SOME NEW MAGAZINES.

The North American Review for December is readable as usual, its most striking paper being that in which Gail Hamilton administers a woman's measure of justice to Carlyle. While giving the "Chelsea Philosopher" full credit for what was admirable in him and worthy of praise, she fastens upon his faults with an irresistible pertinence and reveals his vanities and cruelties with such lightning flashes of characterization as are calculated to leave the reader in a state of healthless marvelling. "It is idle," says this critic, "to plead that Mrs. Carlyle was too like her husband, that she irritated him with domestic details; that she was over-jealous, capricious, hysterical, petty. They understand neither the human heart nor the English language who say it. It is not a question of opinion, but of fact. The records of her life disprove the charge. She was strong, discerning, positive, effective, as well as poetic and affectionate. In her head was thought, in her eyes was sight, in her mind was judgment, from her lips flashed wit. All her ways were winsome. She was a beauty and a belle. Was it not of her that Leigh Hunt wrote?

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm lonely, dull, but add
Jenny kissed me."

"Poets do not write such verses of a mere drudge. Tennyson would not come from afar to have a long, quiet chat with a dull woman."

Gail Hamilton has elsewhere hit the blot of this most sad marriage. Mrs. Carlyle was a lady, well-born and bred in delicate refinements, accomplishments, sensitive and loving. Carlyle was a peasant with a glorified intellect, and the coarse peasant strain was always to the fore. If his wife talked and wrote of domesticities, it was he who trained her in them, who snarled to her by the hour of servants and food and all manner of minute household arrangements that should make for his comfort. As son and brother, Gail Hamilton declares Carlyle was perfect.

From his life's beginning to his life's close, nothing of affection or consideration or patience or help or sympathy was wanting to the simple and honorable family who loved him so loyally. Fractious, sneering, unjust to the rest of the world, he saw and magnified all the good in his own family and excused all the defect; with pen and purse, with advice and consolation, with tokens of remembrance when absent, and talk and companionship when present, with unstinted praise for their well-doing and the gentlest chiding and tenderest allowance for their shortcoming, he was never weary of cherishing his kin. Indeed, the heaviest proof against him in his day of judgment is his illimitable righteousness, his divine patience toward them. With what judgment shall he be judged, who showed so clear an instinct regarding the family in which he was born, so stupid a brutality to the family which he made?

Worst of all, out of his own mouth he is condemned. He cannot plead ignorance or blindness. He saw clearly and spoke wisely. He espoused truth with a loud voice and called heaven and earth to witness. If he had practiced his own precepts, his wife would have been the happiest of women; his home the light of the world. He preached an unalterable conviction that justice and truth form the only base on which successful conduct, either private or public, can be safely rested—and immediately based his whole married life on injustice and a forsworn promise. He told his friend that literature was the wine and not the food of life; that household and social duties and enjoyments were indispensable to its symmetrical development. How could this delicately reared girl foresee that he would toss them all aside?

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Could she dream that his way of teaching her would be surbily to forbid her to correct her friend's proof because "you do not know bad grammar when you see it any better than she does, and if you had any faculty you might find better employment for it;" that his mode of guiding her would be to force her to degrade two days over the relining of his beastly, worn-out man's-boots; that he would make her happy by calling out for her pet dog, who was far more solace to her than his master, "Has that vermin come home yet?"

"Let us try," he said, "if by neglecting what is not important and striving with faithful and inseparable hearts after what is, we cannot rise above the miserable obstructions that beset us into regions of serene dignity, living as becomes us in the sight of God and all reasonable men, happier than millions of our brethren, and each acknowledging with fervent gratitude that to thy other he and she owed all!"

Could a girl of four-and-twenty happy summers, blooming in the sunshine of parental love, by any possibility foresee that this man who proposed to lead her upward into regions of serene dignity by striving only for what was important, would make such a caterwauling over his food that every dinner threw her into a panic, though, after his grumbling had tormented her to death, he could declare, "for grace, salubrity, and ingenuity, I have never seen such human dinners;" that by way of neglecting what was important this lofty intellect would whip out his pocket-handkerchief and ostentatiously dust the furniture, though in the light of the eternity which had snatched her from him, he was forced to declare that no such house as hers—"for beautiful thrift, quiet, spontaneous, nay, as it were, unconscious minimum of money reconciled to human comfort and human dignity—have I anywhere looked upon."

