mere picture, the meagre landscape, the paltry genre subject, the utterly useless, meaningless, and unasked for studies that form the life-work of some of our notable modern artists. In walking through the sculpture garden or through the picture galleries, you see an immense expenditure of talent and skill, but devoted, alas! for the most part to the most trivial and unbeautiful subjects. Imagine in the ten thousand canvases that have figured at the last three annual Salons, for instance, the multitude of pictures that have been painted, pictures that can never enter into any harmonious decorative whole, and which, hung as a wall in a gilt frame, can only form a tiresome and unbeautifying patch. Imagine, too, how much skill is needed to paint even a very bad picture, and then reflect how much more profitable it would be to humanity if much of this sum of designing and limning skill were turned into the paths of decorative art and refined and chastened by the discipline of decorative principles. In presence of the ever-rising flood of pictorial mediocrity—dear at any price, and absurdly dear at the price given to it by convention and fashion—we may, perhaps, venture to hope that the day will soon come when people will see that it is a wiser and more enlightened patronage of art to pay $10,000 for two or three masterpieces of decorative art, whether furniture or metal work or what not, than to pay the same sum for four square inches of canvas painted by Meissonier.

In the Exposition Nationale now open in Paris the majority of works, as I have already intimated, are pictures that are familiar to us from having been exhibited at the Salons of the past few years. Among the few new works the six pictures exhibited by Meissonier are naturally the object of great curiosity, inasmuch as Meissonier has not exhibited at the Salon for a longer time and his recent work has remained invisible to the public. Considering the colossal fame of Meissonier—a fame which is to me inexplicable—I am bound to describe these works with some detail. First of all, we have a portrait of the Senator M. Victor Lefranc (12 by 17 inches). Undoubtedly this picture, in drawing, touch, finesse of detail, and faithful reproduction of nature, is comparable to the finest work of Mieris, or any other of those microscopic Dutch masters in front of whose pictures the curators of the museums of the Netherlands considerately place a magnifying glass attached by a chain. Next to this we have a portrait of Mrs. Mackay (16 by 11 inches). On a reddish brown background the model is represented three-quarters length, wearing a black hat tilted over the right shoulder, and festooned with lace in the Spanish style. The dress, of black satin, is cut down square, leaving the bosom visible; the bodice is covered with heavy and close gimp and bead embroidery; a brown plush mantle, bordered with fur, is thrown loosely over the right shoulder, leaving the left shoulder and arm visible, and the model looks straight out of the frame as she draws on her left hand a long yellow mousquetaire glove. This portrait is likewise remarkable for the finesse of the painting of details, but it is far inferior to the one just mentioned. It is hard and utterly wanting in distinction, grace, and feminine elegance—qualities which may perhaps, for aught I know, not be strongly developed in the model. And yet in one of the adjoining rooms M. Cabanel has painted two lovely portraits of members of Mackay's family, sweet, refined, and graceful, and a vigorous and striking picture of a sandy-haired and indifferently dressed gentleman, with a determined air, who, as the catalogue informs us, is Mr. Mackay. But Cabanel's portait of Mrs. Hungerford and Miss Mackay, Mrs. Hungerford with her white hair and dignified face standing out strongly against the black of her fur-trimmed velvet dress, is an ideal portrait of a worthy woman; and Miss Mackay, a serious brown-haired and brown-eyed little maiden in a white dress, onla delicate blue background, is the ideal portrait of a young girl in the spring of life. In these portraits of models that are not even of average beauty, M. Cabanel has put a distinctive and feminine grace that Meissonier has failed to impart to his portrait of Mrs. Mackay. The next picture of Meissonier is a canvas three feet by four feet six inches—a large picture for this artist. It represents a view of the Salle des Mechanix at the Tuileries in 1871. Over a heap of debris in the foreground we see a perspective view of the ruins, with the gray stones bronzed and calcined by the fire, and beyond, through the gaping windows the blue sky, and through one opening the quadriga on the summit of the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. This picture is unlike anything Meissonier has ever painted, and we might be tempted to admire very much the perspective if we did not know that that part of the work was fixed up by his professional perspectevr," a man of obscure draughtsman well known in artistic circles in Paris, a man whom nearly all the artists employ to help them over the difficulties of perspective, and a man to whom are really due many marvellous effects of perspective the credit of which Meissonier has been reaped in particular by M. Gérôme. Next we have almost as large a canvas representing a rich chamber hung with tapestry and red and gold and green draperies. In this chamber a man in voluminous red dressing gown is playing a gloriously shaped organ, while a lady in a green dress, strongly resembling Mlle. Krauss, is singing. This picture, dated 1883, is very cramped in conception and uninteresting, but the mere material painting is solid, although the color is dull. A similar subject treated by Meissonier or Jean Béraud would be more likely to please. Finally, we come to "The Guide," an incident of the republican wars of 1797. In this picture (3 feet 6 by 3 feet) the artist has painted a troop of grenadiers descending a sloping path through a birch wood and led by a peasant smoking a carved wooden German pipe. The grenadiers come down the slope full face to the spectator, and consequently the horses and men are all foreshortened, but with a science and precision truly wonderful. Each soldier has his character of face and pose, and the quality, each detail is faultless, and yet the picture is dry and stiff in execution and wanting in life. It is curious how the moment Meissonier quits a canvas of microscopic dimensions his art becomes narrower and more cramped, instead of becoming broader and freer. The picture sent by Meissonier is the interior of Saint Mark's, Venice, with a woman, back view, praying. It is remarkable, but not extraordinary.

