SECRET SERVICE.

HOW BOTH SIDES BECAME POSTED AS TO THEIR OPPONENTS' MOVEMENTS.

Bravery and Hardships Endured by Those Who Carried the News Through the Lines—Interesting Incidents Connected With the Confederate Grapevine Telegraph.

By a Confederate Soldier.

Like the methods of gathering news for the press the means by which generals in the late war on both sides managed to keep themselves posted as to the plans and movements of their adversaries is somewhat of a mystery to those not behind the scenes. It would be mighty interesting reading, for instance, if a full history of the secret service operations put in practice by the commanders of the Armies of the Potomac and of northern Virginia respectively should be written by a competent hand. It would show that there was as much devotion, endurance, and bravery shown by a class who never figured in the reports as by those who made the marches and fought the battles. In this brief sketch I can only give a few instances of the operations of the class referred to (the spies in fact) that come within my recollections as a soldier in the army of northern Virginia.

During the last year of the war at Richmond and Petersburg it was wonderful to an outsider to see how quickly Gens. Grant and Lee called "check!" when either one or the other made a move. It seemed as if a division could not move or change camp, even at night, unless a corresponding movement was made in the other army. Frequent determined assaults were made on Lee's thin lines at various points, but he always

MANAGED TO HAVE RE-ENFORCEMENTS

near at hand to meet them. To do this he had the advantage of the railroad line between Petersburg and Richmond, and the rolling stock in pretty fair quantity, both passenger and freight, was ordered to be constantly in readiness at any point of the line to be cleared for troops at a moment's notice. Of course the cavalry videttes and infantry outposts are of great service in obtaining information of an enemy's secret movements, but the scouts and spies are the main reliance of a general for news as to his opponent's purposes. Take for example the case of the mine which was sprung before Petersburg at the "Battle of the Crater." Although the federal generals had taken every precaution to keep the matter secret the excavation had been scarcely begun before a spy brought in the news to Lee with its exact location and the fort it was destined to blow up. Accordingly a countermine was immediately commenced by the confederate engineers, and as an abundant precaution an interior line of works was constructed behind the threatened fort, and Mahone's division (their homes were about Petersburg and the vicinity) was brought up just the night before the mine was sprung. The trouble that occurred was caused by the confederate engineers not going deep enough with their countermine. The federal engineers deceived them, and so one fine morning a South Carolina battalion of artillery manning the fort with all their guns and paraphernalia

WENT SAILING SKYWARD,

as if a young volcano had burst loose beneath them.

Richmond literally swarmed with federal spies at this time, and the detective system was so inefficient that they enjoyed comparative immunity, and came and went within and without the line of works almost at their will and pleasure. These people, male and female, had but little difficulty in procuring a passport to go from Richmond to Petersburg, but for the last four or five months of the contest a stringent order of Gen. Lee was in force directing the train officers to permit no one whomsoever, from a lieutenant general down, to board the trains from Petersburg to Richmond without exhibiting his personal signature—R. E. Lee, general. I don't think this order had the desired effect of preventing the coming and going of spies, for parties coming from beyond Petersburg could pass on a passport from any petty officer commanding a post. Castle Thunder at Richmond was full of suspected parties, but I never heard of any of them being hung as spies. That they were spies the authorities believed to a moral certainty, but the difficulty was to prove the fact. When one of these determined men entered the enemy's lines he prepared himself beforehand with a carefully-concocted and plausible tale as to the reason of his appearance within the lines, and he was "too fly a bird" to carry about his person any "incriminating" documents.

