The Press.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857.

[Written for The Press.]

SABBATH DAY THOUGHTS—No. 1.

THE BEGGAR AND THE CHRISTIAN.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

'Twas high communion! and within the gate
Of a proud temple, dedicate to God,
A beggar stood—a wretched, way-worn man;
Aged and sick, ragged and wo-begone,
Scathed by the storms of more than eighty years,
And stretching forth his palsied, shrivelled hand,
In supplication to the solemn throng
Bound for the altar of the living God,
For charitable alms. There! there he stood,
In the mute eloquence of pining want,
Appealing to a brother Christian's love,
Within the portals of God's holy house.
And still he stood, and hundreds passed him by
Gorgeously clad, and though devoutly bent,
Planting in silks and decked with nodding plumes,
Bedizen'd out with flowers and rich array
That might have put all quarters of the globe
In contribution and rich rivalry!
Not one in that bright throng—alas! not one,
Piously bent in sacrifice to God,
And meek commemoration of the blood
Shed by Almighty and Redeeming Grace,
Bestowed a tear, a thought, a passing glance,
On this poor, feeble, houseless, squalid wretch.
No liberal hand, moved by a feeling heart,
Administered relief! All seemed to shrink
From this sad remnant of mortality,
And oft, I feared, in the anxiety of warm devotion,
That some proud pharisee, in fancied virtue,
Might trample down this humble publican,
In eager haste to his master's bidding.

Who that beholds a touching scene like this
On the *Lord's* day—a day of *sacrifice*—
Of *Christian hope*—of *Christian penitence*—
But scorns his nature? Twenty thousand prayers,
Empty and formal, selfish and constrained,
Could not remove the blur on Christian virtue,
Thus publicly—thus wantonly displayed,
In the Lord's house, the refuge of His flock,
Against the very law that they profess—
Against the example of Redeeming Love,
The sacred bulwark of the Christian's faith.
Why do you break the bread and drink the wine,
In memory of the Cross and Calvary,
And yet withold a miserable mite
In your unbounded and superfluous wealth,
From Lazarus—your kind, your kin, your brother?
For such, at least, is your meek Saviour's creed,
As will be found in the decrees of God,
Inscribed upon His book of final judgment
By a Redeemer's hand, and in his blood!
Your offerings and your sacrifice are vain,
Vain all your faith, unsanctified by deeds,
While thus you trample o'er an outcast brother,
And look with apathy on wretchedness
Enough to melt a heathen into tears.
How many of those Saints that join'd the table,
Drank of the symbol wine, and broke the bread
In dear remembrance of the Saviour's body,
Did it unworthily?

Vainly you hope to merit Heaven's blessing
By trampling on its creatures *in his* name.
The holiest sacrifice, the richest incense,
Is that which issues from a contrite heart,
In double duty, both to Earth and Heaven.
Faith without works is dead; and prayer itself,
Though you should kneel away the altar stone,
Is poor assurance of celestial hope,
Unless thou "LOV'ST THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

[From John Sanderson's American in Paris.]

APPEARANCE OF TAGLIONI AT PARIS,
July 7, 1835.

I went with my Yankee companion last night to the Grand Opera; and at the risk of being enormously long, I am going to add a postscript; for it is a wet day, and I have no better way to beguile the lazy twenty-four hours. They admit the spectators to a French theatre in files of two between high railings, and under the grim and bearded authority of the police, which prevents crowding and disorder; and whoever wishes to go in, not having a seat provided, "makes tail," as they call it, by entering the file in the rear. A number of speculators also stand in the rear as an early hour, and sell out their places at an advance to the most tardy, so that you have always this resort to obtain a good enough seat. On approaching the house persons will offer you tickets with great importunity in the streets. With one of these which, by chaffering a little, I got at double price, I procured admission to the pit.

L'analise de la Piece; voila le programme! These are two phrases—meaning only the analysis and bill of the play, at two sous—which you will hear croaked with the most obstreperous discord through the house, in the interval of the performance, to bring out Monsieur Aubor and Scribe, and the Donnas. It is probably for the same reason the owls are permitted to sing in the night, to bring out the nightingales. The opera last night was "Robert le Diable,"—*voici l'analise de la piece.*

There was the representation of a grave yard and resurrection; and the ghosts, at least two hundred, flocked out of the ground in white frocks and silk stockings, and they squeaked and gibbered all over the stage. Then they asked one another out to dance, and performed the most fashionable ballets of their country, certainly, in a manner very creditable to the other world. And while these waltzed and quadrilled, another set were entertaining themselves with elegant and fashionable amusements; some were turning somersets upon a new grave; others playing at whist upon a tombstone, and others again were jumping the rope over a winding sheet; when suddenly they all gave a screech and skulked into their graves; there was a flutter through the house, the music announcing some great event, and at length amidst a burst of acclamations, Mademoiselle Taglioni stood upon the stage. She seemed to have alighted there from some other sphere.

