

THE MAGAZINES.

“LIPPINCOTT'S.” The contents of the March number of Lippincott's Magazine are as follows:— “The Army Medical Museum at Washington,” by Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Woodard, M. D.; “Sixteen Years Ago,” a sketch, by A. G. Penn; “Her Message,” a poem, by Edgar Fawcett; “A Leaf in the Storm,” a tale of the present war, by Onida, illustrated; “Student Rambles in Prussia,” by Stephen Powers; “The Blood Stained,” a tale of Western life, by John Hay; “My Mission to San Domingo,” by H. M. Walsh; “Book Collectors,” by E. H.; “The Red Hand,” a sketch from real life, by John G. Barnwell; “Crossing the Line,” a poem, by Mary R. Whittelsey; “Moral of the Franco-Prussian War,” by Hon. Amasa Walker; “Our Monthly Gossip,” “Literature of the Day,” “Serial Supplement,” “Bookstore,” by Katherine S. Maquoid, Part I.

From the paper on “The Army Medical Museum at Washington,” by Surgeon J. J. Woodard, we take the following account of the collection of surgical specimens:— The surgical section consists at present of about six thousand specimens, of which the majority belong to the category of military surgery, though many other surgical subjects are well illustrated. There are specimens exhibiting the effects of missiles of every variety on all parts of the body; specimens which show the different stages of the processes of repair, and the several morbid conditions which may interfere with their favorable termination; specimens derived from surgical operations of every character—calculi, tumors, and the like. The osseous specimens are for the most part preserved dry, neatly cleaned, mounted on little black stands, that they may be handled without injuring them, and duly ticketed with their catalogue numbers. A considerable number of specimens, however, from their nature, require to be preserved as wet preparations; these have been neatly dissected, and are preserved with clear alcohol in glass jars similar to those used in the medical section.

There are also three hundred and fifty plaster casts representing the mutilations resulting from injuries and surgical operations. A series of over four hundred examples of missiles extracted from wounds, and showing the effects of the percussion upon the missiles themselves may also be mentioned. Latterly, a number of interesting preparations displaying the effects of arrow wounds and other injuries peculiar to Indian hostilities have been received. To give any detailed description of such a collection is of course out of the question; yet it may be of interest to state that there are upon the shelves 211 specimens of fractures of the cranium, including 46 cases of trepanning; 10 of depressed fracture of the inner table, without injury of the outer, a rare and interesting condition on which it would be out of place to comment here; and 22 specimens of wounds by sabres and other cutting weapons.

There are 59 examples of amputations at the shoulder-joint, 138 of amputations of the arm, and 56 of the forearm; 182 excisions of the shoulder-joint, and 173 other excisions at various points in the upper extremities. The lower extremities furnish 14 amputations of the hip, 436 of the thigh, and 161 of the leg; with 25 excisions of the hip-joint, 9 of the knee-joint, and 56 other excisions at various points in the lower extremities.

A series of 225 fractures of the thigh in which conservative measures have been attempted must also receive notice; and special mention may be made of 86 sequestra, or portions of dead bone extracted from stumps after amputation, of which 73 are from the thigh. Some of the latter series of specimens are very remarkable, several of them being from six to eight inches long, and a few even exceeding the latter extraordinary dimensions. After amputation in the continuity of the long bones, especially in military surgery, it is not unfrequently happens that the death—or necrosis, as surgeons term it—of a portion of the shaft of the bone ensues. A process of ulceration is then set up, by which the dead portion is separated from that part of the bone which still retains its vitality. Simultaneously, a formation of new bone takes place beneath the membrane covering the shaft, so that when ultimately the dead sequestrum loosens and is drawn out, a hollow mass of living bone, which is slowly filled up by natural processes, remains, and secures the full length of the stump. This process was not fully appreciated at the beginning of the war. Instances are well known—and doubtless many others have escaped observation—in which on account of the recognition of dead bone in the stump after amputation, a formation of new bone takes place beneath the membrane covering the shaft, so that when ultimately the dead sequestrum loosens and is drawn out, a hollow mass of living bone, which is slowly filled up by natural processes, remains, and secures the full length of the stump. This process was not fully appreciated at the beginning of the war. Instances are well known—and doubtless many others have escaped observation—in which on account of the recognition of dead bone in the stump after amputation, a formation of new bone takes place beneath the membrane covering the shaft, so that when ultimately the dead sequestrum loosens and is drawn out, a hollow mass of living bone, which is slowly filled up by natural processes, remains, and secures the full length of the stump. This process was not fully appreciated at the beginning of the war.

