THE JULY MAGAZINES.

"LIPPINCOTT'S." The contents of the July number of Lipmincott's Magazine are as follows:-

"Independence Hall," a poem, illustrated, by Hester A. Benedict; "Baltimore Beauty," by J. W. Palmer; "Robert Chambers," by James Gunt Wilson; "Vernal Pictures," a sonnet, by Paul H. Hayne; "A Province Rose," part II, a novelette (concluded), by "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C. Howland; "Ab Initio," a poem, by George H. Boker; "Wild Ireland," part IV, by B. Donbayand; "Our Monthly Gossip," an unpublished Let-ter of John Quincy Adams, giving conversations with Madame de Stael, a visit to the battle-field of Sedan, letter from Rome, etc.; "Literature of the Day;" "Serial Supplement, 'Rookstone,'" part V, by Katherine S. Macquoid.

Mr. David G. Adee's sketch is in the Bret Harte vein. "Jim Wagman of Wagman's Lode" is so clever that we give it entire:-

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, scum 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, 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 ile." 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. Mady owned the contiguous lode on the left; Pete Mott farmed the next nearest; Sal Scriber, scorning all lodes as "frauds," kept a hotel two miles away, up the Lorg Saw road, and "enterthe neighboring miners. Jim had behaved so scurvily 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

der and feminines, 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 leathern wallet. Having flung the chest into the dug-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-built cabin

"Curse it!" said he: "a man must have fod-

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 unprepossessing countenance. Her history she exhibited a marked modesty 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 Crow county: which it is taking a great deal upon one's self to say. It was on a "cottar's Saturday night" that Jim Wagman stopped at the door of Sal Scriber's hotel. Darkness was rendered visible by a tallow dip which sputtered 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 heel, when the song suddenly ceased, and a shrill tone rung out on the night air: - "Do you want to knock that door into flinders, durn ye?"

"I only want to get in, mum," replied Jim,

"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 apart-

ment 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'

There was a table in the middle of the

room with bottles and cards upon it, about which was gathered a rugged group of sunburned, 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 armful of fagots (that hearthstone so familiarly known as the "ingleside" in canny Scotlaud), sat Sal Scriber in person, warming 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 men. for they scowled harder than ever, and one broke out, "If any durned skunk says as yer can't, I'll wallop him, that's all."

A grin of satisfaction at this expression of public sentiment passed around the table, and

fresh drinks were filled out.

Jim took in the situation at a glauce, for he was a man of many experiences, and was equal to that or any other moderate emergency. "Gentlemen," said ho, "if you'll allow how he remembered so much politeness was a mystery to him ali the time), "I'll call for another o' them Bourb'n bottles and jine ye in a smile."

angry speaker-were mollified and silently

"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." The lady was up in arms in a moment, "Look 'a here, saucy! don't yer dare to mis-sus me! What do you take me for? One o them durn thin-skinned critters what submit to being sung over in a church by a chap in a white dight-shirt afore they kin look a man in the face? Not much, I ain't." "I beg yer pardon, mum," answered Jim; 'I meant no offense."

"A damn rude thing to say, anyhow!" muttered the ugly-tempered miner.
"You shut!" continued Sal. "I don't want to have a muss. The feller did't know me; that's what's the matter. What's yer name,

stranger?" "Jim Wagman, mum," said Jim with his

best-no, his only-bow. "Oh!" broke in the growler again, "that infernal, mean, surly cuss next to me, down in the diggin's! Oh, yer want to come to terms, do ye? Yer too late, let me tell yer." "Will yer hush up, Mady?" said the woman. angrily. "It's none o' yer durn business. What did yer come her fur, Wagman?"

Jim was put to his wits for an instant. "That's tellin', "said he after a pause. "Yer see I got kind o' lonely and wanted company; so I came to call on a rale lady.'

"Fiddle!" replied that delicately refined person. "Don't come none o' yer lies over me; it won't go down. What do you want

"Well, mum, if the truth won't suit you, I'll say I kum after some whisky: mine's all gone. "That's more like it," answered Sal. "You

want a good drunk, don't ye?" Jim made no response; so the bewitching creature brought another bottle, which Jim uncorked by breaking the neck, and amid cries of "Pitch in!" "Go it, old feller!" "Fill her three fingers," and similar expressions of delight and conviviality, the company of jolly boys proceeded "to drink stone blind.

