THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

"Harper's."

Messrs. Turner Brothers & Co. send us the April number of Harper's, Putnam's, The At-Jantic Our Young Folks, and Our Old Folks.

The April number of Harper's is an attractive issue, profusely illustrated, and with the following table of contents:- "The Freaks of Lightning," by Jacob Abbott, with eighteen Illustrations; "An Artist in Alaska," by A. H. Guernsey, with twelve illustrations; "The Great South American Earthquake of 1868, by E. G. Squier, with thirteen illustrations. *Catharine II of Russia," by Eugene Lawrence; "My Chum's Story," by Austin Abbott; "Song of the Wind," by Mary N. Prescott; "About Cold," by Robert Tomes; "False and True," by Elizabeth Akers Allen; "The Romance of the Maidens," by Amelia Jones; "Women's Work and Wages," by Hettie M. Cannon; "To Majorica," by Robert Tomes: with two illustrations; "My Enemy's Daughter," chapters twelve and thirteen, by Justin McCarthy, with two illustrations; "Not Enough Money," by Katharine G. Ware: "The Secretary with a Secret," by Justin McCarthy; "Homeward," by Carl Spencer; "Editor's Easy Chair;" "Editor's Book Table;" "Editor's Record of Current Events;" and "Editor's Drawer."

It is announced that in the May number a new novel, by Mrs. Dinah Muloch Craik, entitled "A Brave Lady," will be commenced. From Jacob Abbott's article on the "Freaks

of Lightning" we quote as follows:-

Sometimes the sudden and violent discharges of great accumulations of electricity are accom-panied at the time by a continual flow, affecting, especially, all the salient and projecting points in the vicinity, and even also extended surfaces, in many cases, where such surfaces are broken by minute projections. A very vio-lent thunder storm broke over the city of Paris on the night of the 16th of July, 1868, of which most extraordinary accounts were given in the papers of the following day. The clouds that were formed were enormous in mass and in density, and so rapid was the condensation of vapor that electricity was developed in immense quantities, and it passed to and fro between the clouds and the earth in every conceivable way. The consequence was a continual succession of the most vivid flashes of lightning, and an incessant crashing and rolling of thunder. The lightning struck and did serious damage in many places. In one instance it fell upon one of the gas tubes in the street. It fused a portion of the tube, and set the gas on fire, which, in its burning, illuminated the whole surrounding reg ion and produced universal alarm. While these effects were produced by the violent discharges coming in rapid succession from the accumulations of electric force, there seems to have been also a flow of a more gentle and quiet character, directing itself upon all conducting surfaces and masses, and especially upon every projecting point. Most extraordinary accounts were given in the papers the next day of the lambent flames seen alighting upon every prominent point in the streets, or gliding along the watercourses, or blazing up from the openings of the sewers. Some people saw the street in certain places, as they said, full of fire. These accounts were, no doubt, greatly exaggerated, the minds of the observers being much disturbed by their excitement and their alarm. There is, however, every reason to believe that there was a great deal of reality in the foundation of In the eastern part of Paris, at the place

formerly occupied by the Bastile, there stands a tall column called "The Column of July," being so named from certain great events which occurred during that month on a certain year, and which the column was intended to commemorate. Upon the top of this column is a statue of Liberty standing on tip toe, and with symbolic wings at her back, extended as in the act of commencing to fly. This column was observed carefully during the storm by sponsible witness, who states that electric light emanated in brilliant coruscations from all the salient points of the figure above, and passed in a luminous stream from the upraised foot to the ball below on which the figure was poised. Other witnesses testify to a similar Illomina

tion of the summit of the spire of Notre Dame, a tall and slender spire which forms a very striking and most beautiful contrast to the massive towers which form so conspicuous a feature in the facade of that building. This spire rises to a height of nearly three hundred and fifty feet into the air, and the electrical effect ob served on this occasion may have been increased by the enormous quantity of lead used in the structure, and especially in the statue and other ornaments pertaining to it.

From the sketch of Catherine II of Russia, by Eugene Lawrence, we make this quota-

In the year 1762 Catherine became empress. Around her were gathered the chief conspira-tors, men coarse, ill-educated, and risen from tors, men coarse, the lowest ranks of the people, in whose society she complained that she could find so pleasure yet to whose ald she was indebted for all she was. Her subjects were discontented and rebellious. She visited Moscow, the ancient seat of the Czars; but her life was threatened, and she hastily returned to St. Petersburg. Even there she found herself surrounded by conspiracies against her power and her person. The European monarchs looked coldly upon the parvenu empress who now wielded the uncer-tain sceptre which she was believed to have won by a barbarous and dreadful crime; and, from her dangerous eminence, Catherine beheld herself everywhere surrounded by a thousand terrors which might have appalled any nature less resolute than her own.

