THE DALLY EVENING TELEGRAPH.-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

LITERATURE

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A PLEA FOR THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH. By Henry Allord, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Alexander Altord, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Alexander Strahan, London and New York Agent. Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

THE DEAN'S ENGLISH. BY G. W. Moon, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Agents: Smith, English & Co.

Critical works on the construction of language have a far more extended circle of readers than wou'd be supposed by the abstruse nature of the subject. The fact that the two little books before us have already gone through a number of editions, is the best evidence of their need. They treat of the construction of the English language, its idiom, and the doubtful passages with which it abounds. They are not calculated to please the general public, but for a scholar and writer they are indispensably valuable. We shall keep them always within arm's reach, as they are friends to which we most constantly refer. They are published in a neat style, savoring rather of texi-books than popular literature, and are for sale at that emporium of cohool books, the store of Merses. Smith, English & Co.

ROBBUCK: A Novel. M. Doolady, New York,

We referred to this work some weeks since; but as it is creating a sensation in the Southern States, we may mention it once more. It is pleasant in style, interesting in plot, and violently treasonable in doctrines. Its author, or rather authoress, if we can judge from the tone, is unknown, and the zest of guessing at the sex of the writer has tended to increase its popularity.

We have received from the Presbyterian Pub lication Committee, No. 1334 Chesnut street, a number of pleasant works for children, among which we may mention as particularly acceptable, both in tone and moral, "What to Do," "Dutch Tales," and "Neff and Other Tales," The house has a vast collection of Sunday School works on its shelves.

-Hurd & Houghton will soon publish, "Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln," by F. B. Carpenter, the artist.

-Some very rare books from the famous library of Count Libri, and other collections, were sold recently in London. Conspicuous in the gathering were some most interesting Shakespearian and old plays. These are nearly all accompanied by anecdotes and bibliographical descriptions in the catalogue. Concerning an edition of the Merchant of Venice, bearing date 1652, it is said :-- "This is the edition of 1637, with a new title, a circumstance which escaped bibliographers of Saakespeare for about a century. The text was printed for Lawrence Haves, the successor of Thomas Hayes, or Meyes, who held the copyright. It has some peculiar readings and a list of actors' names, which list has been repeatedly erroneously ascribed to Rowe." Of a copy of the "Rape of Lucrece, printed by J. B. for Roger Jackson, 1624," a curious circum, stance is told. It appears that this copy was "very fine," with the exception of the wood-cut and imprint upon the title having been cut out and replaced. While in the hands of a former possessor, who had a fancy for collecting the wood-cut devices of printers, the piece alluded to was cut from the title, and placed in a volume devoted to such collections; but, after the lapse of more than a century, the identical piece was found, and has been replaced. This edition of the "Rape of Lucrece" is of excessity rarity, no copy having been in the famous collection of Mr. Daniell, nor in any other which has occurred for sale of late years. Another feature with "Shakespeciana" was the "Shakespeare Forgeries and

-A son and two daughters of the English pastoral poel, Robert Bloomdeld, the author of "The Farmer's Boy," are living in London, old and in destitute circumstances. A subscription is propo ed for their relief.

-M. Catulle Mendes, a young French poet, was recently married to Mad'lle Judith Gautier, a daughter of M. Theophile Gautier, a talented young lady who translates from the Chinese, and writes criticisms on art.

-M. Emile Augier Intely had the good fortune of having five thousand copies of his nev comedy, La Contagion, sold on the day of publication.

-Baron James de Rothschild is said to be a book fancier, his library containing forty thousand volumes and a great many rare manuscripts.

-The late Sheridan Knowles, the last years of whose life were spent in preaching, left a play in manuscript which will shortly be produced in London.

-M'me Champsieux has just published, under the pseudonym of Andre Leo, a very successful novel entitled "A Divorce."

-The following review of Theodore Tilton's book for children, entitled "The Fly," we take from the New York Round Table. The work has not yet come under our notice, but the Round Table is, probably, just in its critique:-"Writing poetry for babies is evidently Mr. Theo-dore Thion's forte. He enters at once upon his su-lect with a genial enthusiasm and a pieturesque vigor that have never been surpa-sed. From the opening stanza, in which he bring this here before us in these graphic lines :-

* 'Baby bye Here's a fly, Let us watch h m, you and I'to the closing verse, in which he points his moral, he displays that utter recklesaness as to grammatical construction which is supposed to be so vastly agreeable to the infantile mind. It would be rather diffi calt to explain what our author means by "oaby bye;' tut mothers will doubtless unders and it. Some of his information as to the habits of the fly is also more amusing than instructive, as, for instance :-

"All wet files
Twist their thighs;
So they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb;
Barcheads, always out from home.
But the gnat
Wears a hat;

Do you laugh at that?' "No, we do not laugh at that; but the you hful readers for whom Mr. Fitton design d his poom may manage to smile at this statement. But we do laugh at the idea of Mr Tuton seriously affixing his name to such nonsente as this:

" Round and round,	
On the ground,	
On the cel ing he is found.	
Catch him? Not	
Let him go:	
Never Lurt hun so.	
Now you see his wings of si k	
Drabbled in the baby's mi k!	
Fie, oh fiel	
Feotish fi+1	
How will he ge, dry?"	

