### THE MARCH MAGAZINES. "The Atlantic."

From Turner Brothers & Co., No. 808 Chesnut street, we have received the Atlantic Monthly for March. The number opens with four chapters of General Higginson's novel of "Malbone," which is followed by "A Thrush in a Gilded Cage;" "The Small Arabs of New York;" "Cooperative Housekeeping," fifth paper; "Little Captain Trott:" "A New Chapter of Christian Evidences:" "Consumption in America," third paper; "The Foe in the Household," three chapters; "Our painters," second paper; "The Fatal Arrow;" "Popularizing Art," "The New Education," second paper: "Howard at At. lanta;" "The Swabian Alb;" "Our New President;" "Sedge Burds," and Reviews and Literary Notices.

From the article on "Popularizing Art" we take the following description of the chromolithographic process, as practised at Prang's establishment in Boston:-

The process by which these chromo-lithographs are produced is simple, but it is long, de-licate and expensive. One of the chromos most ismiliar just now to the public is that of the referred to above, in the painting of which Mr. Eastman Johnson endeavored to express upon canvass that which Mr. Whittier had already written in verse:-

'Bie sings on thee, little man.
Barefo t boy, with cheeks of tau;
With they turned up pantaloous,
And they merry whistled tunes
With they red lip redder still
Kissed by airswberries on the bill;
With the snoshine on thy face.
Through they torn brim's jaunity grace,
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy!'

It is a small picture-about thirteen inches by ten-but to reproduce it in chromo-lithotwenty-six requires far from two not far fourteen tons, and worth fourteen hundred dollars. The time occupied in preparing these stones for the press is about three months; and weighing when once the stones are ready, an edition of a thousand copies is printed in five months more, And yet, although the original is worth a thouand dollars, and the process of reproduction is so long and costly, a copy is sold for five dollars -2 copy, too, which, to nincteen twentieths of the public, says as much, and gives as much delight every time it is looked at, as the original work could. It may be possible, in a few words, to convey some idea of the manner in which this particular boy, standing bareloot upon s rock in a brook, with trees, a grassy bank, and plue sky behind him, is transferred from a thousand dollar canvas to whole stacks of five-dollar pasteboard. As far as possible, the chromo-lithographer produces his copy by the method which the artist employed in painting the original. One great difference painting and printing is, that the printer puts on all his color at once, while the painter aplies cotor in infinitesimal quantities. One crush of the printing press blackens the page; but a landscape grows and brightens gradually nder the artist's band, as the natural scene which he is representing ripens and colors under the softer touches of the sun, the warm winds and gentle showers of April and May. As ar as possible, I say, the caromo-lithographer imitates these processes of art and nature by applying color in small quantities and by many perations. He first draws upon a stone, with his pencil of soap and lamphisck, a faint shadow of the picture—the outline of the boy, the trees, and the grassy bank. In taking impressions from this first stone an ink is used which differs

In taking impressions from the first stone in laying, as it were, the foundation of the boy, he prefers a browned vermilion. The proof from this stone shows us a dim beinning of the boy in a cloud of brownish red and white, in which can be discerned a faint outline of the trees that are by and by to wave over his head. The face has no features. The only circumstances clearly revealed to the spectator are that the boy has his jacket off, and that his future trousers will be dark. Color is placed, first of all. where most color will be finally wanted. The boy is begun. He wants more vermilion, and some portions of the tree and background will bear more. On the second stone only those portions of the picture are drawn which at this stage of the picture require more of that color. Upon this second stone, after the color is applied, the first impression is taken. In this proof, the boy is manifestly advanced. As the deeper color upon his face was not put upon the spots where his eyes are to be, we begin to discern the outline of those organs. The boy is more distinct, and the general scheme of the picture is slightly more apparent. As yet, however, but two colors appear-brown-vermilion and white. On the third stone the drawing is made of all the parts of the picture which quire a blue coloring-both those

will finally appear blue and those which are next to receive a color that will combine

with blue. Rearly the whole of the third stone

is covered with drawing; for every part of the picture requires some blue, except those small

portions which are finally to remain white.

rom printers' ink only in its color. Printers'

ink is composed chiefly of boiled inseed oil and

ploying the same basis of linseed oil, mixes with it whatever coloring matter he requires.

