FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

FROM BERLIN TO ST. PETERSBURG.

A Philadelphia lady, travelling abroad, gives the experience of her party during this trip, as follows:

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday, May 13.—At length we find ourselves in Russia—that vast country which, with only map knowledge, we have always considered as full of interesting and wonderful sights. As yet that which imagination or anticipation promised has not been realized; and, to tell the truth, we are slightly disappointed in the appearance of the Russian capital. The streets are of fine width, but the city does not present the magnificent appearance—which was expected. Still, our arrival only last evening does not warrant hasty judgment.

Picking at Berlin was somewhat troublesome, although it is astonishing that baggage should accumulate where there is so little of especial interest to purchase—the beautiful amber and less attractive iron trinkets being the most popular souvenirs.

We bade adieu, with much regret, to some German friends, celebrated the last day by witnessing a grand parade of the Prussian troops in the presence of the King, Queen and Court, and left Berlin at ten o'clock on Monday evening.

Obliged to take a late train, we found it less fatiguing than had been feared. The carriages are not arranged according to American ideas of comfort, however, as the seats slide out so as to meet each other, and so form an impromptu couch. The compartment which we took held six, and was less comfortable to the gentlemen of our party than to the ladies, but some sleep was possible on it. Day dawned finally at three; we credited ourselves with the sight of a sunrise not long after; at four a partook gladly of coffee and rolls, and at noon reached the quaint old Prussian town of Konigsberg. The glory of this place is wholly past—it is situated upon the river Pregel, and is chiefly remarkable for its huge granaries. The narrow streets are crowded with people, unwieldly wagons, beggars, Jews of Shylock aspect, swarms of children and fishwomen. The shops are insignificant, and in their tawdry display of amber goods we found nothing which attracted us.

The castle forms an attractive and striking feature of the town. Here the beautiful and unhappy Louisa of Prussia took refuge when Napoleon I. occupied Berlin. The exterior is gloomy, though imposing, the interior only interesting from its antique arrangement, and the plates, chairs, boxes and other articles which were used by its royal occupant. A large saloon, called the "Moscovite Saal," two hundred and seventy feet long and only nineteen high, was odd in effect, and yet it lacked a superb ballroom. On Tuesday we visited the castle church, where the first King of Prussia crowned himself. Service was held at the time of our visit; as it was a solemn fast day. The church was elaborately arranged with tiers of galleries on three sides, giving it a theatrical appearance, which was heightened by general gilding and ornamentation. We left Konigsberg at noon, finding it duller than ever on fast day, and reached the Russian frontier at three o'clock, where our baggage was rapidly and carelessly examined when we mentioned our nationality. After waiting some time, we were allowed to pass into the depot, and, to our distress, found every good railway-carriage seemingly occupied.

Our ignorance of the perplexing language made us powerless to complain, and the strange faces and sounds, the ringing of bells and the embarrassment of signs, but increased our confusion. At length a conductor noticed us to second three high steps, and we found ourselves in a small, low, close compartment, holding eight, and already occupied by four, who looked far from disposed to see us. There was no prospective comfort in such a place, and finding at the last moment that a convenient second door was in the adjoining car, we gladly made the change. Very different quarters it gave us. Comfortable couches, centre-table, easy-chairs, large windows, lamps and upholstered walls, all expressed Russian ideas of luxury, and had the practical convenience—of an American sleeping-car. We took supper at leisure, and then endeavored to sleep. The constant shaking, jolting and bumping of the train during the long, wearisome night, made it impossible. Daylight finally gave us some relief, and poor tea was furnished at a way-station. While here we caught a glimpse of the Imperial train as it whirled swiftly by on its way to Berlin, tea-service and cook being only visible.

