LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

OLD ENGLAND: ITS SCENERY, ART, AND PROPER.
By James M. Hoppin, of Yale College, Hard
& Houghton. Philadelphia: Duffield Ash-

If a dozen intelligent tourists proceed once ever a route, and describe everything they see, there would certainly be but little chance for the thirteenth man being able to tell us anything new or interesting. Yet Mr. Hoppin's account of his trip through England, although told by hundreds before him, is both novel and interesting. His style is singularly pure, and the incidents given are such as would strike an intelligent traveller, eager to note the peculiarities of a people and the customs of a country. From the first page of his work we see that we are to go along with a man who has eyes and can see, and ears and can hear, and that all he sees and hears will be told us. His descriptive powers are of no inferior order. He is a plain, practical man, dealing largely in facts; but the facts given are just the kind we all want to know, and told in such a style as to secure from us an earnest attention. He has a happy power of noting the peculiarities of the people, and drawing comparisons between them and our own citizens. Thus he gives us a sketch of his estima-

tion of a Britisher:-"That genial though thorough Englishman, "Arthur Helps," has made the remark that tem-perament is but the atmosphere of character, while its groundwork in nature may be fixed while its groundwork in factor may be able to and unchangeable. This remark might explain the difference between the Englishman and the American, looking at both in their broad national traits. It has been pleasant to me to think that deep down under all the changes of history and circumstance, there was a common root to the two nations, and that this still is to root to the two nations, and that this atm is to be found. The temperament of the American, since his ancestors landed in New England and Virginia, has been affected by a thousand new influences. More oxygen has flowed into his soul as well as his lungs. His nature has been intensified. His sympathies have found another range of objects. But, after all, it is hard to wash away the original basis of nature. Its force and integrity remain. What can be more different integrity remain. What can be more different than a genuine Yankee and a true John Bull? Yes, we can say they are no longer the same; but still they do not differ as an Englishman differs from a Frenchman, or a German, or an Italian. Many unchangeable qualities belong to each, though transformed. I have an Ame-rican friend in view, a travelling acquaintance, who has the distinctive American traits in broad relief; and I should be perfectly willing to show him the following photograph. He would recognize it, laugh at it, and glory in it. He worshipped his own country. He meant that everybody eise should know how great it There was nothing that America did not ve; there was nothing in fact out of America. He hated an Englishman because the Englishman would not acknowledge the same thing. He was ready to fight England, just to make her wake up, and open her eyes, and see the 'llving truth' about America. But if he hated an Englishman, he had an infinite contempt for a Swiss, because he considered him to be mercenary, and not to be depended upon. In going over some of the wilder passes of the Alps, although he had a horse so that he might not appear to be mean, he would not mount the horse until his guide happened to ask him if he were afraid; then he jumped on, and rode unconcernedly along the edge of the most terrific abysses, where every one else dismounted. He told me that he had never had a sensation of fear in his life, and I believe him, for he would climb places where few would dare to follow. climb places where few would dare to follow him, and then go 'a touch beyond,' and dangle his legs over the precipice. He took a guide rather as a matter of course, for he always found the path himself, and walked ahead. He filled his pockets with small change every morning, to be distributed to all the little children he met during the day, but he would raise the hotel when he thought himself cheated to the value of a ten-centime piece. He was a rich man, and had made himself. When he had just begun business he discovered by reweighing an article that he had charged a customer a dollar too much. He went immediately and rectified the His customer, an old Quaker gentleman, said to him, 'Young man, thee shall neye; be the poorer for that dollar.' 'And that dollar, he said, 'had brought him thousands.' Everything new, useful, and practical he swooped upon instantly. He spoke little about the Alps, but a new style of bolt running upon rollers, which he found in Switzerland, he was much interested in, though he said he had the same day himself when a hoy. Stone stairs in case idea himself when a boy. Stone stairs, in case of fire, was the only thing I ever heard him acknowledge as something peculiarly foreign and good. He did not like anything because it was old, and despised a 'battered old torso;' but if work of art looked nice and beautiful at the present instant, whether new or old, he indulged in vehement praises of it. The past was past with him. A thing must be entirely up to its professions, for the slightest respect on his part. He affected to scorn sentiment and the emotional, but he was ever doing little delicate and kind things. I discovered accidentally this iron-nerved man, who prided himself on his sang-freid, gazing with bedewed eyes on the miniature of his dead wife, that he had caused to be painted in the most exquisite manner by Lamuniere of Geneva, and set about with enamels of forget-me-nots in a casing of massive gold.

