THE JANUARY MAGAZINES. 6 Harper's,"

From T. B. Peterson & Brother we have received the January number of Harper's Magazine, which opens with a poem entitled "The Silent City at Greenwood;" illustrated by Mr. Harry Fenn. Mr. Theodore R. Davis, the artist of Harper's Weekly, now with Sheridan in the Indian country, furnishes an illustrated article on "The Buffalo Range." "Paul Du Chaillu Again" gives some facts and pictures from Du Chaillu's book for young people entitled "Wild Life under the Equator," recently published by Messra. Harper & Brothers. "South Coast Saunterings in England," Saunter II, gives an interesting account of the celebrated Druidic remains of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. "Learning Common Sense'i is short and to the point-"My Old Woman and I" is a poem by Mr. John Brougham, which we quote:-

We have crossed the bridge o'er the middle of

My old woman and I, Taking our share in the calm and the strife, With the travellers passing by And though on our pathway the shadows are

There's a light in the western sky. Some losses and crosses, of course, we've had, My old woman and I;

But, bless you ! we never found time to be sad, And a very good reason why. We were busy as bees, and we weren't so mad

As to stop in our work to cry. On our changeable road as we journeyed along, My old woman and I, The kindly companions we met in the throng Made our lives like a vision tly;

And therefore the few that imagined as wrong Scarcely cost us a single sigh. The weak and the weary we've striven to cheer, My old woman and I; For we each of us thought that our duty while

Was to do as we'd be done by, In the hope to exhibit a balance clear

When the reckoning day is nigh. J. W. De Forest discourses about "Chivalrous and semi-chivralrous Southrons," He gives the following description of some prominent traits:-

VIBILITY.

It seems to me that the central trait of the "chivalrous Southron" is an intense respect for virility. He will forgive almost any vice in a man who is manly; he will admire vices which are but exaggerations of the masculine. If you will fight, if you are strong and skilful enough to kill your antagonist, if you can govern or influence the common herd, if you can ride a daugerous horse over a rough country, if you are a good shot or an expert swordsman, if you stand by your own opinions unflinchingly, if you do your level best on whisky, if you are a devil of a fellow with women, if, in short, you show vigorous masculine attributes, he will grant you his respect. I doubt whether a man who leaves behind him numerous irregular claimants to his name is regarded with disfavor at the South. He will be condemned theoretically; it may be considered proper to shoot him if he disturbs the peace of respectable families; but he will be looked upon as a nobler representative of his sex than Colebs. The good young man, as pure as a young girl, whom one finds in the Abrahamic bosom of Northern Paritanism, would not be made a Grand Lama of in Dixie. The chivalrous Southron would unite with the aristocracy of Europe in regarding him as a sort of mouster of neutral insipidity. I doubt whether even the women of our meri dional regions admire that sort of youth. "I shouldn't fancy a hen husband," said a lively Southern girl, alluding to a man without

It may be taken for granted that a people which so highly prizes virility looks upon man as the lord of creation, and has the oldfashioned ideas as to what is the proper sphere of woman. If the high-toned gentleman con-tinues to be influential at the South, it will be a long time before the "strong-minded" obtain much of a following there, a very long time before they will establish female suffrage. Next to our supposed passion for putting the negro on an equality with the white, there is nothing in Northern life so abhorrent to the Southerners, of both sexes, as the movement in favor of woman's rights.

"I do think," said an emphatic old plauter to me, "that your free-love business, and woman's voting, and all that, is just the miserablest mass that ever was invented. I don't see what ails you to go for such vile nonsense. But then you always were as full of whimsies as the devil."

It would have been useless to tell him that he was binding in one fagot ideas which had no connection. I did my wisest by him; I left him unanswered.

COURTESY.

