LITERATURE

A REBEL WAR CLERK'S DIARY AT THE CONFEDE BATE STATES CAPITOL. By J. B. Jones, Two volumes, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We confess-and we do so with a sense of conscious ignorance-that never, until the present nine hundred pages of printed matter lay before us, had we heard of J. B. Jones. To be sure, a perusal of the work leaves us pretty familiar with the history, family, feelings, and, more particularly, the vanity of that great man; but, considering he is the author of a number of "well-known" novels, we lament our ignorance. But be that as it may, we know quite enough of that gentleman just now. It is rather aggravating to loyal minds to read a preface dated March, 1866, which contains references to Jefferson Davis and J. C. Breckinridge, as follows. We give the introduction entire, as a specimen of treason, impudence, and vanity:-

This Diary was written with the knowledge of the President and the Scoretary of War. I informed them of it by note. They did not deprecate criticism on their official conduct; for they allowed me still to execute the functions of a very important position in the Government until the end of its

My discriminating friends will understand why I accepted the poor title of a clerkship, after having declined the Chargeship to Naples tendered by Mr. Calbonn during the administration of President

As we are not one of "my discriminating friends," we do not understand his reason for declining the Chargeship, except the probable one that it was never seriously offered. But before we review the body of the work, we will give our readers a specimen of the style by quoting the opening pages. "My flight to the South" sounds very terrible, but when it is remembered it occurred when there was no interruption of travel, and no surveillance, some of its Munchausen daring is apparent. This style is preserved through the whole three volumes. The petty details, exaggerated into wonderful events, would appear comical did they not seem contemptible. The events of the days of April, 1861, are still well remembered. We quote Mr. Jones' account:-

April 8, 1861. BURLINGTON, New Jersey,-The April 8, 1861. BURLINGTON, New Jersey.—The expedition sais to-day from New York. Its purpose is to reduce Fort Moutrie. Charleston harbor, and relieve Fort Sumter, invested by the Confederate ferces. Southern born, and editor of the Southern Monitor, there seems no alternative but to depart immediately. For years the Southern Monitor, Philadelphia, whose motto was "The Union as it was, the Constitution as it is," has foreseen and forecoid the resistance of the Southern States, in the event of the species of a sectional party immediate. event of the success of a sectional party inimical to the institution of African slavery, upon which the the institution of Airican slavery, upon which the welfare and existence of the Southern people seem to depend. And I must depart immediately; for I well know that the first gun fired at Fort Sumter will be the signal for an outburst of ungovernable fury, and I should be seized and thrown into mison I must leave my family—my property—everything. My family cannot go with me—but they may follow. The storm will not break in its fury for a month or

so. Only the most obnoxious persons, deamed dangerous, will be molested immediately 8 o'clock P. M —My wire and children have been busy packing my trunk, and making other prepara-tions for my departure. They are cheerful. Iney deem the rupture of the States in fait accompli, but reek not of the horrors of war. They have contrived to pack up, with other things, my fine old portrait of Calhoun, by Jarvis. But I must leave my papers. the accumulation of twenty-five years, comprising the accumulation of twenty-nee years, comprising thousands of letters from predestined Rebels. My wife opposes my suggestion that they be burned. Among them are some of the veto messages of President Tyler, and many letters from him, Governor Wise, etc. With the latter I had a correspondence in 1856, showing that this blow would probably have been struck then, if Fremont had been elected.

April 9 — My adieus over, I set out in the broad light of day. When the cars arrived at Camden, I proceeded, with the rest of the through passengers, in the boat to the Navy Yard, without going ashore in the city. The passengers were strangers to me. Many could be easily recognized as Southern m n; but quick as many were councily as tara. Wash but quite as many were going only as lar as Washington, for their reward. They were bold denouncers of the Rebe bon; the others were silent, thoughtful,

but in earnest.

The first thins which attracted my attention, as the cars left the De aware depot, was a sign-board on my left, inscribed in larre letters. "Union Cemetery." My gaze attracted the notice of others. A mocking bon-mot was uttered by a Yankee wit, which was followed by laughter

For many hours I was plunged in the deepest ab-

For many hours I was plunged in the deepest abstraction, and spoke not a word until we were entering the depot at Washington, just as the veil of night was falling over the scene.

Then I was aroused by the announcement of a conductor, that falling to have my truns rechecked at Battimore, it had been left in that city! Determined not to lose it, I took the return train to Battimore and put up at Barnum's Hotel Here I met with Mr. Abell, publisher of the Baltimore Sun, an old acquaintance. Somewhat contrary to my expecold acquaintance. Somewhat contrary to my expec-tations, knowing him to be a na ive or the North, I found him an ardent secessionist. So enthusiastic was he in the cause, that he denounced both Mary-land and Virginia ier their hestiancy in following the example of the Cotton States; and he invited me to furnish his paper with correspondence from Montgomery, or any places in the South where I might be a sojourner.