Whatever he bought, or wore, or ate, or had. must be of the best quality, and he put himself on a lower seat to no living being. Now in many things, although absolutely ransformed, do we not see here the original English nature—its self-confidence, uprightness, courage, practicalness, acquisitiveness, womanish tenderness, and insufferable pride? He disliked an Englishman for the same reason that an Englishman disliked him. But is there not here, in better things, a ground of future union of the two nations to excite the world. union of the two nations to civilize the world. They both have the same English 'plack. There is in both nations the same love of home the same capacity of religion. They are nations that do have a conscience. Therefore they are better, and worse, and greater, than other nations. A far more strongly marked comparison might be drawn between the Englishman and the German. They too are not mentally or morally antagonistic, as are the English and French, but only, as the Englishman and the American, temperamentally distinct. American, temperamentally dissimilar. The chief feature of dissimilarity consists in the practical directness of the English mind, as compared with the thoughtful circuitousness of the German. This comes out amusingly in con-versation. The German dwells on particulars while tenaciously pursuing the main track; is minute and episodical; must examine every stone, and turn over every straw, and does not minute and episodical; must examine every stone, and turn over every straw, and does not perceive, or does not wish to do so, the few things of true importance. The Englishman goes to the other extreme in brevity; marches immediately to the conclusion; disdains the intermediate; relates a fact and gives a reason without obscuring either in unessential detail. But a German who wishes to say 'I went home from the Post Office,' would feel obliged to tell every corner he turned around, every person he met, everything that every person told him, and everything that he told every person. It is sometimes, therefore, a small torture for an Englishman or an American to talk with a German, because the definite factor idea which he is seeking for is so long in finding expression. But on philosophical and scientific topica, this systematic method and absolute thoroughness of the German mind is a noble feature, while English bluntness and American rapidity become real faults, and lead to intellectual superficiality. Another striking difference between an Englishman and a German is, that if the former has in him anything like sentiment he tries to conceal it as a weakness of which he is heartily ashamed; the latter delights to make a show of sentiment. The Englishman hates scenes; the German appears rapturous. The Englishman despises pipe-claying and outward manifestations; the German appears rapturous. The Englishman has an island solitariness of temper; the German has a continental sociality. The Englishman has an island solitariness of temper; the German has a continental sociality. Englishman has an island solitariness of tem-per; the German has a continental sociality. The Englishman thinks more of himself than of his neighbor; the German thinks more of his neighbor than of himself. The Englishman has more self-respect; the German has more

This is a happy sketch of a true American

inclined to deal too leniently with the faults of his countrymen, is nevertheless just. The work is full of pleasant narratives of adventures, not of the startling melo-dramatic style, but of quiet, pleasant, every-day occurrences, interspersed with well-drawn deductions. Thus the interview with Kingsley, the author, is well told, as also is that with Miss Marsh. We give them:-

Marsh. We give them:—

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a playful mood, is said to have sent a message to Miss Marsh, the suthoress of 'The Life of Headley Vicars,' asking her 'when and by whom she had taken orders?' I wished to see this noble Christian woman, and the barn where she presched to the poor. Seven or eight miles to the south of London, leaving Sydenham and the 'rystal Paiace a little to the west, is Beckenham, a common country English village, pretty enough, as that part of Surrey county is, but in no way remarkable. Walking past the inn, and the butcher's shop, and the baker's, and the blacksmith's, I did indeed at last come to the barn in the meadows, where Miss Marsh to the barn in the meadows, where Miss Marsh collects her motley audience of delvers and ditchers. Her own residence is at the other end of the village, in a pleasant mansion set back a little from the road, with many fine old trees and a smooth lawn about it. Before I saw Miss Marsh I visited the village church, where there is a monument recently erected to the memory of Captain Vicars. It is neatly designed, with the ornament of a carved sword, sush-knot, and scroil. This is one expression in the epitaph:— He fell in battle, and 'slept in Jesus' on the night of the 22d of March, 1866, and was buried

might of me satisfactors, and was buried before Sebastopol.'

"Miss Marsh, as she entered the parlor with a quiet step and a pleasant greeting, impressed me with her dignity and winning feminine kindliness. In personal appearance she is commanding and handsome, and she dresses with exceeding good taste. She does not neglect this years of registeral influence with the register. this means of personal influence with the poor and humble. I can well conceive how the rough 'navvies' might be quite carried away with her; for there is nothing in her looks or conversa-tion that bespeaks the straight-laced religionist, but rather the noble and accomplished Chris

tian lady.
"I do not feel at liberty to trespass further in describing the frank courtesy which took me immediately into the family circle, nor the very pleasant hour I spent, especially in conversation with her father, Dr. Marsh, whose venerable face might be truly called 'a perpetual benediction.' The widow of the hero of 'Victory Won' was making a visit in Beckenham at the same time and she was not under my secont the same time, and she was put under my escort back to London. She told me that Miss Marsh was a true friend, and that 'when she once became interested in one's welfare, she never left that person till the good she strove for was accomplished.' It was easy enough to see where her power lay. It is in her perfect trust—her great-souled confidence in God and man. She believes that sympathy shown to any human being will meet some return, and will afford some standing-place, some opportunity of good, To a masculine will she unites a true woman's heart, and both are consecrated to the work of educating and raising up the forsaken classes of society. She leads this 'forlorn hope' with a cheerful courage that should inspire imitation. She is the Florence Nightingale to the religious wants of poor soldlers and seamen. She showed me the method in which she kept the accounts or acted as Savings Bank for hundreds of these people. These two noble women were the en-samples of our own American and Christian Commission ladies during the war, and they are only worthy of more honor, not that they have done more, but because they were first in the work

the work.