Danger, however, seemed only to draw out her wonderful genius for command, and her fierce, unhallowed ambition guided her to a course of policy that made her the most potent monarch of her time. She crushed discontent at home with unparalleled vigor. The ancient nobility of Russia, who hated and despised the German of Russia, who hated and despised the German nsurper and her low-born courtiers, at length became her willing laves. The countless lagions of bishops and monks, whom she had offended and treated with ignominy when they had ceased to be useful to her, hid themselves, overawed and helpless, in their cells. Her splendid victories and conquests won for her a popularity among her subjects such as none of her available. among her subjects such as none of her predecessors but Peter the Great had possessed Abroad, the monarcas of Europe were soon over-mastered by her imperious will. Frederick the Great couried her favor. Joseph II, of Austria, became a willing instrument in accomplishing her most unscrupulous designs. George III of England sank into her ally. And dissolute Louis XV vamly strove by feeble diplomacy to check the stately progress of the new semiramis. Catherine became the master intellect of

Of all her vast designs, that upon which her chief energies were expended was to make Russia acknowledged as one of the civilized nations of the time. As Philip of Macedon had labored with fierce untiring zeal to make his native kingdom Greek, so Catherine lived to make Russia European. She was resolved to be received as a peer into that assemblage of crowned heads whose haughty caste was still inclined to look down upon the barbarous empire which the great Peter had brought into potice; and she prepared to take an equal place among the Hapsburg, the Bourbons, and

the Guelphs. If she had not been an Empress, Catherine might perhaps have won a higher glory as an author. Her love for lotters was intense and lasting. She sought the correspondence and the friendship of almost every eminent literary man of the day; she wrote to Voltaire in terms of sincere admiration, and strove in value to allure him to St. Petersburg. With Diderot she was more successful, and the philosophic condessended to give a portion of his time

to a visit to the faithful Empress. Their conversations were long and philosophical; and Diderot seems to have found a far more agreeable friend in Catherine than the sarcastic Voltaire in his admirer and persecutor, Frederick.

Catharine was always profuse in her liberality to literary men. She purchased Diderot's library for a considerable sum, in order to provide a dowry for his daughter, allowed him to retain the use of it for life, and settled upon him a pension as her librarian. She wished to induce the historian Robertson, by munificent offers, to write an account of her reign. Her court was filled with men of intelligence and learning, of science and art. Every form of mental excellence found in her a friend; she established academies or societies of learning and science, and lavished her revenues in se kand science, and lavished her revenues in se ke ing to awaken the intellect of her people, Poets, musicians, philosophers, actors, and ar-tists sprang up under her careful patronage; and she succeeded, at last, in making St. Petersburg illustrious as one of the intellectual centres of

"The Atlantic."

The April number of the Atlantic opens with three chapters of Colonel Higginson's novel of "Malbone." The other contributions are "The Mission of Birds;" "Autobiography of a Shaker;" "Run Wild;" "A Strange Arrival;" "A Carpet-bagger in Pennsylvania;" "How we Grow in the Great Northwest;" "Our Inebriates, Classified and Clarified;" "Doorstep Acquaintance;" "The Pacific Railroadopen;" "A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car;" "To-day;" Reviews and Literary Notices.

We quote as follows from the article entitled "The Mission of Birds":-

The measure worm of the Middle States, so successfully driven from the squares of New York by the English Sparrow, but still ravacing the parks of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, has two very powerful enemies among our native birds, which would be abundantly able to keep them in check were they them-selves unmolested. They are the Cedar Bird and the Purple Grakle. Unfortunately, both of these birds are under the ban of the unreflecting and prejudiced; one because he helps himself to our cherries, the other because he is accused of making tree with our corn fields at

The canker-worm still riots in almost undisturbed possession of our orchards. Each year extends the area of its rayages, and witnesses the loss of millions of dollars' worth of fruit, the growth and development of which it prewents. We have many native birds which would prey upon and keep down these pests—most of them, too, barmless and inoffensive species—but the murderous gun and the still oore destructive cat have so thinned their ranks that they are now too few to cope with the worst enemies of the orchard. Yet there are powerful auxiliaries whom we might call in most effectually where circumstances favor. The domestic pigeon has been shown, by the testimony of Dr. Jeffries Wyman, to feed its young with enormous quantities of these worms. And it is a well-established fact that gardens and orchards protected by the inmates of the dovecot have been known to be kept free from them, when all around the trees of other grounds were devastated. The common do-mestic fowis, also, under favorable circumstances, are of great service in destroying the canker-worm. But their presence cannot gene-rally be permitted, nor their services made The Blue Jay, whose good name and fame our

space will not permit us here to vindicate, has recently been rendering very valuable and effi-cient services to the dwellers on the lake shore of Ohlo. Our venerable friend, Dr. Jared P. Kirtland, of Cleveland, informs us that the tent caterpillars-Chistocampa americana-which with us are such pests in the can—which with us are such pests in the orchards, have been attacked and destroyed by the Bine-Jay so theroughly that hardly a specimen can now be found on the entire lake shore. These good deeds of the Jay, we are happy to add, are appreciated by the enlightened cultivators of that State, who overlook their depredations for the sake of the greater good they do, and are wiser in their generation than our own. and are wiser in their generation than our own Solous, who allow these birds no mercy.