lampblack; but our chromo-lithographer,

boy is now printed for the third time, a bright blue color being spread upon the stone. The change is surprising, and we begin now to see what a pretty picture we are going to have at last. The sky is blue behind the boy, and the water around the rock upon which he stands is blue; there is blue in his eyes and in the folds of his shirt; out in the darker parts of the picture the brown-vermilion holds its own and gains in depth and distinctness from the intermixture with the lighter hue. Stone number four explains why so much blue was used upon number three. A bright yellow is used in printing from number four, and this color blending with the blue of the previous impression, plasters a yellowy disagree ible green on the trees and grass. The fifth stone, which applies a great quantity of vermillon, corrects in some degree this dauby, bad effect of the yellow, deepens the shadows, and restores the spectator's confidence in the future of the boy. In some mysterious way, this liberal action of vermiles brings out many

detals of the picture that before were scarcely

The water begins to look like water, the grass like grass, the sky like sky, and the slesh tike flesh. The sixth stone ands nothing to the picture but pure black; but it corrects and advances nearly every part of it, especially the trunks of the trees, the dark shade upon the rocks, and portions of the boy's trousers. Stone number seven gives the whole picture, ex-cept the figure of the boy, a coat of blue; which, however, only makes that bluer which was blue before, and leaves the other objects of their previous color, although brighter and clearer. The eighth stone merely puts 'madde which darkens them a little and gives them a reddish tinge. He is, however, far from being a pleasing object; for his eyes, unformed, as yet, are nothing but dirty blue spots extremely unbecoming. The muth stone, which applies a color nearly bluek, adds a deeper shade to several parts of the picture, but scarcely does snything for the boy. The tenth stone makes amends by putting upon his cheeks. hands, and feet, a bright tinge of blended lake and vermilion, and giving to his eyes a some-

what clearer outline.
"To an inexperienced person the picture now "To an inexperienced person the picture now appears to be in a very advanced stage, and many of us would say. Put a little speculation into that hoy's eyes, and let him go. Trees, rocks, grass, water, and sky look pretty well, look a thousand times better than the same objects in paintings which suctioneers, praise, and that highly. But we are only at the tenth stone. That child has to go through the press sixteen times more before Mr. Frang will consider him fit to appear before a fasticious public. Stones number eleven, twelve, thirkeen. Stones number eleven, twelve, thirteen fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen all apply what seems to the uninstructed eye mere black. The colors are, indeed, extremely dark, although not pure black, and the chief object of these six impressions is to put into the picture those lines and shadows which the eye just mentioned

cannot understand, but only enjoys. It is by such minute applications of color that a picture is raised from the scale of merit which escapes censure to that which affords delight. The last of these shading stones gives the boy his eyes, and from this time he looks like himself. The reventeenth stone lays upon the trees and grass a peculiar shade of green that corrects them perceptibly. Number eighteen just touches the checks, the mouth and toes of the boy with mingled lake and vermilion, at which he smiles. The last seven stones continue the hading, deepening, and enriching of the ploture by applying to different parts of it the various mitigations of black. It is then passed through the press upon a stone which is grained in such a way as to impart to the pic-ture the roughness of canvas; after which it is mounted upon thick pasteboard and varnished. The resemblance to the original is then such that it is doubtful if Mr. Eastman Johnson could pick out his own boy if he were sur-rounded with a number of copies. It is not every picture that admits of such successful treatment as this, nor does every chromolithographer bestow upon his productions so much pains and expense. A sulable picture could be made of this boy in ten impressions; but, as we have seen, he receives twenty-six; and the process might be prolonged until a small quarry of stones had been expended upon him. Some landscapes have been executed which required fifty-two stones, and such pictures advance to completion by a process extremely similar to that employed by an artist. That is to say, color is applied to them very much in the same order, in the same minute quantities and with an approach to the same intelligent delicacy of touch. It is an error to regard these interesting works as mechanical. A mere mechanic, it is true, by a certain Chinese ser vility of copying, can produce an extremely close, hard imitation of an oil painting; and much work of this kind is done in Germany and England. But in our Boston establishment no mechanic puts pencil to one of the stones comployed in producing fine pictures. The artistic work is executed by artists of repute, who have themselves produced respectable paintings of the kind which they are employed to imitate.

Any one who watches Mr. Harring transfer-ring to a long series of lithographic stones Mr. Hill's painting of the Yosemite valley will per-ceive that he is laboring in the spirit of an attest. It would be highly absurd to claim for any copyist equal rank with the orator of the original, or to say that any copy can possess the intrinsic value of an original. But it is unjust to reduce to the rank of artisans the skilful and patient artists who know how to catch the spirit and preserve the details of a fine work, and reproduce in countless copies all

