NEW MAGAZINES.

Our Young Folks has on its staff some of the most agreeable writers in the country. The August number prints the continuation of "We Girls," by Mrs. Whitney; it is a good sign, that a story so simple true to nature, so little sensational, and so meritorious for such delicate finish, should be relished by readers of the age addressed by the magazine. We have long memories for a dark belief, however, that *Our Young Folks* is fraudulently annexed, when hidden in the bosom of the family, by adult readers. The little ones save their money and buy it, because they appreciate it, and then the old ones get it and use it because they are stronger. Miss Phelps also has in this number one of her favorite sketches, called "Babbit's Hotel"; we are glad to hear from her; but, although not very easily surprised, we are surprised to find, the clean-collared, morning-wrapped, gossipy and ever-cheerful editress of the "Our Letter-Box" using her confidential position to recommend to the fresh ear of youth Miss Phelps's last story, "Hedged In." If ever woman intended a work for grave experienced readers, Miss Phelps so intended her study of the social evil; and to find a bright-wrapped governess sidling it in under the children's desk-lid among their bits of letters and games is really O ha! Col. Higginson continues "Our Menagerie," and Parsons has a poem. Guillemin's work, *Le Soleil*, whose blazing illustrations have met us, unacknowledged, in every turn in English and American instructive literature since the original appeared, is made to furnish the pictures once more, for a nearly-written article of science contributed by Augustus Holmes. Next month, Mrs. Stowe will furnish a sketch; it will be called "Luln's Pupil."

The Nursery is ready for August, with designs by Frolich and other graceful draughtsmen, and plenty of engaging child-literature on its sunny pages.—Every, Boston.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

We have already quoted the best parts of Mr. Fields's article on Dickens, which forms the resisting-piece in a somewhat delinquescent number of the *Atlantic*; it wisely continues it not to be afraid of warm personal feeling without criticism; and really conveys a host of pleasant, inedited anecdotes calculated to raise our estimate of the novelist as a hard, careful and methodical worker. The best article must be perhaps the continuation of "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," whose journals we are glad to hear, to appear in a book, ten times greater in substance than all the governess's *Atlantic* contributions. The lady continues, with a firm and feeling hand, her dissections of Christian society under the head King Maha Mongkut, who seems to have been a dark smooth Malay who did not always utter gentle words; this, at least, is uncomfortable:

SIAMESE SECRETS.

And twice a week he (King Maha Mongkut) held a secret council or court, as it pleased him. Of the proceedings of these dark and terrifying sittings I can, of course, give no exact account. I personal myself to speak only of those things which were but too plain to one who lived for six years in or near the palace.

In Siam the king—Maha Mongkut especially—is almost merely enthroned. He is enthroned. To the nobility he is omnipotent, and to the rabble mystery. Since the occupation of the country by the Jesuits, many foreigners have fancied that the Government is becoming more and more silent, insidious, secretive; and that this midnight council is but the expression of a "policy of stilling." It is an inquisition—not overt, substantial, but a kind of Doom's tribunal, invisible, subtle, ubiquitous, like that of Spain; proceeding without witnesses or warrants; kidnapping a subject, not arresting him, and then incarcerating, chaining, torturing him, to extent confession or abjuration. If any Siamese citizen utter one word against the "San Lunang" or royal judges, no escape, forthwith his house is sacked and his wife and children kidnapped. Should he be captured, he is brought to secret trial, to which no one is admitted who is not in the patronage and confidence of the royal judges. In themselves the laws are tolerable, but in their operation they are frustrated or circumvented by arbitrary and capricious power of the King, or craft or cruelty in the Council. No one can intimate the extent of power the San Lunang can depend upon the Siamese law for justice. No man will consent to appear there, even as a true witness, save for large reward. The citizen who would enjoy, pacific from legal plunder, his private income, must be careful to find a patron and protector in the King, the Prime Minister, or some other formidable friend at court. Spies in the employ of the San Lunang penetrate into every dwelling. Wealth and influence. Every citizen suspects and fears always his neighbor; sometimes his wife. On more than one occasion I was accused, by some act of the king's, more than usually wanton, and unjust, I instinctively gave expression to my feelings by word or look in the presence of certain officers and courtiers, I observed that they rapped, or tapped, in a peculiar and stealthy manner. This I afterward discovered was one of the secret signs of the San Lunang; and the warning signal was addressed to me, because they imagined that I also was a member of the council.