Jim Wagman was a wise one, though. He had come to see the lady, and meant to interview her yet. So, when that bottle was gone, another wasfurnished, and still another, until the miners of Penny creek succeeded in 'making Rome howl' and "the angels weep' to their hearts' content. But Jim drank but little. Watching his opportunity while the men were deeply sunk in cards and drink, he drew nearer the side of Sal Scriber and said in a low tone, "Sal, I did come far to see vou.

Sal eyed him askance and answered with caution, "And what did yer want ter see me fur, Wagman?"

"Why, yer know, I struck some silver in my lode, and feeling kind o' plaied out, I thought I'd come up and see you, yer know." "What did you want of me, Wagman? Durn ye, why don't ye spit it out? "Well, yer know, I knew yer was single

and-and solitary, and I thought I'd just come and kind o'-yer know!" "What, Jim?"

"Well, I'll let you have it plump. Why, Sal, I want a wife bad, and yer see, old gal, you'll jest suit me to a T. Thar!" It was to be expected that the oath Sal Scriber would emit from her dulcet lips at this sudden declaration would have brought down the roof in judgment upon the drunken heads of the or that a California earthquake would have broken out and swallowed up the house of sin with all its inmates in a moment. But, marvellous to relate, not so. On the contrary, Sal Scriber smiled a smile of approval-which disclosed to Jim's enraptured view one tooth, some stumps and a root with the filling out-and softly whispered, "Jim Wagman, I've heern of you. You've struck ile, Jim. You don't drink drunk; you can't lick me if yer tried; and besides, yer rather a good-looking, feller, Jim, fer a Nevada man. I say, Jim, are yer

"Sal," cried Jim, his voice swelling with warmth of feeling-"Sal Scriber, only try me,

on the square?"

that's all. "Done!" said the lady quickly, and taking two glasses from the cupboard, filled out a double allowance of the "ginuine" to clinch the bargain with. But, saith the adage, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." As Jim was in the act of tossing off the article, a big, strong hand was interposed between the light and the liquor, and the vessel was rudely dashed from before the aperture prepared to receive its contents to the sodden

"Damn ye, I'll stop that ar game, you Wagman! Afore you can have that gal, you'll have to fight fur yer life. Take that, yer hound! Der yer think to come into-into this retreat of innocence and-and bliss, and chuck ruin and-and desolation- Oh, damn yer, come on and shoot, will yer?"

"Mady, git out o' this hotel, I tell yer! Now git—do you hear?—or I'll be the death o' yer!" shouted the woman. "None o' yer jaw, Sal: yer more'n half mated to me already. Jist turn that feller off and stick to yer fust luv."

"Hell!" shricked the infuriate Sal, blind

with rage. "Go, or I'll chars yer." Sides had been taken during the controversy. Pete Mott, Mady's neighbor and con-sequent enemy, ranged himself and two personal friends, who had been touched by Jim's generosity in treating to square drinks, by the side of the latest suitor. Three of the others, in order to make a first-class free fight, stood up in support of Mady. | The rest, old frequenters of the house, put their heads together and determined to stand by Sal and see fair play all around. All drew knives or pistols, some both. Sal abruptly disappeared, perhaps, with a proper discretion, wishing to discountenance so fierce a rivalry for her fair hand, or to relieve the brutal contestants of the embarrassment of her stimulating and

fascinating presence. A shot was fired-down went a man, Another. Mady, with a furious curse, sprang at Jim Wagman knife in haud; Jim fired and missed. They crossed bowie-knives and fenced wildly. Watching his chance, Mady suddenly struck his weapon through Jim's left forearm, which sank crippled to his side and let his revolver fall to the ground. Now it was knife and knife. Other shots were fired, other men met their end, and still the two principals lunged madly at each other. Both were deluged with blood. The crisis had come. Jim was growing gradually weaker and weaker: he was plainly overmatched. The table was upset and the caudle knocked over. But flercely and cruelly they fought by the blaze of the log-fire, and spattered the hearthstone, that sacred emblem of

home, with buman gore. With a stroke and a curse Jim knocked out Mady's front teeth with the butt of his knife, and Mady plunged his blade well into Jim's shoulder. Oaths, howls, and the fearful thud of falling bodies broke upon the ear from out that gloomfof flickering light.

The miners, with one exception—that of the | 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 demoniac 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 bore him quickly away from baby, house and out into the soggy night air, away from death and dan-ger. 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 so coarse a creature could—the hands that Jim Wagman kissed in gratitude and love, such as rude miners sometimes feel in their strong hearts, and claimed for his own when he grew better-that hard, 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 Wag. man of the famous coal-black Durham so well known throughout Crow county, Nevada.

