THE JULY MAGAZINES.

"HARPER'S."

The July number of *Harper's Magazine*, which has been sent us by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, has the following table of contents:

"The Mont Cenis Railway and Tunnel," A. H. Guernsey, with thirteen illustrations; "Poet and Painter, Miss H. R. Hudson; "The United States Naval Academy," Allan D. Brown, with twelve illustrations; "Along the Florida Reef" (concluded), Dr. J. B. Holder, with seven illustrations; "The Recovery of Jerusalem," Lyman Abbot, with twelve illustrations; "Put-in Bay," William B. Hincks, with four illustrations; "Anteros," by the author of "Guy Livingstone," etc. (concluded); "Music in the Night," Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; "The American Baron," by the author of "The Dodge Club in Italy," "The Cryptogram, etc., with three illustrations; "When this Old Flag was New," R. H. Stoddart, with thirteen illustrations; "The Saddest of all is Loving," Miss Laura Sunderland; "Anne Furness," by the author of "Mabel's Progress," etc.; "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mrs. Nellie Eyster; "The Spectre from Elba," Benson J. Lossing, with five illustrations; "The Story of a Handkerchief," J. W. De Forest; "Climate of the Lake Region," Professor A. Winchell, with four illustrations; "My Two Lime Trees," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" "Queen Louise, of Prussia," Frances Shaw; "Editor's Easy Chair;" "Editor's Literary Record;" "Editor's Scientific Record;" "Editor's Historical Record;" "Editor's Drawer."

—The editor, from his ',Easy Chair," utters some sound doctrine with regard to the "mounting" of plays, which we quote for the benefit of our readers:—

The propriety of the modern manner of "mounting" plays at the theatre with the strictest regard to what is called historical accuracy was the subject of an admirable essay a year or two since by Mr. Richard Grant White, and the splendors of the "revivals" at some of the theatres, and especially at Booth's, constantly suggest the question to those who, sitting in that theatre, await the rising of the curtain. "If Henry the Eighth is to be played" asks Pistol of his companion, "would you see his Majesty enter in Wellington boots and a cocked hat? and Queen Katharine in such a dress as your cousin Kate wears, conquering, every evening? If it is Macbeth or Hamlet, will you have them in our hats and dress-coats? And if not, if you will have their costume such as we know that they wore, why not have the objects around them such as we know that they were? The palace of Henry the Eighth, whose domestic life Goldwin Smith says used to be felicitously described by an old Oxford professor as 'clouded with infelicities,' was not furnished with carpets and Paris upholstery. If, therefore, you will dress him as he was, do the same justice to his house. Let us have persons and scenes as faithfully reproduced as possible."

To this, which is the fair, usual statement of the argument, the friend seems to answer that he would be obliged to Pistol if he would describe the dress of Macbeth and of Hamlet; and if he cannot accurately do so, will he say how important that kind of accuracy probably is if even he can not determine it? Does he think that the other spectators will be troubled by anachronisms and improprieties of detail in representation if he is not? And, if so, is not the reason this—that Macbeth and Hamlet are not figures of history, but of the imagination, and that although the scene is laid in Scotland, it is not the geographical Scotland, the land o' bannocks and barley-meal, but a true fairy-land, like that Shakespearean Bohemia which is washed by the sea? They are denizens of the realm of imagination. Therefore we must discriminate. Dramas that are strictly historical and local must be treated differently. Henry the Eighth, for instance, is a clearly outlined figure in the fancy. His burly person, his cap and feather, his doublet, are parts of his impression upon the mind. The mention of his name recalls them all. Therefore, if the royal Blue-beard should be represented in a summer sack of to-day and trowsers which would have satisfied D'Artois, we should all greet his Majesty with uproarious laughter. And so with Queen Katharine and Richard the Second and Richard the Third. The association of these persons with another time and costume is so universal and absolute that some degree of accuracy in the accessories is indispensable. But even this may go so far as to destroy the real effect of the play.

