NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOUTHERN EUROPEAN LIFE AND ART.
SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. 2 vols., 8vo. Harper & Brothers.

The classical accomplishments and brilliant imagination of the author of this volume have clothed the natural scenery and artistic productions of Southern Europe in the gorgeous colors of romance, while preserving a fidelity of delineation in his picturesque sketches that is rarely attained even by the most prosaic writers. In the first chapter Mr. Symonds sets forth the charms of the celebrated Cornice Road from Genoa to Nice, while it was still the great highway of Mediterranean travel unimpaired by the gloomy tunnels and noisy rattle of the modern rail. It was a dull afternoon in Winter when he started from Nice and drove across the mountains to Mentone. A thick mist hung over hill and sea. When the fog sometimes broke, Villa Franca was seen lying green and flat in the deep blue below, at other times a distant view of higher peaks swam into sight from the shifting cloud. The scene was desolate. On reaching Mentone, for the next day and two whole nights the hoarse sea was heard to beat and thunder on the beach. The rain and wind kept driving from the south. It was Sunday morning when the travellers found that the rain was gone, the sun was shining brightly on the sea, and a clear north wind was blowing cloud and mist away. Out upon the hills everything was beautiful. Hill and vale were full of garden walks. They passed through lemon groves, with their pale, golden, tender trees, and olive trees stretching their gray boughs against the lonely cottage tiles, till they reached the pines and heath above. The valleys are cultivated to the height of about five hundred feet above the sea. Beyond this level a tangled growth of heaths and arbutus, pines and rosemaries and myrtles, continue the vegetation until it finally ends in bare gray rocks and peaks more than a thousand feet in height. Far above all signs of cultivation on these arid peaks you may still see villages and ruined castles, built centuries ago for protection against the Moorish pirates:—

We do not often scale these altitudes, but keep along the terraced glades by the side of olive-shaded streams. The violets, instead of peeping shyly from hedgerows, fall in ripples and cascades over mossy walls among maidenhair and spleenworts. They are very sweet, and the sound of trickling water seems to mingle their fragrance in a most delicious harmony. Sound, smell and hue make up one chord, the sense of which is pure and perfect peace. The country-people are kind, letting us pass everywhere, so that we make our way along their aqueducts and through their gardens, under laden lemon-boughs, the pale fruit dangling at our ears, and swinging showers of scented dew upon us as we pass. Far better, however, than lemon or orange trees are the olives. Some of these are immensely old, numbering, it is said, five centuries, so that Petrarch may almost have rested beneath their shade on his way to Avignon. These veterans are cavernous with age; gnarled, split and twisted trunks, throwing out arms that break into a hundred branches; every branch distinct, and feathered with innumerable sparks and spikelets of white, wavy, greenish light. These are the leaves, and the stems are gray with lichens. The sky and sea—two blues, one full of sunlight and the other purple—set these fountains of perennial brightness like gems in lapis-lazuli. At a distance the same olives look hoary and soft—a veil of woven light or luminous haze. When the wind blows their branches all one way, they ripple like a sea of silver. But underneath their covert, in the shade, gray periwinkles wind among the snowy drift of allium. The narcissus sends its arrowy fragrance through the air, while, far and wide, red anemones burn like fire, with interchange of blue and lilac buds, white arums, orchises, and pink gladiolus. Wandering there, and seeing the pale flowers, stars white and pink and odorous, we dream of Olivet, or the grave Garden of the Agony, and the trees seem always whispering of sacred things. How people can blaspheme against the olives, and call them imitations of the willow, or complain that they are shabby shrubs, I do not know.

At first sight, by the side of Mentone, San Remo is sadly prosaic. The valleys seem to sprawl, and the universal olives are monotonously gray upon their thick clayey soil. Yet the wealth of flowers in the teeming earth is wonderful. It looks as if a flower-bed on a weedy farm had been invaded by stray oats and beans, and cabbage and garlic from the kitchen-garden. The country has no form or outline, no barren peaks, no spare and difficult vegetation. The beauty is rich, but tame. There are valleys green with oats and corn, blossoming cherries and sweet bean-fields, figs coming into leaf, and arrowy bay trees by the side of sparkling streams. Between the sea and the hill is the aristocratic quarter of San Remo. There stands the palace Borea, a stately pile, built in the last Renaissance style of splendor, which once formed the dwelling of a feudal family, but now a spacious ant hill of a hundred houses, shops, and offices, the Boreas of to-day retaining only a portion of one flat and making profit of the rest. There, too, are the barracks and the syndic's halls; the Jesuits' school crowded wish boys and girls; the shops for clothes, confectionery, and trinkets; and the piazza, with its fountain and tasselled planes, and flowery chestnut trees, a mass of greenery. Under these trees the idlers lounge, boys play at leap-frog, men at bowls:—