I expected to be little pleased with this lady, had heard such frequent praises of her accomplishments, but was disappointed. Her exceedingte terms by any passenger who may be going beauty surpasses the most excessive eulogy. Her art is missionary, and wish for practice in dance is the whole rhetoric of persuasion. Dealing with his benighted brethren. (Extra movements, pauses and attitudes in their purest Attic simplicity, chastity and urbanity. She has large for reading of tracts). A club room a power over the feelings which you will be unwilling to concede to her art. She will make your heart leap in your throat with joy: she will make you weep by your side, Trade, moustaches, political jaw, the sole eloquence of her limbs. What inimitable grace! In all she attempts you will love her, and best in that which she attempts last. If she stands still you will wish her a statute that she may stand still always; or if she moves you will wish her a wave of the sea that she may do nothing but that—"move still, still so, and own no other function." To me she appeared last night to have filled up entirely the illusion of the play—to have shuffled off this gross and clumsy humanity, and to belong to some more airy and spiritual world.

But my companion, who is a professor, and a little ecclesiastical, and bred in that most undancing country, New England, was scandalized at the whole performance. He is of the old school, and has ancient notions of the stage, and does not approve this modern way of "holding the mirror up to nature." He was displeased especially at the *scantiness of the lady's* wardrobe. I was born farther south and could better bear it.

The art of dressing has been carried often by the ladies to a blameable excess of quantity; so much so, that a great wit said in his day, a woman was "the least part of herself." Taglioni's sins, it is true, do not lie on this side of the category; she produced last evening nothing but herself—Mademoiselle Taglioni in the abstract. Ovid would not have *complained of her. Her lower limbs* wore a light silk, imitating nature with undistinguishable nicety, and her bosom a thin gauze which just relieved the eye, as you have seen a fine fleecy cloud hang upon the dazzling sun. But there is no gentleman out of New England who would not have grieved to see her spoilt by villanous mantuamakers. She did not, moreover, exceed what the courtesy of nations has permitted, and what is necessary to the *proper exhibition* of her art.

They call this French opera, the "*Academie Royale de Musique*," also the "*Francais*," in contradistinction with the "*Italien*;" finally the "*Grand Opera;*" this latter name because it has a greater quantity of thunder and lightning, of pasteboard seas, of paper moons, and dragons that spit fire; also a gorgeousness of wardrobe and scenery not equalled upon any theatre of Europe. It is certain its "*corps de ballet*" can outdance all the world put together.

Mercy! how deficient we are in our country in these elegant accomplishments. I wonder perhaps who are still in our infancy, in dancing we are not yet born. We have, it is true, our "*balances*," and "*chasses*," and *back-to-backs*, and our women do throw a great deal of soul into their little feet—as on a "birth-night," or an "Eighth of January," or the like;—*but the Grand Opera, the* Opera Francais, the Academie Royale de Musique! *Ah, ma foi, c'est la une autre affaire!* You have read, and so has everybody, of the "dancing Greeks," of Thespis, so described by Herodotus, who used to dance on his head; his feet all the while dangling in the air; of the "Gaditanian girls," so sung by the Anacreon; of Hylas, who danced before Augustus; of the "dancing Dervishes," who danced their religion like our Shakers; of the pantomimic dances, described by Raynal, and the Turkish Almas, by the "sweet Mary Montague;" and finally every one has heard of the "Age of Voltaire, the King of Prussia, and Vestris"—well; all this is outdanced by Taglioni and the Grand Opera.

This opera has seats for two thousand spectators, besides an immense saloon (two hundred feet by fifty) where a great number of fashionables, to relieve their ears from the noise of the singing, promenade themselves magnificently during the whole evening, under the light of brilliant lustres, and where the walls, wainscotted with mirrors, multiply their numbers and charms to infinity. I may as well continue dancing through the rest of this page.

Dancing, you know, is a characteristic amusement of the French, and you may suppose they have accomodations to gratify their taste to its fullest extent. There elegant rotundas for dancing in nearly all the public gardens, as at "Trivoli," "Waxhal d'Ete," and the "Chaumiere de Mont Parnasse." Besides there are "Guinguettes" at every Barriere; and in the "Village Fetes," which endure the whole summer, dancing is the chief amusement; and public ball-rooms are distributed through every quarter of Paris, suited to every one's rank and fortune. The best society of Paris go to the balls of Ranelah, Auteuil and St. Cloud. The theatres, too, are converted into ball-rooms, especially for the masquerades, from the beginning to the end of the Carnival.

