SEPARATE.

From the last time, dear, the last, let me hold your hand;
Separate forever from to-night we stand.

The flowers grow to thickly over the gulf below,
We never thought we neared it till to-night, you know.

Jasmine, roses, heliotrope, blossoms rich and rare;
Filled the eye with loveliness, filled the fragrant air.

Dazzled with their glory, drunken with their scent;
Hand-in-hand to the brink we went.

Heedless where the pathway led, careless of the goal;
Sweetness, calm, and beauty lapping heart and soul.

Never from the sunny south, from the languid west,
Came the bitter blast that brought reason's searching test.

Black and keen the cast wind through the blossoms blew;
Forced the clinging tendrils back from where they grew;

Crushed the gorgeous mass of blossom, broke the fair wreath,
Showed in naked ugliness all that lurked beneath.

Dear, good-bye forever, each too weak to stand by each; grievous, grievous danger, fingering hand-in-hand.

Too south wind's subtle sweetness would steal the sense again,
The West winds lazeus langor lull the lazy brain.

Though the blast blow bitterly, though we shrink and shiver,
Better so than lying lost in that sullen river.

Let the lovely poison leaves wreathe and cling once more,
We have seen beneath the veil—ah, happy blindness o'er!

The parted paths lie straight and gray, the flowers cry pain to broken hearts;
Separate forever, dear, our last words are spoken.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

The most thoughtful and scholarly elements in the new *Atlantic* are supplied by Whipple, in commenting on Sidney and Raleigh, in Elizabethan times, and on George Eliot, in her medical power—the latter piece of hair-splitting being assigned to the critical department proper, at the close of the number. In the notice of the "Spanish Gypsy," however, we get nothing but the arid authority of criticism, even when we would look for some thrill or generous surprise at the advent of the unique woman-poem. The exceptions are justly taken, if you will; but we cannot but think that this is not the way in which a work of such rank should be looked at. It is true that George Eliot's line is deficient in a sense of music; but we gladly overlook worse discords in Browning. The defects, the immaturities in construction are obvious enough, and throw themselves without a shadow of disguise upon our magnanimity. But are we not habituated to justify more glaring crudities in every one of Shakespeare's plots, in fact in the whole range of romantic story-telling? How unwise it would be to turn Procrustes of a sudden, and measure our wealth of Gothic romance upon the frame of Racine or of the Greek tragedian! The critic, however, is drily sure of his principles, and even ventures to imperil the unity of his own structure in admitting slip after slip from the poem, which bloom upon his stricture, full of heart and self-enjoyment, with something of the sanidotal power which the leaf foliage of the aloe is said to have over the dry, rattling sting of the destroyer; one reads the sunny verses, and the critic's fascination is for the moment over. We have observed, without decision to our general mood, the delight, defects as grave as are attributed to this poem, in every one of Miss Evans's prose tales; but in reviewing the tales there has always heretofore been maintained a sense of gratitude and respect which have withheld the critic short of Mr. Whipple's somewhat ignoble tone. In the tone, we mean, in which he advises Miss Evans that her aftrologer might be more naturally employed *"in writing for the ricrics*; in which he calls the mental analysis of the heroine, as she bids her lover adieu in *"solemn impertinences,"* a "very unedifying spectacle," or in which he attributes the primitive effect of the Spanish Gypsy to *the concession to the spirit of the nineteenth century!* How long we have been accustomed to consider these anachronisms very clever things indeed in the way of smart writing; but how they become somewhat pale in the presence of the grave, thoroughly enjoying and inspiring its work! It appears to us that George Eliot, for the complete adjustment of her American critic, has nothing to do but to open the lately impounded page that tells of Fedalma dancing to the jaguars at twilight,—and let "charm" dissolve "spell."