Lastly, there is the port—the mole running out into the sea, the quay planted with plane trees, and the fishing-boats—by which San Remo is connected with the naval glory of the past—with the Riviera that gave birth to Columbus—with the Liguria that the Dorias ruled—with the great name of Genoa. The port is empty enough now; but from the pier you look back on San Remo and its circling hills, a jewelled town set in illimitable olive grayness. The quay seems also to be the cattle-market. There the small buff cows of North Italy repose after their long voyage or march, kneeling on the sandy ground or rubbing their sides against the wooden cross awry with age and shorn of all its symbols. Lambs frisk among the boats; impudent kids nibble the drooping ears of patient mules. Hinds in white jackets and knee-breeches made of skin lead shaggy rams and fiercely bearded goats, ready to butt at every barking dog, and always seeking opportunities of flight. Farmers and parish priests in black petticoats feel the cattle and dispute about the price, or whet their bargains with a draught of wine. Meanwhile the nets are brought on shore glittering with the fry of sardines, which are cooked like white-bait, with cuttlefish—amorphous objects stretching shiny feelers on the hot, dry sand—and prickly purple eggs of the sea-urchin. Women go about their labor through the throng, some carrying stones upon their heads, or unloading boats and bearing planks of wood in single file, two marching side by side beneath one load of lime, others scarcely visible under a stack of oats, another with her baby in its cradle fast asleep.

Mr. Symonds takes his leave of the Cornice with the remark that for pure idyllic loveliness it is surpassed by nothing in the South. A very few spots in Sicily, the road between Castellamare and Amalfi and the island of Corfu, are its only rivals in this style of scenery. From Cannes to Sestri is one conspicuous line of exquisitely modulated landscape beauty, which can only be fully appreciated by travellers in carriage or on foot. The old palm-growing town of Bordighera, between Mentone and San Remo especially has a peculiar beauty of its own:—

Palms are its chief characteristic. They lean against the garden walls and feather the wells outside the town, where women come with brazen pitchers to draw water. In some of the marshy tangles of the plain they spring from a thick undergrowth of spiky leaves, and rear their tall aerial arms against the deep blue background of the sea or darker purple of the distant hills. White pigeons fly about among their branches, and the air is loud with cooings and rustlings, and the hoarser croaking of innumerable frogs. Then, in the olive-groves that stretch along the level shore, are labyrinths of rare and curious plants, painted tulips and white periwinkles, flinging their light of blossoms and dark, glossy leaves down the swift channels of the brawling streams. On each side of the rivulets they grow, like sister cataracts of flowers instead of spray. At night fresh stars come out along the coast, beneath the stars of heaven; for you can see the lamps of Ventimiglia and Mentone and Monaco, and, far away, the light-houses upon the promontories of Antibes and the Estrelles. At dawn, a vision of Corsica grows from the sea. The island lies eighty miles away, but one can trace the dark strip of irregular peaks glowing amid the gold and purple of the rising sun. If the air is clear and bright, the snows and overvaulting clouds which crown its mountains shine all day, and glitter like an apparation in the bright blue sky. "Phantom fair," half raised above the sea, it stands, as unreal and transparent as the moon when seen in April sunlight, yet not to be confounded with the shape of any cloud. If Mentone speaks of Greek legends, and San Romolo restores the monastic past, we feel ourselves at Bordighera transported to the East; and lying under its tall palms can fancy ourselves at Tyre or Daphne, or in the gardens of a Moslem prince.