ing about Thomas Sulty, the distinguished Philadelphia artist:-

of both which the public can discern." 'the article on "Our Painters" has the follow-"THOMAS SULLY .- He, too, was English by birth, but, in his character, manners, sppearance, and style of painting, he was the very opposite of Jarvis. Wanting breadth and strength, but being refined, sensitive, courteous, and gentlemanly, he threw his own character into all his pictures, and came to be the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America. Wanting the robust heartiness, and the rich, unctuous humor of Jarvis, he had a sense of beauty, a perception of the graceful and bewitching-of that which rives a high-bred woman dominion over manof which Jarvis was wholly destitute. Hence the women of Sully, like the men of Stuart and Jarvis, were generally masterpieces. Of a slight frame, a kindly temper, and a pleasant voice, looking, at the age of fifty, as if he were still a young man, like Leigh Hunt; with an air of high breeding which could not well be counterfeited, Mr. Sully has always been a favorite with the better part of mau-kind—the women of his day. His female por-tractures are oftentimes pooms, full of grace and tenderness, lithe, flexible, and emotional; their eyes, too, are liquid enough, and clear clear enough to satisfy even a husband-or a lover. Nobody ever painted more beautiful eyes-not even Gainsborough, nor Sir Thomas Lawrence, nor West the Kentuckipan, who, after his return to New York, painted these cairn-gorms and crystal wells, just as we see them in our young dreams, while yet over-charged with poetry, and the blood goes 'a rippling to the finger-ends,' But Sully's men were failures; even Mr. Patterson, the father of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, with his fine classi cal head of the Roman type, though an excellent likeness of the outward man, was but a shadow in comparison with what Jarvis or Stuart would have made of the subject, while his portait of Mrs. Robert Gilmore would be enough and earnest woman-worshipper. Sully used to play the flute like a master, and may do so yet, although, when I last heard from bim, he did not happen to say so, while speaking of his pastimes; and he continues, I dare say, what is called a ladies' man-by which we are not to understand that he ever was a coxcomb effeminate, or intensely fashinonable, but that, by nature, he was made for the companionship of lovable women, being always gentic, con-siderate, and reverential to the sex. He never attempted an historical pic-ture but once, and that only to give away. Having been called upon for a full-length of Washington by the corporation of a Southern city-Charleston, perhaps-he fixed the price, not more than five hundred dollars, I believe then, the treatment being left wholly to himself, he painted him on horseback, with trimmings or accessories, and gave to the world what he called a portrait, while others, who saw the truth more clearly, called it a remarka-bly fine historical picture—the Passage of the Delaware,' with General Knox, and a artillerymen shouting and tugging at the guns. white horse on which he The white horse on which he had mounted. Washington was so emphatic and spirited, that, first saw Vandyck's William of Grange at Warwick Castle, I thought he had borrowed largely from that; and so I dropped him a line on the subject, to which he replied by sending me a sketch of his battle charger and the majestic rider, and showed that I was altogether mistaken as to the position, drawing, and character.

After a triumphant career of twenty-five or

thirty years, Mr. Sully had realized, as we say

of the sort, and like Sydney Smith and the Aus-

But, undiscouraged, and full at heroic resolu-

whenever a subject offered, the good peo

duys for the answer, his attention was attracted

by a negro coming round the next corner with

without a word of explanation or apology; and

own heartles-ness, and he was soon overrun

that day to this, at handsome prices, notwith

standing his great age, and the multiplication of portrait painters and 'dampable face-makers,'

not one in fifty of whom could draw a hand, if his life depended on it. Mr. Sully is a capital draughtsman, and has seldom or never made a

mistake in face or figure. One habit be had well worthy of being commemorated. Instead of drawing the whole figure when he blocked

out the face or determining the attitude, he finished the face first, and then threw forward a shoulder, after the manner of Vandyck, whereby he obtained a lifelike, spirited air, oftentimes wholly unexpected."

with applications, which have continued from

handful of papers flattering in the wind.

" The Galaxy."

The March number of the Ga'azy opens with three chapters of Charles Reade's new story, entitled "Put Yourself in His Place," which the author prefaces with the following suggestive motto:

"I will frame a work a work of fiction upon notorious fact, so that anybody shall think he can do the same; shall labor and fail-such is the power of sequence and connection in writing."-Horace: Art of Poetry.

The trades union difficulties in England form the subject of the opening chapters, and the story promites to be powerful and expiting. Eugene Benson, under the head of "New York Journalists," gives a short sketch of GeorgejWilliam Curtis. Richard Grant White contributes a chapter on words and their uses, entitled "I. Being Done," Chapters eight, nine, and ten of Miss Edwards' novel of "Susan Fielding" are given, with an illustration by Mr. Sol. Eytinge. Miss Julia Ward Howe, in the form of an answer to a letter from an inquirer, gives her views on "Women as Voters." We quote as follows:-