There certainly is more suavity of manner at the South than at the North. It is delightful to see two high-toned gentlemen of the old Virginia or Carolinian school greet each other. Such gracions bows and insinuating tones Such mellifluous compliments, particular inquiries concerning health and welfare, animating congratulations as to future prospects! Such sunny and, one might almost say, equatorial blandness! You feel as if you were in Paradise, hearing Dante address Beatrice as "gracious lady." The moral thermometer rises to summer heat; your humanities expand and bloom under the influence; you are a kindlier and, I think, a better man for the sight. It is a pity that we have not been better educated in such gentilities, and that we have not the requisite time for the exercise of them. If there were twenty-eight hours in a day the Northerner might possibly become thus urbane; as it is, he has barely opportunity to fill his pocket with the necessary greenbacks and his head with the necessary information to get on in the world; he is too much hurried by practicalities to make his manners. At the South there has hitherto been a leisurely caste which set the example to all others.

But the high-toned gentleman, full of prowincial prejudices, is not always civil to outside barbarians. He was not civil to our Congressmen in the old days when he governed them; he cracked the plantation whip over them as he did over his negroes, and for the same reasons: they were not of his caste, they were his natural subordinates, and they were sometimes fractious.

Returning to my own experience with this grand personage, I must state that I have not always obtained sweetness from him. It must be remembered that to my native infamy as a Yankee I added the turpitude of being a United States military officer, and the misdemeanor of being a Sub-Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. In the exercise of these atrocious characteristics it was once my duty to settle a dispute as to the division of a crop between an elderly negro and a South Carolinian of historio name and French descent. The planter's accounts were admirably kept; the right was on his side, and I decided in

his favor. Throughout the interview I treated him with all possible courtesy for the sake of the worth of his revolutionary ancestor; but, alas! I committed the error of pronouncing his patronymic after the English manner instead of the French. When his Huguenot patience was exhausted he corrected me:-'Sir, my name is ---," giving it the Gallic

"I beg pardon," I replied "We at the North habitually anglicize foreign names. My name is French by origin, but we use the English pronunciation."

picked up the certificate of settlement on which I had just indorsed my official approval, glanced at my signature, and said, with a half-concealed sneer, 'Oh, I see that you put Conceive my humiliation, thus charged

with stealing a French particle!

A few days later I had oscasion to approve a labor contract for a lady of another family, but likewise of Hugnenot race. Her name I also anglicized, not in ignorance of the Gallic form, and not with the purpose of giving offense, but solely because of Northern custom. Again I was corrected: "Sir, my name is -." Struck with the repetition of incident, I made the same reply as to the gentleman: "I beg pardon; we at the North habitually anglicize the foreign names; my own, etc. etc.

The lady picked up the now finished contract, glanced at the indorsement, and said, "Oh, I see-De Forest. I knew a Mr. De Forest: that is, he did some work for me. He was a shoemaker !" Conceive my second humiliation, thus crushed under this degraded De Forest, who

was a shoemaker. But before the war, before the days of rage and rain, the high-toned was not thus peevisb; he was, notwithstanding some

superciliousness and imperiousness, our court-

liest social figure. I shall never forget the grace and kindness of a man who must yet be remembered in Charleston as one of its most finished social ornaments. I was at a supper of the Literary Club; we were standing or sitting around a table which would have pleased Brillat-Savarin; all the others were well-known citizens, reverend and respectable; I was the youngest and the only stranger. I had dropped out of the conversation and withdrawn a little aside) when Colonel John Alston observed me and divined my stranded situation. He did not know me; it was the first time that we had ever met; but he instantly came towards me and begged leave wait on me. It was not the deed so much as the manner which was so exquisitely ingratiating. There was an empressment in his expression which seemed to say:—"Sir, your mere appearance fills me with respect and interest; you are obviously worthy of my atten-I have sometimes thought that it tions. would be a fine thing to be a handsome young lady; and I felt at that moment as if I were Well, this hospitable act towards a perfect stranger, this courteons advance towards a wall-flower, was obaracteristic of the man, and, in general, of his caste.

GENEVOSITY.

It was not that Yaukee generosity which sends pundits to convert Hottentots, founds school systems, hospitals, sanitary com-missions, and endows colleges with millions. It was the old-fashioned sort, the generosity of the Arab and of the feudal noble, feeding every beggar who came to the door, setting bounteons tables and keeping full wine cellars. It was the profuseness not of philanthrophy, but of goodfellowship. Even before the war there were single States in the North which gave more to missionary, educational, and charitable organizations than the entire South.

