THE NEW POEM BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

George Eliot's new poem, anxiously awaited by the whole world who recognize her genius as the American publishers, being already in possession of the proof-sheets. It is to be issued in London by Blackwood. It will prove the George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) is not only the mistress of a prose style approached by no living woman and by few men, but that a high lyric gift has been entrusted to her. The poem is in blank verse, and is called "The Spanish Gypsy," a dramatic account with deliberate magnificence, with a picture of Spain in the fifteenth century:

The tiger-roses burn, the myrtle spreads her hands
Like frosted leaflets, breathing on the deep;
Round-cheeked Spain, feasting with equal love
A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vine;
Spain, on the mid-sea that opposes with memories,
And on the untraversed ocean, whose vast tides
Paint dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.
This river, shadowed by the Sabbath-day elms,
And gleaming silvery towards the northern sky,
Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalusia
And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,
By Cordova and Seville, to the bay
Fronting Algeria and the wandering flood
Of Guadalete. This deep mountain gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-planted plains
Of fair Granada; one far-stretching line
Points to Elvira, one to eastward heights
Of Alpujarras where the mountains stay,
With ordinance uplifted o'er the peaks
Soldiers the sentinels of motionless snow.
That loved the night, and soared with soaring stars.
Flashing the signals of his nearing swiftness
From Almanzor's purple-shadowed top—
On to the far-off rocks that gaze and glow—
On to Alhambra, strong and ruddy heart
Of glorious Moorish pride, crowning now
A maimed giant in his agony.
This town that dips its feet within the stream
And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele,
Spreading her ample robes adown the rocks,
Is rich Redmar: 'twas Moorish long ago.
But now the Cross is sparkling on the Mosque,
And bells make Catholic the trembling air.
The solemn genius in Spanish castanets now
('Tis south a mile before the rays are Moorish)—
Hereditary jewel, scarce defaced
On all the many-gifted privilege
Of young Andalusian maidens. Andalusian knight
That serves Queen Isabel has higher charge:
For near this frontier site the Moorish king,
Not Boabdil the wavering, who usurped
A throne to sink into it and wear inks
The fort of conquerors, but that fierce lion,
Grisly El Zegal, who has made his life
In Granada's fort, and rushing thence with
strength,
Half his own fierceness, half the untainted heart
Of mountain bands that fight for holiday,
Wrestles his throne back that he may reclaim,
Wreathing his horse's neck with Christian heads.

To keep the Christian frontier—such high trust
Is young Don Silva's. And the time is great.
(What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is royal when he mounts on guard.)
The fifteenth century since the Man Divine
Taught and was lifted in the sacrament
Is near its end—is failing as a husk
Away from all the fruit its years have ripened.
The Moslem faith, now flickering like a torch
In a night struggle on this shore of Spain,
Glares, a hoard colossal of unburning flame,
Along the Danube and Illyrian shore
Far into Italy, where eager monks,
Who watch in dread and dream the while they
watch,
See Christ glow paler in the baleful light,
Crying again the cry of the forsaken.
But faith, the strongest for eternity,
Becomes prophetic, bears the far-off trend
Of western chivalry across the inward sweep
Of unknown Michael with the gleaming sword,
And listens for the shrill archangel's blast
That shall bring victories in God's sanctuary.
So trusts the monk, and lifts appealing eyes
To the High Overseer, the Invisible Priest,
Where the blue light-pierced curtain, rolled
away,
Reveals the throne and Him who sits thereon.
So trust the men whose hearts are set on Spain
In ever that the world is near its end:
Impatient of the stars that keep their course
And make no pathway for the coming Judge.

But other future stir the world's great heart.
Europe has come to her majority,
And enters on the vast inheritance
Won from the tombs of ancestors. The seeds,
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent stars,
That lay deep buried with the memories
Of old renown.

No more, as once in sunny Avignon,
The poet-scholar in the Humanist page,
And gazed sadly, like the dear at song:
For now the old epic voices ring again
And vibrate to the age's melody
Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days.
The mastered page, the clear-cut statue
Immorally incarnate, like the gods,
In spiritual bodies, shall be found
Holding a universe impalpable,
Find a new audience. For evermore
With grander resurrection than was feigned
Of Achilles's decree, Europe, the land of Greece
Conquers the bulk of Persia. The maimed form
Of calmly-joyous beauty, manful limbed,
Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its
lips,
Looks mild reproach from out its opened grave
At deeds of terror; and the wise world-spirit
Bring, a stilled question from the silence,
Frank as the speech of lovers, with the crown of
thorns
The sorrow that is widening towards the past—
No longer hanging at the breast of life
Feeding it sickness in its nurturing—
Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
Praising a name which hobbled every thought,
Its spells the record of its long descent,
More largely conscious of the life that was,
And from the twilight that precedes the morning
shone
On far-off summits pale and gloomy now,
The horizon widens round him, and the west
Looks vast with untracked hope whereon his
gaze
Follows the flight of the swift vanished bird
That like the sunken sun is mirrored still
Upon the yearning soul within the eye.