THERE WAS MRS. VON LEW,

now postmistress of Richmond. She did more harm to the confederate cause than a division of men. She was suspected of being a strong unionist, and a close watch was kept upon her movements; yet none of the detectives seem to have entertained the least idea that she was not only a spy, but the most dangerous one of all. Why, even the confederates must admire the coolness, courage, and shrewdness with which she organized her grapevine telegraph and by her agents kept Gen. Grant minutely informed of every occurrence of importance that happened at both Richmond and Petersburg. That woman deserves to be retired with the rank and back pay of a captain of scouts. Even at this day it is a mystery how the numerous federal agents in the confederate capital were enabled to communicate so freely with each other and to assist prisoners to escape from strictly guarded prisons, when the provost guards and the police and detectives were supposed to be constantly on the alert. Perhaps the solution of the matter may be found in the fact that "soap" makes things move easily, especially when the general demoralization caused by the privations of war is rampant. It is a fact now well known that among the most reliable and energetic secret agents on either side during the sectional contest were women of delicate nurture and high culture. No danger was too great to be incurred, no hardship too severe to be borne, and no surroundings too unpleasant to be cheerfully submitted to if they could but make a point in aid of their cause. Their enthusiasm for the cause they championed amounted to a positive monomaniacal fanaticism. There was, however, one advantage

THE FEMALE SECRET SERVICE AGENT

had over her male comrade. She was not liable to be shot or hung by either side, but a long and close imprisonment it appears to me is the very next thing to being hung. Mrs. Surratt's case is not to the point, as she was charged, not with being a spy, but as an accessory efore the fact to murder.

I have stated that I had never heard of any of the spies confined at Richmond being hung, but I did see two spies hung on Lee's last retreat, or rather I saw their bodies swinging from the limbs of a tree by the roadside a little after the execution had been consummated. It was the day before the arrival of Lee's broken army at Farmville. Two mounted privates, dressed in gray uniforms, rode back and forth once or twice throughout the length of the retreating column, and this in itself created suspicion, for every mounted man was needed to repulse Sheridan, who was pitching into us with horse and artillery at every turn of the road and from every coign of vantage. Moreover the uniforms of these men outHeroded Herod, so to speak, as far as it simulated the confederate uniform. No such brown, broad-brim sombreroes were to be found within the confederate boundaries. They were arrested, questioned by the general, failed to account for themselves and their presence in our ranks, and were by drum-head court-martial ordered to be summarily hung. After the surrender the writer's battalion, having escorted the federal prisoners into Appomattox Court House to be sent to their regiments or exchanged, was lying by the roadside close by a churchyard, where a number of cavalry were grooming their horses, and from their conversation it appeared they were "Jessie's scouts," and the two men hung, as above stated, were their comrades. They jested and laughed over the fact that the two had been such fools as to permit themselves to be corraled. These fellows, if I am not mistaken, were

THE GAMEST SET OF DARE-DEVILS

in Custer's division.

I wish to refer to a case that occurred in the western army, because one of the parties hung was my schoolmate at the Upperville military academy, Fauquier county, Va., in 1857-'8. Just before or after the battle of Chickamauga, I forget which, Gen. Bragg was anxious to get certain information as to the position of divisions in the army of Gen. Rosecrans. Col. Orton Williams, a graduate of West Point, formed the bold design of entering the federal lines and making the round of the camps as an inspector from headquarters. He accordingly dressed in the complete uniform of a federal colonel and staff officer, and taking with him Lieut. Gibson Peter, his cousin, of Montgomery county, Md., as adjutant, he made his way into the enemy's lines and proceeded to inspect the different brigades at the point where the desired information was obtainable. Williams's perfect familiarity with West Point methods favored his design. He was shown around the camps of the regiments by the colonels, and having learned what he came for, took dinner with a jovial colonel, who had no idea that he was not what he represented himself to be—an inspector general. After dinner Williams and Peter mounted their horses, and were soon almost beyond danger, rejoicing at having accomplished their mission with complete success. But there's many a slip, &c. Now, there was a federal West Point officer at the dinner who recognized Williams's features, and was puzzling his brains to remember where he had met him. The twain had not been gone ten minutes before it flashed upon his memory who Williams was, and that he was an officer in the confederate army. Mounting his horse, and accompanied by an orderly, he rode with headlong haste after the departed guest and unfortunately overtook them. He informed Williams that the colonel had requested him to return for a few minutes, as there was important additional information he would like to have go to headquarters. Williams was annoyed, but unsuspicious of danger, and deemed it best to comply with the request. Once arrived at the camp the jig was up. The two confederates were arrested, and Williams acknowledged his name when called by it. Had he been a little more suspicious at the outset he could have shot the officer who recalled him, and easily escaped. The result is soon told. Gen. Garfield, then adjutant general of Gen. Rosecrans, ordered their immediate execution, and it was obeyed, though Williams pleaded hard for Peter, whom he said he had led into this scrape, and I know that he told the truth, as Williams was older than his cousin, who was devotedly attached to him. It was hard lines to die in the manner they did, but then, you know, military necessity is military necessity.