“HARPER’S.”

The March number of Harper's Magazine has the following list of articles:— “The American Baron,” Chapters V.—VIII. By the author of “The Dodge Club,” “The Cryptogram,” etc. With seven illustrations. “Pictures of Ireland.”—Junius Henri Browne. With twelve illustrations. “Gottage and Hall.”—Alice Cary. “Along the Florida Reef.”—(Second paper.)—Dr. J. B. Holder. With thirteen illustrations. “Sisiteria.”—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. “An Examination of the Claims of Columbus.”—(Second paper.)—Rev. M. Maury. “Wed in the Morning—Dead at Night (continued).”—C. Welsh Mason. With one illustration. “A Day in Castle Garden.”—Louis Bagger. With ten illustrations. “Frederick the Great.”—XVI. The Seven Years War (continued.) With five illustrations. “An Affair on a Tombstone.”—Katherine G. Ware. “The Magic Mirror.”—Anonymous. “Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus.”—Eugene Lawrence Anteros. —By the author of “Guy Livingstone,” “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” “Extracts from the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed,” “Anne Furness,”—By the author of “Mabel's Progress,” “Aunt Margaret's Trouble,” “Veronica,” etc. “Six-and-Thirty.”—From the German, by C. C. Sheekford. “Our Harbor Defenses.”—T. B. Thorpe. “From My Childhood's Day.”—From the German, of Ruckert, by S. S. Conant. “Editor's Easy Chair.”—“Editor's Literary Record.”—“Editor's Scientific Record.”—“Editor's Historical Record.”—“Editor's Drawer.”

—From Thurlow Weed's reminiscences of “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” we make this extract:— One evening, after our rubber, I said to the General, “There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper.” The General, smiling up, and said in his emphatic manner, “Sir, if you are in doubt of asking an improper question, I said, ‘You are very kind, but if my inquiry is indiscreet, I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered.’” “I hear you, sir,” he replied. “Well, then, General, did anything remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?” After a brief but impressive silence, he said, “Yes, sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now, for the third time in my life, relate the story.”

“The 4th day of July, 1811, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riall from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched, I observed a flag, borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my manœuvre. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the same morning, the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a side-table; by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side and red-coats approaching on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, ‘General, we are betrayed!’ Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, ‘Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,’ and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my captives, I sprang outnipped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety. “I felt so much shame and mortification at having so nearly fallen into a trap, that I could scarcely fix my mind upon the duties which now demanded my undivided attention. I knew that I had committed a great indiscretion in accepting that singular invitation, and that if any disaster resulted from it I richly deserved both to lose my commission and my character. I constantly found myself wondering whether the lady really intended to betray us, or whether we had been accidentally observed. The question would recur even amid the excitement of battle. Fortunately my presence and services in the field were not required until General Porter and Ripley had been engaged at intervals for several hours; so that when my brigade, with Towson's artillery, were ordered to cross Street's creek, my nerves and confidence had become measurably quieted and restored. I need not describe the battle of Chippewa. That belongs to and is a part of the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the close of the day we were masters of the position, and that our arms were in no way discredited. The British army had fallen back, leaving their wounded in our possession. The mansion which I had visited in the morning was the largest house near, and to that the wounded officers in both armies were carried for surgical treatment. As soon as I could leave the field I went over to look after my wounded. I found the English officers lying on the first floor, and our own on the floor above. I saw in the lower room the young lady whom I met in the morning at the breakfast table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood. She had been attending to the British wounded. On the second floor, just as I was turning into the room where our officers were, I met my hostess. “One glance at her was quite sufficient to answer the question which I had been asking myself all day. She had intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid rising for his handkerchief saved us from capture. “Years afterwards, in reflecting upon this incident, I was led to doubt whether I had not misconstrued her startled manner as I suddenly encountered her. That unexpected meeting would have occasioned embarrassment in either contingency; and it is so difficult to believe a lady of cultivation and refinement capable of such an act, that I am now, nearly half a century after the event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of that doubt. “And now, sir,” added the General, “this is the third time in my life I have told this story. I do not remember to have been spoken to before on the subject for many years. He looked at me, and seemed to be considering with himself a few moments, and then said—‘Remembering your intimacy with General Worth, I need not inquire how you came to a knowledge of our secret.’ “‘Well, General,’ I replied, ‘I have kept the secret faithfully for more than forty years, always hoping to obtain your own version of what struck me as a most remarkable incident in your military life.’”

