THE CREAM OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Hepworth Dixon's Russian Travels.

From Mr. Dixon's work, "Free Russia," just published in London by Hurst & Blackett, we extract a couple of passages:

PREVALENCE OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT IN RUSSIA.

"Enter into a Russian shed—you find a chapel. Every room in that shed is consecrated-for-in-every room—there is a sacred image, a domestic altar, and a household lamp. The humblest steps into that room with reverence; standing for a moment at the threshold, baring his head, crossing himself, and uttering a short verse. Once in the house he feels himself in the Presence, and every act of his life is dedicated to Him in whom we live and move. 'Slava Bogu—Glory to God—is a phrase forever on his lips; not as a phrase only, to be uttered in a light vein, as a formal act, but with his inward feeling and confession of the soul. He fasts very much, and pays a respect beyond our measure to sacred places and to sacred things. He thinks day and night of his Angel; and payments are made by him at church for prayers to be addressed in his name to that Guardian Spirit. He finds a divine enjoyment in the sound of cloister-bells, a foretaste of Heaven in kneeling near the bones of saints. The charm of his life is a profound conviction of his own unworthiness to the eyes of God, and no mere pride of rank ever robs him of the humble feeling that he is higher in time himself will prove his advocate at the throne of grace. He feels a rapture, strange to a Frank, in the coldness of a pavement, and the taste of consecrated bread is to him a fearful joy. Such things are to him not only things of life and death, but of the everlasting life and the ever-present death."

SIGNIFICANCE OF RUSSIAN PARISH PRIESTS.

"They ought to be strong in favor; yet through the craft of their Bishops (black monks) they have been left, not only without the right of meeting, but without the means of making their voices heard. The peasant was never beaten down so low in the scale of life as his parish priest; for the serf had always his communal meeting, his choice of Elders, his right of appeal, his Tribune of Tears. The parish priests expect a change; they expect it, not from within the clerical body, but from without; from a Synod of monks, but from a married and reforming Tsar. This change is coming, as a great and healing revolution; an act of emancipation for the working clergy, not less striking and beneficent than the act of emancipation for the toiling serfs."

In Artist in Corsica.

Mr. Edward Lear, the traveled artist to whom Tennyson addressed his poem, "To E. L., on his travels in Greece," and now an occasional contributor to *Our Young Folks*, has just published his "Journal of a Landscape Painter in Corsica" (Bush, London). Mr. Lear's agreeable style will justify us in presenting a few extracts. He goes out to see Monte Nino and sees "less lales Sanguinaires" in this wise:

MEDITERRANEAN MASSACRES.

April 7.—In the early voyage, though far from pleasant, has not been so bad as might have been expected. He is fortunate when, after ten hours of sea passage, can reckon up no worse memories than—first, the miserable condition of suffering—and that dislocation of mind and body, or inability to think straight-forward, to be write, or even to speak—the twisted and rolled and jerked, and the movements of thought seem more or less like those of a drunken man. Weariness of body. Weariness of mind. Weariness of spirit.

The slow sort hours that bring us all things ill; and sain is the effort to enliven them, as every fresh lurch of the vessel seems more and more pond with these of the body. Wearily go by

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Meno. What, is going to happen?—a remarkable clattering noise fills the air. I look out of window and behold a torrent of children, a hundred at least, all carrying bits of wood, which they knock and bump and rattle against all the railings, door-steps and walls, as their procession passes on. Now, in most southern places where I have seen the ceremony of celebrating Easter by triumphant noises, pistols and crackers are used, but not so proper time. Every one who has been in Rome at the season is aware of the incessant noise on the Saturday preceding Easter Day, and in the Mattese villages.

At no time does the impression of multitudinous little boyhood leave me in Ajaccio; no sooner am I aware that I have happened to look beyond the houses of the Place du Diamant towards two high and slanting walls following the direction of the steep little hill. Now, in any other place where I ever was, such walls would be infested by rolling pigeons, or swallows, but here I count twenty-eight little boys, all scrambling up the wall-tops after the fashion of lizards, and sliding down again—which pastime goes on all day long.