The bodies of the two ill-fated officers now lie in one grave in the Congressional cemetery.

THOS. J. MURRAY.

AN INGENIOUS AUTOMATON.

A Mechanical Marvel Which Will Astonish the World.

Nicholas Thelan, of Schenectady, a blacksmith by trade, is now engaged on piece of automatic work which will be completed in another week, and which is really wonderful in construction. By the aid of ninety-four small imitations of human beings, the movements of which are regulated by machinery, Mr. Thelan portrays the closing scenes in the life and death of Christ. The cabinet is of light weight, and could be easily transported from one place to another. The machinery is in the lower part. There are nine compartments in the upper cabinet, the doors of which open in rotation and disclose the progressive scenes of the Passion. In the lower part are keys similar to those in a large organ. In front of these and a little above is a large roller operated by cogwheels and a rope. Attached to the rope is a heavy weight, which, after being raised, is allowed to descend, and the machinery is set in motion. The roller, on which are small pieces of wood placed at intervals, turns slowly, and each piece in its turn comes in contact with a key. A wire leads from each key to a separate compartment in the cabinet, and when the pieces of wood on the roller strike the keys the compartments open and the mute display begins. When the machinery is first placed in motion a curtain rises in the front of the cabinet and Christ and his apostles are discovered sitting at the last supper. It is the moment when Judas, half arising, leans toward his Master and says, "Lord, is it I?" The curtain falls, a door near it opens, and the Saviour is seen in prayer, an angel hovering near by; close at hand the apostles lie in different attitudes of repose. The third scene opens upon the garden where Judas betrayed the Saviour. The picture is portrayed by nineteen figures, six being soldiers. Following this the apostles slowly pass through the corridor of Pontius Pilate's palace, but when they are in front of the audience a door opens above them, the Saviour appears, and blesses them. At the same time Peter, in shame, turns his head away. When the procession is first seen Satan's head shows above the cabinet. It fixes its gaze on Peter for an instant, and then turns to Judas, and does not remove his eyes until the figure disappears. The fifth scene represents the scourging of Jesus, seven figures taking part. In the following Jesus is crowned; in this there are also seven figures. Then comes the court-room scene, where Jesus is sentenced to be crucified. Here Pontius Pilate is seated on the throne listening to the message from his wife. The eighth representation depicts the Saviour on the cross between two thieves. Near by is a troop of Roman soldiers, with their leader on horseback. The ninth and last scene represents the ascension, shown by twelve figures.

Congress Before the War.

Correspondence Philadelphia Press

Speaking of the present senate, my attention is drawn to the photograph in my office of the senate as it was just before the war. Mark the contrast! I will give you a few of the names of that remarkable body. Breckinridge was vice president. On his right is the picture of Judah P. Benjamin. Next to him is Stephen A. Douglas. On the left is William H. Seward, and grouped about are Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Robert Toombs (now 75 years old), Mason, Slidell, Jefferson Davis, John P. Hale, Lewis Cass, Simon Cameron, Zach Chandler, Harlan, Collamer, Yulee, Ben Wade, the unlucky Broderick, Fessenden, Trumbull, and as good a patriot as ever lived, though wrong, perhaps, in his methods, Andrew Johnson. There are other big faces in the picture, but those I have given will suffice. Can we match them to-day? Put that senate and the present one side by side. In some things we must confess that the old days were the better days. In the house at the same period were Henry Winter Davis, Dan Sickles, John Sherman, Lot Morrill, Fenton, Colfax, Roger A. Pryor, Frank Blair, John A. Bingham, F. E. Spinner, Elihu B. Washburn, Thaddeus Stephens, Roscoe Conkling, George H. Pendleton, and the present Holman. John W. Forney was the clerk of that house. Will the house of to-day compare? No, my masters. There were giants in those days.

