NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Philip Lawrence, the popular teacher of elocution, has lately found Dr. Andrew Comstock's "System of Vocal Gymnastics," and by adding a quantity of the poetic and oratorical selections which he knows so well how to choose, has made an excellent manual for both theory or practice. His own testimony to the value of Dr. Comstock's treatise, which he gives warmly (after a slight reservation or two) in his preface, is the most valuable: which the system could receive. And the extracts, though sometimes marred by Mr. Lawrence, offer the manner of all artistical oratory, by multiplied accents and forced meanings, comprise the most of what is eloquent and impressive in English literature. The book, neatly bound in cloth and adapted for school use, forms a large duodecimo of six hundred pages, sold by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., at two dollars a copy, with a reduction to teachers.

Dr. Thomas C. Upham's work on Mental Philosophy, published some years since, and honored with several editions, has just been revised and re-formed by its author, and issued in two neat volumes by Harper & Bros. The treatise, in some places condensed and in others enlarged, is not the same as the primary publication; it has received the lighter experience and of additional study, and reveals the ripeness of an older mind. Dr. Upham's philosophy, derived chiefly from several of the schools, does not adhere timidly to any of them, but exhibits that independence always shown by the man who submits his conclusions to the test thirteen more to celebrate. Out. ness. His work is divided, after a brief discussion of the doctrine of Primary Truths, into considerations on the Intellect, the Sensibilities and the Will. The careful study which Dr. Upham, in his researches into mysticism, has long given to the inner economies of man, has enabled him to give keen and searching analysis of the workings of the mind. In its present form, Upham's Mental Philosophy is one of the most clearest and most symmetrical of the works we possess on the subject, and therefore one of the most profitable either for private study or for the school. Sold by T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The physiological mysteries of sex, the development of womanhood, the hygeine of the female organization, are treated with a great deal of honesty and delicacy in a little work by Geo. R. Napheys, A. M. M. D., entitled "The Physical Life of Woman: Advice to the Maiden, Wife and Mother." Critical as the responsibility is of plunging into such matters as the bride information like this, there is something in Dr. Napheys's treatise so plain, so sensible, so practical, kindly and helpful that the worst part of the danger, that of encouraging prurency by hints and mock concealments, is at once obviated, while the scientific self-possession, fulness, and candor of the style leave little or nothing to be desired. Dr. Napheys takes his subject at the tender age of girlhood, connects her through the perils of growth, first love, matrimony and maternity, and leaves her out until he has conducted her safely, by his advice and counsel, past "the change of life" into the period when she is able, having passed through all experience, to counsel others. The volume is filled with information which every woman needs, and for lack of which the modest and retiring are constantly placed in peril of disease and death. With great modesty, and a natural desire of support, Dr. Napheys has submitted his treatise to men of professional eminence, such as Rev. Rence Bumpus, Drs. Geo. Alexander Crooke, Harvey L. Byrd and William A. Hammond, of Bellevue Hospital, and to men of large literary experience like Mr. Lloyd P. Smith; all of whom sanction its publication as a work in which the latest and fullest discoveries of science are communicated in the simplest, clearest manner. The publisher is Mr. George Maclean, a recently-established caterer to the literary public, whose address is at No. 710 Sansom street.

ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA reaches No. 56 and CAPTAIN ACID. The courageous enterprise of Mr. Zell is flourishing in every respect.

MARK TWAIN.

How He Celebrated Certain Birthdays.

While upon his trip to Niagara, Mr. Twain met a British officer, with the following result. He says:

At the principal hotel I fell in with the Major of the Forty-second Fusileers and a dozen other hearty and hospitable Englishmen, and they invited me to join them in drinking the Queen's birthday. I said I would be delighted to do it. I said I liked all the Englishmen I had ever met, I liked to be acquainted with, and that I, like all my countrymen, admired and honored the Queen. But I said that there was one insuperable drawback—I never drank anything strong upon any occasion whatever, and I did not see how I was going to do ample and proper justice to anybody's birthday with the thin and unpalatable beverages I was accustomed to. The Major scrutinized his head and thought over the matter at considerable length; but then seemed to be no way of mastering the difficulty, and he was too much of a gentleman to suggest even a temporary abandonment of my principles. But I brought him to aid:

"I have it. Drink soda water. As long as you never drink anything more nutritious there isn't any impropriety in it."

