LITERATURE.

THE PROBIN'S WALLET, By Gilbert Haven. Hurd & Houghton, N. Y. Agents, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A pleasant gossipy book of incidents of travel is laid before us by Mr. Haven. It is not exaggeration for us to say that it is the most entertain ing volume of reminiscences that we have read for many a day. Spicy in its details, graphic in its narrative, it is of a kind to delight the general reader and even draw the cynicism from the professional scorner of works of travel. In fact, the present volume is not a volume of travels. It is a sketchy record of what the writer saw and what he heard in England and France. Those who suppose that the field is covered already, that no wook of either of these countries can be found which the laborious Yankee. has not penetrated and revealed, will be surprised at the freshness and graceful originality which abound in the "Pi grim's Wallet." It has long been known that there are two ways of visiting a spot; one, as the New Englander says, goes "to do" the gallery, the ruin, or the landscape; the other views with interligence and throws a new light on all he sees. To be a good traveller it is necessary for a man to possess a peculiar combination of qualities which cannot be acquired. As Pope was born a poet, so a man must be born a traveller. What the requisites are we will not narrate; suffice it to say that Mr. Haven possesses them in a remarkable degree. His work is a teeming record of old things made new, of old haunts revisited and reviewed in a new light. It seems as though with the fine reneil he has retraced the old picture, and by a sentence changed its dull lifelessness into warm vibility. So it is with Mr. Haven's work. But it is better to give our readers an instance than to enlogize. We quote his description of a visit to the House of Commons when the motion to cut down the expenditures was made by the Disraeli party:-

"To see a battle you must take your station betimes, and wait patiently the tedious movements of the mustering squadrons. So to witness a field-night in the House of Commons you must be at your post in the morning. The house opens at lour, and yet at eleven in the forenoon I scated myself in a dark den on the lowest story of the building, waiting with what patience I could command the slowly moving The reason for such necessity was, that night an important Jebate came off, and the six hundred members may have each given two tickets to a gallery that will not hold a hundred. The gallery is very democratic, however otherwise may be the Hocae; and its law is first come first served. So seated in the order of our entrance, we smile condescendingly at any subsequent Dukes and Earls as we may tancy these latter comers to be, and appreciate the emotions of Madam Blaze, of whom her biographer, Goldsmith, declares, with that simple adhesion to truth that ever characterizes him,-

"The king himself both followed ner, When she hatn gone before.

"The nobility slowly gather, proving by their rareness their gentlity; so that if twelve hundred tickets were issued, not one hundred had assembled before the appointed hour, and our feverishness, as elsewhere, was proved to be foolishness. The hour comes, and the bluscoated guide leads us up a series of back, winding, and narrow stairs, and ushers us in a nigh narrow box stuck up under the caves of an arched and Gothic root. How different is the entrance to the gaileries of the American House of Commons, and how different the galleries them elves! The most superb staircase in the world, lined with sumptious marbles and adorned with the highest art of the painter, opens into a spacious amphitheutre, where three thousand of the nation's rulers may witness the deliberations or excitements (usually the latter) of their representative subjects. Here a crooked and perverse stairway leads to a close and crowded loft. Yet this, as that, abily typides the relations each body holds to its peoples.

* * * * * * * Opposite to us, above the gallery that was behind the Speaker's chair, I saw an ornamental lattice work, such as sometimes covers the front of city organs. Behind it I discovered a fluttering, such as is not usually seen behind those cages. Was it an aviary of rare brids that waved their glittering plumage behind those bars? Or were hereer, though not less beautiful creatures, the penther and his family, pacing up and down there? After much study I ascertained that they were ladies; how near my messes come to the foot others may indeed ruesses came to the fact others may judge Their imprisonment staggered me. Were they penned there for the delectation of the no sy nembers below, or that their eyes might rain sweet influences upon the thery combatants? If the latter, the rain would be greatly impeded by the cloudy bars that enclose them. Of what was this the curious relic? Of Eastern worship, where women do not yet presume to appear in the presence of men? Certainly it is not the erion of the tournament, of which the cene below might be considered the lineal heir. In those lists she sat the arbiter and inspirer, as she does to-day at the Derby and other national race-grounds.