AT CAFFE THE CORSICAN, AND MORE FRENCH THAN THE FRENCHMEN.

Hardly had I uttered the word, than I found I had committed an error, into which a little previous thought might have prevented my falling; yet, with the very best intentions, a man may sometimes "rush in where angels fear to tread." One of the men spoke French with a Parisian accent, the others were Corsicans. "*Vous êtes, donc, Français, monsieur?*" said I; a remark which seemed to be received a sudden chill and pause; and after thing came this reply: "*Monsieur, nous sommes Français.*" I had yet to learn that the terms "French" and "Corse" are by no means the discreet in this island; yet can indicate the former by "Continental" and the latter by "Corse" or "de pays."

AT SARTENE—FINE LANDSCAPE AND STRONG SUPERSTITION.

"While I am thinking how pleasant it would be to get studies of this very peculiar scenery, by living at Sartène, and walking seven or eight miles daily, Peter suddenly hales below the village of Giuncheto, which stands high above the road. 'What is the matter?' says G.; but Peter only points to the village and crosses himself, and looks round at me. 'What has happened?' I repeat—Peter whispers, 'In that village a priest has lately died, and without confessing himself.' In the mind of visions of landscape—'What,' as Charles the Fifth said to his secretary, 'what has this bomb to do with what I am dictating?'"

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

With a story by Miss Alcott, author of "Little Women," and "Old-Fashioned Girl;" two full page illustrations; the continuation of its various serials, and other bright and lively things, *Merry's Museum* for May presents its familiar and ever-welcome face. Published by H. B. Fuller, Boston.

In *Every Saturday*, No. 10, Dickens's Novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," is continued, and two interesting chapters of the story are given. This number also contains several attractive illustrations. The most prominent is Mr. Eytinge's drawing of Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig. This carefully-drawn picture represents these famous old nurses just on the point of falling out about the celebrated Mrs. Harris. This drawing is the first of a series, in which will be comprised some of the principal characters and scenes in Mr. Dickens's Works; such as Captain Cuttle, Little Nell and her Grandfather, Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller, &c., the whole forming an attractive Dickens Gallery. There is also in preparation a Booth Gallery, in which this great actor will be represented in his most famous parts; Richelieu, Shylock, Iago, Othello, &c., by Mr. W. J. Hennessy.

An excellent number of *The Journal of the Franklin Institute* appears for May. It has finished lithographic engravings, and the customary variety of scientific news compiled by the able editor, Prof. Henry Morton, Ph. D.

We receive *Peterson's Counterfeit Detector and National Bank-Note List* for May 24, with full list of broken, closed, fraudulent and worthless banks. To all persons changing money this Detector is an invaluable friend.

MURDER IN MEADVILLE.

An Atrocious Crime.

A correspondent of the *Titusville Herald*, writing from Meadville, under date of April 27th, says:

Considerable excitement was caused this afternoon by the report that the body of a man with his hands tied behind his back and a bandage over his mouth had been discovered lying in French creek, about two miles below this place, partly submerged in the water.

The following facts have been ascertained: That the body is that of Richards, a Frenchman, who formerly lived about four miles east of this city, and who mysteriously disappeared on or about the 15th of last month. He left home on the morning of the 15th of March, with a considerable amount of money on his person, for the purpose of buying cattle. In the afternoon of the same day he is reported as having been seen about four or five miles northwest of this place, and another report says that he was seen shortly before night in the lower part of this city.

Rumor says that two persons of very questionable character left this place, a few days after the disappearance of Richards, and that one of them exhibited a much-larger amount of money than he had previously shown, in the habit of having, which, with the fact that they frequented that portion of the town known to be the resort of the French, their previous reputation and sudden disappearance, to say the least, has a very suspicious look. What may yet be developed in the case is hard to conjecture, but this much is evident, that Richards came to his death by the hands of some person or persons, by being knocked down, his hands bound behind his back, a gag placed in his mouth, robbed of his money, and his body thrown into French creek.

