NEW PERIODICALS.

Old and New, for July, begins with a paper, by Richard P. Hallowell, on the treatment of the Quakers formerly in New England, in the day when stout old Cotton Mather relieved himself by saying: "In Quakerism, the sink of all heresies, we see the vomit cast out in the by-past ages by whole hosts of seducers, licked up again for a new digestion." Mr. Hallowell's estimate differs radically from that of Mather; he finds that Puritan despotism over conscience is a thing of the past in Massachusetts, while the Quakerism of 1600, its freedom and liberty of opinion, is the accepted gospel of the Bay State to-day. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has an article on "Harrisburg, and How to Find It," being a short record or a short visit to our capital, made by the fair orator in the reformatory and female suffrage interests. Walter McLeod gets up a scientific journey to the other side of the moon; but this sphere of wonders is little stale, and is not erudition thus sugared with fiction an acknowledged bore? "John Whopper, the Newsboy," is for juvenile readers; it purports to be a real narrative; but the editor of this periodical, in his first conspicuous story, "The Man without a Country," and since, brings into magazine, not at the little headache, but that the headache is so little. It is the same with the evening that follows. Society becomes every day more chaotic. It drifts from house to house, from reception to reception, from ball to ball. It bows to everybody, it speaks to everybody, and it knows nobody. It crushes its way upstairs and downstairs; it loses itself in the mahogany of the drawing-room; it seeks for amusement it casts itself into furnace hotter than that of the Three Children. But it never finds it. Boredom receives it at the top of the staircase; dullness hands it into the carriage. And behind footmen and dullness wait the eternal silences. Faces that dread a blood red blush, faces that shame wrinkle at the question, "What is there to talk about?" Talk is the law of society. Society has the power of life and death to make bricks without straw? In its own dear little head it has nothing at all. It knows everything but novels, and it forgets all the novels it reads. It is impossible to recollect more than a dozen times in an evening the phrase "I met the evening before. The naughty little *attaché*, with his naughty little stories, has to go to his embassy at last. Even the "occasional notes" where one got a hint or two in past seasons have become dry and unhelpful in this. It is terrible to simper from group to group, and find nobody to talk to, or, what is nothing to talk about. With all the buzz and rattle of life, the silences come, nearer and nearer, and the dullness, year after year, to the one one comes at last. If he does nothing else, he gives some shadow of aim and purpose to our nightly drift. He gives a spasmodic kind of interest to our dull perpetual dinners. He gives us something to talk to, and he gives us something to talk about. There is the problem of catching lions. There is the harder problem of using him. There is the worst problem of all, how to get rid of him. But each of these problems has its own gentle excitement in the solution, and the British bosom has handled too many shadows to be afraid of any lion whom she has got fairly in hand.

But to get him fairly in hand is no easy matter. The first problem, as we have said, is the problem of catching lions. Lions are certain sort can be picked up every day, but the Lion of the Season is a rare and more dangerous animal. He must be wholly unknown, and to discover the unknown requires the tact and experience of a very old hunter indeed. It requires no ordinary sagacity to know precisely where the African explorer who is now in a couple of years ago is likely to "come out." He was something more than probable last April by the certainty with which Lady Popjoy scented the coming epic in a young undergraduate who had produced nothing but failures and blunders. The schoolmate dignitary who stole one morning into Lady Popjoy's hereditary preserve imagined that his charming little patroness in Belgravia found out that he was going to set the world on fire. But find out she did before the unconscious clerk found it out himself, and the lion son was secure. Still the mere discovery is a very small part of the battle. There is the problem of bagging your lion as well as getting first sight of him. The most terrible difficulty may arise with a lion who does not wish to be lionized, and who stands at bay against blandishments and the appeal of society. After all, there are benighted beings who denure to being whirled through a London season, craning up and down a thousand big staircases, and bowing to a thousand people whom they do not know and who never wish to see them again. Even at the last moment a lion will sometimes give his first social roar only to turn tail and run away. Mrs. Dormouse once caught her Indian hero to see that martial gentleman and his Virginia Creek dapper, subdued into the country and lose himself in a wilderness of country parsonage. He had ruined a promising season, simply to escape the burden of leaving cards. Then, too, there are the difficulties of rival parties, all on the watch to snatch up the noble beast one has had so much trouble to discover. When Lady Catchem made her great hit with the chieftain from Central Asia, the efforts of a couple of chaperons were concentrated on bringing the sale to British shores. It was a lion-sighted *attaché* who first heard of him as Hedekmann wandered over his path till he had him safe at Constantinople. How he was brought up the Danube remains a mystery. Vienna and Paris have intervened neither beasts before now; but diplomacy and Lady Catchem won at last, and the Oriental was sprung on the world at the very nick of time, in the teeth of a dozen envious lion-hunters. But the most provoking of all accidents springs from the nature of the animals themselves. Lions are strange erratic creatures, and apt to disappear into holes and corners if they are not properly looked after. The most original of French artists had been watched carefully for years, when, yielding to a mistaken ambition, he flung himself into the arms of a Lord Mayor, and made his entry into English society through a course of city dinners. He was rescued indeed, just in time to save his life, if not his digestion, but he was ruined for social purposes. The freshness of his lion-life was gone; everybody would see in him but a Rotkicke who had already been stared at for a fortnight by aldermen and tallow-chandlers.

It requires an even loftier genius to know what to do with your lion" when you have caught him. A lion is shockingly apt to have like other people. It is difficult to get him on his hind legs. The poetic lion is perhaps the least disappointing in this way; if he is young, there is a chance of his persisting in drinking beauty throughout dinner, and giving unquotable French anecdotes; if he is old, he may possibly prefer long hair to shag, and thick boots to thin. But even poets will now and then decline to be leonine, and chatter with all the vacant grace of a dinner-out. On the other hand, your mere literary lion is generally learnedness and talks book