

On the Atlantic Monthly for January. CASTLES IN THE AIR.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM—BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT. "But there is yet a region of the clouds, Unseen from the low earth. Beyond the veil Of these dark volumes rolling through the sky; Its mountain summits glistening in the sun,— The realm of Castles in the air. Of many a tower that once shined in the streets, But there his spirit, leaving the dull load Of bodily organs, wanders with delight, And builds its structures of impalpable mist. Glorious beyond the dream of architect, And populous with forms of nobler mould Than ever walked the earth." So said my guide, And I, wondering, to a headland height That overlooked a fair broad vale sit in By the great hills of cloudland. "Now behold The Castle-builders!" Then I looked; and lo! The vale was filled with shadowy forms that bore Each a white wand, with which they touched the banks. Of mist beneath them, and at once arose, obedient to their wish, the walls and domes Of stately palaces, Gothic or Greek, Or such as in the land of Mohammod Uprift the crescent, or in forms more strange, Border the ancient Indus, or behold Their gilded friezes mirrored in the lakes Of China, yid of ampler majesty, And gorgeously adorned. Tall porticoes Sprang from the ground; the eye pursued their Colonnades, that lessened to a point In the faint distance. Portals that swung On musical hinges shewed the eye within Vast halls, with golden floors, and bright alcoves. And walls of pearl, and sapphire vault besprent With silver stars. Within the spacious rooms Were banquettes spread; and menials, beautiful As wood-nymphs or as stripling Mercuries, Ran to and fro and laid the chalices, And brought the brimming wine-jars. Enticed now The happy architect, and wanders on From room to room, and glories in his work.

Not long his glorying; for a chill north wind Breathes through the structure, and the massive walls Are folded up; the proud domes roll away In mist-wreaths; pinnacles and turret lean Forward, like birds prepared for flight, and stream In trains of vapor, through the empty air. Meantime the astonished builder, dispossessed, Stands amid the drifting rack. A brief despair Seizes him; but the wind is in his hand, And soon he turns him to his task again. "Behold," said he, "the fair work at my side, "How one has made himself a diadem Out of the bright skirts of a cloud that lay Steeped in the golden sunshine, and has bound The haube on his forehead! See, again, How from these vapors he calls up a host With arms and banners! A great multitude Gather and bow before him with bare heads, To the four winds his messengers go forth, And bring him back earth's homage. From another a winged image, such As poets give to Fame, who, to her mouth Putting a silver trumpet, blows abroad A loud, harmonious summons to the world, And all the listening nations shout his name. Another yet, apart from all the rest, Casting a fearful glance from side to side, Rouches the ground by stealth. Beneath his wand A glittering pile grows up, ingots and bars Of massive gold, and coins on which earth's kings Have stamped their symbols." As these words were said, The north wind blew again across the vale, And the beamy crown dew off in mist; The host of armed men became a sound Torn by the angry blast; the form of Fame Tossed his long arms in air, and rode the wind. A jagged cloud; the glittering pile of gold Grew pale and faded in a gray streak away. Then there were sob and tears from those who stood. The wind had scattered; some had flung themselves Upon the ground in grief; and some stood In blank bewilderment; and some looked on Unmoved, as at a pageant of the stage Suddenly hidden by the curtain's fall.

"Take thou this wand," my bright companion said. I took it from her hand, and with it touched The knolls of snow-white mist, and they became as clouds. With soft, thick herbage, At another touch A brook leaped forth, and dashed and sparkled by. And shady walks through shrubberies cool and close Wandered; and where, upon the open grounds, The peaceful sunshine lay, a vineyard nursed Its putting clusters, and from boughs that drooped Beneath their load an orchard shed its fruit; And gardens, set with many a pleasant herb And many a glorious flower made sweet the air. I looked, and I exulted; yet I longed For Nature's grander aspects, and I plied The slender rod again, and then arose Where, through the open window, shelves were seen, Filled with old volumes, and a glimpse was given Of canvases, here and there along the walls, On which the hands of mighty men of art Had hung their fancies. On the portico Old friends, with smiling faces and frank eyes, Talked with each other; some had passed from life since, yet dearly were remembered still. My heart yearned toward them, and the blood stood in my eyes. Forward I sprang to grasp The hands that once so kindly met my own; I sprang, but met them not; the withering Was there before me. Dwelling, field, and brook, Dark wood, and flowery garden, and blue And heaving cliff, and noble human forms, All, all had melted into that pale sea Of billowy vapor rolling round my feet.