"All that I advance in justification of universal suffrage I consider as rully applicable to the woman as to the man side of the question. And in this point of view I still hold to the logical sequence by which the woman's right, wherever it may ideally occur, should, political operation, wait upon that of the negro. I hold to this, in the first piace, because the admission of the negro to the polls gives us a platform upon which woman can stand—the platform of universal and ideal justice, 1 hold to it in the second place on account of the necessity and opportunity of the moment. The necessity, because to him the possession of the franchise is a question of life and death; the opportunity, because public opinion is well nigh ready to recognize his claims, while it yet needs an uncertain length of instruction before it will sanction the woman's participation in the lights of suffrage. The door is opened to admit one. He comes with the knife of the assassin behind him. The woman will enter with the more bonor, waring for him. It is not likely that, after she has held the door widest open for him, he will aid others to shut it in her race. The negro is a man, but not enough of a man for that. letter, in common with the opinions of many who discuss this subject, assumes that the privilege of voting will be most strenuously exer-cised by women of the lowest class and most miserable character. These women, in your view, will be mirrors to multiply the corrupt votes of the corresponding class of men. To avoid the tealum of endless recapitulation, let me group these two questions together, treating both very briefly. The women of character and culture, according to you, will go to the pells only se long as voing continues a novelty. The first rain storm will frighten them away while the low and ignorant of the sex, with dripping umbreilas,' will take advantage of their absence, adding a simple reduplication to already existing chaos. Let me a-k, what are character and culture good for, if they can be supsed to render their possessor more indolent and fastidious than those who are without them? Delicate women, not more than invalid men, may be deterred from going abroad by stress of weather. But, it the most thoughtful and conscientious women, having once placed the act of voung on the list of their high and constant luties, will be more easily deterred from its fulfilment than will women of little or no thought and conscience, why then we have mistaken the significance of these terms, and must anoint ourselves anew in language. Closely akin to this consideration is the other, viz .:- That the ignorant and vicious among women will only double the vote of the same class of men. I may here observe that most of those who strenuously oppose woman suffrage are compelled to tall back upon the futility of suffrage altogether. The impossibility of finding a test which shall be at once ideally just and practically possible allows these retrogradists no pause until they come back to the starding point of no voting, and in its place the running for luck and hop ful expectation that the altogether best minds will rule, in some heaven-appointed way. And here we take up the subject, starting anew with Poes the extension of mai prove only a numerical enlargement? Does the admission of one class after another to this prerogative bring in no new elements, develop new energies? Instead of many men with many minds,' is humanity only a stereotyped edition, issuing many copies of one or two minds? History will show the contrary. Arrayed upon a fair and caudid basis, every class, every individual added in number to the franchise, may also add to it weight and of wisdom. In periods of passion, thought does not get the upper rule. The violence of mobs is usually the violence of one class. Terror or weak compliance paratyzes the action of the others. But perfect freedom and conslity before the law render the expression f thought and will as safe as it is incumbent. Under these circumstances, we may hope to find in the people not a crowd of identical individuals, but that sublime individual of which each one of us represents one feature and con-dition. I may here remark that the trammels of legal training detain from us some friends who, liberal and generous in all else fear to offend against the sacred formulas of tradi-tional science. Of the arguments likely to be advanced by such as these I will instance the following:—The family, not the individual, is the foundation of society. Now, the family should constitute a legal and political unit. Should it express two contending forms of will, it would bring itself to naught. Should it give twofold expression to one form, it utters a use-less tautology. This reasoning runs into depths that question the whole constitution of the society of to day. Its fault is a too narrow and literal interpretation of things that are. It points to an earlier stage of thought and rea-soning in which the instinct of the active party, in whatever sort, sought to paralyze its opposite by an appeal to force, rather than to reconcile it by an appeal to reason. The growth of modern Down East, a handsome property, which he invested in Pernsylvania bonds, or something tends more and more to this process of reconciliation, which is not effected without much elaboration and consideration of comtins, lost the whole, or nearly the whole, of his patibilities. Parents reason nowadays with lite-long accumulations and hoarded savings. their children; husbands convince their wives; Presidents (all but Mr. Johnson) explain them tion, he set to work afresh, and built himself a selves in their messages: sovereigns apologize large painting room and began life anew, for the second or third time, with a large family to their Commons; the preacher justifies himself to his congregation, the representative to his constituents. And out of all this action grows upon his hands, and hardly a shot in the locker. At one time, while I was abroad, he wrote me a new society, almitting of a largeness of cooperation and a variety of instruction never to say that he had a plenty of applications, but no orders; and as he has been long in the habit of making studies in black and white crayons, treamed of before in the world's history. When the pyranids of Egypt were built the sovereign commanding the work was one unit, the slaves obeying were another. Despotism can afford but two units, one living and one dead. But, by the modern practice Philadelphia, his patrons, seemed to think that such view, being only sketches, you know, but a pleasant pastime for the artist, of society, which its theory does not yet overand hardly worth acknowledging. He once made three or tour studies of a charming female tace for the ismily and friends, or mayhap the husband, to choose from, and chancing to be near the window, after having waited several take, the unit of initial energy does not paralyze but energizes its apposite. Civilization, in its progress, carries on the twofold work of energizing the individual units of which society is composed and of securing their sympathetic and cluntary co-operation in unities that continually enlarge their sphere without deteriorating their integrity. In this progress no unit must be considered as final. It is this assumed vitality which bars development and makes began to have his misgivings, and after a few minutes the sketches were leit at his door, that was the last he heard of the order. Moved evolution necessary. The complement to the with a just indignation, I slipped a paragraph into the next Blackwood, telling the story, as theological doctrine of final causes is found in the political doctrine of final institutions. I tell it now, I suppose, though t am not sure, and have no time to verify the details; and the effect upon the brotherhood of 'Athenians,' I have reason to believe, was quite a help to Sully, for they grew ashamed or their own heartheans. assuming of the absolute incompatibility of facts of seeming contradiction is a feature of earl, and narrow culture which later experience

"To My Guardian Angel" is a poem by Mary E. Atkinson.

and theory tend ever to remove.

