NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nos. 39 and 40 of *Zell's Encyclopedia* and *Universal Dictionary* embrace definitions of words between BEXHILL and BOLIVIA, with relatively large and frequent illustrations.

The August number of *The American Exchange and Review* presents an attractive list of contents, including a good paper on Sir William Hamilton the metaphysician, a curious one on the origin of the ideas of manners and matter defining the qualities of Etruscan art and distinguishing it from that of the Greeks; the abolishment of American history teaches the battles of Spottsylvania Court House, and the editor acceptably reprints the *Athenæum's* report of a lecture on "Modern Spiritualism." Dentsch the orientalist. The departments to which the *Review* is especially devoted, such as finance, mining, transportation, arts and physics, are abundantly filled for the month, that of mining receiving the continued care of H. S. Osborn, LL. D., Prof. in Lafayette College. The brisk and instructive *Review* is published by Fowler & Moore, No. 521 Chestnut street.

Tilton's Journal of Horticulture for August attends to the interests of the season, being particularly full in reporting the lessons of the successful strawberry year just closed; treates of grape-culture, and on various items of floriculture, are careful and important.—Boston: Tilton & Co.

Our National Game is a pamphlet *jeu-d'esprit*, filled with pictures by an artist who cannot draw, addressed to a public who cannot laugh. As the former has not been inspired to express his book before publication, we kindly suppress his name before and after is done. The title, which falls lamentably in its efforts to extract pictorial fun out of the commonest of national games, is published by Holmes & Co. and for sale by Turner Bros. & Co.

ART ITEMS.

—A discovery has been made at Herculaneum of two gold bracelets of Roman size still fastened to two pieces of stuff. They probably served as a clasp for a peplum. A small fam was also found—an indifferent one, but a very valuable original.

—The great statue of David, by Michael Angelo, is soon to be removed from the Piazza Signoria, at Florence, to some place under cover, a step rendered necessary by the rapid internal decay of the marble. The great ball satisfied that he had 50,000 lire to spend by giving shelter to this the earliest triumph of Buonarotti's chisel. The Florentine sculptors of whom the Art Commission and the Minister of Public Instructions has taken counsel in the matter, and who are to superintend the removal, recommend that an exact copy, also in white marble, should as soon as possible be made, and occupy the pedestal to be vacated by the great original.

—The subscriptions to the proposed memorial of Chopin continue to come in. The monument is to be erected in Warsaw, and to be executed by the Godebski, son-in-law of M. Servais, and sculptor of a successful bust of Rossini.

—A statue of Goethe is to be inaugurated at Munich in the early part of September. On this occasion three productions of the illustrious poet will be given, either at the Court Theatre or at the National Theatre—*Iphigenia in Tauris, Torquato Tasso*, and *Faust*.

—The *Courrier d'Orient* states that, by the labor of Mahmud Pacha, a palace has been discovered beneath the ruins of ancient Babylon filled with astronomical tablets, among the most curious objects is a library built of bricks in cuneiform characters. The characters with which these bricks, or rather pages, are covered, are in a perfect state of preservation.

THE IDLENESS IN OUR MIDST.

[From Ruskin's new work, "The Queen of the Air."]

Since for every idle person some one else must be working somewhere else to provide him with clothes and food, and doing, therefore, double the quantity of work that would be enough for his own needs, it is only a matter of pure justice to compel the idle person to work for his maintenance himself. The conscription has been used in many countries to take away laborers who unquestionably, for their lives, from their usual work, and maintain them for purposes chiefly of military display on the public expense. Since this has been long enough the practice of civilized nations, it is a thought that they would not much more gladly endure a conscription which should seize only the vicious and idle, already living at the public expense, and compel them to work, for public purposes, and which should discharge, at the end of the year, the laborers who would not only maintain themselves, but be serviceable to the commonwealth. The question is simply this:—we must feed the drunkard, vagabond and thief, but shall we do so by letting them steal their food and do no work for it? or shall we give them their food in appointed quantity, and enforce their doing work which shall be worth it? or shall, in the process of time, will redeem their own character, and make them happy and valuable members of society?

