The Jury Magazines.

Mr. Bayard Taylor opens the July number of *Fraser's* with a little article on the royal painting at Pompeii. The subject is much too interesting and antiquarian for the pen of a mere magazinist and dilettante, and Mr. Taylor ought not to think, because he can sketch a landscape agreeably, that his opinions on the price of a Greek Chiron or Achilles is final. Mr. Taylor's ignorance is dangerous; he has heard that (in the opinion of M. Cosmuo) Titian and the Venetians painted over a ground-color of amber or gray; and fancies the same method for these wall-paintings because many of their reach a single dominant key of color; arguing from oil to distemper with a heedlessness that would make an artist giddy. He is puzzled by the probability of some of the writer's remarks.

"With the exception of Giotto and Masaccio, I find no such power of expression in the Italian artists before Raphael, in the Madonna, Achilles, and the Thesens of the Pompeian walls." "Here is nothing of the stiffness of the Byzantine art."

Why *should* there be? Is Mr. Taylor misled by the fact that the original "Medea" copied in Pompeii was by Tymomachos (a Greek) of Byzan? Of course, the Pompeian picture is the expiring effort of the Byzantine painting. Have no reflection whatever from what we know as Byzantine art, which Giotto and Masaccio, and the contemporaneous Murillo on having no trace of the Aztec taste. In justice to Bayard's pretty gift of word-painting, we may copy the following paragraph celebrating the rather mediocre "Female Poet."

"A single head, of cabinet size, belonging to this class, is one of the most charming things I ever saw. It represents a graceful young a Muse, holding her tablets in one hand, while with the other she is pointing toward the Muse with the point of the stylus. The face is perfectly abstracted, and the soft, gleaming eyes look as you cease seeing you. A smile has just left her lips, and it is a pleasure to imagine that it has yielded to find the proper words. It might be a young Sappho, or a Lesbian poetess, or Corinna. Drawing, coloring, and expression are alike admirable, and I scarcely know a single head by any later artist which I would prefer to exchange."

C. W. Elliott contributes an excellent paper, crowded with interesting facts, and a most entertaining of facts, about "Life in Paris." As to the Peace Establishment of armed men.

"Just what amount of this force is needed by the people of France the army gets directly and indirectly, it might be difficult to say; but it costs, according to the Paris *Temps* that 169,910,400 lives are consumed in every year. Not the amount of men which might be productive, is not only unproductive, but is actually wasteful and destroying. It was estimated that every soldier in our war cost the nation a thousand dollars; if the French soldier costs but half that, it would make the expenditure figure of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars."

And of the yellow valetudinarian who employs these soldiers:

"Does the man rec the end approaching? Does he think that in all the millions of francs, the thousand have any sympathy with his gragged Empire? that not one of all these millions loves him? that the sheepishness and tailors support him? that the people care not because they change? He knows, and his people know, that it is all false, and that his Empire is falsehood, and yet not a man in all of the world, print one word of criticism or condemnation; not a man dare whisper it above his breath; his Senate and Corps Legislatif meet with the laws *le salonite*, or none. Meantime, starvation to-day presses more heavily on the people of Paris; placards are posted in the secrecy of night, 'Bread or Death!' His army? The idiom is undoubtedly not free from embarrassment. Industrial and commercial activity sickened, uneasiness is general in Europe—the harvest is not good—famine is inevitable."

At the close of his careful and studious article, Mr. Elliot has the frankness to print the comments upon it of a gentleman of high position and superior means of observation, whose conclusions are much more hopeful, though Mr. Elliot still considers the outlook to be justified by his favorite figures.

"After three thousand years" is a short tale by J. G. Austin.

"Cotton planting at Fort Hudson" is an entertaining experience well narrated by James O. Noyes. He introduces to the course of his narrative the following "personal incident" which we who has no connection whatever with cotton-growing, the great Hyrtl, whose collection of prepared skeletons opened folks' eyes at the Paris Exposition; we cite the trait for its inherent oddity.

"When I was a student at Vienna, Hyrtl, the great anatomist, used to show me on his brawny forearm a little plantation of cotton, which he transplanted many years before from the bodies of fear friends. Here was one from Mount Vernon, here one from the renowned Von Hammer Purgstall, there one from a celebrated Spanish actress, from his Transparency a Minister of the Court, or from a famous Philippine beauty. It was strange to hear the Professor eloquently descant upon the virtues of the unknown and, to a certain extent, were yet living in his own body. Would, indeed, are the limitations of the sensible theory? May not the single cell in which one life originated, transmigrate, as they have been, through the world of atoms, be, at last, the medium of a resurrected body?

Lovers of musical study will be delighted with the technical enthusiasm of the "Poor Musician," whose "Journal" is presented by M. Mendel.