April 10.—Making an early start this morning, I

April 10.—Making an early start the morning, I once more arrived at Washington city I saw no evidences of a military force in the city, and supposed the little army to be encamped at the west end of the avenue, guarding the Executive mansion. We took an omnibus without delay, and proceeded to the steamer. As soon as we left the shere. I fancied I saw many of the passengers breathing easier and more deeply. Certainly there was more vivacity, since we were relieved of the presence of Republicans. And at the breakfast table there was a free r flow of speech, and a very decided manifestation of flow of speech, and a very decided manifestation of

April 10 and 11.—There two days were mainly lost by de avs, the floods having swept away many bridges, which had not yet been repaired. As we approached Richmond, it was observed that the people were more and more excited, and seemed to people were more and more excited, and seemed to be pretty nearly unanimous for the immediate secession of the state. Everywhere the Convention then in accession was denounced with bitterness, for its adherence to the Union; and Governor Letcher was almost universally executed for the chocks he had thrown under the car of secession and Southern independence. I heard very many who had voted for him regret that they had ever supported the clique of politicians who manazed to secure his nomination. And now I learned that a People's spontaneous Convention would assemble in Richmond on the 16th of the month, when, if the other tody persisted in its opposition to the bopular will, the most startling revolutionary measures would be adopted, involving perhaps arrests and executions. Several of the members of this body with whom I conversed bore arms upon their persons.

bore arms upon their persons.

April 12—To-day I beheld the first secession flag that had met my vision. It was at Polecat (1: St stion, Caroline county, and it was greeted with enthasiasm b) all but the two or three Yankees in the train. After tea I called upon Governer Wise, who oc cupied lodgings at the same hotel. He was worn out, and prostrated by a distressing cough, which threatened pneumonia. But ever and anon his eagle eye assumed its wonted brilliancy. He was surrounded by a number of his devoted friends, who rounded by a number of his devoted friends, who listened with rapt attention to his surpassing eloquence. A test question, indicative of the purpose of the Convention to adjourn without action, had that day been carried ov a decided majority. The Governor once rose from his recumbent position on the sofa, and said, whatever the majority of Union men in the Convention might do, or leave undone. Virginia must array herself on one side or the other. She must fight either Lincoln or Davia. It the latter, he would renounce her and tender his sword and his life to the Southern Confeneracy. And although it was apparent that his physique was reduced, as he said, to a mere "bas of bones" yet it was evident that his spirit yet struggled with all its native fire and animation.

Soon after President Tyler came in. I had not seen him for several years, and was surprised to find him, under the weight of so many years, unchanged

seen him for several years, and was surprised to find him, under the weight of so many years, unchanged in activity and energy of body and mind, the was quite as ardent in his advocacy of prompt State action as Wise. Having recently abandoned the Presidency of the Peace Congress at Washington, in deepair of obtaining concessions or guarantees of safety from the rampant powers then in the ascendancy, he nevertheless believed, as did a majority of the statemen of the South, that even then, in the event of the secession of all the Nouthern States, presenting thus a united frent, no war of great magnitude would ensue. I know better, from my residence in the North, and from the confessions of the Republicans with whom I have been thrown in contact; but I will not dissent voluntarily from the tact; but I will not dissent vo'untarily from opinions of such statesmen. I can only, when opinion is desired, intimate my conviction to

eat war of the sections might have been averted

if the South had made an adequate coup d'etat be-fore the inauguration of Lincoln, and while the Democratic party everywhere was yet writhing under the sting and mortification of defeat. Then the arm of the Republican party would have been paralyzed, for the attitude of the Democratic party would at least have been a menacing one; but some the Government has been suffered to fall into the possession of the events, the sword and the purse have been seized, and it is too late to dream of peace in or out of the Union. Submission will be dis-tener Secession can only be death, which is pre-

Governor Wise, smiling, rose again and walked to a corner of the room, where I had noticed a bright musket with a sword-bayonet attached. He took it up and criticized the sword as interior to the knife. Our would require long driling to become expert the former, like the French Zonaves; but they restinctively knew how to wield the bowie-knice The conversation turning upon the probable deficiency of a supply of improved arms in the South, if a great war should en-ue, the Governor said, with one of his inevitable expressions of feelings, that it was not the improved arm, but the improved man, which would win the day. Let brave men advance with flint locks and oid-in-hiened ba-onets, on the populays of the Northern cities—advance on, and on, under the fire, reckless of the siam, and he would answer for it with his life that the Yankees would herek and run. But, in the event of the Convention break and run. But, in the event of the Convention adjourning without declaive action, he ap rehended the first conflict would be with Virginians—the Union men of Virginia He evidently despaired, under repeated defeats, of seeing an ordinance of secession pa-sed immediately, and would have preferred "resistance" to "secession"