I find by me a violent little fragment of undelivered lecture, which puts this, perhaps, still more clearly. Your idle people (it says) are not poor, and are not merely waste coal beds. They are explosive coal-beds, which can pay a high annual rent for. You are keeping all these idle persons, remember, at far greater cost than if they were busy. Do you think a vicious person eats less than an honest one? or that it is cheaper to keep a bad man drunk than a good man sober? There is, I suppose a fine idea in the mind of the public that they don't pay for the maintenance of people who don't work. Those staggering rascals at the street corner, grouped around its splendid palace of public house, we fancy they are no servants of ours? that we give them no wages? that no cash out of our pockets is spent on their beer-stained counter!

Whose cash is it, then, they are spending? It is not got honestly by work. You know this cash. Where do they get it from? Who has paid for their dinner and their pot? Those fellows can only live in one of two ways—by pillage or mendicity. Their annual income by thieving comes out of the public pocket, you will think. They are not charged fed, so far as they are fed by theft. But the rest of their living—all that they don't steal—they must beg. Not with success from you, you think. Else as benevolent, you never gave a penny in "indiscriminate charity." Well, I congratulate you on the freedom of your conscience from that sin, mine being bitterly burdened with the memory of many a penny given to beggars of whom I knew nothing, save that they had pale faces and this waistcoat. I, too, have had kind of street beggary that the vagabonds of our people chiefly practice. It is home begging that is the worst beggars' trade. Home alms which it is their worst degradation to receive. Those scamps know well enough that you and your wisdom are worth nothing to them. They won't beg of you. They will beg of their sisters, and mothers, and wives, and children, and of any *one* who is enough assumed of being of the same blood with them to pay to keep them out of sight. Every one of those blackguards is the parent of a family, and the deadly "indiscriminate charity"—the charity which each household pays to maintain its own private idleness.

Did you think that is no affair of yours? and that every family ought to watch over and nurture its own idleness? Yours is yours themselves this way, then. Suppose your own household, instead of having a big dirty room—a big-mouthed bronze figure, to which daily sacrifice and oblation was made; at whose feet so much beer and brandy poured out every morning on the ground; and before which, every night, good money, given for two men's keep, was set, and left till it was putrid, and then carried out and thrown on the ground!—you would pass on and say, the form of idolatry with your best diligence, I suppose. You would understand that the beer, and brandy, and meat were wasted; and that the burden imposed by each household on itself, may heavily enough lie on the whole community? But, suppose further, that this idol were not of silent and quiet house employ, but an ingenious mechanism, wound up every morning, to run itself down in automatic blasphemies, that it struck and tore with its hands the people who set food before it; that it was anointed with poisonous unguents, and infected the air for miles round. You would interfere with the idolatry then, straightway? Will you not interfere with it now, when the infection that the venomous idol spreads is not merely death—but sin?

PARIS GOSSIP.

[Paris Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.]

Peaches begun to be exposed in Paris about July 28th; the fruit was from Montreuil; being rated at nine francs per box of ten peaches, it was generally voted too expensive.

—The new Opera House is burnishing itself up for the fêtes. Statues in white marble have taken their places in the *niches chassées*, statues in bronze have mounted the roof; both species are equally admirable, and the other dressmakers than those accustomed to make for Eve. They appear in costume peculiarly adapted to their present season.

—The preaching of Père Hyacinthe at the Madeleine has caused commotion.

—The *Gazette de France* records the death of "le père Ayrout," the king of the Paris *chiffonniers*. More than 1,200 *chiffonniers* accompanied his remains to the grave. Under his pillow was discovered a bundle of papers, with the inscription, "To be burnt after my death," and round his neck he carried a medallion, which concealed a portrait of the Virgin, the great French actress. Of his life nothing is known, except that he was reputation as a doctor, and was a well-read man.