Mr. Howells, who has added some exquisite material to our belles-lettres, continues his account of "A Day's Pleasure,"—far better, in color and quality, than any *genre* painting by Frith; we extract:

THE INTERVAL OF BOSTON.

"You'll not pretend, Frank," says Lucy, "that in such an intellectual place as Boston a crowd as large as this can be got together, and no distinguished literary people in it. I know there are some notables about; do point them out to me. Pretty near everybody has a literary look."

"Why, that's what we call our Boston look, Cousin Lucy. You needn't have written anything to make it,—it's as general as inbreeding, and is the effect of our universal culture and habits of reading. I heard a New Yorker say once that if you went into a corner grocery in Boston to buy a codfish, the man would ask you how you liked 'Lucille' while he was tying it up. No, no; you mustn't look for any literary look; I'm afraid the real literary men don't always have it. But I do see a literary man aboard, yonder," he added, craning his neck to one side, and then furtively pointing,—"the most literary man I ever knew, one of the most literary men that ever lived. His whole existence is really bound up in books; he never talks of anything else, and never thinks of anything else, I believe. Look at him,—what kind and pleasant eyes he's got! There, he sees me!" cries Cousin Frank with a pleasant excitement. "How do do?" he sings out.

"Who Cousin Frank, introduce us," sighs Lucy.

"Not! He wouldn't thank me. He doesn't care for pretty girls outside of books; he's afraid of 'em; he's the bashfullest man alive, and all his heroines are fifty years old, at the least. But before I go any further, tell me seriously, Lucy, you're not interviewing me? You're not going to write it to a New York newspaper? No? Well, I think it's best to ask, always. Our friend there—he's everybody's friend, yet he makes nobody's enemy, by that, not even his own—is really what I say,—the most literary man I ever knew. He lives in epochs and phases of literature, but his passion is the Charles Lamb period and all Lamb's friends. He loves them as if they were living men; and Lamb would have attached to a beautiful sister-in-law, Mrs. Kemble, and, rather inelegantly, and when you meet him and say 'good day,' and you suppose he answers with something about the weather, ten to one he's asking you what you think of Hazlitt's essays on Shakespeare, or Leigh Hunt's Italian Poets, or Lamb's root pig, or Barry Cornwall's songs. He couldn't get by a book-stall without spending for half an hour at any rate. He knows just when all the new books in town are to be published, and when each book-seller is to get his invoice of old English books. He has no particular address, half if you know your card for him at any bookstore in Boston, he's sure to get it within two days; and in the summer-time you're apt to meet him on these excursions. Of course, he writes about books, and very tastefully and modestly; I think hardly any of the brand-new immortal English poets, who die if so regarded, but he has a good word from him; but his heart is with the older fellows; from Chaucer down; and after the Charles Lamb epoch, I don't know whether he loves better the Elizabethan age or that of Queen Anne. Think of him making the step from other day at a bookstall, and read through an essay on the dramatists of Queen Anne, and of him, though money couldn't have persuaded me that I had heard it, I'm always afraid of hurting his feelings, and pretending to be as well acquainted with the old dramatists as he is, and he knows as he is with authors I barely know by name, and I'm ashamed to expect it. He's really almost a disembodied spirit as concerns most mundane interests; his soul is in Elizabeth, or a lover's in his mistress's beauty; and in the next world, where, as the Swedenborgians believe, spirits meet at a distance appear like the things they most resemble in disposition, as doves, lions, goats, lambs, as swans, and so on, I'm sure that I shall see his true and kindly soul in the form of a noble old Polio, quietly nuzzled across his back in old English text, *Tom. I.*"

Prof. Lowell—we only hope he may not prove to have overrated his hero—sends in the beginning of a long account of "A Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago;" it is not to be afraid of warm personal modes of life almost as deeply lost in the dark background of time as those of the Odyssey." There are barnacles schoolmasters, "black and blacker," and an observer (Mr. Lucian Minor) as unaffected and quietly sympathetic and genial as Crabb Robinson; but, so far, a defect of pitch was. We do pop however, a life-like view of OLD HICKORY.