A Variation of the Milkman Idea.

Arkansaw Traveller.

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Brown." "Yes, you are right." "Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?" "No." "Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?" "Oh, yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whisky."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A MODERN MIDAS. A Romance by MAURICE JOKAI. Translated from the German by Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard and Miss Emma Herzog. New York: R. Worthington. Washington: Brentano Bros.

Maurice Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has won so high a reputation in Europe as a writer of fiction that English-speaking people everywhere will read with interest this first translation of one of his works into our own tongue. The novel of "Midas," aside from its literary excellence, possesses peculiar value, because it gives us some good descriptions of Hungarian life, character, and scenery.

One of those exquisitely cruel crimes which occasionally startles a body like some hideous nightmare, has suggested the plot of the story, which, in its inception and execution, is unique and striking. The style is intensely tragic, but in the closing portion of the work the writer has given a specimen of pathos in his description of little Dodi's death which almost, if not quite, equals the touching narrative of "Little Nell."

Mr. Jokai has evidently been a deep student of the subtle springs of action which move human nature. He lays bare to view both the good and the evil motives of his actors pretty much after the fashion of a demonstrator of anatomy. Reasoning, soliloquy and fine-spun sophistries follow each other in natural sequence, and we find ourselves involved in psychological studies at once interesting and instructive. Fit prelude to the war of conflicting human emotions is the tempest on the Danube, in which are commingled the roar of the waters and the howl of the Bora wind as it whistles through the "Iron Gate." Amidst such surroundings the novelist introduces his leading characters and evolves his plot. Timar, the "Modern Midas," who, like his fabled prototype, possesses the faculty of amassing wealth, first appears upon the scene as supercargo of a heavily-laden grain vessel, which during the voyage is wrecked. Timea and her father, Ali Tschorbadschi, Turkish refugees, are fleeing to save life and fortune. Upon the same boat is a spy, who afterward turns up as Naomi's suitor. His presence is detected by Tschorbadschi, who thereupon commits suicide, after commending his daughter, in charge of Timar, to the care of supposed friends, and giving directions that his body shall be buried beneath the Danube. All this takes place in the sequel. The boat is wrecked on a snag, but Timea is rescued by the strong arms of the supercargo. Subsequently, in rescuing the submerged grain, he discovers the hidden treasure of the refugees in a sack, appropriates it, and thus lays the foundation of his fortune. During the coming years Timea leads an unhappy life beneath the new-found roof. She becomes the butt of the beautiful Athalie, who is the betrothed of a military officer. Just as these are about to be united the wedding dower fails, and the engagement is ended, but not until we have seen a mutual affection springing up between Timea and the recreant lover. At an appropriate time, however, Timar steps forward, proposes to the Turkish maid, is accepted, and they are married. The heart of his bride, however, soon proves as dead to love as it is loyal to her spouse. Domestic infelicity is still further aggravated by the beautiful Athalie, the guest and evil genius of the wedded couple. Timea had asked the clergyman before her wedding this singular question, "Will a person in that other world belong to the one whom he or she *loved* or to the one he or she had *married* here?"

The parson, in perplexity, answered that "such a question would have to be settled by a synod."

Marriages from sense of gratitude or duty end disastrously, and this case proves no exception. After several years of such unhappy existence the scene shifts to "No Man's island," a romantic spot, whose sole occupants are the fair Naomi and her mother, Theresa. Amid the enchantment of singing birds and springing flowers Timar finds reciprocated affection, and resolves to desert his fortune and legal wife for Naomi. By a singular concatenation of events he is supposed to have been drowned, and his presumable body is accorded a proper burial. After a season of decent widowhood Timea finds herself on the eve of marriage with her former lover. Before the consummation of the wedding, however, she is stabbed at night by the jealous Athalie, who is arrested for her crime and imprisoned for life. After Timea's convalescence she is married, and spends a few months of bliss, embittered, however, by the revelation that her former husband still lives. Upon her death she is buried in strange proximity to "No Man's island," upon which spot Timar concludes his days, rejoicing in his new-found happiness, and free from the cares of that wealth which had brought to him only sorrow and bitterness.