We then prepared ourselves to see the great Empire of Russia, but such a waste we never imagined. Utterly sterile plains, extended marshes and gloomy, measureless forests, so wearied the eye that even a barn was a relief. The few thatched hovels on the way offered no attractions. The population seemed wretched in the extreme, filthy without and stupid within. The peasants are small, and there is not one at which it would be possible to stop a night, so that the thirty hours of continuous travel seem unavoidable. The soldiers stationed at all points are far inferior to those of Prussia. All look dirty. Beggars are swarming at intervals, pictures of squalidity and woe. We beguiled the day chatting, sleeping and eating. Tea is handled everywhere, but the Russian bullets are much inferior to those of Prussia, and for food our dependence upon tea we had fortunately brought with us. The journey was endurable, but not enjoyable, and we at 5 P. M. reached our destination, less fatigued than we had feared. A long drive brought us to one of the hotels, which really very fine, with many superb suites of rooms.

Mr. Burlingame occupied one of these. He seems to have been loved by every one, and the visit of condolence which the Emperor and Empress made to his widow was an unparalleled honor here. We have as yet seen nothing of St. Petersburg, but a gale-day, despite rainy weather, is tempting our curiosity. The highly-gilded painted frames of the horse-collars have received our attention, and our watches prove by comparison with those here, that the Russians are an hour and twenty minutes faster in time than their more attractive neighbors in Berlin.

Momentarily expecting a visit from our courteous representative, Minister Curtin, we shall, no doubt, soon be prepared for an intelligent appreciation of the city.

Forty-First Congress—Second Session.

In the U. S. Senate yesterday afternoon the Finance bill came up in order, and was laid by a vote of 25 to 26. The Indian Appropriation bill was then taken up. Its consideration was continued during the session, pending which the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives the Internal Tax bill was taken up, and a number of amendments to the Income Tax section were offered. The vote on these, after discussion, was postponed until to-day. Mr. Beck offered an amendment to the 4th section, the effect of which would be to tax the interest on government bonds 5 per cent. It was adopted on a division by a vote of 56 to 55. The House called for the yeas and nays, when the House adjourned.

—The bottom of a freight car, loaded with seventeen horses, gave way a few days ago on the Hudson River Railroad, while the train was in motion, and the accident was not discovered till the next station was reached. The consequences were naturally very disastrous to the horses.

—The gypsy is said to resemble a newly-sighted person, in so frequently has specks over its eyes.

NEW PERIODICALS.

Hours at Home, for June, is conspicuous for its "Unpublished Letters by Charlotte Brontë," with introduction from Hon. John Bigelow; those published in this first installment reflect her dreary youth and awakening religious sentiment, in the old-fashioned method of an informed literary style. These to come in July will record Charlotte as a governess and Charlotte as authoress, with her opinion of the critics who took exception to Jane Eyre. The series, we are told, will be a "long" one.—Mr. Bigelow's capital paper on "Beaumarchais, the Merchant," originally read before the New York Historical Society, on the 5th of April last, is the other first-class attraction of a good number.—C. Scribner & Co.

Oft and Now is certainly not too theological, in its June number, and is eccentric and spicy with Gail Hamilton's "Winter Sabbaths Unsought," and with a most surprising and stupendous piece of verse from George Fuller, entitled "Mother and Son," a ballad armed with all the terrors of Walt Whitman. Some of the remaining papers are indeed remarkable, an eloquent and very able defence of Fitz John Porter against his court-martial, is among them; a popular essay on the theory of life, called "Protoplasm," is by Francis Tiffany; Dr. J. P. Thompson reviews "Supernatural Letters concerning Infallibility; the editor, Dr. E. E. Hale, brings his survey "Beyond Sea" to a happy death. If Gulliver could be presumed to have imbibed humanitarian sentiments during a protracted residence in Boston, this story might be his work.—Hurd & Houghton.

The Penn Monthly, representing Philadelphia literary interests and published by the University Press Company, has four scholarly and entertaining papers in its June number.