"I am now going to take my reader a little further down into the county of Hampshire, or Hants. With a letter of introduction quite unexpectedly put in my hands to the 'Rector of Eversley,' which offered a temptation I could not resist, I sought out on the map of the county the point called Eversley. To get at it one leaves the railroad at the Winchfield Station, on the Southwestern Railway. Here I hired a on the Southwestern Railway. Here I hired a carriage, and drove some twelve miles over the sandy moorlands, skirting around the village of Hartley Wintney. The last part of the way was through a wilderness of blooming heather. It was one sea of purple flowers as far as the eye could reach, and the ride through it was exhilated. could reach, and the ride through it was exhilarating. It was, if I mistake not, the common
'ling' with bell shaped blossoms, quite fragrant,
and the delight of the honey-bee. In the midst
of this purple waste, down in a little hollow,
was the 'Rector of Eversley's house; and near
by, almost in the garden, was his church; and
they formed the only village that I could see.
"Charles Kingsley's home was the very picture of a rural parsonage, or poet's dwelling,
away from noise and men. The garden and
lawn were ornamental without being stiff, and the windows and walls were smothered in luxuriant vines and roses. All the apartments and bow-windows stood open, and there seemed to be a free communication with out-door Nature The birds might sing through and in the house. Unfortunately the master of this pleasant house was away. I was hospitably entertained in Mr. Kingsley's own study, which was indeed next to seeing himself. I could not help glancing around the room — might I say 'den?' Some stalwart old folios of the 'Fathers' looked like the rough bark out of which the honey of 'Hypatia' and other books of exquisite flavor and spiritual richness had been drawn. There appeared to be a good collection of historical works and the whole as far as I of historical works, and the whole, as far as I could read at a glance, formed an interesting and raie library—just the one that awakened the appetite to look and search further. An oak Armada hung over the fireplace, Pipes were not wanting and walking-sticks—but enough of this raiding upon a man's private dominions in

his absence,
"Kingsley is still what may be called a young man, as are indeed many of those living authors, such as Ruskin and Matthew Arnold man, who have breathed new freedom and power into English literature. He was born at Hoine Vicarage on the borders of Dartmoor in Devonvicinize on the borders of Dartmoor in Devonshire, and was at one time a pupil of Derwent Coleridge. The spirit of freedom has long lived in his family. The Kingsleys of Cheshire were noted for their fidelity to the Parliament in the civil wars, and one branch of the family emigrated to America, from whom the late Professor Kingsley, of Yale College, was a descendant. A relative of Froude, the historian, he has perhaps thereby been brought in contact with the new and independent ideas of English History, of which he forms as it were the prophet or of which he forms as it were the prophet or poet. And whatever may be thought by some of his theological shortcomings, as the ardent champion of his friend Maurice, he has vigor-ously striven to carry Christianity into practi-cal life, and to infuse its higher spirit into the very framework of society. He has advocated very framework of society. He has advocated a religion which has warm blood in it, and can feet, think, run, and work. He considers religion, in the words of an old English divine, as the seed of a deified nature. Let us hope that he may never be faithless to his principles, as some of his latest utterances awaken the fear of his latest. of his being. He must deny himself in an un-scrupulous and bad sense to become a defender of injustice, or of power against the poor. If h do this, notwithstanding a great enthusiasm for him, he may go to the shades where, alas many dead heroes have gone before him. This many dead heroes have gone before him. This is, indeed, a small threat as far as myself is concerned, but, if I mistake not, it will also be the united judgment of an American public opinion which has heretofore passionately honored and loved Kingsley, and the entire loss of whose favor, which has been called an English author's verdict of posterity, no man living whose invor, which has been carted an English author's verdict of posterity, no man living, be he ever so great, can well afford to suffer. "I went into the plain, old-fashloned church where Mr. Kingsley then ministered to his where Mr. Kingsley then ministered to his humble congregation. A young relative of his told me that his congregation was chiefly composed of laboring people, 'clod-hoppers,' as he called them. 'But,' he added, 'he manages to interest them wonderfully.' He said that young officers from the camp of Aldershott, a few miles distant, were in the habit of riding over to hear Mr. Kingsley. They probably recognized the true fighter in him—the true 'soldier-priest.'

But we have not space to extend our extracts, and can only add that it is as pleasant a book of travels as has come under our notice for many days. For its purity of diction and pungent analysis of facts and people, it is a valuable and instructive, as well as an entertaining work. It is published in a cheap yet neat form by Hurd & Houghton.

THE LAND OF THOR. By J. Ross Brown Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We like, in a book that claims to be a narrative of real events, some show of probability, some attempt at the natural. But Mr. Brown has favored us, in his "Land of Ther," with as

character, and is drawn with a pen which, if | Munchausen-like a production as we were ever called upon to read. It deals in the wonderful. The simplest incidents are seized upon and worked up into a long narrative, with the richest embellishments and most unnatural surroundings. The whole work is such as my man with a general knowledge of Russia, and a powerful imagination, could easily produce. There is no internal evidence in the book that Mr. Brown is any more familiar with the dominions of the Czar, than a careful perusal of Murray would convey to any reader-The most ordinary events are worked up in a startling style, and the author frequently pretends to describe scenes which he evidently never saw. Thus, the following description of an imperial bear-hunt is given in true melodramatic style:-