bage butterfly of Europe destructive that, according to Mudie, were it not for the sparrow not a single would be raised in any part of Great Britain, has made its appearance in large numbers on our shores. In the province of New Brans-wick and in the neighborhood of Calais, this unwelcome visitor is already abundant. by year it is extending the area of its depredations, and each year brings it nearer to our own gardens. How are we to meet this new enemy? We have no spar-rows as yet domiciled among us. That acy of our native birds will show themselves equal to the task of its destruc-tion is, we fear, hardly to be hoped; so long as the gun and the cat are permitted to tion is, restrict their numbers to the minimum, we may not anticipate any present or effectual relief from our natural protectors whose services we repay with ingratitude or neglect,

Somewhere about the close of the winter of 1866, late in February or early in March, a pair of Black-throated Blue Warblers—a bird sup posed never to make its appearance with us before May-took up their abode in the small yard in the rear of the writer's house in Boston. Whence they could have come at that season of the year we were unable to conjecture. They were plump, lively, and active, and in excellent condition every way. They at once made them-selves at home, starching every crack and crevice in and about the roof, lattice, and out-building for the eggs and larve of insects, of which they evidently found an abundance. After having thoroughly explored our premises and exhausted its supply, they proceeded to those or our neighbors, but returned each night to roost on the clothes line stretched from an upper window to the top of a high trellis. This they continued to do for a week or more. After

this we did not see them again.

Their visit to us was followed by notable consequences. The swarms of balry caterpillars that every year before their advent had so abounded as to be an intolerable nuisance cutively disappeared, and have not since been tirely disappeared, and have not since been tirely disappeared, and have not since been seen. Their entire race seems to have been exterminated by our two little visitors. These exterminated by our two little visitors. These warblers, unfortunately for us, are not residents here, even in summer, but flit rapidity through our State in their spring and fall migrations. But the immense service they are capable of doing, and which they must do somewhere, is shown by what a single pair accomplished with us in the short space of a week.

"Puinam's."

The April number of Putnam's Magazine has the following list of contributions: - "Today," a romance by R. B. Rimball, chapters ten, eleven, and twelve; "Conflagration," by J. J. Piatt; "Incidents in the Spanish Struggle," by Elie Reclus; "A Stranded Ship," part II, by L. Clarke Davis; "A Political Romance," by W. F. S. Shanks; "Hauting in Cashmere," by Captain J. F. Elten; "My Man Anatomy," by R. Morris Copeland; "Horace," book I, ode xxiii; "The Eastern Question," by J. S. C. Abbott; "Wonders of the Deep," second paper, by Schele de Vere; "The Right Honorable John Bright," by G. M. Towne; "Twelve Hours Apart," by S. M. B. Piatt; "Young Men's Christian Association," by F. W. Ballard; "A Curiosity of Literature," by Theo. Johnson; "Current Events," by V. B. Denslow; "Literature, Art, and Science Abroad," by Bayard Taylow; "Fine Arts," by S. S. Conant; "Table Talk," by Clarence Cook. We extract the following "Curiosity of Literature:"-

When Wolfe published his celebrated ode, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," the people of

England thought that a new great post had arisen in the literature of their country. Lord Byron pronounced that poem one of the finest by no pronounced that poem one of the finest in the language, and Goethe said he did not know but that it was the most characteristic and impressive ode he had ever read. Henri Taine thinks that "its author was a great poet, not only knowing how to produce a grand effect by the simplest of means, but also a perfect master in word-painting." Strangely enough however, the author of this remarkable poem, which has lost none of its popularity since it was first published, in his subsequent productions, which published, in his subsequent productions, which were not very numerous, fell so much short of the legitimate expectations to which 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' had given rise, that, for the sake of his poetical fame, it was regretted by many of the most competent critics that Wolfe should have written anything but this great and powerful poem. Sergeant Tal-fourd said, in regard to this subject: - "Had the author of 'The Burlal of Sir John Moore' writnothing but these admirable lines, who would have suspected his poverty of imagination? As it was, his succeeding failures be-trayed the secret, and showed that his inspira rion was accidental, and not the result of natu-ral temperament—a flash of fancy only—not the steady blaze of genius." And another critic said: "Wolfe's first shot struck the very centre of the ring; the others could not be found."