And so it was settled. We met in a large parlor handsomely decorated with flags and evergreens, and seated ourselves at a board well laden with creature comforts, both solid and liquid. The toasts were happy and the speeches were good, and we kept it up until long after midnight. I never enjoyed myself more in my life. I drank thirty-eight bottles of soda water. But do you know that this is not a nickelodeon article for a steady drink? It is too gassy. When I got up in the morning I was full of gas and as tight as a balloon. I hadn't an article of clothing, that I could wear except my umbrella.

After breakfast I found the Major making grand preparations again. I asked what it was for, and he said that it was the Prince of Wales's birthday. It had to be celebrated that evening. We celebrated it. Much against my expectations we had another splendid time. We kept it up until sometime after midnight again. I was tired of soda, and so I changed off for lemonade. I drank several quarts. You may consider lemonade better for a steady drink than soda-water, but it isn't so. In the morning it had soured on my stomach. Biting anything was out of the question—it was painful to look jaw. I was beginning to feel worn and sad, too.

Shortly after luncheon I found the Major in the midst of some more preparations. He said this was the Prince Alice's birthday. I concealed my grief.

"Who is the Prince Alice?" I asked.

"Daughter of her Majesty, the Queen," the Major said.

I succumbed. That night we celebrated the Prince Alice's birthday. We kept it up as late as usual, and really I enjoyed it a good deal. But I could not stand lemonade. I drank a couple of kegs of ice-water.

In the morning I had toothache and cramps and chilblains, and my teeth were as cold from the lemonade, and I was still pretty gassy. I found the inexorable Major at it again.

"Who is this for?" I asked.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh," he said.

"Son of the Queen?"

"Yes."

"And this is his birthday—you haven't made any mistake?"

"No—the celebration comes off to-night."

I bowed before the new calamity. We celebrated the day. I drank part of a barrel of cider. Among the first objects that met my weary and jaundiced eye the next day was the Major, at his interminable preparations. Again My heart was broken, and I wept.

"Whom are we to mourn this time?" I said.

"The Princess Beatrice, daughter of the Queen."

"Here, now," I said, "it is time to inquire into this thing. How long is the Queen's family likely to hold out? Who comes next on the list?"

"Their Royal Highnesses Anne, Mary, Elizabeth, Gertrude, Augusta, William, Sigismund, Ferdinand, Irene, Sophia, Susannah, Socrates, Samuel, Jonathan—"

"Hold! There's a limit to human endurance. I am only mortal. What man dare do, I dare; but he who can endure that much more in detail and live to tell it is less or more than man. I am going to go through the rest in gross, for, it is a mercy I was born in America, for I haven't constitution enough to be an Englishman. I shall have to withdraw from the enterprise. I am out of drinks. Out of drinks, and Christmas Eve coming on. Out of drinks and only just on the outskirts of the family yet, as you may say. I am sorry enough to have to withdraw, but it is plain enough that it has to be done. I am full of gas, and my mind has loosened, and I am wrestling with cramps, and afflicted with scurvy, and toothache, measles, mumps and lock-jaw, and the cider last night has given me the cholera. Gentlemen, I mean well, but really I am not in a condition to celebrate the other thirteen. Give us a rest."

CHARLES LAMB IN THE TEMPLE.

The following charming and characteristic letter of Mary Lamb to a child cannot fail to interest all who cherish the memory of Charles Lamb and his sister. The child afterwards (afterwards Mrs. Edwards) to whom it was addressed was the youngest sister of Matilda Betham, a poetess whom Southey valued, and of Sir William Betham, the well known genealogist and antiquary:

NOVEMBER 2, 1814.—*To Miss Barbara Betham*: It is very long since I have met with such an agreeable surprise as the sight of your letter, my kind young friend, afforded me. Such a nice letter as it is too. And what a pretty hand you write. I congratulate you on this attainment with great pleasure, because I have so often felt the disadvantage of my own wretched handwriting.

You wish for London news. I rely upon your sister Ann for gratifying you in this respect, yet I have been endeavoring to recollect whom you might have seen here, and you may have happened to them since, and this effort has only brought the image of little Barbara Betham, unconnected with any other person, so strongly before my eyes that I seem as if I had no other subject to write upon. Now I think I see you with your feet propped upon the fender, your two hands spread out upon your knees—attitude you always assume when we were in familiar confidential conversation together—telling me long stories of your own home, where now you say you are "moping on with the same thing every day," and wishing for some change, such as your letter collections to your mind. How well I remember her your giddy steady face turn over your book. One day, conscience-struck at having wasted so much of your precious time in readings and feeling yourself, as you prettily said, "quite useless to me," you went to my drawers and hunted out some unhemmed pocket-handkerchiefs, and by no means could I prevail upon you to resume your story books till you had hemmed them all. I remember, too, your teaching my little maid to read—your sitting with her a whole, evening to console her for the death of her sister; and that she in her turn endeavored to become a comfort to you the next evening when you wept at the sight of Mrs. Holcroft, from whom school you had recently eloped because you were not partial to sitting in the stocks. Those tears, and a few you once dropped when my brother chaffed you about your supposed fondness for apple-dumplings, were the only circumstances in the calm contentedness of your unclouded brow. We will remain the same as you left us, neither better nor worse, our sweet friend, older, but three years must have made a great alteration in you. How very much, dear Barbara, I should like to see you!