the memory of skating. Last night about daylight time, after reading a glowing description of life on skates, we sallied forth to join a merry crowd. We had on a pair of stoga boots, trower legs tucked inside, a Robert tailed coat, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy two shillings in good coin of the realm for the use of his impetuous skates. We had a friend, fixed on the skates, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A slant to the right with the right foot, a slant to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something on the ice, and stooped to pick it up. On our feet again—two slant to the right and one to the left, accompanied with the loss of our skates. Another slide with the right foot, and we sat down with fearful rapidity, but with very little, if any elegance. What a set down it was, for we made a dent in the ice not unlike an old-fashioned Connecticut butter roll! Just then one of the ladies remarked, "Oh, look, Mary, there's a fellow with the white hat ain't got his skates on the right place!" Ditto thought we. Just then a ragged little devil swung out as he passed us—"Hello, old timber legs!" and we rose suddenly and put after him three slides to the right, and three to the left, and away went our legs, one to the east and another to the west, causing an immense fissure in our pants, and a picture of a butter dish in the cold—oh how cold it was! The lady who knew she was one by the remark she made, spoke and said—"Oh, look, Mary, that chap with the white hat on has sat down on his handkerchief to keep him from taking cold!" We rose about as graceful as a saw-horse, when Mary said—"Guess that old handkerchief, Jan, is the best you've got." We tried it again. A glide one way, a glide and a half the other, when whack came our bump of philoprogenitiveness on the ice, and we saw a million of stars dancing around our eyes. Like a ball of fire, the Bowers theatre. How the shock went through our system, and up and down our spinal column. Lightning couldn't have corkscrewed it down a greased sapling with greater speed and more exhilarating effect. Perhaps we had, the other day, a peculiar style, fifteen feet when a blundering chap came up behind, when we sat down again, with our tired head pillowed in his lap—and he swearing at us, when it was all his own fault: "You old fool, you old fool, you old fool! Every place where we made our debut on the ice—oh, how cold it was! Our bear-skin drawers were no protection at all. We tried again, for the papers all say it's fun, and down came our Roman-Grecian nose on the cold julep material, and the little drops of crimson ran down our shirt bosom and on the cold ice. Once more we tried skating, but for the shore, sat down and counted damages. Several lateral and frontal bumps on the ice. One immense fissure in his handsome pair of trowsers, and a cap-skin as a man ever put his legs into. One rupture in the knee extending to the bone. Four buttons from our vest, a fragmented watch-crystal, and a batrachian big enough to divide in among two children of Israel. If you were on the smooth, glassy, chilly, slippery, treacherous, and slip-up-ice ice again, you'll know it. If any one ever hears of our skating again, they will please draw on us as tight for the bivalves and accompany their comments. We have got through skating. It's humbug. It's a vexation of spirit, of business, of flesh, and a tearing of the trousers. It's a head-bumping, back-aching, leg-warm, dangerous institution, and we warn people against skating. We tried it, and can't be able to walk for a month. SKATING CLUBS ARE A HUMBUG.