"If a fond father had ratiled off such a rigmarole for his own buby, and in the goodness of his heart had sent if to a publisher for the benefit of o her bates, there would be nothing of which to derive bates, there would be nothing of which to com-plain; for the book is a good one for infents, and she don & Co have had it very bundsomely illus-trated. But for Mr. 11 on to print hese nonsension rhymes with his name on the thee, age and to send the book around to the various papers to be noticed and reviewed, strikes us as the extreme of absurdity. overtheless, it is quite characteristic of our author Novertheless, it is quite characteristic of our all hor. Un ess he had changed his na ure he could not have acted otherwise. We repeat, ther fore, that writing books for babies is his *forte*, and we advise him to abandon all his other fators and devote himself to this spec alty hereafter "

-Dr. Holmes, whom we always thought was a favorite in England, is reviewed in the last number of the Reader in a way to make his admirers in this country open their eyes:--

"Mr. Holmes, the well-known author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' has collected together a number of short pieces, must of which we believe had proviously seen the light, and has published them in a little volume by themselves, calling them 'Humorous Poems.' to not think, settin niary compensation aside, that he has been well advised in this course. Mr. Holmes is undoubtealy possessed of considerable humor but we question whether it displays itself to the pest advantage in a metrical form; and pieces which were good enough to pass safely the friendly criticism of a friendly audience, or to relieve other matter of a different kind, show a very different front when viewed with impartial eyes, and judged solely on their isolated merits. The author would have done well to consider his own lines, for

He is able to name his own terms and finds that no I ublisher considers them too high. This is surely very pleasant. No human-hearted man I ut rejoices at the subt of talont and industry rewarded, and ho one can deny that Dore has canned his celebrity i.od good fortune by an indus-tr ous and most sincere application of extraordinary talents. His industry is no less a marvel than his genue. Still a young man (he is nol yet thirty-loar) his drawings of all kinds number over forty thousand, and his pencil acquires great facility every year in the maginative creations of his fortile train. Theophile Gautice, with an excess of entros-siasm pardonable in a French critic, styles him a "perient, a miracle of nature, a gigantic genius, "pertent, a miracle of nature, a gisantic genius, served by an unparallelet puysique." He reveis in work. His chthus astic joy in ari supplies the want work. The entrustation of the array of the point work that absorbs bis mind he will ply his pencil for days and nights together, with scarce y an int ryal of rest, and when the work is finisher will emerge from he studio with not a trace of werriness on his

b ow, fresh affable, and ray, his presence always so leited and always we come. Dore hves in Faris, He is unmarried, and his mother keeps house for him in quiet, modest apart-ments fitted up with true artistic taste. His studio is said to be a perfect museum of costumes, specimens of armore weeps and other opicats of a first neces. of armor, weapons, and other objects of artist neces sity or pleasure. Every Sunday he receives his friends at an entertainment, from which all ladies, except his mother, who presides are rigid y excluded. The only reason I have heard for this ungailant treatment of the sex, arong whom the artist finds his warmest admirers, is that Dore is a confirmed o'd bachelor, and does not wish to have his peace of nd disturbed

Turner, Dore is accused of being more nary, and of making art a business instead of being mercenary, he is certainly charp at a bargain and exacts a high price for his work. But for his high price he gives good work, and no publisher over loses by him. The deadwartage of a population him business

good work, and no publisher over loses by him. The disadvantage of a popularity like Dors's is that it stands in the way of a true estimate of his genus. He is almost sure to be either overraited or nuderrated Dore has not escaped this into. Daz-zled by his versatify, his brill ancy, and his ori-ginality in certain walks of his art, one class of critics, whose only force is admiration, have already raised him to the highest rank among creative geniases, and claim for him a seat by the sloe of Michael Angelo. Kaphael Shakesnear, Dante and Homer, as an acknowledged master in the world of imaging the magination

On the other hand a class of critics whose only art is to ornise he dead at the expense of the living, pronounce him a charlatan and a tricksfor in art with no more claim to a permanent place among the great masters than a sensation novel writer has to rack with Si akespeare. It is, perhaps, true that the popular judgment is more often wrong than right in matters of art, and that the popular poet or artist of to day is seldoin the poet or artist for "all time." But in the case of Dore, popular judgment has pens to coincide with very cutical opinion. The judgment of Theophi e Gautier, already quoted, is but an echo of the praises showered upon Dore in the most cultivated and institutions art-circles of Paris. I is doubtless extravagant, but nevertheless it is nester the truth than the judgment of his detractors.

tractors. The extraordinary facility of Dore's pencil has been misinterpret d. as indi at ag a want of pro-fundity. This is certainly erion our. The mon whose genus has shed most lus re upon at have a ways been rapid workers. It is not to his disc edit. that Dore never abors over his crawings. His mot elatorate c mpositions are thrown off with marvel-ious rapidit; not slowly put together by rule but conceived at once, the menta pic are being trans-ieried to the pages with the quickness of thought a othe fidelity or the photograph. It is said that he never a ters a line once drawn. His work is well done at first and to alter a line would be to mat if. But or this extraordinary fact ity and perfection in his nit he would be unable to execute the enormous