Under these circumstances it is certainly somewhat singular that the critics should never have suspected Wolfe of plaglarism, but con-tented themselves with believing that he had for once a trief fit of inspiration, and not another afterwards. It is true, similar instances are no wanting in English and American literature. Sir Egerton Brydges was a poet of this class; had he written nothing but his exquisite sonnet, "Echo and Silence," which Wordsworth and Southey so loudly praised, he would have taken high rank as a poet, and it would have been a matter of sincere regret that his Muse should have been so grudging of her favors. But his subsequent efforts were unequal to the aforesain subsequent efforts were unequal to the abressia sonnel; they broke the charm he had raised, and showed that he was indebted to Fortune for his success not to his genius. He couried the Muse all his life long most patiently and laboriously, but she never smiled on him again. Similar instances of the chance inspiration of an hour are period. Chance i Wood. tion of an hour are Pomfret's 'Choice,' Wood-worth, the American poet's, 'Old Oaken Bucket,' Key's 'Star Spangled Banner,' etc. But in regard to Wolfe's poem, we believe we have found evidence which seems to establish Oaken

the fact that it is not an original production, We beg our readers to compare carefully 'The Burial of Sir John Moore, which we append here, with the following French and German poems, and they will find a striking similarity between them—so striking, indeed, that no one will undertake to deny for a moment that they must be translations, and, moreover, almost literal translations of each other. The German poem, which the editor of that excellent and reliable German periodical, the Laipsic Europa, quotes on page 392 of his periodical for 1861 (No. 10) dates from the second half of the seventeenth century, and was written in honor of the famous Swedish hero, Generat Torstenson, who fell at the siege of Dantsic, at the moment when his men, having been repulsed by the garrison, prepared to return to the Swedish

The French noem. Ni is son du tambour—nt la marche functore, was written in commemoration of a galiant Breton officer, Colonel de Braumapoir, who was shot, in 1749, at the slege of Pondicherry. His comrades were likewise compelled to re embark so nurriedly, that they scarcely had time to bury his remains at the foot of a bastion. The poem is to be found in Lally Tollendal's "Memoirs for the Behabilitation of my Father."

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried; Not a soldier discharg'd a ferewell snot O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, The turf with our bayonets turning. By the straggling moonbeams' misty light, And our lanterns dimly burning.

Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow; But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, And we bitterly thought on the morrow. No useless coffin confined his breast.

Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him; But he lay a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed, And smooth'd down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er And we far away on the billow. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him; But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton has laid him, But half our heavy task was done. When the clock told the hour for reliring;

And we heard by the distant and random gun,

That the foe was sullenly firing. Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his frame fresh and gory; We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,

But we left him alone in his glory.

THE GERMAN PORM. Kein Grabgesang, keine Trommel erscholl, Als zum Wall seine Leiche wir huben; Kein Krieger schoss ihm sein Lebewohl, Wo wir Still unsern Helden begraben. Wir gruben in stummer Nacht ihn ein Mit Schwertern in Eld' und in Trummer, Bei des truben Mondlichts schwanken dem

Und der matten Laterne Geflimmer. Kein upnutzer Sarg seine Brust einhegt', Nicht mit Lippen und Traker Nicht mit Linnen und Tuchern bedecket; Er lag, wie ein Krieger sich schlafen legt, Im Soldatenmantel gestrecket.

Schein.

Gar lange Gebete hielten wir nicht, Wir sprachen kein Wort von Sorgen; Vir schauten nur fest auf das todte Gesicht Und dachten mit Schmerz an den Morgen Wir dachten, als wir gewuhlet sein Bett Und sein einsames Kissen gezogen. Wie Fremdling und Foind über's Haupt ihm

Wenn fern wir uber den Wogen. Wenn sie uber der kalte Aschen sodann Den entflohenen Geist mogen kranken Er achtet es nicht, wenn er runen nur kann In der Gruit, wo ihn Schweden versenken.

Unser schweres Geschaft war nur halbgethan. Als die Glocke zum Ruck zug ertonte; Wir horien der Feinde Geschosse nahn, Da die terne Kanone erdrohnte.

Wir legten ihn langsam und traurig hinein, Frisch biutend vom Feide der Euren; Wir liesen, ohn Grabmal und Leichenstein, Ihn nur mit dem Ruhme gewähren.

III.

