progeny are discarded at the Cattle Shows.

The secret of the great development of these cattle for the production of cream and butter lies in the fact that for a very long time no other characteristic was considered in their selection. The old Jersey cow was an exceedingly ungainly, raw-boned creature, with nothing to recommend her but her beautiful head, which no neglect has been able to spoil, and the all-important one of rich productiveness. They had the disadvantage of not fattening well when their milking days were over.

Some of the animals of Jersey are of uniform grayish color, with an entire absence of white, and with black tufts at the end of their tails. Some of these have also black tongues. It seems to be the fashion in England—and an effort has been made to introduce it into this country—to have the cattle of Jersey cows of these colors only. This appears at first blush an entirely innocent aim; but the practical result is that, higher prices being paid for animals of the desired color than for others, farmers themselves are getting to attach great value to calves of the favorite hue. Consequently, no but cat had recently a guest of a chance for his life, no matter if his dam were the best dairy cow that Jersey ever saw, if he had a fleck of white anywhere about him; while the calf of a cow quite worthless for practical purposes was sure to escape the merciful knife, if only he were of solid color and had "black points." Upon the effect of a few generations of such breeding as this, it is, of course, unnecessary to descant. So long as the Jersey cow retains her present value for the dairy, and is sure of a good market. When her only merit shall become that of gray coats and black switches, she will come in competition with the similarly colored animals of the whole south of Europe. Where counsels are now prevailing, and the officers of the Royal Agricultural Society of Jersey have denounced the practice as suicidal.

Thus far this fancy has only begun to prevail. While one sees in the Saturday market at St. Helier's a large preponderance of the fancy-colored animals offered for sale, and while these constitute the bulk of the numerous drafts sent to Southampton, the older strains of the island maintain their old standard of excellence and variety beauty. Very many of them are deficient in the matter of form, and are inclined to sway backs or sloping rumps; but most uniform excellence for the dairy, combined with almost universal beauty, can nowhere else be found than in the fields and sunlit orchards, into which every opening in the beautiful fence-rows of Jersey gives a glimpse.

The useful characteristics of the Jersey cow are the result of continued breeding for a useful result, but her other characteristics of gentleness and docility are due to the fact of long generations of kind personal care and of the constant presence of man—or rather of woman—for in Jersey the women take almost exclusive charge of the cattle. From their earliest calfhood they are never at liberty, but are always tethered to iron pins driven into the ground, being moved several times a day to fresh grass.

Owing to the mildness of the climate they are kept out during a much larger portion of the year than would be possible with us, and in some seasons they are but little housed except at night. Their grass food is supplemented with parsnips and other roots, which are raised very largely. The custom of tethering compels them to eat more closely than they would do in open pasture, and enables a much larger number to be kept on a limited area. Doubtless their product is somewhat less than it would be if they had the free range of large, good pastures, selecting only the choicest bits of grass.

Bearing in mind the fact that Jersey is only about as large as Staten Island, and that it has over two thousand land-owners, one may well be surprised to learn that the census of 1872 returned 10,911 horned cattle (all of the one breed) as being kept there. Not far from two thousand of the animals are annually exported. Most of these are young heifers, and they return to the farmers an average of $100 each. The highest price of which I have knowledge was 100 guineas (about $600), paid by an American.

The dairies of Jersey are rather curious and instructive. They are usually small, and their product is generally much inferior to that of American dairies where the same cows are kept. One Jersey practice might, however, with advantage be adopted here—that is, the manner of milking. They milk, not into a pail, but into a narrow-necked, jug-shaped can, the mouth of which is closed with muslin, tied on so loosely that it sags down some inches into the opening. In the bottom of this is laid a clean sea-shell, to receive the stream of milk and prevent its wearing the cloth. The milk flows over the edge of the shell, and, as it passes through the cloth, is perfectly strained of any impurity that may fall from the cow's udder. When the milking is done in the stable this cloth has the additional effect of excluding foul odors.