"While perplexing myself with this problem a cry was heard; the sauntering members who had been slowly dropping in arose in their seats; the pompous beadle, probably owning some far lottier title, strode into view; the gold mace-a large club of gold-was borne before him on a velvet cushion-a suggester, to my fancy, of the original mode of setting disputed questious, and of the possible solution to which they may yet come; and behind it walked the bewigged and begowned Speaker, tall and stately, with the obsequious clerks concluding the proces-

"The officials of the Government are seated on the lowest bench, on the right of the Speaker; the leaders of the opposition on the opposite bench; the liberal leaders across the lower end of this parallelogram, "below the gangway," as it is called. The mastlifs from the opposite benches carelessly eye each other. The upper dog in the fight soon proceeds to open the fray. There he sits, with his hat pressed down over with age, his air that of one half asleep and half dead. Suddenly he are not half asleep and half dead. Suddenly he arouses himself, rises in an utterly indifferent and lazy manner, and, with the hesitating tongue which is the size qua non of parliamentary oratory, throws a bomb-shell into the ranks of his loss. He declares that the question in debate is confidence or no confidence in the ministry; it deteated, he shall resign and appeal to the country. They are seemingly, perhaps really, taken aback by the threat; and much preliminary skirmishing fol-lows. He knows his ground, evidently, and has chosen it with wise forecast; he is not to be beguited from it. Even D'israell's cunning suggestions do not make the crather fox drop his prey. The debate opens with a some what grace-int speech from the author of the motion, Mr. Standstead, the one a terwards expelled from the Cabinet for his connection with Garibaldi. Palmerston follows. The powers of the man coolness and readmess. His sand froid is extra ordinary even in a Briton. It is not the cool ness of a fluent orator, for he is anything but fluent. It is not the sparkling jets of a ready debater, though in these he is not lacking. It is simply the imperturbability of the man of business, prepared, for every emergency that his antagonists can create. He is not merely cool; he is adroit. He knows what to say an i what not to say; how to conceal a thought while seeming to express it. He can utter a biting gibe that is itself a clinching argument. And this so carelessly that he appears to be the most indifferent person in all the melee. His friends and foes grow nervous beside his unchanging calminess. 'What's the overthrow of my administration?' he seems to say. 'Mere bagatelle.' Others say, 'It is intamous! it is glorious!' he, 'It is naught.'

"This is the crowning gift of potentates in all spheres-poetic, oratoric, military, alministrative. The coolness of Philips, Grant, and Lincoln are among the highest proofs of their greatness. So is that of Paimerston. Virgil's axiom does not fit his case: Possunt quia posse videntur. He is able because he does not seem

"To him D'Israeli makes reply. Opposite him, not twenty feet off, sat the calmly sneering Jew. He is dressed with studious care in 'an inky suit of customary black, in striking contrast to the seedy slouchiness of his rival. His dark face, large and hooked nose, and snaky black eye, all mark his race and nature. He essays a like abandon; but with him the seeming is evident to every eye. His voice is calm, his enuncistion measured; he even stammers in his utterance. Yet all these are clearly nistrionic; his calmness, extemporaneousness, and hesitation of the companion of the tion are all assumed. He is manifestly excited, Every nerve is strained to throw his quiet old enemy, who has dropped back into his seat, enemy, who has dropped back into his seat, with his hat over his eyes, almost nodding as if asleep. His speech is carefully elaborated; there is not a word that has not been hammered out with assiduous toil on the studio anvil. The natural hesitation of one looking for words wherewith to dress the poor nased idea that stands shivering in his brain, is the popular style of parliamentary oratory, because that parliament was not originally intended as a congress of representatives and debaters, but a talking place of the chiefs of the realm. This is the proper meaning of its name; this the vet distinguishing trait of the higher and originally the only house. They di dain to make speeches; they only talk. Hence, as

When we stick on conversation's burrs. We's rew our pathway with those dreadful 'urrs;' to these gentry, in their parliamentary converse, delight to retain this reminiscence of the early colloquiality that marked their deliberations. D'Israeli knows this is the fashion, and strews the pathway of his oratory with these suggestions of an unprepared and half embarra-sed state of mind, while they are as carefully prepared and prearranged as are his most sarcastic or ornate passages.

