LITERATURE.

Three Novels.

PRUDENCE PALFREY: A NOVEL. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 12 mo., pp. 311. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

MOSE EVANS: A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF THE SINGULAR FACTS OF HIS CASE. By WILLIAM M. BAKER, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession," etc. 12 mo., pp. 317. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

TEMPEST-TOSSED: A ROMANCE. By THEODORE TILTON. 12 mo., pp. 606. New York: Sheldon & Co.

When Mr. Aldrich puts his pen to paper we are confident of a work of refined literary merit. Whether it be sung in musical numbers, or written in the plain language of prose; whether it be a brief tale, comprising but a single strange and startling episode, or a history that runs through years to its completion, it will be sure to have an exquisite grace, a piquant humor, and a delicate finish. Mr. Aldrich has given us this certainty through an unvarying experience of nearly twenty years. Since 1855, when, a boy of 19, he produced the dainty poem, "Baby Bell," up to the writing of "Marjorie Daw," something like a year ago, he has not once disappointed or weakened expectation by bringing forth an unworthy composition. Equally inviting themes have not always been the subject of his attention, but the treatment of whatever he has touched has been invariably symmetrical and artistic. This is a record for which he and the public may be grateful. If genius be rare, art is equally so,—that art which is pure and true; which strives for no dazzling, meretricious effects, but follows Nature, and is ever healthful and humble.

"Prudence Palfrey" is the second attempt of Mr. Aldrich at an extended story. The first, "The Story of a Bad Boy," may be called youthful in more senses than one. It had a child for a hero, and was written for young readers, and yet no grown-up book for a grown-up audience will ever be published by its author surpassing it in beauty and attractiveness. We question if it be not too good to be a thorough success. It is intended for immature minds, and yet its merits are of an order to be appreciated only by a cultivated taste. The fine edge of its wit, the elegance of its phraseology, and its wonderfully-adroit turns of expression, will be apt to be in a measure lost upon a childish reader. But the practiced eye under which the book may chance to fall will revel in these gems, which have not their equal in any volume yet contributed to American juvenile literature.

"Prudence Palfrey" is a type of the New-England novel, of which we have had several admirable specimens. The earliest was Judd's "Margaret," and the latest are "Her Wedding Journey" and "Love in the Nineteenth Century." Neither is in any wise a copy or an imitation of the other, and yet they have a strong family-likeness, for each is a faithful transcript of New-England life and character. Cool, fresh, simple, real pictures of Nature and humanity as they have developed in the oldest and most cultured portion of our country, there is nothing sensational, exaggerated, or unnatural, in their entire structure. Photographs are not more honest and realistic. Veracity is their virtue and their charm.

There is not much of a plot in this last novel, as there is not in any of the school to which it belongs; but what there is is made the most of. Mr. Aldrich has a peculiar gift at concealing the denouement of a story. Until the last moment he generally succeeds in covering up every clue to the resolution of the knot he has tangled. Skillfully reserving for the final page or two the satisfaction of his reader's curiosity, he has it under command to the very end.

Rivermouth—the quiet, finished sea-coast town, where the main part of the story is located—is Portsmouth, N. H.—the native village of the author—under an alias. Mr. Aldrich has a fondness for the sleepy, old place, giving it what distinction he can in his novels. It was the scene where his "Bad Boy" was situated, and we may suppose he has transferred its very atmosphere into his romances. We scrupulously avoid the unkindness of letting any reader into the secret of "Prudence Palfrey;" to the author should be secured the sacred right of this communication; but we may say of Prudence herself that no lovelier maiden has ever tripped across the pages of fiction. And she is none too ghostly or too good "for human nature's daily food," but is just the frank, hearty, unaffected, and refined damsel whom we may meet over and over any day, in just such towns among New England
ls, or on New England's shore, as Ports-
h, or Berkshire, or Concord.

hı. are other portraitures in the novel as
mou. hers. Parson Wibird Hawkins,
There passes from the scene, leaves with
life-like a. memoir of saintly unselfishness
quickly as he good Ralph Dent and his
us a fragrant boasting no heroic virtues,
and purity. And o cordially honor. In
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lived their day, or were living author's
little secluded town of Rivermouth. ten in
"Mose Evans," according to the h is
statement in his dedication, "was wri o
moments snatched from the profession whi
the chief business of his life." Books which a

hurriedly put together, in the odds and ends of time left by an engrossing vocation, are not wont to possess great value, and the present is no exception to the rule. It bears witness to the unfavorable circumstances in which it was composed. Rude, careless, slovenly in style, it is a good deal of a trial to make out the meaning of the bulk of its sentences; and, as for the connection between paragraphs, the reader must often content himself with a failure to discover it.

The criticism to which the style of the work is amenable may be applied to its plan and characterization. The outlines of all the figures are broken, meagre, and shadowy. It is impossible to picture any one of them distinctly before the eye. One can, perhaps, get a partial image of Gen. Throop, the chivalrous Southern gentleman; and Mose Evans, by a considerable draft on the imagination, may be made to stand out in fair relief; but the rest of the fragmentary characters baffle every effort to invest them with a definite human semblance.

A reader likes to be thrown upon his own resources, occasionally, for the filling out of an unfinished sketch, or the completion of a bold, direct suggestion; but to build up an entire romance out of disjointed pieces and most uncertain hints, is a vexatious business. The author gets small thanks for involving us in such toil.

Had the conception of "Mose Evans," the hero who gives name to the book, been thoroughly carried out, it would have been effective. The idea of a man having the glorious beauty of an Apollo, and the trust, and truth, and innocence of a child, is inspiring. We have met with it before in romance, but it is always welcome. It only remains that it should be made plausible and possible to the imagination, to convey entire satisfaction. If Mr. Baker will free himself from the cares of his profession, and constitute the writing of a book the first object of his life for the time being, he may be able to sketch for us a "Mose Evans" whom we will gratefully accept as the ideal man, perfect in body and stainless in soul.

In turning over the pages of "Tempest-Tossed," by Theodore Tilton, one suffers an unusual feeling of pain. It reflects in every part the character of its author. The weaknesses which have impaired the success of his career have proved the ruin of his book. Brilliant, gifted, winning, beyond most men, it seemed at one time as though every honor possible to the writer and the orator was within the reach of Tilton. But an excess of romance—that fatal vice of the imagination—has blinded and bewildered his judgment and corrupted the integrity of his intellect. It is not his motive or his principle that is perverted; his heart is always right, but his reason plays him false.