tasks that have given him his popularity. An ana ysis of all the great works with which Dore has assec ated his name would transcend the our-po e of this article, which is only to place American readers in possession or such facts as will enable them to form a to enably correct c-tunate of Dore as an artist. He has tried many styles, and as as an arbit He has tried many sylos, and ans-failed in none, while in some his success has been woncerful. The versatility of his genuals without para lel in molern times. 'The wancering Jew,'' the "Conte-de Perrault,' "Don Quixote " "Rabelais." Baime's "Contes Broia-tiques." "Baron Munchausen,' Dante's "Inferno.' and the Bible, have been ubustrated by him with such even excellence that critics are unable to decide which work exclusion that critics are unable to decide which work existing the greatest amount of talent. All have to be taken into account in forming an es-timate of his senius. That he is greates in the gro-tesque and horrible is probably true. Some of his in atrainers to the suble and to the "Farry Falcs," it ustrations to the sible, and to the "Fairy Tales," exhibit a de care eye 'or boauty, and a te-derness and occasional pathos, that form a wonderful con-trast to some of his cesig s for the "Wandering Jew" and the "Inferno;" but the variety of the e, and the constant occurrence of illustrations that make the blood run cold with hor.or, or excite unsympathetic laughter, or command mare admission at the amount of power developed, show the ruling tendency of his genius. Its delights in horrors. Fante's Hell has more attraction for h m than the Garden of Eden. Suffaring new resems to move his pity. Even the sad story of "Paolo and Francesca" fails to awake in him of "Paolo and Francesca" fails to awaken in num any tenderness: he depicts the unhappy lovers sweeping by Dante and his guide on the current of a hot and blasting wind, with none of that deep pity a hot and biasting wind, with noise of that deep pity that made the poet turn away and fail to the ground like a corse. To appreciate the utter heartlessness of the peture, one has only to compare it with Ary Schefter's treatment of the same subject. The same absence of sympathy and pathos is observable in the illustrations to "Don Quixote." The grotesquely comic parts such as the battle with the windmill, the tos me of Sancho in the banket, the battle with the wine skins, and others, are conceived and wrought out with truly wonderful pover. But Dore never allows us to pity the unfortunate though chivalric Don. Our laughter never becomes respectful or sympathetic. Were the work of Cervanies lost, and sympathetic. Were the work of Cervanies lost, and the infustrations only preserved, they would give a very incomplete idea of the character of Don Quixote and his Squire. Dore's deficient perception of pure beauty leads him into perpetual dal lance with the sirange, the gro csque, and the revolting His drawings rarely seem to beinspired by love. His humor is grim and unsympathetic Nothing can be more striking than his landscales, and nothing more unnatural. He takes delight in gloom, in vastness in powerful centrals of light and chade. In the "Wandering Jew," in the "Inferno," and in "Do Quixote." we may find many evidences of his power in portray-ing the gloom of desert valleys, the horror of dark forests haunted by ununarinable shapes, the weariness and desolation of nased mountain peaks, weariness and desolation of naved mountain peaks, while only here and there do we find breathing space in the sweet peace and pure sunshine of some space in the sweet place and pure substitue of some pastora sect o, with a pleasant grove on one side, a sparking brook, gentle hlis in the distance, and meadows fitted for a fairy dance. Ho is often wrong in perspective, and his figure-drawing is generally hasty sketchy, and not infrequently meorrect—of which deficience s, however, his ater drawings show fewer examples than are to be found in the 'Wan doubse they do has of his series. dering Jew." and o her of his earlier works. Dore is said to have no eye for color. The same was said of Turner in his you h; and Dore may yet acquire that mastery over color which in after his o singuished the great English artist. But he pos-science a rarce guit-the power of expressing was degrees of space with black and white and of prodegrees of since with black and while, and of pro-ducting, with this estimate material-, the impression of color. He is ambtious of becoming a sreat color-ist; but the only specimens of his art in t is country, "I he Mountebanks," is though to give little promise of inture excel ence in this respect. Dere's hite has be n that of an industrious artist, and possesses no materials for romainee. His entry desire to devote h much to art was not connected by desire to devote a meeti to art was not opposed by his patents. At the age of tweave, he left his native city of Stra board for Paris, where he worked for a Une on a comic paper, the Journal pour Rire. He time on a comic paper, the Journal pour Rire. He first obtained recognizion as an artist of more than orchary merit oy his il ustrations to the 'Wander-ing Jew.'' From that time his progress was rapid; ing lew." From this time his progress was rapid; each succeeding work was received with increasing favor by the public; and when his latest, and, in somerespects his greatest work was published, the entrusiasm of his admirers was literally unbounded. Every hody in France turned Bible reader, in order to understand the great arbst. It is said, I do not know with how much truth, that Dore himself had never riad the bok before he enugged to furnish a certain number of illustrations for a grand folio edition. He is said to have turned over the leave, of a borrowed copy one day, hastily indi-cating a subject here and the reo he margin. On setting to work, he used these hasty memoranda withous troub mg himself much about the context. Yet the Bible functions for a greatest ach even in art, presenting fewer greatest ach even nt in art, presenting fewer defects, and excellences of a hahor order, than any or his former works. An avays is of some of the most striking il ustrations will give the reader tho has not had the good tortune to see the book some idea of its character. The first illustration, "God Creating L'ght," ex The first illustration, "God Creating L'ght," ex-hibits at once the audacity and two imita ions of his genius. In this picture t e Creato is represented as a venerable and majeste person, standing on a margificent platform of dark, roling cloud Far beneath him swings the vod and gloomy world, its black and uninhabitable sur-face crossed by bands or partially illuminated mist. A grand and so'emn burst of hgat in the extreme clistance proclaums the birth-day of the sun, whose piercing arrows ponetrate and seatter the shadows and blackness of chaos. The merit of this pie pre hes in the grand effect of cloudmerit of this ple ure hes in the grand (fleet of cloud-illumination, which is rendered with remarkable delicacy and heauty. But this 1-a l, and its detects are radical. There is nothing, either in position or gesture, to connect the figure of the Creator with the

burst of light in the distance—nothing except the words of the text to indicate that he is just uitered the sub-line decree, "Lei there be furth?" So its as it is as intended to be the expression of an idea, the pleture is an uiter failure. The "Creation of Eye" and the "Expulsion from the Garden of Eden" are beautiful compositions, but present no sirking or original features, and we turn to the "Sacrifice of Abel as d Cain." In this pissure the artist concentrates the light on the figure of Cain, for the purpose of bringing into full restet all the evil and feature. His wilen, down-cast type is fixed on the smoke of his relect d sacrifice, as if creeps a ong the ground. A lit'le fur her on, wholly in abadew, Abel knoces in addrest on before his altar, from which, spirit-like, flame and smoke ascend to heaven. A conventional artist would have the altar, from which, spirit-like, flame and smoke ascend to heaven. A conventional artist would have be altar. The state.