Messrs. Lippincott & Co.'s reprints of British Magazines are truly a boon; they are full of sober, informing, yet winsome thought, judicious compilation, and exquisite illustration. *The Sunday Magazine*, edited by Dr. Guthrie, contains for June: 1. The Struggle in Ferrara. By W. Gilbert. Illustrated. 2. The Dawning of Hope. By the Editor. 3. On the Miracles of Our Lord. By George MacDonald, LL.D. IX. The Copyholders of Nacton. Illustrated. 5. Diana Coverdale's Diary. By B. Orme. Illustrated. 5. A Life in Earnest. By W. Arthur, D. D. 6. Waste. By M. B. De Lys. 7. Episodes in an Obscure Life: Being Experiences in the Tower Hamlets. By a Country Curate. Illustrated. 8. Questions that are Always Turning Up. IV. Grosseteste. By the Rev. Professor Milligan. 9. Dr. De Sanctis. By the Rev. D. R. Guthrie. With Portrait. 10. How Shall We Get Our Old Testaments. By Alexander, D. D. Numbers.—Analysis of the Book. 11. The Companions of St. Paul. By John S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. IV. Onesimus. 12. At Cesar's Bar. By Mary Sewell. Illustrated.

Dr. Macleod's capital periodical, *Good Words*, has for contents: 1. Fernyhurst Court. An Every-Day Story. By the author of "Stone Edge." Part II. v. Very Cross. VI. An Unfortunate Question. VII. A Darjeeling Tea. Illustrated. 2. Letters from the Tropics. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. IV. The High Woods. 3. The Thirsty Quarter. By the Rev. H. W. Holland. Illustrated. 4. Half-Hours in the Temple Church. By G. J. Vaughan, D. D. v. Ye are Dead. 5. Deeply Fox. By the author of "How it all Happened." Part II. v. The Spirit of Wine. 6. Playing with Edge Tools. XVII. Harry Fortescue's Advice. XIX. Dorothy's Blush. Illustrated. 6. Devoted Lives. By the Rev. W. Stevenson. III. A Negro Mission of the Last Century. 7. Four Sonnets. By Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. 8. A Visit to the Country of the Vandals. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help." v. Guillotes and the Valley of Quayras. Illustrated. 9. Days in North India. By Norman Macleod, D. D. IV. Delhi. Illustrated.

George Macdonald's elegant and commandable magazine for young readers, *Good Words for the Young*, has: 1. Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood. By George MacDonald, LL. D. Part VIII. Illustrated. 2. Among the Tropics. 1. Morning. 3. The First Almond Tree. By Helen Zimmern. Illustrated. 4. The Village School. By the author of "Child-Nature." Part III. Illustrated. 5. The Treasure Stones. A Brown Legend. By Madame Guizot de Witt. Illustrated. 6. Animal Instincts. By Odoardo Fantoni, M. D. Illustrated. 7. Hymns for the Young. With Music by John Hullah. No. 8. "Sleep, little Angel, sleep." 8. At the Back of North Wind. Part VIII. Illustrated. 9. A Night of an African Cruiser. By S. W. Baker. Part II. Illustrated. 10. The Boy in Grey. By Henry Kingsley. 11. Jack and Jane. By Richard Ivy. Illustrated. 12. The Sick Man and the Robin. By A. L. W. Illustrated.

Punchinello for June 11th begins with a couple of opening chapters from Orphan C. Kerr: "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood." The fun of it so far is rather drawn and unpleasant; the travesty certainly comes behind "Chickens Hazard," contributed to *Punch* in aprils of Charles Reade's "Hard Cash." Still Barry's hit at imitation of Tennyson, "The Holy Grail and other Poems, Idyls and Lyrics of the Round Table"—but it is vulgar too. *Punchinello* does not succeed in catching the tone that will fit it to amuse the leisure of gentlemen. Harry Stephens's cartoon is devoted to the race between the Sappho and Cambria.

NEW MUSIC.—At the musical emporium of Mr. Louis Meyer, No. 1413 Chestnut street, we found the following new compositions and compilations: "Follow Me Polka" (*Suisse mai, Jerome Hanson*), for piano, by S. S. S. "Union League Reception Gallop" by Reed Meyer; "Tyrolean Heverie," by Reed Meyer; "Spring Flower Polka," by J. Knecht; "Bitter Pleasures," music by Jean Louis; words by Fanny Gumpert; translated by Albert Gumpert: "Sing Me a Song of Love," serenade with cor. di bass. obligato, or "Fourth Tenor," by Charles A. Clarke, and Gottschalk's arrangement of Thomas Moore's "Canadian Boat Song."