Nothing that has ever transpired concerning him is more astonishing than this book. That a man with a sane intellect, with any degree of clear, sound sense, should have composed so mawkish a work, is most surprising. The wildest improbability enwraps every circumstance, and a sickish sentimentality enfeebles every character. It is not a study of human nature, but an exhibition of the weakest traits of the author. It is the distilled essence of Tiltonism. We can but hope he will be the stronger and the wiser hereafter for having drained off into "Tempest-Tossed" so much of the foolish and flighty element in his nature.

The Far West.

ACROSS AMERICA; OR, THE GREAT WEST AND THE PACIFIC COAST. By JAMES F. RUSLING, Late Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. V. 12mo., pp. 503. New York: Sheldon & Co.

In the summer of 1866 Gen. Rusling was appointed to inspect the condition of the military depots and posts in the States and Territories of the Rocky Mountain slope and the Pacific coast. In the execution of his office he was occupied about a twelvemonth, and traveled over 15,000 miles. A third of his journey was performed by stage-coach, by ambulance, or on horseback, and the remainder by railroad and steamer. Most of the routes he passed over have been traversed and described by Bowles, Richardson, [illegible] other living writers, who have scenery and experience that greet the overland traveler. Yet a portion of Gen. Rusling's tour penetrates regions seldom entered by the mere pleasure-seeker, and some sources of information were open to him which are not generally accessible. To these circumstances his book is indebted for its main interest.

At the time Gen. Rusling crossed the Plains, Gen. Sherman was making a tour of the Indian country, endeavoring from personal observation to gain an understanding of the right and the wrong of the Indian question. Our author was present at several of the councils held between the "Big Chief" and the Utes, and gives an interesting description of the parties on both sides. Of Kit Carson, the famous frontiersman, who acted as Gen. Sherman's guide, Gen. Rusling writes:

> We found him in log quarters, rough but comfortable, with his Mexican wife and half-breed children around him. We had expected to see a small and wiry man, weatherbeaten and reticent; but met a medium-sized, rather stoutish, florid, and quite talkative person instead. He certainly bore the marks of exposure, but none of that extreme "roughing it" that we had anticipated. In age he seemed to be above 45. His head was a remarkably good one, with the bumps of benevolence and affection well developed. His eye was mild and blue,—the very type of good nature; while his voice was sympathetic as a woman's. He impressed you at once as a man of rare kindliness and charity, such as a truly brave man ought always to be. As simple as a child, but brave as a lion, he soon took our hearts by storm, and grew upon our regard all the while we were with him. . . . The Utes seemed to have the greatest possible confidence in him, and invariably called him simply "Kit." Said Sherman, while at Garland, "These Red-Skins think Kit twice as big a man as me. Why, his integrity is simply perfect. They know it, and they would believe him and trust him any day before me.

The old aphorism, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is excellently illustrated in the following extract from a description of a Ute village:

> Dogs abounded everywhere. Each wigwam seemed to have a goodly supply, and the village at large a brigade besides. They were small, wolfish-looking curs, as a rule, and the most vociferous and incessant yelpers I ever listened to. They had no regular bark,—only a wild yelp, like their savage ancestors, the cayotes of the Plains. It is only the civilized dog that "bays deep-mouthed welcome,"—that has a full, open "bark;" and this he loses when he relapses to savagery again. There was no moving anywhere about the village without having a score or more of them yelping at your heels; but this seemed to be the extent of their hostile intentions. When they became rather noisier than usual, some passing squaw would dash at them with a stick and a shower of "God-dams," and that would scatter them for a time. Most of our Indians here learned to swear the rough oaths of the Border, and always swear in English, as they have no corresponding words in their own language. In describing cavalry, they put the thumb and forefinger of one hand on the palm of the other, and then move them along in imitation of a gallop. In speaking of ox-trains, they stretch out their arms and say, "Whoa-Haw! Git!" But when they come to muleteams, they invariably speak of them as "God-dams! Go 'long!" because of the copious oaths our teamsters hurl at them. Indeed, the average Indian always speaks of the donkey as a "God-dam," and thinks that the correct name.

Sara Coleridge's "Phantasmion."

PHANTASMION: A FAIRY TALE. By SARA COLERIDGE. With an Introductory Preface of Lord COLERIDGE, Lord Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. 12mo., pp. 348. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This longest continuous composition of the gifted Sara Coleridge was the product of the enforced leisure on a sick bed. It was published in 1837, in a small, expensive, and anonymous edition. Under these disadvantages its circulation was limited; and, when the edition—of only 250 copies—was exhausted, it was suffered to remain out of print. The book is now revived, on the belief that the large circle of appreciative readers who have come to understand the fine genius of the author will be grateful for the opportunity to become acquainted with her only work of fiction.

It is a pure product of the imagination, a simple fairy tale, with the characters barely sketched in, and no attempt made to intrude a moral. But its spirit is fresh and pure, its style is clear, chaste, and strong, and its fancies are vivid, picturesque, and delicate. Added to these literary excellencies, there is a series of exquisite lyrics woven in with the narrative, of exceeding beauty in conception and versification. They present a great variety of delicate and difficult measures, which are managed with extreme grace and skill. As a sample of the melody and refinement which mark them all, we copy one or two of the number:

[redacted]

Sylvan stag, securely play,—
'Tis the sportful month of May;
Till her music dies away,
Fear no huntsman's hallo;
While the cowslip nods her head,
While the fragrant blooms are shed
O'er the turf which thou dost tread,
None thy traces follow.

In the odors wafted round,
ose that breathe from thee are drowned;
voices not a sound,
Th ne, to dismay thee;
Echo
Fleet beeches browse,—
On the buddi he deer to rouse;
None shall come broken boughs
Scattered leaves and thee,
Shall not now betray

Sylvan deer, on branches fed,
'Mid the countless branches bred,
Mimic branches on thy head
With the rest are springing;
Smooth them on the russet bark,
Or the stem of cypress dark,
From whose top the woodland lark
Soars to heaven singing.

Poems.

POEMS. By CELIA THAXTER. 16mo., pp. 188. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A VOYAGE TO THE FORTUNATE ISLES, ETC. By Mrs. S. M. B. PIATT, Author of "A Woman's Poems." 12mo., pp. 180. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mrs. Thaxter discerns the poetry of Nature with a penetrating vision. The many years when, as the daughter of the light-house keeper on the Isles of Shoals, she lived a life of singular isolation, trained her to read the swift and constant changes that pass over the sea, and earth, and sky. Deprived, for the most part of the companionship of human beings, outside the circle of her father's family, she learned to make friends of the stars, the clouds, the waves, the storms, the flowers, and the birds, and to interpret their speech as it is uttered, in color, in form, or in sound. This unwritten language of animate and inanimate things she has set to strains of beautiful melody. The cry of the curlew, the note of the swallow, the scent of the rose, the hue of the buttercup, the flush of the sunset, the roar of the tempest, the dewy, solemn silence of the midnight, are all reproduced in her song. Every hour of the day, and every phase of the seasons, has offered her a picture, which she has repainted with a brush "dipped in the dyes of Heaven."