Considering the length of time since the murder, the body is in a remarkable state of preservation. The only marks of injury found on the body was a slight depression or indention over the right eye, which of itself would not cause death.

In the pocket of his vest was found a pipe, which was at once recognized by those acquainted with Richards as his pipe. In one of his pants pockets was his wallet, which contained a small piece of paper and one single copper, and in the other pocket was his jackknife.

His family consists of a wife and six children, who are thus deprived of a husband and father by the hands of assassins, the most cold-blooded of any that ever visited, if we are to judge from the manner in which they have accomplished their fiendish work.

O.

Dumas on Woman's Laughter.

Alexandre Dumas *fils* is at variance, in his much-talked of preface to *L'Ami des Femmes*, with the poets of ancient and modern times. "The Greeks, who had such a keen sense of the beautiful, qualified Venus as the "laughter-loving." Shakespeare was very fond of sprightly heroines, whose follies provoked laughter. Moore immortalizes the feminine laughs in his exquisite sketch of an Irish girl, to whom he was pleased to give the Asiatic name of Nourmahal. Balzac (who can be hardly called a poet) was very fond of "a silver laugh," and used to say that none but thoroughbred gentlewomen had a right to weep, because they alone weep without disfiguring themselves. Now, hear what M. Dumas, the younger, says on the other side.

If comedy has been so long in disfavor it is because woman don't like it. And why do they dislike it? Because in a comedy men are only conquered by the roses, the tricks, the malice, and the graces of the fair. This does not satisfy woman's ambition. It smacks of the feints in a fencing-school. The conquered neither sees the blood nor the groans of the conquered. Woman delights in the hand to hand fight with the other sex which is the soul of tragedy. She wants publicly to prove that she has the power to subjugate her adversary, to make him bite the dust, to kill, to cover him. She wants you to see him down, and to rear his heart out unless he cries humbly for mercy, and confess her as the sovereign of the universe, or acknowledge himself a wretched fool for having underestimated and insulted her so long. But there is another reason why women do not like comedy. No woman wishes to laugh in public. A laugh depositions her and contents her visage. There is a frankness in a hearty laugh, which jars with her diplomatic genius. A woman throws away her power when she laughs. The tear is what she trumps in. A tearful eye is always interesting, and finds an open much more in it. It is simply an abomination. Smile if you will, lovely woman, but never laugh. For twenty successes who can draw tears, there is hardly one who can excite to laughter. The laughter of an enemy is seldom communicative because it is a surface thing. It is at war with the female organization, a comical woman does not really belong to her sex, and other women dislike her. Nevertheless, glory to the laughter-loving female who is not so much a bearded man *incognito* as an excellent, companionable *garçon*.

The publisher of the first shilling edition of Shakespeare has put $20,000 into his pocket by the venture.

HEATERS AND STOVES.

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THIRD AND PEAR STREETS,

Plain and Galvanized

WROUGHT AND CAST IRON PIPE

For Gas, Steam and Water,

FITTINGS, BRASS WORK, TOOLS,

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CARD

Having sold HENRY B. PANCOAST and FRANCIS J. MAULE positions in our employ for several years past the Stock, Good Will and Fixtures of our RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT, located at the corner of THIRD and PEAR streets, in this city, that branch of our business, together with the Lease of the VENTILATING FILTER and PRIVATE BUILDINGS, both by STEAM and HOT WATER, in all its various systems, will be carried on under the firm name of PANCOAST & MAULE, at the old stand, and we recommend them to the trade and business public as being entirely competent to carry out all of our business.

MORRIS, TASKER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22, 1870. m3:1tuf

THOMSON'S LONDON KITCHENER, for Hotels, Steamers, Families, or public institutions, is sweeter different dates. Also, Thomson's Patent Improved Self-Acting Portable Stoves, Cooking Ranges, Fireplaces, Boilers, Bath Boilers, Stew-hole Plates, Broilers, Stoves, &c. Sole Agent and Successor to JAMES THOMSON, 102 Fulton street, New York.