The extract quoted affords a fair sample of the following nine hundred pages. Of their literary style we speak favorably. They are clearly written, without ambiguity, and are calculated to give the facts in the most practical way. They purport to give us an inside view of what was happening in the South while the Rebellion was in progress, as received from a Government officer. Could we divest ourselves of the conviction that the diary has been altered to make it suit events, and give to its writer an air of more profound sagacity, it would greatly increase in value. But we cannot but believe that the praise bestowed on Generals in embryo. who have since turned out great, was added when that greatness was apparent. For instance, on April 1861, he writes that if Professor Jackson is given a command, he will greatly distinguish himself. As he makes this assertion the first time he saw Jackson, are we not authorized in believing that it was added when the name of "Stonewall" was famous?

Notwithstanding many faults, the most prominent of which we have specified, we must acknowledge that the work is interesting. It refers to events still fresh in the memory of all. It gives us the light they were viewed in, and how they appeared from a Southern stand-point. It extends from the very commencement of the struggle to its close; and is, therefore, comprehensive. It is neatly orinted by Lipprocott, and, with a certain class of readers, will undoubtedly have a large sale. The author's only claim to Southern birthright lies in the fact that Baltimore was honored as the city of his nativity.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Harper & Brothers. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Classic literature abounds in continual references to the "Tales of Miletus." Whatever these tales were, it is safe for us to conclude that they possessed what the Greeks most admire-refinement of thought, delicacy of execution, and mythological references. But their beauty has been lost to us. We have no certain means of determining which of the numerous tables bequeathed to us are the tales of Miletus, or it any of them are. And hence, while speculation has been rife, the day for the acquisition of facts has long since passed. Sir E. B. Lytton has done his best to aid the cause. and even should he have failed-and we know not whether he has or not-the eight tales he gives us are beautiful enough to be the lost ones of Miletus.

The stories are related in a unique blank verse, in which the masterly finish of Bulwer's literary skill is strikingly shown. For purity, rhythm, and exactitude of versification, we have no superior to the little volume before us. The tales, some of them, are already familiar. The majority of critics who have noticed the work have given their preference to "Death and Sisyphus." We, however, have the greatest admiration for the concluding one, 'Cydippe; or, The Apple." In order to do justhe tale, we quote such verses as will show the style and preserve a connected nar-

Fairest and hardiest of the youths in Geos Flourished Acoutus, free from love's sweet trouble, Fure as when first a child, in her child-chorus, Chanting the goddess of the silver bow.

'Son," thus his father, widowed long, and aged Mournfully said, "The young are never ionely; So Hude's self to them is a boon comrade; Lone are the aged; ione amid the crowd. 'Lon- hest when brooding o'er a silent hearthston

Vacant of prattiers coaxing back to laughter; Toys to the greybeard are his children's children; They are to age, my son, as hopes to youth. "Chose, then, a bride whom I may call a daughter, And in her infants let me find companions Life hurries on to meet the point it spring from; Youth starts from intancy and age returns."

Gaining the shores of consecrated Delos. fort, mart, and street seem'd vocal with all Hellas. And the whole city, as one mighty actar, Breathed with Greek meloons and Syrian balms.

Now from within the fane rose choral voices Now up the sacred stairs went slow the hunter: Now with innamerous torches on his sight,

From the lustrating font within the entrance, Murmuring low prayers Acontius, neared the altar, Rendering his bloodiess sacrifice—pure flour-cakes, Shapes wrought in wax of hon and of stag.

Lo, midway in the aisle -her nurse before her Mother rise walking—cam- a youthful virgin Bearing white garlands, as when, led by winter Comes the fresh spring-morn bringing earlies flowers.

As in closed chambers suddenly flung open Rushes the light, rushes the golden splender, all his frame thrilled with a delectial glory, And to himself he murmureo, "This is love.

He, with his hunter's knife, carved on the apple Letters clear-scored; and, screened behind a column Into the p aiden's hip he cast that token Which the Greek gives to her he deems most fair. tartied, the girl looked round, nor saw the hunter, And, wonder-stricker, asked the nurse in whisper, "What can this mean? whence comes it?" Quoth

Puzzled and curious, "Nay, I cannot guess. "Are there not letters? Read shou what is written." to the girl read these words — '1, at the altar Artemis hallows, yow to wed Acontius."