The beauty of Mrs. Thaxter's verse has found wide recognition, and this new and enlarged edition, comprising upward of sixty pieces, will be welcomed by many readers.

The new volume of poems by Mrs. Piatt has been daintily printed. All that tinted paper, and open type, and bits of artistic engraving, could do to render them attractive, has been done. They themselves are mere trifles, reminding one of the play of soap-bubbles, as light, and thin, and evanescent. They have fine meanings, perchance, for the poetic sense; but they are too tenuous to be grasped by the ordinary obtuse mind. We do gather from them that their author has lost her youth, and is sensitive to the fact; that she is blessed with children and dotes upon them; and that she loves to murmur her fancies in smooth-running rhymes and measures; but, beyond this, we have gained nothing from her volume. Its value and importance elude us.

Prayer.

PRAYER AND THE PRAYER-GAUGE. By the REV. MARK HOPKINS, D. D., 12mo., pp. 48. New York: Dodd & Mead.

In his brief essay in answer to the views of prayer publicly indorsed by Prof. Tyndall, Dr. Hopkins argues that God answers the supplications of men as the human parent grants the petitions of his children. If the petitions are proper in themselves, and suited to the Divine Will, they meet with a favorable response. If they ask for what is foolish, vain, or miraculous, they are denied. The prayers of the good and the evil are heard by God alike, as an earthly father attends to the needs and requests of both dutiful and undutiful children.

But prayer cannot be subjected to a scientific test, as it is governed by no immutable laws, such as rule physical phenomena. God answers prayer as He sees fit. It is an act of free will,

ble. It is in the province of the supernatural, above the realm of fixed law and physical science. Without uniformity and necessity there can be no scientific test, "and the value of prayer can be tested by us just as the value of asking can be tested by children, and in no other way."

Dr. Hopkins defines a miracle as a physical effect in which a law of Nature is overcome by a direct act of will. As by the intervention of will man can change the currents of Nature,—turning, for instance, the flow of a stream backward by means of a dam,—so, by a superior and invisible manifestation of power, God can adjust inflexible laws in order that they shall work out changes and results in accordance with His will and the prayers of men.

There is nothing in these arguments to which the scientific man will object. Granted that prayer is not always answered, however pure its purpose and reasonable its petition, and the discussion is practically ended. The scientist will assert that, when a miracle is entreated, it cannot, according to the laws of the universe, be permitted; and the Christian will declare that, if it be not granted, it is because God does not choose, though He is abundantly able to do so should the act conform with His justice and wisdom.

Concordance to Shakspeare's Poems.

A CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS: AN INDEX TO EVERY WORD THEREIN CONTAINED. By Mrs. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. 8vo., pp. 422. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

What with the new Variorum Edition of Shakspeare's dramas, and this Concordance to his minor poems, the works of the Bard of Avon are receiving, at the hands of Mr. and Mr. Furness, the noblest treatment. The high terms of praise which have been invariably used in speaking of the Variorum Edition are appropriately applied to the Concordance under notice. The work is one of the most exhaustive of its kind. Every word in the poems is recorded in the index. The drudgery of compilation has been immense. That nothing might be lacking to the completeness of the result, the poems themselves are reprinted at the end of the volume. They occu-54 pages, while the Concordance fills 369.

Though there may be a question whether these poems, despite their intrinsic value and their exalted authorship, were worth so heavy an expenditure of time and pains, there can be no denying that the index has been prepared in the most thorough and satisfactory manner. The volume is published in an elegant edition, uniform with the Variorum Shakspeare.

Another Book by Jules Verne.

MERIDIANA: THE ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND THREE RUSSIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By JULES VERNE. Translated from the French. With Numerous Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 231. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The brilliant imagination of Mr. Verne is still fertile, and he continues to produce with unabated rapidity romances of wonderful growth and marvelous dimensions. It will be strange if in time he does not overstock the market, for his wares are of a sort that, sooner than all others, sate the mental requirement. For torrid weather, however, like the present, his books should be welcome as ice-water, for they have the power to transport the mind quickly and happily to far-distant regions, where it forgets discomfort in an absorbing survey of the most amusing and ingenious adventures. It does not matter where Mr. Verne conveys his reader,—whether to the moon, the centre of the earth, or the wilds of South Africa,—the train of events he sets in motion is equally curious and interesting.

Laws Passed at the Last Session of the Illinois Legislature.

STATUTES OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, OF GENERAL IMPORTANCE, PASSED AT THE ADJOURNED SESSION OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1873-'4. Published by authority. Chicago: E. B. Myers, Law Bookseller, 93 Washington street, 1874.

Mr. Myers publishes this volume to supply the immediate wants of the public until such time as the Revised Statutes are published—which he thinks will not be before October or November. As Mr. Myers has had the advice of some of the best legal talent of the State to guide him in the selection of the laws to be published, it is to be presumed that nothing essential has been left out of the compendium. The book is substantially bound, and printed in clear, large type.

Illinois Revised Statutes.

THE STATUTES OF ILLINOIS: AN ANALYTICAL COMPILATION OF ALL THE GENERAL LAWS OF THE STATE IN FORCE AT THE PRESENT TIME. Official and Standard, by Act of the Legislature. 1818—1874. Edited by WILLIAM L. GROSS, Counsellor-at-Law. Second Edition. Vol. III.: Acts of 1873-'4.

This volume completes the revision of the Illinois Statutes, containing all the revised acts passed upon by the Twenty-eighth General Assembly.

Books Received.

NORTHERN BALLADS. By EDWARD ANDERSON. Square 12mo., pp. 62. New York: George W. Carleton & Co.

THE LOG OF COMMODORE ROLLINGPIN: His ADVENTURES AFLOAT AND ASHORE. By JOHN CARTER. With Numerous Comic Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 258. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THAMES VALLEY SONNETS.

I.—WINTER.

How large that thrush looks on the bare thorn-tree!
A swarm of such, three little months ago,
Had hidden in the leaves and let none know
Save by the outburst of their minstrelsy.
A white flake here and there—a snow-lily
Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold;
And for a rose-flower on the darkling mold
The hungry redbreast gleams. No bloom, no bee.

The current shudders to its ice-bound sedge:
Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by one
Flash each its clinging diamond in the sun;
'Neath winds which for this Winter's sovereign pledge
Shall curb great king-masts to the ocean's edge
And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

II.—SPRING.