Meissonier of late years has not deigned to exhibit in the annual Salon, and so to hold his place in contemporary art he has to stand above the struggling hand to hand with the newcomers. He has retired disdainfully into his castle and openly given himself airs of an Olympian Jupiter. But now that his pictures are exhibited side by side with those of his great and small contemporaries, he cannot escape judgment, and the general opinion seems to be that this new trial will not tend to increase his popularity. In art there is no excuse. This may be cruel, but it is true. Besides, the fortune that the successful attain in art is so entirely out of proportion with the practical utility of their products, that society disengages itself at once toward success and its consequences, of all the penalties of the old Roman sense of the word. Formerly Meissonier used to violate Renown every six months; nowadays Renown has but little trouble to defend herself, and such works as these exhibited in the Exposition Nationale need certainly not trouble the tranquillity of that jealous dame. In the eyes of contemporary criticism and in the opinion of the young and vigorous French art of to-day, Meissonier, while being beyond dispute a marvellous draughtsman, remains a very debatable painter.

Among the other great attractions of the exhibition are eight landscapes by the veteran Jules Dupré, one of the last survivors of the glorious generation of 1830, the friend and peer of Rousseau, Millet, and Corot. Jules Dupré has already in his life twice entered into that immortality that Rousseau and Millet have attained; in presence of his work we can no longer discuss; we can only admire Joseph de Nittis, the exquisite painter of Parisian elegance and sunny atmosphere, returns to the Salon after a long absence with a remarkable and brilliant picture of a Parisian drawing room, a picture of the Ruins of the Tuileries belonging to the State, and two delicious bits of sunlit verdure, representing an old garden in Touraine. M. de Nittis has one of the most attractive and *distingué* exhibitions in this autumnal Salon. Another triumphant artist, a painter of the cadence of the finest Italian colorists of the old school, is J. J. Henner, who exhibits among other works that we have seen at recent Salons, a new work, "Andromeda," into which he puts all his science of flesh painting and all his sentiment of divine beauty. This "Andromeda" is a masterpiece that will one day find its place in the Louvre. Within my limited space I cannot dwell upon the very interesting *envois* of James Tissot, Cabanel, Jules Lefebvre, Bonnat, Puvis de Chavannes, J. P. Laurens, Hébert, Harpignies, Gillaumet, Gabriel Ferrier, Gervex, Bouguereau, Jules Breton, Baudry, and Leon L'hermitte, the latter a draughtsman and a painter who has not yet attained the place he deserves in public esteem. J. C. Cazin and Bastien-Lepage, two artists whom speculation and a passing fashion have of late years pushed prematurely to the fore, do not gain by mature examination; indeed, the talent of both of these men seems to have in it more trickiness than sincerity. Bastien-Lepage, however, remains remarkable for technical dexterity.

From the list of the names just cited, the reader will notice that several of the remarkable painters have abstained from exhibiting in this new Salon. Gustave Moreau, Carolus Duran, Vollon, Vuillefroy, Gérôme, Benjamin Constant, Ribot, Rosa Bonheur have sent nothing. Among the foreigners Hans Makart, Israels, Willems, Lieberman, Alma Tadema, and Brozik are almost the only important names. The American artists who exhibit are Bridgman (a little child's head); D. R. Knight ("Un Depuis," Salon of 1882); F. M. Boggs ("Place de la Bastille," from the Luxembourg Museum); Dannat ("Arquebuse Sniper," Salon of 1883); and Henry Mosler, who exhibits some of his usual vulgarly-colored Breton interior scenes. In the department of engravings Robert Hoskin exhibits a remarkable series of woodcuts executed for *Harper's Magazine*.

In the sculpture department all the great names are represented, but not always by their most important works. The biggest successes are the works of Fremiet, Rodin, Barrias, Saint-Marceaux, and Mercié.

To sum up, the Exposition Nationale promises to become a useful and interesting exhibition, modified as it will be in the future; and this first exhibition, with all its shortcomings and all its incompleteness, is a wonderful display of talent and a proof, if proof were needed, of the supremacy of the French nation in the fine arts.

THEODORE CHILD.

THE CHOLERA SCARE IN SYRIA.