THE FRENCH POEM. Ni le son du tambour-ni la marche funebre-Ni le feu des soldats—ne marqua son départ. Mais du brave, a la hate, a travers les tenebres, Mornes-nous portames le cadavre au rem-

De minuit c'etait l'heure, et solitaire et La iune a peine offrait un debile rayon; Quand de la bayonette on creusa le gazon.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funeraire Nous ne daignames point entourer le heros; Il gisalt dans les pils du manteau militaire Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de

La priere qu'on fit fut de courte dures: Nui ne paris de deuil, bien que le cœur fut plein! Mais on fixait du mort la figure adoree— Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain.

Au demain! quand ici ou sa fosse s'apprete, Ou son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots, L'ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tete, Et nous, ses veterans, serons loin sur les flots!

Ils terniront sa gloire-on pourra les entendre Nommer l'illustre mort d'un ton amer—on foi; Ils les laissera dire—Eh! qu'importe a sa cendre Que la maine d'un Breton a confice au sol? L'œuvre durait encor, quand retentit la cloche Au sommet du beffroi:—et le canon lointain, The par intervalle, en annoucant l'approche,

Signalait la fierte de l'ennemi hautain. Et dans sa fossa alors le mimes lentement-Pres du champ ou sa gloire a ete consommee; Ne mimes a l'endroit pierre ni monument, Le laissant seul a seul avec sa renommee ;

An attentive examination of the three poems will show, not only that they are so much like one another that each of them might be con-sidered a literal translation of the other, but also that both the French and English translations (for, the German ode being the oldest one, the other peems are of course translations) were made with consummate ability; in both of them, despite the difficulties presented by the dissimilarities of the respective languages, the characteristic tone of the original is most napplly imitated, and the peculiar rhythm of the German poons, which the French translator must have found extremely difficult, is so faithfully rendered that the music of the three poems, if we may say so, is equally striking and impressive.

As regards the question, which of the two locus was translated by Wolfe, whether the ferman original or the French translation, it is extremely difficult to decide. The propability, however, is in favor of the French translation which Wolf Tone, perhaps, after his return from France, communicated to Wolfs.

"The Galaxy." The April number of the Galary opens with

the fourth and fifth chapters of Charles Reade's story entitled "Put Yourself in his Place." The other articles are "The Great Danger of the Republic," by E. Darwin Smith; "To Marry or not to Marry ?" by T. M. Coan; "The Exile World of London," by Justice McCarthy; "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards, three chapters; "The Astor Library," by Frank H. Norton; "Pyramus and Thisbe," by Henry James, Jr.; "Animal Food," by John C. Draper, M.D.; "Our Great Farmers-Among the Milk Makers," by Charles W. Elliott; "A Sister of Mercy," by Sarah M. B. Piatt; "My Music Teacher," by E. W. Thompson; "The Guest," by Anna L. Johnson; "The Galaxy Miscellavy;" "The Singer's Alms," by Henry Abbey; "Driftwood;" "Literature and Art;" and "Nebulæ." The concluding chapters of Miss Austin's novel of "Cipher" are given in a supplement. From Mr. Justice McCarthy's article en-

titled "The Exile World of London," we make the following extracts:-

Many English peers have, indeed, quite a speciatite in the way of patronizing exites; but, of course, in all such cases the exite must have a name which brings some gratifying distinction to his host. He must be somebody worth pointing out to the other guests. I know that many Continental refugees have chafed at all this, and some have steadily held aloof from it, and declined to be shown off for the admiration of a nevelty hunting crowd. Many, too, have been deceived by it; have mistaken such idle at-tention for profound and practical sympathy, and have thought that two or three peers and half a dozen aristocratic petticoats could direct the foreign policy of England. They have swelled with hope and confidence; have built their plans and based their organizations on the faith that Park Lane meant the British Government, and that the politeness of a Cabinet Minister was as good as the assistance of a British fleet; and have found out what idiots they were in such a belief, and have gone nigh to breaking their hearts accordingly. Indeed, the readmess of all classes in England to rush at any distinguished exile, and become effusive about himself and his cause is very often—or, at least, used to be—a cruel kindness, sure to be misunderstood

and to betray—a love that killed.

Nothing could, in its way, have been more unfortunate and calamitous than the outburst ot popular enthusiasm in England about the Polish insurrection four years ago. Some of the Polish leaders living in London were com-pletely deceived by it, and finally believed that England was about to take up arms in their cause. An agitation was got up, outside the House of Commons, by an earnest, well meaning gentleman, who really believed what he said; and inside the House by a bustling, quick witted political adventurer, who certainly ought not to have believed what he said. This latter gentle-men actually went out to Cracow, in Austrian Poland, and was received there with wild demonstrations of welcome as a representative of the national will of England and the precursor tion went on; and England wrote a diplomatic note, which Russia resented as a piece of impertinence; and there England's sympathy ended, "I think," said a great English Liberal to me, "that every Englishman who helped to encourage these poor Poles and give them hope of English help, has Polish blood on his hands."