Perugia is described by Mr. Symonds as the empress of hill-set Italian cities. Toward the south from her high-built battlements and church towers the eye can sweep a circuit of the Apennines unrivalled in its width. "From cloudlike Radicofani, above Siena in the west, to snow-capped Monte Catria, beneath whose summit Dante spent those saddest months of solitude in 1313, the mountains curve continuously in lines of austere dignity and tempered sweetness. Assisi, Spoleto, Todi, Trevi crown lesser heights within the range of vision. Here and there the glimpse of distant rivers lights a silver spark upon the plain. Those hills conceal Lake Thrasymene; and there lies Orvieto, and Ancona there; while at our feet the Umbrian champaign, breaking away into the valley of the Tiber, spreads in all the largeness of majestically converging mountain slopes. This is a landscape which can never lose its charm. Whether it be purple golden Summer, or Winter with sad tints of russet woods and faintly rosy snows, or Spring attired in tenderest green of new-fledged trees and budding flowers, the air is always pure and light and finely tempered here. City gates, sombre as their own antiquity, frame vistas of the laughing fields. Terraces, flanked on either side by jutting masonry, cut clear vignettes of olive-hoary slopes, with cypress-shadowed farms in hollows of the hills. Each coign or point of vantage carries a bastion or tower of Etruscan, Roman, mediæval architecture, tracing the limits of the town upon its mountain plateau. Everywhere art and nature lie side by side in amity beneath a sky so pure and delicate that from its limpid depth the spirit seems to drink new life. What air-tints of lilac, orange and pale amethyst are shed upon those vast ethereal hills and undulating plains! What wandering cloud-shadows sail across this sea of olives and of vines, with here and there a fleece of vapor or a column of blue smoke from charcoal-burners on the mountain flank! To southward, far away beyond those hills, is felt the presence of eternal Rome, not seen, but clearly indicated by the hurrying of a hundred streams that swell the Tiber." The neighborhood of the town affords much to attract the student of antiquities, or art, or history. No city illustrates more forcibly the violent contrasts of the earlier Renaissance. The name of Perugia suggests at once the painter who more than any other gave expression to devout emotions in consummate works of religious art. The students of mediæval history in detail well know Perugia as the lair of one of the most ferocious breeds of heroic ruffians which Italy can boast. Her name to them presents the great house of the Baglioni, who drenched Umbria with blood, and gave the broad fields of Assisi to the wolf, and who through six successive generations bred captains for the armies of Venice, Florence, Naples, and the Church. The art of Perugino implied a large number of devout and wealthy patrons, who were not only capable of comprehending him, but eager to restrict his great powers to purely devotional delineation. The feuds of the Baglioni, on the other hand, implied a society in which egregious crimes only needed success to be accounted glorious, where force, cruelty, and cynical craft reigned supreme, and where the animal instincts attained gigantic proportions in the persons of splendid young athletic despots. In Perugia, in a word, beneath the fierce blaze of the Renaissance, were brought into glowing contrast both the martial violence and the religious sentiment of mediævalism, raised for a moment to the elevation of fine art. The contrast between the bloody scenes described by the historians of the period and the placid indifference of modern society is the subject of one of the author's most vivid characteristic pictures:—

After reading the chronicle of Matarazzo at Perugia through one Winter day, I left the inn and walked at sunset to the blood-bedabbled cathedral square; for still those steps and pavements to my strained imagination seemed reeking with the outpoured blood of Baglioni; and on the ragged stonework of San Lorenzo red patches slanted from the dying day. Then by one of those strange freaks of the brain to which we are all subject, for a moment I lost sight of untidy Gothic facades and gaunt, unfinished church walls; and as I walked, I was in the Close of Salisbury on a perfumed Summer afternoon. The drowsy scent of lime-flowers and mignonette, the cawing of elm-cradled rooks, the hum of bees above, the velvet touch of smooth-shorn grass, and the breathless shadow of motionless green boughs made up one potent and absorbing mood of the charmed senses. Far overhead soared the calm gray spire into the infinite air, and the perfection of accomplished beauty slept beneath in those long lines of nave and choir and transepts. It was but a momentary dream, a thought that burned itself upon a fancy overtaxed by passionate images. Once more the puppet-scene of the brain was shifted; once more I saw the bleak, bare flags of the Perugian piazza, the forlorn front of the Duomo, the bronze griffin, and Pisano's fountain, with here and there a flake of that tumultuous fire which the Italian sunset sheds. Who shall adequately compare the two pictures? Which shall we prefer, the Close of Salisbury, with its sleepy bells and cushioned ease of immemorial deans, or this poor threadbare passion of Perugia, where every stone is stained with blood, and where genius in painters and scholars and prophets and ecstatic lovers has throbbed itself away to nothingness? It would be foolish to seek an answer to this question, idle to institute a comparison, for instance, between those tall young men with their broad Winter cloaks, who remind me of Grifonetto, and the vergers pottering in search of shillings along the gravel-paths of Salisbury. It is more rational, perhaps, to reflect of what strange stuff our souls are made in this age of the world, when æsthetic pleasures, full, genuine, and satisfying, can be communicated alike by Perugia with its fascination of a dead, irrevocable, dramatic past, and Salisbury, which finds the artistic climax of its English comfort in the "angel of the house." From Matarazzo, smitten with a Greek love for the beautiful Grifonetto, to Mr. Patmore, is a wide step.

Mr. Symonds's chapter entitled "Thoughts in Rome about Christmas" affords a specimen of the refined speculative suggestions, clothed in a shining garb of poetic prose, in which, with the exception of Mr. Ruskin, he has no prototype in the whole field of English literature. On a journey to Rome by the way of Siena, with the landscape lighted up by a brilliant sun like that of a late September day, he was pursued by the thought whether Christmas in Italy was the same as Christmas in England, with the loads of holly and mistletoe brought into the towns on country carts. He arrived in time to hear the midnight services on Christmas eve in the Sistine Chapel and St. John of Lateran, to breathe the dust of decayed shrines, to wonder at doting cardinals begrimed with dust and to resent the bad taste of the conceited Englishmen who made a mockery of the palsy-stricken ceremonies. There were nine cardinals going to sleep, nine train-bearers talking scandal, and twenty huge, handsome Switzers in the dress devised by Michael Angelo. The choir, caged off by a gilded railing, gave out a continual nasal drone, of which were caught at intervals the words, "Sæcula, sæculorum, amen." The chapel blazed with light, and very strange did Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, and his Sibyls, and his Prophets, appear upon the roof above the motley crowd:—