MOUNT CARMEL, Aug. 23.—If my letters reach you at uncertain intervals, or fail to reach you at all, it is to be attributed to the cholera scare, which for the last month or more has thrown all our postal arrangements into confusion, and deprived us practically of all communication with the outside world. Until the whole of Syria was thrown into consternation by the report that cholera had broken out at Beyrout, we could still depend upon an occasional steamer and the land post, but one day the dire intelligence reached us that our principal city had been attacked, and the local authorities at Haifa, together with all the inhabitants, were thrown into panic, which, for a time, had the effect of isolating us completely in our mountain home.

When the cholera devastated the country in 1865, the inhabitants of Haifax took refuge in the two villages of Esfia and Dahlieh, situated on the highest summits of Carmel, near the former of which, six weeks ago, I pitched my summer camp. The fact that it never reached those villages caused them to be regarded as places of refuge, and the first indication I had of the extent of the panic which reigned at Haifa, was the trains of refugees which appeared one morning winding picturesquely along the narrow path which leads to the village of Esfia, and which passes within a few yards of my tents. There were camels staggering under trunks and loads of bedding, donkeys with Syrian ladies sitting astride, with babies in their arms, their husbands on horseback, their servants on foot behind, all coming to crowd the little village of simple native huts, which was but little prepared for such an incursion; but it meant the hiring of small mud-lined chambers at large prices, and the spending of money, so the population received the newcomers willingly. Huts of leaf branches were put up in the yards, to serve as kitchens and servants' sleeping places, the largest rooms were swept and garnished and spread with mats, and in the course of two or three days eight or nine of the wealthiest Christian Syrian families of Acre and Haifa had found lodgings. The same took place at Dahlieh, a village two miles distant, and we found the absolute retirement in which we had been living, thus unexpectedly broken into, for the newcomers were sufficiently civilized to make calls, and expect to have them returned, and this involved sitting on carpets, smoking cigarettes and narghilleths, drinking lemonade and coffee, and interchanging the latest false reports about the spread of the cholera. For the most part the ladies, who dress in a semi-European costume, speak only Arabic, but their husbands generally speak French or Italian, and have often travelled in Europe.

Meantime a cordon was established around Haifa, and no one was allowed to land from any vessel arriving, no matter where she came from. Thus the post was intercepted both by land and sea. We tried to get news from Beyrout by telegraph, but in order not to create a panic, no telegrams about cholera were allowed to be received from that place. Popular imagination, therefore, ran riot; the stringency of the measures taken to isolate Haifa had precisely the opposite effect to that intended. The wildest rumors were circulated as to the spread of the disease elsewhere, and as to the number of deaths daily at Beyrout. The real facts, as we have subsequently ascertained, were that two Egyptian refugees in the quarantine at Beyrout had died of cholera; that a woman who washed the clothes of the people in quarantine had been attacked and died; that a sentry on guard at the quarantine was taken ill, and though it was discovered later not to be cholera, but sunstroke; and that one doubtful case had occurred in the town.

All this happened during the first week of August. There have been no cases since. We are now in the fourth, and our communication by sea is not yet established, while no European mail has reached us for nearly a month. Curiously enough, the American papers have, some of them, got through, and a SUN arrived yesterday of as late a date as the last London *Times*! have received, so I shall soon expect to see the latest European news in the New York papers. This paper had been stabbed through and through and fumigated. I presume letters are supposed to be more dangerous than newspapers, for they have entirely ceased to arrive.

An amusing incident occurred illustrating the unreasonable extent of the fear which possessed the ignorant minds of the authorities. One day we were informed that even we, residing on this healthy mountain top, were supposed to be infected, and were to be barred access to Haifa. Considering that people were coming to us from Haifa every day for safety, this seemed a preposterous measure, and was the more annoying because it cut us off from our source of supply for most of the necessaries of life. The explanation arrived on the following night in the shape of two mountain policemen at the door of each house. It seemed that a certain Syrian gentleman who happened to be a friend of mine had left Haifa for Beyrout. Arriving there on the very day that the first case of cholera occurred, he instantly bolted, and it was understood, had made all speed to return to Haifa, but was shot by the guards by order, and fearing that as it was known he had been at Beyrout, he would not be allowed to enter, the authorities conjectured, by a process of reasoning known only to themselves, that he had taken refuge with me. On this hypothesis, no inhabitant of Haifa was allowed to enter Haifa, and the police appeared to claim the refugee. So fixed was the idea that it was only after a most minute examination of the place that they were convinced that he had never been in Esfia at all, and the village was let out of the quarantine in which we had been placed because one man who had been one day in Bryrout, where one case of suspected cholera had occurred a week before, was supposed to be in it. The force of panic could scarcely go further than this. The man turned up at the ford of the Kishon, about two miles from Haifa, a few days after. He had been in a village in the Lebanon in the interval, but he was not allowed to cross the river, and was kept for two days and nights on the bank, where he spent them without shelter except such as he could make for himself with bushes, while his friends from Haifa took him out the necessaries of life. Meantime, according to news from Beyrout, steamers have given up touching there, and anybody in this country who wants to leave it is powerless to do so, nor is there any means of sending a letter. I am despatching this by a friend who is going to ride to Jaffa, in the hope that a steamer may touch there which may take him to Europe. We have vague rumors that the cholera has ceased in Egypt, and are indulging in the hope that the scourge has worn itself out, and will not extend to this country at all, and that the intolerable quarantine regulations to which we have been subjected are drawing to an end.