Thus Bulwer's play of *Richelieu*, which must have been written for Mr. Crummles' renowned tragedian, Folair, it is so full of tedious "gag," was put upon the stage at Booth's Theatre with the utmost study and care. Richelieu's chamber was a reproduction, it is said, of an old room in Rouen, and it may well have been, for in every detail it was admirable. When the curtain rose and discovered 'Richelieu' sitting at his table with his study lamp, the dim light obscurely thrown upon the recess in which was the heavily draped bed, the fire burning in the chimney, and the massive ceiling—these admirably finished details, with the careful costume and withered figure of the Cardinal, made as perfect a picture as could be seen. A series of such would be a unique and delightful entertainment. It was old France, and this was the famous French minister. But when he spoke—! What! did his Eminence speak English in his soliloquies?

Upon which Pistol, of course, explodes, and remarks that such a question is foolish, because, he says, something must be left to the imagination. His friend does not deny it. But he says that if the appeal is to the imagination, that faculty ought to be helped, and not perplexed. Now the inevitable effect of extreme accuracy of detail in the scene is to quicken the sense of accuracy and propriety. If there is a fire visibly burning in the chimney, the fact of the season of the year is forced upon the mind, perhaps rather impertinently, and it expects and demands that every thing shall conform. It is cold weather, and the mind will look out for cold weather every where. So when the architecture and equipment of the room are unequivocally and characteristically French, and every personage and incident mentioned are French, and the mind, like a stage with a scene, is "set" with France, it is shocked by hearing a Frenchman soliloquizing in English. And the same involuntary logic inevitably carries us further.

We descend from Richelieu's chamber into the street. We stand at the foot of a spacious flight of steps which ascend to the royal palace. The king and his courtiers appear, and presently the Lord Cardinal. There is expostulation, recrimination, and finally "the curse of Rome" is threatened, and the faithful drop reverently to their knees. What do they kneel upon? It is the street of Paris. But the pavement is transfigured Nicolson. It is smooth and clean as a floor. It is no street at all. Pistol again goes off, and demands common sense. To which his friend can only reply that the theory of the representation absolutely requires completeness and symmetry. If the chamber of Cardinal Richelieu in his house in Paris faithfully represented to the least characteristic detail, and the observation has become so sensitive, surely it is absurd to destroy the illusion by emerging from the finished chamber upon a pavement which is no pavement. If you wish the imagination to transform the boards of the stage into a street, it can do it; but it can just as easily transform a few hints of scenery into the Cardinal's room; and, indeed, if you leave it to do that, it will do the other much more readily. Besides, if the imagination is equally active in both scenes, the effect of the whole will be proportional and satisfactory, as it cannot possibly be now.

And there is another obvious consequence of the system of this exquisite accuracy in detail. The last scene in *Richelieu* is a spacious *salon* in the palace. It is admirably done. It is truly French, and as the scene opens you are in royal France itself. It is the finest picture, as in the scene of the Cardinal's chamber. Suddenly into this royal *salon* enter a group of persons, estimable, the spectator is fain to believe, to the last degree, but not in the least royal or courtly. Certainly no sport shall be made here of honest gentlemen honestly earning a living; but the difficulty and danger are as with the Cardinal's familiarity with the English language, and as with the board pavements; or, indeed, they may be not a street but the royal gardens, for boards are as much earth as stone, and the obedient imagination will follow either hint. The fact is that if the scenery exactly represents a royal palace, the actors must exactly represent royal personages, or the impression sought will be lost. Indeed, the principle of this theory of mounting plays is not that they are representations so much as reproductions. And the peril is as in the kindred art of painting. If a tin platter in a picture is painted with such skill of imitation that you wish to thump it, it is certainly a defect, because the other parts cannot be brought to the same perfection.