We still live in Temple lane, but I am sitting in a room you never saw; soon after you left us we were distressed by the cries of a child, which seemed to go through the house adjoining to ours, and only separated from ours by the looked door on the further side of your brother's bedroom, which you know was the little room at the top of the kitchen stairs. We had the lock forced and let poor pass out from behind a panel of the wainscot, and she lived with us from that time, for we were in gratitude bound to keep her, as she had introduced us to four untenanted, unowned rooms, and by degrees we have taken possession of these uncalmed apartments—first putting up lines to dry our clothes, then moving my brother's bed into one of these, more commodious than his own room. And last winter, my brother being unable to pursue a work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who were aware of a leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at his ease in one of these rooms, as he could not disturb a lonelier lodger, or hear himself detailed to be at home, which was sure to make him put out and curse me for a poor maid in a fit. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table and one chair, and old high back wrist wrapper, and consoled himself as much alone as if he were in some lodging on the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide, unfurnished place, where he could expect few visitors to breakin upon his solitude. I let him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those boards, whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull, unfurnished prison.

The next day, before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor, and to a little break in the blank look of the bare walls. I carried up a few old prints that used to adorn the kitchen, and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been assistant. My brother and I almost covered the wall with prints, for which purpose he cut down every print from every book in his library, coming in every now and then to ask my leave to strip a fresh page, lest another should be night not do, you know, without my permission, as I am elder sister. There was a little pasting, such consultation where their portraits (and where series of pictures—Hogarth and Milton and Shakespeare) would show to most advantage, and in what obscure corner authors of humbled name might be allowed to dwell in their stories. All the books gave up their stories but one—a translation from Artaxerxes, delivered out of four and twenty prints, and for which I had marked out a conspicuous place; when lo! I found at the moment that seasons were going to work that a part of the poem was reprinted at the back of every picture. What a cruel disappointment! To conclude this long story about nothing, the poor despised garret is now called the print room, and is become our most favorite sitting-room. Your sister Anne will tell you that your friend Louisa is going to France. Miss Skipper is out of town; Mrs. Reynolds desires to be remembered to you and so does my neighbor Mrs. Norris, who was your doctress when you were unwell. Her three little children have grown three big children. The lions still live in Exeter Change. Returning home through the Strand, I often hear them roar about twelve o'clock at night. I never hear them without thinking of you, because you seemed so pleased with the sight of them, and said your young companions would stare when you told them you had seen them. And now, my dear Barbara, farewell. I have not written such a long letter a long time, but I am very sorry I had nothing amusing to write about. Wishing you many happily through the rest of your school days, and every day of your life, I remain, your affectionate friend. M. LAMB.

My brother sends his love to you, with the kind remembrance your letter deserved you have of us as I was. He joins with me in regards to your good father and mother. Now you have begun, I shall hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you again. I shall always receive a letter from you with very great delight.

Conundrums from Salt Lake.

Here in Utah, where the social relations are established upon the barn-yard principles of matrimony, we have metaphysicians, both of reality and consequinity, that are not laid down by Blackstone, nor any other author; we therefore ask a few questions upon the subject, and respectfully ask answers from our Eastern friends:

1. If a man marries two sisters at one wedding and has children by both of them, what relation are the children to each other?

In such case, is not their mother also their aunt; and if so, could they not be said to have two mothers and yet be sisters?

2. If a man marries two of his own nieces (sisters) at one time, and has children by both of them, what relation are the children to each other, and what would be the blood relation they bear to their father and mother respectively?

3rd. If a man marries his son's widow, who is a daughter (by a former husband) of one of his own wives, and has children by both of them, and then dies—and if then one of his own sons by some other wife, marries—both these widows and has children by both of them, what relation are all these children to each other, one and all, severally and individually? and what is the combined relationship both of affinity and consanguinity of these children, and their parents, uncles, aunts, and grandmothers respectively?

Before entering upon the solution of these questions, it might be well for the student to first figure up the consanguinity existing between the speckled pullet and the red rooster.—*Salt Lake Reporter.*

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