her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the same morning, the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a side-table; by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side and red-coats approaching on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, ‘General, we are betrayed!’ Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, ‘Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,’ and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my captives, I sprang outnipped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

When glycerine was about thirty years old, that is in 1847, an Italian named Sobrero opened a new career for it. Its composition was found to be a triatomic alcohol, and it was capable of forming what are called substitution compounds. When allowed slowly to trickle into a mixture of equal measures of nitric acid and oil of vitriol, at a low temperature, two atoms of its hydrogen are replaced by two atoms of protoxide of nitrogen, and there results a heavy oily liquid known as nitro-glycerine, a body which has more than ten times the explosive power of gunpowder. It has come into extensive use for blasting, and the number of terrible accidents that have happened from it by explosion from mere friction illustrates not only the tremendous forces that can be stored up in the shape of atomic tensions, but how exquisite is the balance by which such terrible agencies are kept in equilibrium.

How to make nitro-glycerine safe was the problem proposed by Nobel, a Swedish mining engineer, and his success has been as wonderful as the subject he experimented with. He found that by mixing it with ten per cent. of wood spirit it was rendered perfectly harmless, and could be thus safely transported. Before it can be used the wood spirit requires to be separated, which is easily done; but this, of course, reconverts the nitro-glycerine into the original state, when it is as dangerous as ever. But Nobel discovered that by mixing with it twenty-five per cent. of very fine sand, a brownish-looking powder results, which behaves in a way remarkably different from the nitro-glycerine. When ignited it burns without explosion; if struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without inflaming the rest. A case of eight pounds placed on a brick fire was consumed without noise or shock; a similar case flung from a height of sixty-five feet on a rock did not explode, while a weight of two hundred pounds falling twenty feet upon a mass of it smashed the box which held it, but without explosion. It may, however, be effectually fired by the use of fulminate of silver, such as is used in percussion caps, while the fulminate may be ignited by a slow match or the electric spark. This compound is known as dynamite.

The March number of Harper's Magazine has the following list of articles:— “The American Baron,” Chapters V.—VIII. By the author of “The Dodge Club,” “The Cryptogram,” etc. With seven illustrations. “Pictures of Ireland.”—Junius Henri Browne. With twelve illustrations. “Gottage and Hall.”—Alice Cary. “Along the Florida Reef.”—(Second paper.)—Dr. J. B. Holder. With thirteen illustrations. “Sisiteria.”—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. “An Examination of the Claims of Columbus.”—(Second paper.)—Rev. M. Maury. “Wed in the Morning—Dead at Night (continued).”—C. Welsh Mason. With one illustration. “A Day in Castle Garden.”—Louis Bagger. With ten illustrations. “Frederick the Great.”—XVI. The Seven Years War (continued.) With five illustrations. “An Affair on a Tombstone.”—Katherine G. Ware. “The Magic Mirror.”—Anonymous. “Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus.”—Eugene Lawrence Anteros. —By the author of “Guy Livingstone,” “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” “Extracts from the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed,” “Anne Furness,”—By the author of “Mabel's Progress,” “Aunt Margaret's Trouble,” “Veronica,” etc. “Six-and-Thirty.”—From the German, by C. C. Sheekford. “Our Harbor Defenses.”—T. B. Thorpe. “From My Childhood's Day.”—From the German, of Ruckert, by S. S. Conant. “Editor's Easy Chair.”—“Editor's Literary Record.”—“Editor's Scientific Record.”—“Editor's Historical Record.”—“Editor's Drawer.”