"After much noise and confusion, one tedious member being scraped and coughed down, the House divided. All the members rushed pell-mell into the lobby behind the Speaker's chair, and tellers were stationed to tally them as they retuined. This is a habit that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is boyish and barbarous. Why not call the roll, and respond quietly from their seats, like gentlemen? Palmerston had an easy triumph; and the noisy six hundred, at one o'clock in the morning, dissolved in an uproar.

We wish our space would allow us to quote more fully. Since the days of the appearance of Irving's "Sketch Book," there has not fallen under our notice a more entertaining volume of travels. Of course we would not compare it to Irving's unapproachable work, but although the distance between them is wide, yet next in order comes the production of Mr. Haven.

POEMS. By Edna Dean Proctor. Hurd & Houghton, New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Agents.

The latest of Miss Proctor's poems have been issued in appropriate form from the presses of Mesers, Hurd & Houghton. It is neatly got up, and bears the imprint of a refined judgment and cultivated taste. The work is divided into two parts. One her war poem, and the other on miscellaneous subjects. Of the two, the first is infinitely the best. The miscellaneous poems will not increase her reputation. With one or two exceptions, they are beneath mediocrity. The first and longest of the effusions is an epic on the Mississippi, giving its three eras, treating first of its descent by Marquette, then of its navigation in 1860, and finally of its opening in 1863. As an instance of the metre, and the rythm, which are admirable, we quote the first and last verses:-

Down the silent Mississippi, with his saintly soul aflame, Twice a nundred years are numbered since Mar-All the winter in his cabin high among the Huron

SCOWS, Gaining lore of forest hunters, tracing maps by urelight glows, Offering to the Blessed Virgin morn and evening vow and prayer

That his eves might view the river flowing southward broad and fair. Wondrous grace! upon its bosom, glad beneath the summer blue, Rapt in visions, lost in praises, lo! he guides his

light cance! Then amid the yellow wheat fields, as they reap in sun mer days; Heap, when harvest moons are shining, rustlin;

sheaves of ripened maize;
Pluck the grapes from purple hill-sides when the
vintage crowns the year; Grind the cane and house the cotton that has cost no bondman dear;

Choose untrammelled, righteous rulers, fit the country's name to bear; Hear the beits from bluff and prairie through the bush of Sabbath air: Shall they tell the thrilling story of the twice-

won River o'er, And the Boatman and the Soldier honored be lorevermore:-

In the nation's song and record, freighted prose and winged rhyme. Light cance and war ship gliding hallowed down

the stream of time But the poem which pleases us by far the best, is that entitled "Harvest and Liberty," written at the time of the election in 1860. Coming as it did in autumn, the appeal to leave the fields and go to the ballot-box is most effective. It is the same metre as Macaulay's "Battle of Lake Regulas," and the description of the action, which we quote, is remarkably fine: -

The harvest-moon is wan ng, And, under shield ng caves, wheat lies threshed and garnered, Or heaped in heavy sheaves; And on a thousand prairies,

Like forest seas outrolled, The corn stands waiting till the sun Shall turn its green to gold. Along the fair Ohio

The grapes are storing wine,— Catawba, purple Isabel, And fragrant Muscadine; And peach and apple, ripe and red, Drop when the light winds blow,

Ripe and red from the aden boughs, Till the grass is heaped below. Oh, never 'neath Athenian skies To Ceres, garland-crowned, When scarlet pappies wreathel with wheat

Her shining tresses bound, Such glad thanksgiving filled the air, Such wild and tuneful glee, As we could bring with shout and song From prairie-land to sea.

Taken all together, we think that her war poems are the best we have had issued. We hope that all effusions on the war, however, will hereafter cease, for where one deserves praise, an hundred are nauscating in the extreme. As the best of her minor poems, we will quote a little one on "Heart-Deaths," which, as a random effort, has no lack of poetic fire;-

Hearts often die bitter deaths before The breath is breathed away, And number weary twilights o'er, Ere the last evening grey.

I've sometimes looked on closed eyes, And tolded hands of snow, And said, "It was no sacrifice; The heart went long ago."

O blessed Death, that makes our bed Beneath the dames deep! O mocking Life, when hearts have fled And eyes must watch and weep!