Soft-littered is the new year's lambing-fold,
And in the hollowed haystack at its side
The shepherd lies o' nights now, wakeful-eyed
At the ewes' travailing call through the dark cold.
The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw o' the old:
And near unpeopled stream-sides, on the ground,
By her spring-cry the moorhen's nest is found,
Where the drained flood-lands flaunt their marigold.

Chill are the gusts to which the pastures cower,
And chill the current where the young reeds stand
As green and close as the young wheat on land:
Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo flower
Plight to the heart Spring's perfect imminent hour
Whose breath shall sooth you like your dear one's hand.

—DANTE G. ROSSETTI, *in the London Athenæum.*

A Parisian "Rabbit" Dealer.

A little old man in blouse and felt hat, at one of the tables, is pointed out to me by the policeman as one who, in addition to rag-picking, deals in questionable rabbits. He is known as the Pere Jacques, and is regarded as a person of some importance in the rag fraternity. I approach Pere Jacques and engage him in conversation. He has become expansive over his wine, and makes indiscreet revelations touching the rabbit business. Twenty years ago he skinned and dressed his rabbits, and people bought them without asking any questions. That was the *bon temps*, and if it had continued he would be to-day a man of independent fortune. But the journals and inquisitive people got to talking so much about cats in connection with rabbits that a long season of dullness followed as a consequence. The newspapers went so far as to figure up how many rabbits were brought into Paris each year, and how many were consumed, and they made it out that twice as many were consumed as were brought in. He felt for a time as if the business was ruined, for thereafter the rabbit purchasers demanded the head of the rabbit as a guarantee of the genuineness of the animal. But he was equal to the emergency. He gave an extension to his commerce by making an arrangement with all the cooks on his rag-beat to buy their rabbit-skins on condition that the heads should be delivered with them. Thereafter he was enabled to furnish to skeptical buyers the rabbit-head with the dressed cat, and everybody was satisfied. He sold the animals to the small out-of-the-way restaurants, as a rule, where they were made into gibelottes. The cat entire yielded him one franc, and they to whom he sold the flesh usually got about two and a half francs out of the animal when turned into gibelottes. The business was fair, but there was more competition—especially since the Commune, under which some people had learned to eat the cat with pleasure, knowing him to be cat.

It is hardly necessary to add that the Pere Jacques was obliged to conduct his business in mystery in view of provisions contained in the municipal regulations against the sale of certain kinds of meat, especially those employed in the manufacture of sausages, Italian cheese, and pot-pies, all of which are comprised in the general word *charcuterie*. Considering the vigilance exercised by the authorities over the preparation of such aliments, one can infer that the Pere Jacques was obliged to observe much discretion in the disposal of his feline flesh: It was to the interest of buyer and seller to keep the commerce secret, and so far the Pere had escaped detection. M. Jacques thought it was an injustice that under the Republic a man could not eat cat meat if he wanted to, and he solemnly protested against such tyranny.—*"Rag-Pickers of Paris," by Albert Rhodes, in Galaxy for Feb*

SPARKS OF SCIENCE.

EXTINGUISHING FIRES ON SHIPBOARD.

Dr. Schuppert, of New Orleans, proposes the following ingenious and apparently-practical method for extinguishing fires on shipboard: At given points in the hold are located boxes containing marble-dust and carbonate of lime. From the deck a lead pipe communicates with these boxes. When a fire is discovered in the hold, diluted sulphuric acid is poured into the pipes, and, coming in contact with the lime and marble-dust, creates a large volume of carbonic acid gas, which is fatal to fire. As this gas is heavier than air, it would remain in the hold and effectually smother the flames.

NEW REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

During the late cholera-epidemic in Vienna, a new remedy, called camphorein, was used with great success in the hospitals. It is prepared by passing chlorine gas into pure turpentine oil until saturated. The result is a thick, heavy, oily fluid, of a brown color, and with a strong smell of chlorine. It is freed from muriatic acid by washing with water. The remedy is applied by placing a portion in a flat vessel, and holding it to the patient to inhale. The results attending this method of treatment are regarded as indicating that oil of turpentine is the best absorbent of chlorine gas, and that, therefore, it can be employed with advantage in operations and cases where chlorine is to be evaporated in large quantities.

IRON-MANUFACTURING IN RUSSIA.

Russia abounds in iron ore, and has developed considerable iron-manufacturing industry, based wholly upon charcoal as fuel. The waste and ultimate extinction of her forests are prevented by a system of checking them off into districts and cutting the timber in each district at fixed intervals. The time generally allowed for the growth of wood for fuel is sixty years; but on the lands of one establishment in the central rural region, the forests are so mapped out as to allow eighty years for regrowth. This establishment expects to be able to make, from the charcoal of the surrounding forests, 8,000 tons of iron annually, without diminishing its sources of fuel.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

A return recently presented to the British Parliament shows that 1,000 more seamen were drowned in 1843 than in the year previous. The deaths in the merchant-marine was in the ratio of two by drowning to one from disease or natural causes. Fourteen men were drowned in the merchant-service to one in the naval-service. For every man of the home population who suffered a violent death, eighteen seamen were killed or drowned. While 2,231 sailors were drowned by shipwreck, no less than 1,032 were washed overboard or otherwise drowned without the loss of the ship. It is curious that sailors can be found to man the shipping of the seas when their lives are subject to such an excess of peril and hardship.

SEA-SICKNESS.

M. Pellerin lately read a paper before the French Academy, combating the generally-accepted theory regarding sea-sickness, namely: that it is due either to a congestion of the brain or to a commotion in the abdominal viscera, caused by the motion of the vessel. He attributes the malady to a deranged circulation of the blood, produced by the alternate rolling and heaving of the vessel. The result of this cannot be a congestion of the brain, which is deprived of some of the blood necessary to maintain a stimulus. The sensation in sea-sickness peculiarly resembles that felt immediately after blood-letting, when the patient sits or stands, viz: a disposition to vomit, or actual vomiting. M. Pellerin mentions, in support of this opinion, the fact that persons who are liable to sea-sickness experience its effects in a much slighter degree when they are in a horizontal position,—the relief thus afforded being like that which is produced in the same position when a person is in a state of syncope.

LIGHTNING-RODS.

Prof. John Wise recently read a paper on "Lightning and Thunderbolts" before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; in which he expressed the opinion, deduced from extended observations, that the lightning-rod is utterly useless as a protection from the thunderbolt. "If the rod," he remarked, "could do what is pretended, viz.: draw the surcharge of electricity from the cloud silently, disarm it of its force by drawing it in a silent stream to the point of the rod, not a bolt should ever descend upon a building in Philadelphia, with its thousands of rods peering toward the cloud-region."