During all this time, one steamer alone put in an appearance. It contained as passengers some unhappy Jews who wanted to land. As they approached the wharf, they were observed by the Camiakam from the window of the room which overlooked the port, and he frantically prohibited them from disembarking. The police rushed to the wharf. The boat was anchored off it, a violent altercation took place, and the native boatmen were ordered to take them back to the ship; furious with the Jews at having exposed them to this inconvenience, they began to beat them with their oars. The Jews set up a howling, and amid an indescribable turmoil, they were rowed back to the vessel, when the Captain declined to receive them. Seeing, however, that they were being ill treated, he jumped into the boat, cuffed the boatmen, and made them row back to the shore. Here the row was renewed, the Camiakam refused to let them land, the Captain refused to take them on to Beyrout unless their passages were paid. Finally the Camiakam took the Jews' money, tickets and paid for them, and the Captain took them on under protest, for they were Austrian subjects with Austrian passports duly visé by the Turkish authorities. They had come direct from Trieste, and therefore there was no excuse of fear of cholera. It is said that the matter will be taken up by the Austrian Consul. It is another illustration of the determination of the authorities to persecute any Jews attempting to make their homes in Palestine.

It need scarcely be said that under these circumstances the colonists who are already here are in a bad plight, more especially as they receive no encouragement or protection or financial assistance from their western co-religionists. From all which you perceive that it cannot be said that the Turkish Government is a pleasant one to live under.

Month after month I have been amusing myself exploring Carmel, making a minute investigation of ruins that have never been discovered before, and cultivating the friendship of those interesting people, the Druses, who form almost the entire population of the villages of Dahlieh and Esfia. I shall hope to give you the result of some of my experiences in a future letter. The more I have seen of Carmel the more I have been struck by the extreme beauty and the extent and varied character of this mountain range. When one restores the terraces of its steep hill sides, of which the traces still remain, clothes the beautiful rounded summits with heavy timber, for gigantic roots here and there bear testimony to the grandeur of its ancient forests, and when we people its numerous ruins with a civilized population, the imagination pictures a region which must have been unsurpassed for romantic beauty in all Palestine; and yet this still most interesting district, which is twelve miles long and about ten miles broad at its base, with all its associations clustering around it, is a sealed book to the tourist, and to this day has never been exhaustively explored.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

The Rose.

I pluck for you, still wet with dew,
Fresh flowers of every shape and hue,
Which neath the skies of your blue eyes,
Shall fairer seem than where they grew.

This bursting rose the passion shows,
Which my poor heart would fain disclose;
Oh! let it rest upon your breast,
And breathe the secret that it knows.

R. S. CHILTON.

Trifles.

From the Philadelphia Record.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave,
And lives were true,
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls so lightly swayed as rushes are
By low or strife?

Yea, yea! a look the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

Les Casquettes.

From the English Illustrated Magazine.

I.

From the depths of the waters that lighten and darken
With change everlasting of life and of death,
Where hardly by noon if the lulled sea be awaken
It breaks as a tired child's breath,
Where hardly by night if an eye dare scan it
The storm lets shipwreck be seen or heard,
As the reefs to the waves of the wild foam to the granite
Respond one merciless word.

II.

Sheer seen and far, in the sea's live heaven,
A sea-mew's flight from the wild sweet land,
White-plumed with foam if the wind wake, seven
Black helms as of warriors that stir not stand.
From the depths that abide and the waves that environ
Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight masks:
And the strokes of the swords of the storm are iron
On the steel of the wave-worn casques.

III.

Be night's dark word as the word of a wizard,
Be the word of dawn as god's glad word,
Like heads of the spirits of darkness visored
That we see not for ever, nor ever have heard,
These basnets, plumed as for fight or plumeless,
Crowned of the storm and by storm discrowned,
Keep ward of the lists where the dead lie tombless
And the tale of them is not found.

IV.

Nor eye may number nor hand may reckon
The tithes that are taken of life by the dark,
Or the ways of the path, if doom's hand beckon,
For the soul to fare as a helmless bark—
Fare forth as a leaf that no wave shoreth,
Nor aught of its goal or of aught between;
A path for her flight which no fowl knoweth,
Which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

V.

Here still, though the wave and the wind seem lovers
Lulled half asleep by their own soft words,
A dream as of death in the sun's light hovers,
And a sign in the motions and cries of the birds
Dark auguries and keen from the sweet sea swallows
Strike noon with a sense as of midnight's breath,
And the wing that flees and the wing that follows
Are as types of the wings of death.