POEMS RELATING TO THE AMERICAN REVOLU-TION. By Philip Freneau. With an Introduc-tory Memoir and Notes by Evert A. Duyckinck. 12mo, pp. 288. W. J. Widdleton.

The poems of Freneau are not only to be re commended because of the peculiar time of their appearance, nor because of the incidents of which they treat being of deep interest to all Americans, but also because of the real merit they possess. Of them the Tribune sava: -"Tae poems of this volume have been selected with reference to their connection with the Revolution, of which Freneau was a powerful popular advocate. His claims to 10 nembrance as a poet do not, however, depend on this circumstance. Mr Duyckinck's estimate of his merits will not be called in question. In Lis opinion, Freneau was essentially of a poetic mood, and had many traits of rare excellence in the divine art. He was a genuine lover of nature; his imagination was easily enkindled by the charms of landscape; he had a keen sympathy with his fellow-men, especially in the humbler aspects and modes of life. Nor was he destitute of a quaint and kindly humor, which is evinced in many a comic picture of the tamiliar incidents and manners of his time. The present edition is the only collection of any of his writings since 1815, and the first of his Revolutionary Poems since 1809,"

HISTORY OF THE PLOTS AND CRIMES OF THE GREAT CONSPIRACY TO OVERTHROW LIBERTY IN AMERICA. By John Smith Dye. Svo. pp. 363. Published by the Author.

The author of this volume has brought together a somewhat ill-digested mass of instances intended to prove the existence of a systematic conspiracy for murder and assassination in the interests of Southern slavery. He undertakes to show that both the Presidents Harrison and Taylor owed their deaths to poison stealthily administered by enemies of the Union. He writes with a firm conviction of the correctness of his premises, and makes out a plausible case in their support. His book evinces little skill in the arts of authorship; but no one who reads it can doubt his sincerity and zeal.

-An important work for libraries has recently been published in Germany-"Bibliographia Bibliographica"-a descriptive catalogue of all known works relating to the science of bibliography, arranged for easy reference, with ample indices. The celebrated Brunet, of Paris, has for some years been making preparations, and M. Renouard, the historian of the Aldus family, half a century ago, made selections for the production of a similar work. The author of the book above announced is Dr. JuliusPetzheld. of Dresden.

-The whole of Lord Brougham's works are about to be issued in shilling monthly parts,

-Mrs. Emma Hardinge, better known as "Belle Boyd," who recently gave to the public two volumes of adventures in the Confederate and Federal States, in the prisons and in the camps of both sections, now announces herself as "the celebrated extemporaneous lecturer" at St. James' Hall, in London. The style introduced by Mr. John B. Gough, that of terming his lectures "orations," has been adopted by Mrs. Hardinge.

-Messra, Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have in press a volume of the poems of the late George Arnold, which they design to publish early in March. The book is entitled, "Drift: a Seashore Idyl, and Other Poems," and has been prepared under the editorship of Mr. William Winter, of New York, one of the deceased poet's intimate triends. A portrait of Mr. Arnold will form the frontispiece to the volume, which will also contain a sketch of his life. His career was brief. but he has left, in his many and genuine poems, enduring tokens of his genius, culture, and devotion to the literary art.

-Mr. David G. Francis has in press "A Biblio graphical and Critical Account of the rarest books in the English language, which during the last fifty years have come under the observation of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A., alphabetically arranged, accompanied with numerous extracts in Verse and Prose, and a very copious and use-

-A great deal of interest has been created in

ful index. Four vols., sm. 8vo."