Still more striking is the succeeding picture Buman blood has been shed for the first time; the first human soil that left the earth has returned, so'l-tary, to its ('reator. The murderer still tives, but tary, to its Greator. The murderer still lives, but still uncursed. In a rugged, narrow ravine, shut in by rocks that assume fan astic shapes of Borror from the imagination, lies the first buman victim of vio-lence, extended at fall length on the sand that for the first time drinks human blood. The mu derer, leaning against a boidly prejecting rock, states with fixed gaze upon the work of his franzied wrath. In one hand he will clutches the instrument of his crime. Stold as the rock against which he leans, he seems to be unconscious of the approaching storm; of the thunder c oud on whos dark page the lightning, in characters of fire, writes his cternal - doom.

Still turning on, we come to another series of pi Still turning on, we come to another series of pic-tures, forming the conclusion of the first act in the great tragedy of human history. The race of Cam has multiplied, and has filled the earth with vio-ence and wrong, so that God has reported him of the work of his hands. The ark has been built; the tamily of Noah, with the beasts and fowls, have been shut in; the fountains of the greaf deep have been broken up, and the windows of heaven opened; and the waters have increased upon the earth, unit its whole surface, with the exception of a few moun-tain summits, is submerged. This is the moment selected by Dors for his first illustration of the Deluge.

It the reader will call to mind a few of the common place illustrations of this awful catastrophe, he will be better ab e to anneciate the force and origi-nality of Dore's rendering. Take, for example one builty of boots ambilious attempts of modern times, that of Carl Schorn, in the New Pinako bak, at Munich We see a rocky peak, crowded with human beings, some of whom hug their ido's to their breasts, others offer treasure to those in places that eeem more secure, while others threaten the advancing waves with the curses of their gods. There is nothing of this common place more dra-matic display in Dore's picture. He represent the inundation of the world, the death of a whole race. The speciator—if a spectator gan be imagined—nees a confused mass of na ed human beings incomands a conjused mass of nased human beings inousands and thousands in numb r, wildly strugg ing up the rocky side of a mounta n, the strong treading u, der foot the weak, in the frenz ed russ for salety from the wrath of the purshing waters. They carry no ido s; they have long ago thrown the m away; they offer no treasure for assistance. This is no time for threat ming heaven, nor even for prayor. Intermingied with the crowds are at kinds of beasts-mon-sters of the antedouvian world, hippopotami ele-phants scripents, wolves, tears and hoas-jostling and treading down their human fello v-mortais in the awini struggle for info. The conception and the execution of this picture are truy grand. It is the word in conflict with inte Close study reveals in the minute figures that crowd the mountain side, an the minute nguresthat crowd the mountain side, an as:onishing variety of individual action, which strengtheors rather than weakens the unity of the composition. Every one of these minute figures obeys the same dread pavie; and all the minor de-tais of the picture are wron, ht out with adminable skill and feeling. The sense of unspeakable horror that pervades the scene in heightened by a skilful contrast. For away in the disance on a smooth contrast Far away in the distance, on a smooth stretch of water, floats the ark, peaceful, unendan-pered, and beyond reach.

Another scene the waters have risen up and covered the earth, until one solitary, barren peak of rock alone remains unsubmerged. The wild storm has passed away; vast, black, wavele's unvexed by winds, unform by toirents, the avenging and re-morseless deep creeps slowly up to devour its hast victims, satisfied with death and now secure of these On the top of this narrow peak hudd es a group of little children, the youngest of whom stretches down its (inv hand to assist its mother. The father, grasping his wife with one hand, cangs with the other to the rock. Hope and strengta have failed, and h can climb no further. A figress with her whelps rendered moffensive by the supreme peri, shares the rock with her children, but takes no notice of them. Holding one of her youn in her mouth, she casts i meancholy, yearning look over the interm unble waste of waters. In the third of this grand series we are shown the

subsidence of the flood. Fac ark is resting on the summant of Mount Ararat. From be hind its enormous bulk stream forth the rays of the rising sun-it is the dawn of the new era The waters have retreated into the nucleat abysin; white vapors ascend from the humid ground, its smoke of a thankiul sacrifice. The rocky sides of Mount Ararat are strewn with the carcasses of human beings and animals, lying in inextricable conjustion, as they ware lot by the reacting to reach

Several artist clubs bave been formed for the pur-chase of the book, for reference and critical study. It is not to be expected, nor would it be desirable, that the plantine of this seed should result in a large crop of Dores, but the its ar noe of his sive in the art of wood-engraving, in this country, will undoubt-edly be extensive and beneficial.

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EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS.

COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Voorhees' Cane.