Next morning I put on my dress-clothes and white tie and repaired, with groups of Englishmen similarly attired, and of Englishwomen in black crape (the regulation costume), to St. Peter's. It was a glorious and cloudless morning; sunbeams streamed in columns from the southern windows, falling on the vast space full of soldiers and a mingled mass of every kind of people. Up the nave stood double files of the pontifical guard. Monks and nuns mixed with the Swiss cuirassiers and halberds. *Contadini* crowded round the sacred images, and especially round the toe of St. Peter. I saw many mothers lift their swaddled babies up to kiss it. Valets of cardinals, with the invariable red umbrellas, hung about side chapels and sacristies. Purple-mantled *monsignori*, like emperor butterflies, floated down the aisles from sunlight into shadow. Movement, color and the stir of expectation made the church alive. We showed our dress-clothes to the guard, were admitted within their ranks, and solemnly walked up toward the dome. There, under its broad canopy, stood the altar, glittering with gold and candles. The choir was carpeted and hung with scarlet. Two magnificent thrones rose ready for the Pope. Guards of honor, soldiers, attachés, and the élite of the residents and visitors in Rome were scattered in groups, picturesquely varied by ecclesiastics of all orders and degrees. At 10 a stirring took place near the great west door. It opened, and we saw the procession of the Pope and his cardinals. Before him marched the singers and the blowers of the silver trumpets, making the most liquid melody. Then came his Cap of Maintenance and three tiaras; then a company of mitred priests; next the cardinals in scarlet; and last, aloft beneath a canopy upon the shoulders of men, and flanked by the mystic fans, advanced the Pope himself, swaying to and fro like a Lama or an Aztec king. Still the trumpets blew most silverly, and still the people knelt; and as he came, we knelt and had his blessing. Then he took his state and received homage. After this the choir began to sing a mass of Palestrina's, and the deacons robed the Pope. Marvellous putting-on and taking-off of robes and tiaras and mitres ensued, during which there was much bowing and praying and burning of incense. At last, when he had reached the highest stage of sacrificial sanctity, he proceeded to the altar, waited on by cardinals and bishops. Having censed it carefully, he took a higher throne and divested himself of part of his robes. Then the mass went on in earnest till the moment of consecration, when it paused, the Pope descended from his throne, passed down the choir, and reached the altar. Every one knelt; the shrill bell tinkled; the silver trumpets blew; the air became sick and heavy with incense, so that sun and candle-light swooned in an atmosphere of odorous cloud-wreaths. The whole church trembled, hearing the strange subtle music vibrate in the dome, and seeing the Pope with his own hands lift Christ's body from the altar and present it to the people. An old parish priest, pilgrim from some valley of the Apennines, who knelt beside me, cried and quivered with excess of adoration. The great tombs around, the sculptured saints and angels, the dome, the volumes of light and incense and unfamiliar melody, the hierarchy ministrant, the white and central figure of the Pope, the multitude, made up an overpowering scene. What followed was comparatively tedious. My mind again went back to England, and I thought of Christmas services beginning in all village churches and all cathedrals throughout the land—their old familiar hymn, their anthem of Handel, their trite and sleepy sermons. How different the two feasts are—Christmas in Rome, Christmas in England; Italy and the North; the spirit of Latin and the spirit of Teutonic Christianity!

The tourist in Europe who wishes to enjoy the highest intellectual uses from his long journey will find his account in making these volumes the subject of intelligent and earnest study before his departure. Without some serious preparation of this kind, he is like a man attempting to thread the mazes of a labyrinth, with no clew in his hand, and with a bandage over his eyes. For all practical interest in a large part of his excursion, he might as well leave his travelling boxes and his letter of credit behind. With such a guide as Mr. Symonds, a new light is thrown on the path of the tourist, the poetry of travel becomes blended with the facts of history, even the names of foreign places are surrounded with enchantment, the wonders of art are transformed from masses of paint and marble into living realities, and the tour of Europe is made the commencement of a liberal education.

THE NEW BOOLAK MUSEUM.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Feeling assured that it will be read with interest by my American friends, I beg to forward the subjoined translation of a letter which I have just received from Mariette Pacha, descriptive of the new Boolak Museum, at Boolak, Cairo. The illustrious discoverer of the Serapeum needs no introduction from my pen; but it may be as well to remind your readers that the Boolak collection (now one of the richest in the world) had no existence twenty years ago, and that its treasures are entirely the result of Mariette Pacha's excavations in Egypt and Nubia. I am, sir, yours truly, AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, April 24, 1880.

THE MUSEUM, Boolak, April 5, 1880.