"Mackinaw," by Samuel C. Clarke, is a souvenir of travel that will be acceptable to the reader who only knows of the island as a place where they plait straw for hats. "The Fables of Bidpai," by Prof. Taylor Lewis, is a contribution to popular orientalism, and embodies a long parable translated from the Arabic. Prof. W. L. Gage has collected from the best accounts the materials for a sufficiently accurate portrait of Theodore, late sovereign of Abyssinia. "The Last of the Bourbon Story," by F. F. Robertson, is by no means the last, but it depicts, without giving any satisfactory theory of the Bourbon claims of Mr. Williams, the close of that spoiled and dejected life. It is only proper that *Putnam's*, which first gave a wide publicity to the theory in the famous article by Mr. Hanson, should finish up the story to the best of its ability, or at least trace the accidents of the case to whatever to the appearance of that paper. "Napoleon Painted by Himself" is a delicate prepared, from the well-known theory of fancy, by E. S. Gould: the extracts from the "Correspondence" recently published in the journal order, appear to be, I have been taken at second hand from English or French sources. I have forgotten which; latterly the subject has been very fully expanded. The epistolary "Visit to Yedo"...is continued; it is written by J. Bisbee Hall. Poems are contributed by Elizabeth Stoddard, J. Milton Mackie, M. E. Nuttley, A. B. Street and F. C. Mallard. This number of *Putnam's* is the most various, the most original, the most informing and most amusing that has appeared since the revival. It is a wonderful miscellany for 35 cents; if the management would only give a holiday to Thomas Nast, the enchantment

We receive *Putnam's* from G. W. Pitcher.

"Dr. Doran says in one of his volumes, that he lately heard, in England, a sermon delivered from the pulpit in the style of "Hiawatha." "First, it came upon the hearers like a burst of some old measure near forgotten, yet still well-remembered; then it seemed like the sweet, three circled signal smiles of recognition; lips seemed taking form to utter 'Hiawatha's Wawa!' Then the general car grew tired of a song of weary sameness, on the general eye descended indifference soporific; till at last all were lapsed into a deep, calm, sweet, unbroken sleep, except heard a sermon by a fashionable sex-side preacher, in blank verse, in Hyde Park, London, and had been advertised. The subject was 'Love,' and of course a large congregation assembled. It was the direction of human experience.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

[Translated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin]

Blanchamin, the Prefect of the Seine, and ridicule of Paris, is a large, raw-boned man of the image of an escaped English footman; there is something peculiarly raw, vulgar and low-bred about his face, as exhibited by the photographs, a coarse and exceptionally plain visage hangs in a mirror of cleverness. Blanchamin is well known to cockney as the "Tyburn collar." A late writer in the *Figaro* has sketched the dangerous:

M. Haussmann is a very tall man; a poet would say, as tall as—Paris. We are content to say as tall as—the Rue Turbigo. He is the tallest of all Parisians. Suppose they take a fancy to place his statue, some day, where the obelisk now stands among the symbolic Cities of France, it will not take much, after the inauguration of the pedestal, to make of the Prefect a colossus in a monolith of Egyptian granite.

The tall emblems of a tall idea shines, like most of his constructions, more by dimension than by grace and harmony. He has broad shoulders, a little stooping, as if they carried a good many things and a good many people; he has a robust leg, hands and feet of pretty liberal proportions; it is a cabman who does not easily quit his hold of what he has taken up, and who would not be uprooted so easily as the trees where transplanting he has ordered.

When he has been asked by wife, with his great facilities, with the great ambition he must have, with the great and the powerful arm that he has, he resigned himself so long to distant subprefectures, he waited so long, and so patiently, for the opportunity of "a wide sphere of usefulness" "How can any one turn back a man who was twenty years taking the spring? They have been expecting his antecedents. The grandfather, a city-goose herbalist, grew rich, and left his grandson, and signed a provincial appeal (at Mayence) for the death of Louis XVI; signed an entreaty to the Emperor for the administration of alimentation. The son, the father of the Prefect, entered the same administration when quite young. He was a journalist, and signed as editor of the *Tribune*, in 1830, the protest against the press law. Afterwards he became a subprefect; Corsica would not come off, and the present saints in the office of the *Moniteur de l'Armee*.

Paul Foucher recollects a funny occurrence at a representation of Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*.

Rossini was very deaf, and could not hear the words. Dérivis, a way, profited by the circumstance to establish a wager, between Rossini and Dérivis, that he would be imprisoned for the heavy periods of the translated libretto. There was a duet in which the words ruling:

"Rebellious daughter,
Fear the rage
Of the avenging gods!"

Dérivis, with his usual vigor, his eyes flaming, his gestures furious, sang:

"We must go to the apothecary's,
We must go to the apothecary's,

The public could catch nothing; but on the stage the piece was received, Dérivis, Fanyra choked. Nicolet lost the trace of his part, and mistaken choose the chase, and Rossini, at the recapado of utilitad laughter, and, as you may very well understand, it was on them that the blame of the public descended.

Was it not, says the French author, a neat and complete satire on the music of Rossini, and on Italian music generally?

Is it not, a more distant observer may ask, a fair specimen of the mind of the French, that treat the foreign talent they profess to adopt and foster?

In these days, Romieu, (says M. E. Blondet in the *Evènement Illustré*,) was jogging over an old lady who had the hardihood to carry on her balcony an enormous globe—the squarium being yet to discover—where, a dozen little red fishes swam about.

One afternoon in May, Romieu placed himself at the window, armed with a fishing line, a hook and a few bits of sponge-cake.

The good matron fled and gone out—

Romieu baited his tackle with the sponge-cake—

Little red fishes love sponge cake...As less than five minutes the former were fished—to the very life!

Romieu fried them.

Finally he lowered them again, by means of a net—one after another, the fish fell.

The old lady came home and ma le straight for the balcony.

The sight of the "small fry" extorted from her a terrible note of surprise, of fright, and of ire.

At the sash of the upper story, Romieu extended his imperturbable head.

"What could you do, madam? It is your own fault. Believe such little creatures exposed on the sun in May."

The grand old cathedral town of Rouen has set be without Parisians to talking, in a manner which has had the effect of exposing to her balcony an enormous globe—the squarium being yet to discover—where