The anonymous writer who tries to estimate the genius of Hawthorne is not quite of the calibre of his subject. And with this effort, and the clever notices of Sarmiento's "Argentine Republic" and Chaplain Boynton's "American Navy," the overweighted critical department of the number is at least got over. The most attractive practical narratives are Mr. Knox's account of the Siberian Exiles, and De Forest's capital studies of negro-character from the life, entitled "The Man and Brother." Some new and imperfectly-understood notions are studied out in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's learned paper on the Modern Methods of Studying Poisons. Bayard Taylor, in his sketch of the Island of Madeira, narrates his wonder at the reiterated refusal of Garibaldi to receive him—and invents a new term: the compound "rock-widows," instead of grass-widows, when deserted wife is a native of the cliffs; we only instance the word as a promising first attempt at humor. The transcendentalism of the number is supplied by Mr. C. J. Sprague, in his essay on the Impossibility of Chance. A timely paper on American Diplomacy, and its winding way out of the famous Jenckes Bill, as a source, and in the course of many desultory suggestions embodies at least one proposal that must be insisted on before very long—we mean the enriching of our various Legations abroad, at least so far that their appointments shall not be the stock jobs of the other Ministries at every European capital. The opening tale, "No News," is by Miss E. Stuart Phelps; the only works of fiction besides are the continuation of Miss Harrison's Crecky and agreeable "St. Michael's Night," and "The Face in the Glass," which begins powerfully. The best poem is Dr. Holmes's "Bill and Joe," already extracted for this paper. "Expectation," by Celia Thaxter, is sentimental and Lamartinian. "In Vacation," more modern, and filled with clever little vignettes of the kind we have learned to call pre-Raphaelite—Alice, all, and humorous in best of brisk young rivals, the Atlantic knows how to stamp upon its pages a *cachet* of scholarship and elevation not quite equaled by the most ambitious of them.

Our Young Folks for September contains all that admirable variety of brain-work, guess-work and wonder-work for the young which its successful predecessors have led us to expect. It closes with three well-chosen pieces of music, by Schumann, Mozart and Dr. Kullak, and is prefaced by an animal picture, by Stephens, very skillful and very evidently imitated from Kaulbach's renowned illustrations to *Reinecke Fuchs.*

We observe among the announcements of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for the fall season, the following appetizing new works:

Longfellow—The New England Tragedies.
Mrs. Stowe—Old Town Folks.
Nathaniel Hawthorne—His American Journal.
Robert Browning—A New Narrative Poem.
Dr. Hayes—Cast Away in the Cold.
A. Donald G. Mitchell—He will edit, as usual, the Atlantic Almanac, for 1869, with two Familiar Lectures on the Human Body, by Dr. Holmes; a domestic sketch or essay by Mrs. Stowe; four papers by the Editor, and a story by Edward Everett Hale, highly spoken of, called "Round the World in a Hack."

Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Chinese.

At the dinner given to Mr. Burlingame in Boston, on Friday evening, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor: I suppose we are of one opinion on this remarkable occasion of meeting the Embassy of the oldest Empire in the world to the youngest Republic. All share the sympathy and the pleasure which the Oriental State, hitherto a romantic legend to most of us, suddenly steps into the fellowship of nations. This auspicious event, considered in connection with the late innovations in Japan, marks a new era, and is an irresistible consequence of the science which has given us the power of steam and the electric telegraph. This event is the more welcome for the surprise. We had said of China, as the old proverb said of Egypt, "Her strength is to sit still." Her people had such elemental conservatism, that by some wonderful force of race and national manners, the wars and revolutions that occur in her annals have proved monitory swells or surges on the pacific ocean of her history, leaving no trace. But this race has claims in its immovability. China is old, not in time only, but in wisdom, which is gray hairs to a nation—or rather, truly seen, in eternal youth. As we know, China has the magnet—centuries before Europe—and gunpowder, vaccination, canals, land and inland Lindneys's nomenclature of plants; had paper, journals, clubs, hackney-coaches; and thirty centuries before New York, had the custom of New Year's calls of comity and reconciliation. Why mention the arts, as—pottery, indispensable to the world, paper, printing, and the mariner's compass, the cordial of nations. But, I remember, she has respectable remains of astronomy, science, and historic records of fourteen time, that have supplied important gaps in the ancient history of the Western nations, and that her philosophers who cannot be spared. Confucius has not yet gathered all his fame. When Socrates heard that the oracle declared that he was the wisest of men he said that it must mean that other men held that they were wise, but he knew that he knew nothing, and this belief was uttered already by Confucius, and what we call the golden rule of Jesus, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," was said in the same terms by Confucius 500 years before. His doctrine of reciprocity, his insight, putting always the blame of our misfortunes on ourselves. To that Confucius who complained of thieves, he said: "If you were not covetous, though you should reward them for doing it, they would not steal." His ideal of greatness is like that of Marcus Antoninus: at the same time, he makes the views of his nation by saying always, "Best one child to straighten eight." Especially, they interest us in another view. I am sure the gentlemen present will remember the effort of Roger Williams, in this Rhode Island, has twice attempted to carry through Congress, requiring the candidates for public office shall first pass examination on the literary qualifications for the same. Well, China has preceded us as well as England and France, in this essential correction, and the fine esteem of education spread on social life as an indispensable passport. The advantages of our Commerce are already appearing. The immigrants from Asia come in crowds. Their power of continuous labor, their versatility in adapting themselves to new conditions are unbounded. They send back to their friends money and new products of art and our goods, thus establishing a commerce worth millions. I cannot help adding, after what I have heard to-night, that I have read in English journals that the merit of this reform in the relations of China to foreign Governments was mainly due to Mr. Burlingame. I am quite sure that I heard in New York from Mr. Burlingame that the whole merit was due to Sir Frederick Bruce, as it appears that the ambassadors were emulous in their magnanimity. It is certainly the best guarantee for the interests of China and of humanity.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was on hand with an appropriate poem. The following are some of the verses:

Brothers, whom we may not reach
Through the veil of alien speech,
Welcome! welcome! ere you can tell
What the lips in vain would spell,—
Words that hearts are understood,
Brothers from the Flowery Land!

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long has shunned the staring day,
Hid in aisles of poetic dreams
By the blue and yellow streams,
Let us by shadowed form behold,
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Open wide, ye gates of gold,
To the Dragon's banner-fold!
Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mountain barriers fall!
So may the guide of the way
Bind the East and West in one.

Till Nevada's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta Sieue Shan—
Till Erie blends its waters blue
With the waves of Ning-Po-fu—
Till they Missouri lends its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

MYSTERIES OF MYSTERIES.

The Latest Fashions for Ladies.

CORONOR.

The rumor that crinoline is about to be discarded is untrue. The manufacturers are busy at work in filling the large orders of the dealers, thus proving that they at least are convinced that the reign of crinoline, and its fashionable adjunct, the panniers, will be a long one—as for the health and comfort of women we hope it may. A return to the old fashion of wearing several heavy skirts instead of a light, flexible, supporting hoop, would be almost intolerable.

On visiting the factories and comparing the different styles of skirt worn since the revival of crinoline in 1856, we agreed with the proprietors that the shape to be introduced for the next season is admirable. In the first place, it is slightly larger than the shape worn during the summer. The heavy materials of winter clothing make this necessary. The panier fullness at the back is made to come gracefully, instead of bulging out suddenly. The front of the skirt is perfectly straight, fitting smoothly over the figure, while in the back is a gradually sloping train, flaring out at the edge just enough to avoid coming in contact with the hoop.

Promenade skirts, to be worn with short dresses, will be from two and a quarter to two and a half yards in circumference, for ladies of medium height. Skirts worn with trains on full dress occasions measure three yards and a half.

The new open front, or "winged" skirts, are the novelty of the season. They give complete freedom for every motion, walking, sitting, dancing, or stepping in and out of a carriage. The upper part of the skirt is laced together, then come a few hoops, and below there is the open winged front. It is an impossibility for the feet to become entangled in this skirt, as the limbs are free from hoops in front from the knee down. A spiral spring has been invented to hold the steels securely around the curved opening. This open front may be applied to any hoop. The tournure is graceful. The skirt slopes toward the bottom, measuring eighty-five inches in circumference. This skirt is made to put in the tub and washed thoroughly.

The *Zephyrina Empress* is a round skirt, slightly trained, and especially adapted to the morning dress. It is made from twenty-five yards of silk, and measures from twenty to twenty-five inches, according to the general proportions of the figure. There can be no a prescribed size for the waist, since fashion changes the length and position of it. A line drawn half-way between the hip and the trochanter gives the point at which the taper-ing waist, reshaped by elegant dressmakers. The panier as now worn produces the appearance of a small waist.

The material of the corset should be very firm and strong. Flimsy and elastic materials soon stretch out of shape. Fine coutil is expensive, but it is economy to buy it, as it wears well. The corset should be large enough to meet in the back.