MADAM: Knowing the interest you take in Egyptian antiquities and in our new arrangements, I hasten to forward you the following particulars: I tell you nothing new when I inform you that the old Boolak Museum, having been seriously damaged by more than one unusually high Nile, could no longer (unless radically transformed) be trusted to serve the purpose to which it was devoted. The walls were tottering, the soil had become saturated and boggy, and many of our monuments would have perished had we not taken the precaution of removing them to a place of safety. For a whole year the museum has been closed for purposes of renovation, or rather, the collection being for a whole year packed away in cases, there has been no museum at all. Now, however, a new museum, rebuilt, reorganized, and augmented by a large number of monuments, occupies the site of the former structure. It is of this new museum that I proceed to give you a description. The new Boolak Museum stands precisely where its predecessor stood. It is built on the same plan, and it is of the same dimensions; but the soil has been considerably elevated, and the ceilings of the various halls are now much more lofty than before. Thus reconstructed, it seems to me that the museum stands beyond reach of danger from future inundations, and that the safety of its contents is thereby assured. The old names of many of the rooms have been changed. The Little Vestibule, the Great Vestibule, the Centre Saloon and the Eastern Saloon remain as before; but (1) the hall of the Ancient Empire has become the Salle Historique de l'Ouest; (2) the Salle des Hyksos has become the Salle Historique de l'Est; (3) the Salle de l'Ouest has become the Salle de l'Ancien Empire; and (4) the vestibule of the Salle des Bijoux has become the Galerie Egypto-Romaine. Such travellers, therefore, as may now visit our museum, relying for information upon their "Murray's Guide," their "Baedeker," or our own "Notice Sommaire," will find their catalogues useless, and many objects not even numbered. This unfortunately is an inconvenience which, for the present, we are unable to remove. We have, in fact, brought into our galleries a variety of admirable monuments (the results of successive excavations) for which hitherto we have had no space, except in our storehouse. These objects now occupy their due position in the new museum, but are necessarily unnoticed in the guide-books. On the other hand, certain monuments of inferior interest which were exhibited in the former galleries have been temporarily removed; and thus it happens that the guide-books take note of some objects which are no longer on view. All this is very annoying to visitors; but I am at work upon a new catalogue, and the inconvenience attendant upon the present transitionary state of things will, I trust, be of no long continuance. I may add that, besides the museum proper, we possess large adjoining warehouses, which we shall transform next Summer into a set of Galeries Annexes. In these Galeries Annexes we propose to install the objects now excluded from the museum, and they will stand to the museum proper in much the same relation as the Salon des Refusés stood some few years ago, to the Exposition des Beaux Arts in Paris. The public will be admitted to them. The general physiognomy of the new Boolak Museum is distinguished by certain special characteristics which it is important I should explain to you. I consider that the new Boolak Museum may, above all else, be styled a Museum of the Ancient Empire. The Salle de l'Ancien Empire is, in fact, unique in the world, both as regards the number and importance of the monuments which it contains. It is in this hall that we find, surrounded by statues, libation-tables, and stelæ innumerable, the priceless Chephren (Shafra), the wooden statue which our Arabs call the "Sheykh-el-Beled"; the two statues of Meydoom, the wooden panels of Hesi, the statue of the priest Ra-nefer, the sarcophagus of Koo-foo-Ankh, the stone of Cheops (Shoofoo), the autobiographical inscription of Una, etc. It is to be remembered that the ancient Empire plunges us into a past so remote that it is literally lost in the night of time. In these monuments, we see man for the first time awaking to history and to civilization. It is in this sense that the Boolak Museum is without a rival; and, surveying the enormous array of objects here assembled, I almost forget that the collection has cost me not less than twenty years of labor. History is not forgotten in the new Boolak Museum. We do not, it is true, possess the royal statues of Turin, nor, unhappily for us, the magnificent papyri of London. But we can at all events display, with a certain sense of satisfaction, the fine stelæ of Gebel Barkal, which have revealed a wholly unknown chapter of Egyptian history; the great stela of Thothmes III., which preserves for us the text of a hymn of victory composed by some contemporary poet in honor of that Pharaoh; the stone of Alexander II.; the before-mentioned stone of Cheops; the Stone of San*, so much more precious than the Rosetta Stone, because it is complete in all three writings;† not forgetting the Tablet of Sakkarah, the enigmatic stela of the year 400, and the inestimable collection of monuments of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, which have been to us as a lifted curtain, revealing a scene of which we previously knew nothing whatever. You will perceive that history plays a sufficiently important part in the general aspect of the new Boolak Museum. I just now remarked, madam, that our museum might fitly be styled a Museum of the Ancient Empire. We might, however, quite as appropriately entitle it "the Museum of Stelæ," for of monuments of this class we possess nearly 1,000. Four-fifths of these stelæ come from Abydos, and belong to one epoch (12th-14th Dynasties). In these the interest of the whole collection culminates. In these we behold the resurrection of an Egyptian city of the Middle Empire, with its great families, its officials, and all its inhabitants. Grouped, as it were, in a single tableau, I here see before me several thousands of personages who lived in Abydos under the rule of the Amenemhats and Sebekhoteps. It will be useful by and by to sort and compare all these names, and to classify all these professions. Taking for our point of departure the social condition of Abydos under the Middle Empire, may we hope to form some idea of the social condition of other parts of Europe during the same epoch? As yet I do not know. In the meanwhile it is to be noted that we find at Abydos priests, scribes, overseers, judges, but very rarely a soldier. In Abydos the civil and agricultural elements predominated. Was this the case elsewhere? Are we to conclude that the fever of foreign conquest was a malady as yet unknown in the land? And may not this indifference to military affairs have paved the way for the occupation of the country a few years later by those fierce invaders known to history as the Hyksos? Such, madam, are the leading features of the New Boolak Museum. I am well aware that the collection is far from being all that I could desire. We need more statues of the period of the new Empire; and, above all, we need more papyri. With no other sources of information than those afforded by the British Museum Sir Gardner Wilkinson might have written his admirable encyclopædia, entitled "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," but he could not have compiled that work by the sole aid of the Boolak Museum. We are very poor in what are called "miscellaneous objects." That is our weak point. I trust, however, that the gaps in our collection may be hereafter filled up. In the meantime, the new Boolak Museum is a museum of serious aims, and (as I hope to have proved to you by the foregoing details) it is one which materially furthers the cause of science.