From the Tribune. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, who, as our readers know, is not to have a seat in the present House of Representatives, has been consoled for his bad luck by the Hon. Thomas B. Florence (profanely called Tom Florence), who has made a speech to Mr. Voorhees, upon which we condole with him, and has presented to him "a cane of very rare wood (value \$100 currency), surmounted by a gold head, trom a chaste design," upon which we congratulate him. The speech of the Hon. Thomas has only one fault. It is just a little too swelling for the occasion. If Mr. Florence, on behalf of the "citizens (white) Washington" had presented to Mr. Voorhees a service of silver, tea-pot sugar-basin, creamiug, and slop-bowl, he could not more wildly have abandoned himself to rne-torical tumefaction. It affords a new illustration of the art of sinking, when Mr. Florence has to come down to "a Thomas struggles in vain against pre cane destinate bathos by calling the "cane" "a star," and then by calling the "staff" a "mute, yet clo-quent, and beautiful token of regard," and by affirming that it is "a choste and artistically deigned and prepared staff or cane," the gift (for Thomas is spt to includge in adjectives) of 1st, "devoted;" 2d, "sincere;" 3d, "earnest;" and 4th, "inst" triendship. In spite of the melan-choly conclusion of the poet, we aver that friendship like this is somewhat more toan "a name." Fr endship, manifested in this generous and auriferous way, is by no means to be snilled at. And Mr. Voorhees, for once, appears to have been of our opinion; for, opening his mouth, there flowed therefrom a rushing stream of cloquence, whereof the beginning, the middle, and the end was that pronoun most resem-bling in shape "a staff or cane"-the pronoun I. We have not counted its repetitions; but it is as clear as daylight to us that Mr. D. W. Voorhees (Daniel Webster Voorhees, we take it) does, by no manner of means, think small beer of bumself; that he considers D. W. Voorhees as important a character as the old, original Dan'el passing the night with the llons. "I accept." "I am content." "I therefore think." -and very handsome it is in Daniel to do it. "I can say I never betrayed a party." "I entered Congress." "I determined." "I have ived." And, over and above all, to chear the desponding, and confirm the doubting, and fix the wavering, Daniel W. is good enough to say, "I have faith in the future." This is decidedly reviving and uncommonly animating. We do not know that is settles anything; but still it is pleasant to learn that Mr. Voorhees, with a vast deal to make him unnappy, and just kicked out of the House of Representatives, can still cheerfully chant-

"Cheer up, my lively lads, In spite of with and weather."

Tom Florence must have felt decidedly better er this exhibition of Mr. Voorhees' hilarity, and nave gone back to his editorial sanctum like a

beery giant retreshed. One of Mr. Voorhees' thick-coming egotisms is worthy of particular attention. The country, too mindful of business to need its benefactor, does not know, perhaps, that but for Mr. Voor hees interposition, in spite of Grant, of Sher-man, and of Sheridan, it would long ago have cone to hopeless and irreparable griet. But D. W. V. knows it, and he does not permit any squeamish me desty to interfere with his doing ust ce to himself; and a man with a finer talent for sounding his own horn, we never saw, never heard, and never read of. "I (Ego et mea patria) -I (D. W. V.) entered Congress hve years ago in the midst of grief and of gloom." Everything was, to speak plainly, in a mess. Men and mem bers were all madder than mad. "They acted, says Voorhees "as if the Constitution had already perished in the storm"-or "baleful simoon," as Mr. V, varies if. Now, under these discouraging circumstances, what did the In-diana gentlemen do? Did he betake himself to drink? Did he run his head into the sand, like an ostrich? Did he expend a portion of his official salary in the purchase of a rope lottily pink him elt like Cato of Utica? Di 10 Did he give up the Constitution in despair? He shall speak for himselt in his own beautiful language:-"On the contrary, I recalled the sublime origin of that instrument, the wisdom that framed it, the start-ling magnificence and glory which it had given our country in the midst of the nations of the earth, its afficiency in times past for all the purposes of war and of peace; and I determined that, whatever others might do, on it, and on it alone, I would build the house of my political faith The winds have beat upon it, the rans have descended, but that house has not tallen? has not talien. But Daniel has, we grieve to say, for the House in which he would have been particu-larly pleased to abide has, with signal ingratitude, cast him forth. But still he is cheerful. "Gentlemen," says he, addressing the donors of the cane, "the Constitution is triumphing," "I've fixed it," he might have added, "and it shall remain a fixture forever." It was really cruel to send such a benevolent constitutional carpenter as this back to private life. From this sublime point of view, the cane, in spite of its gold top, seems to us a sort of mockery. Voorhees saves the country, and he is put off with a windy speech from Tom Florence and "a cane" 'rom "the citizens of Washington"-Thos, B. Florence, J. D. Hoover, T. A. Folsom, and J. W. Clampitt! It's enough to make even Mr. Voorhees give up the bu-mess of saving constitutions for the rest of his natural life. If there were yet some fragment of the Confederacy to which he might carry himselt and his gentus for constitutional diagnosis, he would not be without high Roman example for his most natural stampede. And, for all we can see to the contrary in his Oration for the Cause, he would be quite at home in South Carolina or Alabama; for his feelings to wards the late Rebels are evidently considerate and we think we may say affectionate. "I love, he amorously observes, "the people of th thi I hall them as American citizens, They South. are a brave and heroic population as well as we. In short, nobody can read Mr. Voorhees speech without receiving the impression that, in his opinion at least, the rebellious States have been damnably injured by somebody, and ara more worthy of salve than severity. He believe was the North which was originally guilty of "dark, premeditated crime against th Union," and he hauls poor John Brown from his grave to prove it. We certainly shall not attemp to refute his opinion, if it be entitled to that name. Facts settle the matter the other way. History will engrave qui e another record. The heory of the Government is not the theory of Mr. Voorhees. The policy of the Government is not, and cannot be, without fatal consequences. a policy of ingenious excuse and amiable extenuation. We make no objection to gentleness, to mercy, to good nature, when the exercise of these doe ot compremise fundamental principles; but, in the name of our gallant dead, we protest against any attempt to belittle the cause in behalf of which they perished, or to dignify the cause against which they died contending. We regard which they persure, or to dignify the cause against which they died contecding. We regard the rebellion as a crime. Mr. Voorhees would soften it down to a misdemeanor. We would insure, so far as possible, the future political adelity of those who cannot plead a good politi-cal reputation in the past. Mr. Voorhees is for oblivion and a sort of helter-skelter jubilee of cardon and restoration. Where his heart was during the physical contest is beyond a perad ver ture-where it is now, during the moral bat tle, we loave the reader to determine.