I hired a cabriolet and driver the other night, and went with a lady from New Orleans, to see the most famous of the "Guinguettes." Here all the little world seemed to me completely and reasonably happy; *behaving* with all the decency, and dancing with almost the grace of high life. We visited half a dozen, paying only ten sous at each for admission. I must not tell you it was Sunday night; it is so difficult to keep Sunday all alone, and without any one to help you; the clergy find a great deal of trouble to keep it themselves here, there is so little encouragement. On Sunday only these places are seen to advantage. I am *very far from approving of dancing on this day*, if one can help it; but I have no doubt that in a city like Paris, the dancers are more taken from the tavern and gin shops than from the churches. I do not approve, either, of the absolute denunciation this elegant amusement incurs from any of our religious classes in America. If human virtues are put up at too high a price no one will bid for them. Not a word is said against dancing in the Old or New Testament, and a great deal in favor. Miriam danced, you know how prettily; and David danced "before the Lord with all his might;" to be sure the manner of his dancing was not quite so commendable, according to the fashion of our climates. If you will accept classical authority I will give you pedantry *par dessus la tete*. The Greeks ascribed to dancing a celestial origin, and they admitted it even amongst the accomplishments and amusements of their divinities. The Graces are represented almost always, in the attitude of dancing; and Apollo, the most amiable of the gods, and the god of wisdom too, is called by Pindar the "dancer." Indeed, I could show you, if I pleased, that Jupiter himself sometimes took part in a cotillion, and on one occasion, danced a gavot.

I could show you, too, that Epaminondas, amongst his rare qualities, is praised by Cornelius Nepos for his skill in dancing; and that Themistocles, in an evening party at Athens, passed for a clown for refusing to take a share in a dance. But it is so foppish to quote Greek and to be talking to women about the ancients. Don't say that dancing is not a natural inclination, or I will set all the *savages* on you of the Rocky Mountains; and I don't know how many of the dumb animals—especially the bears, who, even on the South-sea Islands, where they could not have any relations with the Academie Royale de Musique, always express their extreme joy, Captain Cook says, by this agreeable agitation of limbs. And if you won't believe all this, I will take you to see a Negro holiday on the Mississippi. Now this is enough about dancing; it is very late and I must dance off to bed.

Punch on the Mammoth Steamship Great Eastern.

Several incorrect statements having appeared in relation to the Great Eastern (now lying like a red whale in Mr. Scott Russel's yard, at Millwall, and so frightening people that they cut across the river and take refuge, by scores, in the houses of Messrs. Heart and Quartermaine, who administer white-bait and iced punch with the most humane promptitude), Mr. Punch has been requested to publish the following information touching the arrangements on board the vessel:

Captain Harrison, the captain who has been selected in contravention of all rules observed in the public service, the proprietors of the ship having engaged him for the vulgar reason that he was notoriously the best captain on the best line of steamers in the world, will merely attend to the comparatively unimportant duty of taking care of the vessel. But, as there are to be six hundred first-class passengers, other captains will be appointed to administer to the domestic wants of the floating colony. There will be a dining captain, with great carving powers, and a miraculous flow of after-dinner oratory; and there will be a flirtation captain, whose business it will be to render the brief voyage still briefer to the ladies. The former has been a Free Mason, who has eaten his way into all the honors of the craft, and who will hold lodges in the maintop, where the proximity of the fire from the chimneys will be highly convenient for heating the gridirons. The latter has been still more carefully selected, and is a gentleman whom his wife is about to divorce, under the new law, for the incompatibility of his red hair with her notions of elegance, and who, under *the same law*, will be incapable of marrying again. He will, therefore, have been a family man, which makes him respectable, while, at the same time, his attentions can mean nothing.

The spiritual welfare of the ten thousand inhabitants of the vessel will be duly cared for. A very handsome church is being built on the afterdeck, and four chapels, for Methodists, Catholics, Baptists and Independents, are being erected forward. A pretty rectory house and garden will be placed near the wheel, but it is thought well that the voluntary system should provide for the dissenting teachers, though, in case of sea-sickness during the services, the sea-beadles are ordered to attend everywhere with basins, without regard to religious faith or bringing up. Births and marriages will be amply provided for, the directors of the Great Eastern undertaking to be the godfathers to any addition made to the population during the voyage (a silversmith goes out expressly to engrave the mugs), and *bezoumettes* may be had gratis, on application to the boatswain. The captain will act as father to any young (or other) lady who may succeed, by dint of moonlight and Lord Byron, in persuading a gentleman to pay her expenses for the rest of her life, and a large young officer is now growing whiskers and a brogue, in order to act as a brother, and demand attentions, on application from any mamma. Cottages for the honeymoon are being fitted up, larboard side, by Messrs. Jackson an Graham, and will have private telegraphs to the kitchen, nightingales, and Bell's Life.