The only defense from thunderbolt, according to the Professor, that has yet been proved efficacious, is the metal roof. The greatest damage done to a building thus protected is the peforation of the metal at the point where the bolt strikes; and this is, in the heaviest discharges, not over from a half to an inch in diameter. From a series of observations extending over a quarter of a century, the Professor has noted no difference in the mechanical effects of a thunderbolt striking buildings with or without rods, save that nearly all the cases of ignition were presented by buildings having lightning-conductors.

THE CEYLON PEARL-FISHERIES.

After a lapse of eleven years, Ceylon has again a pearl-fishery, but this time on a small scale, there being only about 2,000,000 oysters to fish, which are estimated to produce a net revenue to the Government of £10,000.—*Exchange.*

The coast of Ceylon has been from the earliest times the chief locality for pearl-fishing. The favorite point is a bank almost 20 miles long, 10 or twelve miles from shore, opposite the villages of Condatchy and Aripo, on the northern coast. The season of the fishery begins with February, and lasts about three months. The revenue derived from it by the Government in 1857 was about £20,550. The work of fishing is done rapidly, for the best divers cannot remain longer than eighty seconds under water, and few are able to exceed sixty. The greatest depth they descend is 13 fathoms, and the usual depth is 9 fathoms. The shells which yield the pearls are sometimes a foot in diameter, and are generally about 9 inches.

The Ceylon fishery has been in active operation for at least 2,000 years, and the accumulation of shells along the Condatchy shore averages 4 feet in thickness. The place itself is exceedingly barren and dreary. Pearls are not the only precious product of Ceylon. Its gems have been celebrated for ages. Sapphires, rubies, the oriental topaz, garnets, amethysts, cinnamon-stone—a variety of garnet,—and cat's-eye—a kind of quartz, having a pearly appearance and a fine play of light,—are abundant, especially in the alluvial plains at the foot of the hills of Saffragan. The value of the precious stones annually found on the island is estimated at £10,000. In 1853 a sapphire was picked up which was worth more than £4,000.

STIMULANTS.

When Americans speak of inebriation, it is taken for granted they allude to that form which is produced by whisky, rum, beer, or gin, as these are the stimulants in popular use among the English-speaking peoples. But there are other substances as potent to fire the brain and consume the body as are the vinous, malted, and alcoholic liquors to which we are addicted. The Turks and Chinese resort to opium to procure the delight of intoxication. The French find excitement and oblivion in a glass of absinthe. The Russians and Kamtschatkans put themselves into a state of delirium with a pill of monchomore. The Arabs, Persians, Indians, and Egyptians lapse into happiness through a dose of hashish. The South Americans bewitch their senses by chewing the leaf of the coca; while the natives of Africa go into a kind of frenzy over the smoke of burning cannabis sativa.

Opium.

No one need be told that this is the dried juice of the poppy. Two species of the plant are cultivated for the sake of the product: the *Papaver somniferum*, which has red or violet-colored flowers, and the *Papaver officinale*, whose blossoms are white. The former variety is generally cultivated in the mountainous portions of the north of India, and the latter in the plain of Bengal. Although the poppy is grown in many parts of India, the chief opium district lies on the Ganges, and covers an area of 600 miles in length by 200 in breadth. Opium is also largely produced in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, in Egypt, and in Persia. A very good quality of the drug is produced in Europe, and in the low lands of the Southern States. The opium manufactured in Turkey has the highest value. The methods of using the drug, by eating or smoking, and the peculiar phase of intoxication which it produces, are so well known as to render description unnecessary. Next to the Chinese, the largest consumption of opium is by the Burmese, and the inhabitants of the Malacca Islands. But, if statistics may be trusted, its use is alarmingly on the increase among various nations, from the number of which we cannot except our own.

Absinthe.

The baleful drink which passes under the

name, and whose use is fast becoming a national vice of the French, was first concocted, some sixty or seventy years ago, by Dr. Ordinaire, a French exile who had taken refuge in Switzerland. He extracted the liquid from the herb *Artemisia absinthium*, which he raised in his garden for medicinal purposes. The Artemisias form a genus in the natural order Compositæ. They are noted for their tonic, bitter, and aromatic qualities, and have been employed in medicine from the remotest antiquity. The wormwoods are the most celebrated species, deriving their English name from their use as vermifuges. Southernwood, a fragrant species, is used on the Continent in making beer. Tarragon is famous for its excellence in pickles, and in the medication of vinegar.

Absinthe is subtle and pernicious in the highest degree, affecting both the nerves and the brain, and working peculiar harm to both. Artists, writers, and men who task their minds to exhaustion, fly to it for recuperation. It is said to be the source of inspiration to many of the brilliant litterateurs of France. It hastened the death of Eugene Sue, and brought to an untimely grave Alfred de Musset.

The plant from which absinthe is distilled has grown to be a crop of great commercial importance. Immense fields are devoted to its culture, and large buildings to its manufacture. The principal seat of its production is in Neuchatel, Switzerland. The use of absinthe is not limited to France; consumers are found in the United States, and it is hinted that they are more numerous than would be suspected.

Hashish

is the Oriental name of a stimulant which is produced from the Cannabis Indica, or Indian hemp. Various preparations of the plant are employed for purposes of intoxication. A favorite mode of extracting its active principle is by boiling the tender leaves and flowers in water and oil. Evaporating the water, an oleaginous extract is left. In Bengal, the plant is cut when in flower, and dried, and put up in bundles for smoking. When the leaves and seed-vessels are chewed, they are called *bhang*. It is said that it was while under the influence of *bhang* that the Sepoys of India committed their atrocities.

Dr. Moreau, of Tours, who has written an elaborate work on hashish, thus describes the excitement which it produces: "It is really *happiness* which is produced by the hashish; and by this I imply an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as we might be induced to suppose. The hashish-eater is happy, not like the gourmand or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his desires; but like him who hears tidings which fill him with joy, like the miser counting his treasures, the gambler who is successful at play, or the ambitious man who is intoxicated with success." Terrible suffering follows an overdose of hashish. Insanity and death are not infrequently the result.

The *Erythroxylon coca* is a shrub which grows on the Eastern declivity of the Andes. Its dried leaves are chewed with powdered chalk, unslaked lime, or the alkaline ashes of the quinoa and certain other plants. The effect upon the nerves is very stimulating, and much resembles that of opium. It also lessens the appetite, and enables the consumer to undergo greater and more protracted exertion than he otherwise could. The Sileros who transport travelers across the Andes on their backs carry little bags of it with them, and, by its use, sustain their strength. It has been employed by the Indians of South America from time immemorial, and was extensively cultivated before the Spanish conquest. Its use has extended into Brazil and the countries on the banks of the Amazon. It is supposed that about 30,000,000 pounds of the dry leaf are consumed in the year, and that 10,000,000 of the human race partake in the indulgence. An excessive use of the coca induces a miserable ruin of body and mind.