"During Burr's trial General Jackson was in Richmond, staying at the Globe Tavern, which stood where the [illegible] now does. I then attracted notice by his habit of muttering, cursing and swearing. The great object of his mutterings was General Wilkinson, who was shortly expected there as a witness from Louisiana. Him General J. denounced as a traitor, a coward and a miscreant villain; prefixing to every epithet the most energetic oath he could think of. Nothing could equal the vigor and variety of his oaths and imprecations. "May I be eternally and infernally d—d," was one formula, and so on with him, which tradition has preserved. I knew several very respectable men who saw and heard him upon that occasion, and who declare that he was regarded by everybody as the very prince of profane swearers. It is said that when Wilkinson came, J. was in his room, and very soon, too, was on his way to quit Richmond; but I *suspect* that truth of the insinuation implied in this statement, for his courage never could be called in question.

"Since the inaugural of President, General J. has hesitated on various occasions, and in the presence of persons whose presence might have been expected somewhat to restrain his ebullitions to vent his feelings in the freest and most unbridled manner. If any one in the Senate, which has resulted in the almost entire prostration of that body (seconded as his assaults were, by his own most unmanly insolitousness), is well known, 'Damn them!' said he, lately, to a gentleman from Virginia speaking of some offensive act of the Senate,—'damn them.' They need not think to fool with me!' at the same time clenching his fists, and striking with his cane upon the ground.

"He has, on numberless occasions, been almost-whenever it was mentioned in conversation for the last two or three years, *drawed* in the Senate as a pack of scoundrels.

"I forget what distinguished foreigner it was, a French nobleman, I think, who said to the President that an army of his (the nobleman's) country would soon take Washington, if war should occur between the two nations. *Take Hell!* replied Old Hickory, within a tone of the deepest scorn, and that was all the reply he deigned.

"It belongs to history, that when some of his Secretaries (Messrs. Ingham, Branch and Berrien) communicated to him their determination not to let Mrs. Eaton associate with their families (her reputation being rather the worse for wear), the tone wrapped like a lion. These were the words of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, who had undertaken to mediate between him and the contumacious heads of departments.

"Not people yet remember the mingled surprise and contempt with which General J.'s first nomination for the Presidency was received, except in Tennessee and Pennsylvania.

"Trowbridge expatiates on his last hobby, the Grand Traverse Region of Michigan, of which he was the paid laureate some little time back. Sidney Hyde, whom we become with pleasure, goes back to Paris and '52, and narrates a gentleman from America who was caught in the impuns of the *coup d'état* as he was going out for a bottle of wine, and only escaped by playing American possum three hours in a Boulevard gutter. Mr. Taylor's novel continues, and at the other end of the number, the bookotices are good.

ART ITEMS.

—Architects are invited to send in, on or before November 1st, designs for a Museum of Fine Arts, to be built in Boston. Six prizes, of two hundred dollars each, will be awarded to the designs adjudged to be the best.

—Clarence Cook writes from Paris concerning the picture bought by A. T. Stewart:

Here, in Paris, where artists do not disgrace themselves with impunity by such performances, I can assure you that Yvon has fallen into such disrepute on account of this picture, *that his pupils have all left his studio*, and he attempts to receive instruction from such a master. Yet he is high has this good, healthy feeling that a few days ago a paper was handed round for signatures among the students in the Beaux-Arts that the Yvon's appearance they would all rise and leave the room. It was not done, but it showed the right spirit, even to think of doing it. The engraving in *L'Monde Illustré* is, I may say in passing, a very good report of the picture; it nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. And a pretty hodge-podge it is, to be sure, I do not know if Yvon really said it, but he is reported to have said to some one who remonstrated with him on the subject, "Oh, his good enough for the American!" I hope that this will go far enough to clear those which die of fever, that they will be sought in preference, and that, after a while people will buy no fish but those that have been killed.

CITY BULLETIN.

—John Carr was arrested in Third street, near Race, by the agent of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for cruelly and unnecessarily beating a horse attached to a heavily-laden truck. John was fined ten dollars by Alderman Kerr.