This man, who was to lead the woman to strive only for what was important, grew "ever more and more difficult to feed, and more and more impatient of the imperfections of human cooks and housewives. He was most especially aggravating under a change" of housemaids. It is not much that he speaks of them as "that horse," "that cow," "that moon-calf," which, as Mrs. Carlyle protested, was often an injustice to them. It was no wrong that each new-comer had to be taught how to cook Mr. C.'s things, "Mr. C.'s sort of soup, Mr. C.'s sort of puddings, cutlets, etc." This any wife should be glad to do for any tolerable husband, who did not even pretend to compass her serenity. What is unpardonable is that the eater of Mr. C.'s soup should have forced the teacher of Mr. C.'s soup-maker to go down three pairs of stairs into the kitchen. A man who is able to own three pairs of stairs can never be pardoned for setting his wife at the top, to run over them every time she speaks to her cook, while himself absorbs the convenient floors between.

"Need I remind your warm and generous heart that the love which will not make sacrifices to its object is no proper love? Alas, without deep sacrifices on both sides, the possibilities of our union is an empty dream. To me, I confess, the union with such a spirit as yours might be is worth all price but the sacrifice of those very principles which would enable one to deserve and enjoy it."

How could she infer that through a long life Carlyle would steadfastly refuse to sacrifice anything to her? Whenever he was hurt, he howled. Just so far as he could, he interposed his wife's person between himself and the hard knuckles of fate. The blows fell on her with unremitting severity, and he never winced. Indeed, the hardest of them were dealt by himself. He who found language too poor to portray the virtues of his own mother, criticised her mother with a brutal frankness to which no mentioned trait of her in all these volumes lends necessity. As she appears even through his captious lens, she was graceful, vivacious, tender, wise—worthy mother of her daughter.

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Not content with maligning her to her daughter, he allowed his insensibility to becloud his veracity, and implicated her relations with her dead husband, whom he never knew, and of which he had not the shadow of a right to speak.

It has been Carlyle's great pretense and great praise that he hated shams, but no regater sham than he ever resounded through the world. The only palliation is that he was a sham to himself. He thought he was content with his peasant birth; and in reality his lowly origin was ever before him. He was a noble snob, but he was a snob of snobs. He honored his father and mother, but with a verbal and voluble honor which told how deep and abiding was his sense of their lowliness. Again and again he declared that, if he could have his choice of a mother out of the world, he would choose his own. But that ought to go without saying. He would not exchange his own for any ten mothers. Who would? He would not exchange his father for any king known to him. Proof? He proclaimed himself content to be unmoneyed, unpraised; to go gladly without the world's breath or the world's pudding, but never a man sucked harder for the one or stirred harder for the other, or roared louder at not being able to get them.

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Carlyle was willing, was greedy, to accept luxury on terms which a man should disdain. When Mrs. Welsh, unable to prevent her daughter's ill-omened marriage, and almost equally unable to live without her only child, besought Carlyle to occupy her house, he refused unfeelingly, contemptuously. Two households could not go on together, he said. He must be master of his own house. But he was not in the least proposing to be master of his own house. He was not proposing to have a house. He was proposing to take his wife out of her luxurious home to his father's peasant cabin, and would have done it, had not his father, wiser than himself, forbidden; though, after his wife's death, he calmly recollects that even his visits to his mother, once a year, were "unpleasantly chaotic" and "comprised for both of us (his wife and himself), in respect to outward physical hardship, an amount larger than all the other items of our then life put together." Two households could go on together, it seems, if both were under his harrow. But when Mrs. Welsh finding her loneliness intolerable, left her home, Carlyle could hardly be kept away. He would not live in it with her, but he saw no indecency in turning her out of it and living there himself.

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The Craigenputtoch episode is the type of the life and the character of these two human and inhuman beings. Craigenputtoch belonged to Jenny Welsh. Carlyle, with his marvellous willingness to profit by Mrs. Welsh's wealth, cast his longing eyes upon it. Jenny Welsh assured him he could not exist there a twelvemonth, and that for her part she could not spend a month there with an angel. But eighteen months after their marriage he took her thither, and there she spent seven years with as strong a possession of the devil as is often found in humanity. I speak not unadvisedly. Froude, his admirer and intimate friend, says that "if matters were well with himself, it never occurred to him that they could be going ill with any one else; and, on the other hand, if he was uncomfortable, he required every one to be uncomfortable along with him." This is the incarnation of selfishness, which is devil enough for this world.