Monchomore

is the favorite stimulant of the Russians and Kamtschatkans. It is a specie of mushroom, which is gathered in the heat of summer and dried. It is taken in the form of a pill, and creates an intoxication similar to that resulting from ardent spirits.

The Betel,

which is universally chewed by the natives of the Philippine Islands, by all the tribes of the Malay race, and in parts of India, is less deleterious in its effects than most of the drugs which are used for their exhilarating effect. The name betel is applied to several species of pepper. Some of them are extensively cultivated, as the *Chavica Betle*, *C. Siraboa*, and *C. Malamiri*. They are climbing shrubs, with leathery, heart-shaped, or oblong leaves. The leaves are sprinkled with moist quicklime, generally obtained by calcining shells, and wrapped about slices of the areca-nut, the acrid fruit of a palm. The effect of the preparation is narcotic and intoxicating. It excoriates the mouth when first used, and deadens for a time the sense of taste. It also stains the teeth black and dyes the saliva red. It is so pungent, or peppery, that Europeans do not readily become habituated to it; but the consumption in the East Indies is enormous. Men and women, young and old, indulge in it from morning to night. A Malay is scarcely ever without his betel-box, which one presents to another as Europeans do their snuff-boxes.

Pulque,

the favorite drink of the Mexicans, is obtained from a species of the Agave, or Century-plant, which grows everywhere in tropical America. The plant is cultivated largely on the table-lands of Mexico. Just before it flowers,—which, in its native soil, occurs in its third or fourth year,—the inner leaves are cut out, leaving a hollow, in which the sap flows, with little intermission, for a year or a year and a half. The sap is regularly gathered, and at first has an agreeably acid taste. In the course of three or four days it passes through a process of fermentation, which leaves it with a fetid odor, but a pleasant, vinous flavor. This in itself has the power to inebriate, and is drank in vast quantities; but there is also manfactured from it a very intoxicating brandy, which is in great request. The Mexican Government derives an immense revenue from the juice of the Agave. In three cities it amounted to £166,497 in a single year.

COMMERS-LIEDER.

[The two following compositions are noted German university songs. They continue to be among the most popular and characteristic of German convivial lyrics. The first is interesting as a specimen of minor poetry of the third great German dramatic luminary. The second has often been credited to Charles Lever, the Irish novelist. The original, however, may be found in the collection of "Father" Gleim, a Prussian lyrist, who during the last century arrayed the many victories of King Frederick the Great in tuneful numbers.—*John W. Weidemeyer in the New York Evening Post.*]

DEATH.—BY LESSING.

Yesterday, as I sat drinking,
Brothers, and sat lonely thinking—
Can ye draw my misery?—
Death did come to visit me!

And the spectre, bony-jointed,
Sternly to the hour-glass pointed;
"Follow," quoth he, "Bacchus' slave,
Slip with me into the grave."

"Death," I faltered, in my sorrow,
"Why to-day, and not to-morrow?
See, the goblet's filled for thee:
Drink, nor ever think of me."

And he raised the sparkling nectar,
Drank it, like a college rector,
"Here is to the plague!" he cried:
Placed the goblet down beside.

Oh, how happy this intrusion!
But the respite was delusion:
Quoth he, "Simpleton, thy cheer
Shall not long detain us here."

"Death," I said, "I'll be thy proctor;
Let me practice as a doctor;
Spare me and I'll pledge with wine
Half my patients shall be thine"

"Be it so; live on forever,"
Quoth he, "and forsake me never;
Kiss until thy lips shall shrink;
Quaff until they tire of drink."

"Death, with joy thy speech hath thrilled me,
And anew with life has filled me;
By this cup of purple wine
I am thine, forever thine."

And in Bacchanal enjoyment
Shall my moments find employment;
Love and wine shall be with me
Henceforth through eternity.

POPE AND SULTAN.—BY GLEIM.

The Pope—his life is free from care;
Of Peter's pence he has his share,
He quaffs the very best of wine:
I wish the Pope's estate were mine.

But no! he lives in wretched bliss;
He knows not woman's glowing kiss;
He sits alone in prison-home;
I would not be the Pope of Rome.

The Sultan dwells in revelry;
His halls are filled with minstrelsy;
His houris number ninety-nine:
I wish the Sultan's lot were mine.

But, no! he's not a proper man,
Accordant with his Alkoran,
He never drinks the praise of wine;
The Sultan's fate shall not be mine!

But Pope's and Sultan's life is one—
No happier state beneath the sun;
Their dual natures give to me:
Half Pope, half Sultan, I would be.

Come, maiden, let your kisses rule,
For now I'm Sultan of Stamboul;
Come, brothers, let the brimmer foam,
And I will be the Pope of Rome.

FAMILIAR TALK.

MALE MILLINERS.

In Paris there are now nine mantuamakers and six milliners of the masculine persuasion, each of whom is at the head of a large establishment. They are all gentlemen of unusually refined manners and luxurious habits. They never go abroad without a carriage, and are always attired in faultless costume. By uniting taste and tact with a business-faculty, they are rapidly building up enviable reputations and fortunes. Is there not a lesson for ladies in their career? It is a little curious that, while women are venturing into vocations hitherto monopolized by the stonger sex, men should turn the tables upon them, and, taking up trades which have been deemed their exclusive prerogatives, quickly coin wealth and fame out of the undertaking. Does not this tend to show that there is not so much difference between the masculine and the feminine intellect after all; that the great disparity noted in their inclinations, pursuits, and achievements, is more the result of education than of Nature?

ROCHEFORT'S MARRIAGE.

A short time before the sentence of banishment was executed in the case of Henri Rochefort, he requested permission to visit the mother of his children, who was then lying on her deathbed. The woman was of low birth, and possessed few personal attractions; but she was faithful to the man she loved, and devoted in her attachment to their offspring. The world felt an emotion of sympathy when it was announced that, in this farewell interview between Rochefort and the woman who had for years sustained the closest relation to him, he had given her such comfort and restitution as was in his power by marrying her. It was an incident in his wretched history upon which men could reflect with a feeling approaching tenderness.