The Crisis in Europe-The Position of Austria. From the Times.

In estimating the situation in Europe some of our journals look no further than to a partitioning of provinces between the several powers, to so that what Prussia may lose by ceding Silesia Austria she may gain by the annexation of the Duchles, and Austria may be recompensed for the cession of Venetia to Italy by Silesia, and, as some think, by an accession of territory on the lower Danube. But there are other and more momentous questions in the background than the matter of mere population and territory. In regard to Prussia, we have already referred to her desire to become a naval power, and the opportunities to that end she probably expects to gain by the acquisition of the full control over the Eider and its configuous terri-tory from the North Sea to the Baltic. As it is with Prussia in the North, so with Austria in

the South of Europe. It is not alone the habitual obstinacy and proverbial family pride of the Hapsburgs which make Austria cling so tenacionaly to the posses-sion of Venctia. There enter into this transsa motives of policy and statecraft as potent with Austrian statesmen as the dooire for Prussian aggrandizement is with the statesmen of Prussia And it may as well be said that all the smaller States of Southern Germany seem to judge that their own interests lie in this policy of Austria It will be remembered that, after the rapid and serious defeats of the Austrians in Italy, in 1859, serious defeats of the Austrians in Italy, in 1859, and before the last at Solver no, the present King of Prossia, then Prince Regent, enthusiastically declared that Germany must be defended against France on the banks of the Minelo, and that he began to give force to this declaration by ex-tended armaments and the mobilization of the entire Prossian army. It will also be remem-bered that the whole of Germany with one ac-cord avplauded this declaration and unspinon dy cord applauded this declaration and unanimously prepared for war, and it was this attitude of the German powers that prompted Napoleon bastily to conclude the peace of Villatranca with his proclaimed work but half done. It was no mere sentimental rhapsody that

al'ured the Germans into detending Austria on the Mincio; it was the recoilection of that here-ditary axiom of German politics-hereditary from the time that there existed a Germany in name-that the valley of the Adge and the passes of Southern Tyrol are the key to the heart of Germany, and for her own security and protection must Low and forever remain in the hands of a German power. This has for centu-ries been thought necessary, with Italy divided into many separate and contending States and principalities,

There was certainly some truth in the argument of the present Napoleon, that with a power-ful Italian kingdom, the security of France demanded possession and control by her of the passes on the Alps, and thus he justified the acquisition of Savoy and Nice. And it is not the less true that it was the like consideration, so long regarded as imperative for the protection of Germany, which, in the peace of Villafranca, made Francis Joseph deny to Italy the boundary of the Minclo, and reserve to him-sell the control of the passes north through the Tyrolese Alps. It is true that on behalf of Italy, the powerful plea any be interposed, that she, in centuries past as well as now, needed far greater security against attacks from the North than Germany did against attacks from her; it is true that she can support this plea with countless referer ces to history, proving that the ending of army after army from Germany into Italy through these very passes, in furtherance of the policy of the German Emperors, contributed largely to the chronic disorder and im-poverishment of the whole peninsula, and that therefore she ought to have the undisputed and undisturbed possession of the whole north of Italy, not to threaten an attack, but to be fortified against one.

But, thep, Ausiria may reply, that if once deprived of the present cordon of fornified posts, the Tyrol not only, but the whole of Carinthia, Illyria, Styria, and all her o her southern pos-sessions are, through the many mountain pass a and gorges, that all lead southward, constantly opened to attack.

We have lately seen in a Vienna paper, the Wanderer, we believe, another intimation of what troubles the minds of Austrian statesmen. With Venice and its territory secured to Italy, there is no promise that other more or less Italian possessions of Austria would not be coveted. These were, in times of Venetian power, all dependencies of the grand republic. There is the District of Trice te, the "Hungarian" Litto-rale, with Fiume and Dalmatia, with Zara for I is capital and principal port. In inct, these provinces would, so the Austrians seem to fear, of necessity gravitate towards the great Italian kingdom, to which, by descent, language, religion and the traditions of past centuries, they feel thenselves attracted, and Austria, in no very long time, would become totally separated from the Adriatic. She would then be an inland power, like Bayaria, Wurtem berg, or Saxony, and of no more influence or consequence than the three united. The Austrian political leaders, therefore, put to themselves the qestion-Could the possession of the whole of Roumania, with Bosnia added-could even the possession of the mouth of the Danube, with its adjacent coast on the Euxine-coa pensate Austria for such loss of prestige, position, and power? They think not. Moreover, in the disposition to be made of the Danubian Principalities the old question de POrient comes up again, in regard to which Russia puts forth powerful claims to be heard and heeded. Russia, to be true to her Oriental policy, per-sistently adhered to by her since the time of her great Peter, will never allow a power 1 ke Austria to be wedged in between herself and the Bosphorus. Besides, the Roumanian people are sure to have something to ay about if, nor will Turkey be entirel, silent. So that while Austria will certainly not part with what she has in hand for what it is very uncertain she may ever get or be able to refam; and while, even if this be certain, the has strong reasons to decline the bargain as being variar and no recompense for user loss and the danger she may incur, it is the to speculate about a Euro-pean Congress being able to reconstruct the map of Europe by parcelling out a province here to this and a province there to that power. Only the irreversible results of war can accomplish what this proposed Congress is aid to attempt. In addition, Austria's Internal condition is such that she may gain much in case of war. Her finances are in a desperate state. In war, and when almost half of Continental Europe is arms against her, the people of Austria will near any burden imposed upon them in the nucrest of the defense of the empire, and even national bankruptcy would not be so severely tert. The different nationalities comprising the empire would for the time lay aside their anicosilies and jealousies and unite in the support f a common cause. We have not at all attempted to give in the above a defense of the position of Austria. We intended only to introduce our readers to the current of thought that agitates the rulers of Austria and of her allies in Germany. As there are two sides to every quarrel, we thought it proper to give every side of it a hearing.