—A case, which, although attended with disastrous consequences, was not of a kind common to occurrence, has been discussed in the last few days in Paris. A gentleman, supposed to be of irreproachable character in all respects, called on a lady friend, who informed him in course of conversation that she had 50,000 francs in her drawer. He left her, and she shortly afterwards went out. On her return she found that the drawer *faire* had been broken open and her money stolen. On making a statement of the fact to the *commissaire* of police, that functionary was of opinion that the gentleman of irreproachable character was the thief. He was arrested. In the chignon of a lady with whom he was connected the greater part of the notes were found, and the parties are now in durance.

—It is curious to notice the difference which exists between nations in the matter of love of science. Sir Roderick Lambert has been announcing in France, for the last three years, that he intends setting out on an expedition to the Arctic seas in quest of the long-looked-for Northwest passage. All he is waiting for is money; but as these are sixty centuries that work gathering subscriptions, it was hoped at the outset that would not long be a hindering thing what he wanted. It is melancholy to record that the united efforts of all the commissaires during these years have only succeeded in producing 264,929 francs. In Germany, a few years ago, a million of francs was collected within two months for an Arctic expedition. In the United States 200,000,000 were taken by shares, within a week, for a similar purpose; and finally, in England, at the time of Sir John Franklin's last voyage, a single banker subscribed £20,000 out of his own pocket.

Religious Equality in Spain—A Protestant Burial.

A Madrid correspondent of an English paper writes:

Your readers will be interested to learn that a religious equality has just been obtained by the Protestants in the practical testing of the principles contained in Article 21 of the new Constitution by the Committee of the Spanish Protestant Church in the Calle de Madera, under the pastorate of Senor Rosa, which Church, by the way, is flourishing. If one may judge by the fact that the hall in which it was held, and which is adapted for over one thousand persons, is not large enough to contain the crowds who flock to it every Sunday morning and evening, and also every Thursday evening. A young female member of the Church, who had made an open profession of Protestantism, died the other day. Her friends were anxious to bury her in the general public cemetery, but on application to the priests who have charge of it they refused to do so on the ground that she, being a Protestant, could not be buried in a Catholic cemetery.

The committee of the Spanish Protestant Church applied to President Rivero for advice, and he gave them the right to bury her in accept the little British cemetery, and that has been used for the interment of persons of this subject; in fact it was part of the conditions on which the land was sold to the British government in 1854 and English Protestants are entitled to be buried hereat all, that is should be exclusively devoted to foreigners. President Rivero, the instant the case was brought before him, issued the following order to the authorities of the General Cemetery: "Have no end astonishment of the priests in question may be imagined!

Ayuntamiento of Madrid—Don Paulina Gomez, inhabitant of Calle de Jesus No. 16, belonging to the Madrid Spanish Protestant Church, died last night at ten o'clock. Liberty of worship having been decreed by the Cortes Constituyentes, she has a right, as a Spaniard and a Protestant, that her remains rest in one of the general cemeteries, and that they may be interred there with the ceremonies proper to the religion to which she belonged, for the present epidemic state of the population, and many hours having now transpired since her death, it is necessary that within the time prescribed by the sanitary laws (24 hours), the wishes of the deceased, and all the conditions of the said laws fulfilled, to avoid the dangerous consequences want of compliance may cause. I direct, myself, therefore, to your Excellency, that without loss of a single moment you will please to give the proper orders to those charged with the General Cemetery del Sur, to the end that the funeral ceremonies be performed over the body of the said Paulina Gomez—may be verified, requiring only the presentation of the proper certificate. God guard you many years.

NICOLAS MARIA RIVERO,

To the Senor Vicar-General Eclesiastico.

Rivero sent a copy of this order to the friends of the deceased, and at the same time charged three officials of the corporation to accompany the body to the cemetery, with instructions to force the gates if they should find them locked, and to take into custody any who offered any impediment to the interment. Accordingly, at six o'clock the same evening, the body was carried to its place, accompanied by the three officials referred to, and by about two hundred of the attendants of the Spanish Protestant Church. They walked through the streets in silent evenings are very trying. The worst and drivest, hardest, most cruel, most ungenerous, most unchristian, most unpatriotic, most ungrateful, most—most everything else that is bad, and most—most everything else that is good, insists on telling him all about his story; the chambermaid for she discovers the meaning for herself, and the waiter, who has to do the scrubbing over the paper does not hesitate hinting that he knows what sort of man he has been to sleep, when at least he is not bored.