But since the escape of Rochefort from New Caledonia, he has, by his own voluntary disclosure, dispelled whatever halo of purity enshrined the deed. "The poor creature wanted the nuptial benediction," he declared, "and I could no more refuse her the satisfaction she asked than I could have refused her a cashmere-shawl. Because she was sick, I made the sacrifice." It was not then the prompting of a manly impulse in his own breast which led him to this late act of reparation, whereby the constant, though humble, companion of a lifetime was raised from degradation to the dignity of wifehood, and their children were given a lawful name; but it was a sacrifice of masculine pride, or of sincerity, in pronouncing vows which his heart belied. M. Rochefort has rudely severed his one claim to a kind thought from mankind, by this confession. The time is surely approaching when the world will regard the sin of loving, "not wisely, but too well," as much of a blight on the name of a man as of a woman.

THE BRITISH JOCKEY CLUB.

The Jockey Club is one of the most exclusive and aristocratic institutions in the British Kingdom. The privilege of membership is as much sought by the sportsman as is the Order of the Garter by the nobleman of long and proud descent. The Club holds its annual session at Newmarket, in the month of May. Newspaper-reporters are excluded, and its proceedings are never printed. The races which take place under the patronage of the Club are held on the heath near Newmarket,—the best racing-ground in England. The races used to be as exclusive as the Club could render them. Royalty and nobility were made welcome; but the betting fraternity were, as far as possible, precluded from attendance. The large, old-fashioned house near the end of the main street in Newmarket, which the sons of George III.—the Prince Regent and the Duke of York—made their headquarters when they came down to witness the run, is still pointed out. In those good old times the scions of Royalty would rumble down to Newmarket in their gilt-and-crimson coaches; but, as often as not, got so gloriously drunk over night as to be unable to occupy the grand pavilion erected on the "Heath" for their use during the course. Latterly the rowdy element has invaded Newmarket, and Admiral Rous, President of the Club, and his fellow-jockeys, find, to their disgust, that the scene on the Heath cannot long sustain its elegant and exclusive aspect.

The income of the Jockey Club is £15,000. The horses in training for the Ascot, Derby, and Chester Cup and Goodwood courses, have their first trial at Newmarket. Indeed, it is the high school of the turf, where a process of natural selection goes on, the inferior steeds being eliminated, and the best ones put in order for Derby and Ascot.

SANTA ANNA.

Gen. Santa Anna has returned to the City of Mexico after an exile of eighteen years. He is living in the plainest style, and receives guests without ceremony. He is now 76 years of age, having been born in 1798. His face is full of wrinkles, and his raven hair has grown scanty; yet his carriage is still erect and martial, and his whole appearance that of a man not beyond 60. A correspondent of the *Alta California* has recently paid a visit to the old soldier and ex-President, and narrates the conversation held during the interview. "I have returned to Mexico," said the General, "because my native country has too much attraction for me. When I was asked abroad, 'Why do you long for your ungrateful countrymen?' I answered that I wanted to be buried where my lost foot was resting. I now feel as if I had come to a foreign land. Already, at Vera Cruz, when asking for an old friend, I was invariably answered, 'Dead!' A whole generation has passed over me, and, like the sands of the desert, the years are heaped on my head. I met on the road an old man with a white beard who was my god-child in 1822. I have become a stranger to all parties. I have no ambition. I am astonished at everything I now see in this country; but I hope yet to find a last resting-place."

These are sad words to fall from the lips of the man who is acknowledged by his countrymen to be the bravest soldier and the ablest ruler they have had. Santa Anna was but 24 years of age when, at the head of the Mexican troops, he helped his country to throw off the Spanish yoke; and, on the downfall of the tyrannical Iturbide, who had established an Imperial rule, proclaimed Mexico a Republic.

He is chargeable, during the following twenty-five years, when he was President or Dictator of the Republic, with unjustifiable cruelties in suppressing certain insurrections, with an unscrupulous greed of wealth, and with a boundless ambition; but, by his gallant action in the field and his sagacious measures in the Cabinet, he succeeded in quelling the successive civil wars that threatened the dissolution of the Republic, and in giving greater dignity and strength to the Government than it has since possessed under any of its rulers.

In the interview with Santa Anna from which we have already quoted, he related the following curious story about his lost leg: It will be remembered that it was in a gallant and victorious action against the French invaders at Vera Cruz, in 1837, that the General received a bullet in the leg, which rendered amputation of the limb inevitable. "Regarding my foot," said Santa Anna, "I must mention that I believed it lost when the rabble took it from the tomb on the 6th of December, 1841, and dragged it through the streets; but yesterday a lady came to see me, telling me that her husband, who was an old Colonel of the Mexican army, had preserved it, and recommended her to return it to me if I should ever come back to Mexico. I am expecting this gift to-day at noon. I consider this conduct the more praiseworthy because the gift might have been made in 1853 when I was President; but then such an action would have been considered adulation."

Santa Anna had scarcely finished these words when the lady arrived with the promised gift. The General opened the box, and examined the relic with interest. The foot was well preserved, having been perfectly mummified.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

A Washington correspondent gives some particulars concerning the popular novelist, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, that will not be without interest to even such readers as decline to range themselves among the admirers of her peculiar talent. Mrs. Southworth was born in Washington in the year 1818. She was the daughter of Capt. Charles Nevitt, of Alexandria, Va. Her early life, as described by herself, was peculiarly sad and gloomy. At the age of 24, she was married to a cruel, improvident husband, who, in two years' time, deserted her, leaving her, "a widow in fact, not in name," to support herself and infant son. She became a teacher in the public schools and a writer for the periodicals, working for both at starvation-prices. In 1849 she attracted the attention of Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, the only Anti-Slavery paper south of New York. He engaged her to write a serial story which should run through two or three numbers of the *Era*.

Thus she began her first novel, "Retribution," which proved the stepping-stone to her future success. She has written the pathetic circumstances under which this tale was composed, and we cannot do better than to re [illegible]ost her own words. We find them in Hart's "Am[illegible]rican Literature":

My salary w[illegible] inadequate to our comfortable support. My school nu[illegible]mbered 80 pupils, boys and girls, and I had the whole cha[illegible] of them myself. Added to this, my little boy fell dan[illegible]erously ill, and was confined to his bed in perfect helpless[illegible]ness until June. He would suffer no one to move him but [illegible] myself; in fact, no one else could do so without putt[illegible] him in pain. Thus my time was passed between house[illegible] keeping and schoolkeeping, my child's sick-b[illegible] and my literary labors. The time devoted to writing was the hours that should have been given to sleep or fresh air. It was too much for me. It was too much for any human being. My health broke down, I was attacked with frequent hemorrhages of the lungs. Still I persevered. I did my best for my house, my school, my sick child, and my publisher. Yet neither child, nor school, nor publisher, received justice. The child suffered and complained; the patrons of the school grew dissatisfied,—annoying, and sometimes insulting me; and, as for the publisher, he would reject whole pages of that manuscript which was written amid grief, and pain, and toil, that he knew nothing of. It was indeed the very melee of the "Battle of Life." I was forced to keep up struggling when I only wished for death and for rest.