From Mr. Justin McCarthy's article on "The Fuglish Positivisits," we make the following extracts:-

"I mean, then, only the group of men, most of whom are young, most of whom are highly cultured, many of whom are endowed with re-markable ability, who are to be found in a lite-

after all than the increasing and popular class of writers whose principal business in life is to persuade us that our wives and sisters are all Messalinas in heart and nearly all Messalinas in practice. If, when they pray, they touch cer tain cranial bumps at certain passages of the prayer, I do not see that they institute anything worse than the genuflexious of the Ritualists or the breast-beating of the Roman Catholics. If, finally, one is sometimes a little puzzled when he receives a letter from a Positivist friend, and finds it dated '5th Marcus Aurelius,' or '12th Auguste Comte,' instead of July or December, as the case may be, one must remember that there never yet was a young sect which did not delight in puzzling outsiders by a new and peculiar nomenclature. I never heard anything worse charged against the Positivists than that they worship woman touch their forcheads when they pray, and arrange the calendar according to a plan of their own invention; except, of course, the general charge of atheism; but as that is made in England against anybody whom all his neighbors do not quite understand, I hardly think it world discourage in the support. think it worth discussing in this particular in stance. We are all atheists in England in the estimation of our neighbors, whose political opinions are different from our own."

"If I were to set up a typical Positivist, in order to make my American reader more readily and completely familiar with the picture which the word calls up in the minds of Londoners, should do it in the following way:-I should exhibit my model Positivist as a man still young for anything like prominence in English public life, but not actually young in years-say thirty-eight or forty. He has had a training a one of the great historical Universities, or at al vents at the modern and popular University of London. He is a barrister, but does not practise much, and has probably a modest competence on which he can live without working for the sake of living, and can indulge his own tastes in literature and politics. He has immense earnestness and great self-conceit. He has an utter contempt for dull men and timid or half-measure men, and he scorns Whigs even more than Tories. He devotes much of his time generously and patiently to the political and other instruction of working men. He writes in the Fortnightly Review, and sometimes in Macmittan, and sometimes in the Westminster Review. He plunges into gallant and tearless controversy with the Patt Matt Gazette, and he is not easily worsted, for his pen is sharp and his ink very acrid. Nevertheless, is any great question stirring, with a serious principle or a deep human interest at the heart of it, he is sure to be found on the right side. Where the controversy is of a smaller kind and admits of crotchet, then he is pretty sure to bring out a crotchet of some kind. He is perpetually giving the Saturday Review an opportunity to ridicule him and abuse him, and he does no care. He writes pamphlets and goes to im-mense trouble to get up the fects, and expense to give them to the world, and he never grudges trouble or money, where any caus-or even any crotchet is to be served He is ready to stand up alone, against all the world if needs be, for his opinions or his friends Benevolent schemes which are of the nature of mere charity he never concerns himself about never heard of him on a platform with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and I fancy he has a con-tempt for all patrenage of the poor or project of an eleemosynary character. He is for giving men their political righ's and educating then -if necessary compelling them to be educated and he has little faith in any other way of doing good. He has, of course, a high admiration for and faith in Mr. Mill. His nature is not quite reverential—in general he is rather inclined to sit in the chair of the scorner; but if he revrenced any living man it would be Mill. H admires the manly, noble character of Bright and his calm, strong cloquence. I do not think he cares much about Gladstone - I rather tancy our Positivist looks upon Gladstone as somewhat weak and unsteady - and with him to be weak is indeed to be miserable. Disraeli is to him an object of entire scora and detestation, for he can endure no one who has not decoly-rooted principles of some kind. He has a crotchet about Russia, i theory about China; he gets quite beside himself in his anger over the anonymous leading articles of the London press. He is not an English type of man at all, in the present and conventional sense. He cares not a rush about tradition, and mocks at the wisdom of our ancestors. The bare fact that some custom, sanctioned and hallowed by long generations of usage, is in his eyes rather a prima facul reason for despising it than otherwise. He is pitilessly intolerant of all superstitions-save his own-that is to say, he is intolerant in words and logic and ridicule, for the wildes superstition would find him its defender, if it once came to be practically oppressed or ever threatened. He is 'ever a fighter,' like one Browning's heroes; he is the knighterrant, the Quixote of modern Eng-lish politics. He admires George Etiot in litera-ture, and, I should say, he regards Charles Dickens as a sort of person who does very well o amuse idlers and ignorant people. I do hear of his going much to the theatre, and it is a doubt to me if he has yet heard of the Grande Duchesse. Life with him is a very carnest business, and, although he has a presty gift of saicasm, which he uses as a weapon of offens against his enemies, I cannot, with any effort of imagination, picture him to myself as in the act of making a joke. A small drawing-roon would assuredly hold all the Loudon Positivists who make themselves effective in English poli-tics. Yet I do not hesitate to say that they are becoming-that they have already become-s power which no one, calculating on the chances of any coming struggle, can allord to leave out consideration. Their public influence thus for has been wholly for good; and they set up no propaganda that I have ever seen or heard of, as regards either philosophy or reli-