Jeffrey remonstrated. He was in depair that the lovely, delicate woman should be snatched from the cheerful and distinguished society which she attracted in London, to be devoured by her dragon in the sour solitudes of Scotland. Nothing had changed. She was not less gay and social. Carlyle was not less contemptuous and dyspeptic. But to the Craig he would go, and then the thing happened which Jeannie Welsh had predicted—disgust. Aleck found the farm ruinous, and went away after four years' trial; but Carlyle had not been there four months before it became to him "this Devil's Den." His wife lost her health and her spirits, but that he never knew. "Jane is far heartier, now that she has got to work," says the unregenerate and indescribable peasant; but Froude, impartial as fate, says, "A mistake on Carlyle's part. Mrs. Carlyle had not strength for household work; she did it, but it permanently broke down her health."

"Jane is in a weakly state still," writes to John Carlyle this ogre, whose ogreness is sometimes fairly comical in its unconsciousness. "Her life beside me, constantly writing here, is but a dull one; however, she seems to desire no other. . . I tell her many times there is much for her to do, if she were trained to it; her whole sex to deliver form the bondage of frivolity, doolhood and imbecility, into the freedom of valor and womanhood."

A pertinent suggestion to make to a woman who was wearing her life out on a desolate hill-top, milking the cows, and scouring the floors of a man who seldom spoke to her and left not a soul for her to speak to within fifteen miles.

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When Jeffrey had tried to lighten the poor wife's burden by securing a place for John Carlyle with a fine Lady Clare, Carlyle was pleased to write:

"I must also esteem it no small felicity you naturally have; that of associating with a thoroughly courteous, society-cultivated woman. No higher piece of art is there in the world. The weak, lovely one will be loved, honored and protected. Is not, in truth, a noble woman (noblewoman or not) worth reverencing?"

Just such a piece of high art, just such a weak, lovely one, just such a courteous and society-cultivated woman was associated with Thomas Carlyle, and he had loved, honored, protected, and reverenced her with his old boots, with his acrid ails, with his violent words and vicious temper and long neglect, till heart and hope died out of her.

It is to be hoped that Gail Hamilton is prepared for an onslaught by the Carlyle apologists in England who have hitherto sought to excuse their idol by the extraordinary methods of sneering at Mrs. Carlyle and abusing Froude.

The December *Harper* is a triumph of artistic skill and pictorial beauty. The makers of the magazine can well afford to rest on their laurels. The illustrations of Mrs. Ritchie's delightful article on Tennyson are in every way admirable, the portraits of Mrs. Tennyson and her sons being especially notable. Of Mr. Gibson's drawings in illustration of Mr. Roe's paper it must be said that nothing more delicate and lovely has ever appeared between covers. They help to idealize the story which gives signs of developing into a curious mixture of sentimental idyl and farm manual. For Mr. Black's pleasant "Gossip About the West Highlands" Mr. Abbey has made some drawings which show an unsuspected power in capturing the character of wild and desolate scenes. Mr. Pyle's Puritan drawings add a potent interest to Mr. Curtis's captivating Christmas sketch. Mr. Howell's spirited and amusing parlor comedy will delight many readers, the feminine portion of them perhaps good-humoredly protesting against his heroine's vulgar trick of eavesdropping. The women's clubs ought to take up for discussion the query, "*Would* Ethel really have listened at the register?"

The Century has a host of good things. Archæologists will be especially pleased with Dr. Charles Waldstein's ingenious account of his discovery of a relic by means of which he has been enabled to restore the worn and mutilated head of the fair Athene on the Parthenon frieze. Beautiful Devon is delicately illustrated in "The Fairest County of England," a paper which should be read by all who care for Lorna Doone. An excellent portrait of Peter Cooper accompanies a judicious paper on one of the most memorable and loveable characters this misgoverned city has ever known. It is not possible to praise the beginning to Mr. Grant's "Society Novel;" it is, to tell the truth, in the worst modern style, and it is grievous to see a young writer deliberately setting himself to such shallow task-work. Mr. James's story concluded in this number, cannot but be a disappointment to his admirers. It is a tiresome record of the painfully uninteresting doings of a number of utterly vapid persons. Even Mr. James's charming style loses when applied to inanities like these. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's article on Mr. George Fuller's pictures is sympathetic and graceful. H. H.'s account of the City of Los Angeles is full of entertainment. The poetry of the number is poor. Mrs. Piatt's prosaic verses, while adapted to the domestic circle, are quite unworthy of the pages of our scholarly *Century*.