A BELGIAN PASSION-PLAY.

The passion-play is a well-known institution in Spain, Bavaria, and the Tyrol, but it may be new to many of our readers that it is to be found in full vigor, much more entirely in fact, at Laeken, the little village adjacent to Brussels, where there is a royal palace. A correspondent sends the following account of a scene he lately witnessed there:

"Laeken, well-known as the summer residence of his Belgian Majesty, is a populous and thriving village distant about a league from the capital, and conspicuous by its big, ambitious, and somewhat unsuccessful church now in course of completion. It was under the shadow of this building that some amateur actor-players a fortnight ago set up their "theatre," their special *raison d'être* being the kermesse, fair, or patron-saint festival of the village. The exterior of this "theatre," a canvas and lath erection of impulse, also attracted all passers-by by a flaring duplicate advertisement of "Le Passion de N.S. Jesus Christ," backed by paintings in a popular style of art representing scenes from the Gospel history, interspersed with sensational depictions of clowns, harlequins, columbines, conjurors, accomplishing miracles more marvelous than those of Egypt, and dogs ascending skywards in a shower of fireworks. Tuesday, the 3d inst., being announced as the last night of the performance, we resolved to go, and see with our own eyes what this strange thing might signify. At eight o'clock in the evening (the play first kept for the commencement of the drama) the booth presented the appearance that might have been presumed from the place and the performers, deducting being made for the "sacred" element. The exterior stage, lighted by fifteen oil-lamps, was ornamented by the familiar dramatis personæ; a couple of dancing-girls, all plus legs and once white tarlatan, *faute de mieux* (or clothes of tender age (a piteous spectacle!), in velvet and spangles, and a sable son of Africa with his ungainly nether limbs thrust into a pair of top boots with scarlet leathers—all drawing, leaping, pirouetting, gesticulating to the tune, or out of tune, of an orchestra of small numerical strength but enormous power, and all beckoning the rabble and mais to win the patronage and the pence of the gaping, grinning rustics outside. On entering we found ourselves representing the aristocracy of the audience, being in fact the sole occupiers of the front seats (at 50 centimes, or ten cents); the back seats (at 25 centimes) were furnished with a company respectable as to appearance, but somewhat scanty as to numbers (the previous representations having probably exhausted the supply of pleasure-seekers), and consisted fewer of the country people proper—for the Flemish peasant is thrifty, and chary of leaving his centimes on any pleasure—than of petits bourgeois of the village burghers and shopkeepers, the majority being women. I suppose it was on account of the fashionable audience that the number of sacred tableaux was cut down from twelve to six, representations being offered in the shape of a few pedestrian tricks of jugglery, exercises on the trapeze, and a grotesque farce, the whole lived by the jokes and grimaces of the clowns, and the animated barking and squeaking of three French horns and a bass viol. The curtain being then dropped, or rather drawn, the musicians abruptly quitted their key from lively to lugubrious, and in a few minutes the enrolled drama was begun and carried through in a rapid succession of tableaux, including the Betrayal, the Crowning with Thorns, the Bearing of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross and the Resurrection. The company, I should gently limited, the same actors reappeared who had made their *début* in the previous scenes, and in the course we unfeelingly recognized the most distinguished of the actors. The dialogue was abundant, consisting chiefly of Gospel shreds tacked together somewhat at haphazard; but occasionally both the text and the accuracy of the quotations were set aside, as in the Betrayal scene, where Judas addressed Christ, "Ah, pour de l'argent, pour de l'argent on fait tout"—a sentiment which appeared to excite a sympathetic thrill in the audience. There was of course no attempt at appropriateness of scenic decoration, and nothing could exceed the grotesque absurdity of the costumes. In the Descent from the Cross, the dialogue was dropped, and the little *faiseur* whose services *faute de mieux* had been called into requisition as a manager, and who still retained his spangled tunic, stepped forward, and the whole scene being illuminated by a red light, addressed the audience, informing them that the tableau "which it was their good fortune to behold" was an accurate copy from Gérôme's celebrated picture, and winding up with the exclamation, "Allons, messieurs, encouragons ces artistes." Whereupon, addressing the action to the words, a hearty and unbelieving shower of claps immediately followed. In the last scene, in which a sheet was so disposed as to represent the interior of a sepulchre, the Christ rising with uplifted arms uttered the words, "Je suis celui qui vit et qui ne meurt pas, car j'étais mort, et maintenant je suis vivant pour l'éternité." The curtain was then drawn and the *scène* voice was immediately heard from behind announcing, "Messieurs et Mesdames, we will now continue the representation by the extraordinary feats of the trained dogs, and the whole will be finished with a pantomime."

