A LOVE-LETTER.

This letter is from her,
I see the pink flush all over the sheet.
It was penned, I know, by her innocent blushed
So shy and so sweet.

How sure the beginning!
I fancy, almost, 'tis a whisper, "My dear"
How her pen hung around it, that term of endearment—
So much sweeter to hear!

Ah, what a sweet letter!
She tells me she's lonesome, now I am away;
Well, I'm glad and I'm sorry—I am glad she can say
I'm sorry to stay.

She says she has counted the hours as they vanished since we said "Good-bye;"
Ah, well! so have I, and the hours that must follow
So lately by.

Yes I'll tell her "Good morning," And hold, just a moment, her hand in my own, And perhaps I may kiss her, if no one is looking,
Or we are alone!

How I wish the days were shorter!
She says she is longing to see me as soon
For she's something to tell me, the dear little charmer,
Too sweet for a pen!

* * *

And the musical ending,
"Your true heart forever!" Oh, magical words!
They ring through my heart till its echoes are sweeter
Than singing of birds!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Norris's American Fish Culture," published in this city by Porter & Coates, is passing around the world as a standard. Mr. Norris's authority will be quoted beside the Mandarins of the Ganges, as already by those of the Hudson, the Humber and the Thames. The English publishers of the book are Sampson Low, Son & Co.; and a late number of the *Athenæum*, after an attentive review of Mr. Norris's methods, concludes thus:

"Mr. Norris has rendered good service to the important subject of fish-culture by the present publication; and although his book does over ground (or water rather) occasionally to great extent by English writers on fish-culture, it contains several particulars respecting this art practised in the United States, which are valuable, and may be turned to profitable account by our piscicultists."

A remarkably gay and attractive style of issuing a miscellaneous selection of children's stories has been struck out by Andrew F. Graves, of Boston. This publisher issues "The Myrtle Branch; or, Pleasant Sketches for Children and Youth," in a thin and elegant octavo, with handsome binding, and the peculiarity of an oblong wreath of colored myrtle leaves around every page. The contents are a few prose stories and poems of excellent morals and correct diction.

Sold by Lippincott.

Harper's Magazine for February, a number fully up to standard, yields us the following editorial summary. W. Knox, who has heretofore described so acceptably Siberian life to our magazine-reading public, explains in this number on Russia. We extract:

SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

When the roads are rough the continual jolting of the sleigh is very fatiguing to a traveler, and frequently, during the first two or three days of his journey, he wishes that he what is very properly designated the roadfever. His pulse is quick, his blood warm, his head aching, his whole frame sensitive sore and stiff, and his mind is far from being serene and amiable. In the first part of my land journey I had the satisfaction of ascertaining by practical experience the exact character of the sleigh, and I was perfectly ready to burst, and appeared to my excited imagination about as large as a barrel; every fresh jolt sending the vehicle down my throat a sensation as if somebody were driving a tenpenny nail into my skull; as for good nature under such circumstances that was out of the question and I am free to confess that my temper was not unlike that of a bear with a sore head. Happily, however, I kept it pretty well to myself, and as my companion was affected about as I was we managed not to disagree.

When the roads are good, the sleigh is not great, one can sleep very well in a Russian sleigh, I succeeded in enjoying a great deal of slumber from my vehicle, and sometimes did not wake for three or four hours. The government couriers, however, suffer much from loss of sleep, as they are compelled to maintain the utmost limit of speed without regard to night or day or distance. Sometimes the roads are in such a wretched condition that the sleigh is the vehicle to the height of discomfort, and can be very well likened to a lump of butter in a revolving churn; in such cases it is, at the most, if not wholly, impossible, and the traveler, proceeding at coarser speed, must take advantage of the few moments halt at the stations while the horses are being changed. As he has but ten or fifteen minutes for the change he makes good use of his time and sleeps very soundly until his team is ready.