“HARPER’S.”

The March number of Harper's Magazine has the following list of articles:— “The American Baron,” Chapters V.—VIII. By the author of “The Dodge Club,” “The Cryptogram,” etc. With seven illustrations. “Pictures of Ireland.”—Junius Henri Browne. With twelve illustrations. “Gottage and Hall.”—Alice Cary. “Along the Florida Reef.”—(Second paper.)—Dr. J. B. Holder. With thirteen illustrations. “Sisiteria.”—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. “An Examination of the Claims of Columbus.”—(Second paper.)—Rev. M. Maury. “Wed in the Morning—Dead at Night (continued).”—C. Welsh Mason. With one illustration. “A Day in Castle Garden.”—Louis Bagger. With ten illustrations. “Frederick the Great.”—XVI. The Seven Years War (continued.) With five illustrations. “An Affair on a Tombstone.”—Katherine G. Ware. “The Magic Mirror.”—Anonymous. “Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus.”—Eugene Lawrence Anteros. —By the author of “Guy Livingstone,” “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” “Extracts from the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed,” “Anne Furness,”—By the author of “Mabel's Progress,” “Aunt Margaret's Trouble,” “Veronica,” etc. “Six-and-Thirty.”—From the German, by C. C. Sheekford. “Our Harbor Defenses.”—T. B. Thorpe. “From My Childhood's Day.”—From the German, of Ruckert, by S. S. Conant. “Editor's Easy Chair.”—“Editor's Literary Record.”—“Editor's Scientific Record.”—“Editor's Historical Record.”—“Editor's Drawer.”

—From Thurlow Weed's reminiscences of “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” we make this extract:— One evening, after our rubber, I said to the General, “There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper.” The General, smiling up, and said in his emphatic manner, “Sir, if you are in doubt of asking an improper question, I said, ‘You are very kind, but if my inquiry is indiscreet, I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered.’” “I hear you, sir,” he replied. “Well, then, General, did anything remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?” After a brief but impressive silence, he said, “Yes, sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now, for the third time in my life, relate the story.”

“The 4th day of July, 1811, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riall from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched, I observed a flag, borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my manœuvre. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the same morning, the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a side-table; by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side and red-coats approaching on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, ‘General, we are betrayed!’ Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, ‘Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,’ and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my captives, I sprang outnipped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

“THE GALAXY.”

The March number of The Galaxy contains the following articles:— “Lady Judith, a Tale of Two Continents,” Chapters XVI and XVII; by Justin McCarthy; “Death in Two Forms,” by Julia Ward Howe; “One-Legged Men,” “About Bears,” by Donn Platt; “The Higher Education in

her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the same morning, the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a side-table; by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side and red-coats approaching on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, ‘General, we are betrayed!’ Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, ‘Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,’ and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my captives, I sprang outnipped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

When glycerine was about thirty years old, that is in 1847, an Italian named Sobrero opened a new career for it. Its composition was found to be a triatomic alcohol, and it was capable of forming what are called substitution compounds. When allowed slowly to trickle into a mixture of equal measures of nitric acid and oil of vitriol, at a low temperature, two atoms of its hydrogen are replaced by two atoms of protoxide of nitrogen, and there results a heavy oily liquid known as nitro-glycerine, a body which has more than ten times the explosive power of gunpowder. It has come into extensive use for blasting, and the number of terrible accidents that have happened from it by explosion from mere friction illustrates not only the tremendous forces that can be stored up in the shape of atomic tensions, but how exquisite is the balance by which such terrible agencies are kept in equilibrium.