But the Southerner was more than lavish; he was good-natured and easy in his business transactions; he had such a contempt for small sums that he would not use penuies; he paid loosely at long credits, and was careless in his collections. I knew an upright wretch in a Southern town who strictly settled his debts and sternly demanded his credits, and who was consequently very unpopular, in spite of many virtues and worthy deeds. I knew a jolly fellow who was not much astonished, and not at all angry, when another still joilier fellow borrowed a hundred dollars of him, treated him handsomely out of it, and never repaid him.

"Is that what you call generosity?" I asked, with a Vandalic sneer.

"Well, I like it better than stinglusss," replied the victim. "He thought he was doing what was handsome; he felt as if it were his own money. If it had been his own he would have spent it just as freely. It was just a little rough, though, that he should get all the credit of the bender when it was I who really paid for it."

Meum and tuum were a little mixed; people who lived on negroes felt it right to live on each other and to help each other; what a man could borrow or get trusted for was his own until a neighbor asked for it. Happy-go-lucky planters settled their store bills once in seven years, or after they were dead; and the store-keeper settled with his Northern furnisher as soon after his notes matured as was convenient. When the war opened more than half the rice and sea-island estates were mortgaged to the verge of bankruptcy; and the personal debts of Southerners to Northerners were esti-mated at eighty-five millions of dollars. The virtue of generosity had been prolonged into the vice of ruinous extravagance.

HONOR.

Notwithstanding his thoughtless lavishness there was a high sense of honor in the "chi-valrous Southron." He did not mean to defraud any one. I have known an expensive, generous fellow to cut his throat because he could not meet a note which was coming due. I have known another bankrupt to put his wife and children into a buggy and drive with them into the sea, drowning the whole party. I do not assert positively—I only give it as my strong impression-that such tragedies of wounded honor were more common in Dixie than in Yankeeland.

The honor of Southern students is not college honor as it is understood at the North, and perhaps in Europe; it comes much nearer to the honor of good citizens, and the honor of the gentleman of society. The pupils are not leagued against the teachers for the purpose of passing fraudulent examinations, by the trickeries of stealing the prepared lists of questions, carrying furtive copies of lessons into the recitation rooms, mutual posting, and purchased compositions. A Professor of the Charleston Medical College assures me that he has never detected such a cheat in thirty years of tuition. A professor of the University at Columbia, South Carolina, told a friend of mine that he had known but one such instance, and that in that case the two crimipals were forced to leave by their classmates. The "chivalrous Southron" undergraduate, at least while surrounded by his native moral atmosphere, considers himself a gentleman first and a student afterwards. When one remembers the strength of college esprit de corps, these facts exhibit an individual self-respect and uprightness which is astonishing, and which must, I suspect, fill the faculties of Yale and Harvard with envy. I must explain that my testimony on this point refers only to South Carolina, and I may therefore

have drawn too large an inference in extending

tions are less severe than with us, and that a failure in passing them rarely ends in expul-

"How can a race of traitors be called honor able?" will be the objection of millions of loyal citizens. It must be remembered, I answer, that the "chivalrous Southron" conceived him self as owing a closer allegiance to his State than to the Union; and that, furthermore, he, like the Roman patrician, like the aristocrat of all time, felt that he owed fealty to his caste. These questions have now been settled by the highest of earthly courts. If the South rebels again it will be traitorous even in its own eyes.

"My Visit to Utopia" is a pleasant little sketch. "A Public Building" gives a description of the Capitol at Washington. "A Christian's Creed" is given in verse-Part VIII of the story of "The New Timothy" is commenced. "The Bishops of Rome" is an interesting historical sketch, as is "The Murder of Escovedo." "My Enemy's Daughter" is a story in four chapters. "Abbas Pasha of Egypt" is a readable account of the life of a modern Oriental tyrant. The "Editor's Easy Chair" has some pleasant gossip about Hawthorne, Breok Farm, Emerson, and other matters; and the "Monthly Record of Current Events" and "The Editor's Drawer" contain items of interest and entertainment.