Europe by the publication of M. Brunaud's work on the ages of authors. From it we extract the fellowing table of continental writers and their longevity. Among the shorter lived we find:-Tasso, who lived 51 years; and Virzil and Shakespeare, 52 years; Moliere, 53; Dante and Pouc, 56; Ovid and Congreve, 57. After these came Homer, 60; Milton, 66; Petrareb, Dryden, Crebillon, and J. B. Rousseau, 70; Latontaine and Destouches, 74; Euripides, 79; Juvenal and Young, 60; Meastasio, 84; Anacreon, Vallsen, and St. Lambert, each of whom lived 85 years Sophocies, 90; and last of all, Simonides, who counted his 80 years. Among the great names in science on this list, we meet with Descartes and Fourerov, who died at 54 years of age; Tyche Brahe, 55; Kepler, 59; Maupertius and Gal-yaniz, 61; Aristotle, 63; Boyle, 64; Huygens and vaniz, 61; Aristotle, 63; Boyle, 64; Huygens and Werner, 66; D'Alembert, 67; Copermous and Leibnitz, 70; Linnauis, 71; Bossuet, 73; La Con-damine, 73; Euler, 77; Roger Bacon and Galileo, 78; Spallanzan, 79; Buñon, 81; Duhamel, 82; Paulenton, the associate of Buffon, 83; Franklin and Faler, 84; Newton, 85; Halley, 85; and Fon-tanelle, 100. Among the philosophers we find Montaigne, who attained his 60th year; Condel-lac, 65; Lord Bacon and Montesquieu, 66; Eraslac, 65; Lord Bacon and Montesquieu, 66; Eras mus and Ferkley, 63; Seneca, 71; Matherbe and Confucius, 72; Locke 73; Mallebrauche, 78, The historians make a turrecord. Goldciardin died in the 18th ear of his age; Hume, 65; Gilbert, Burnet, and Robertson, 72; Mezerau, 73; Usher, 75; Mably, 76; Thucydides and Vertet, 80; Raynal, 84. Some of the writers of action make a good count, as for instance, Cervantes, 69 years; Le Sage, 70; Richardson, 72; and Switt, 78 years of sea.

To this last we would add the names of the various contemporaneous writers in Great Britein, which is of even more interest to our readers than the quotation from M. Brunaud:readers than the quotation from M. Brunaud:—
Matthew Arnold, 41; Wilkie Collins, 42; John
Ruskin, 47; Rev. Charles Kugsley, 47; Captain
Mayre Reld, 48; George Henry Lewes, 49; Tom
Taylor, 49; Will am Howard Russell, 50; Anthony
Trollope, 51; Charles Reade, 52; Robert Browning, 54; Charles Dickens, 54; Alfred Tronvson, 57;
Sir Archibald Alison, 56; William E. Gladstone,
56; Charles Lever, 59; Rev. F. D. Maurice, 61;
Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli, 61;
Barry Corn wall, 67; Samuel Lover, 58; Thomas
Carlyle, 70; William Howitt, 71; Dean Milman,
75; Charles Knight, 74; John Payne Collier, 77;
and Lord Broogham, 86.

and Lord Brougham, 8 We extract the following from the Paris Gos-

sip of the Boston Post:-"Alexandre Dumas' success as a lecturer to Paris audier, ces has determined him to undertake a sort of lecturing tour among the capitals of Europe, as a means of making momey, of which, notwithstanding the very large amounts he has made by his novels, plays, and feutiletons, the great romancer is always borribly short inough. He has begun his tour by a visit to Vienna, where he will probably be the object of much indemonstratively affectionate attention on the part of the police. From Vienna he goes to Venice; his love of 'taly and his aderation of Garibaidi will secure him 'he sympathy of the Venetians en masse; and as his 'lectures' are mere threads of personal reminiscences and selfglorification, mixed up with anecdoles of all

marner of people more or less known to the world, and speed with witty and graceful remarks on all manner of literary and artistic subjects, it is probable that the Austrian police, now riding roughshod on the neaks of the descendants of the renowned Republic, will not have any pretext for putting an extinguisher on his brilliant utterances.

"Martin Bossange, the father of the booksellers of the present day (and somehow though

"Martin Bessange, the father of the booksellers of the present day (and somehow, though
always complaining of the hard life they lead,
they all seem to live to a most respectable old
age), has just died in Paris, not only tull, but
actually overflowing with years and honors.
Martin Bossange, who had become the living
chronicier and encyclopædia of all the gens de lettres who are struggling through the iterary fog
which envelopes the early history of the revoluwhich envelopes the early history of the revolu-tion, will be greatly missed in the circles of which his inexhaustible and ever-active memory furnished such abundant aneodote and illustration, that each conversation with him was considered to furnish the matter of a goodly volume. He began life as he ended it, by following the profession of a publisher and bookseller, which drow him into the society of the authors, savans, and beaux esprits of the divers epochs in which he lived. In the book shop of Madame Legay, in the Palais Royal, young Bossange was tomed to hold daily intercourse with Rivoral and Mirabeau, with Camille Desmoulins, and with Feaumarchais. The death of the smiable and intellectual centennarian is doubly regretted, since it has been ascertained that having given away to various authors and compilers the materials he once possessed for the compo-stion of his personal souvenirs of the great events of modern history, they have become so dispersed that they can no longer be reckoned upon to assist his great-grandsons in the pious work of remembrance they had promised to the world.