Thanking you for your last communication, I am, madam, etc., AUGUSTE MARIETTE.

To Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

* Better known to English readers as the decree of Canopus.—A. B. E.

† Hyeroglyphic, Demotic, and Greek.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Critical Essays and Literary Notes," the new volume of the late Bayard Taylor, will be ready next week at G. P. Putnam's Sons in style uniform with the work on German Literature published several months ago. An English edition has already been arranged for by Sampson Low & Co., who have already published the "German Literature." A considerable number of copies of the latter work have been exported to Germany from this country. *The Spectator*, of London, in a recent number gave it a long and favorable notice.

Among some rare engravings and etchings sold recently in London were the following, which brought the prices named: "Dürer's "Nativity," $122 50; his "Holy Family," a fine impression of a rare print, $410; Lukas von Leyden's "Raising of Lazarus," $150; Marc Antonio's "Paul Preaching at Athens," $50; his "St. Cecilia," said to be the finest impression extant as regards condition, $550; his "Rape of Helen," perfect, $270; and his "Le Quas Egal," $255. "Lady Hamilton as Nature," etched by John R. Smith after Romney, an open letter proof, sold for $96.

Harper for June will be an uncommonly interesting number. Mr. Gibson will have a third article with illustrations by himself after the manner of those which have gone before it, the subject being "Spring Time." Mr. Mason's paper on the "Old Dutch Masters," the second of his series, treats of Albert Cuyp. An historical sketch of Captain Nathan Hale will have a timely interest. Mrs. John Lillie writes on "A Moorland Village," this article being the first of the number, and having nineteen illustrations. Mr. George T. Curtis contributes a paper on "The Strong Government."

English newspapers are discussing the art of bookbinding as it exists in that country, and an article reflecting upon it unfavorably, as compared with French work, has called out in *The Pall Mall Gazette* a letter pointing to the fact that in the year 1879 the Aster Library sent 1,000 volumes to England for binding, and got them home at a cost, including commission and transmission, considerably less than similar work would have cost in New-York. In some cases, however, this could not be done. Duty would probably be charged on bindings handsome enough to be classed as works of art, and in some other cases work might fail to get in free.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL NOTES.

PETROLEUM IN PULMONARY DISEASES.—The *Bulletin de Thérapeutique* states that a refiner of petroleum having been officially prohibited—at the request of several pharmacieus—from the distribution of petroleum in medicinal doses, an inquiry was subsequently instituted as to the alleged utility of the article in affections of the chest. The petroleum of Pennsylvania and Virginia was first experimented upon—a very safe substance, for even considerable quantities, when swallowed by error, have caused only a little nausea. It is found that in chronic bronchitis, with abundant expectoration, it rapidly diminishes the amount of the secretion and the paroxysms of coughing, and in simple bronchitis rapid amelioration has been obtained. Its employment in phthisis has been continued for too short a time, as yet, to allow of any judgment being formed as to its efficiency, beyond that it diminishes the expectoration, which also loses its purulent character. The petroleum is customarily taken in doses of a teaspoonful before each meal, and, after the first day, any nausea which it may excite in some persons disappears.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM AND SEA SICKNESS.—A peculiar kind of electro-magnetic belt has been frequently referred to of late by the London journals as a cure for sea-sickness. The belt is made of a silken tissue stitched and disposed so as to form parallel ribs, and these latter are filled with "Titanic iron powder," which is naturally magnetic. The belt measures at the widest end, which is the positive pole, 6 inches, and at the narrowest end, which is the negative pole, 3½ inches. From end to end it is divided by a kind of rib, which creates a constant electro-magnetic current; the other small ribs, which are parallel to each other, of unequal lengths, owing to the varying width of the belt, and over which they extend for its full length, run obliquely to its central rib, into which they throw their contents, thus giving it greater power. The result of this disposition is that the magnetic power is equally distributed over the surface of the belt, insuring the closest and largest possible contact with the body, which is an essential condition of the cure. When the belt is on, the body is in a true electric bath; and it is the magnetic network thus formed and applied that causes the action of the apparatus to be exercised upon the muscles of the diaphragm—which, by this action, is kept in its normal state, free from those movements that create the derangement of the stomach and produce sea sickness.

