NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Galaxy, for September, opens with "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edward Kennard, with a flat-looking drawing by Winslow Homer, one of his worst; this article, when taken in periodical press support, like Wills his heart is in oil-painting which will not sell, must not play too far with the public, or be what of some of his most honest friends. The rest of the Riding Academy, Mr. Taylor's opera chair this month is a smooth link between great events past and to come; by Anna L. Johnson; and by the anonymous author of "Little Pepper," a rather promising domestic story.

"One of the best articles is by Hamilton McCarthy, of the London *Star*, who describes the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. His satire upon the last scandale made by the Lords in this debate is withering:

THE PRECEDENCE AND PAYS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT.

"Unless in the same manner as the soul of Pedro Garcias, in "Gil Blas," lay in his bag of money, I do not see how there was any vital principle or principles at all involved in this latter controversy. The Lords simply endeavored to coerce the Government and the Irish people out of a little more of the money which was strictly the property of the latter. Anything meaner or more pitiful than the conduct of the peers and the prelates it would require the genius of Swift to imagine. The Lords, generated into a series of petty, sordid, soulless wrangles and higglings about pounds and shillings, between Pharaoh and Moloch, firm on the main questions, and the Lords, like an immense deal of blister, pain in, they always do. They and not their labor wholly for nothing. They really did secure for the Church a few hundred thousand pounds which otherwise might have been taken by the rightful owners. The Government, perhaps very wisely, thought it cheaper thus to buy the Lords off than to go the country to the expense and trouble of an exciting agitation. But even these terms of compromise which the Lords in the Cabinet had previously offered to make for the sake of avoiding any dispute. Practically, therefore, the Lords have made good their threats and their bluster; and their final submission was the result, not of any noble motive whatever, but of the Irish State Church is, for the present, if not abolished, at least "disestablished" and will, after a short transitional stage, it will be reduced, so far as State place and power are concerned, to a level with its rival. But it retires to no impoverished privacy. It has been allowed to fill its pockets freely with money, and to retire with the principle and purpose of the recent legislation clearly in view, and actually entered into its possession: Most of us are familiar with that thrilling scene in "Vanity Fair," where Jonathan Wild commands his detected wife to strip herself of the jewels, and bracelets, and necklaces, which he had so unrighteously acquired, and fling them down upon the floor. In our political Vanity Fair, this act was commanded the Irish Church to throw down its ill-gotten wealth; but, unlike Rawdon Crawley, it refused to obey, and only let fall half the property again and yank off with it. The example is not wholly edifying; but, considering all things, it is surprising that even so much has been done. The one great result is that the silent Church has been delivered from that sectarian ascendency in Ireland has thus been brought to an end. Perhaps, all things under the circumstances, it is hardly worth while complaining that the poorest peasantry in the world should be plundered of several millions of pounds to soothe the feelings and satisfy the cupidity of a church which belongs to the richest sect in Europe."

Dr. John C. Draper examines the Spas of America, introducing the following commendation of the family way of living common at the German Springs:

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MINERAL SPRINGS.

"We cannot avoid drawing attention to the essential difference in the manner of living adopted at the European and American spas. There, men, women and children, to the number of many hundreds, are crowded in immense caravansaries. They live as one, where the chief object of each is to struggle to gain his share of badly-cooked viands, and get the full value of the money expended. The injury he is doing his digestive organs. By the ladies, the chief portion of the time is occupied in competing with each other—in the matter of dress, and thereby making uncomfortable as possible, and throwing every obstacle in the way of their rivals. In Europe, on the contrary, the hotels are small; the vast majority of those who frequent the spas live in private cottages, and provide for them all the comforts and necessities of a home. The social meetings are those of well-ordered communities, and conducted as much as possible in the open air. Everything is made to assist in the restoration of the health of those who seek the springs for the advantages they offer.

"Why should not we adopt this system of separate cottages? Instead of erecting enormous establishments, where the air is poisoned by the effluvia from the bodies of a thousand people, and the rooms upwards in size the dimensions of a commodious coffin—where the noise of passing feet and the cries of the rising generation nitezy destroy the night rest—why do not we live in comfortable, neat, room-cottages? They might be arranged around a central hotel, possessing rather the character of a restaurant than that of an overgrown boarding-house. From this, as a centre, meals might be served to the surroundings houses at any desired time. Such a system would greatly increase the attractions of a spa, and add to the profits of those who have a pecuniary interest in it; and until it is generally adopted, and further, they will be enabled to live in peace and quietness, breathe pure air, and sleep undisturbed, our springs will not begin to attain the development of which they are capable, nor do a tithe of the good that a bountiful Nature has given them the power of accomplishing."

Mr. Edward Crapsey, in treating of "Our Criminal Population," has anecdotes of forgery and theft, for instance:

THE BANKS AND THE FORGERS.

"If a forger is content to steal them out of small amounts they pocket the loss in silence, and never report the matter to the police at all. But the fact that such and such a bank has been defrauded by forged checks leaks out through various channels, and the bank, or not, therefore, falls into the error of believing that the forgers have retired from business. Sometimes the forgers make so sure that the bank forgets its caution and "squeals" with exceeding liveliness. This was the case about two years ago, when the City Bank paid a check for $75,000, purporting to be signed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, and endorsed by Henry Keep. So excellently well were these forgeries until after some time had elapsed. The cashier of the bank remembered distinctly the features and person of the man who presented the check, and made a pen-and-ink sketch of both that enabled Detective George Elder to follow the forger through several States, and finally to arrest him in an interior town in Illinois. Elder also recovered nearly all the money of the bank, and forces the forger to serve a long term in the State some service in the Sing Sing Prison to which place he was committed under the name of Henry Livingston. But while this case is one of the most remarkable forgeries upon record, and brought Livingston temporary, but wide-spread notoriety, his partial success has not injured forgery, but his *confreres* to imitate his example. They have chosen rather to follow the safe and well-paths.

"The Globe Pickpockets.—The dexterity of these rascals is astonishing. A case in point: A man, cite the old gentleman who had involuntarily contributed several watches to the fraternity, and becoming tired of their constant demands upon him, finally had his watch so strongly welded to the chain that even pickpockets could not separate the two, and to this precaution added that of fastening the chain securely to his vest. One day he was in a Broadway stage, and presently feeling a tug at his watch, turned around so as to give the thief every chance to prosecute his task. The tug was twice repeated, and a moment afterward the seat next to him was vacated, the clerical-appearing man who had occupied it having left the stage. The old gentleman laughed immoderately over his triumph, and explained to the astonished fellow-citizens: That fellow who just got out is a pickpocket. He took three pulls at my watch, but you see he didn't get it! Again the old gentleman's face was full of merriment; but happening to thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, a sudden change came over his features, and he cried out: 'Blast the rascals got my pocket-book, with $600 in it!'"

Mr. Richard Grant White has been brought to very low tide by the drought. He has a paper on "The Unsociability of Society," he plainly says:

"Society, for instance, is as instructive and amusing as a number of the *Galaxy*, that will entertain you for two or three minutes at the small cost of thirty-five cents!" And then: "I think to say the truth, the paper was written at the command of the publishers of this magazine, of whom I stand in mortal fear."

A silly truth way, if he wishes to commend his magazine, to do it; and he a scholar, a philologist, a preacher of the minor morals.

Mr. W. W. Fowler finds out in regard to THE NAMES OF INCIDENTS IN FICTION, that, strange as it may appear, the larger number of these fantastic names are now, or have been, familiar to us in actual life, and blood. Not only in Kent, the native county of the great romancer, but in London, and all up and down "Merrie England" from Devonshire to the "land of cakes and brither Scots," we meet with the Pickwick name, not long since, a traveler, stopping at Folkestone, a pleasant village near Dover, in Kent, he is attention attracted by a great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman, in every line of whose noble face the word Jolly was written. Hearing him addressed as "Tapley," a mischievous impulse, too strong to be resisted, urged our traveler to address him, and inquire if this was Mr. Mark Tapley. The surprised man, thinking himself, in the richest of South English tones, the answer came forth, "Yes, sir, that is your name." What made the coincidence still more striking was the fact that he had actually been in Australia, and was overheard by one informed damning the blasted country' with true British unction. Other Kenish names are Chuzlet, a contractor of Chuzzlewit, Bubble and Hubble, Roker, Sloper and Sayer, Tigg and Digg, Noggs and Boggs, Wardle and Jagger and Buffkin, Weevil and Barkis; Jemmy Groves and a Tom Coddle, one station in Ben Allen and a Bob Sawyer, may also be found in the old name registers of Kent. The name of Pickwick will, we trust, be not the less illustrious and venerable when it shall be said that "Pickwickes were a family of repute," as Burke would phrase it, in the county of Wilts, one long ago as the reign of Edward I. One of his family, a William de Pickwike, was, like his namesake of glorious memory, accustomed to be imprisoned, we are sorry to say, for felony, but as the offence was committed by the payment of eight shillings, it cannot be thought very heinous."

Mr. Charles Wyllis Elliot has an article about the Dorsets, so famous for the richness and butter yield of their milk. Eugene Benson's no patriotic but romantic article in the *Independent*; the following paragraph is cauctic:

THEODORE TILTON.

"Mr. Tilton affords a striking example of the bad taste and futility of a man who for an instant presumes to make himself the genius agent of his God, and in writing or speaking of a cause, exposes it, pushes it, drives it, to destruction; the logical result is that he looks upon its opponents as enemies of God, and attempts to blast them by such phrases as 'enemies of God,' as exhausting God's infinite patience,' etc. Is it not proper to every unsophisticated mind, and odious to a man of the world, excusable only among fanatics, women, and lovers, who alike follow their impulses and rail at the enemies of their happiness? If Mr. Tilton is an honest man, a conscientious man, he might be explained on the ground of pure cussedness!" but being the editor of a Christian journal, how can he act such a violation of spiritual arrogance? But the secular and arrogant man is not active in religious journals; the meek and spiritual man does not write leading articles for the press, which is devoted to the Matthew Arnold cult of "Sweetness and Beliefs," what the *World* called 'Dry Goods and Religion.'"

The Miscellany, Droll-wood, Literature and Nebulæ are well-filled and entertaining.

We receive the *Galaxy* from Turner Bros. & Co.

LITERARY.—Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust," now ready for the press, will be the most complete "Faust-book" ever published. It will contain, in addition to the translation of the entire poem, an elaborate account of the "Faust" legend, tracing that singular story from its earliest appearance in literature to the time when Goethe took it up, and copious notes on the poem, explanatory of the more obscure passages. Mr. Taylor has devoted many years to the study of Goethe's "Faust," and now claims to have mastered it. If he only succeeds in making the poem intelligible to those who have neither their minds with German commentaries, as well as to those who study the poem without their aid, he will deserve the gratitude of the literary world.

JIM DUFFY.

The Sorrowful Story of a Reporter.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"Mr. James Duffy was the offspring of poor, but otherwise honest parents, who brought into his mind many moral precepts, and threw around him more kindly parental influences than poor mortals generally have in a week.

Jim was the child of their hope, and often when his mother tucked him into his bed at night, she would bend down over him and gently kiss his fair forehead and push back his golden hair, while in the fullness of her joy eyes thought they saw her only Jim going about doing good to his fellow-men, and carrying a blessing with him as he went through life.

This did this tender parent think she saw Jim, but she evidently hadn't her hand in at second sight. She was a self-searching woman and a good housekeeper, but as a gazer into the future she was a complete failure.

For although Jim had been brought up in the way he should go, when he got old he departed from it and branched out in another line. He blasted his mother's hopes and disheartened his father's gray hairs by bedoming a local reporter.

That was his strong point; if there was any one thing on which he could spread himself with a sense of hearty enjoyment, it was local reporting. When he was a baby he would lay awake in his cradle, and in spite of playing with his toes, he would try till his little wrinkled forehead blood-vessel if he could not get a newspaper into the daily journal in his cradle. Later in life he went to school and he would cut there on the school-house desk, and spend half an hour after hour, until the copy-books were handed around, when he would pick up his pen with nearly joy and go to work on heavy lines.

It made no difference whatever to Jim Duffy what the copy was. Whether "Contentment is better than wealth," or "Perseverance conquers all things," or "Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are," or any other popular old moral falsehood, it was perfectly immaterial to Mr. Duffy, for his instincts were strong, and he would no more help adorning a sheet of paper with such copies as "A diminutive conflagration is a good thing," or "A brutal atrocity is always to be desired," he could no more help this, I say, than you could help saying "Peer if anybody asked you to take a three-and dollar bill when you were poor and deserted by your friends."

"Jim never spoke of summer simply as summer;" it was a matter of religious principle with him to characterize it as the "vivified term," and when he wanted to express winter, he would call it the "cold spell."

If he went to Sunday school he would come home and creep into his mother's lap, and lay his head upon her breast and tell her what he had seen. But he did not express himself in the innocent prattle of childhood, on the country he would say: "I witnessed the exercises passed off with great eclat; the elite of the city were there, and the chief feature of the occasion was the magnificent concourse of sweet sounds which was delicately discoursed by the charmingly young lady at the melodeon."

These strong proclivities in Jim were developed in his childhood, and although his mother still cherished a hope that she would see him one day at the head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Jim was doomed to reach depths of degradation at which even an ordinary theater Paris angel might weep and shudder.

As soon as he grew up he went out looking for a dollar and a half a week as a reporter on the *Daily Exaggerator*. His mother died gallons of tears, and at actual issue, and his gray-haired sire told him that locating was necessarily a low calling; but James was immovable, and he stated to his graybeard sire that if he didn't get out of the way there would be material damage done on the premises.

And Jim was a good local reporter, and the only thing he cared for on this side of the cold and silent grave was an income. Give him only one item and he would swell up over it until he would fill the side seams in his clothes. For that was his weakness.

And he educated himself up to such a pitch that he would lately stand over human misery. If a man was only run over by a milk wagon and maimed so that he could hobble, Jim would feel good and benign and happy. And if any stray boy or other went around where he was the attraction of gravitation was strong, and fell off a four-story house and dislocated his neck, and expired in the street, Jim Duffy's heart would expand with bliss, and he would stop to look at the mangled remains around and give a ten-cent stamp to a missionary society as a thank offering. It seemed cruel, but it was his nature. And if some man would butcher a fellow-creature, Jim would feel so overjoyed that he would leave his work and go out and sacrifice to some idol or other, just to relieve his feelings and express his sense of gratitude.

Jim was so low-spirited when items were scarce that he felt as if he must make some active exertion to kill dull care and make way with melancholy. And what do you think Jim Duffy did in this emergency? Why, he would get hold of a little child and take it up on his knee, and caress it and tell it fairy stories about a good little boy who was stricken with early piety to such an alarming extent that he felt it to be his religious duty to go up and build bonfires in the garret, and then Jim would make the child believe that all he had to do to get to Heaven was to go up into the cockloft and start a fire among the old rags. Then Jim Duff would quietly go and get a box of matches send him home, and he would get out his note book and follow him, and prowl around the corners until he saw the smoke, when he would rush down to the office and let himself out over a page of spicy stuff, with "A Terrific conflagration—Fearful Destruction of Property—Supposed Work of an Incendiary," and then he would amuse himself exaggerating the price of the house that was burned.

And you know he never felt any remorse over this. He actually reveled in it, and considered that he was a benefactor among Parisian surroundings. What would it be when he should once more shake a friendly hand, and hear a voice once so familiar speak to him of Paris, of France, of the boulevards, of all who remembered him, and ask for one who had already forgotten him?

Sinking and wretched for him after the performance, but missed him, and we separated, agreeing to go and call on him in the morning. We did so, at eight o'clock in the morning. No 61 Rue Joseph II., a street quite deserted, which ends nowhere and borders on the country; it is devoted to the Muse of Misery, and the first found at last he could not kill the creature at his feet, and he fell down on the sidewalk and broke down; and that the midmost of them could not be killed even that way, but had to be buried alive. Only in proportion as I mean more, I shall certainly appear more absurd in my attempt to do it. Jim's death was immeasurably significant, all practical persons will agree that I was talking more nonsense from the beginning, and never meant anything at all.

Now, therefore, in nearly every myth of importance, and certainly in every one of those of which I have spoken, there is a reason to discern these three structural parts—the root, the trunk and the two branches; the root, in physical science, is the sun; the trunk, in ethics, is the personal incarnation of that, becoming a moral or immoral principle; the branches, in both, are the two ways in which that principle may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister; and, lastly, the moral sign, which is the result of the union of the great myths eternally and beneficently true. The sun is the source of all the great principles of great people. For the first plain fact about myth-making is one which has been most strangely left out of sight, that it cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been seen and seen by somebody who knows the sky. If the myth is about justice and mercy, it must be made by someone who knows what is was to be just or merciful. According to the quantity of understanding in the person will be the quantity of significance in his fable; and the man who is most sagacious and generous must would feel good and benign and happy. And if any stray boy or other went around where he was the attraction of gravitation was strong, and fell off a four-story house and dislocated his neck, and expired in the street, Jim Duffy's heart would expand with bliss, and he would stop to look at the mangled remains around and give a ten-cent stamp to a missionary society as a thank offering. It seemed cruel, but it was his nature. And if some man would butcher a fellow-creature, Jim would feel so overjoyed that he would leave his work and go out and sacrifice to some idol or other, just to relieve his feelings and express his sense of gratitude.

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