Controversy"-William Henry Ireland's own collections, the first lot of which was the original forgeries to "Miscellaneous Papers under the Hand and Seal of William Shakespeare," and containing, among other make-believes, "a lock of Anne Hathaway's hair !"

-Mr. Carpenter, one of our well-known New York artists, an enthusiastic admirer and sup porter of President Lincoln, conceived the idea. in the latter part of 1863, of painting a picture commemorating "the first reading of the Eman cipation Proclamation before the Cabinet." Through the late Owen Lovejoy, Speaker Colfax, and two or three New York friends, Mr. Lincoln became interested in the project, and invited Mr. Carpenter to the White House, for the purpose of affording him every facility in studying his subjects from life. The painting of the picture, comprising a life-size group of the President and Cabinet, occupied six months,from February to August, 1864,-during which period Mr. Carpenter enjoyed constant inter course with the President, as well as the various members of the Cabinet.

-Among forthcoming books, the English newspapers tell us, one is a Spurgeon jest book, under the title of "Anecdotes and Stories of Rev. J. C. Spurgeon, now first collected and arranged." This must not take to itself the credit of being the earliest clerical budget of wit. There was a "Sterne's Convivial Jester; or, That's Your Sort;" and a very lavorite volume with our ferefathers was "Ecclesiastical Transactions; or, A Collection of Reverend Jokes."

The subject of the picture, together with the circumstances attending the execution of the work, and the death of President Lincoln so soon after its completion, conspired to give to it an extraordinary degree of interest, manifested by the crowds who thronged to see it during the time it was on exhibition in different parts of the country.

Mr. Carpenter has written out in detail the history of his connection with Mr. Lincoln, with which are interwoven various "reminiscences" and personal relations, collected and given to the author from time to time by different individuais, making a volume of over three hundred pages.

-Mrs. Keble, the widow of the post, begged that her husband's grave might be kept open for her, as she should not be long apart from him. Her apprehension was realized, for she died on the 11th of May, at Brookside, Bournemouth, in the same house where her husband died. She was in her sixtieth year.

-Mr. Alexander Smith says he became a novel reader from reading the denunciations launched against novels in 'Todd's "Student's Manual," What led him to become a novel writer he has not stated, but it was probably the fact of his having outlived his reputation as a poet.

-Friederike Brion, the beloved of Gothe while he was a student at Strasburg, is about to have a monument crected over her grave at Meizenheim, where she passed the last days of her life.

-M. Taine is said to have abandoned his consemplated visit to America.

" 'Nature sometimes makes one up Of such sad ouos aug ends.

It really m ght be quite as well Hushed up among one's friends." "We have already said that it is impossible to

assign a reason for our adverse opinion in such a matter as this. The divine fire is wanting. We know thus much, for we are where it prolesses to be, and we feel no genial warmth."

The critic then becomes a little inconsistent. expressing his surprise at what the author fancies to be fun, what the publisher takes for it, and what the public give for it, admitting, however, that some pieces in the volume are calculated to make the dullest grow fat, yet declaring in the same breath that none of the peems rise above mediocrity, and some fall very far below it. He quotes a stanza from one of the best known of Dr. Holmes's poems:-

"ien days and nights with s cepiess eye, I watched that wretched man; And shee I never dare to write As tunny as I can."

And adds :--

"this explains everything, and might, if known at the start, save the reader a world of trouble. But at any rate the author's heart is in the right p ace We cannot but think, howev r, that he has com mitted the not unnatural mistake of running into the opposite extreme, for after reading these pieces we continue well but weary."

The same number of the Reader is very complimentary to Mr. Bayard Taylor:---

"With fastes and pursuits kindred to those of Washington Irving and Nathaniel Haw horne, and with the same strong love of the natural beauties of his native country which gives fascination to the pages of Jan es Fenimore Cooper. Mr Bayard tay-lor here furnishes us with a picture of simple, unfor here furnishes us with a picture of simple, un-strained, matter-of fact, evers day life, p aoid among the beautiful hills and charming valleys round about his own country home, with every feature of which he claims the fami-llarity of an old acquaintance, and which no. from the beginning to the end of the book, makes the common property of the reader with hum-self. The traditions and habits of the people among whom the greater part of his life has been passed, the rustic dwel ers, and the legends of the country, in themselves but ho mespin materia s for a work of in themselves but ho nespun materia a for a work o fiction, in his hands have all the charm of novelty with which Coldsmith, the greatest master of the school of which Mr. Taylor is an advanced pupil, invested the everyday hic of the family of the crimroses, till, in their way. The story of K sunstt' and 'lie Vicar of Wakefield' may be regarded as true pictures of the simp e manners and customs of raral England and America at the date in which the action of either tale is placed."