So while in historical plays there must be a certain regard for propriety of detail, it must not be excessive; it must not seek absolute accuracy, or the harmony, which is essential to reality of effect, will be lost. And this modern method of perfect detail cannot wisely be applied to purely imaginative plays, such as *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. They are not of Britain and Scotland and Denmark, nor of any particular century—they are of the world of imagination. One of the most laughable of comedies was the performance of Verdi's opera of *Macbetto* in Florence, when the persons of the drama appeared in tartans and bare legs. The ludicrous effort at reality instantly destroyed the illusion. It would not be safe, indeed, for an actor to come upon the stage as "Hamlet" in the costume of a New York gentleman of to-day; and for the same reason, but the same reason only, that we do not wish to see our friends masquerading in the costume of other times—that is, because we do not wish our attention diverted from the man to his clothes.

An English critic has recently published some extracts from the correspondence of a German gentleman in England a hundred years ago, which are full of shrewdness and ingenuity, and which give us most vivid glimpses of the acting of Garrick. It seems that even then, although, as we know, Garrick played "Hamlet" in a laced coat and tie-wig—the ordinary French full dress of his time—it was a practice which was severely criticized as an anachronism and solecism in costume. But the German gentleman—Mr. Lichtenberg—although he says that he often heard Garrick's taste in the matter blamed, it was never at the time, never during the *entr'acte*, nor at supper, nor just after the play, but when the spell was dissolved, and the mind began to speculate. He says that, of course, Garrick, who had an ample collection of all kinds of costumes, must have had good reasons for his choice, and, like a true German philosopher, he proceeds to prove whether he can enter into the "interior consciousness" of the actor so as to understand the reason.

He finds it in the instinctive perception of a great actor that for the best effect of the play the spectator's seeing and feeling must be identical; and, therefore, that "whenever a familiar and customary costume can be worn upon the stage without offending the susceptible majesty of our erudition, it is the best and the fittest for the actor's purpose." Then he says, with the acuteness of Teufelsdroch, that to the sense of his time the French coat has become a second skin. "It is a coat with a physiognomy. There is significance in its slightest wrinkles, and every crease and fold of it have human expression." And then follows a passage which is the very transcendentalism of the clothes philosophy, and which is also a delightful glimpse of Garrick.

"There is a scene of *Hamlet*," says Mr. Lichtenberg, "which I described in a former letter. In that scene Garrick speaks with his back to the audience. The effect of his utterance depends chiefly upon that of his attitude. You can't see his countenance; you can only see his coat. But the coat is familiar to us, and experience has enabled us to attach, instinctively, particular meanings to particular changes in the appearance of it. At the moment I am speaking of there was a diagonal crease across the back of this coat from the shoulder to the hip, which unmistakably indicated the effort made by its wearer to repress some strong emotion. When I saw that crease in his coat I saw almost as much of the inner workings of the man's mind as the face of him could have shown me had it been visible. Suppose now that Hamlet' 'inky coat' had been cut according to antiquarian prescription, what should I have seen in the crease of it? Nothing intelligible. An actor who has a good figure—and every tragic actor ought to have a good figure—cannot but lose effect by acting in a costume which strikingly differs from the dress in which our eye is helped by habit to distinguish, to a straw's breadth, the too much and too little. Let me explain: I am not asking Julius Cæsar and the English Henrys and Richards to appear upon the stage in the uniform of the Life Guards. The general public has picked up, either at school or from coins and popular prints, quite enough antiquarian knowledge to understand and appreciate, when it sees them on the stage, a great number of costumes which it sees nowhere else. All I mean is that whensoever and wheresoever the antiquary is still dormant in the brain of the public, the actor, if he rightly understands his art, will be the last person to awaken him. * * I think that Mr. Garrick has wisely foregone the small personal satisfaction of a few commonplace eulogiums on his antiquarian accuracy, in order to achieve and hold fast the conquest of a thousand hearts."

Whether Mr. Lichtenberg speaks for himself or for Mr. Lytton, who introduces him, the two gentlemen together contribute a great deal of humor and shrewdness to the discussion of the question.