Mr. Emerson's sketch of his Aunt Mary Moody Emerson is the most attractive paper in the current *Atlantic*. Miss Emerson was an eccentric person who spent her life, as her nephew records, amid slender opportunities and usually very humble company. With little education and living on a lonely farm, she yet read the best books and thought the highest thoughts. Fettered in many narrow and painful ways, she kept aflame a bright wit and a host of kindly sympathies. A fantastic aspiration toward death showed her most perceptible trace of morbidness. She prepared her shroud "and thinking it a pity to let it lie idle," wore it indifferently as a night-dress or a riding-dress along the mountain-roads. Of course it became old and worn and was indeed only the first of a series of such garments which this ancient maiden of New-England made up and wore out in this fashion. About ideal matters most sweet and sane, she was queer enough in things less important. "When Mrs. Thoreau called on her," says Mr. Emerson, "wearing pink ribbons, she shut her eyes, and so conversed with her for a time. By and by she said, 'Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know whether you have observed that my eyes are shut.' 'Yes, madam, I have observed it.' 'Perhaps you would like to know the reasons?' 'Yes, I should.' 'I don't like to see a person of your age guilty of such levity in her dress.'" Self-taught as she was, Miss Emerson had a rich facility in language and delighted all she met by her graces in conversation. Her influence over her young relatives was great and beneficent, as Ralph Waldo Emerson has often acknowledged with manly gratitude. Hers was truly a quaint and original character; only in New-England could such a country girl have been found.

Sketches of travel rather pall upon us now, but Mrs. Dorr has had the art to compel interest in her lively chronicle of "Bermudian Days." It is freshly and lightly written, and is full of clearly outlined pictures. Mr. Stedman contributes in his passionate little poem "The World Well Lost," the best piece of verse that *The Atlantic* has published in many a day.

The same poet gives distinction to the opening pages of *The Manhattan*. His poem of "The Old Picture Dealer," while in graver tone than "Pan in Wall Street," is a fit companion for that unforgotten lyric. There is a winning tenderness and melancholy in the vision of the old man absorbed in his love for ideal beauty amid the prosaic bustle of Broadway. Mr. Harper's illustration is the best that has yet appeared in this magazine. But why did he not find out what the poet meant by a "Leyden chair?" And why should he have made his drawing so uncomfortably full of detail? The magazine contains a pleasant variety of papers, the one serious fault in its make being the simultaneous printing of two critical articles on Matthew Arnold.

LIABILITIES OF THE EAR IN BATHING.—Cases are reported of rupture of the ear drum caused by diving. The explanation given of these cases is that the water, forcibly impinging upon the column of air in the external auditory meatus, suddenly increases its pressure upon the membrane, while the normal pressure upon the inside remains unchanged; the Eustachian tube permits the air to escape from the middle, and thus there is no resistance given to the external column of air, and, the internal force of resistance being suddenly exceeded by the external impinging force, rupture ensues. The simple rule given for preventing this, is that, when diving, the pressure upon the membrane from without be compensated for by an equal rendering pressure from within; that is, a full respiration should be taken prior to diving,—the mouth being kept shut, and, to prevent the escape of air by the nose, the posterior nares to be closed by elevating the soft palate.

THE BARTHOLDI ART LOAN EXHIBITION.

AN EXTENSIVE AND VARIED COLLECTION SECURED.

If the expectations of those who have in charge the Art Loan Exhibition in aid of the fund to build the pedestal for the Bartholdi Statue are realized, the affair will not only be unusually interesting from an artistic point of view, but will add a handsome sum to the fund. William M. Evarts will open the exhibition, which is to continue four weeks, on the evening of December 3, and General Grant will deliver the address of welcome. President Arthur and the French diplomatic and consular officers are expected to be present.