Scornful the maiden cast away the apple; out, the in wilsper she the words had spoken, leard by the tean, heard by the great goddess. "Joy!" said the lover, suddenly grown bold;

Gold-throned Artemis, to the unerring Irust I the rest; the vow is in thy keeping."
when the sir; down-eved as before, departed,
He, through the city, followed on her way. Cydippe is engaged shortly afterwards by her

father to a merchant, when she is seized with a strange trance, upon which the husband sensibly declines to take a wife who is subjected to fits. Again is she betrothed, when her intended is seized and the match abandoned. The third time is at adjusted, when her father himself is the victim. Acontius now appears, restores the father, and marries Cydippe. Bending she took up and replaced the myrtle, Not with the right hand; tout in his was resting;

licart answers heart, she answered, yet was mute

So with melodious lymnings to the temple Went the procession; and it, after aces, This story passed into a strain of music Set for sweet singers and to Lesbian intes.

Such is the story, elegantly told, replete with beauties of the highest order. The whole work is calculated to add greatly to Bulwer's fame, showing him as it does in an entirely new light and proving his powers to extend into a field in . which he has heretofore been a stranger. The volume, though small, is a literary gem, and all of taste and judgment will not fail to appreciate Its merits.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDOR Bonneo. By James Greenwood. Harper & Brothers. J. B. Lipomcott & Co.

A lively, spirited work for boys. It has no false sentimentality, no pedantic display of the author's knowledge of unoronounceable botanical names, but is written in a simple, clear style, conveying considerable information under the guise of adventures. The author particularly informs us that his hero was confined seventeen years and four months among the Dyaks of Borneo, and gives us an account of his doings. It is of deep interest, full of incident, without any of the defects so common in works of its class. What we need in America is a greater supply of books for boys. When children are given love sick romances their taste is vitiated, if not their morality tainted. A few such national productions as Tom Haghes furnished England with, would prove a perfect Godsend to boys of America, "Reuben Davidger" is one of the needed kind, spiced with excitement and mingled with a taint of the terrible.

THE GOLD ERICK. By Ann S. Stephens, T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We had thought hat Mrs. Henry Wood could invoke more ghosts, secure more heroes with whom bigamy was a virtue, and heroines with whom infanticide was a petty offense, than any other authoress living. True, Miss Braddon followed on her closely, and Mrs. Southworth sometimes almost overtook her; but her imaginative powers have heretofore kept her the lead. But her pre-eminence must fade before the horrors conjured by the provide pen of Mrs. Stephens. From the opening paragraph to the happy conclus on, the cli n'ting of chains and the grounings of captives are never allowed for a moment to subside. Others writers have commenced their volumes with a single murder; but Mrs. Stephens does not condescend to enter into the pit and fight riva's with ordinary weapons. She seizes on the massacre of San Domingo, and lays before us, not a coroner's jury and a corpse, but a ship's crew and a beach lined with mutilated human forms.

To keep up the superiority of the horrible something original is necessary. The writer secures this in a prison, which, we are assured, stood over a copper mine, in which the convicts were compelled to work, and where, for disobedience, they were placed in an oven at about 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and slowly roasted. Whether they were afterwards eaten is unknown: but as a slave is depicted as furnishing his young master with a steak cut from his own person, we would not be surprised if Connecticut had in the early part of the century, a cannibalistic jailor.

From what we have said, our readers may con clude that the "Gold Brick" is a very terrible and very interesting work. Interesting is hardly the word-absorbing is nearer the truth. Perfectly unnatural, its extreme disregard for anything like probability is its chief merit. To those who fear no ill, and like a series of literary plunges in the stream of horror, we recommend the work. As there are more who love the horrid than the legitimate, we suppose it will have a large sale. Messrs, Peterson pub-Ishes it in their usual neat form.

Petroleum. A History of the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. By Rev. S. J. N. Eaton. J. P. Skelly & Co., No. 733 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Although the excitement incident to oil speculation has died away, and those who rejoiced at the naming of petroleum now hear it mentioned with rage and despair, yet it is of interest to have an authentic narrative of what gave rise to such a fever, and the causes of its decline. Mr. Eaton, for many years a resident of Franklin, has witnessed the whole process, understands thoroughly the ins and outs of the trade, knows from practical examination all about the process of boring, and gives us the result of his knowledge in the work before us. It is valuable. because of its evident truth, and the complete familiarity of the author with his subject. It is published by a new house, J. P. Skelly & Co., who are well known in the sale of engravings, and to whom we tender our best wishes in their new trade.

FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY. By Hannah M. Bouvier, Sower, Barnes & Pott. No. 37 N. Third street. This work is a practical teacher in the study of the stars. Abounding in questions, with the answers given, it cannot fail to be a most valuable auxiliary to all text-books on the subject. in fact, any work having the imprint of this house may be regarded as standard. Careful in the style of its publications, examining each, and issuing only the best, it has risen to a first place in the rank of school-work publishers. This last addition cannot but prove most welcome, for with it a student, without ag instructor, could become conversant with the principles of the mystic, occult science. It is made so plain that he who runs can read.