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PURE WHEAT WHISKY

Distilled from the Grain

BY

T. J. MARTIN & CO.,

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NORTHEAST CORNER OF

Twelfth and Washington Streets.

STORE,

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To whom it may concern:

All the leading medical authorities recognize the value of diffusible stimulants. Many eminent physicians and surgeons might be named who have advocated their employment in the treatment of a large class of diseases. No Dispensary is considered complete without a supply of Brandy. It is used in all public and private Hospitals, and administered by all bedside practitioners. But the difficulty has been to obtain

A Medicinal Brandy—Pure.

The pungent aroma of the fusel oil and biting acids present in all of them can be scented as the glass is raised to the lips. The nauseous flavor of these active poisons is perceptible to the palate, and a burning sensation follows the swallowing of a liquid compound so noxious though has gone down. Paralysis, bilious attacks, and a long train of other bodily ills follow in its wake.

Medical science asks for a pure stimulant to use as a specific, which, while it diffuses itself through the system, does not stupify the brain, and which can be brought into direct and active contact with the seat of disease. It is the property of pure alcohol to do this, and by the aid of its peculiar nutritious component parts to nourish the exhausted constitution, and yet it is by the happy union of the principle of activity with the principles of nutrition and repletion that enables a

PURE WHISKY

To accomplish beneficial results.

Having great experience in the distilling of Whiskies, and the largest and best equipped establishment of its kind in the country, I feel confident that the improvements in apparatus for cleansing Whisky of fusel oil and other impurities, by my chemical assistant, enable the proprietors of

Keystone Wheat Whisky

Are enabled to offer it

Pure Whisky

Distilled from WHEAT, and being made from the grain, possesses all the

Nutritious Qualities,

and can be relied upon to be strictly as represented, having been examined thoroughly by the leading analytical chemists of this city, and pronounced by them as perfectly pure for medical purposes are appointed.

We invite examination of our Whisky, and would convince themselves of its rigid analysis.

T. J. MARTIN & CO.

N. B.—Notice that the caps and corks are branded "T. J. Martin & Co. Keystone Wheat Whisky."

For sale by all respectable Druggists.

Orders sent to No. 150 N. FRONT street will receive prompt attention.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, No. 108 and 112 Arch st.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1869.

Messrs. T. J. Martin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.:

GENTLEMEN: I have made a careful analysis of the Keystone Pure Wheat Whisky, sent by you for my examination, and find it to be a very pure article, and entirely free from fusel oil and other injurious ingredients, and I find it to be a very fine and agreeable flavor, render it particularly valuable for medicinal purposes.

Very truly,

P. A. CONLY.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, No. 133 Walnut street.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 17, 1869.

Messrs. T. J. Martin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.:

GENTLEMEN: I have made a careful analysis of your Keystone Pure Whisky, and find it to be a very fine article, and free from all impurities. I find it to be pure, and recommend it for medicinal purposes.

Respectfully, etc.,

WM. H. BRICKNER,

Analyst and Chemist, Chemist.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, No. 417 Walnut street.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 6, 1869.

Messrs. T. J. Martin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.:

GENTLEMEN: I have made a careful analysis of the sample of Keystone Pure Whisky, sent by you for my examination, and find it to be a very fine article, free from all impurities, and I find it to be a very fine article for which pure whisky may be desired.

Respectfully, etc., M. CRESSON.

Sold Wholesale by FRED. E. RICHARDS, 1006 CHESTNUT St., corner TENTH and MARKET streets.

m2:1m

JUST RECEIVED AND IN STORE 1,000 bbls. Pure Rye Whiskies, distilled from Ohio, California Wines, Port, Malaga, Sherry, Jamaica and Santa Cruz Rums, Brandies, Gins, Cordials, Ale and Porter, for sale by HENRY WIBSOR & CO., No. 121 South Wharves.

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