During this inconceivable performance we attentively watched the spectators, and observed that neither on their faces nor in their bearing was any ridicule or contempt (the drama) the booth presented the appearance that might have been presumed from the place and the performers, deducting being made for the "sacred" element. The exterior stage, lighted by fifteen oil-lamps, was ornamented by the familiar dramatis personæ; a couple of dancing-girls, all plus legs and once white tarlatan, *faute de mieux* (or clothes of tender age (a piteous spectacle!), in velvet and spangles, and a sable son of Africa with his ungainly nether limbs thrust into a pair of top boots with scarlet leathers—all drawing, leaping, pirouetting, gesticulating to the tune, or out of tune, of an orchestra of small numerical strength but enormous power, and all beckoning the rabble and mais to win the patronage and the pence of the gaping, grinning rustics outside. On entering we found ourselves representing the aristocracy of the audience, being in fact the sole occupiers of the front seats (at 50 centimes, or ten cents); the back seats (at 25 centimes) were furnished with a company respectable as to appearance, but somewhat scanty as to numbers (the previous representations having probably exhausted the supply of pleasure-seekers), and consisted fewer of the country people proper—for the Flemish peasant is thrifty, and chary of leaving his centimes on any pleasure—than of petits bourgeois of the village burghers and shopkeepers, the majority being women. I suppose it was on account of the fashionable audience that the number of sacred tableaux was cut down from twelve to six, representations being offered in the shape of a few pedestrian tricks of jugglery, exercises on the trapeze, and a grotesque farce, the whole lived by the jokes and grimaces of the clowns, and the animated barking and squeaking of three French horns and a bass viol. The curtain being then dropped, or rather drawn, the musicians abruptly quitted their key from lively to lugubrious, and in a few minutes the enrolled drama was begun and carried through in a rapid succession of tableaux, including the Betrayal, the Crowning with Thorns, the Bearing of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross and the Resurrection. The company, I should gently limited, the same actors reappeared who had made their *début* in the previous scenes, and in the course we unfeelingly recognized the most distinguished of the actors. The dialogue was abundant, consisting chiefly of Gospel shreds tacked together somewhat at haphazard; but occasionally both the text and the accuracy of the quotations were set aside, as in the Betrayal scene, where Judas addressed Christ, "Ah, pour de l'argent, pour de l'argent on fait tout"—a sentiment which appeared to excite a sympathetic thrill in the audience. There was of course no attempt at appropriateness of scenic decoration, and nothing could exceed the grotesque absurdity of the costumes. In the Descent from the Cross, the dialogue was dropped, and the little *faiseur* whose services *faute de mieux* had been called into requisition as a manager, and who still retained his spangled tunic, stepped forward, and the whole scene being illuminated by a red light, addressed the audience, informing them that the tableau "which it was their good fortune to behold" was an accurate copy from Gérôme's celebrated picture, and winding up with the exclamation, "Allons, messieurs, encouragons ces artistes." Whereupon, addressing the action to the words, a hearty and unbelieving shower of claps immediately followed. In the last scene, in which a sheet was so disposed as to represent the interior of a sepulchre, the Christ rising with uplifted arms uttered the words, "Je suis celui qui vit et qui ne meurt pas, car j'étais mort, et maintenant je suis vivant pour l'éternité." The curtain was then drawn and the *scène* voice was immediately heard from behind announcing, "Messieurs et Mesdames, we will now continue the representation by the extraordinary feats of the trained dogs, and the whole will be finished with a pantomime."