-We have received from Carleton, New York, through T. B. Peterson & Bros., at the last moment, a copy of "Baked Meats After the Funeral," by Miles O'Rettly (C. G. Halpine), and "Jargal," by Victor Hugo, waich we will notice next week.

OUR MAGAZINES.

-The Atlantic, for May, contains an excess or its usually able articles. The opening contribution is a curious compound of argument and fiction, which introduces to us the communist village of Economy, in Ohio. "The last days of Walter Savage Landor" is continued in a rambling, desultory style, hardly excusable in what lays claim to be a semi-biography. That mexcusable tearing away of the veil of privacy, which is performed in giving to the public the private diary of Nathaniel Hawthorne, is repeated. These glimpses are interesting, and would be fully appreciated were it not that it seems like intending to reach the secret thoughts of the departed. Miss Cobne's new paper on the "Fenian Idea" is powerfully written; while the criticism on Edwin Booth, although almost fulsome, is not undeserved.

The great feature of the present number is Russell Lowell's "Speech of Hosea Bigelow," written in the quaint Yankee dialect, in which he is inimitable; he gives us, in a homely way views on politics and reconstruction. We wish

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that we could reproduce the article. It is worth | plv of collawral information and in a dozen Congressional speeches for pith and point. Those who can understandingly read the peculiar spelling, can, of course, appreciate it much more than those who have to undereo the laborious process of translation. We are not among the favored, and although thus reviewing the article under untavorable circomstances, pronounce it the best contribution we have seen for many months. Of the poetry, Whittier's "Abraham Davenport" is the best, "To-morrow" being only a fragment. Taken as a whole, the number before us can compare favorably with any of its predeces ors. Since the close of the war, we think the Atlantic has improved.

-Our Young Folks has supplied a want long felt, and is now an established institution in every household. Under its benign influence the children have an opportunity of hearing the best writers of our language speak directly to them. The number for May is a rich treat. Besides "May-Day," "The Blue Bird," and "Susy's Dragon," there is a delightful little romance, "Miss Katy Did and Miss Cricket," by Mrs. Stowe, which will delight the girls, while "Handing About," "Richmond Prisons," and "Affoat in the Forest," are just such stories as will delight all boys. There is no tamily which should be without the regular receipt of Our Young Folks. Its influence is great and always for the good of the little folks. T. B. Pugh, Sixth and Chesnut streets, is the agent.

-Harper opens with "Galena and its Lead Mines," which article, unless the lead mines are synonymous with General Grant, has a rather inappropriate title. it is a sketch of the residence of the Lieutenant-General, and is fully Mustrated, "The Yosemite Valley," and "Livingstone's Atrican Expedition," labor under great disadvantages. We protest against the introduction of cuts and extracts in the Magazine taken from published works of the Harpers. We have read all the contents, and seen all the pictures of "Africa" in the book issued a few weeks; since, and to see it in a new form in a magazine supposed to be original is inexcusable. "Armadale" is continued, and "The Flag that Taiks" is the only poem. The "Record or Events" is compiled with the usual care.

-The first number of The Galaxy is before us, It is to be a fortnightly magazine, devoted to popular topics. Its prospectus says:-

"Arrangements will be made to secure advance sheets from foreign authors. Moreover, the editor will use his best endeavor to ob ain original Ameri can stones or equal merit with those produced by the great novelists of England and France. But just here you well know, every american Magazine conor is compelled to acknowledge his most serious difficulty presents itself.

The shorter stories, sketches, tessays, and poetry of the Galaxy will be by the best American writers, with many of whom arrangements have already been nade. We have now in nand, and shari pubbeen nade. We have now in hand, and shall pub-ish in succeeding numbers of the Galavy, articles from Carl Benson, Charles, stor Bristed, Dr. H. W. Draper, Fitz Hugh Ladiow, Professor Bot, E. C. Stedmen, Miss Rose Ferry, Miss Kate Field, The Author of 'Emity Chester,' Frances Power Cobbs (or England), and others well anown in American lifetatives.

The present number commences Trollope's "Claverings" and Mr. Edwards' "Archie Lovell." A sdicy article from George Alfred Townsend on "A winter with the American Peripatetics" giving his experience as a lectorer is one of the best in the magazine. As this is the first instalment of the task, we can not expect great things. We give the enterprise every wish for success. The American News Company is the

-W. S. Sandford & Co., of Boston, give us an other magazine, The Spirit of the Press. It is to make a specialty of literary men and literary news. The first number will have articles on subjects of interest to those who make letters profession. It will publish the biographies of the leading writers of both this country and Europe. The field it proposes to cover is a wide one, and if well attended to cannot but bring success. There is room for a dozen well-conducted magazines, and we hall the new-comer as a welcome arrival. We hope it may prove a triumph both in a pecuniary and literary point

-At the recent meeting of the New York Bar. on the death of the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, a poem written by him to; his wife, just five days before his death, was read by Judge Pierrepoint, When we remember they were written by an old man, at a time of life when the imagination is supposed to have become dead from very age. we cannot but view it as a literary wonder. We give it entire:-

TO LYDIA. In youth's bright morn, when life was new.