thick so, too. I have always thought that Felice Orsini was in some sort a victim to the kind of delusion which English popularity so easily fosters. I met Orsini when he came to England, not very long before the unfortunate and criminal attempt of the Rue Lepelletter; and I was much taken, as most people who met him were, by the simplicity, sweetness, and soldierly frank-ness of his demeanor. He delivered some lectures in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, on his own personal adventures-principally his escape from prison-and though he had but a moderate success as a lecturer, he was surrounded everywhere by well-meaning and sympathizing groups, the extent of whose influence and the practical value of whose sympathy he probably did not at first quite understand. He certainly had, at one time, some vague hopes of obtaining for the cause of Italian independence a substantial assistance from England. A short experience cured him of that dream; and I fancy it was then that he formed the resolution which he afterwards attempted so desperately to carry out. I think, from something I heard him say once, that Mazzini had endeavored to enlighten him as to the true state of affairs in England, and the real value of the sort of sympathy which London so readily offers to any interesting exile. But I do not believe Mazzini's advice had much influence over Orsini. Indeed the latter, at the time I saw him, had but little respect for Mazzini. He spoke with something like contempt of the great conspirator. It would have been well for Oreini if he had, in one thing at least, followed the counsels of Mazzini. People used to say some years ago that odious and desperate as Orsini's attempt was, it at least had the merit of trightening Louis Napoleon into active efforts on behalf of Italy. There was so much about Orsini that was worthy and noble that one would be glad to regard him as even in his crime the instrument of good to the country he loved so well But documentary and other evidence has made it clear since Orsini's death that the negotiations which ended in Solfermo and Villatranca were begun before Orismi had over planned his murderous enterprise. The fact is that, during the Crimean war, Cayour first tried England on the subject, through easy-going and heedless Lord Clarendon-who hardly took the trouble to listen to the sudactous projects of his friendand then turned to France, where quicker and shrewder ears listened to what he had to say, Louis Blanc is, perhaps, the only revolutionary exile who, in my time, has been everywhere and permanently popular in London society. The fate of a political extle in a place like London usually is to be a hou among one clique and a bete non in another, But Louis Blanc has been accepted and welcomed everywhere, although he has never promised or concealed one tota of his political op nions. I think one explanation, and, per-haps, the explanation of this somewhat remarkable thenomenon, is to be found in the fact that Louis Blanc never for an hour played the part of a conspirator. He seems to have honorably

of a conspirator. He seems to have honorary construed his place in English society to be that of one to whom a shelter had been given, and who was bound not to make any use of that shelter which could embarrass his host. In London he ceased to be an active politician. He refused to exhibit himself en victime. He appealed to no public pity. He made no parade of defeat and exile. He went to work stead; y as a literary man, and he had the courage to be poor. When he appeared in public it was simply

poor. When he appeared in public it was simply as a literary lecturer. He was not very successful in that capacity. At least he was not what the secretary of a lyceum would call a success. He gave a series of lectures on

He gave a series of lecrtain phases of society

before the great Revolution, and they were attended by all the best literary men in London, who were, I think, manimous in their admiration of the power, the eloquence, the brillancy which these pictures of a gheatly past displayed. But the general public cared nothing about the salons where wit, and levity, and wickedness prepared the way for revolu-tion; and I heard Louis Blane pour out as Jacques Rousseau in language of noble sloquence, and with dramatic effect worthy of a great orator, in a small lecture room, in which three-fourths of the space was empty. Since that time he has de-livered lectures occasionally at the request of mechanics' institutions and such societies; but he has not essayed a course of lectures on his own account. Every one knows him; every one likes him; every one admires his manly, modest character and his uncompromising republicanism. Lately he has lived more in Brighton than in London; but wherever in England he happens to be, he lives always as a simple citizen; he has never been raved about like Kossuth or denounced like Mazzini; and has eccopied bluselt wholly with his historical labors and his letters to a Paris newspaper.

"Our Young Folks" for April is, as usual, handsomely printed and nicely illustrated. The contents are varied and entertaining, and combine in an attractive manner, suited to juvenile tastes, the amusing and the useful.

"The Eclectie"

for April, published by E. R. Pelton, New York, sustains its well-won reputation as a first-class miscellany. A steel-plate portrait of Rosa Bonbeur is given as a frontispiece, and the magazine is made up of judicious selections from the leading European peri-

"Our Old Folks"

is the new Philadelphian magazine, which has now reached its second number. The articles are generally well written and interesting, and the April number shows considerable improvement over its predecessor. Published by R. Hafleigh, No. 731 Walnut street.