Edward Crapsey, under the title of "Will Murder Out?" refers to the mysterious Rogers n urder recently in New York, and gives several curious instances where murders have come out after long years. The following item is

worthy of notice:-"Homicidal acts in the metropolis have always been unartistic and hot blooded, as is conclusively shown by the weapons used. These appear upon the record to have been knives, razors, sword canes, swords, cords, bludgeons, bayonets, cart-rungs, tum-blers, bricks, fire tongs, smoothing-irons, axes, mailets, hammers, paving stones, glue pots, boot heels, and once the point of an umbrella. It is remarkable that only eight times in these thirteen years has murger been artistically done by poison, and more singular still, that in five these cases the criminata were detected notwiti standing the popular belief that this mearest and steatthiest mode of niously taking life is also the These fac's make it apparent that average of homicides in New York has been a fraction over one per week for thirteen years, there have been comparatively tew wil ul and malicious murders. It is true that within the period examined thirty-three wives were slain by their husbands, but even in nearly all of these cases, the 'malice prepense, which is the essential ingredient of murder and the sign of 'the wicked and depraved heart' required by the law was wanting. The killings by persons unknown were more frequently wilfol than in the other class, but even here testimony taken by the coroners shows that the purpose to take life often was not mentally formed before the deed had been physically act on plished. Deducting the sixty one infanti-cioes where the culprits were undiscovered, and apparent that pinety-two adults have, in years, met violent deaths, and the assailants have escaped detection."

"Carlotta" is a characteristic but of biography by John S. C. Abbott. "Tea and its Adulterations" are discussed in a manner to excite attention by Dr. John C. Draper. Charles Willys Elliott, under the title of "Our Great Farmers," tells about the horse growers of Orange county. New York. "The Telegram" is a pathetic poem by Sarah E. Henshaw. Under the head rary and positical phalanstery with Mr. Congreve, and of whom the majority are understool to be actual votaries of the religion of Comte. Of course I have nothing to do here with their faith or their practices. If they adopt the worship of woman, I think they do a better thing.

Pierre Blot. Professor Blot gives the following eccount of an expensive breakfasts-

"There seems to be a diversity of opinion about one of Cicopatra's breaklasts. It was the most costly breaklast that has ever been served to a single human being. I will therefore tell what I know about it. After having partaken of Cicopatra's necklace, Mark Antony deter-mined to devise the contliest breakfast ever given. After several days of gastronomical meditations, not having found what he was looking for, he summoned his cook to his presence, and told him that, if he could get up a dainty breakfast for a lady, which should be a dainty breakfast for a lady, which should be composed of a few and as small dishes as possible, and at the same, be most costly, he would reward him accordingly. Several weeks afterwards, the cook entered Mark Aptony's study, and told him that he was ready to serve the dainty breakfast asked of him, and that it was composed of one olive only. At the appointed hour the cook entered the dining-room, followed by one hundred men carrying the olive (in its artificial envelope) on their shoulders. They deposited it on a table made for the occasion, and filty carvers were set to work on it. After several hours of hard work, the triumphant cook placed the olive before the Egyptian Queen, who looked at it with amazement, still with perfect delight. The olive had been prepared in the following way:— After having been stoned, it was stuffed with a rich custard, then put inside of a boned canary, which was used to stuff an ortolan. The was placed inside of a boned which was used to stuff a thrush, which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A placed inside of a robin, which was used to stuff a piover, and which latter bird filled a which was then placed inside of a quail. pigeont: the pigeon filled a woodcock, the woodcock a partridge, the latter a grouse, the grouse a pheasant, the pheasant a chicken, the chicken a guinea fowl, which was placed maide of a goose; the goose filled a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter an ostrich, which was used to stuff a sheep, the sheep a calf, the calf an antelope, the latter a pig, the pig a deer, the deer a bear, the bear a heiler, the latter an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippopotamus, the latter an elephant. The olive was then roasted in its envelope, which envelope was thrown away, and the olive only was served." A. W. Bellaw contributes a graceful little

peem entitled "Fair," and the "Drift Wood," "Nobule," "Literature and Art" contain a number of interesting and amusing items. A sixteen-page supplement gives five chapters of Miss Austin's novel of "Cipher." This story will be completed in the next number.