THE EMPEROR'S BEAR-HUNT. "The present Emperor, Alexander III, is more distinguished for his liberal views respecting the rights of his subjects than for his military proclivities. In private life he is much beloved, and is said to be a man of very genial social qualities. His predominating passion in this relation is a love of hunting. I have been told that he is especially great on bears. With all your experience of this manly passion With all your experience of this manly pastime in America, I doubt if you can form any con-ception of the bear-hunts in which the Autocrat of all the Russias has distinguished himself Anybody with nerve enough can kill a grizzly, but it requires both nerve and money to kill bears of any kind in the genuine autocratic style. By an imperial ukase it has been ordered that when any of the peasants or serfs discover a bear within twenty versis of the Moscow and St Dateshure Reliment the series of the Moscow and St.Petersburg Railway, they must make known the fact to the proprietor of the estate, whose duty it is to communicate official information of the discovery to the Corresponding Secretary of the Czar. With becoming humility the Se-cretary announces the tidings to his royal mas-ter, who directs him to advise the distant party ter, who directs him to advise the distant party that his Majesty is much pleased, and will avail himself of his earliest leisure to proceed to the scene of action. In the meantime the entire available force of the estate is set to work to watch the bear, and from three to five hundred men, armed with cudgels, tin pans, old kettles, drums, etc., are stationed in a circle around him. Dogs are also employed upon this important service. The advance trains, under the direction of the master hunter, having deposited their stores of wines, cordials, and provisions, and telegraphic communications being transmitted to headquarters from tions being transmitted to headquarters from time to time, it is at length privately an-nounced that his Imperial Majesty has condescended to honor the place with his presence and, should the saints not prove averse, will be there with his royal party at the hour and on the day specified in the imperial despatch. The grand convoy is then put upon the track; des-patches are transmitted to all the stations; officers, soldiers, and guards are required to be in attendance to do honor to their sovereign master—privately, of course, as this is simply an unofficial affair which nobody is supposed to know anything about. The Emperor, having selected his chosen few—that is to say, half-a-dozen princes, a dozen dukes, a score or two of courts and become all fine follows and of counts and barons—all fine fellows and genuine bloods—proceeds unostentatiously to the depot in his hunting-carriage (a simple little affair, manufactured at a cost of only forty thousand rubles or so), where he is astonished to see a large concourse of admiring subjects, gayly interspersed with soldiers, all accidentally gathered there to see him off. Now hats are removed, bows are made, suppressed mur murs of delight run through the growd; the locomotive whizzes and fizzes with impatience; bells are rung, arms are grounded: the princes dukes, and barons—jolly fellows as they are— laugh and joke just like common people; bells ring again and whistles blow; a signal is made, and the Autocrat of all the Russias is off on his

bear-hunt!
"In an hour, or two or three hours, as the case may be, the royal hunters arrive at the destined station. Should the public business be pressing, it is not improbable the Emperor, availing himself of the conveniences provided for him by Winans & Co., in whose magnificent present of a railway carriage he travels, has in the meantime despatched a fleet of vessels to Finland, ten or a dozen extra regiments of Cossacks to Warsaw, closed upon terms for a loan of fitty millions, banished various objectionable parties to the deserts of Siberia, and partaken of a game or two of whist with his camarilla.

"But now the important affair of the day is at bend, the bear, the termilla block hear, the termilla block hear.

hand-the bear-the terrible black bear, which everybody is fully armed and equipped to kill, but which everybody knows by instinct is going to be killed by the Emperor, because of his Majesty's superior skill and courage on trying occasions of this sort. What a blessing it is to possess such steadiness of nerve! I would not hesitate one moment to attack the ferocious grizzly in existence if I felt half as much confidence in my ability to kill it. But the carriages are waiting; the horses are prancing; the hunters are blowing their bugles; the royal party are mounting on horseback or in their carriages, as best may suit their taste, and the signal is given! A salute is fired by the Guard, huzzas ring through the air, and the Czar of all the Russias is fairly off on his hunt. Trees fly by; desert patches of ground whirl from under; versts are as nothing to these spirited steeds and their spirited masters, and in an hour or so the grand scene of action is in an hour or so the grand scene of action is reached. Here couriers stand ready to conduct the imperial hunters into the very jaws of death. The noble proprietor himself, baredeath. The hobie proprietor himself, bare-headed, greets the royal pageant; the serfs bow down in Oriental fashion; the dashing young Czar touches his hunting-cap in military style, and waves his hand gallantly to the ladies of and waves his hand gallantly to the ladies of the household, who are peeping at him from their carriages in the distance. Once more the bugle is sounded, and away they dash—knights, nobles, and all—the handsome and gallant Czar leading the way by several lengths. Soon the cry is heard—"Halt! the bear! the bear! Halt!" Shut your eyes, reader, for you never can stand such a sight as that—a full grown black bear, near two hundred yards off, in the middle of an open space, surrounded by five hundred men hidden behind trees and driving him back from every point where he attempts to escape. You every point where he attempts to escape. You don't see the men, but you hear them shouting and banging upon their pots, pars, and kettles. Now just open one eye, and see the Emperor dismount from his famous charger, and deliver the rein to a dozen domestics, deliberately cock his rifle, and fearlessly get behind the nearest tree within the range of the bear. By this time you perceive that Bruin is dancing a pas seul on his hind legs, utterly confounded with the noises around him. Shut your eyes again, for the Emperor is taking his royal aim and with the Emperor is taking his royal aim, and will presently crack away with his royal rifle. Hist triggers are clicking around you in every direction, but you needn't be the least afraid, for, although the bear is covered by a reserve of forty rifles, not one of the hunters has nerve enough to shoot unless officially authorized, or personally desirous of visiting the silver mines of Siberia. Crack! thug! The smoke clears away. By Jove! his Imperial Majesty has done It cleverly; hit the brute plumb on the os frontis, or through the heart, it makes no difference which. Down drops Bruin, kicking and tearing which. Down drops bruin, kicking and tearing up the earth at a dreadful rate; cheers rend the welkin; pots, pans, and kettles are banged. High above all rises the stern voice of the Autocrat, calling for another rifle, which is immediately handed to him. Humanity requires that he should at once put an end to the poor animal's sufferings, and he does it with his accustomed skill. ustomed skill

