

THE JULY MAGAZINES.

"Lippincott's." The contents of the July number of Lippincott's Magazine are as follows:—"Independence Hall," a poem, illustrated, by Hester A. Benedict; "Baltimore Beauty," by J. W. Palmer; "Robert Chambers," by James Grant Wilson; "Vernal Pictures," a sonnet, by Paul H. Hayne; "A Province Rose," part II, a novel, (continued), by "Ouida"; "The Settlement of Maryland," by Edward C. Bruce; "Jim Wagman of Wagman's Lode," a Western sketch, by David G. Adee; "Student Rambles in Prussia," part III, by Stephen Powers; "Frightened to Death," a story, by Margaret Hosmer; "Public Libraries," by Edward C. Howland; "Ab Initio," a poem, by George H. Baker; "Wild Ireland," part IV, by B. Donaband; "Our Monthly Gossip," an unpublished Letter to John Quincy Adams, giving conversations with Madame de Stael, a visit to the battle-field of Sedan, letter from Rome, etc.; "Literature of the Day"; "Serialized Supplement," "Bookstone," part V, by Katharine S. Macquinn.

Mr. David G. Adee's sketch is in the Bret Harte vein. "Jim Wagman of Wagman's Lode" is no cleverer than we give it credit for. The country for many miles about Penny Creek is wild and waste for such a fertile State as Nevada. Great ledges of rock and boulders, jagged and broken in form, are strewn about as if Dame Nature had spurned them from her lap as refuse material which she disdained to mould into shapeliness. Veins of silver and copper were generally supposed to line this region, and adventurous miners, some from the great cities of our land, sought a refuge in that thinly-settled locality from many of the ills that flesh is heir to in densely populated districts. At this place, in 1833, Jim Wagman of New Jersey flung down his knapsack, proclaimed, at the point of his revolver, the surrounding area of many acres to be his "lode," as was the wont of that class of adventurers, and proposed, in his own words, "to strike it." There Jim stayed and had it all his own way for a month, when his provender gave out and his whisky-keg fell empty. He also began to grow sick of solitude, and sighed for the happiness and solace incident to wedlock. Nobody had molested him; he had spoken to no living soul. All was serene. Mad with the contagious lode on the left, Pete Mott, a farmer, the next nearest neighbor, salting, scorning all lodes as "frands," kept a hotel two miles away, up the Long Saw road, and "entertained" the neighboring miners. Jim had behaved so severely when he first arrived that he well knew any chance of obtaining supplies from his male neighbors was out of the question. So, with a squirt of the juice into the big hole he had dug in the earth, he made up his mind to try his hand with the old girl for a double purpose—to replenish his larder and feel his way into the sacred bonds of matrimony, or such substitute therefor as was then customary in that particular section of the Union.

"Curse it!" said he, "a man must have foder and females, or git." Whether the "gitting" referred to consisted in forsaking that portion of the country or abruptly departing this life is unknown. But Jim proceeded to get himself up to call on Sal Scriber. Out of his "chisp" he raked a clean red flannel shirt, a pair of blue overalls, and a glazed cap—also a Colt, a bowie stamped "San Fran.," and a leather wallet. Having flung these into the dog-out and hauled on his jackboots, he took a dry wash, "dressed," ripped out a farewell oath and started. Sal Scriber's hotel was a broad-bull cabin of wood, unpainted and uncleanly, standing on the right bank of Penny creek, and guarded by an unequivocal animal with short horns and a deep bass voice. Sal Scriber's black Durham was a notorious character in those parts, having nearly gored to death two men, a mule, and a hog within a week of his arrival. Sal Scriber herself was a diminutive creature, broad as tall, muscular and fearless, and of a swart but not unexpressing countenance. Her history she related and bawled modestly about alluding to which reticence the miners duly respected and attributed to motives of female delicacy. In a free fight Sal was quite at home, and for profanity and vulgarity hadn't her equal in Crawford county; which it is taking a great deal upon one's self to say. It was on a "ceat'ar Saturday night" that Jim Wagman stopped at the door of Sal Scriber's hotel. Darkness was rendered visible by a fallow dip which spluttered in the window, and a noisy chorus of harsh, gruff voices came from inside, as if painfully struggling with the weighty burden of a song. Jim kicked loudly with his boot when the song suddenly ceased, and a shrill tone rang out on the night air. "Do you want to knock that door into flinders, darn ye?"