Weather permitting, races will take place at stated periods, and the Great Eastern Derby will be a feature in the voyage. Once round the vessel being a third of a mile, the heats will be easily arranged. A moveable Grand Stand being constructed by Messrs. Edgington, the stabling in the vessel will afford accommodation for any number of horses, and one of the longboats (itself a large steamer) can be engaged for trial gallops, and be surrounded with awning and ordered to cruise at some distance, in order to insure privacy.

Betting act not applying to the high seas, a office where the odds will be given will be under the superintendence of the purser. Other amusements will be provided, and an African alley and a skittle ground being added on the poop, and a square boiler being fitted up as a Casino, into which boiling water is not be turned without such notice as may be practicable. A theatre is in course of erection, and an English dramatic author will be kept down in the hold, with a safety lamp, to translate any French piece that may be thrown down to him.

Two eminent Jew *costumiers* have contracted to supply dresses, and when not engaged in their theatrical pursuits, will be happy to fill up their vacant evenings in being converted, on moderate terms, into a Jew.

Dancing with his benighted brethren. (Extra tracts). A club room for the reading of tracts). A club room for the feelings which you will be unwilling to concede to her art. She will make your heart leap in your throat with joy: she will make you weep by your side. The Great Eastern Club had better send in their Trade, moustaches, political jaw, the sole eloquence of her limbs. What inimitable grace! In all she attempts you will love her, and best in that which she attempts last. If she stands still you will wish her a statute that she may stand still always; or if she moves you will wish her a wave of the sea that she may do nothing but that—"move still, still so, and own no other function." To me she appeared last night to have filled up entirely the illusion of the play—to have shuffled off this gross and clumsy humanity, and to belong to some more airy and spiritual world.

But my companion, who is a professor, and a little ecclesiastical, and bred in that most undancing country, New England, was scandalized at the whole performance. He is of the old school, and has ancient notions of the stage, and does not approve this modern way of "holding the mirror up to nature." He was displeased especially at the *scantiness of the lady's* wardrobe. I was born farther south and could better bear it.

The art of dressing has been carried often by the ladies to a blameable excess of quantity; so much so, that a great wit said in his day, a woman was "the least part of herself." Taglioni's sins, it is true, do not lie on this side of the category; she produced last evening nothing but herself—Mademoiselle Taglioni in the abstract. Ovid would not have *complained of her. Her lower limbs* wore a light silk, imitating nature with undistinguishable nicety, and her bosom a thin gauze which just relieved the eye, as you have seen a fine fleecy cloud hang upon the dazzling sun. But there is no gentleman out of New England who would not have grieved to see her spoilt by villanous mantuamakers. She did not, moreover, exceed what the courtesy of nations has permitted, and what is necessary to the *proper exhibition* of her art.

They call this French opera, the "*Academie Royale de Musique*," also the "*Francais*," in contradistinction with the "*Italien*;" finally the "*Grand Opera;*" this latter name because it has a greater quantity of thunder and lightning, of pasteboard seas, of paper moons, and dragons that spit fire; also a gorgeousness of wardrobe and scenery not equalled upon any theatre of Europe. It is certain its "*corps de ballet*" can outdance all the world put together.

Mercy! how deficient we are in our country in these elegant accomplishments. I wonder perhaps who are still in our infancy, in dancing we are not yet born. We have, it is true, our "*balances*," and "*chasses*," and *back-to-backs*, and our women do throw a great deal of soul into their little feet—as on a "birth-night," or an "Eighth of January," or the like;—*but the Grand Opera, the* Opera Francais, the Academie Royale de Musique! *Ah, ma foi, c'est la une autre affaire!* You have read, and so has everybody, of the "dancing Greeks," of Thespis, so described by Herodotus, who used to dance on his head; his feet all the while dangling in the air; of the "Gaditanian girls," so sung by the Anacreon; of Hylas, who danced before Augustus; of the "dancing Dervishes," who danced their religion like our Shakers; of the pantomimic dances, described by Raynal, and the Turkish Almas, by the "sweet Mary Montague;" and finally every one has heard of the "Age of Voltaire, the King of Prussia, and Vestris"—well; all this is outdanced by Taglioni and the Grand Opera.