"THE GALAXY."

The contents of the July number of the *Galaxy* are as follows:—

"Lady Judith, a Tale of Two Continents," chapters xxix, xxv, and xxvi, by Justin McCarthy; "Abbaye aux Dames," by Mrs. Mary B. Dodge; "Republicanism in England," by Justin McCarthy; "Through a Window," by Louise Chandler Moulton; "Overland," chapter xl to end, by J. W. De Forest; "The Nether Side of New York," VI—Faro Gambling, by Edward Crapsey; "Conscience," by Marian Douglass; "The Dutch at Home," by Albert Rhodes; "Half an Hour," by Nora Perry; "Ought We to Visit Her?" chapters xx, xxi, xxii, and xxiii, by Mrs. Edwards; "Edinburgh and its Surroundings," by M. E. W. S.; "The Man I Did Not Marry;" "The Kiss," by Charles Sibley; "Recollections of an Old Woman," by E. de M.; "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," by Charles Carroll; "Drift-wood," by Philip Quilibet; "Why is it so?" by F. A. Blaisdell; "Scientific Miscellany;" "Current Literature;" "The Galaxy Club Room;" "The Nebulæ," by the editor.

In the "Galaxy Club Room" we find the following tribute to the memory of "Ben," the Learned Pig:—

THE LEARNED PIG.

I have a turn for swine. I might say that I have a taste for swine. I do not mean a taste for pork, but a liking for the living pig. To put it into plain English, I like the hog. The hog to me is like the fool i' the forest, meat and drink. I study him. I understand him. I am amazed at his ways and am filled with admiration of his sagacity. I was brought up on hog. I had rare opportunities to study his character and appreciate his traits. With due deliberation I assert that for shrewdness of observation, knowledge of character, for thought and memory, your hog excels all the other beasts of the field and forest.

He is selfish. Well, looked at from a certain standpoint, hoggy is selfish. But deprive a man of his hands and tongue; put in him a stomach that will digest Bancroft's "History of the United States," a stomach of great capacity and inordinate demands in the way of appetite; then build up fences, shut the gates and turn loose your dogs, and what will become of a man's generous impulses, etc.? They will go "where the woodbine twineth" over the Erie stock. As it is, with all his advantages, man comes nearer to the hog in this quality than any other animal. As the pig puts at least one foot in the trough while eating, so a man will degrade his possessions in proof of his ownership. This is especially the case with his wife, and would be with his children, but that as they grow older and stronger he grows older and weaker, so the pig mastery predominates in the offspring.

With these tastes and ideas I was walking slowly along Pennsylvania avenue, when I saw the sign of "Learned Pig" done in huge letters upon the side of a house. I read further along that the admission fee was "twenty-five cents—servants, children, ministers of the gospel, and Sunday-schools admitted half price." I brought up a promise to pay issued by our paternal Government to the amount of twenty-five cents, as I did not come under either of the exceptions, and presented it to the guardian of the entrance, who, glancing at me, gave the fractional bit of currency an insulting examination.

"All right," he said, motioning an invitation to enter, and adding apologetically, "No offense, Cap, but counterfeits do gravitate toward scientific swine most amazingly."

The choice language of the doorkeeper impressed me deeply. It was as surprising as the educated hog. Learning had seized upon the concern.

I entered a room that had once been devoted to the sale of intoxicating drinks. It yet retained its counter and its odor. One's nostrils recognized the spirit of departed cocktails and mint-juleps that pervaded the atmosphere, mingling with the vile smell of old cigars. The educated swine was not visible; but certain eminent statesmen, distinguished by their thirst for knowledge, were of the audience. A consumptive young man labored steadily at a hand organ that gave us the air of "Shoo Fly," as if the air of "Shoo Fly" was being jolted over a stumpy corduroy road. In the pauses of this orchestra that came kindly to our relief, we heard certain snores and grunts, indicating that the learned beast of tusks and bristles was reposing from his laborious studies unknown to the audience.