-The Galaxy for June 15th will contain the following pleasant sketch of Dore:--

PAUL GUSTAVE DORE.

The popular idol of the dry in the world of art, is Faul Guatave Dore, the most verastile, the most proific but at the same time one of the most un-equal artists of modern France. He is the rage in Paris. The Emperor and Empress have granted him the favor of an imperial audience, and have granted by condessented to compliment him on the This the involves of an imperial indicates, and invo-praciously condesseended to compliment him on the excellence of his works. His carte de visite is in such request that his photographer cannot supply the demand; and an order sent from this country for a dozen or two expises remained for works un-filled. Better still, the inbluers vie with each other for the privilege of giving his works to the public.

re left by the roceding torrents while above them fintiers the while dove, returning to the ark with the olive twig in her mouth

It is a relief to turn from the epical sublimity and tragic horror of these il ustrations to the sweet pastoral beauty that is found in "The Meetof Eleazer and Rebecca at the W "Issac receiving Rebecca." The Wel and Eastern feeling; the second is a marvel of beautiful conception and execution The bride, eated on a dromes ary, richly and inntastically caparisoned drome ary, nehy and antastically caparisoned, has approached the abode of her husband. She epares to descend; a slave presents the pa'm of s hand as a step for the delica e foot of the young rl. The patriarch approaches to receive her, h's hand resting on the khoulder of a slave Fut what words can scribe the juminous atmo Full what words can series the juminous atmo-sphere, the strange and potutesque caravan, the delicately moulded c'ouds, the transparent shadows, the icanity, a variety of the figure grouping? The picture seems like the realization of a wonderful dream- a vision out of the sleep of ages cond.

To describe these pictures one by one would require not merely an article, out a volume nimost as inrge as the Bible whose leaves we are turning; and we must pass reluctantly over compositions on which we would gladly dwell at length.

Dore is tend or placing minute figures on an extended land-cape, so as to give the impression of immense s) acc. "The tedars of Lebanon conveyed to the Temple," is an accurable specimen of this style of treatment. In this picture the horizon is placed near the top of the page. In the distance grow the majestic ceders, about whose giant poles the wood cutters swarm like lignnes. Nearer are seen the enormous trunks, stripped of oranches said on rude, massive trucks and dragged off by teams or horses and oxen, urged on and as-isted by crowds of drivers and workmen. Every nook and corner of the picture is uil of busing life Nor a partice of "pace is vacant or wasted Yet all this variet, and inces is obtained without the slightest loss of unity

Dore's love of the grotesque and of queer humor secasionally breaks through his enforced decorum, is in his wonderful realization of Ezestel's vision of he "Valley of Lyr Bones" I that a finistly composi-ion. We can atmost heat the multitude of bones tion. dash and rattle as they fly together And it is humorous, too. There is seen a bewildered skeleton fumbling round for a masing arm, which a brother ske eton, who was doubtless a oractical loker in the flesh, hides away from bim. One unfortunate crea-ture has let bis skull ship through his bony fingers,

and clutches blindly after it as it tails Another, who has picked himself entirely up, and put his bones together in complete order, sits grinning horribly a ghastly smill, and poking run at his less expert companions. In the distance the rehabilitated where one disappear, in long and dim procession, through the dusk of gathering might.

In genera', Dore has restrained in these illustra tons his inordinate passion for the grotesque and horrible, and his morbid fendency to glob miness but these traits are seen in their full power in such subjects as "the Fate of Jezober's Remains," "The Death of Ac an," "the Funnhment of the sons of Koran," and a few others. It is surprising that he should have made so little of Job; and be has done s with the prophets than his admirers expected t him. The, illustrations to the New Testament show a

The illustrations to the New Testament show a great is ling off in power and interest. Dore's genius is not Christian; it is essentially fantastic and pro-funce. He cannot d aw an aposite, or a salut, and his Christian and ther failure. Dore was not himself in the New Tostament. In the word of Theophile Gauter, Dore excels in the reproduction of a l climes, countries, architectures, costumes, and man-ners, of which vares fractions alone survive. The Bible with its profound pers active or antiquity strate ing beyond the creation of man, presents start incentives to the incultive faculty; and Dore-incited by the sublimity of the Bible call stores and imaginations, has, in this work, surpased all former efforts in this direction whether his treatment of sacred tubjects partakes sufficiently of a religious sentiment, is a question whether his treatment of increased optime but of the grants of a wide dif-terence of opinion; but of the grants of a wide dif-terence of opinion; but of the grants of the artist of his meximus the incurs in an imagination, there can it e no question at al.

can te no question at all. The engraving of these illustrations is admirable Nothing quality it has been done in any other work. It seems destined, indee d, to create an era in the art When the first volume was received in this city, among the earliest to examine it were some of the most s tentific engravers of the American Bark Nete Corr any who extremed their assonishment at the excellence of the execution and the stuple metro is by which grand and beautiful effects were produced.

The President's Proclamation - British and American Neutrality.

From the Herald.

President Johnson's proclamation to prevent any "unlawful expedition and enterprise from the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, and to maintain the public peace as well as the national honor, and enforce obedience and respect to the laws of the United States," which is aimed at the Fenian movement on Canada, has created no little excitement. This action of the President is commented upon very treely by all classes, some condemning and other approving it, while those opposed to the administration gladly seize the opportunity, without any regard to the principle involved, to condemn Mr. Johnson. The President undoubledly was placed in an

unfortunate position with regard to the Fenian movement. On one hand it was his duty to see that the laws be enforced, and that the honor