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

ALL Cuban officers who may surrender are to be generously dealt with.

ESPARTERO is still maintained as a candidate for the Spanish crown by his friends.

GEN. STARR and Col. Smith, held at Buffalo for violation of neutrality, were yesterday released on $10,000 bail each.

An extensive fire is raging in the woods of the Metapedia district of New Brunswick, and miles of valuable timber have been burned.

The President yesterday nominated Robert M. Walker, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second South Carolina District, and the nomination was confirmed.

The colossal statue at Jeboken, yesterday, between the St. George Club of New York, and Philadelphia, of this city, was won by the St. George, the score standing 158 to 120.

A CHARLESTON, S. C., despatch says that returns from four out of the eleven counties in Whitemore's district indicate his rejection to Congress. The vote is light.

SPURTOS TAIL, and his companions had an interview with the President yesterday. The chief expressed his desire for peace, spoke of thefty-one of his people who had complained of the bad faith of the white man.

Rumors are rife that the alleged Fenian emissaries recently arrested in London, were brought up for examination yesterday, and released on the ground of insufficient. Nothing of importance was elicited during the proceedings.

PRINCE ARTHUR presented a stand of colors to the Canadian volunteers, at Huntington, yesterday, and in his address complimented them on their conduct during the late raid. The Canadian troops are being withdrawn from the border.

It is believed in Washington that if the present Internal Revenue bill passes, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue can reduce the force of revenue officers fully one-half. It will afford an opportunity for consolidating collection districts.

THE 76th meeting of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, was held at Montreal on Wednesday. Rev. Principal Dawson, of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Toronto, on Wednesday evening. Wm. Morley Punshon was elected President.

THE Senate Finance Committee has made a report, recommending the payment of duties exacted on Russian hemp since the passage of the act of March last, and the refunding to about $200,000 in gold, be refunded, and that a bill be passed equalizing the duties hereafter, on the same footing as to treaty stipulations.

A READING despatch says that during the last week the representatives of the Reading Railroad and Schuylkill Navigation Companies have been in conference, and have settled the navigation line, with a view to its transfer to the Reading. Should the project be carried through, it is said that the railroad will assume the expense of the Navigation Company from June 1st.

COL. MORROW, commanding at Fort Buford, Dakota, reports that the Indians in that vicinity have declared war against the whites, and are preparing to attack the fort. Morrow had fifty men with him when he left the fort, and three hundred Sioux warriors were in the neighborhood.

HON. JOHN CRAMER, of Waterford, N. Y., died on Wednesday, aged 92. He was a member of the Senate of Congress, commencing from the 13th of April, 1821, served three years in the Assembly and three years in the Senate of New York, and was a member of Congress from that State from 1832 to 1837.

THE Prussian Minister sent to the Senate a despatch from Mr. Bluer, our Minister to Brazil, recommending the establishment by means of subsidies of regular and rapid communication with Central and South America, Mexico and the West Indies. The advantages stated are the increased product of coffee and sugar in those countries to supply our needs, and mutual exchanges of manufactured goods, grain, pork, lard and manufactured goods.

THE Massachusetts Republican representatives, by 16 majority, yesterday passed a new bill in aid of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad. It provides that the State shall give up the land grant, on the condition that the road with an equal amount contributed by other bondholders, be completed within the time fixed, receiving instead an equal amount of second mortgage bonds. The bill also provides for the organization of the Company to meet the approval of the Government Council.

Brevet-Major-General Hamilton, a native of this country, particularly the Western States, telegraphed to Washington, urging action by the Senate on the bill for the relief of the brave brethren in Roumania. Mr. Wolf, a prominent Israelite, has also sent telegrams and Congressional circles in the matter at Washington, yesterday, and received assurance that such action will be taken, and that it will be taken. It is stated that Adolph Buckner, an American, has been appointed Consul at Bucharest, in Roumania.