MONEY IN POLITICS. By J. K. UPTON, with an introduction by Edward Atkinson. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This book is by a gentleman well known in Washington, who has had more practical experience in the money operations of the United States treasury than perhaps any other living person, having begun at the foot of the ladder as a clerk and worked his way up to the exalted posititn of assistant secretary, which place he filled at the time when the important work of resumption of specie payment was performed. He speaks, therefore, as an authority, and in a way which Mr. Atkinson, also an authority, commends in the most unqualified fashion. Mr. Atkinson says of the book that it gives, in his judgment, the best record of legislation in the United States yet presented in regard to coinage, to legal tender acts, and other matters connected with our financial history. It shows in the most conclusive manner the futility of all attempts to cause two substances to become, and to remain, of the same value or estimation by acts of legislation. It gives a true picture of the vast injury to the welfare and to the moral integrity of the people of this country which ensued from the enactment of the acts of legal tender during the late war, whereby the promise of a dollar was made equal in the discharge of a contract to the dollar itself. It shows that the mode of collecting a forced loan was the most costly and injurious method of taxation which could have been devised. It proves in the most conclusive way the injury which will surely come when, by present acts of coinage and of legal tender, our gold coin has been driven from the country and our standard of value becomes a silver dollar of light weight and of uncertain value.

This book, Mr. Atkinson asserts, will prove to the mind of every thinking man that, if we persist much longer in sustaining the acts of coinage and legal tender which now encumber the statute book, our national credit will be impaired and all our working people, whose wages are paid in money, will be subjected to the most injurious form of special taxation which could be devised; it proves that a considerable portion of their wages will be taken from them under due process of law without power of redress on their part, while the rich and astute adepts of the present system will reap wealth which they have not earned by taking from the laborer a part of that which is his rightful due. It is, therefore, of inestimable importance as giving the general reader a clear understanding of the real condition of things, and educating him into the right method of thinking about these matters, which sooner or later will have to be settled by the voice of the people.

POEMS OF SIDNEY LANIER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: William Ballantyne & Son.

Who can say what it is—that subtle, intangible, imperishable essence that makes true poetry? Volumes of clever verses have been written in which there was not a trace of it, verses that are read and praised and quoted, whose writers bask in the warm light of success. But once in a while across the tumult of life's noises rings out a clear, true note, sweet as a distant bugle blown at sunset, and we hush our hearts to listen as we say, "This singer is a poet. He sings his song with the divine right."

Such an one was Sidney Lanier, the first complete collection of whose poems is here given to us. They are the poems of one who could not choose but sing, to whom all of life that was not music and poetry was simply extraneous and incidental. There can be no sadder story than that of his bitter, weary, life-long fight with poverty and disease, his hard and ceaseless struggle simply for room to live while he wrote, a struggle that never hardened or embittered him, but through which he kept his strong and genuine nature sound and sweet to the end. His was the true hero's soul, which obeyed the lofty inspiration within him, and sang even when death held him in his strong clasp. His last—and many think his greatest—poem was penciled when he was physically too weak to raise his food to his lips. Death had conquered the body, but failed to subdue the strong and manful spirit. He was a soldier and a Christian and he knew how to die, but he did not know how to be false to his conviction of what was his life work, or his sense of what was true art in poetry. Where is there a sadder instance of the terrible pathos of destiny than the story of how for years he "scorned delights and lived laborious days" in the struggle to eke out an existence by occasional scraps of literary work and by verses published in different magazines until he finally conquered the world's recognition and stood where indifference could no longer touch him, where he was assured of comfort for himself and his family—and then he died.