VI.

For hear, when the night roars round, and under
The white sea lightens and leaps like fire,
Attuned of storm and appointed in thunder,
Sits death on the throne of his crowned desire.
Yea, hardly the hand of the god might fashion
A work more strong for a throne to be set on,
For the might of his heart and the pride of his passion
To rejoice in the wars they make.

VII.

When the heart in him brightens with blitheness of battle
And the depths of its thirst is fulfilled with strife,
And his ear with the ravage of bolts that rattle,
And the soul of death with the pride of life,
Then sweet and well-pleased with the tempest raging
And wind and cloud are as chords of his hymn,
There is nought but death in the deep night living,
And the whole night worships him.

VIII.

Heaven's bright bows down to him, signed with his battle
And the depths of its thirst is fulfilled with strife,
And his ear with the ravage of bolts that rattle,
And the soul of death with the pride of life,
Then sweet and well-pleased with the tempest raging
And wind and cloud are as chords of his hymn,
There is nought but death in the deep night living,
And the whole night worships him.

IX.

He hears the word of his servant spoken,
The word that the wind bids his servant saith;
Storm writes on the front of the night his token,
That the skies may seem to bow down to death.
But the clouds that sweep and the winds that minister
Serve but as thralls that fulfil their tasks,
And his seal is not set save here on the sinister
Crests reared of the crownless casques.

X.

Nor flame nor plume of the storm that crowned them
Dishonor them their ancient place of strength,
Life lightens and murmurs and laughs right round them,
At peace with the moon's whole breadth and length,
At one with the heart of the soft-souled heaven,
At one with the life of the kind wild land;
But its touch may unbrace not the strengths of the seven
Casques hewn of the storm wind's hand.

XI.

No touch may loosen the black braced helmets
For the wild elves' heads of the wild waves wrought,
As flowers on the sea are her small green realmlets,
Like heavens made out of a child's heart's thought;
But these are the horns of her dreams, and hidden
Strong fangs that fasten and hold lives fast;
And the visors are framed as for formless faces
That a dark dream sees go past.

XII.

Of fear and of fate are the frontlets fashioned,
And the heads behind them are dire and dumb
When the heart of the darkness is scarce impassioned,
Thrilled scarce with sense of the wrath to come,
They have no part in the sign from of old engraven,
Though peace be round them and strife seem far,
That here is none but the night wind's haven,
With death for the harbor bar.

XIII.

Of the iron of doom are the casquets carven,
That never the river's tide of life
When the heart of the darkness is hunger-starven,
And the throats of the gulfs are agape for thirst,
And among the stars of the night shall the waves be content;
And her faith waxed more in the sun's assurance
For the winds that came and went.

XXIII.

Sweetness was brought for her forth of the bitter
Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's dark,
From where great dawns on Alderney glitter
To the bastioned crags of the steps of Sark.
These she knew from afar beholden,
And her heart within her was vexed, and dizzy
At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy,
For her would the sun stand.

XVII.

Peace rose crowned with the dawn on golden
Lit leagues of triumph that flamed and smiled:
Peace lay lulled in the moon behidden
With the darkness making the world's heart mild.
For all the wide waves' troubles and treasons,
One word only her soul's ear heard
Speak from all stormy seasons to which we have
And nought save peace was the word.

XVIII.

All her life waxed large with the light of it,
All her heart fed full on the sound
Spirit and sense were exalted in sight of it,
Communed with God's glorious face in it round,
Sense was none but a strong still rapture,
Spirit was none but a joy sublime,
Of strength to curb and of craft to capture
The craft and the strength of Time.

XIX

Time lay bound as in painless prison
There, closed in with a strait small space,
Never thereon as a strange light risen
Change had unveiled for her grief's far face.
Three white walls flung out from the basement
Girt the width of the world whereon
Gazing at night from her frame-lit casement
She saw where the dark sea shone.

XX

Hardly the breadth of a few brief paces,
Hardly the length of a strong man's stride,
The small court flower-lit with children's faces
Scarce held scope for a bird to hide.
Yet here was a man's world and a man's station hidden
Between the rocks and the tower and the foam,
Where peril and pity and peace were builden
As guests to the same sure home.

XXI.

Here would pity keep watch for peril,
And succor comfort his heart's mate with peace.
No flower save one, where the reefs lie sterile,
Gave of the seed of its heart's increase.
Pity and succor and peace more meet
Were the root and the stem and bloom of the flower:
And the light and the breath of the buds kept holy
That maid's else blossomless bower.

XXII.

With never a leaf but the seaweed's tangle,
Never a bird's foot on the sea-wet rock,
It heard all round it the strong storms wrangle,
Watched far past it the waste wrecks float.
But her soul was stilled by the angel's endurance,
And her heart was glad with the sun's content;
And her faith waxed more in the sun's assurance
For the winds that came and went.