But dull, objectless and vacant as their evenings are, they are nothing to the hour of rest from without to begin just that little thing which would relieve them from a deadly weight of monotony. She would think her life had gone to pieces, and that only despairing was before her, if he kissed that home-sick look, and that, though he loves her very dearly, and wants no other wife but her, yet he prays, her society after *toujours perdrix*—without change or addition, is a little stupid, however nice the partridge may be, and that change would be better if Miss, or Miss So-and-So came in sometimes, just to brighten up the hours. And if he were to make a practice of bringing home his more friends, she would probably see all parties concerned feel pretty distinctly that she considered the home her special sanctuary, and that guests whom she did not invite were little else than intruders. She would perhaps go willingly enough to a ball or a concert alone, or she might like to give one; but that intimate form of society which is a mere enlargement of the home life she dreads as too much like a supplementing of deficiencies, and thinks her husband happier and better in himself than in any diversion from herself as the sole centre of her husband's pleasure.

The home life is precious in England, and in very few families is there any mean jealousy of disciplines and stagnation. Yet, we can scarcely wonder that so many husbands think matrimony a mistake as we have it in our immediate surroundings, that so many find it dull to the time when they were unfettered and free to roam at their free friends, who watch them as wild birds watch their caged companions, curiously and reflectively, come home to their wives, and, with a sigh, say, "Well, I suppose I must be quiet now." Bores are misunderstandings to-day, and the bores for many to-morrows—the chief, on a bigger than a man's hand, which may prove to be the tempest that will destroy all; there is no shortcomings of travelling, the awkwardness of unusual association, to help in the general discomfort, if the happy pair have settled down in a villa and a cottage for their month, there is the "sad society" which all men feel to be a bore, and which they have had compulsion only, with no outside diversion to cause a break.

But the honeymoon at last draws to a close, and the relieved bridegroom gets back to his clubs, to the world, his friends, and his club; and though he takes to all these things with a difference, still they are helps and additions. This is the time of trial to a woman. If she gets over this pinch, and is strong enough to understand that human nature cannot be kept up at high pressure, even in love, and that a man must occasionally or there come down from romance to work-a-day prose, from the passionate lover to the cool and sober husband, she may be understood this, and settle into his place, without fretting on the one hand, or allowing about for unhealthy distraction on the other—she will do well, and will probably make a pleasant home, and thereby diminish the boredom of life. But, unfortunately, not every woman can do this; and it is the failure to do it that has drawn many from the lover to the friend that so many women have to make shipwreck of their own happiness and his. They think to keep him a romantic wooer still, by their tears at his proposed absence, and by their disappointment, once so eagerly accepted and offered, they try to make him feel that they are happiest when what threume exactions; their jealousies—very pretty perhaps, and quite as flattering—are infinite, and as baseless as they are infinite; all of which is very nice up to a certain point and quite amusing at the beginning of things, but all of which gets awfully wearisome as time goes on, and a man wants bath a little change and a little rest. But women do not see this; or, seeing it, they cannot accept it as a necessary condition of things; wherefore they go on in their fatal way, and, by the very unwisdom of their own love, lose their husband out of his. Or they grow substantially cold because he is superficially cooler, and think themselves justified in ceasing to love him altogether because he takes their love for granted, and so has ceased to woo it.

If they are jealous, or sly, or unsocial, as so many women are, they make life very heavy by their exclusiveness, and the monastic character they give to the home. A man married to a woman of this kind is, in fact, a house prisoner, whose only hours of freedom lie beyond the four walls of home. His bachelor friends are shut out. They seem to endeavor him to drink more than his wife thinks is good for him... or they induce him to bet—the Derby; or he pay for half crowns at billiards, or they lead him in some other way of offence, abhorrent to women. So the bachelor friends are shouldered out, and when the husband wants to come home, he must invite them to his club—if he has one—and pay the penalty when he gets home. In a few years' time his wife will be glad to encourage her sons' friends to the house, for the sake of the daughters on hand; but the young men are of a very different category, and there are few fathers who do not bitterly regret, when the latter come, they will allow that the wife refused. If bachelor friends are shouldered out of the house, all female friends are forbidden anything like an intimate footing, save those few whom the wife thinks specially devoted to herself and of whom she is not jealous. And they are very few.