How to make nitro-glycerine safe was the problem proposed by Nobel, a Swedish mining engineer, and his success has been as wonderful as the subject he experimented with. He found that by mixing it with ten per cent. of wood spirit it was rendered perfectly harmless, and could be thus safely transported. Before it can be used the wood spirit requires to be separated, which is easily done; but this, of course, reconverts the nitro-glycerine into the original state, when it is as dangerous as ever. But Nobel discovered that by mixing with it twenty-five per cent. of very fine sand, a brownish-looking powder results, which behaves in a way remarkably different from the nitro-glycerine. When ignited it burns without explosion; if struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without inflaming the rest. A case of eight pounds placed on a brick fire was consumed without noise or shock; a similar case flung from a height of sixty-five feet on a rock did not explode, while a weight of two hundred pounds falling twenty feet upon a mass of it smashed the box which held it, but without explosion. It may, however, be effectually fired by the use of fulminate of silver, such as is used in percussion caps, while the fulminate may be ignited by a slow match or the electric spark. This compound is known as dynamite.

The March number of Harper's Magazine has the following list of articles:— “The American Baron,” Chapters V.—VIII. By the author of “The Dodge Club,” “The Cryptogram,” etc. With seven illustrations. “Pictures of Ireland.”—Junius Henri Browne. With twelve illustrations. “Gottage and Hall.”—Alice Cary. “Along the Florida Reef.”—(Second paper.)—Dr. J. B. Holder. With thirteen illustrations. “Sisiteria.”—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. “An Examination of the Claims of Columbus.”—(Second paper.)—Rev. M. Maury. “Wed in the Morning—Dead at Night (continued).”—C. Welsh Mason. With one illustration. “A Day in Castle Garden.”—Louis Bagger. With ten illustrations. “Frederick the Great.”—XVI. The Seven Years War (continued.) With five illustrations. “An Affair on a Tombstone.”—Katherine G. Ware. “The Magic Mirror.”—Anonymous. “Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus.”—Eugene Lawrence Anteros. —By the author of “Guy Livingstone,” “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” “Extracts from the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed,” “Anne Furness,”—By the author of “Mabel's Progress,” “Aunt Margaret's Trouble,” “Veronica,” etc. “Six-and-Thirty.”—From the German, by C. C. Sheekford. “Our Harbor Defenses.”—T. B. Thorpe. “From My Childhood's Day.”—From the German, of Ruckert, by S. S. Conant. “Editor's Easy Chair.”—“Editor's Literary Record.”—“Editor's Scientific Record.”—“Editor's Historical Record.”—“Editor's Drawer.”

“HARPER’S.”

The March number of Harper's Magazine has the following list of articles:— “The American Baron,” Chapters V.—VIII. By the author of “The Dodge Club,” “The Cryptogram,” etc. With seven illustrations. “Pictures of Ireland.”—Junius Henri Browne. With twelve illustrations. “Gottage and Hall.”—Alice Cary. “Along the Florida Reef.”—(Second paper.)—Dr. J. B. Holder. With thirteen illustrations. “Sisiteria.”—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. “An Examination of the Claims of Columbus.”—(Second paper.)—Rev. M. Maury. “Wed in the Morning—Dead at Night (continued).”—C. Welsh Mason. With one illustration. “A Day in Castle Garden.”—Louis Bagger. With ten illustrations. “Frederick the Great.”—XVI. The Seven Years War (continued.) With five illustrations. “An Affair on a Tombstone.”—Katherine G. Ware. “The Magic Mirror.”—Anonymous. “Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus.”—Eugene Lawrence Anteros. —By the author of “Guy Livingstone,” “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” “Extracts from the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed,” “Anne Furness,”—By the author of “Mabel's Progress,” “Aunt Margaret's Trouble,” “Veronica,” etc. “Six-and-Thirty.”—From the German, by C. C. Sheekford. “Our Harbor Defenses.”—T. B. Thorpe. “From My Childhood's Day.”—From the German, of Ruckert, by S. S. Conant. “Editor's Easy Chair.”—“Editor's Literary Record.”—“Editor's Scientific Record.”—“Editor's Historical Record.”—“Editor's Drawer.”