GOVERNOR STEARNS' message to the New Hampshire Legislature, yesterday, recommends that nearly $358,000 of the State debt be paid, leaving the indebtedness of the State less than $1,000,000. Further reduction of taxation is therefore recommended. He thinks that the Treasury may be made a source of revenue, and recommends the appointment of a commissioner of other officers to have control and supervision of the fund. He also recommends a survey of the water-power of the State available for manufacturing.

ART ITEMS.

—F. B. Carpenter, the friend of Lincoln, has nearly finished an admirable portrait of Rev. Dr. Chapin. Lady Gordon is painted for the Chapin Home for the Aged and Infirm, New York, and when done will be hung in that institution. Mr. Carpenter is now at work in color a portrait of Mr. George William Curtis. The pose of the figure is graceful and easy, and is admirably suggestive of Mr. Curtis's attitude and action while speaking.

—Among the many fine pictures purchased for the British National Gallery from December, 1869, the most prominent is that a picture by Rembrandt, "Christ Blessing Little Children," was bought for £7,000, and another by the same master, "Christ as the Man of Sorrows," for £1,200. A picture by Michael Angelo, "The Entombment of Our Lord," was bought for £2,000; and £1,722 is set down as the price of a work entitled, "The Dutch House-Council." Also, "The Madonna and Infant Christ, accompanied by Angels, supposed to belong to the late Lord Taunton, was purchased for £2,600. Among the presentations was a "Madonna and Child," by Cavedone, given by the Dowager Marchioness of Westminster. The total amount of the purchase of existing pictures for the period mentioned was £27,[illegible] 198. The cost of the establishment in 1866, was £5,523; in 1867, £5,[illegible]; in 1868, £5,386; in 1869, £5,317; and thus far in the present year, £4,[illegible]. The expenditure for the purchase of the library of Sir C. Eastlake.

—The following names and residences of the leading American artists at present residing in Europe we borrow from the New York *Evening Post*, making a few alterations in cases where we have heard of a removal: Paris—Frederick Robert Wylie, 3 Rue de Dauphin; Henry Bacon, 48 Avenue Montaigne; Max Kate Cameron, 11 Rue Marbeuf; Miss Emma Church, 8 Boulevard des Invalides; Miss Elizabeth Gardner, 2 Rue Carpot; Howard Helmick, 21 Boulevard de la Madeleine; Edward C. Mayo, 11 Rue Bilault; T. B. Mayer, 152 Rue de Vaugirard; Miss Jennie Moore, 3 Place Pigalle; Miss Smith and John Ware, 20 Rue de Bruxelles; Miss H. M. Wilcox, 54 Avenue Montpert; and Miss Sarah Wakefield, Brown, Paul P. Hyder, Wm. H. Snyder and Regis Gignoux. Florence: T. H. Bartlett and A. St. Gaudens, 51 Avenue d'Eylau. London—Painters: J. S. Peale and A. P. Peale. Rome—Sculptors: Larkin G. Mead, 2 Via Barbano; Thomas Ridgeway Gould, 7 Via Margutta; Harriet Hosmer, 7 Via Margutta; Miss Emma Stebbins, Piazza Barberini; W. W. Story, 2 Via di San Nicolas Tolentino. Florence—Thomas Powers, 8 Via Valfonda; J. J. Halligan, 8 Via Valfonda; Miss A. A. Hart, 2 Via Melarancio; Miss Louisa Lander, 2 Via Valfonda; Miss T. R. Gould, Fuori la Porta Romana; Hiram Powers, Via Farinata degli Uberti; J. A. Jacobs, 2 Via Valfonda; Miss J. J. Ward, 2 Via Valfonda; Larkin G. Mead, 2 Via Barbano. Munich—Frank B. Mayer, Kaulbachstr. 15. Dusseldorf—Emanuel Leutze, 1 Jagerstr. Antwerp—Miss Lizzie Hamilton, Grand Place, 8. Brussels—Miss Mary Hallock, Place de Quatre Bras, 3. Belgium, Belgium