When the room was sufficiently filled, the consumptive orchestra abandoned his post, and going to the door relieved the gentleman who had expressed the sage opinion touching the tendency counterfeit currency had to gravitate to the learned swine. This taker-in of dimes and curious people proceeded in a business-like manner to the counter, and rapping on the side ordered the educated pork, under the name of "Ben," to come forth. A grunt of recognition was the only response. A louder rap and a more imperative order brought a series of grunts, that to those acquainted with hog language meant a remonstrance; whereupon the lecturer reached under and administered certain blows that brought out a squeal and the learned shote. He was of the species known at the West as "saw-back," and described in the language of that region as "slab-sided, long-snouted, and spindled-legged;" of the sort to break a man's heart, if that heart was bent upon adding some adipose to the bone and muscle, so as to bring out the pork in merchantable quantities.

He had, however, an intellectual expression of face, and it was really comical to see the poor animal snapping his jaws together with that emphasis peculiar to an indignant porker, and all the while eyeing from under his lop-ears the holder of the rattan.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the exhibitor, "this animal is the most intelligent and the best edicated hog in the world. There be some pigs on exhibit that pretend to be edicated pigs, and I don't deny that such creatures have claims; but edication, ladies and gentlemen, to be wonderful, must have a sound basis—an S. B. Now what do I mean by S. B.? I mean mind—I mean brain. Without the S. B. what's a man, let alone a hog? Why, he's an edicated ass. This hog, ladies and gentlemen, has mind—he has edicated mind. He can tell the time of day. He can play poker equal to any Congressman. He can tell the age of an individual, so as to please the ladies and astonish the gentlemen. And don't he know liquor? Well, may be he don't. But just try him, that's all; and if you don't find him drunk as a senator, why constipate my digestion, that's all. Now, Ben, wide awake, old fellow; eyes of Delaware and my stick are on you; astonish these intellectual encyclopædias of homogeneous locomotion."

This amazing use of heavy English evidently impressed Ben with the belief that his exhibitor was swearing violently, and he set about his tasks with a cheerful alacrity that was manifested by a continuous twisting and untwisting of his caudal appendage, accompanied by a series of grunts that told of his anxiety. He gave us the time with accuracy, and as for ages, Ben's education was perfect. He invariably flattered the ladies by reporting their years to be about half the number nature had allowed them, while the men were made so old that the sting was removed in the absurdity. His games of poker and old sledge brought down the house, they were so dexterous and perfect.

After the audience had retired, I yet lingered upon the threshold. I was loth to leave a specimen of hog so entertaining as this Ben. To learn something more, I approached the odd specimen of humanity, and earnestly invited him to a little refreshment at Harvey's. Consenting, we were soon seated, and I led him over his lager and oysters to the subject we were both so interested in. I have had in my time all sorts of table-talk, from horses to wines; but for the first time had a full dish of hog talk.

"Now, my dear sir," I said, leaning over confidentially, with my face braced between my two hands and my elbows planted on the table, "how under heaven do you manage to instruct a hog?"

"Easy enough, Cap, when you once get the hang of it."

"And how?"

"The hang of it lies in the feed. The road to a hog's intellect lies through his stomach. A low diet with high culture is my motto."

"And how did you make this wonderful discovery?"