"I only want to get in, mum," replied Jim, politely. "Then, why in—don't ye?" It just occurred to Jim that the door might not be locked; so he hoisted a heavy iron latch and pushed his way into the single apartment of which the hotel consisted. "Good evening, mum," said Jim, addressing the hostess in order to effect a favorable impression in that quarter at the earliest available moment. "Good be—" rejoined that lady; "it's goin' to rain afore long, if it ain't rainin' now."

There was a table in the middle of the room with bottles and cards upon it, about which was gathered a rugged group of sun-burned, tawny, bearded men, with pipes in their mouths and glasses in their hands, and a mad, malevolent scowl on their ugly faces at sight of the stranger. In a corner of the hearth, on which burned an arduous of fagots (that heartstones so familiarly known as the "ingleside" in sunny Scotland), sat Sal Scriber in person, warping her knees and knitting up the heel of a woollen stocking. Receiving no invitation to take a seat, Jim dropped himself plump into one of his own accord, saying, "I believe I'll take a cheer, for he thought he'd be easy and comfortable at first in order to conciliate the fair object (theoretically) of his designs. And Sal Scriber was evidently softening, pleased by this unusual deference, for she half turned toward him and answered, "Sit away, I guess I know how to keep a hotel." So marked a condescension seemed to anger the man, for they seemed harder than ever, and one broke out, "If any damned skunk says as yer can't, I'll lallop him, that's all."

The miners, with one exception—that of the angry speaker—were mollified and silently acquiesced. "Perhaps," said Jim, when the bottle was brought, "if it's not going too fur to ask it, Mrs. Scriber will likewise jine in a smile."

wood contained a seething, fermenting mass of immortal beings, devilishly bent upon severing soul from body, and sending it, black with sin, before the Eternal Judge. Suddenly the door was broken through with a loud crash, a mad bellow drowned the uproar of the room, and lashing its sides with fury at the tumult, flinging white froth from its distended nostrils, and pawing up the earthen floor with its hoofs, Sal Scriber's black Durham dashed straight into the centre of the mixed contestants and charged right and left. Catching Mady upon its short, sharp horns, it threw him with all its demonic force against the raftered ceiling, and tossed him again and again as he fell, until the hot fumes of his drunken breath had left his bloated body.

In the height of the scene a dwarfish woman of swarthy hue rushed forward, and seizing Jim Wagman, faint and nearly gone, in her brawny arms as if he had been the merest baby, bore him quickly away from the house and out into the soggy night air, away from death and danger. The hand that let loose the black Durham and drove it with a goad into the surging fray—the hand that saved Jim's life and nursed him afterward as tenderly as a nurse could—the hand that had let Jim Wagman kiss in gratitude and love such rude miners sometimes feel in their strong hearts, and claimed for his own when he grew better—that hand, brown, horny, hand, so scarred and furrowed, belonged and belongs to the present female resident of Wagman's Lode—Sal Scriber, late of Penny Creek Hotel, and joint-owner with Jim Wagman of the famous coal-black Durham so well known throughout Crawford county, Nevada.