DANGER FROM A PHOSPHORUS BURN.—*The Medical Times and Gazette* mentions the case of a young man who, while travelling from Paris to Lyons, lit a match by scratching it with his thumb nail, and a piece of the incandescent phosphorus penetrated under the nail and made a slight burn, to which he paid no attention. But after an hour the pain became intense, the thumb swelled, then the hand, and next the forearm. He was obliged to alight at a station on the journey and send for a medical man, who declared that immediate amputation of the arm was necessary. The patient insisted on postponing the operation for a few hours until the arrival of his father, for whom he had telegraphed. Before the latter, however, could reach the scene it was too late; the poisonous matter had gained the arm, then the shoulder, and any operation became impossible. He died in great agony in thirty-seven hours and a-half after the burn. The case shows the danger of handling phosphorus in the manner described.

AMMONIACAL SULPHATE OF COPPER IN NEURALGIA.—The value of ammoniacal sulphate of copper in the treatment of neuralgia has been asserted by M. Fécéd in a communication to the Académie de Médicine. He states that in cases in which every treatment has failed, even the administration of gelseminum and of aconitia, a cure or remarkable relief may be obtained to the most severe symptoms by this drug. Among the examples given of its use was the following: Trifacial neuralgia of two months' duration, with complete insomnia, was unrelieved by the extraction of teeth, quinine, bromide, aconitia, or tincture of gelseminum, hypodermic injections of morphia, or arsenic. From the first day of the administration of the ammonia sulphate of copper there was a notable remission in the symptoms and cessation of the insomnia. In one case the dose was pushed to eight grains without any other accident than nausea.

AN EFFICIENT DISINFECTANT.—A disinfectant ingeniously composed of one part of rectified oil of turpentine and seven parts benzine, with the addition of five drops of oil of verbena to each ounce, is recommended by Dr. Day, an Australian physician, for destroying the poison germs of small-pox, scarlet fever and other infectious diseases in hospitals. Its purifying and disinfecting properties are due, he says, to the power which is possessed by each of the ingredients of absorbing atmospheric oxygen and converting it into peroxide of hydrogen—a highly active oxidizing agent, and very similar in its nature to ozone. Articles of clothing, furniture, wall paper, carpeting, books, newspapers, letters, etc., may, it is stated, be completely saturated with it without receiving the slightest injury; and when it has been once freely applied to any rough or porous surface its action will be persistent for an almost indefinite period.

TREATMENT OF MALARIAL FEVER.—The interesting and important statement is made in the medical journals of the treatment, by means of iodine, of more than three hundred cases of intermittent fever successfully by Dr. Wadsworth, of Saltillo, Mexico. He has records of 260 of these cases, many of them being chronic, extending over various intervals of weeks or months. In the severe cases, ten to fifteen grains of quinine were given at first, followed by compound tincture of iodine, Mx. to. Mxv.; in the severest cases arsenic was added. In every instance, the paroxysm was arrested within twenty-four hours, and twelve doses, or four days of treatment, were sufficient to guarantee a cure, with the exception of six relapses on the fourteenth day, one on the twenty-first and one on the seventh.

New Publications.

EXTRA 58. { GREAT OPPORTUNITIES for LABORERS AND CAPITALISTS. } Extra 58.
TRIBUNE EXTRA NO. 58, NOW READY. 10 CENTS.
INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES.
STOCK-RAISING, MINING and SORGHUM SUGAR.
VAST FIELDS FOR ENTERPRISE IN MONTANA, NEW-MEXICO AND TENNESSEE, SILVER AND COPPER IN MAINE.
TRIBUNE EXTRA No. 58 is the third of a series devoted to Industrial Enterprises in the United States. In the first, No. 49, the openings for settlers in Texas and Colorado were described. The second, No. 51, comprises Mr. Wilkie's letters from three mining centres, the Black Hills, Montana and Utah. Nos. 49, 51 and 58 are ten cents each, or the three will be sent together by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN DOCUMENTS. NOW READY.
Third Term Politics. By Horace White, 16 pages.
Individuality in Politics. By Charles Francis Adams, jr., 16 pages.
Conditions and Limits of Party Fealty. By Matthew Hale, 12 pages.
PRICE,—Single copy 2 cents; 100 copies $1 50; if sent by mail 1 cent per copy additional for postage. Address
INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION,
No. 8 Union-square, New-York, N. Y.