#### "Putnam's."

D. Ashmead and Turner Bros. & Co. send us Putnam's Magazine for March. The contents are as follows:- "The Stranded Ship" (part first), a remance by L. Clarke Davis; "The First Editor," by Arthur Gilman; "A Violin Stop," concluded, by Elizabeth Stoddard; 'W. E. Gladstone," by G. M. Towle; "To-day," s romance (chapters sixth, seventh and eighth), by R. B. Kimball; "Napoleon at Gotha," by Bayard Taylor; "A Pica for the Sense of Smell," by C. P. Cranch; "A Rayal Wedding Peast in Cashmere," by Captain J. F. Elten; "Perpetch'el:" "Inter-Oceanic Canal Boute," by Lachworne; "Wonders of the Deep," by Schele de Vere; "Home Lite in Paris," by Olive Logan; "An Imaginary Conversation;" "The Plain Truth of Science," by V. B. Denslow; "Literature, Art. and Science Abroad," by Bayard Payor: "Literature at Home," by E. C. Stedman; "line Arts," by S. S. Conant: "Table Talk," by Clarence Cook; "Monthly Bulletin of New Pablications."

From Arthur Gilman's article on "The First

Editor," we take the following:-"Roger L'Estrange has the credit of having been the first to publish a newspaper, naving been editor and proprietor of the Public Intelligencer and the London Gazette, in both which he arranged news in such a form as would please his royal master and keep the people in e dark-sn art, by the way, w able to exercise upon occasion even in the prasent year of grace. The First Editor defined news to be something not heard before; and it be frequently something proved to never was heard of until printed, as is still sometimes the case. When Roger L'Estrange played with his boyish mates on the paternal acres at Hunstanten Hall, in fenny Norfolk, the Most High and Mighty Prince James' ruled. When he was old enough to begin his education the unfortunate Charles the First was on the throne, and a few years later little Roger had grown to be a countier; and when he was twenty-three he had passed through the university, and was prepared to accompany the king when he went down to Scotland, to force the Liturgy upon those who had signed and sworn to the Covenant. They were "grown a most obstinate rebellious people;" so the king thought, and so Sir Roger, as in duty bound, thought too. Then followed the days of Laud and the Civil War, of Ship-money and the Star-Chamber. Through it all the censor was true to the Cavaliers, and was finally captured, im-prisoned in London, and condemned to a raitor's de ath. Meantime his master's head fell off under the axe of the executioner, at Whitehall, and Roger ran away to the Continent until the Long Parliament was dissolved; atter which he returned, and begged hard fisted C Cromwell-'Red nosed Noll' they called -for pardon. The favor was granted, and the impertment ones reported that Roger, with his beavy wig, had been fiddler to the great Roundhead once. So the nickname, 'Oliver's Fiddler,' was fastened upon Roger L'Estrauge, translator from the Latin and Greek authors, and editor of two newspapers.

the Commonwealth did not last long. The "Merry Monarch" came over from France and took the place that had cost the "Royal Martyr" his head; and then it was that the editor became also the censor. Who should better know what ought and what ought not to be printed than he who, under a royal censorship, had himsel manufactured news to order? For years he held the office, and for years he filled his empty pock-ets in it. In 1678 occurred the great excitement of the Popish plot; the Papists were treated with great indignity, and the conduct of the Crown needed apology. The First Editor hastered to the rescue with his new paper, the Observator, in which he attempted to vindicate the action of the king; for a trouble was grow-ing greater and greater between the people and her ruler. How tar his ad captano ments and volger energy were successful, we do not know. The Last Man's Son, as Charles Second was called, died at last, and First Editor was destined to live under aber kiefs still. In 1685 James the Second began his four years' reign, and Roger was knighted, and took a seat in Parhament as Sir Roger. On the 11th of December, 1688, this king, concluding that discretion was the better part of valor, stele out of Whitchall by a secret passage, crossed the Toames in a wherry, throw be great seal into the muddy river, and, before I ondon was awake, was far on the road to the sea, deeing from an exasperated people. He had failed in his attemp; to fasten his unwelme religious nottons upon his nation: a re/o ution had arisen, and, at the people's call William, Privee of Orange, with Mary his wife came over from Helland to occupy the throng of England. And old Rozer was not dead yet. He had been a subject of James the First, and of Charles the First his son; and when they were both dead, he had seen Oliver and Richard Cromwell stand at the seen Oliver and Richard Cromwell stand at the head of the Government. He was one to well come the Merry Monarch home from France, and had seen him dissipate the nation, and die—mirabile dichu—a natural death. He had howed his supple knees to William and Mary; and now good Queen Anne was to receive his homage. Two years later, with a body weakened and a mind impaired, he tecame bimself a prey to the great resper, who, though he wait lung, is sure to come at last. In 1704 the eventful, chapgeful, active life of Roger L'Estrauge ended. He had written his last political paninhiet; his