"Easy enough. I had a cousin in the show business, and he used to tell me how they edicated the animals. The first thing, Cousin Jake said, was to get your animal that had a turn for things naturally smart, you know. Well, I turned that over in my mind, for I was bound to make a raise. The old farm had run under until it looked like a widow's well. While I was thinking about it, I observed that hog. He was the cunningest hog ever set on hoofs. He belonged to an old nigger, and had an eye to cultivating our farm. Ef there was a hole, he'd find it; and ef there was no hole, he'd make it; and ef he couldn't climb an ordinary fence or histe a gate, no hog could. His only enemy was Uncle Sammy's dog 'Camomile.' And here's where the surprising part comes in. Every Saturday Uncle Sammy went off to town and got drunk, and he was pretty sure not to turn up before Monday night; and that dog Camomile went along to take care of the old man. When the old man got into a fight on the ordinance of '87—he was infernal ugly on them ordinances when half tight—Camomile, who didn't care a cuss for the ordinances, but did for Uncle Sammy, went for the seat of the enemy's breeches. But that's neither here nor there. I observed that the hog was very attentive to our farm on them days, and I took to watching him. I'll be hanged ef that hog hadn't the run of the week good as a human, and that dog Camomile wouldn't be fairly out of sight afore Ben 'd turn up, and come in spite of Providence. One day I caught him a-waiting under the bush in the cross-roads, on a rise where he could see both ways, a-watching; and when Camomile and old Sammy were fairly out of sight he gave a grunt and set out on a trot for our farm. And he talked to himself all the way.

"I went for that hog. That intellectual beast took me. I bought him of his proprietor, the colored citizen, for a jug of old rye, and then I set about his edication. I fastened him up in a box and gave him not a ration for twenty-four hours. You ought to have heard that hog remonstrate at the end of that probation. I began with the alphabet and figures. It was mighty slow at first. I really thought that swine would have died at college. But as soon as he got the hang of it, and knew what I was a-driving at, he did pick up amazingly, I tell you. I used to give him stick corn and the rithermatick six hours a day."

"And you have done well with him?"

"Haven't I? That hog Ben has lifted a mortgage, built a new barn, repaired the old house, and put our farm under fence, so as to be hog-proof, I tell you."

"You'll make your fortune out of him."

"No, Cap. The intellectual process is too much for hog natur. He is in a decline. The brain-work's too much for Ben. You see it ain't their natur. In another year he'll have passed away among the enlightened beasts of the past."

"Why don't you turn him out to recruit?"

"Can't do it; tried, but can't. All the natural old hog sense has been edicated out of that beast. He has such a hankering for intellectual pursuits that he can't thrive. No! that hog's a goner—more's the pity."

And a tear rolled down the nose of the professor. Whether this came from lager or love, or a loss of profit, I could not determine.

—The July number of *Godey's Lady's Book* has a steel-plate frontispiece, a double-page fashion plate, and other illustrations, with an attractive variety of reading matter which will be appreciated by the fair sex.

—*The Lady's Friend* for June is finely illustrated, and contains numerous examples of the latest fashions in feminine attire. Its literary contents are up to the usual mark of excellence.

—From the Central News Company we have received the latest number of *London Society*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, *Punch*, and *Fun*.

—From W. S. Turner we have received the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, and the following also:—

Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine contains a number of entertaining stories, sketches, and poems by popular writers, full descriptions of the latest fashions, information about household matters, etc. It is illustrated in attractive style.

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OFFICE OF BOILER INSPECTION DEPARTMENT, No. 119 S. FOURTH Street.
At a special meeting of the Committee of Select and Common Councils on Steam Engine and Boiler Inspection, the inspector was instructed to call the attention of Boiler Owners and Users to Section 4 of the Act of Assembly, approved May 17, 1864, which says:—
"If any person shall, on or after the first Monday of July next, maintain or keep in use or operation any stationary steam engine or boiler within the said city of Philadelphia, without having first received a certificate that the same has been found to be safe and competent, as is hereinbefore provided, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction in the Court of Quarter Sessions for said county shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding five thousand ($5000) dollars and to undergo imprisonment in the jail of said county, either with or without labor, as the Court may direct, for a term not exceeding two (2) years."
The act approved July 7, 1869, with reference to insured boilers requires the indorsement of this Department, in order to exempt the owners or users from city inspection.
WILLIAM W. BURNELL,
Chairman of Steam Engines and Boilers.
T. J. LOVEGROVE,
Inspector.
Philadelphia, June 5, 1871. 6 6

J. T. EASTON. M'MAHON.
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