In the arrangement of the different exhibits it has been decided to hang the paintings, which will number from 150 to 175, in the great south room of the Academy of Design. The north room will contain the cases of jewelry, fans, laces, miniatures, old china, etc. The embroideries will be displayed in the east room. The old sculpture room will be devoted chiefly to illustrations, examples of early printing and stained glass. The skylight will be of stained glass, making the light soft and subdued, and thus showing the missals to advantage. The west room will be given up to examples of Oriental art, private collections in this city, Brooklyn and Boston having been placed at the disposal of the committee. The library room, down-stairs, will be devoted to aboriginal art and specimens of modern wood engraving will be found in the room leading out of the library. The corridors will be used especially for decorative purposes. The idea is, while separating the collections, to make the exhibition a harmonious whole, so that the transition from one room to another will be natural and not abrupt. Furniture and similar large decorative objects will be used, together with stained glass, and what not, to produce this result. Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, it is announced, has consented to throw open her private gallery to the public, upon the payment of an admission fee, during the progress of the exhibition, and it is thought that her example will be followed by other owners of galleries.

The collection of paintings will form a notable feature of the exhibition, and it is said that they will be insured for $1,000,000. Mrs. Stuart will contribute a Meissonier, a Munkacsy and a Corot. John Wolf lends a Meissonier and C. A. Dana examples of Corot, Millet, Jacquet, Diaz, Daubigny and Rousseau. Miss Catherine Wolfe will send a Meissonier, a Fortuny, a Rosa Bonheur, a Corot, a Diaz, a Troyon, a Rargue and a Vollon. Theodore Havemeyer's contributions will include examples of Pasini, Troyon, J. P. Laurens, Charlemont, Meissonier, Fettel and Gierinsky. Miss Davis will furnish paintings by Courbet, Diaz, Rousseau, Ribot, Wahlberg, Corot, Gericault, Michel, Breuer, Manet, Dagnan-Bouveret and Vollon. From the gallery of John C. Johnson, of Philadelphia, there will be sent a Jules Breton, a Jimmer, a Carpentier and a Troyon.

One of the interesting features of the exhibition will be the raffles for the album or portfolio which is to be made up of autograph letters or poems by eminent public men and of sketches by artists. Mr. Howells will send something, T. B. Aldrich and Emma Lazarus have already contributed poems, and George W. Cable will write a few lines. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have also promised their help in making the portfolio a valuable souvenir. Joseph Jefferson is to point a little picture for the book which his friends jocosely say will rival the Corots on the walls of the gallery, and George H. Boughton, Chase, Beckwith, Rosina Emmet, Dielman and Dora Wheeler are expected to send contributions. The portfolio when completed will be reproduced in fac-simile and copies will be sold for the benefit of the fund. All the contributions are to be copyrighted.

The visitor to the exhibition will be able to see among other articles of value the presents which General Grant received in the course of his trip around the world. The Numismatic Society and Commander Gerlings have placed their collections of coins and medals at the disposal of the committee, which will also have the privilege of selecting some choice old prints from those in the possession of Dr. Charles Hall. G. P. Moressini will contribute some selections from his collection of arms and armor. Colonel Frank C. Hawkins, Mrs. J. J. Astor and Mrs. Brayton Ives will furnish some missals, and Walter E. Colton will enrich the collection of musical instruments with three old violins, one of which is a Stradivarius and another was carved by Benvenuto Cellini. The old jewelery department will contain Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's collection of silver and a necklace of Egyptian scarabaeuses, a Persian necklace of turquoises belonging to W. C. Prime, Joseph W. Drexel's collection of watches, Willis Betts's collection of silver cups, illustrative of the sort of silver manufacture in England from Elizabeth's reign to the present day, W. M. Chase's watches and old silver, Miss Wolfe's bonbonnieres, in this jewelery department will be found specimens from the collections of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, Mr. Jesse Seligman, Mrs. Hiles, Mrs. Barlow and Mrs. Bingmore. Well-known artists have consented to arrange the antique and Nautical costumes upon lay figures from the studios. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Belmont will contribute to the collection of fans. The display of miniatures is expected to attract more than ordinary attention. The Cosway collection owned by Edward Joseph, of London, which formed an exhibition by itself recently in London, is thought to be now on its way to New-York. Each piece is handsomely mounted, being framed with gold and ornamented with precious stones. Two of the miniatures from life are of Lord Nelson and Benjamin Franklin. Two others of modern make are painted on cobwebs. There will also be a miniature of Washington by Sharpless. There will be one catalogue for the entire exhibition and this will contain eighty illustrations, every department being referred to.

MR. ARNOLD READS HIS OWN POEMS.

From The Boston Herald, Nov. 25.