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CAPITAL ACCEVED SURPLUS PREMIUMS UNSETTLED CLAIMS, INCOME FOR 1869, 823,788-12. \$360,000. Losses paid since 1829, over \$5,500,000

Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms. The Company also issues Policies on Rents of Buildings of all kinds, Ground Rents and Mortgages, Alfred G. Baker.

DIRECTORS,
Alfred G. Baker.
Samuel Grant.
Scorge W. Richards,
George Fales.

ALFRED G. BAKER. President.
GEORGE FALES. Vice-President.
GEORGE FALES. Vice-President.
WM. GREEN, Assistant Secretary. Barouel Grant. George W. Richards, Isano Lea, George Fales,

FAME

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Has Removed to New Office,

No. 809 CHESNUT Street.

W. I. BLANCHARD,

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STOVES, RANGES, ETC.

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NEW GOLDEN EAGLE FURNACE.

This is an entirely new heater. It is so constructed as to at once commend itself to general favor, being a combination of wrought and cast from. It is very simple in its construction, and is perfectly airtight; self-cleaning, havingine pipes or drums to be taken out and cleaned. If he do not a ranged with apright lines as to produce a larger mount of heat from the same weight of coal than any furnace now in use. The hygrometic condition of the air as produced by my new arrangement of evaporation will at once demonstrate that it is the only Hot Air Furnace that will produce a perefitity healthy atmosphere.

Those in want of a complete Heating Apparatus would do well to call and examine the Golden Eagle.

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Nos. 1182 and 1134 MARKET Street.

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A large assortment of Cooking Ranges, Fire-board toves, Low Down Grates, Ventilators, etc., always Stoves, Low Down Grates, Ventilators, etc., alway on hand N. B.—Jobbing of all kinds promptly done. 5 102

THOMPSON'S LONDON KITCHENER or EUROPEAN RANGE, for families, hotels, or public institutions, in TWENTY DIFFERentry Sizes, Also, Philadelphia Ranges, Hot-Air Furnaces, Portable Heaters, Low-down Grates, Fireboard Stoves, Eath Boilers, Siew-hole Plates, Boilers, Cooking Stoves, etc., wholecale and retail, by the manufacturers, BHARPE & THOMPSON, 11 25wfm6m No. 259 N. SECOND Street.

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PENN STEAM ENGINE GAND
PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL ENGINEMENTS
MACHINISTS. BOILES MAKERS. BLACE.
SMITHS, and FOUNDERS, having for many years
been in successful operation, and been exclusively
engaged in building and repairing Marine and River
Engines, high and low-pressure, Iron Bellers, Water
Tanks, Propeliers, etc. etc., respectfully offer their
services to the public as being fully prepared to contract for engines of all gives, Marine, River, and
Stationary; having sets of patterns of different sizes
are prepared to execute orders with quick despatch
Every description of pattern-making made at the
shortest notice. High and Low-pressure First
Tubular and Cylinder Boilers, of the best Ponnsylvania charocal iron. Forgings of all sizes and kind
Iron and Brass Castings of all descriptions. Boil
Turning, Screw Cutting, and all other work connects
with the above business.
Drawings and specifications for all work done at
the establishment free of charge, and work guaranteed.
The subscribers have ample Wharf-dock room the PENM STEAM ENGINE SAND

seed.
The subscribers have ample wharf-dock room the repairs of boats, where they can lie in perfect satisfy and are provided with shears, blocks, fails, etc. sie for raising heavy or light weights.

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EMPGINEERS AND MACHINISTS, manufacture High and Low Pressure Steam Engines for Land, River, and Marine Service.

Boilers, Gasometers, Tanks, Iron Boats, etc., Castings of all kinds, either iron or brass.

Iron Frame Roofs for Gas Work, Workshope, and Ballroad Stations, etc.

Retories and Gas Machinery, of the latest and moss improved construction. Improved construction.

The proved construction of Plantation Machinery, also Sugar, Saw, and Griss Mills, Vacuum Pans, Oil Steam Trains, Defecators, Fliters, Pumping, Martines, etc. gines, etc.

Bole Agents for N. Billenx's Patent Sugar Bolling
Apparatus, Neemyth's Patent Steam Hammer, and
Aspinwall & Woohery's Patent Centrings Buggs
Draining Michines.

INSURANCE.

DELAWARE MUTUAL BAFETY INSU ANCE COMPANY. Incorporated by L Legislature of Pennsylvania, 1836.

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*On Vessels, Cargo, and Freight to all parts line world.

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On goods by river, canal, lake and land carrie to all parts of the Union.

FIRE INSURANCES

On Merchandise generally; on Stores, Dwellin
Houses, etc.

Houses, etc.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY,
November 1, 1868,

\$200,000 United States Five Per
Cent. Loan, 10-40s.