'Now the bear having kicked his last, an in trepid hunter charges up to the spot on horse-back, whirls around it two or three times, care-fully examines the body with an opera glass, returns, and, approaching the royal presence with uncovered head, delivers himself according to this formula:—'May it please your most galiant and Imperial Majesty, THE BEAR IS DEAD!' The Emperor sometimes responds, 'Is he?' but usually contents himself by waving his hand in an indifferent manner, puffing his cient and calling for his horse. Sixteen group his hand in an indifferent manner, puffing his cigar, and calling for his horse. Sixteen grooms immediately rush forward with his Majesty's horse; and, being still young and vigorous, he mounts without difficulty, unaided except by Master of Stirrups. Next he draws an ivorynaudled revolver—a present from Colt, of New York—and dashing fearlessly upon the bear, fires six shots into the dead body; upon which he coolly dismounts, and pulling forth from the breast of his hunting coat an Arkanzas bowle-knife—a present from the poet Albert Pike, of Little Rock—plunges that dangerous weapon into the bowles of the dead bear; then rising to his full height, with a dark and stern countenance, he holds that blood-dripping blade high in the air, so that all may see it and atters one wild, stentorian, and terrific shout, 'Harasho! harasho!' Signifying in English—'Good! very well!' The cryis caught up by the princes and nobles, who, with uncovered heads now crowd around their gallant Emperor, waving

their hats, likewise shout 'Haraso! harasho!'—'Good! very well!' Then the five hundred peasants rush in with their tin pans, kettles, and drams, and amid the most amazing din catch up the luspiring strain, and deafen every ear with their wild shouts of 'Harasho! harasho!'—'Good! very well!' Upon which the Emperor, rapidly mounting, places a finger in each ear, and still puffing his cigar, rides triumphantly away.

"The bear is hastiy gutted and dressed with flowers. When all is ready the royal party return to the railroad depot in a long procession.

"The bear is hastily guited and dressed with flowers. When all is ready the royal party return to the railroad depot in a long procession, headed by his Majesty, and brought up in the rear by the dead body of Bruin, borne on poles by six-and-twenty powerful serfs. Refreshments in the meantime have been administered to every body of high and low degree, and by the time they reach the depot there are but two sober individuals in the entire procession—his royal Majesty and the bear. Farther refreshments are administered all round during the journey back to St. Petersburg, and notwithstanding he is rigidly prohibited by his physician from the use of stimulating beverages, it is supposed that a reaction has now taken place, which renders necessary a modification of the medical ukase. At all events, I am told, the bear is sometimes the only really steady member of the party by the time the imperial pageant reaches the palace. When the usual ceremonies of congratulation are over, a merry dance winds up the evening. After this the company disperses to prayer and slumber, and thus ends the great bear-hunt of his Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias."

The great bulk of the book is what we in America properly, if not elegantly, describe as "bosh." It is not as valuable nor as interesting as any of its predecessors, and seems to be written against space, as some Congressmen talk against time. Several pleasant incidents, however, are described, among which we find the following interview with Hans Andersen, the well-known Danish writer:-

"When I called according to directions, one or the ancient nut-crackers merely pointed to the door, and said she thought Herr Andersen was in, but didn't know. I could knock there and try; so I knocked. Presently I heard a rapid step, and the door was thrown open. Before me stood the tall, thin, shambling, raw-boned figure of a man a little beyond the prime of life, but not yet old, with a pair of dancing grey eyes and a hatchet-face, all alive with twists, and myntheles and muscles: a long learning the state of the and wrinkles, and muscles; a long, lean face, upon which stood out prominently a great nose, diverted by a freak of nature a little to one side, and flanked by a pair of tremendous cheek-bones, with great hollows underneath. Innumerable ridges and furrows swept semicircularly downward around the corners of a great mouther, broad deep rugged fleaver great mouth—a broad, deep, rugged fissure across the face, that might have been mistaken for the dreadful child-trap of an ogre but for the sunny beams of benevolence that lurked around the lips, and the genial humanity that glimmered from every nook and turn. * * * I would have picked him out from among a thousand men at the first glance as a candidate for Congress, or the proprietor of a tavern, if I had met him anywhere in the United States But the resemblance was only momentary. In the quaint awkwardness of his gestures and the simplicity of his speech there was a certain refinement not usually found among men of that class. Something in the spontaneous and almost childlike cordiality of his greeting; the unworldly impulsiveness of his nature, as he grasped both my hands in his, patted me affectionately on the shoulder, and bade me welcome, convinced me in a moment that this was no other, and could be no other, than Hans Christian Andersen. "'Come in! come in!' he said, in a gush of broken English; 'come in and sit down. You