Mr. Arnold was at his best yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall, and entertained a large and cultivated audience with readings from his verses, as he modestly called them. He remarked at the outset that the newspapers had told him that he had no elocution, and they must not expect anything of the sort, but that he would read as well as he could. This he delayed a little to chat with his audience about his most famous early poem, "Empedocles on Etna," from which he read the extract which describes the married life of Cadmus and Harmonia. This extract, he said, had been quoted entire by an anonymous critic in a column and a half review of his first volume, "Strayed Reveller and Other Poems," which had greatly cheered and encouraged him as an unknown author, and was written, as he afterward found, by Professor Goldwin Smith, whom he had come to count among his personal friends.

Mr. Arnold's reading of poems has rather more emphasis than his reading of his prose writings, but it is still the reading of a quiet scholar who does not lift his voice above the tones of the drawing-room, and who carefully represses all enthusiasm in voice or manner, and does his work like an apostle of sweetness and light. His second piece was the legend of "St. Brandon," a romantic poem. The third poem was "The Scholar-Gypsy," the scenery of which is found in the suburbs of Oxford among the Berkshire hills. Mr. Arnold read the quotation from Glanvil's "Vanity of Dogmatizing," 1661, by which the poem was suggested. The poem was written just after Mr. Arnold had read Goethe's "Autobiography," and contains a distinct reference to Goethe near the end. The touches of scenery in "The Scholar-Gypsy" are very fine, and the poet suited his voice to the feeling of the poem with a quick sense of its meaning. The next poem read was "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse." In this piece Mr. Arnold showed increased sympathy with his subject, and his voice mellowed considerably, especially in the later verses, in which he poetically rendered his theory of life. Mr. Arnold then said that he would choose a love poem, if he were not too old to read it, and he would therefore do the thing next to it; he would read the piece addressed "To Marguerite," among the poems entitled "Switzerland," beginning

"Yes, in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone."

He then read two sonnets, "East London," whose subject was a Congregationalist minister he met in that part of London one day, and "West London," a sonnet founded on the act of a tramp woman who sent her child to beg money of some laboring men.

The hour was then spent, and the audience were still hungry for more. Mr. Arnold quickly saw it, and proceeded to read his recently published verses addressed to a favorite dog—verses in which there was much pathos and a fine sense of the relations between the pet and the family to whom he belonged. Then, the poem ended, the poet made a graceful bow, amid the clapping of hands, and retired behind the platform, and the hour's entertainment was over. Everybody looked pleased. They had seen Mr. Arnold out of the conventional line; they had, as it were, sat down by the poet's fireside and been admitted to his confidence; something of his personality had cropped out. The day was seized upon by many people as an opportunity to approach near the poet in some sort of fellow sympathy, and the audience numbered more of the literary people of Boston than are usually brought together on such occasions. There was no white heat in Mr. Arnold's manner; he has too much culture for that; there was no enthusiasm either. His manner was good-naturedly cold. Lucidity was the predominating quality in the afternoon's performance. Mr. Arnold's qualities, like Monsignor Capel's, are the qualities of the drawing-room or of the library rather than the platform. He does not sparkle; his humor is a little forced; he is one who improves on acquaintance; his best things are not scattered around freely; and he is best in the cold, clear light of sentiment, and in expounding the best things that the best men have said.

Last evening in company with Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist of Creole life, Mr. Arnold was the guest of the St. Botolph Club, and received many attentions at the hands of its members.

NOVEMBER: A ROUGH SKETCH.

From The Burlington Hawkeye.

All the golden rod is gone,
Tidy dum;
And the dead leaves on the lawn,
Lamity tum;
Tell me that the summer's fled,
And the butterflies are dead,
And the tennis days are sped,
Tidy dum.

Chill November's dreary skies,
Cold and gray,
Seem to tum de dah surprise
Tumti day.
And the sobbing of the brook
In the tall de de di nook,
Brings the tra, la, la, la crook
By the way.

But the dying sunset's glow
In the west;
Lifts its rol de dol to show
On its crest;
By the hill tops touched with gold,
Rum dum dum in splendor rolled,
Tul lal lal in glory fold,
Of the blest.

When life's summer time is spent,
Here below,
And its lum to tum is blent,
Ho, ho, ho;
Winter skies fal lal lal lal del clear
For the ta de da is near,
And the rum to tum appear
Soft and low.