The Georgia Railroads. The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Savannah, Ga., in speaking of the Georgia railroads, says: "The destruction of railroads in this State was as great as in South Carolina, but the energy of the people in repairing damages is much greater, and, therefore, communication between the different sections ever reached by the cars, is more than ready made here than there. "So far as I know, there are but five stage lines or routes in the State, over three of which I have traveled. I can't say that either the vehicles or the animals are respectable good ones, but fairly own that neither are quite so bad as those in Carolina. I must decline, however, to recommend any of the lines to the patronage of the traveling public, though I will add that the use of either will furnish many new sensations to travelers from civilized countries. "The long line of railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and thence to Augusta, and the line from Macon to Atlanta, are in good order, and run two passenger trains a day, which make an average rate of fourteen or fifteen miles per hour. The lines from Macon to Eatonton, from Macon to Columbus and from Macon to Albany, are in passable condition, but need heavy expenditures, both for iron and passenger stock. Each line runs but one passenger train daily, making over nine or ten miles per hour. The line from Atlanta to West Point, and the partially reconstructed line from Augusta to Savannah, are in a deplorable condition every way—the single passenger train on each being made up of box freight cars with rude benches, or of second-class passenger coaches in the last stages of decrepitude. I said, in a former letter, that there were forty miles of the line from Augusta to Savannah, not yet rebuilt, and not likely to be for some months to come. The officers of the Atlantic and Gulf road have brought out about one hundred white laborers, and have them at work on the sixty miles of their line destroyed by the army. The long line from Macon to Millen was almost entirely destroyed by Kilpatrick, and very little has yet been done toward rebuilding it. Railroad fares in the State have been very considerably advanced during the last month. On the Atlanta and Augusta line the passenger rate is now a fraction over six cents a mile; on all other roads it averages about eight and a quarter cents a mile. A MASS CONVENTION of Northwestern farmers was held in Burlington on the 15th. Resolutions were adopted on the construction of a canal around the falls of Niagara; the acquisition of the free use of the Erie, Lawrence channel, the securing of cheap rates of transit for western products, and the prosecution of internal improvement. A COLONY of fifty families is preparing to settle in ancient Joppa.

REMOVAL. The Office of William W. Allen, AGENT FOR THE ORIGINAL TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, Conn.

The Oldest and Most Reliable Accident Insurance Company in America, AND THE NEW ENGLAND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN., Has Been Removed from No. 404 to 409 WALNUT St., DIRECTLY OPPOSITE 1022 1/2 N. 1829—CHARTER PERPETUAL.

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. Assets on January 1, 1865. \$2,501,297 04. Capital, Surplus, Premiums, Unsettled Claims, Income For 1865, Losses Paid since 1829 Over \$5,000,000.

Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. Authorized Capital, \$10 Millions. Invested Funds, over 16 Millions. Yearly Revenue, over 5 Millions. Invested in the United States, over \$1,500,000.

ATWOOD SMITH, General Agent for Pennsylvania, No. 6 Merchants' Exchange, PHILADELPHIA.

DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA. OFFICE OF S. MARINE THIRD AND WALNUT STS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. Charter Perpetual, Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Insurance against loss or damage by fire on buildings, contents, stock, and household furniture, in any city or country.

THE ASSOCIATION OF FIRE OFFICERS. OFFICE, No. 24 N. FIFTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. NATURE AND MERGERS IN GENERAL, with Loss by Fire, (in the City of Philadelphia only.) STATEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF FIRE OFFICERS, January 1, 1865.

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THE PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 24 N. FIFTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. NATURE AND MERGERS IN GENERAL, with Loss by Fire, (in the City of Philadelphia only.) STATEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF FIRE OFFICERS, January 1, 1865.

THE UNION NATIONAL BANK—PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 24 N. FIFTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. NATURE AND MERGERS IN GENERAL, with Loss by Fire, (in the City of Philadelphia only.) STATEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF FIRE OFFICERS, January 1, 1865.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 24 N. FIFTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. NATURE AND MERGERS IN GENERAL, with Loss by Fire, (in the City of Philadelphia only.) STATEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF FIRE OFFICERS, January 1, 1865.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE—The Delaware and Berlin Canal will be closed for navigation on SATURDAY, the 23rd inst., unless stopped by ice.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union National Bank, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Phoenix Insurance Company, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union National Bank, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Delaware Mutual Safety Insurance Company, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1866.

MEDICAL.

A superior article of Toilet Soap, giving tone to the skin and leaving a feeling of freshness and purity.

For sale by Druggists generally. JAMES T. SHINN, Apothecary, Broad and Spruce streets.

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