—From Thurlow Weed's reminiscences of “Lieutenant-General Windfield Scott,” we make this extract:— One evening, after our rubber, I said to the General, “There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper.” The General, smiling up, and said in his emphatic manner, “Sir, if you are in doubt of asking an improper question, I said, ‘You are very kind, but if my inquiry is indiscreet, I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered.’” “I hear you, sir,” he replied. “Well, then, General, did anything remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?” After a brief but impressive silence, he said, “Yes, sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now, for the third time in my life, relate the story.”

“The 4th day of July, 1811, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riall from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched, I observed a flag, borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my manœuvre. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the same morning, the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a side-table; by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side and red-coats approaching on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, ‘General, we are betrayed!’ Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, ‘Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,’ and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my captives, I sprang outnipped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

“THE GALAXY.”

The March number of The Galaxy contains the following articles:— “Lady Judith, a Tale of Two Continents,” Chapters XVI and XVII; by Justin McCarthy; “Death in Two Forms,” by Julia Ward Howe; “One-Legged Men,” “About Bears,” by Donn Platt; “The Higher Education in

DRY GOODS.

1871. BLACK SILKS

“AT THORNLEY’S.” EIGHTH AND SPRING GARDEN STS. Having got through with our annual stock-taking, we now open up a splendid stock of “BLACK SILKS” very much under regular prices, and of most EXCELLENT QUALITY. Good Black Gros Grains for \$1.50. Rich black Gros Grains for \$1.75. Very Rich Beautiful Silks for \$2.00. Heavy Smooth, Soft Finessy Silks, \$2.50. Sublime Quality Rich Lyons Silks, \$3.00. Superb Black Silks, Queenly, \$3.50. Most Magnificent Black Silks for \$4.00.

Best Kid Gloves.

Every pair of which we warrant, and if through any mishap they rip or tear in putting on, we at once give another pair instead.

JOSEPH H. THORNLEY, NORTHEAST CORNER OF EIGHTH AND SPRING GARDEN STS., 23 NORTH PHILADELPHIA. Established in 1853.

727 CHESTNUT STREET, 727 POPULAR PRICES FOR DRY GOODS. STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

ALEXANDER RICKEY, FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

9 10th No. 797 CHESTNUT Street.

THE UNION FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

OVER FIVE MILLIONS (\$5,000,000) OF DOLLARS WORTH OF PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES HAS ACTUALLY BEEN SAVED BY THE EXTINGUISHER.

Within the past three years; while in Philadelphia alone twenty-five fires, endangering property to the extent of HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, have been extinguished during the past year by the same means. Our Machine is the IMPROVED CARBONIC ACID GAS FIRE EXTINGUISHER, and is indorsed and used by Mr. Baird & Co., Henry Diston & Son, Benjamin Bullock & Sons, Morris, Tasker & Co., John Wood & Co., Lacey & Phillips, Bromley Brothers, S. J. Solms, Charles Eneit, Johnson & Co., Rimbey & Madeira, Francis Perot & Sons, George W. Childs, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia and Boston Steamship Company, Philadelphia and Northern Steamship Company, and many other of our leading business men and corporations.

CAUTION.—All parties in this community are warned against buying or selling “Extinguishers” except those purchased from us or our agents, under penalty of immediate prosecution for infringement of our rights. Our prices have been reduced, and the Machine is now within the reach of every property holder. N. B.—One style made especially for private residences.

Union Fire Extinguisher Company OFFICE, 118 MARKET STREET.