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MISS HAINES AND MLLE. DE JANON succeeded by MME. D'OREMIEULX VON TAUBE and MLLE. DE BRUYN KOPS. Improved methods of teaching. Sent on application. Address No. 10 Gramercy Park.

MRS. J. A. GALLAHER'S French Protestant Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies reopened Oct. 2, at 450 Madison-ave., cor. 50th-st. All branches taught for College preparation. Special attention to Intermediate and Primary classes in both French and English. Separate and limited class for little boys.

MESDEMOISELLES CHARBONNIER'S French Protestant Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 36 East 35th-st., New-York (formerly in Paris), will reopen Monday, October 1. Thorough course in all English branches.

For Both Sexes—City.

FRIENDS' SEMINARY, for both sexes, East 16th-st. and Rutherford-place. Kindergarten, primary, academic and collegiate classes.
BENJAMIN SMITH, M. A., Principal.

MODEL KINDERGARTEN and elementary classes for boys and girls from 3 to 10 years old. Seminary for kindergarten teachers. Reopens Oct. 3. No. 7 East 45th-st. Principals: Prof. J. KRAUS and Mrs. KRAUS-BOELTE.

MISS CHISHOLM'S SCHOOL for GIRLS, 718 Madison-ave., reopens MONDAY, September 24, 1883. Boys' classes separate. Public school methods. Miss Chisholm will be at home September 17.

MRS. GRIFFITTS will reopen her English, French and German Day School for Young Ladies and Children on Wednesday, September 26, at 414 Madison-ave., next door above the corner of 46th-st.

Art Schools—City.

MRS. LOUISA B. CULVER will receive pupils beginning Tuesday Oct. 16, in DRAWING, OIL and WATER COLOR PAINTING, STILL LIFE, FLOWERS and LANDSCAPE, CHINA PAINTING and DECORATION. STUDIO, No. 80 MADISON-AVE. References: MR. D. HUNTINGTON, MR. WILLIAM HART, MR. JAMES HART, MR. A. F. BELLOWS.

For Boys and Young Men—Country.

BOYS and YOUNG MEN privately fitted for college. Conditioned or rejected candidates coached, summer or winter. Stockbridge, Mass. F. HOFFMANN.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Military Institute. Prepares for College or Business. Finely located, healthful and thorough. For circulars, &c., address Rev. WM. C. BOWEN, A. M., Principal.

CAYUGA LAKE MILITARY ACADEMY, Aurora, N. Y. MAJ. W. A. FLINT, Principal.

COTTAGE HILL SCHOOL, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., prepares Boys for College, Scientific and Government School and for Business. JOHN MILEY, Principal.

HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY, Worcester, Mass.; 28th year. For full information apply to C. B. METCALF, A. M., Superintendent.

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

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Penn.—Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Classics English. Degrees conferred. Col. THEO. HYATT, Pres't.

REV. J. H. CONVERSE receives into his family at Bristol, R. I., six boys to fit for college. Reference, B. J. CLARK, Providence, R. I.

RYE, N. Y.—Bradford Mansion School. Winter term will begin Nov. 23. C. J. COLLINS, Principal.

$400 A YEAR for young men and boys at Media (Penn.) Academy. 13 Miles from Broadst. station, Philadelphia. 19 trains daily. Circulars free. SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M. (Harvard College graduate), Principal and Proprietor.

For Young Ladies—Country.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Female College; beautifully located; very healthful and thorough. Superior Music and Art Departments. For circular, &c., address Rev. WM. C. BOWEN, A. M., President.

MISS BULKLEY'S BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson; will reopen WEDNESDAY, September 19. Address by letter until September 1.

MISS AIKEN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for young ladies, Stamford, Conn., reopens Sept. 26. For particulars address MISS C. AIKEN.

MISS NOTT'S English and French Family and Day School for Young Ladies, 33 Wall-st., New-Haven, Conn. The 11th year begins Thursday, September 20. Circulars sent upon application.

NYACK SEMINARY FOR GIRLS,
NYACK-ON-HUDSON
Mrs. IMOGENE BERTHOLF.

THE ELMS.—Family and day school for GIRLS. No. 141 High-st., Springfield, Mass. For circulars address the Principals, Misses PORTER & CHAMPNEY.

TEMPLE GROVE LADIES' SEMINARY, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Twenty-ninth year begins Sept. 11. Send for year book. CHARLES F. DOWD, A. M., President.

For Both Sexes—Country.