are very welcome. Thank you—thank you very much. I am very glad to see you. It is a rare thing to meet a traveller all the way from Cali--quite a surprise. Sit down! Thank "And then followed a variety of friendly

compliments and remarks about the Americans.
"Talking of likenesses reminded me of a photograph which I had purchased a few days before, and to which I now asked the addition of an autograph.
"'Oh, you have a libel on me here!' cried the

"'Oh, you have a libel on me here!' cried the poet, laughing joyously—'a very bad likeness. Wait! I have several much better; here they are —' And he rushed into the next room, tumbled over a lot of papers, and ransacked a number of drawers till he found the desired package—'here's a dozen of them; take your choice; help yourself—as many as you please!' While looking over the collection, I said the likeness of one who had done so much to promote the happiness of some little friends I had at home would be valued beyond measure; that I knew at least half-a-dozen youngsters who were a well acquainted with the 'Little Match Girl,' and the 'Ugly Duck,' and the 'Poor Idiot Boy,' as he was himself, and his name was as familiar in California as it was in Denmark, Af this he grasped both my hands, and looking straight in my face with a kind of ecstatic exstraight in my face with a kind of costatic expression, said, 'Oh, is it possible? Do they really read my books in California? so far away! Oh! I thank you very much. Some of my stories, I am aware, have been published in New York, but I did not think they had found their way, to the Pacific Count. their way to the Pacific Coast. Dear me! Thank you! thank you! Have you seen my last—the—what do you call it in English?—a little animal-

"'Mouse,' I suggested.
"'No, nota mouse; a little animal with wings.' 'Oh, a bat!' "Nay, nay, a little animal with wings and many legs. Dear me! I forget the name in Eng-

very small animal!"
"In vain I tried to make a selection from all the little animals of my acquaintance with wings and many legs. The case was getting both embarrassing and vexations. At length a

lish, but you certainly know it in America—a

light broke upon me.

"'A mosquito!' I exclaimed, triumphantly.

"'Nay, nay!' cried the bothered poet; 'a little
animal with a hard skin on its back. Dear me, I can't remember the name!"
"'Oh, I have it now,' said I, really desirous of relieving his mind—'a flea!"

"At this the great improvisator scratched his head, looked at the ceiling, and then at the floor, after which he took several rapid strides up and down the room, and struck himself re-peatedly on the forehead, Suddenly grasping-up a pen, he exclaimed, somewhat energeti-cally, Here! I'll draw it for you; and forthwith cally, Here I if draw it or you, and forthwith he drew on a scrap of paper a diagram.

"'A tumble-bug!' I shouted, astonished at my former stupidity.

"The poet looked puzzled and distressed. Evidently I had not yet succeeded. What

"'A beetle!' I next ventured to suggest rather disappointed at the result of my pre-

vious guess. "'A beetle! A beetle!—that's it; now I re-member—a beetle!' and the delighted author of 'The Beetle' patted me approvingly on the back, and chuckled gicefully at his own adroit method of explanation. 'Pil give you "The Beetle." he said; 'you shall have the only copy in my possession. But you don't read Danish! What are we to do? There is a partial translation in

French, a mere notice.'
"'No matter,' I answered. 'A specimen of
the Danish language will be very acceptable,
and the book will be a pleasant souvenir of my "He then darted into the next room, tum

bled over a dozen piles of books, then out again ransacked the deaks and drawers, and heaps o ransacked the desks and drawers, and heaps of old papers and rubbish, talking all the time inhis joyous, cheery way about his books and his travels in Jutland, and his visit to Charles Dickens, and his intended journey through Spain, and his delight at meeting a traveller all the way from California, and whatever else came into his head—all in such mixed—up broken Fasilish that the meaning must have broken English that the meaning must have been utterly lost but for the wonderful expres-siveness of his face and the striking oddity of

With the exception of a few such redeeming passages, the work is not up to the standard. When we add that Messrs. Harpers have filled it with all the old wood-cuts which appeared in their Magazine months and years ago, we give a correct judgment of the value of the "Land of Thor."

BLEAK HOUSE .- We have received from T. B. Peterson & Brothers the fifth volume of the Author's Edition of Dickens, which is the inimitable story of Bleak House. It is bound in the usual green and gold, and is a novel of richness, beauty, and economy. The full edition, when complete, will be as handsome as any gentleman need desire for his library, and at the same time so cheap that it is within the reach of all.