100 DOZEN Gents' Kid Gloves, Of our own Importation.

WHITE Opera or Party Colors, and Street Colors at \$1.50 per pair. 150 dozen Ladies' Opera Kid Gloves, \$1.00. 150 dozen Ladies' White Kid Gloves, \$1 and \$1.25. Soft Kid Gloves, 75 cents. 75 dozen Ladies' Full Regular-made Hose, double heels, at 25 cents. 110 dozen Gents' English Full Regular-made Hair Hose, orange top, only 25 cents. New Hamburg Edgings and Insertings. Shirt Fronts of our own make. Winter Gloves and Underwear closing out at about half-price.

ALFRED G. BAKER, Director. Samuel Grant, William S. Grant, Thomas S. Ellis, Gustavus S. Benson. ALFRED G. BAKER, President. GEORGE FALES, Vice-President. THOMAS G. HAMILTON, Secretary. THEODORE M. REGER, Assistant Secretary.

GREAT KID GLOVE EMPORIUM

A. & J. B. BARTHOLOMEW, 2 & 4th St. No. 23 North EIGHTH Street.

FURNITURE, ETC. HOVER'S PATENT SOFA BED.

H. F. HOVER, 122 1/2 N. 3rd St. PHILADELPHIA.

FURNACES, ETC. ESTABLISHED 1825.

H. J. DEAS & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Warm Air Furnaces AND Cooking Ranges, Portable Heaters, Low Down Grates, Slate Mantels, Bath Boilers, Registers and Ventilators.

No. 111 North SEVENTH St., PHILADELPHIA. 1/2 St. 4th St.

OLD OAKS CEMETERY COMPANY

This Company is prepared to sell lots, clear of encumbrances, on reasonable terms. Purchasers can see plans at the office of the Company.

FINE OLD BRANDY.

JUST IMPORTED FROM Pinet, Castillon & Co., VINTAGE OF 1840.

IN SMALL PACKAGES OF TEN GALLONS. FOR SALE AT A VERY LOW PRICE BY E. BRADFORD CLARKE.

(SUCCESSOR TO SIMON COLTON & CLARKE.) S. W. Corner BROAD and WALNUT, 1 St. 1/2 St. 4th St. PHILADELPHIA.

HOOISERS FOR ANY LOCATION, WORKED BY STEAM, BOIL, and HAND.

GEORGE C. HOWARD, 49 1/2 No. 17 South EIGHTH Street.

INSURANCE.

NORTH AMERICA, Incorporated 1794.

CAPITAL \$500,000 ASSETS January 1, 1871 \$3,050,536 Receipts of Premiums, 70,000,000 \$2,096,154 Interests from Investments, 1870, 187,000 \$2,283,204 Losses paid in 1870 \$1,136,941

STATEMENT OF THE ASSETS.

First Mortgages on Philadelphia City Property	\$234,500
United States Government Bonds	328,203
Pennsylvania State Loans	109,310
Philadelphia City Loans	360,000
New Jersey and other State Loans	160,000
City Bonds	325,510
Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Co., other Railroad Mortgage Bonds and Loans	895,435
Philadelphia Bank and other Stocks	62,488
Cash in Bank	381,043
Loans on Collateral Security	2,145
Notes receivable and Marine Premiums unadjusted	438,420
Accrued Interest and Premiums in course of transmission	63,301
Real estate, Office of the Company	50,000
	\$3,050,536

Certificates of Insurance issued, payable in London at the counting House of Messrs. BR WJW, SHIPLEY & CO.

ARTHUR G. COFFIN, PRESIDENT. CHARLES PLATT, VICE-PRESIDENT. MATHIAS MARIS, Secretary. C. H. REEVE, Assistant Secretary.

Directors: ARTHUR G. COFFIN, FRANCIS R. COPE, SAMUEL W. JONES, EDW. H. TROTTER, JOHN A. BROWN, EDW. S. CLARKE, CHARLES TAYLOR, T. CHARLTON HENRY, AMBROSIO WHITE, ALFRED