"THE ATLANTIC." The Atlantic Monthly for July has the following list of articles:-

"How we met John Brown," R. H. Dana "From Generation to Generation," II, Caroline Chesebro'; "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. Saxe; "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; "Armgart," George Eliot; "Our Whispering Gallery," VII; "The Poet of Sierra Flat," Harte; "Recent Literature"—Sargeant'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-Trescot's Memorial of the Life of J. Johnston Pettigrew-Trescot's In Memoriam—General Steven Elliott — Miss Chesebro's Foe 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. Saxe, and George Eliot each appearing

with verses of more or less excellence. "Armgart," 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 "Armgart" 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. irmenian popular song, from the prose version of Alishan Down from you distant mountain height The brooklet flows through the village street; A boy comes forth to wash his hands, Washing, yes washing, there he stands, In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come? "I come from you mountain high and cold, Where lieth the new snow on the old, And melts in the summer heat." "Brook, to what river dost thou go? O my brooklet cool and sweet!

"I go to the river there below Where in bunches the violets grow, And sun and shadow meet,' "Brook, to what garden dost thou go? O my brooklet cool and sweet!" "I go to that garden in the vale

Where all night long the nightingale 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 that loves thee comes to drink, And, whenever she looks therein, I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin, And my joy is then complete."

Mr. Saxe contributes this sonnet: --THE VISION OF THE FAITHFUL.

Upon the faithful in the common things Enjoined of duty, rarest blessings wait. A pious nun (an ancient volume brings The legend and the lesson), while she sate The legend and the lesson), while she sate
Reading some scriptures of the Sacred Word,
And marvelling much at Christ's exceeding grace
Since, in her room, a Vision of the Lord
With sudden spiendor filling all the place;
Whereat, she knelt, enraptured!—when a bell
Signalled her hour to feed the convent's poor;
Which numble duty done, she sought her cell,
And lo! the Vision, brighter than before,
Who strained when space "Even on the larger optimized" Who, smiling, spake, "Even so is Heaven obtained;" I—hadst thou lingered here—had not remained."

In his reminiscences of "Castilian Days," Mr. John Hay dissertates upon "Tauromachy." 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 combina tion 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 gayety of conversation, a quick fire of repartee, shouts of recognition and selutation, which altogether make up a

bewildering confusion. The weary young water-men scream their snow-cold refreshment. The orange-men walk with their gold-frieghted baskets along the barrier, and throw their oranges with the most marvellous skill and certainty to people in distant boxes or benches. They never miss their mark. They will throw over the heads of a thousand people a dozen oranges into the outstretched hands of customers so swiftly that it seems like one line of gold from the dealer to the buyer. At length the blast of a trumpet announces the clearing of the ring. The idlers who have been lounging in the arena are swept out by the alguariles, and the hum of conversa-The storm of passion rivalled that of the tion gives way to an expectant silence. When brimstone lake itself. Those four walls of the last loafer has reluctantly retired, the

great gate is thrown open, and the procession of the toreros 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 Casar, morituri, 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 sometimes killed, it is true, but the percentage of deadly danger is scarcely enough to make a spectator's heart beat, as the bedizened 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 confrented 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 nearer enemy. The horsemen have taken position near the gate, where they sit motionless as burlesque statues, atheir long ashen spears, iron-tipped, in rest, their wretched nags 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 flinches 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 cow, 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 the horse is rapidly scanned to see if his wounds are immediately mortal. If not, the picadore 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 spouts forth in a cataract. In this case the picador hastily dismounts, and the bridle 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, them open with his terrible "spears" ("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 sally. 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 and the unmoving helplessness of the victim excite him to the highest pitch. He gores and tramples the carcass, and tosses it in the air with evident enjoyment, until diverted by some living tormentor.

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TWENTY-THIRD AND FILBERT STREETS.
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE,
NO. 42 N. FIFTH STREET.

OFFICE OF BOILER INSPECTION DEPART-MENT, 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

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 gullty 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 (\$) years." ont labor, as the Coart may
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.

Inspect Philadelphia, June 5, 1871.

EASTON & MCMAHON, BEIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 2 COENTIES SLIP, New York, No. 18 SOUTH WHARVES, Philadelphia, NO. 45 W. PRATT STREET, Baltimore,

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