ROCKLAND COLLEGE, Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Both sexes. Send for catalogue. W. H. BANNISTER, A. M.

Dancing Academies.

ALLEN DODWORTH, No. 681 Fifth-ave.
CLASSES AND PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING.
Commence Saturday, October 20.
Particulars in circular, for which send stamp.

ALEX. MACGREGORS, 112 FIFTH-AVE.—Private lessons any hour; classes every day; gentlemen's classes Monday and Tuesday evenings; particulars see circular.

MR. P. HARVARD REILLY, 578 5th-ave., has returned from Europe. For terms, &c., apply at the school.

Teachers.

ABLE AND THOROUGH TEACHERS of all grades, tutors, governesses, lecturers, companions, &c.; circulars of best schools free; no charge to those employing teachers, nor to teachers until engaged. E. MIRIAM COYRIERE & CO., 31 East 17th-st., Union Square.

A. MISS HESSE, 36 West 21st-st., supplies competent teachers, tutors, governesses, singers, housekeepers; best advice given to parents on choice of schools. References by favor: Hon. Hamilton Fish and ex-Sec. Evarts.

A YALE GRADUATE, experienced tutor, wishes private pupils; fitting for college a specialty; highest references. Address YALE, Box 44, Tribune office.

AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE, established 1855, provides promptly Best Teachers for Private Pupils, Families, Schools, Colleges. Circulars of Good Schools with reliable information, free to parents. Skilled Teachers always wanted. Application form for stamp. J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., 7 East 14th-st., N. Y.

EPISCOPAL CO-OPERATIVE UNION.—Teachers supplied to schools free to employers; also first-class servants for all situations, at their new parlors, 52 East 12th-st.

TEACHERS WANTED.—Ladies: English, visiting, City; English and Drawing, West, $500 and home. Several Governesses, Gentlemen: Professor of French and Italian, $2,000; Music, $1,200; Three Professors for Southern college. Many others. J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., 7 East 14th-st., New-York.

THE PETROLEUM MARKET.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 26.

The Petroleum Exchange was the only one of the commercial exchanges which was open for business to-day, this fact being due to its constitution and by-laws and the agreement with the conference of the oil exchanges, which forbids closing upon any days other than National holidays and Sundays. The Consolidated Exchange was not open, as it is not a member of the conference. Though the greater part of the day was spent by the members of the Petroleum Exchange and visitors from out-of-town exchanges in viewing the parade (the National reviewing stand being directly in front of the building) considerable business was done with a marked fluctuation in prices, the "bull" element being the strongest. The market closed at the same figures of Saturday's opening.

The range of prices and the total dealings were as follows:

Opening	117¾
Highest	118⅝
Lowest	117
Closing	118⅜
Sales, barrels	3,562,000
Clearances, barrels	9,408,000

Elsewhere the clearances were: Oil City, 7,780,000; Bradford, 7,232,000; Pittsburg, 6,388,000 barrels.

There were no transactions in the refined product.

BRADFORD, Penn., Nov. 26.—Crude oil firm. Total runs, Saturday and Sunday, 100,770 bbls.; total shipments, 121,739; clearances, 10,130,000. United Pipe Line Certificates opened at $1 17¼ and closed $1 18⅜ highest price, $1 18½; lowest, $1 16⅞.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

Sun rises, 7:01; sets, 4:35 | Moon rises 4:54 | Moon's age, ds. 23

HIGH WATER TO-DAY.

A.M.—Sandy Hook, 5:45 | Gov. Island, 6:39 | Hell Gate, 8:28
P.M.—Sandy Hook, 6:05 | Gov. Island, 6:56 | Hell Gate, 8:45

FOREIGN STEAMERS DUE AT THIS PORT.

TO-DAY.

Vessel.	From.	Line.
England	Liverpool	National
Wyoming	Liverpool	Guion
Cornwall	Bristol	Great Western
Devonia	Glasgow	Anchor
Lessing	Hamburg	Hamb-Amer.
Vincenzo Florio	Palermo	N. Y. and Med. Ports
Cienfuegos	Cienfuegos	Ward's
Alps	Jamaica	Atlas
Alhambra	West Indies	Gulf Ports

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

State of Indiana	Glasgow	State
Sorrento	Hull	Hull
St. Germain	Havre	French Trans
D. Steinman	Antwerp	Edye
City of Puebla	Havana and Mexico	Alexandre's

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

Holland	London	National

*SHIPPING