XXIII.

Sweetness was brought for her forth of the bitter
Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's dark,
From where great dawns on Alderney glitter
To the bastioned crags of the steps of Sark.
These she knew from afar beholden,
And her heart within her was vexed, and dizzy
At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy,
For her would the sun stand.

XXIV.

And forth she fared as a stout-souled rover,
For a league-long raid on the bounding brine:
And light wind bore her her light bark over
To the lone soft island of fair-limbed kine,
And her heart within her was vexed, and dizzy
The sense of her soul as a wheel that whirled:
She might not endure for a space that busy
Loud coil of the troublous world.

XXV.

Too full, she said, was the world of trouble,
Too dense with noise of the things of earth,
And she turned her again to replenish with double
Delight her desire of the things of her birth,
For joy grows loftier in air more lonely,
Where only the sea's broad fain would be;
Where only the heart may receive in it only
The love of the heart of the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

NEW BUILDINGS AT HARVARD.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 31.—The Harvard corporation may be represented as at a pass of great activity, with work being carried vigorously forward on its various new buildings. These include in Boston the new Medical School, located near Trinity Church, and the Art Museum, to replace that in North Grove street, built in 1846, which has become inadequate, and the new hospital for animals, in connection with the School of Veterinary Medicine. The new Law School at Cambridge is far advanced, and its completion previous to the opening of the coming session is expected.

The Jefferson Physical Laboratory, which is auxiliary to the Scientific School, is also to be completed at about the same time as the other. A hundred men have been engaged during the vacation with the work on these two buildings, which are about one hundred feet apart. The laboratory is a plain structure of red brick, with Long Meadow stone trimmings, located directly in the rear of Lawrence Scientific School, and at a short distance from it o Holmes field. It partly occupies the former site of the university shops, which were removed to make way for its erection. Undoubtedly it has ceased to be a matter of news that this institution is the gift to Harvard College of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge of Boston, in commemoration of Ellen Wayles Coolidge, a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. Its cost is estimated at about $115,000. It will have three stories above the basement, and a separate building containing engine and dynamos, erected on the eastern side. It will have a lecture room capable of seating 300 students, and a laboratory above it 60x60 feet dimensions. Its arrangement of rooms for special investigation is carefully planned. These are in the west section, furthest withdrawn from the engine building and from divisions of most general use. Through this special investigation section is erected a double walled tower in view of the study of atmospheric physics. It will rise 12 feet above the building, being at a height of 72 feet from the earth; its sides above the roof are to be formed chiefly of glass. At the centre of the basement has been excavated a section to form a room below its level for constant temperature. One of the basement rooms is to be devoted to magnetism, another is for heat, and a third for weights and measures. The first floor will have rooms arranged for the study of heat, electricity, magnetism, and sound, and there are to be two lecture rooms in connection with a balance room. On the third floor will be also a balance room, in connection with a general library and rooms for electric measurements and photometry. The Rumford laboratory will be located in the second story, which will also contain rooms for the study of optics and electricity. Adjacent to the lecture room of the eastern section, and which is twenty feet high, will be three stories of rooms on its northward side for the physical cabinet; these will communicate with smaller recitation rooms and a general laboratory.