The popular glove-fitting corset is worthy of commendation. It is made without gores, and cut on a correct principle, by which a perfect fit is obtained. It consists of three pieces; the bust, waist and hips are cut separately. The spring-latch fastening is a great improvement on the old-fashioned clasps. The lower hook is constructed with a spring, which is pressed on the latch, preventing adjusting the other hooks and eyes in a moment. The busks, of flexible steel, adapt themselves to every undulation of the figure.

An imported corset, that took a prize at the Paris City Exposition, has a bandeau attached. A French corset, called the "Bride's Own," is made of glassy coutil that looks like satin. It is edged with Cluny lace and insertion. Others are embroidered with white and with scarlet. Imported corsets are also made of kid and morocco. Perfumed corsets are also made in London; these are moulded by steam, and are very flexible. Gauze corsets for ladies in hot climates are also made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new spiral bonnet pad is a good design, but is objectionable on account of being partly made of rubber. Very natural looking buns are made of a fine netting, in a solid piece, covering the front from arm-pit to arm-pit. A muslin cover conceals the wire. It is held in position by elastic shoulder straps and belt. Price, $1 50.

Garters impede circulation and injure the shape of the limb, especially when worn below the knee. A growing child should never be allowed to wear them. An excellent stocking supporter consists of an elastic waistband with two long tapes on each limb, connected with an elastic strap at the knee, which is fastened to the stocking—it is made in different sizes for ladies and children.

—From Harper's Bazar.

MEDICINAL.

FRENCH MEDICINES
PREPARED BY
GRIMAULT & CO.
Chemists to H. I. H. Prince Napoleon,
No. 45 Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF IRON,
By Lerou, M. D., Docteur ès Sciences, Grimault & Co. Chemists.

According to the opinion of the members of the Paris Academy of Medicine, this article is superior to all the ferruginous preparations known. It agrees best with the digestive organs, and is the most assimilable of all the ferruginous preparations. It does not blacken the teeth, and does not cause the headache, which all other preparations fail, such as Vichy pills, iron rust, iron of Bravais, Pyrophosphate of iron, Quinquina wine, iron and water. One tablespoonful of the solution or syrup contains a quantity of iron equal to the quantity of iron contained in two pints of Bravais water.

Children's Diseases—Iodized Syrup of Horse-Radish.
Prepared by Grimault & Co., Paris.

This syrup contains iodine combined with the Juice of Horse-radish, a specific against the scrofulous, the lymphatic and enlarged glands generally, and for the cleansing of the blood, and purifying the system. It is a powerful expectorant, and is an efficacious remedy against Consumption. The Iodized Syrup of Horse-radish is actively prodigious against the scrofulous constitutional affections, such as those from tuberculosis, cancer, tumors, white swellings of the neck, or the various eruptions on the face or the other parts of the body. It is also a powerful remedy against the disease of Consumption. Being at once tonic and deobstruent, it is a powerful remedy against the various affections which result from a lymphatic temperament and vicious habits.

Dr. Durin Du Buisson's Diarrhœa Lozenges of the Alkaline Lactates.

The Alkaline Lactates combined, the most beneficial to tissues over the derangements of digestion, either by the stomach or by the intestines, the Lozenges of Durin Du Buisson are the most convenient form of administration with the saliva to the stomach. Prepared with the lactates, they are tonic, digestive, and deobstruent, and are quite adapted to be used constantly for the cure of the disease of the stomach, or the various eruptions on the face or the other parts of the body. They are also a powerful remedy against the disease of Consumption. In taking at once tonic and deobstruent, they are a powerful remedy against the various affections which result from a lymphatic temperament and vicious habits.

Syrup of Hypophosphite of Lime.
Grimault & Co., Chemists, Paris.

A syrup containing the Hypophosphite of Lime in the proportion of one grain to a teaspoonful, which is perfectly tolerable, and which can be taken by the most delicate stomachs, and which can be used daily, and will be found invigorating, and a powerful remedy against the Wasting Diseases of Consumption, Rickets, Scrofula, Anæmia, Chlorosis, Nervous Affections, Rickets, Rickitis, Mental Fatigue, Loss of Appetite, Want of Sleep, Nervous Irritability, Hypochondriasis, Impotence, Sterility, and Wasting of Children, Nervous Affections, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Chorea, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia