NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Boker's New Volume.

SECOND NOTICE.

In Thursday's paper we presented a review of Mr. Boker's tragedy, the plot of which by the way, the types make to appear to the contrary after the proper one. On that occasion, we were unable to find space for an examination of the other poems which he has made up the volume now nearing delivery in Messrs. Lippincott's press. One admirable title, borrowed in the easiest, readiest, musical phrase, is applied to the chief to pass over them.—"The Legend of the Humids;" this story, the low theme and restricted *personnel* being considered, seems to us as well expressed as it is possible to be; none of Ottmar's scenes of boors and brutes—to take an illustration from a sister art—are mingled so much more masterly composition, or swept over by a more transparent and refining light. Thus it goes: A vulgar Cornish Squire, upon whose estate lies the iron-smelting furnace of Colebrook, leads, among his trulls and dogs, the existence of a human beast. The former he clutches "till their young bones bend," and they shriek at his savage compliments; the latter are much more fortunate, to judge from the caprices to which their leader Flora is subjected. She is a "rare hound," who, with a taste not quite above criticism, is fond of lying

Nestled between his clumsy feet
When all the table swam with heat,
And caustics cute and witches jokes
Around the swinish circle broke;
And sometimes when her drunken lord
Slid stupefied beneath the board,
And stouter comrades jeered his plight,
With pointed thumbs and laughter light,
She hewited above the Squire's disgrace,
Or, meaning, licked his flaming face.
I, field no, hound no, hog no, I scent
With Flora, as she bounding went.
Ten lengths before the yelping chase,
And kept those yelpers out of the place.
No hound, however great of pride,
Had ever nerved her lithe limbs to side;
Unchallenged in the flying front,
She shone, a star, by all the hunt.
To this fair brute the selfish Squire
Showed favor sometimes, sometimes ire.
Upon her head he smote his spite;
Or when his sluggish heart was light,
He soothed her forehead, pulled her ear,
Or cossed her muzzle with his fleer.

The description of her saving the Squire's life by dragging him home through "the powdered snow," is admirable. The manner of the deed is displayed, according to the laws of such a nature, by visiting a fiendish revenge on the noble creature who has delivered him:

One day, when his brutal pride is all aflame in showing some city visitors the glories of the hunt, poor Flora misses the fox, which she allows to start almost beneath her nose, without a cry. The devil in him prompts the wretch to send the luckless animal and all the pack down into the hideous crater of Colebrook Furnace:

"I'll show these town-bred gentlemen,
If my dogs cannot hunt on fire
On earth, another hunt in hell!"

The hunters labor up the steep sides of the Furnace; but the Widge refuses to direct the pack; thereupon the master calls up the fiendish spirit of the place, and commands the Men of the Forge, in his pretty ballad of "Fridelin:"

"They came,
Rejoiced the floor, and fled around;
Then, twice, thrice, round the room he fled,
Then in the nurse's arms fell dead;
The power, the flowing enchantment, lifted
the unstinted vigor of these descriptions are unimportable. It ends, as it begins, in fine poetry, the treatment, at least, could hardly be better.

The remaining poems are well worth examination. They yield numbers of exquisite images, isolated beauties which the limits of this notice forbid us to quote. "Countess Laura," is an eloquent description of the Death Angel taking on his divine:

And Carlo saw
The figure gathering, as from outer space,
Brightness on brightness; and the former
shape
Fell from him, like the ashes that fall off,
And show a core of mellow fire within.
Adown his wings there poured a lambent
flood,
That seemed as molten gold, which plashing
fell
Upon the floor, enlinging him with flame;
And o'er the tresses of his beaming head
Arose a mass of many-colored light,
Like that which crowns the morning.

In "The Fiddler" will be found a succession of musical motives expressed in lines of surpassing works. Among the slighter poems n w the least winning is the following tender and musical

SONG.

Breathe, violets, breathe! blow, roses,
beds,
Along the gliding streams!
Breathe low, ye winds, your modest heads;
Flow, brook, in silent dreams!

She comes, the sweetest, fairest flower,
The lightest moving grace,
To perfume heaven, to bloom an hour
Within an empty place.

O violet sweet, and primrose bright,
And sortly filling tide,
Where are your perfumes, that wem my sight,
Now she is by my side?

But we must not abuse the author's right to have his book fresh and unopened, and not thumbed before his public. To borrow more would be approaching the confines of larceny. We have quoted enough to give an idea of Boker's genius in its more mature flavor, and to feverish, we hope, a desire for the whole volume, clipped-angelhood, and symmetrical, as the publishers will shortly issue it.

Apropos of Women and Theatres. With a Taper or two on Parisian Topics. By Olive Logan. Carleton, publisher.

The selection of a title for a book forcibly made of chapters without the least connection, is no small troublemaker and it has obviously occasioned Olive her usual approach to genius in this instance. She has finally concocted one which would cover a book about almost anything, and which will serve equally well as a tuetelay title for whatever else Mlle. Logan may choose to pen in the future. Women and theatres—Paris—the first, second and third heaven of the good American!—Olive Logan's title, or her three titles are not badly chosen, though they have not the grace of harmony. They will sell the work—but they will not please the critic; for that amiable executive always demands, however multifarious a book's contents may be, that they shall all run into one neck for him to wring. Howbeit, under her military command, Olive Logan develops what she calls her taste for "literature," claiming to "love it with all her soul." We hope some day the publishers may be returned: but justice compels us say that this is her connection with "literature" is only equally legitimate with that existing between dramatic art and the legbuttoner and the hooker-up of the actress's time breaking a butterfly. Olive Logan, perhaps, does not know the contempt with which entailed inventive against the debasement of the modern stage: lol alas! she thereby sacrifices herself. Nature has not intended her for the up-hook-leap to follow in into our parlors in his second chelas; nothing but a Sphinx excluding the criminal and the policeman together. We use the detective an hour, and then we let him go. Olive speaks about the stage as one who knows: and with the habit, perhaps, of a few lashes except therefrom for of calling a spade a spade. Her diction is that of Fanny Fern, a little forced, except where she wlirls into phrases of the language all her own, in denouncing the ridiculous incumbent: we claim no credit for the sense or the spelling, but will owe Olivia the pair of them) at what she calls (why?) the "nude" actress. We might analyse the Logarian English further, but that we have the high example of the Queen of Sheba, who "forbade her to cry" faults in the opposite sex.

"Women and Theatres" is a general chapter-in-a-book of Miss Logan's (or capital) the Quakers, Voting for "female *sonsolotte*—Olive, the Brooklyn Drama and the Green Room. At the close, however, are some chapters that will be read with the lively zest. The author's experiences in Paris, where, as soon she "received" company fresh from, or in, destined to, a prison, "the ladies of the house are as saucy, haugart, twaddling and *low* as any, but they have at least the merit of giving in non-figurative and fresh issue. In this Grand Age of the Olivian existence, it seems that our Actress was the chosen companion of the gallant and gentlemen of the Imperial Court. She accepted the splendid but not sinecure position of go-between *for* all the American Ministers to sell patents to the Emperor. Mr. Cyrus W. Field himself is one of these fitting figures, but her great gun is Mogurad, Napoleon's secretary, and the dramatist of the Paris bourgeoisie. This part of the book which is more very jolly gossip, will carry the whole, in all probability.—Sold by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. Peterson & Brothers announce that they do not contribute to any trade sale, and do not propose to do so for the future. They have concluded, to give to booksellers and news agents, everywhere, the benefit of the auctioneer's commission, and all other charges, by selling their books, from the 1st of September to the 1st of October, 1869, at low prices fixed and special rates, for cash, after which time their prices will be as therefore. On their list, the wholesale price for cloth books will be 40 per cent. off from the retail price, and their paper cover books, generally, much lower. Messrs. Peterson's late publications, some of them, are of literary importance, the second edition of the fine Romance of the French Revolution, "Love and Liberty," by the elder Dumas, is in press. "Lenoore Casalonl" is the last volume they have added to the unrivalled Italian novels of Guglielmo Trollope, but its "Dream Numbers," and "Lucia Paleotti" are announced as early day. "Roland Yorke," a sequel to "The Chaminge," by Mrs. Henry Wood, will shortly be ready, and a new volume by Mrs. Southworth, entitled "The Prince of Darkness," and the seventh and eighth editions of her last and penultimate lucubrations. "Ruby Gray's Strategy," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, is the title of an entirely new novel, from the pen of this well-known American authoress, now in press, and to be published in a few days. It is fully equal to her "Fashion and Famine." The price will be $1 75, bound in cloth.

Zell's Encyclopedia reaches No. 44 and the word BRANCH. About eight thousand copies per week are now printing, and the number increases. The publisher has evidently found the means of reconciling price and value in a way to meet the popular need.

EN-SECRETARY SEWARD was given a public dinner by the authorities of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, on Thursday.

A MAGNIFICENT CHURCH.

St. Isaac's Church, St. Petersburg.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, writing from St. Petersburg, has the following:

The first spot to which the stranger directs his steps in St. Petersburg, the first that meets his eye in approaching, and the last he sees when leaving it, is the Church of St. Isaac's. Words can never describe it. It would seem as though the ingenuity, the taste, the resources, the elegance and the riches of the master minds of an empire had been exhausted here. It is worthy to be a Palace of Jehovah! Like all Greek churches, the plan is in the form of a cross; the style is Doric outside, of the simplest kind, without ornament, but within it is purest Corinthian, with a luxury of gold, of marbles and of precious stone *enamelled in the sword*. It stands on the spot where two cathedrals were built of wood by Peter the Great and Catherine the Great. The foundations, like all St. Petersburg, are on marshy soil, the deposits of the Neva. A forest of piles was used for the piles, which alone cost one million of dollars! The exterior is of a gray marble, extremely hard. The four portices are supported by columns of polished granite, sixty-feet in height and seven in diameter, each, of a single block; there are sixty of these in the four portices. Within the roof rises a colossal iron dome, surrounded with sixty monolith columns, also of red polished granite, and each thirty-feet high. The dome is covered with copper on which was used fourteen hundred of English gold sovereigns for the burnishing! On the dome is placed the lantern (also one mass of gilding) and finally the cross, at 400 feet from the pavement. Around he great dome are four other domes (equally gilt) (also English sovereigns) and which contain the chimes of bells. The flights of steps to each portico are of single slabs of polished granite, each slab of about twenty tons weight. The doors are fabulous in their proportions and weight and are of solid bronze, the lowlid judge their height to be not less than twenty-feet. Each set of doors is double, of about six feet distance, the thickness of the outer wall. The windows are also double, with a space of about three feet apart.

There are seven bronze chandeliers in the interior, suspended from the ceiling; the roof also supports them by seventy feet long, in bronze gilt, and capable of holding a hundred lights each. Each chandelier has about seventy and fifty candles. To give an idea of some of its proportions, the circumference of the four columns of the lantern, which support the dome, is one hundred and forty feet. The interior is gorgeously dazzling with the brilliancy of the bronzes, the capitals, and bases of the columns. The walls and columns are of every imaginable colored marble, and the very dome. But all this is nothing as compared to the "Screen," the "Holy of holies," which is a masterpiece of massive beauty. Eight columns of malachite, 35 feet in height, and three columns of *Lapis Lazuli* support the three latter alone cost sixty thousand dollars, and the malachite presented by Prince Demidoff, cost more than a million of dollars. In the immost shrine is a perfect model of the whole church, about five feet high, and of most perfect workmanship, in gold. The walls of this portion of the Cathedral are Russian mosaics, which infinitely surpass either the Roman or the Florentine. The sculpture and painting of the white Carrara marble, with the malachite and the *lapis lazuli*, are most beautiful: the floors of the inner sanctuary and the choir are of porphyry, and the balusters, gateways and massive doors, of marble and of bronze. As for the jewels, which are to be seen on the pictures, the diamonds and emeralds centre under the dome, about the lamp they called the *Gethsemane*—a great bronze pyramidal frame work like that which upholds a magnificent lamp. It glows and looks like a sidereally magnified Gethsemane—nothing more. Yet I know it weighs good feet more than as high as Niagara Falls. It was overshadowed by a dome so mighty that its own height was attached, by a chain, to the massive columns of the "screen." Words can never describe it. It would seem as though the ingenuity, the taste, the resources, the elegance and the riches of the master minds of an empire had been exhausted here. It is worthy to be a Palace of Jehovah! Like all Greek churches, the plan is in the form of a cross; the style is Doric outside, of the simplest kind, without ornament, but within it is purest Corinthian, with a luxury of gold, of marbles and of precious *stone enamelled in the sword*. It stands on the spot where two cathedrals were built of wood by Peter the Great and Catherine the Great. The foundations, like all St. Petersburg, are on marshy soil, the deposits of the Neva. A forest of pines was used for the piles, which alone cost one million of dollars! The exterior is of a gray marble, extremely hard. The four portices are supported by columns of polished granite, sixty-feet in height and seven in diameter, each, of a single block; there are sixty of these in the four portices. Within the roof rises a colossal iron dome, surrounded with sixty monolith columns, also of red polished granite, and each thirty-feet high. The dome is covered with copper on which was used fourteen hundred of English gold sovereigns for the burnishing! On the dome is placed the lantern (also one mass of gilding) and finally the cross, at 400 feet from the pavement. Around he great dome are four other domes (equally gilt) (also English sovereigns) and which contain the chimes of bells. The flights of steps to each portico are of single slabs of polished granite, each slab of about twenty tons weight. The doors are fabulous in their proportions and weight and are of solid bronze, I hold judge their height to be not less than twenty-feet. Each set of doors is double, of about six feet distance, the thickness of the outer wall. The windows are also double, with a space of about three feet apart.

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