a tear for his vices, as we let him rest in the grave. Probably most resders will dispute my claim for Sir Roger as the First Editor, and point to the English Mercurie, dated 1583, giving claim for Sir Roger as the class bottor, and point to the English Mercurie, dated 1588, giving an account of the Spanish Armada, to prove that he trode in other men's steps, and that I steal other and worthier men's steps, and that I steal other and worthier men's laurels to deek his brow. I think, however, that close investigation will prove that when, in the third year of the Restoration of the Stuarts, Roger L'Estrange began to print his Public Intelligencer, he was really the first who established a newspaper as a vehicle of general information. Besides the Mercurie—which has been proved an invention of a later date—there had been, before the Commonwealth, Diurna's and Intelligencers, and Complaints, and Gazettes so called; but they were all to unworthy the name of newspaper, that we are forced to give the honorable piace of First Editor to the vulgar wiseman of the court of the Stuarts. By his learning he was fitted for the post. His intimacy with his sovereigns added to his advantages. His capityity and added to his advantages. His captivity and runaway travels augmented his qualifications, and his velgarity enabled him to stoop to the dirty work his lord demanded of the paper he should delight to honor. As I have sat here this ramy day, I having imagined the First Editor before me, attending to the duties of his office. I can see his thin face, overshadowed by the luxuriant curls of his great powdered wig, and from each side of his sharp Roman nose his brilliant eyes look down upon a piece of proof, such as the attendant devil would be supposed to have brought from the pressroom, when the compositor lacked the experience two centuries have given him since. His sword dangles with the laced edges of his gaudy coat over the arms of the editorial chair. The ends of his generous white cravat reach down upon the proof, and his shoes, with their huge buckles of silver, and his black silk stockings, cover the editorial understandings, which are stretched under the editorial table. The spartment is in one of those ancient buildings which generations of smoke have rendered almost black externally, and which the sooty London mist makes dank and dingy within. I imagine it is a slip from the Observator he is correcting, and that the type is trying to tell how good and lovely is Old Rowley, and how the wicked Papists ought to delight to have him ruin their families and kill them of, or, upon mere suspicion, confine them weary years in faroff prisons. Or was it an exhortation to the obsti nate, rebellious Covenanters, to give up their opposition to the Liturgy, and worship God after the dictates of their licentious sovereign? It may not have been either, but a chapter from the Sermon on the Mount; for editors in those days often printed extracts from the Bible when news was scarce. Whatever it was, we may be sure it was not calculated to make the 'multitude too familiar with the acts and counsels of their superiors;' for Sir Roger thought it his duty as fournalist to give them no 'cotor of license to be meddling with the government;' and he thought that a newspaper prudently" managed, might contribute to this end in a very high degree. When the Datch worsted the king's navy in a four days' fight in the Downs, it was his duty to be very "prudent," and not let the people know it—to take them believe the court was very joyful. Pepys wrote the truth in his diary; but even there he felt it safest to put it in cipher when he said. The court is very melancholy under the thoughts of the last overthrow; for so if is, he adds, instead of a victory, so much and so unreasonably expected. But as I look out of the library window now, the face of the landscade is changed. All nature smiles; for the black clouds and thick-falling rain-drops are gone. The sun again shines forth with grant property. forth with genial warmth, and our rainy day retrospect must end. The First Editor was, singularly enough, the first writer who sold his services in defense of any measure, good or bad; and Goldsmith says he fought through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary cam-paigns. Let us hope the good he fought for was more than the bad. From the birthday of the First Editor's first paper until now, the labor of the editor has grown in importance, delicacy, and, we may safely say, in honor, Who can say when it will cease to grow? There are venal editors now, who take Sir Roger as their type; but far greater is the number of those who imitate his better traits, and who. unseen of the world, are putting forth an influfully appreciate."

no more influence-he was gone, Let us drop

## "The Riverside Magazine"

for March opens with one of Hans Andersen's delightful little sketches, entitled "Which Was the Happiest?" The contents are, as usual, varied and entertaining, suited to the varied tastes of juvenile readers, and finely illustrated by E. B. Bensell, A. P. Close, C. Hoppin, H. W. Herrick, D. Fisher, and others. The Riverside is deservedly one of the most popular magazines in the country for young people. The publishers, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, announce that they have made arrangements with Hans Christian Andersen by which they will become the authorized publishers of his works in the United States. They have now in preparation a new and revised edition of his novels, stories, sketches of travel, and autobiography.

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