—From the effects of the heat the following persons died yesterday: Jacob Simons, aged 28 years, residing at No. 930 North Third street; Frank Freeborn, aged 45 years, residing in Front street, above Girard avenue; Francis Kennedy, aged 40 years, residing in Nineteenth street, below Fairmount.

—Two brothers, named Henry and Charles McGuigan, aged respectively 11 and 13 years, were drowned yesterday morning at Oil-street wharf. One of the brothers got beyond his depth, and the other attempted to save him, but was seized by the other, and both went down together. The bodies were recovered in the course of the afternoon.

—Edward Craig, a lad residing in Haverford road, West Philadelphia, disappeared on Saturday evening, under circumstances somewhat mysterious. He was employed at a hat store, near Second and Pine streets, and on Saturday night left the store for home, and is supposed to have taken a Market street car. Since then nothing has been heard of him.

—Three boys, named Henry Hummell, Dennis Levy and Chas. Dunlap, were before Alderman Kerr, yesterday afternoon, on the charge of having been concerned in the robbery of the residence of James Marchberger, of 970 Randolph street; John Giles, No. 1206 Marshall street, and Jacob Reitenbach, second corner of Marshall and Master streets. They were held for a further hearing.

—The United Order of the Sacred Temple of Liberty held its annual session yesterday afternoon and elected the following officers: Grand Master, Wm. H. H. Davis; D. G. M., Frederick M. Wagner; G. M., H. Hunterson; G. Secretary, Jas. Ware Morris; G. C. Ester Writer; G. H., Edw. W. Cramer; G. C., Emma W. Woodward; G. P., Jacob Ashton; G. G., Jas. Ware Morris; Trustees, Charles W. Morrison and George S. Horner.

—John McGee, 55 years of age, residing in Westminster street, West Philadelphia, was received into the Hospital, last evening, with severe injuries, a broken jaw, bruises upon the body, and cuts in the face. McGee was found in a stable in West Philadelphia, in an insensible condition, and the story told at the Hospital was that he had been assaulted by a man, who beat him in the manner indicated, and laid him under the horses' feet to be trampled to death.

—At the Philadelphia Navy Yard about two hundred workmen have been added to the force this week. The additions consist of loiters, blacksmiths, plumbers, riggers and laborers. Orders have been received to fit out the sloop-of-war Brooklyn with despatch, and as the repairs to the vessel are in an advanced state she can be got ready for sea in a few weeks. It is believed that other accessions will be made to the mechanical force of the yard before long, and that the Iroquois and other naval vessels will be put in a condition for service.

—An inquest was held by Deputy Coroner John C. Sees in the case of Mary E. Pendergrast, aged about three years, who died yesterday from a wound received on Thursday last. It appeared from the testimony that a plaything of the deceased, a feeble-minded boy, named Hunt, found a revolver belonging to Mr. Pendergrast in the apartment of that gentleman's bedroom. He picked it up, and while handling it the discharge of the revolver was discharged, the ball passing through the collar-bone and lung of the little girl, and lodging beneath the skin of the back, whence it was extracted. The verdict of the jury was death from accidental wounding.

—A very large meeting of Germans was held last evening at Ladner's Military Hall, Third street, below Green. The object was for raising funds for the families of soldiers who may fall in defence of Fatherland. The meeting was organized by the selection of the following-named gentlemen as officers:—President—Hon. F. Ansorge. Vice Presidents—F. W. Thomas; Secretaries—R. Friedlander, Julius Hahn and Theodore Sell. Addresses were then delivered by Dr. Kellner, Jean Louis, Prof. J. Ulellman and others. A committee of twenty-five citizens were appointed to collect funds for the purpose of carrying out the object desired. Resolutions of sympathy for Prussia were adopted, after which the meeting adjourned to meet at the call of the officers.