120,000 United States Six Per
Cent. Loan, 1881,

50,000 United States Six Per
Cent. Loan (for Facilic R),

200,000 State of Pennsylvania Six
Per Cent. Loan

125,000 City of Phila, Six Per Cent.
Loan (exempt from tax),

54,00 State of New Jersey Six
Per Cent. Loan

20,000 Penn. Rail. First Mortgage
Six Per Cent. Bonds

25,000 Penn. R. Second Mertgage
Eix Per Cent. Bonds

25,000 Western Penn. R. McCri.
Six Per Cent. Bonds,

7,000 State of Tennessee Five Per
Cent. Loan

7,000 State of Tennessee Six Per
Cent. Loan

15,000 Germantown Gas Co., principal and interest gas ranteed by City of Philad's.

128,594

11,300

15,000

teed by City of Philad's. 10,000 Penn's Railroad Company. 5,000 North Penn's Rallroad Co., 100 shares Stock......

20,000 Phils and Southern Matl Steam.Co., 80 shares Stock 207,900 Loans on Bond and Mori-gage, first liens on City Properties. \$1,109,900 Par. Market value, \$1,130,325 Cost, \$1,093,604 26. Balances due at agencies, premiums on marine policies, accrued inter-est, and other debts due the com-

Cash in drawer. 116,563 \$1,647,867 birectors.

Edmund A. Sonder,
Samuel E. Siokes,
Henry Sioan,
William C. Ludwig,
Garge G. Leiner. Thomas C. Hand,
John C. Davis,
James C. Hand,
Theophilus Paulding,
Joseph H. Seal,
Hugh Craig,
John R. Penrose,
Jacob P. Jones,
James Traonair. George G. Leiper, Henry C. Daliett, Jr. John D. Tsylor, George W. Bernadon, William G. Boulton, Jacob Riegel, Spencer Mclivaine,

James Traquair, Edward Darlington, H. Jones Brooke, James B. McFarland, Edward Lafourcade, H. Jones Brooke,
James B. McFarland,
Edward Lafourcade,
Joshus P. Eyre,
THOMASU. HAND, President,
JOHN C. DAVIS, Vice-President,
HENRY BALL, Assistant Secretary, [10]

OFFICE OF THE INSURANCE COMPAN OF NORTH AMERICA, No. 232 WALNU Street, Philadelphia. Charter Perpetual. Capital, \$500,000. Assets 82,350,00
MARINE, INLAND, AND FIRE INSURANCE OVER \$20,000,000 LOSSES PAID SING

DIRECTORS. Arthur G. Coffin, George L. Harrison, Francis R. Cope, Edward M. Trotter, Edward S. Clarke, Samuel W. Jones, John A. Brown, Charles Taylor, Ambrose White, Richard D. Wood, William Weish, S. Morris Wain, Ambrose White,
Richard D. Wood,
William Weish,
S. Morris-Wain,
John Mason,
ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President,
CHARLES FLATT, Vice President,
MATTHIAS MARIS, Secretary.

Louis C. Madeira,
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THE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY-TH PANY-Incorporated 1825—Charler Perpetual—519 WALBUT Street, opposite Independence Squaring Company, favorably known to the communitor over forty years, continues to insure against le or demanded to prove out of the community of

Daniel Smith, Jr., Directors, John Daverciz, Alexander Benson, Issac Haslenurs, Henry Lewis, Fill Daniel Haddock, Jr., Daniel Haddock, Jr., Daniel Endfeld, Jr., President WM. 6. CROWELL, Secretary.

STRICTLY MUTUAL

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No. 224 WALNET Street, opposite the Exchange. This Company insures from 1008 or damage by 1898.

On liberal terms, on buildings, merchandise, fornitor etc., for limited periods, and permanently on buildings by deposit of premiums.

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THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE CO. Office South west Cor. FOURTH and WALNUT STEEL INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.
PERCEPUAL AND TERM POLICIES ISSUES

ries, mills, etc. F. RATCHFORD STARR President. THOS. H. MONTGOMERY, Vice President. ALEX. W. WISTER. Secretary. 262

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803. Faid-up Capital and Accumulated Funds,

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DR. KINKELIN, AFTER A RESIDENC and practice of thirty years at the Northwest corner of Third and Union streets, has lately removed to South ELEVENTH Street, between MARET and CHESNIUT.

His superiority in the prompt and perfect cure of all recent, chronic, local, and constitutional acted tions of a special nature, is proverbial.

Disease of the akin, appearing in a hundred different forms, totally eradicated; mental and physical weakness, and all nervens debilities scientifically are all the second successfully pressed. Diffee Sours from 8 A. 2 to 5 P. 188