If Mr. Waring is enthusiastic lover the charms of the English island, the editor pays a tribute, though less glowing, yet equally just, to the merits of the Queen City of the West.

Cincinnati, with all its drawbacks, is intellectually and artistically alive. More than that, its people, though accounted slow in the latitude of Chicago, and given over to material things in the polite society of Boston, are intelligently public-spirited and grandly self-sacrificing. There is not a city in the Union where so much is doing at this time for polite culture, as in Cincinnati. A few weeks ago a musical festival was celebrated there, conducted by our prince of musicians, Theodore Thomas. He found there an orchestra which he immediately incorporated with his own, and which melted into it without a jar—its equal in all particulars. He found a chorus of a thousand well-trained voices, gathered alike from the humbler and higher walks of life. He found a chorus of two thousand public-school children, trained in music as no other public-school children have ever been trained in this country. Through seven magnificent performances, following in rapid succession, and including such works as Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and the Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, he led all these musicians from triumph to triumph, in the presence of charmed and applauding crowds, gathered from every part of the country. The festival was perhaps the greatest musical achievement of which our new country can boast—greater than New-York has ever known—a treat beyond New-York's present possibilities. This triumph was due to unity of spirit and purpose, and loyalty to all the conditions of success. Girls of the best culture, trained in music by the best masters at home and abroad, were members of the chorus, who, in snow, and rain, and cold, had stood by the drill master all the long Winter, lasting the whole of Cincinnati on their shoulders and bearing it bravely.

But Cincinnati is not music-mad, nor devoted to music alone. She has a splendid public library in one of the best library buildings on the continent. She has the nucleus of a gallery of art. She has an art school, to which one citizen has given $50,000. The ladies in large numbers are carving wood under a competent instructor. Others are painting porcelain with remarkable results. She has an annual exposition of art and industry, annually increasing in interest and in practical results, and attracting the attention and attendance of many thousands from all parts of the country. Her musical festival was held in the Exposition Hall. She has a new park that will be, when completed, a gem. She has the beginning of a zoölogical garden and a botanical garden. One of the most beautiful fountains in the world adorns one of her squares, the gift of a private citizen. Another citizen has just given $50,000 for music in the park *in perpetuo*. Since the festival, still another citizen has given $125,000 toward a music hall. The men of wealth vie with one another in munificence toward all objects that elevate the social, intellectual, and æsthetic tone of the people.

Now we have not written this article for the purpose of glorifying Cincinnati, any further than justice may demand a recognition of all agencies leading to rate and purify the national civilization; but for the purpose of calling attention every where to that which is the highest use of superfluous wealth and the true glory of a city. Cincinnati is doing for herself not only that which makes her citizens better and happier, but that which makes her respected and wisely attractive. Under the influences which she is throwing around herself, the desire for luxurious display, the vulgarizing devotion to material pursuits, the greed for gossip, the false standards of respectability, the boastfulness of ignorance, will go out; and, in a hundred years, she will arrive at a higher civilization than the cities of the Old World have attained in a thousand. Material growth and prosperity are of little moment if they are not accompanied by generous culture. A city that has nothing to boast of but its wealth and its growth is necessarily vulgar and contemptible. A city may be without a character as truly as a man may be. To have a city's head full of projects connected with the culture of the brain and the taste is a great deal better than to have it filled with corner lots and the price of wheat. It is well to get rich, but when one is rich it is necessary to have culture in order that life be worth living.

Well, we congratulate Cincinnati on its noble beginnings. We trust it will not get weary in its well-doing, but that it will continue to be, what it now undoubtedly is, an inspiring example for all the young cities of the country.

Among the contents of this number, there are lively articles entitled "A Middy in Manila" and "Along the Seine," and an elaborate discussion of "Education and Free Thought," with special reference to the theories of the elder and younger Mill.

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He appointed one of them,
And Simon Peter answering said,
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