"Abramo Lincoln e Giovanni Booth." A correspondent of the New York World. writing from Naples, gives the following accoun-

of a tragedy performed recently in that city, of which Abraham Liacoln was the subject:— Some of your readers may remember an account of a theatrical representation which I mentioned having witnessed last summer in Perugia, the tragedy of Sick'es ('Americano, Hera in Naples we were all tempted to the small theatre "La Fenice" by the promise held out by a gigantic playbill announcing the tragedy of Abramo Lincoln e Giovanni Booth, consisting of a prologue and a three-act drama -the first entitled "The Heroism of a Slave," and the three acts being, first, "The Ambassador and the Victim;" second, "The Irlumph and the Conspiracy:" third, "Assassination in the Theatre." The wildest absurdity as to plot and situations was combined with the most touching anguing and admirable acting on the part of the chief performers. It was a perfect struggle, as far as our party was concerned at least, whether tears or laughter should have the upper hand. The final seems tatrly vanquished all re-maining seams of the Indicrous, and recalled only too painfully the agitation and dismay of that fearful night. I cannot resist the tempta-tion of giving you the heads of the performance. nough aware that in so doing I may only suggest he absurdities, and fail in conveying one lota I the pathos. The introduction gives as Lincoin as a young man engaged on some abolition mission in a slave State, in danger of his lite. and concealed by a talibful stave, George Peter, During a temporary ab ence of the latter, Jetferson Davis (who agures as the villain of the play) comes in and arrivally extracts from Noemi, George's wife, the fact of Lincoln's con-cealment beneath their roof. He goes to give justant information. George returns: discovers the betrayai of Lincoln by his wife, and compele her silence, when, on the appearance of the police, he declares bimself the man they seek, and he is led ont and shot. Liucoln witnesses this from his window, and receives into his arms the manimate body of Nosmi, tainting besides a cradle supposed to contain an infant dangerer. The first set of the drama, dating some stateen years la'er, shows us the President awaiting the result of the siege of Charleston. To him enters General Sherman. They discuss the events of the day, and join in prance of their brave officer Veilington, who is expected to take Richemont. Suddenly, Roemi rushes in torn and dishevelled, with her hand in a sling, claiming Lincoln's aid for herself and the daughter she, escaping from the lash of the tormentors, had to leave in the hands of Jefferson Lavis! She has scarcely got through with her harrowing tale when a deputation from Richemont is announced, and walks in headed by the Southern President himself. Neem takes flight before they enter, and then ensues a scene which for atter improbability is unequalled. The sentiments and blunt honesty Lincoln are made to stand out forcibly agricat the dark arts of this deputation and its leader. War to the knife is the result of this Conference, and the curtam falls as the President concludes an eloquent and slavery declaration. It rises to show us the fair daughter of Noemi in the private apartments of Jenerson Davis. He persecutes her with his devotion and his mension; she brand thes a dagger her mother left with her. He contrives to obtain possession of this, and a the crisis Booth makes his appearance by secret entrance and interlers in the girl secret entrance and interiers in the girl's behalf, merely, as he says, from a caprice. She is dismissed to an adjoining apartment, and two conspirators are admitted, between whom and J. Davis and Booto the assassination of Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson is fixed for that same evening. They then quit the place, locking the doors behind them. The slave girl comes from the inner chamber, having overheard the plot and recoved to warn Lincoln. Finding all other means cut off, she leans from a high window means out off, she leaps from a high window and the act closes. The last scene represents the lobby of the theatre. Jefferson Davis and the two conspirators enter. Booth is said to be vacillating, his trustworthiness is doubtful. He enters and expresses horror and compunction a what he has undertaken; his accomplices taunt him back to the point of fulfilling his purpose. They leave him, and the slave-girl enters, and throwing herself at Booth's feet, almost succeeds in inducing him to give up his intention But on the striking of the hour assigned, flooth rushes out to fulfil his vow, the girl's cries for help are stiffed by Davis, and the report of a pletol is heard. Booth rushes back with the cryol "Sie semper," etc., and disappears with the other conspirators. Lincoln is brought in to die. Noemi and her daughter kneel at his feet and receive his last sign. The dying President is supported by General Sherman and others, while behind every one Mrs. Lincoln now appears for the first time. She is not reprethe tragic scene. Her name is on the play-bil so that we knew it to be her, but she was evidently of a most retiring disposition.