The Corset and the Crinoline--A Curious Book--Historical Notes.

The New York *Post* says: There are many more important topics of discussion than that involved in the utility of corsets as an article of woman's apparel, but there are few subjects which have excited more remark, verbal and written. We are reminded of this fact by the appearance of a volume with the title of "The Corset and the Crinoline," which gives a history of the use of the corset, from the earliest period to the present time, with numerous excellent illustrations, showing chronologically the fluctuations worn by ladies at different periods.

The author says in his preface that he proposes to give the strictures of authors, ancient and modern, on the corset, and will show "that modern writers who have declaimed as anathemas on the very stays by the aid of which their own and their daughters' waists are presentable in society, almost invariably quote largely from scribes of ancient date, and say little or nothing of their own knowledge," and that "those writing in praise of the moderate use of the corsets base their opinions on precept and grounds of argument from the every-day life and general custom of the present period."

He claims that at the very earliest dawn of civilization we have evidences of the free use of contrivances for the reduction and formation of the female figure. Indeed "the taste for slender waists prevailed even more in the eastern nations than in those of Europe." In Circassia the young men wore a corset made of moroccos and furnished with two plates of wood placed on the chest. It also confines the bust from the collar bone to the waist by means of a cord which passes through leather rings. Homer was the first among profane writers to describe an article of dress closely resembling the corset. He tells us of the cestus vigorific of Venus and of Juno, of which the author says that the latter, "in borrowing the cestus, merely obtained from a lady of acknowledged elegance of figure a corset with which to set her own attractions off to the best possible advantage, so that her husband might be charmed with her improved appearance."

The Roman women sometimes wore a broad bandage or swath, which answered the purpose of stays. In the ninth century the French ladies wore exceedingly tight-fitting dresses. The art of making the corsets worn by the Roman ladies was lost, but a peculiar corsage was invented, known as *cottes hardies*, which was very stiff. In England the Princess Blanche, daughter of Edward III., is represented as thoroughly laced, and Gower, in describing the belles of Scotland at about that period, says of them:

"Their middles were as small as wands.
Tight as was the lacing practiced in the thirteenth century, a greater extreme was reached in the following century, as is shown, among other evidences, by the following lines by Marot, which say:

"'A small waist was decidedly, as we have seen before, one criterion of a beautiful form, and, generally speaking, its length was conventionally regulated by a just idea of elegance, and especially in the thirteenth century. In the fourteenth the women seem to have constructed a vitiated taste, and not being content with their form as God hath made it, introduced the corset or bodice—a stiff and unnatural disguisement even in its origin.

The fashion extended to France, Italy and Austria, when the Emperor Joseph issued an edict rigorously forbidding the use of the corset at all nunneries and places where young women were educated. Nothing, however, had a stronger than that of excommunication, and the loss of all the indulgences the Church was capable of affording, hung over the heads of all those evil-disposed females who persisted in a treasonable manner, in the practice of confining their waists with such evil instruments as stays. Royal command, then an electric shock, startled the College of Physicians into activity and zeal, and learned dissertations on the crying sin of tight-lacing were scattered broadcast amongst the ranks of the benighted. Anti-tight-laced ladies of the times much as the advertisements of cheap furnishing ironmongers are hurled into the West End consultations of our own day. In spite of all which, open defiance was given to the imperial edicts and learned dissertations. The ladies laced more, tightly than ever, and fashion was then, as now, supreme over good sense and medical knowledge.

Among the illustrations of a somewhat later time is one of a corset-cover with the shirt which presents a truly formidable appearance, and was appropriate for the Court of Catherine de Medici, where it was universally worn by the ladies. It is only surpassed by a corset-cover of steel worn in Elizabeth's reign by the English women. The former is thus described: "This formidable corset was hardened and stiffened by every imaginable way; it descended in a long, level point and rose stiff and tight to the throat, making the wearers look as if they were imprisoned in a closely fitting fortress."