The edifice of the new Law School is entirely different from the laboratory in architectural character, being very ornate. It promises to be a beautiful structure, and for this reason it is more to be regretted that it has not a better site. The building fronts southward upon Kirkland street and Harvard square, but the view of it from any of the situations looking toward its front elevation is interfered with by Holmes House, in the rear of which it stands. The removal of this historic and endeared dwelling is anticipated at some future day. It is understood that this entire plot of ground, where are located the Gymnasium, the Lawrence Scientific School, the new Jefferson Physical Laboratory, and the new Law School, is owned by Harvard University, with the exception of a house and lot forming its southwest corner; that this house was offered to the University by a woman who refused the offer of $20,000 made by Harvard for it, and that this was the one unattainable spot coveted for the Law School. The new institution was finally to be hastened to meet an urgent necessity, as for some time Dane Hall has been deemed insufficient for the increasing needs of its law department. The sum of $100,000 was first offered for its construction by a wealthy resident of Boston, and subsequent additions have been made by him. Its total cost will be nearly double the original estimate. The architect is Mr. H. H. Richardson, the building being in the hands of Norcross Brothers of Worcester. The name of the founder is not communicated to the public at present, although no specially guarded secret here. The building shows an exterior nearly finished, with outline satisfactorily corresponding to the idea of its use, and with Romanesque features of good effect. The chief material is finely colored red sandstone from East Long Meadow, in a grayish brown tone of peculiar soft depth and richness. It is from the recently opened Kibbe quarry which yields a redder-toned stone than the remaining quarries of the locality. With this is used in considerable quantity a gray buff Ohio sandstone from the Clough quarry. The rock-face finish is distinguished by a peculiar effect resulting from varying patches, with light reflected from the soft, red surfaces of irregular depths. The main building has a frontage of 120 feet, with equal wings at either side of a width of 50 feet, making a total frontage of 220 feet. The centre elevation is 60 feet in height, and the wings are 36 feet. The porch is highly ornamental, showing three united extraordinarily wide round-headed arches, the triple arches being supported by clusters of stunted columns with carved capitals rising from a wide platform, which is reached from the ground by six broad stone steps. Above these arches a band of mosaic formed of blocks of black and gray stone passes completely around the building, the spandrels of the doorway arches being filled in with a finer mosaic work in ornamental radiate designs in these two materials, combined with Wyoming Valley bluestone in a pleasing effect of color. On the other three sides the checkered mosaic band is broken at the centre by large horizontal panels of parallelogram form, made up of a combination of circular panels of different designs. In the western panel the central design represents the Harvard coat of arms; from the centre, at the opposite side, the motto "Veritas" looks toward the rising sun; another smaller panel on the wide chimney shows the date carved in the stone. A large amount of mosaic and other decorative work adorns the staircase tower above the porch, and a band beneath the eaves is marked with inscriptions. The ornamental carving, which shows a Byzantine character, is done by the sculptors Evans and Toombs of Boston. Its effect in connection with the mosaic work is rich and beautiful. The roof is of Maine slate, with hip and ridge ornaments of copper, with copper finial on the tower roof costing $100. The merit of the decoration is that of the highest degree, which it is kept in subordination instead of becoming the chief object. The building gains in an artistic sense by the solidity of its granite foundations and the look of enduring strength expressed in its features generally. The main entrance doors are of white oak 3½ inches thick, sheathed with oak strips, the frames showing on both sides. An impression of permanent utility is found in the corridor, where wide, massive arches of moulded brick are supported by granite columns with caps and bases of Knoxville marble. The floors between the vestibule and corridor will have the upper panels glazed and the lower part covered with horsehide leather on both sides, put on with bronze nails. All the doors in the first and mezzanine stories are to be of oak, and those elsewhere of hard pine, with transoms in each case of non-combustible material. The vestibule, corridors, coat room and staircase hall are wainscoted four feet high in oak, with moulded cap and base and upright sheathing.

At the left of the main entrance, and mainly on the range of the wide porch, are three rooms for the professors, and on the other side of the inner vestibule, which is 18x14 feet, is a coat room. The one on the right opens into a reading and smoking room for students. This is to be fitted up with oak lockers lining the walls, similar to the arrangement in Dane Hall, but with a more artistic effect. Each wing is occupied by a lecture room, with high short windows arranged in a closely joining series and which on the exterior forms intercolumniations between slight columns in half relief. The great lecture room occupies the back part of the main building, having the dimensions of 73x59 feet. The seats are to be arranged on seven broad steps, forming a semicircle, as in an amphitheatre, and between the ends of which is to be the lecturer's desk, the light being received from the two sides of the room. The seating capacity will be sufficient for 300 students. The low-studded mezzanine story, which is on a level with the arches of the porch, and reached by a short flight up the turret staircase, contains three professors' rooms directly over the three for the same use on the first floor.

The second story contains a large reading room, 63.8x73.2, a book room, a librarian's room, and dean's and professors' rooms. The third story, which is designed for three book rooms, is not to be finished at present, as it is not needed. The fourth story of the second story, which is 45x29 feet, contains nine sets of double iron bookcases, with iron flooring between the racks, on the same plan as in Gore Hall. The new room is believed to have more shelving capacity than the law library will require for a long time to come. The room occupies the space over the porch and vestibule, and adjoining it on one side is the librarian's room, and on the other a faculty room, to be used as a consultation room for professors; this communicates also with the dean's room, the latter opening again into the students' reading room at the back part of the building. This is a spacious and beautiful room, with arrangement and decoration showing it to have been a ground of centralized effort. The room is well lighted by windows on three of its sides. The high, arched ceiling shows beams of hard pine with three massive trusses, to the lower chords of which the struts and braces are clamped with wrought iron, the different parts of the roof trusses being chambered, moulded, or carved. Here, as in the case of the oak-beamed ceilings of the lower story, a mitred moulding is in all the angles of intersection. The brackets at the ends of the trusses rest on corbels of Tennessee marble. On the north side of the room is to be a fireplace and chimney piece of some importance in the character of its carved decoration. The room will contain fifteen tables, at each of which may be seated twelve students. The spaces between the piers, and underneath the high half-length windows which alternate with others of full length, will be occupied by bookcases, and below the long, low windows will be cushioned seats. In this room, as also in the book room and in the large lecture room on the first floor, are mullioned and transomed windows. The rooms throughout the building are furnished with fireplaces.

FROM THE PAPERS OF MR. BUCHANAN.