But a bright morning dawned upon this night of sorrow. Her little boy recovered, contrary to her own and the doctor's opinion. Her story was a success, and, on its conclusion in the *Era*, was issued in book-form by an influential publisher, and received with great favor. Friends came about her, sympathy was freely offered, and she who was so lately ill, alone, and penniless, found herself in possession of abundant means, honor, friends, and an occupation thoroughly congenial. Since then she has written, in all, thirty-two novels, which bring her an annual income of $10,000. Her books do not occupy the highest rank, but it is safe to say they enjoy the widest circulation of any published in America.

Mrs. Southworth owns a pleasant residence in Georgetown, where she still pursues her literary work. In person, she is tall and straight, with a sympathetic, expressive countenance, and a look of greater age than she has really attained. After reading the account of her early trials, no one will begrudge her the ease and independence she has honestly won by diligent and unaided effort.

CONGREVE.

The witty dramatist, Congreve, wrote his first play, "The Old Bachelor," which won a remarkable success, when he was but 18. Boucicault nearly paralleled this youthful achievement by writing "London Assurance" when he was 19. The latter comedy still holds its place on the stage, and has a prospect of enjoying a prolonged popularity. Boucicault received £500 for the play, and, thus encouraged, went on producing dramas with astonishing rapidity. When he was 22, he wrote "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which, with "Love in a Maze" and "Colleen Bawn," he considers, in a literary point of view, the finest plays he has written.

Congreve's second venture in the field of the drama, "The Double-Dealer," was a failure; but "Love for Love," which he published when he was somewhere near 25, brought him wealth and fame. "The Mourning Bride," a tragedy in blank verse, brought out two years after, was also an immense success, surpassing even his comedies in the favor of the public. But, meeting with disappointment in the reception of his next play, "The Way of the World," Congreve left the theatre in disgust. His means were now ample enough to allow of his affecting the fine gentleman,—appointments having been conferred upon him in the public service which yielded him an income of £1,200 per annum. Spoiled by his prosperity and the flattery of society, he wished to have his authorship forgotten; and, when Voltaire once waited upon him, said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. Voltaire rebuked him by replying, "If you had been merely a gentleman, I should not have come to visit you."

Congreve contracted a close intimacy with Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great Duke), sitting daily at her table, and assisting her in the management of her household. On his death, in 1729, he bequeathed to her the bulk of his fortune, valued at £10,000. The Duchess possessed immense wealth of her own, and stood in no need of his generosity. It would have been more properly bestowed upon Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress, with whom Congreve had maintained an alliance during many years. The Duchess invested £7,000 of Congreve's bequest in a diamond necklace, after she had honored the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. His body lay in state under the ancient roof of Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, and other men of high position.

It is said that Her Grace further manifested her regard for the deceased poet by having a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clockwork, and was placed daily at her table. She also had a waxen image of him, whose feet were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been during his sufferings from the gout. A monument was erected to the memory of the poet in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the Duchess.

Congreve was born of a good family, at Bardsey, Yorkshire, in 1669, and died aged 69. He was educated in Ireland, where his father held a military position.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The setting sun gilded her soft brown hair,
  And mellowed the gloom in her luminant eyes,
Then reddened with blushes her bosom fair,
  And sank in a blaze of luxuriant dyes.

Yet the sun comes up with the coming morn,
  And the West will flame again, as of yore;
But a hope once set is never reborn,
  And a heart that is broken is dead evermore.

So the maiden moaned with the moaning trees,
  And lifted wet eyes to the rising moon,
And whispered her woe to the whispering breeze,—
  She must wear her spring hat till the end of June.

—*Cincinnati Times.*

Old Inhabitants.

From the Hagerstown (Ind.) Friendly Visitor.

Mr. George Castator, living with his son of this place, is 110 years old. He stands 5 feet 8 inches high in his slippers, is but very little bent, measures 41¼ inches around his chest, and is 23½ inches across the shoulders, has a full head of hair and a heavy beard, which he keeps closely trimmed. He is full-faced and has not the general emaciation usual to extreme old age: has several teeth in a good state of preservation; his eyesight is remarkably good for his age, though he cannot see to read; his pulse is moderately full, regular, seventy-eight per minute; breathing full, regular, eighteen per minute, except at times he shakes all over when the breathing is interrupted by a kind of sighing. He has a good appetite, but eats only two meals a day, taking breakfast at 8 o'clock and dinner at 11; taking a nap from 2 p. m. till 4; he sits up till 6 p. m., when he retires for the night. Is very regular in his habits; he cannot talk much, but can hear quite well; his speech seems to be interrupted from a spasmodic affection of the vocal chords. In the last three years he has lost the power of locomotion, not being able to get out of his room for two years, though he is able to get from his bed to a chair where he sits near the window, cross-legged, with arms folded, chewing his tobacco, and looking out upon the busy world, reminding one of old Father Time himself, superintending the operations of busy, perishable mortals.

Cut this out and save it: Mr. Castator was a very temperate man, neither drinking spirits of any kind nor chewing tobacco; he was a very robust man, fond of horse-racing and all kinds of athletic sports; never had but one attack of sickness, which was not serious; never took medicine but once; he commenced chewing tobacco at the age of 90 years, since which time he has become very nervous, and failed in every way much faster than before.

Bloomington (Ind.) Correspondence of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Living near Bloomington is our venerable old friend, William Ross, who, according to his own account and the family record, was born at Guilford Court-House, North Carolina, May 17, 1759; consequently is 115 years old the 17th of last month (May).

Father Ross is in splendid health, visits Bloomington frequently during the pleasant weather of summer, kills squirrels with his rifle, chops wood, works his own garden, and occasionally follows the plow, and says he feels as young as he did a half century ago.

Father Ross was not in the Revolutionary War, but was an eye-witness of the battle of Guilford Court-House, North Carolina, and makes no claim to having been a member of the military family of Gen. Washington, or of ever having seen the General. He has voted for ninety-four years, but does not remember how many votes he has cast within that time, but must have been well on to 200 times; and has invariably voted the regular old Democratic ticket, and never fails to pay his taxes. He is certainly the oldest man in the United States, if not in the world.

—Virgil D. Parris, a member of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Congresses from Maine, died at his residence in Paris, in that State, on Saturday.

—Rochefort was deeply touched by the New York *Herald's* adhesiveness. Enumerating the attentions of its representatives, he adds: "And in their kind solicitude for everything that concerns me, they were good enough to describe the anxiety I am in to see in London my poor wife, who, as you know, died just before I left for New Caledonia."