He died, but he left that behind him which will not die. His poems are not, as we might naturally think they would be, attuned to a mournful, minor key. Instead, scorning circumstance, they are as free, and joyous, and exultant in their power as the rush of a strong bird's wings through the air. We hear the many voices of nature and see her changing lights, but we hear through it all the vibrant message of the poet's soul. In the poem called "Individuality" we see, perhaps, more clearly than in any other his dominant purpose in writing, but there is no monotony of tone in his song. He sings with a voice of wonderful range, now intense in dramatic force, as in "The Revenge of Hamish;" now genial with exquisite humor, as in "Owl Against Robin;" "Jones's Private Argument," or "The Power of Prayer," and again with exalted purity of religious feeling, as in "The Crystal," or "A Ballad of Trees and My Master." Where can we find a sweeter and truer love poem than "My Springs?" or a fresher and breezier lyric than the "Song of the Chattahoochee?" Do we not hear the river's rush and see its sparkle in such verses as these,

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

but oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall,
Avail: I am fain to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Musician as well as poet, the history of his life in Baltimore as a member of the Peabody orchestra, as well as a lecturer at the Johns Hopkins university, is a deeply interesting one. Such a touch as this shows what music was to him:

And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred;
O'er the modern waste a dove has whirred;
Music is love in search of a word.

One of the dainty little music poems is short enough to be quoted entire:

LIFE AND SONG.

If life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed.

Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none o' the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

Or clearly sung his true, true, thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife;

Or lived and sung that Life and Song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless if life or art were long
Since both were one, to stand or fall;

So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land:
His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. No. 8 of the series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: William Ballantyne & Son.

This number contains "The Brigade Commander," by J. W. De Forest; "Split Zephyr," by Henry A. Beers; "Zerviah Hope," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Life-Magnet," by Alvey A. Adee; "Osgood's Predicament," by Elizabeth D. B. Stoddard.

"JACK IN THE PULPIT." Edited by J. G. WHITTIER. R. Worthington, New York; Brentano Bros., Washington.

This dainty little poem, decorated, as it were, by fairy fingers, would keep one busy admiring the ingenious devices which meet the eye on each page. The poem itself is very pretty, and its interesting origin is given in a fac simile letter by Mr. Whittier.

Another fringed pamphlet issued by the same publisher is styled "Seven Little Maids"—pictures and verses by Mary A. Lathbury. This little book contains seven pleasing illustrations on parchment of the familiar poem—

Monday's bairn is fair o' face,
Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace, &c.

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS. Compiled from the Translations by SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K. C. B., and EDGAR A. BOWRING, C. B. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. Washington: J. L. Whittington.

Lovers of Heine's charming poetry will be pleased with these translations of some of his verses which have been well transplanted into our own literary garden. The collection is prefaced by a short memoir of the great poet which adds additional value to the volume.

"YOUNG FOLKS' IDEAS," by UNCLE LAWRENCE, author of "Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores," &c. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

This juvenile book, like its predecessor, "Whys and Wherefores," contains many scientific points, so ingeniously presented as to render them very readable and valuable to our young people. The illustrations are good and the book is well gotten up.

BERMUDA; AN IDYL OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS. By JULIA C. R. DORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1883, contained an article entitled "Bermudian Days," which will be remembered with interest by those who read it at the time. The little book "Bermuda," just issued by the Scribners, contains in detail the story of the writer's ramblings in the enchanted island, and a good description of the many points of interest to be met with by the tourits in that region.

Magazines.

"Babyhood" is the name given a new publication whose object is stated to be a discussion of the "physical requirements of the child, the manifestations of its mental developement," &c. Leroy M. Vale is medical editor and Marion Harland editor of the nursery department. The first number presents a very creditable appearance.

Harper's Weekly—Christmas Number comes to us in a remarkably bright and taking cover. The cuts "Goddess of Our Kitchen," "Christmas Memory," "Under the Mistletoe," and the supplement plate "New Orleans—the Crescent City," form a combination which fully sustains the reputation of this illustrated weekly.

The Book Buyer Christmas Annual, from Charles Scribner's Sons, gives some valuable information about books and how to try them judiciously.

One of the Drawbacks.

New York Graphic.

A medical journal says: "Cruel croup comes climbing through a night of cold, foggy air, and clutches your little one's larynx." It is such things as these that discourage matrimony.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, &C.

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Illustrated with two portraits and nine maps. Two vols. Small 8vo. Cloth. $5.00.

The period covered by this narrative is 1748 to 1763, and these names stand as representatives of the two nations whose final contest for the control of North America is the subject of the book. A very large amount of unpublished material has been used in its preparation of documents copied from the archives and libraries of France and England, autograph letters, diaries, &c., &c.

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