Some Highly Interesting Letters.

IV.

The following letters are of the period previous to the nomination of Gen. Pierce for the Presidency, and to the selection of his Cabinet. Prior to the Democratic Convention at Baltimore in the spring of 1852, Robert G. Scott of Virginia addressed interrogatories to all the prominent candidates for the nomination. Mr. Buchanan's answer is given below:

KING TO BUCHANAN.

SENATE CHAMBER, May 24, 1852.

DEAR BUCHANAN: Every day more and more confirms me in the correctness of the opinion of your friends, as expressed to you in my last letter.

Washington is now no place for a high-minded and honorable man whose name is before the country for the Presidency. Every species of intrigue is carried on in the most shameless manner, but with what success time alone can show. It is truly a misfortune that the Convention meets within 500 miles of this city. I presume you have been already informed of the opinion entertained by your friends as to the propriety of your answering the letter of Robert G. Scott. I was consulted, and gave it as my decided opinion that you should by all means do so, as a refusal would inevitably alienate many of your Southern friends, and could not, as I think, seriously injure you in other States. It was almost determined by the friends of Cass and Douglas that they should not answer, but I learned last night that they had come to a different conclusion. * * * I throw out these views. You, however, are the best judge of the manner in which you should express yourself, but by all means answer, if you have not already done so. Your friends here are exerting themselves in your behalf, while in truth your enemies are equally active.

It is now reduced almost to a certainty that Gen. Cass cannot be nominated, and I have reason to believe that many of his friends, probably with his approbation, are turning their attention to Dickinson. Will not a knowledge of this induce Marcy to throw his weight into your scale? I fear some of your impromptu friends have been encouraging the idea that your supporters, should they find it impracticable to procure your nomination, will go over to that little whipster Douglas. Be assured, if that belief gains currency, it will do you serious injury. Cass is every way preferable to Douglas, but I trust we shall not be saddled with either.

May success attend you. Your friend truly,

WILLIAM R. KING.

KING TO BUCHANAN.

SENATE CHAMBER, May 20, 1852.

DEAR BUCHANAN: I have consulted with many of your friends here, and particularly with old Cave Johnson, who takes as great an interest in your success as I do, or any other man can, and withal is a discreet and prudent man, and after weighing deliberately all the consequences which might result from your visiting Washington at this time, has come to the conclusion that you should not subject yourself to the efforts which would probably be made to commit you, not only as to measures, but even to appointments, which your self-respect would compel you to refuse, and this probably give offence to some who are now your friends, and furnish a pretext to others to take ground against you.

While I can but regret that our delegates from the South will be deprived of the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with you, I can but concur in the views of the friends of the view taken by Johnson, Toucey, and other friends, Gov. Porter included. Some weeks past I almost despaired of your nomination, in consequence of the defection of New Jersey. I think now, and am much rejoiced so to think, that your prospects are brightening, and if the South steadily adheres to you, as I cannot doubt it will, you can and will be nominated. Your friend sincerely,

WILLIAM R. KING.

BUCHANAN TO GLANCEY JONES.

WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, Nov. 19, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: I have this moment received your favor of the 17th inst., and hasten to give it an answer. Whether in or out of the Cabinet (of President Pierce), I shall ever justly appreciate your friendship, and shall stand by you with whatever influence I may possess; but I cannot consent that any combination shall be formed for the purpose of pressing my claims upon President Pierce. Much less shall I ever agree to hold out inducements to those who have been my bitter enemies at the expense of my true and well-tried friends. In the former category I do not include Judge Jones, for whom I have always entertained a sincere respect, but ——— have abused me personally as much as any two men in the State. Besides, the latter is the creature of ———, and wholly undeserving of confidence.

I do not desire the State Department, and if offered to me, after the pressure of my claims upon Gen. Pierce, I should certainly not accept it. Should it be voluntarily tendered, I know not what I might do. Should it be forced upon me, however, I shall not be placed in this disagreeable situation. In any event, I should accept it, if at all, with great reluctance. Friends from this State and throughout the Union are daily pressing its acceptance upon me, just as though it were in my power. Besides, when I do not desire the office, why should I stand in the way of friends who throughout the late trying contest for the nomination have so nobly sustained my cause?

These are the real sentiments of my heart, without disguise or reserve, and I have presented them freely, because from your letter I conclude you are under a different impression. They were communicated fully to Col. Forney in Washington on Friday morning last.

With my kindest regards for your lady and daughter, I remain, very respectfully, your friend,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hon. J. GLANCEY JONES.

KING TO BUCHANAN.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13, 1852.

DEAR BUCHANAN: I was greatly disappointed on reading your last letter. I had hoped and believed that Gen. Pierce would have promptly tendered you the State Department, and also have consulted with you fairly and unreservedly as to his selection of the other members of his Cabinet. My fear was that your indiscreet friends might urge you upon him, and thus compel him, from personal respect, to decline the offer, and I