There are perhaps no women in the world so exclusive towards their husbands as are English women. A husband is bound to some extent only, no doubt; but she thinks him also bound to have no affection whatever outside the home and family. I be meets an intelligent woman, pleasant to talk to, of agreeable manners and ready wit, and if he talks to her in consequence with anything like persistency or interest, he offends against the unwritten law; and his wife, whose utmost power of conversation consists in putting in a yes or no with tolerable accuracy of aim, thinks herself slighted and ill-used. She may be young and pretty, and dearly loved for her own special qualities, and her husband may not have a thought towards his new friend, or any other woman, in the smallest degree transgressing on his allegiance to her; but the fact that he finds pleasure, though only of an intellectual and aesthetic kind, in the society of any other woman, that he feels an interest in her life, dresses her for his friend, or finds community of pursuits or sympathy in ideas, makes his wife by just so much a victim and sufferer. And yet, what a miserably monotonous homes is that to which she would confine him! He is at his office all day, badgered and worried with various business complications, and he comes home tired, perhaps cross, and wants to be conducted husbands have that way sometimes. He finds his wife tired and cross too; so that they begin the evening together mutually annoyed. He wants to smoke and read his newspaper, and she wants to be ready enough to sing and play to him in the old love-making days; but she refuses now. Either she has some needlework to do, which might have been done during the day when he was out, or baby is asleep in the nursery, and music in the drawing-room would disturb him—at all events she cannot sing or play to-night; and even if she does, he has heard all her music by rote. If he is not a reading man, those long, dull, of mind, and have probed its depths; and perhaps, if he is a man of business, he has learnt, yet we want something new—fresh food for interest, though not necessarily a new love for the husband. Among those who have shown a very intelligent appreciation of the Sans Bits and Jose Atlantic gold mine, Stewart lode, Apache Pass, Harris lode, and many others might be named.

Of Sans Bits, Atlantic, more than a dozen profitable mines have been abandoned, in Tuscaro county valuable mines have been abandoned, and the miners driven away by the Navajoes. In San Juan sixty-seven mines have been abandoned, in Santa Fe county more than a dozen profitable lodes have been abandoned, in Mora, Taos, and Rio Arriba, in the mercy of the Indians, who steal mules, sheep, cattle, horses, and everything they can get their hands on, besides constantly killing, murdering and kidnapping the people. The Indian question is the great question of the day as protection is concerned. A few weeks ago the Indians swept off the hundred head of mules from the town of Sheridan, only a day or two since they drove away a herd of six hundred cattle within sight of the town of Santa Fe. Within ten days they have destroyed property to the amount of $100,000, shot the drivers, within a hundred miles of here. Every day brings us new accounts of their depredations.

"Not only are all, or nearly all, of the mines of New Mexico abandoned on account of the hostility of the Indians, but no prospecting can be done and no new mines can be opened. The Indians gobble up every party who ventures five miles from a fort or large town, and the consequence is miners are leaving the territory, business is destroyed and merchants are failing to pay, because they have lost their customers and cannot sell their goods."

EXCURSIONS

FOR FORT MAY

On Tuesday, August 17, 1869, the steamer ... will leave Arch Street wharf at 8 A. M. and Market Street wharf at 8½ A. M. for Fort May, touching at Cape May Point. Fare for the round trip, $1 50. Children, 75 cents. Tickets for sale on the wharf, and at the office, 1 Dock street, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, the 16th and 17th of August, from 10 to 12 A. M. Tickets will be good for the day of the excursion. Refreshments will be served on board. Baggage will be checked through. Ticket office on the wharf. Ticket office on the wharf. Ticket office on the wharf