In the later part of Elizabeth's reign not only did the ladies lace tightly, but also the gentlemen. The dresses of that period are thus described:

"These privileged, by art made strong,
With bones, with posts, with steeb-like bars,
Which make them gain a strong back and long,
Wherethy they bear their gallants cars;
Were they for use against the foe,
No armour like to these could be."

Even in Puritan times the outrages on natural proportions continued. Prynne, a writer who writes in 1635, says of the young ladies of the day: "They strive all they possibly can by straight-lacing themselves to make unto a wand-like smallness of waist, never thinking themselves fine enough, except they span their waists." The London *Guardian* of 1715 also speaks of

"The Maidens, who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Contented themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Amelia with a shape to kill!"

And Gay, in 1720, writes:

"I own her taper form is made to please,
Yet if you saw her uncorsheted by stays!"

Among the other classical revivals of the French revolutionary period, was an attempt to copy a costume of ancient Greece, whose main features were loose bodice, long train and short waists, which, it did not last very long, however, and in 1810 the practice of lacing was resumed with all its former rigor. The age was re-established as the standard of fashionable measurement, and female chests again had to suffer the evil consequences. So extensive is the use of stays in England that *Once a Week* estimates the annual expenditure in that country for these articles is not less than a million pounds.

The author seems, on the whole, inclined to favor moderate lacing, and gives more elaborate descriptions of the various forms of corsets now and heretofore known. In connection, he describes the other articles of female dress in relation to the corset, and are illustrated by fine wood cuts. The book is handsomely printed, and bears the imprint of Scribner, Welford & Company. It is palpable that so much learning on the subject of corsets was never before condensed into one volume.

The Absinthe Drinkers of Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the *Mail Gazette* gives the following account of absinthe and absinthe drinkers:

"The indulgence in absinthe which already prevails to a great extent among all classes of Frenchmen threatens to become as widespread in France and as injurious there as opium-eating is in China. It a visitor to Paris will stroll along the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastile some summer's afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, he will observe what is called 'the hour of absinthe'—he can hardly fail to remark hundreds of Parisians seated outside the various cafés or standing at the counters of the wine shops and imbibing this insidious poison. At certain cafés on the Café de Bade for example, out of fifty idlers seated at the little round tables forty-five will be found drinking absinthe. In the cafés on the boulevards alone that absinthe is the special fire cooled beverage. In most of the wine shops in the faubourgs, in the 'Quartier Latin,' and round about the Ecole Militaire you may see at that particular hour workmen, students, soldiers' clerks, charbonniers, chiffonniers and even, mixing their customary glasses of emerald-tinted poison and watching the fantastic movements of the fluid as it sinks to the bottom of the glass wherein it turns from green to an almost milky white, at the moment when the perfumes of the various aromatic plants from which it is distilled disengage themselves.

"A quarter of a century ago absinthe was the drink of French coachmen, grooms and footmen, and was rarely seen in society. Of day its most ardent lovers are to be found among educated and well-to-do Parisians. Literary men, professors, artists, actors, musicians, financiers, speculators, shopkeepers, even women, yield themselves up to its seductive influence—to those unlimited provocations which seem, they say, to impart renewed activity to an enfeebled brain, developing a warmth of new ideas, and which thus, it is believed, have inspired many a noble work of imagination in literature and art. It may be so; but then those who habitually excite the brain with absinthe soon discover that they can procure positively nothing without it, and that a time arrives when heavy stupor supersedes that excitement of the intellectual faculties which once seemed so easy and so harmless.

"After the first draught of this poison, which Dr. Legrand, who has studied its effects, pronounces to be one of the greatest scourges of our time, you seem to lose your feet, and you mount to a boundless realm without horizon. You probably imagine that you are going in the direction of the infinite, whereas you are simply drifting into the incoherent. Absinthe affects the brain unlike any other stimulant; it produces neither the heavy drunkenness of beer, the furious inebriation of brandy, nor the exhilarant intoxication of wine. It is an ignoble poison, destroying little and little it has more or less brutalized its votaries, and made drivelling idiots of them.

"There are two classes of absinthe drinkers. The one, after becoming accustomed to it for a short time, takes to imbibing it in considerable quantities, when all of a sudden delirium declares itself. The other is more regular, and at the same time more moderate in its libations; but upon them the effects, though necessarily more gradual, are none the less sure. Absinthe drinkers of the former class are usually noisy and aggressive during the period of intoxication, which, moreover, lasts much longer than drunkenness produced by spirits or wine. It is followed by extreme depression and a sensation of fatigue which is not to be got rid of. After a while the digestive organs become deranged, the appetite continues to diminish and the victim altogether lost, and he finally starves himself to death.