"THE ATLANTIC." The Atlantic Monthly for July has the following list of articles:—"How we met John Brown," R. H. Dana, Jr.; "From Generation to Generation," I. Caroline Chesbro; "The Boy and the Brook," Henry W. Longfellow; "Castilian Days," V. John Hay; "Their Wedding Journey," I. W. D. Howells; "The Vision of the Faithful," John G. Saxé; "Can a Bird Reason?" T. M. Brewer; "Kate Beaumont," VII, F. W. DeForest; "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," III, Clarence King; "How I got my Overcoat," George E. Waring, Jr.; "Sappho," Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "Transfigured," W. C. Wilkinson; "Armaget," George Eliot; "Our Whispering Gallery," VII; "The Poet of Sierra Flat," Bret Harte; "Recent Literature"—Sergeant's Life of Major John Andre—A Biographical Sketch of William Winston Seaton—Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust—Garfield's Oration on the Life and Character of General George H. Thomas—Trescott's Memorial of the Life of J. Johnston Pettigrew—Trescott's in Memoriam—General Steven Elliott—Miss Chesbro's Fee in the Household—Hamerton's Thoughts about Art—Among my Books.

This number of the Atlantic is notable for its poetical contributions, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Saxé, and George Eliot each appearing with verses of more or less excellence. "Armaget," by George Eliot, is a dramatic sketch written with much power, but unsatisfactory and not calculated to remove the impression upon the minds of her admirers that one of the greatest novelists of the day is wasting her genius in endeavoring to force herself into a field of art for which she is unfitted. George Eliot has not yet made a reputation as a poet, and probably she never will; and although "Armaget" will be read because she is the author of it, there will be few who will not finish it without a sigh that the author of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" had not furnished a prose poem instead.

The following are Mr. Longfellow's verses:—"THE BOY AND THE BROOK." Down from your distant mountain height the brook comes to my window street; A boy comes forth to wash his hands, Washing, yet washing, here he stands, In the water cool and sweet. "Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?" "O my brooklet cool and sweet!" "I come from your mountain high and cold, Where leeth the new snow on the old, And melteth in the summer heat." "Brook, to what river dost thou go?" "O my brooklet cool and sweet!" "I go to that garden in the vale, Where the maid her lover's voice doth hear; Her love-song doth repeat. "Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?" "O my brooklet cool and sweet!" "I go to that fountain, at whose brink The maid her lover's voice doth hear, And, whenever she looks there, I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin, And my joy is then complete." Mr. Saxé contributes this sonnet:—"THE VISION OF THE FAITHFUL." Upon the faithful in the common things Enjoined of duty, rarest blessings wait. A vision came, when I was in my bed, The legend and the lesson, while she sat Reading some scriptures of the Sacred Word, And marveling much at Christ's exceeding grace. Since, in her room, a vision of the Lord With sudden splendor illumed all the place: Whereat, she knelt, enraptured,—when a bell Rang out, and she arose, and saw the light; Which humble duty, she sought her cell, And lo! the vision, brighter than before, Was on her face, and she had not obtained: I hadst thou lingered here—had not remained: In his reminiscences of "Castilian Days," Mr. John Hay dissertates upon "Tauramachy." We quote the following account of a bull fight: It is hard to conceive a more brilliant scene. The women put on their gayest finery for this occasion. In the warm light, every bit of color flashes out, every combination falls naturally into its place. I am afraid the luxuriance of hues in the dress of the fair Iberians would be considered shocking in Broadway, but in the vast frame and broad light of the Plaza the effect was very brilliant. Thousands of parti-colored paper fans are sold at the ring. The favorite colors are the national red and yellow, and the fluttering of these broad, bright disks of color is dazzlingly attractive. There is a geyety of conversation, a quick fire of repartees, shouts of recognition and salutation, which altogether make up a bewildering confusion.