HISTORY OF THE PARAMA RAILROAD, By Dr. J. N. Utis. New York: Harper & Bros. Phila-delphia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Dr. Otis, out of a very uninteresting subject, has succeeded in manufacturing a very interesting book. His history of the Panama Railroad is authentic, as well as pleasant reading. With but few facts to weave together. the writer, by his happy description of scenery and valuable statements as to the people, soil, and fruits of the Isthmus, has redeemed from stupidity a narrative which, as a memento to American industry, deserves a place in all our libraries. The road, although it has been in full operation for thirteen years, has never yet had a carefully prepared history of its construction. It is a record of determination and skill of which we may all feel justly proud. During the time it has carried passengers, four hundred thousand persons have been transferred from ocean to ocean on its rails, and not a case of sickness has occurred. It has had under its care seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and not a cent has been lost. This is a clear record, and one which few of our roads in the most civilized portions of our country could compete with. The book is filled with excellent wood-cuts, illustrating striking features of scenery, and is well printed and

GLOBE EDITION OF DICKERS .- We have received from Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., the second volume of the Globe Edition of the works of Charles Dickens. It consists of the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Sketches by Boz." It is a large volume, containing seven hundred pages, and has several handsome steel engravings. It is printed in large type, yet is sold for the marvellously cheap price of \$1.50. It will be followed by other stories, until the complete edition of all the author's works is before the

-The weekly paper in New York which was sued by Charles Reade because of its criticism on Griffith Gaunt, has filed its response, which severely damages the literary reputation of Mr. Reade. The defense concludes with the following declaration:-

"These defendants, for a further and separate defense to each of the causes of action set forth in the complaint, in mitigation of any damages that this plaintiff may be entitled to receive, repeat all the facts and allegations hereinbefore set forth, and they also allege that the story entitled 'Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy,' is identical in all the prominent features of its plot, and in all its distinguishing incidents, with two and in all its distinguishing incidents, with two other stories or novels, each of which was written and published by other than the plaintiff herein, prior to the publication of 'Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy,' the said stories being as follows, to wit: 'A Story of a Plot in Private Life,' by Wilkie Collins, published in England in 1859 or earlier, and in New York as a portion of the book entitled the 'Queen of Hearts,' in the year 1856, or thereabouts, by the publishing house of Harper & Brothers. The other being entitled "The Frenchman of Two Wives," published in the magazine called Household Words, December 6, 1856, the same being volume 14, No. 250, of the said magazine, called Littell's Living Age, January 17, 1867.

"And the defendants further say, that a portion of — the opening of — for the prosecuand in all its distinguishing incidents, with two

"And the defendants intriner say, that a portion of — the opening of — for the prosecution, is set forth in that portion of 'Griffith Gaunt' which narrates the trial, being chapter — of the said work, is identical in language with a portion of the epening speech of Hon. Mr. Bathurst upon the trial of Mary Blandy as reported in Howell's State Trials, vol. xviii, p. 1118. That such trial was had in England long provides to the writing and publication of previous to the writing and publication of 'Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy.' That the defendants are informed and believe that there are other similar identities between other portions of the said 'Griffith Gaunt' and the works of other writers published prior to the works of other writers published prior to the writing and publishing of 'Griffith Gaunt,' and the defendants say that the plaintiff makes no acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the sources as med herein for any portion of the said 'Griffith Gaunt,' nor by quotation marks, or any other means, indicates that the whole of

or any other means, indicates that the whole of the said work, in its conception and execution, is not of his own production.

"And these defendants further answering, allege, in mitigation of any damages that the plaintiff may be entitled to receive by reason of any of the publications set forth in the complaint, that the work entitled 'Christie Johnstone,' of which the plaintiff is the re-puted author, and which was published long puted author, and which was published long previous to the publication of 'Griffith Gaunt,' is also identical in plot and incident in many is also identical in plot and incident in many respects with a certain other novel, entitled 'John de Castro,' which said last-mentioned novel was written and published about the year 1802, long before the said 'Christie Johnstone' was written or published, and the author of the said last-mentioned work did not acknowledge his indebledness to the above-mentioned 'John de Castro,' nor by any means indicate that the whole of the said work in its conception and execution was not of his own conception and execution was not of his own

production.

"And the plaintiffs say that the said identities in respect to both 'Griffith Gaunt' and 'Christie Johnstone,' together with others of a similar character to be found in other works of which the plaintiff is the reputed author, had greatly injured the reputation of the plaintiff as an author, and subjected the plaintiff to the suspicion and belief in the minds of many that he has been guilty of plagfarism, and that such suspicion is well founded; and that plagfarism is regarded as an offense which justly deprives the perpetrator of respect as an author; and therefore the defendants urge the same in mititherefore the defendants urge the same in miti-gation of any damages which the plaintiff may be entitled to receive for the alleged injuries to his reputation as an author by the defendants."

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FACT I.—LILLIE'S CHILLED-IRON SAFE have been largely introduced for the last twelv years, and sold to those having the largest amount or valuables, as the best and most thoroughly Burgins Proof Safe; and, up to the last three years, it has been as rare to hear of one of Lillie's Safes having her robbed by burgiars, as to see or hear of a white blackbird or a white elephant.