-The London Review is responsible for the following amusing paragraph :- "Visitors to Par's may have noticed in the booksellers' windows there a franc edition of a French version of Thackeray's celebrated 'Yellowplush Papers' and 'Jeames's Diary,' under the title of 'Memoires d'un Vaiet de Pied.' Well, there is a little story connected with this translation which very vividly sets before us the difference between publishing in Paris and publishing in London. The industrious translator, Mr. William L. Hughes, well known in the French capital for his knowledge of both English and French literature, was anxions to secure the copyright of his labor, and obtain the usual stamp from the Government officials. For that purpose he sent his written request with a copy of the book to the Paris Board of Index for their authorization and protection. After a considerable time-occupied, it may be presumed, in carefully examining Thackeray's humor-the officials determined to refuse the license, for the following sublime reasons:- 'Because the book contains strictures on the British aristocracy of such intense acerbity that remonstrance from her Majesty's Government might be the consequence of its authorized circulation."

-Joseph Marie Juerara, a celebrated bibliographer, died December 1, in Paris. He was probably the most learned man in his specialty (the bibliography of French literature) who has appeared.

-January Searle, the well-known author of the "Gipsies of the Dane's Dyke," has ready for publication this spring a work to be entitled "The Secret Detective Service of the Armies of the Potomac and Virginia, from the Records of Allen Parkerton, Esq., the Prince of American Detectives." A book from the pen of this vigorous and spicy writer must always be interesting.

-The Northwestern Farmer, a paper devoted to the interests of agriculture and kindred pursuits, has been established at Indianapolis, and is issued in a very neat style, and at a cheap rate. The more good papers read by larmers the better for the country. The publishers are Messrs. Bland & Myers, who already issue the Home Visitor, a valuable family weekly. -We have heretofore announced the "Nasby"

papers in book form, from the press of R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincionati. The work is now re ceived, it constituting an octavo volume of 424 pages, and in its mechanical execution doing great credit to our Western bookmaking capabilities .- Detroit Tribune. -The Argosy of February has a fine table of

contents, with articles from Mrs. Oliphant, William Allingham, Robert Buchanan, Henry Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, and other wellsnown names, and a fresh instalment of Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt."

-"A Walk from London to the Land's End. with Notes by the Way," by Elihu Burritt, was published in London in December, by Sampson Low & Son.

-Trubner & Co., London, have issued a new ranslation of the Twenty-four Books of the Holy Scriptures, carefully translated, according to the Massoretic Text, after the best Jewish authorities. The translator's name is Isaac Leeser. -Miss Muloch's (Mrs. Craik) new novel, enti-

tled "A Noble Life," was issued in London on the 5th of this month, and will be speedily republished in this country by the Harpers. -"Rates and Taxes, and How They were Collected," by the authors of "A Bunch of Keys,"

edited by Thomas Hood the younger, is favorbly noticed in the Athaneum. -Ruskin, leaving the lofty heights of criticism, has been discussing the subject of house-

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maids, and is now occupied with Jamaica.

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This Sate is mow on exhibition in our warehouse on Seventh street, with the books and papers still remaining in it just as it was when taken from the ruins. Mercharts, Fankers, and others interested in the protection of their books and papers are invited to call andigamine it.

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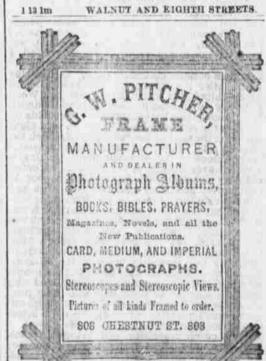
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