Foreign Notes. -The Viceros of Egypt has built a theater close to Nubar Pacha's house, opposite the burned Shepherd's Hotel, and has sent for H. Manesse from Pers, to bring over Madille Schneider at any cost, and the other popular elements of the Varieties are to be sumptiously subsidized that they may follow in her train. For his Highness is bent on commencing the civilization of his subjects by showing them how the Grand Duchess loves, how La Pericholo sacrificed nerself and her husband on the sacrificed altar of a Viceroy's slame, and how

Mme. Menclaus behaved to her husband -The bankruptey of George Sala, of Edmund Yates the novelist, and others of similar standing, was followed lately by that of the eldest son of a celebrated novelist who has made two visits to America and returned considerably the richer by the last of the tours. The unfortunate young man tried the speculative trade of paper-making, and took large mills at an enormous rent. The whole affair was a prodigious loss. and dragged down not only the young paper-maker, but his father-in-isw, who is near the end of a long and honorable life, in which he has carried out successfully some of the largest literary undertakings of his time. To have expected the father to satisfy the creditors would have been unreasonable. He has a large fam'ly to provide for, though he has earned and is earning still large sums; and, moreover, the

gulf was too deep.

—The Geneva journals announce a trial which is destined to create agreat sensation in Switzer-land. The accused, a nurse, named Jeanseret, is charged with poisoning not fewer than nine different persons, whom she had within the space of six months been engaged to stiring.

my eulogium to all Southern students. It is worth while also to note that in Dixie examinations are less severe than with us, and that a them she simulated a partial blindness, for which they are employed as a remely. The woman appears to have had a monomania of erime, as she neither robbed her victims nor derived any benefit from their death; she is even said to have nursed them with great tenderness. She was at length detected by a French painter named — , whose wife she had attended. Madame B—, after showing symptoms of polsoning, recovered, when the accused, finding that she was suspected, ausconded. She was, however, subsequently traced and arrested so unexpectedly that she had no time to conceal the poisons she had in her possession, and all of which are in the hands of justice. —The Pall Mail Gazette says:—"Women ought

to be, and we trust are, grateful for the extreme

care and attention bestowed upon their dress by

the other sex. Whatever fashlon they adopt whether their petiticoats are trailing on the ground or killed to the knee, infated like balloons or clinging to the limns, whether their bonnets be coal-scuttles or ten-saucers, their hair plastered down or frizzed on high, gentlemen are always ready with their strictures, their criticism, and their very best advice. And we are never repaid for this our gratuitous counsel. Whether our sleeves be gigots or tunnels, our trowsers flowing like Lord Erskine's or cut down to knickerbockers, your hats pancakes or chimney-pots, the ladies make no remarks, utter no remonstrances! Their cuill indifference would, indeed, be somewhat mortifying but for that sincerest fluttery, their imitation. At a hum-ble distance they made every now and then little timid attempts at copying the attire of the dominant race, much like the negro who, when ordering his first pair of boots, offered the cord-wainer a shilling extra to put squeak leather into the soles. Just now the anxiety shown by the protectors of the fair sex about the fatal effects of chignons is deep and serious. We thought it had passed off, but the spacious season has revived it, and correspondents of the press continue to utter the most portentous warnings of wrath to come in the shape of divers diseases and certain death if the practice be persisted in. Does it ever occur to these pro-phets of ill that the wearing of false hair is no new fashion? There is a wig in the British Museum the date of which, we believe, has nover been fixed, and which might have been worn by Jo.eph's Pharoah: it is certainly handsome enough to adorn any potentate. The Romau empresses whose busts abound in all galleries of sculpture can never have had their marvellous coiffures built up without additions to the natural material. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every European gentleman who re-spected himself wore the most voluninous wig he could buy; nay, only sixty or seventy years ago our forelathers adopted one as soon as they began to grow grey or buld, and their wives at the same period of life donned the brown horror of the "front," which many of us can remember. Is false bair more dangerous at the back of the head than on the forehead? or is it the mer-name chignon which evokes the present terror and as long as the infirmities of nature deny to many, false tresses will be more or las employed. To remonstrate against silly an bideous exaggeration of fashion is the legitimate silly exaggeration of a different kind will serv

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