Fact II.—It is notorious that the profession of the burgiar has advanced at a ravid pace within the last eight years, and what was thoroughly burgiar-protection is not so now, which accounts for the fact the within the last three years very few of Lillie Bales have been robbed, and the secret anonymou circulars distributed by other safe-makers is terly, showing a very free cases only, is the stronger evidence that but a very small number have been robbed to this time, notwithstanding the large number in use, and the amount at stake it successful.

Fact III.—There are two, and only two, general and leading princidles upon which all burgiar-processes are constructed. The one is pouring liquition between and around bars of wrought fren, hard ened street, or any proper combination of metals. This principle is adpted by Little, in the Chilled iron Safe, and covered and controlled by his letter patent.

In is principle is adpled by Lillie, in the Chilled fron Safe, and covered and controlled by his letter patent.

The other is made up of layers of plates, of differen metals, held together by boits or rivers, or both. This principle there are various objections:—The cost is double. The wrought fron plates, which are the strength of the safe, are outside, and are operate upon by the whole catalogue of burgiars' tools. The boits or rivets are easily forced by suitable tools with or without powder, and cannot be sustained. The former principle, adopted by Little, avoids a these objections, can be made any thickness, an withstand any amount of resistance required; avoid the rivets, bolts, etc.; has no wrough tiron outside to operated upon by burgiars' implements.

Fact IV.—Mr. Lillie, the Patentee, so soon as hearned that it was possible with the modern improved tools for burgiars to grind through chilled from or hardened steel, began experimenting to avoid the difficulty, and after much labor and expense has perfected a system for chiling iron and combining metals that is entirely proof against the burgiar drill, or any other of his tools, even the wedge, was ranted to stand the hardest test practicable for an burgiar to make. As a proof of his success, the following certificate is now offered from the Novelt Works, New York:—

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Gentlements.—We have subjected the sample of Chilled Iron you furnished us to the most severe test (as regards drilling through it) that we could bring to bear upon it, and without success.

It is our opinion that it can only be penetrated by the use of a large number of drills, and the expenditure of much power, with days of time.

And we think it impossible for a burgiar, with his time and power, to penetrate it at all.

Yours truly.

And the following extensive iron manufacturers in Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, after the most thorough tests, find the result to be substantially the same.

And their principal Iron Workers so c

ame. And their principal Iron Workers so certify: Messrs. Merrick & Son, Southwark Foundry, Phils delphia.
The Finkley & Williams Works, Boston, Mass,
The Union Foundry and the Northwestern Foundry, Chicago, Iil.

dry, Chicago, Ill.

Fact V.—The proposition made the public hereto fore is now renewed: I will furnish Safes or Vaul Doors, of same size and capacity of other best makers and at one-third less price; and the same may be tested when finished, and I will furnish the man to test the work of any other maker, and he shall furnish the man to test my work; and the party so ordering may accept the work which stands the most resistance, in any wayor manner practicable for a burglar to work.

FACT VI.—I would now say to any of the owners of Lillie's Safes, that, in view of the preceding facts, if they feel the need of additional security, I will exchange with them, on fair terms, giving them all the late improvements, and the increased security, which is claimed to be beyond the reach of Burgiars, until some new system shall be developed in the working of Iron, which would now seem hardly possible.

FACT VII.—It is true that the Sheet-Iron or common Sale, as now made, under ordinary circumstances (and when not crushed by the fall of walls or timbers) usually saves the written matter, but if the fire is severe it has to be copied, for the ink will soon fade out besides, the safe is twisted up and useless.

It is equally true that the Chilled-iron Safe saves the written matter in a perfect state, that it does not fade out or require copying, and that the safe itself is ready for further use. Any number of trials in fires, certified to, prove these facts, and if any of the safe venders who are distributing secret, anonymous circulars to injust the requisition of LILL 1273 A PR circulars to injure the reputation of LILLIE'S SAFE, are not satisfied with these statements, they can have the opportunity of testing by fire one of their own Safes with LILLIE'S, on equal terms, whenever they so decide.

they so decide,

FACT VIII.—In answer to the story circulated by incressed parties, that Lillie's Safe had gone up, and had ruined Lillie, etc., I would say that at no time in the last two years could Lillie & Son haif sopply the demand for Safes, and were under the necessity of forming a large stock company, with a very large capital, to meet the demand; and Mr. Lewis Lillie, Sr., is now the president of that company, which is located on the Defaware, in Pennsylvania, near Easton, and is the largest Safe Works probably in existence, and will be able to supply all demands for Safes, Locks, Chilled-Iron Vaults, etc.

In conclusion, I beg to call the attention of myselectical contents of the safe works.

Chilied-Iron Vaults, etc.

In conclusion, I beg to call the attention of my patrons and friends, and the public, to the facts here presented, and to say that I am very thankful for past tavors, and that I am prepared to furnish LILLE'S EURGLAR AND FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, VAULT DOORS, CHILLED IRON VAULTS and COMBINATINN LOCKS, all at short notice, warranted to be the best and cheapest in market. I also keep constantly a large assortment of second-hand Fire Proofs, taken in exchange for Lillie's Burglar Proofs, of the best-known makers, all put in good order, and offered at below usual auotion prices.

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