—Messrs. Thomas & Sons sold at the Exchange, yesterday, the following stocks and real estate: $500 Bank of Northern Liberties, current; 500 shares Maple Shade Oil Co., 25c.; 100 shares Caldwell Oil Co., 16c.; 500 shares Mechanicsville Oil Co., 20c.; 1,000 shares Dalzell Oil Co., 53c.; 50 shares Central Transportation Co., $62; 11 shares Central Transportation, $52; 10 shares Central Transportation, $51 50; 12 shares Kensington National Bank, $125; 600 shares Union Lumbering Co., $36; 2 shares Mercantile Library, $5 50; 6 shares Northern Liberties Gas Co., $24; 50 and 4 acres Wissahickon avenue, northwest of Carpenter street, Twenty-first Ward, $2,600; three-story brick dwelling, No. 1528 Washington avenue, $2,500; three-story brick dwelling, No. 226 Marbrid street, 11 feet 6 inches front, $1,550; lot Walnut street, east of Fifty-third street, 20 feet front, $600; lot Wallnut street, 18 feet front, $100; lot Brown street, 18 feet front, $100; three-story brick dwelling, 305 South Twenty-fourth street, subject to a ground rent of $52 a year, $1,000; brick dwelling, No. 1309 Bainbridge street, 19 feet front, $1,775; brick buildings, No. 1425 Bainbridge street, subject to a redeemable ground rent of $40, $2,050; brick dwellings, No. 1217 Fitzwater street, 16 feet front, $1,050; ground rent of $84 a year, $885; frame dwelling, 519 Hurst street, subject to a ground rent of $12, $900.

Advice to Elsebermen.

We all know (says a Charleston paper, while it is quite certain not a quarter of us know anything about it), how much superior is a fish prepared for the pan as soon as it is caught, compared with one that has been allowed to die. For, however, are aware of the cause of the difference.

The reason is this: The fish transferred to the pan while still in the water is killed before it is cooked; while the one that dies is diseased, and his body is not in proper condition to eat when brought to market. The difference between them is exactly that between an animal killed by the butcher and one that died of fever: for the supply of oxygen that the fish receives when taken out of his native element is so great as to induce a fever, of which he perishes.

The superiority of the fish of Holland is so remarked by all who eat them; and the reason is that as soon as they are caught the Dutch fishermen stick an awl in their heads, and then are not brought to market, with flabby fevered flesh, as in England and in this country.

Not only is the flavor of the fish thus killed far superior to those that die of fever, but its effect upon the human system is not injurious. How common it is to hear the remark that fish make people feverish. So they do, as would the flesh of any animal that dies of fever.

We trust that some of our fishermen will see this article, and profit by it. Let the fish they take be each killed with an awl driven into the brain. It will not take a second to do this; and it will be found that the flavor of their killed fish will be so far superior to that of those which die of fever, that they will be sought in preference, and that, after a while people will buy no fish but those that have been killed.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.—THE DELAWARE AND BALTIMORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY, THE CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

The annual meeting for the election of Directors of the above Companies of July 18, 1870, are notified to meet at the office of the Company, No. 228 South Delaware avenue, New York, on No. 225 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

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Is an article for cleaning the Teeth, destroying animalcules which infest the Teeth and Gums, giving to the breath a feeling of fragrance and perfect cleanliness to the mouth, and preserving the Teeth and Gums in a healthy condition. It is the best article for the purpose ever offered, and deserves to be recommended to every one. Prepared only by the Inventor, CAPT. ROBERT SUPPES, 1st class and Microscopist, it is confidently offered as a superior article to any preparation of the kind ever before offered.

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Jas. Cochran, Leavenworth.

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REAL ESTATE SALES.

PUBLIC SALE—JAMES A. FREEMAN, Auctioneer.—Will be held on public sale, on Thursday, August 4, 1870, at 12 o'clock noon, will be held on public sale, at the Philadelphia Exchange, the following described real estate: Nos. 1 and 2 Three-story Brick Dwelling, with three-story brick back building, and lot of ground, situate on the south side of Lombard street, containing 16 feet 6 inches in front and extending in depth on the southwesterly line 70 feet 6 inches, and on the northeasterly line 70 feet 3 inches, and in rear 16 feet 6 inches, and extending in depth 70 feet 6 inches. Subject to a ground rent of $300 per annum, clear of all taxes, payable April and October. Immediate possession. Terms cash. Also, three-story brick dwelling, with three-story back building, and lot of ground, situate on the south side of Lombard street, adjoining the above, containing 16 feet 6 inches in front,