SPLENDID NOVELTIES, Rare Literary Gems, Artistic Engravings and Summer Fashions in the June number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE; now ready; 25 cents, post free. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th-st., N. Y.

New Publications.

THE TRIBUNE INDEX FOR 1879.
A complete guide to
THE NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR THE PAST YEAR.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
Sent by mail, postpaid.
Address THE TRIBUNE,
New-York.

THE TRIBUNE MINING DIGEST
OF STATISTICS OF
THE MINING COMPANIES OF THE UNITED STATES.
Neatly printed on a card 10x24 inches.
For sale at The Tribune Counting Room.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

THE WOMAN'S EXTRA.
PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR FANCY WORK.
PATTERNS in KNITTING AND CROCHET.
TRIBUNE EXTRA NO. 59, Now Ready, PRICE 10 CENTS.
Containing over 50 Practical Directions in
Knitting and Fancy Work,
with Twenty-Three Illustrations.
Tribune Extra No. 59—sent by mail for 10 cents.
Address,
THE TRIBUNE, New-York

Instruction

For Boys and Young Men—City.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.
SCHOOL OF ARTS.
The concluding examination of the several classes for the year will begin on
MONDAY, MAY 17, AT 9:30 A. M.
The examination of candidates for admission will begin on
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, AT 9:30 A. M.
Commencement at the Academy of Music on Wednesday, June 9, at 10 a. m.
SCHOOL OF MINES.
The annual examination of the several classes will begin on
MONDAY, MAY 17, AT 9:30 A. M.
The examination of candidates for admission to any one of the five regular courses, viz.: Mining Engineering, Civil Engineering, Analytical and Applied Chemistry, Geology and Palæontology, Metallurgy, will begin on
FRIDAY, JUNE 4, AT 9:30 A. M.
Commencement at the Academy of Music on Wednesday, June 9, at 10 a. m.
F. A. P. BARNARD, LL.D., President.
49th st., Madison and 4th aves., N. Y.

J. H. MORSE'S SCHOOL removed to 112 West 38th-st.; ONLY THIRTY PUPILS; thorough instruction and personal care; warm lunches; places may now be taken for Autumn term; two Summer pupils also taken to the seaside. References:
President NOAH PORTER, Yale College,
Chancellor HOWARD CROSBY, N. Y. University.

Art Schools—New-York City.

MRS. LOUISA B. CULVER
Will receive pupils in painting (landscape, flowers, still life china and decoration), at her studio, "The Bella," No. 48 East 14th-st., corner 4th-ave. Out-of-door Sketching during May and June.
References: Mr. D. Huntington, Mr. William Hart, Mr. James M. Hart, Mr. A. F. Bellows.

For Boys and Young Men—Country.

Alexander Institute, Military Boarding School, White Plains, N. Y. Principal, O. R. WILLIS, Ph. D.

BOYS AND YOUNG MEN privately fitted for college. Conditioned or rejected candidates coached. Summer or Winter. Stockbridge, Mass. F. HOFFMANN.

COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE, New-Haven, Conn., General Russell's School. Preparatory to college, scientific schools or business. Thorough physical training by military drilling, gymnastics, &c. Ample opportunity for athletic games, rowing, &c.

IRVING INSTITUTE.—Boarding and Day School for boys; business and collegiate training. Spring term commences March 31. A. ARMAGNAC, Tarrytown, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL (N. Y.) Military Academy. For circulars address Col. C. J. WRIGHT, A. M., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY.
CHESTER, Penn.
Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Classics and English; degrees conferred. Colonel THEO. HYATT, Pres't.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S annual Summer school (5th year) for Boys and Young Men, at his Academy, MEDIA, Penn., 12 miles from Philadelphia; study optional or studies elective for the Summer; frequent excursions, including trips to Cape May, Atlantic City, the coal regions, mineral localities, &c.; send for illustrated circular giving picture of Academy, gymnasium, etc.

THE late principal of a successful private school in this city will receive two or three boys for the Summer at his country home, forty miles from the city, in a neighborhood absolutely healthy, and removed from all temptation. French spoken. Address PRINCIPAL, Care E. S. B. P., O. Box 4,205, N. Y. City.

For Young Ladies—Country.

AN English, French and German Boarding and Day school for young ladies, West End Institute, New-Haven, Ct. Mrs. S. L. Cady, Prin. Send