great gate is thrown open, and the procession of the terror enters. They advance in a glittering line, first the marshals of the day, then the picadors on horseback, then the matadors on foot surrounded each by his quadrille of chulos. They walk towards the box which holds the city fathers, under whose patronage the show is given, and formally salute the authority. This is all very classic also, recalling the Ave Caesar, mortuique, etc., of the gladiators. It lacks, however, the solemnity of the Roman salute, from those splendid fellows who would never all leave the arena alive. A bull-fighter is something killed, it is true, but the percentage of deadly danger is scarcely enough to make a spectator's heart beat, as the "baldpate" procession comes flashing by in the sun. The municipal authority throws the bowing Alguacil a key, which he catches in his hat, or is hissed if he misses it. With this he unlocks the door through which the bull is to enter. There is a bugle flourish, the door flies open, and the bull rushes out, blind with the staring light, furious with rage, trembling in every limb. This is the most intense moment of the day. The glorious brute is the target of twelve thousand pairs of eyes. There is a silence as of death, while every one waits to see his first movement. He is doomed from the beginning; the curtain has risen on a three-act tragedy, which will surely end with his death, but the incidents which are to fill the interval are all unknown. The minds and eyes of all that vast assembly know nothing for the time but the movements of that brute. He stands for an instant recovering his senses. He has been shot suddenly out of the darkness into that dazzling light. He sees around him a sight such as he never confronted before—a wall of living faces lit up by thousands of staring eyes. He does not dwell long upon this, however; in his pride and anger he sees a nerve enemy. The horsemen have taken position near the gate, where they sit motionless as burlesque statues, their long ash-pens, iron-tipped, in rest, their wretched pags standing blindfolded, with trembling knees, and necks like dromedaries, not dreaming of their near fate. The bull rushes, with a snort, at the nearest one. The picador holds firmly, pointing his spear-point in the shoulder of the brute. Sometimes the bull finishes at this sharp and sudden punishment, and the picador, by a sudden turn to the left, gets away unhurt. Then there is applause for the torero and hisses for the bull. Some indignant amateurs go so far as to call him out, and to inform him that he is the son of his mother. But oftener he rushes in, not caring for the spear, and with one toss of his sharp horns tumbles horse and rider in one heap against the barrier and upon the sand. The capeadores, the cloak-bearers, come fluttering around and divert the bull from his prostrate victims. The picador is lifted to his feet—his iron armor not permitting him to rise without help—and then he is rapidly scanned to see if his wounds are immediately mortal. If not, the picador mounts again and provokes the bull to another rush. A horse will usually endure two or three attacks before dying. Sometimes a single blow from in front pierces the heart, and the blood spurts forth in a cataclysm. In this case the picador hastily dismounts, and the bride and saddle are stripped in an instant from the dying brute. If a bull is energetic and rapid in execution, he will clear the arena in a few moments. He rushes at one horse after another, tears them open with his terrible "apears" ("horns" is a word never used in the ring), and sends them madly galloping over the arena, trampling out their gushing bowels as they fly. The assistants watch their opportunity, from time to time, to take the wounded horses out of the ring, plug up their gaping rents with tow, and sew them roughly up for another rally. It is incredible to see—what these poor creatures will endure—carrying their riders at a lumbering gallop over the ring, when their thin sides seem empty of entrails. Sometimes the bull comes upon the dead body of a horse he has killed. The smell of blood is to the unmyopic helplessness of the animal, and he rushes to the highest pitch. He goes and tramples the carcass, and tosses it in the air with evident enjoyment, until diverted by some living tormentor.

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SEMI-MONTHLY LINE TO WILMINGTON, N. C. The PIONEER will sail for Wilmington, N. C., on Thursday, June 27, at 6 A. M. Returning, will leave Wilmington, N. C., on Saturday, June 29, at 8 A. M. Connects with the Cape Fear River Steamboat Company, the Wilmington and Weldon North Carolina Railroad, and the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad at intermediate points. Freight for Columbia, S. C., and Augusta, Ga., taken via Wilmington at as low rates as by any other route of sailing. Insurance effected when requested by shippers. Bills of lading signed at Queen street wharf on or before day of sailing. WILLIAM L. JAMES, General Agent, No. 120 S. THIRD STREET.

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