FROM CHIVALROUS SOUTHRONS, BY DE FOREST. In *Southern Individuality*—Whether called on to semi-civilize a Scalawag, or to make more individuality of character than the Thinker, and is one of the most interesting.

A rel all events, one of the most amusing, ton, savages on this continent, if not in the light. I do hate silent titling, and England, he has that rich, practical humor natus gas totally unconscious of being humorous of a, the gravest manner decorates his gazette. Sagacious and romantic adventures; Napier, author of the standard work on Horse Guards; six has thousands of high-toned gentlemen, who suppose themselves to be themselves to regimen and staid propriety, but land at that time w, to associate with the Ox; gazette; ever to Jeffersonian Democrats. Blinds my proposition, and Uncle Toby and Squire back to Lord Nelson, Crawley and Bagby; simply reject the Indickwick and Le Chouriti; lently enabling Lord Nelson best society and quite honor many officers, who, frankly speaking, in tion, merit the usual rewards civilized earth or John Pallington was as a write a position of the department.

Novel Offer to Job Cicero? Such a novel proposition has been singularly possibly as President of the Board of Trade, not at the gentleman has "offered to the United States need wishes and of propolens, "as a verdant "as depriving our hardy fellow-citizens is a living by dressing and selling, as verdant quantity of fel." Mr. Bright, in rep. did not thus Parliament could be appl a curious great money for such a purpose, and as ther pressed with two communications ablude, same subject, directed his Secretary to ap lodge their receipts.

Wales as a Freemason. his Before leaving Stockholm, says a despatch from the capital, the Prince of Wales was ma a Knight of the Freemasons of Charles XII. after having successively received the six interior orders.

Fire in an English Colliery. On the 8th instant, a portion of the colliery belonging to the Rainford Coal Company, near Wigan, was discovered to be on fire. Eight men descended the pit with the view of extinguishing

ART ITEMS.

DEATH OF THE PAINTER COOPER.—A Cooperstown paper has just known artists of the English school of animal painters, died in England on Christmas evening, aged 65 years. His father was an unsuccessful business man, and finally failed as an innkeeper, leaving Cooper, a lad of fifteen, to rely upon his own resources. He began to work for a living in a brewery, where horses were a prominent part of the internal machinery. The brewer's son having a pet pony, and not being able to pay the price charged by a professional artist to paint the animal's portrait, Cooper volunteered his services and succeeded so well that the brewer became his art patron, instead of his employer. This incident gave the future character to the artist's whole life. In the pursuit of his profession he became expert with the fly, the gun, and as a rider of race horses. In fact, his love for sport led him sometimes to appear as a performer in a circus. His earliest pictures were battle pieces, where the principal actors were on horseback, and he was happy in his contrasts of cavaliers and Roundheads. His picture of Mansfield Park secured his election to the Royal Academy.

As a portrait painter of race horses in their prime he was never thoroughly successful, compared with his tutor Marshall or his pupil Herring; but he could excel them both in the portrayal of horses in their ordinary appearance about the farm-house or field. Messrs. Williams and Stevens some years ago made Cooper's pencil familiar by the importation of a picture of an English farm-yard. The horses, pigs, donkeys, milkmaids, laborers, ducks, geese, chickens and pigeons, were scattered about in profusion, and executed with a correctness and brilliancy of color that charm any beholder.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVING.—We have recently brought to the notice of our readers several processes by which the production of relief printing blocks can be greatly facilitated by means of photography. We now give the details of one of these, hitherto only briefly indicated, in which copper is bitten out, and leaves raised lines for printing as from type or wood cut. A quantity of bitumen (that with a clean lustrous conchoidal fracture is best) is broken up into small pieces and dissolved in benzoline, and the solution thinned with collodion. The solution (which should be of the consistence of collodion) is then decanted from the residuum and filtered through cotton, so as to strain out all the solid particles. A copper plate, made perfectly smooth, is then coated uniformly with a very thin layer of the solution, which is dried at a gentle heat. The exposure of the plates thus prepared may be considerably shorter than that of those in which a gelatine is used