And earth was fresh with dew and flowers,
And love was warm and triendship crue, And hope and happiness were ours,

We started, hand in band, to thread, The checkered, painful path of life, And with each other trusting tread The battle-fields of worldly strife. We ranged in walks obscure, unseen,

O'er rugged steep, turugh vale and glen, And climbed along the hillsides green, We caught the song of earliest birds,

We plighted love in whispering words And time sped by on fairy wing. And as it passed, new joys were found And life was gladdened by the birth Of prattling babes, who c ustered round, To cheer with smiles our humble hearth

Fate thrust us forth before the world, And phantoms woispered cartniy fame, Where hope's proud bancer is outured,

And roundry dare , with sp ended bark, The elements of storm and strue. But storm and strife, thank Heaven! have passe the night has fied, and morning come! And we, tossee mariners, at east Returned once more to hearta and home.

But of the loved ones God had given, Two have returned—two sank to rest, In life's gay morning called to Heaven, To the bright mans on of the blest.

They sleep amid > pring fore-t glades. Where flows 1 s stream et. murmuring wave And oft at evening's gent'e shades Will ween beside their early graves.

The Nation of the present week, ha the following attack on sensational reporting. We guess the reportors of our city, however can survive its sarcasm:-"The Dearing murder has been a splendid thin

for the Phi are phia repor ers. The great descrip-tive powers of these gentietnan are of course not called out half as often as shose of their New York called out half as often as 'hose of their New York brethren, owing to the greater morant, an' greater monotony of Pulladelpnis life. Bur, perhaps, for this very reason, they are better able work my a 'great tragedy,' when it does come, with even greater effect. They hardly display he same ivellaces of imagination as our New York chroniclers. No Philadelphian could ever have seen the awful fight in the fire between Baraum's lions and tiggers which was revealed to the empatured gaze of the reporter of the New York Tribune, and we dobbtvery much whether he could have got at the secret emotions of the clder and the younger ketchum, during the few days following the discovery of the great forgeries, with he keenness of insight and power of analysis of the gritted 'individual' who 'wrote up' that great scanda for the New York Times. But we hink the Philadelphians beat us entirely in the sup-

clima which one Philadelphia journal familia been done by a nea-for hand, and the Bustory Great Philacelphia Murders' writed doubtless by the same person, and appearing in the same paper, sheds a fund light on the peak of the Quaker City We cordisally invite the author not to wait for the occurrence of a grand robbary to fundah as with a history of the great Philadelphia burgia-

-The Nation will hereafter be issued twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, beginning with the number of May 2, each number containing sixteen pages, half the present quantity. As present the paper does not reach subscribers in the West until nearly a week after it has gone to press. The subscription is also reduced to \$5 a year. We are glad to have the assurance of the publisher that the enterprise is a success The beneficial effects of its efforts have been already felt in our local literature, and its permanent establishment cannot but do much good. -A Paris correspondent of one of the New

York weeklies writest-'Yesterday I paid a visit to the Champs de Mars 'Yesterday I had a visit to the Champs de Mars to see what propress had been made in the building for the universal exhibition of 1867. I cannot say I was desighted so much as I was astonished. There I found a regular army of workinen amounting to some thousands, the greater portion of them dirty and raseed. Nearly every language in the sivilized works was to be heard, and for the first time in my life, I realized to my mind what the scope must have been at the building of the Tower of Babel. As to been at the building of the Tower of Babel. As to the works, one would imagine that pyramids were to be raised or s-veral cathedrals thilt. Those who have not lately visited Paris would find a difficulty to recognizing the champs de dara. On all sides buildings are riving and the cround fetches enormous prices. But notwiths anoins a i till bisy movement one c.n form no idea of what the building will ultimately be, for as yet it has hardly rison above the level of the ground. This much is certain, nowever, that it wis be opened in the month of May,

-There are evidently two ways of looking at the end of the Roman republic. In Paris, one may choose between the view from the Tuileries and the view from the Academy. The Constitutionnel was hasty and unwise enough to esponse the Emperor's side of the difference between himself and the successor of M. Ampere. This was the response which it provoked from Prevost-Paradol:-

"The illustrions author of the Vie de Cesur did not conceal, in his prelace, the last that will e nor-rating the his ory of eis hero, his thoughts were on the head of his irmly I is no es natural nor ex-cusable in me that, having to speak or the downtal of Roman liberty, I could not help recalling the mis-fortunes of my own country."

-America's true triend. M. Edouard Laboulaye, is the liberal candidate for Deputy to the Corps Legislatif in the Strasburg district of the Lower Rhine. The Journal des Debats entreats the electors to return him in place of the late incumbent, who resigned to stand a re-election. The diminished majority of his opponent would be a success to M. Laboulave and the cause of civil liberty.

-The election of Mazzini at Messina has been pronounced illegal by a proper committee of the

Italian Parliament.

-Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in preparation a complete and uniform edition of the works of Lord Macauley, based upon the last English edition, edited by his sister, Lady Treveylen. It will be comprised in sixteen or seventeen volumes, crown octavo, the first instalment of which, the "History of England," will be published early in May.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

-The Soleil newspaper has been authorized by Victor Hugo to publish his latest work, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," in numbers.

-The Orchestra of the Conservatoire Imperial lately performed for the first time the march of Tannhauser, composed by Richard Wagner. -The evergreen Mad'lle Dejazet (seventy-five

years old), the celebrated actress, has lately had great success in the play of Mons. Garrat, one of the best pieces of her repertoire. She acted with her accustomed grace. -The far-famed planist, Listz, at the termina-

tion of a concert in which he assisted a tew days ago, was surrounded by the crowd, who made him a regular ovation. -The following, says Le Pays, is an interest-

ing statistic of mortality in Europe:-

There die every year-In the Papal and Venetian States. l person in the rest of Italy, Greece, and In Holland, France, Prussia..... In Switzer and, Austria, Spain, and In Russia and Poland...... In Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, . 1 In Iceland.....

It results, then, from the above table, that the mortality is greater in the sunny clime of Italy than amidst the rocks and bogs of Ireland, in which country one has the chance of living to very old age.

-Our readers will probably not have forgotten the sensation caused two years ago in London by the execution of a German called Francis Mulier, who was accused of murdering a person in a railway carriage, and also that a fierce polemic was angaged in on the subject between English and German newspapers, the latter maintaining that he was condemned innocently. A German newspaper has lately spread a report which, true or false, recalls the affair to mind. It is asserted that a Malaye Perrio, lately arrested at Hamburg on a charge of having committed several murders, has confessed that it was he, and not Muller, who committed the murder in London. -The Casselly apparatus, by which one can send

by the telegraph a tac simile of one's writing, has just been inaugurated between Lyons and Marseilles.

-The London Owl publishes the following, under the heading of "Wno's who in 1866:"-"Lord Russell is a Prime Minister with a rivided Cabinet, and without a party; a chie without authority, an authority with no sub-

"Mr. Gladstone is a tonic pill the Cabinet have to take and swallow. Bitter to many in taste, they know that he is necessary to the "Mr. Lowe is a man who has lost bis latch-key, and, wanting to get into his house at a late hour, kicks at the door, hoping in time some one will

hear him and take him in. "Mr. John Hardy is a gentleman who speaks what he could not remember to write, and writes what no doubt he would be foolish enough

to speak. "The Government is a barrel exposed so long to the sun that the hoops round it becoming loose, it threatens to fall to pieces.
"Lord De Grey is the Star of India- in paste,

"Mr. Go-chen is the respectable lad who has never been in service, but is willing to make himself generally useful.

"Lord Clarence Paget is the lip-salve of the Admiralty, so smooth that anything may slide

over it. The Roman villa at Paris called the Maison Diomede, lately sold by Prince Napoleon, was to be opened gratuitously for the inspection of the public during Easter week. All the furniture will remain as originally arranged, to represent the interior of a house in Pompeli at the time of the great crupt on of Mount Vessevius. The spains, the statues, the mosales, and the paintings of Gerome are all there. -The Roman villa at Paris called the Maison

THE NEW YORK PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS UPON CUREENT TOPICS.

COMPLED EVERY DAY FOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.

The President's Speeches. From the Tribune.

He must be a very bold, and should be a very able man, who, under exalted responsibility, does not hesitate to make speeches treating of the most important and deficult questions night after night. And President Johnson is a bold man, with great confidence in his own abilities as well as in his purposes and general rectitude. Yet we cannot well disregard the face that Mr. Clay, who spoke often, and at least as well as any other American, failed to reach the goal of

Mr. Johnson errs in complaining that some others have judged him harshly. He is not at all mealy-mouthed himsell, and has always spoken of others' acts and presumed motives with entire freedom. We like this it is our own was but we near to endure harsh criticism without wincing. He who goes into battle must be resigned to getung now and then a

dent in his helmet.

Mr. Johnson did not need to claim a full share of the credit of making ours a nation of freemen. Justice affirms it, and history will award it. His proclamation of universal freedom in Tennessee; his insisting that every Rebel State should ratio the Constitutional ment, is a prerequisite to restoration; his general bearing towards the rejected "corner-sto of the late Southern Confederacy, tully entitle Why, then, can he not await the award which is so certain to be favorable? Sup-pose a hundred Congressmen and a thousand resses were daily insisting that he was never hostile to, and is now trying to .e-establish slavery; what o: it, so long as it is not the fact? If the President tails anywhere, it is in clear, logical perception of great principles. He talks plausibly and well; but he does no always grasp the great truths be incufeates. Witness the following extract from his speech to the soldiers --"A great princip e was to be restored, which was

established by our nevo ution, when our fathers were contending against the power of Great Britain. What was one of the principal causes of their conplaint? It was that they were denied representation.
They complained of taxation without repres nation. One of the great principles ind down by our fathers, and which fixed their near s, was that there should be no taxation without representation, frow then, does the matter stand? Who has been usurping power? Who has been detecting the operations of the Constitution? And what now remains to be done to complete the "estoration of this States to all their former relations with the Federal Government, and to fluish the great ordeat through which we have been passing? It is to again representatives, what do we mean? We mean representatives, what do we mean? We mean representatives as was inconstitutional and law-abiding vense, as was in-tended at the beginning of the Government."

Now this great principle is all for which those whom the President has at times had the bad taste to stigmatize as disunionists insist on. It the President will help them to establish this, he will never more be provoked nor inclined to speak of them repreachfully. Only let it be stablished and recognized as a fundamental basis of American institutions that "there shall be no taxation without representation," and our people will thence orth be calm, prosperous, and united. All can be settled—all resentments buried, all difficulties removed—by the general recognition and adoption of that principle. Then why not adopt it? Why will not the President give his justly great influence to secure its adoption?

Mr. Johnson cannot, on reflection, suppose that the loyal whites of the old free States will ever consent to give to two ex-Rebeis in the South as much power in the Federal Union as is wielded by three of themselves. Then why not trankly tell the South that she must either enfranchise her blacks or renounce her claim to count them as a basis of Federal power? Is it not plain that she must come to this at last Then why not at once?

The Approaching European War.

Notwithstanding the assurances of the Vienna press that Austria is not arming, the advices from Paris and other political centres, by the Persia Thursday night, show that there is a prodigious massing of troops near the old battlegrounds of the former wars between the two German powers. But unlike the slow concentration of forces in the times of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, the present movement is by steam. Every train to Silesia and Bohemia is crowded with the white coats of the Austrian infantry; all night long the heavy freight-train burdened with cannon, and shell, and shot, and all the furniture of war, rumble over the roads connecting Vienna with north.

The splendid Imperial Hussars have begun also their north and march. Forty thousand men are already concentrated on the borders of

A strategical point which Austria never possessed in the struggle with Frederick, and of immense importance to her-the city of Cracowis being torialied and heavily garrisoned. midable garrisons are being collected at the old historic points of Silesia, so famous in the wars of the eighteenth century. Even as in our civil war, so many battles were fought over again at certain fixed and necessary strategical tions, so without doubt, if war result, we shall hear of battles between Prince Charles and General Benedek on fields which are immorta with the names of Frederick and his Generals. It shows the grandeur of the approaching conflict, as well as the dancer of Austria, armies are moving at the same time from tria proper towards the Lower Danube, Eastern Silesia, Bohemm, and the Adriatic.

Dangers from Russia, Italy, and Hungary must be guarded against, as well as the great attack from Prussia. The latter power is now without doubt preparing for the field. Three

corps are alread, spoken of as under arms, and probably more can be immediately put in marching order, for it must be remembered that Prussia has an almost perfect military organization, and can summon with the great-est rapidity a vast army to the field. Her Government has sent forth a circular to the lesser powers of Germany, which shows the seriousness of the position. She demands to know categorically what their course will be She demands to in case of an attack by Austria on the Prussian territory, and preclaims that in this struggle "there can be no neutrality in Germany." When it is remembered that Bavaria, many." When it is remembered that Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and other minor German States can put 500,000 men in the field, the importance of this demand and of its answer will seen. The final and dreaded conflict be the two powers seems for the moment delayed for the reply to this diplomatic question; and in the meantime the great powers, France and England, are to have an opportunity to intervene and to propose a compromise. has no weight in Germany, but France, with 600,000 men to throw into one scale or the other, will have to be listened to. A compromise i already suggested in the journals—an exchange of a portion of Prussian Silesia to Austria for the Duchies which Prussia is seeking to "annex;" but in the present temper both of the Prussian Cabinet and people, it is doubtful if such an offer, even supposing it to be made, would ever be entertained.

Austria's position and tone are even more haughty and consident; and passions are now so much aroused that interest and prudence may be lost sight of. Her dangers in the event of a European war are certainly great, and yet she may take the old part and dely them all, trusting to that luck or power which has so often carried her through even greater trials.

Thaty has evidently determined to make the bold stroke for Venetia, if the war become a fact, and we already hear of 40,000 men con-centrated near Bologna, and of confirmal ra-

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