"Paris actually has its clubs of absinthe drinkers, the members of which are pledged to; intoxicate themselves with no other stimulant, and even to drink no other liquor the only pledges, it is believed, which they ever violate. They assemble at the same appointed place of rendezvous at a certain hour, and proceed to dissipate their energies and their coolness in that emerald-tinted poison which fills the public and private madhouses of Paris. Those wine-dressing clubs are certainly not numerous, but liquor shops abound in all quarters of the city where genuine absinthe may be said to be the staple drink; and lately several have sprung up which, to attract the youth of Paris to them, which, to attract the youth of Paris to them, serve out the insidious beverage at the hands of pretty women.

"In the French army drinking of absinthe of the cheapest quality, and, as a matter of course, the most deleterious of all, used to prevail to such an extent that both military and medical commissions were appointed to report upon the practice and the effects resulting from it. The facts that came to light were so alarming that the government not only formally interdicted its consumption, but made every endeavor to keep it beyond the reach of the soldiers. In Paris and throughout the towns these efforts were not particularly successful; but it fared hard with any camp followers of expeditionary corps in Algeria, or at Chalons, or other parts of France where temporary camps were formed, who chanced to be detected in supplying absinthe to the troops. In the French navy its consumption is rigidly prohibited, not merely to the common seamen, but to the officers as well.

Miss Harriet Livermore.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:—Just a seal with much interest a paper of the 25th an extract from the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard*, in which particular reference is made to the late Miss Harriet Livermore. She is said to be "of an aristocratic and wealthy family of Philadelphia." I presume that Miss Harriet Livermore, I think, was of the aristocratic family of that name in Newburyport, Mass. The writer of her present obituary in that paper is probably so stated. And what is said of her there is worthy of record. She was a woman more than deserved by her good attainments and unselfish devotion of time and labor. She was educated at a time when the feelings of one great political party in this country were strongly in favor of the French; her family was among the most distinguished of that party, and her native language, but she was a very good Latin scholar. Her literary productions show her a good writer of the English.

With reference to Miss Livermore's journey to the East, I have a word to say. That lady was in the habit of calling on me occasionally, and making known some of her plans of usefulness, and asking advice, not with regard to the main object of her plans—she believed that she was moved by a divine impulse to proceed, and consequently she needed no advice—but the means were not always at hand.

Miss L., one day called to say that she considered that she had received an intimation from Providence that her duty called her to Jerusalem. And Providence had also provided for her by intimating to her that several persons (the writer herself included) would assist her, and counsel should be provided with the subjects for them.

Miss L. was a lady of decision, but she possessed, still great modesty, and was not forward in obtruding herself into company, and the patient reader may imagine my surprise when I found that there was no hesitancy over the shoulder of the Lion, and nothing could be done but to accompany her to the door. But she was communicative with the men at the door, and so, at the suggestion of some one, she sent in her card "Allerton, The Superior opened, by accident, to the following lines:

"'And may the Virgin Mother guide
The Virgin Pilgrim on her way.'

The person thus asking for assistance was a "pilgrim." She must be provided for, and a note was handed to her introducing her to a superior of a religious house of females.

"But," said Miss L., "I do not know the way thither; and, if I did, I am afraid to walk those streets alone at night. I must have someone to go there."

That was impossible; no woman could enter that house.

"But," said Miss L., "if you will not permit me to enter by a chamber, at least let me come into the porter's lodge. You may lock me in with the porter's wife, who is in your rooms, and lock me up in this chamber. I, of I shall have to spend the time in the door, for even that is better than walking the streets."

The compromise was made, and the next morning Miss Livermore left and was received as an honored guest in the female convent, remaining there without charge during her residence in Jerusalem.

Miss L. was wont to say to me that good poetry must be very efficacious, for in every nine had opened the gates of an Eastern convent. I think she entered a small protest to the language of the little prayer in the two lines quoted above: "Virgin Pilgrim" "conscientious," and did not contain herself to address petitions to the Saints, though she acknowledged the individuality and benefit thereof in this particular case.

Miss L. was wont to speak of her feelings at the tomb of the Lord, and the pleasure she had in placing herself in the place where they laid Him.

Miss L. was a lady of decision, religious convictions; of a well-educated intellect, and, of great purity, piety and perseverance.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

—Mr. Wilder, who now edits the Leavenworth *Conservative*, said, in his recent salutatory: "I have done some very mean things in my day, of which I am more ashamed than any other man living. These things will probably be more talked of now than ever before."

The Lord Brougham's autobiography is withheld from publication on account of the rows it is supposed it would create.

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