This opera has seats for two thousand spectators, besides an immense saloon (two hundred feet by fifty) where a great number of fashionables, to relieve their ears from the noise of the singing, promenade themselves magnificently during the whole evening, under the light of brilliant lustres, and where the walls, wainscotted with mirrors, multiply their numbers and charms to infinity. I may as well continue dancing through the rest of this page.

Dancing, you know, is a characteristic amusement of the French, and you may suppose they have accomodations to gratify their taste to its fullest extent. There elegant rotundas for dancing in nearly all the public gardens, as at "Trivoli," "Waxhal d'Ete," and the "Chaumiere de Mont Parnasse." Besides there are "Guinguettes" at every Barriere; and in the "Village Fetes," which endure the whole summer, dancing is the chief amusement; and public ball-rooms are distributed through every quarter of Paris, suited to every one's rank and fortune. The best society of Paris go to the balls of Ranelah, Auteuil and St. Cloud. The theatres, too, are converted into ball-rooms, especially for the masquerades, from the beginning to the end of the Carnival.

I hired a cabriolet and driver the other night, and went with a lady from New Orleans, to see the most famous of the "Guinguettes." Here all the little world seemed to me completely and reasonably happy; *behaving* with all the decency, and dancing with almost the grace of high life. We visited half a dozen, paying only ten sous at each for admission. I must not tell you it was Sunday night; it is so difficult to keep Sunday all alone, and without any one to help you; the clergy find a great deal of trouble to keep it themselves here, there is so little encouragement. On Sunday only these places are seen to advantage. I am *very far from approving of dancing on this day*, if one can help it; but I have no doubt that in a city like Paris, the dancers are more taken from the tavern and gin shops than from the churches. I do not approve, either, of the absolute denunciation this elegant amusement incurs from any of our religious classes in America. If human virtues are put up at too high a price no one will bid for them. Not a word is said against dancing in the Old or New Testament, and a great deal in favor. Miriam danced, you know how prettily; and David danced "before the Lord with all his might;" to be sure the manner of his dancing was not quite so commendable, according to the fashion of our climates. If you will accept classical authority I will give you pedantry *par dessus la tete*. The Greeks ascribed to dancing a celestial origin, and they admitted it even amongst the accomplishments and amusements of their divinities. The Graces are represented almost always, in the attitude of dancing; and Apollo, the most amiable of the

tercourse with the Chinese.

First among the nations of Modern Europe to open commercial relations with the Chinese were *the Portuguese*, who dispatched a ship to Canton in the early part of the sixteenth century, thein being the first European flag seen at Canton. They soon ter established a factory at Ningpo, and by the year 1560 had many trading ports and settlements along the coast. Under this protection, Christity was introduced among the Chinese, and met with much encouragement, until a series of distrefful measures drew upon them the *indignation* of the people, who rose upon them at Ningpo, and, as reported, destroyed upwards of eleven thousai Chinese Christians and eight hundred Portuese, and burned thirty-five ships. After this they were greatly restricted in their trade. The Portuguese, says the Providence Journal, have at five embassies to the Emperor since they first came to China, the first being in 1517, a second about forty years after, a third in 1667, and a fourth in 1723, which was the first one that reached Pekin. None of these were successful. Presents were given and receive, but no commercial advantages were gained. In the year 1725 another was sent, which reache Pekin. It was conducted and ended like its predecessors; all of them exhibiting in a greater or less degree, the spectacle of humiliating submission of independent nations, which the Chinese enjoys, to a court which took pleasure in arrogating and exalting itself on the homage it received, and studiously avoiding all reference to the real business of the embassy, that it might neither give nor deny anything

The Spaniards opened a trade with China after they had taken Manila and the Phillippines, in 1543. They sent an embassy to Pekin in 1580, but the Chinese pretended not to understand their object, and sent the party back to Canton, where they were impressed. The commerce between Manilla and China has since been carried on chiefly by the Chinese, who have emigrated in large numbers to the Phillippines. The heavy taxes imposed upon them by, and the harsh treatment they have received from the Spaniards, first led the Chinese government to retaliate on them, and establish the system of espionage and restriction, which they afterwards extended to all foreigners.

The Dutch first visited Macao in 1622, and were driven off. They then established themselves on the Pescadores; but a few years after, so greatly were the Chinese annoyed by the Dutch, that they sent an army against them, and forced them to retire to Formosa. They extended their settlements on this island, established Christianity, and erected many churches and schools, but subsequently suspended their operations in this direction for fear of offending the Japanese, whose trade they wished to secure.

In 1645 the Dutch sent an embassy to Pekin, but as a mercantile speculation it availed nothing. Their presents were received, and others given in return. The envoys prostrated themselves before the emperor, and did everything in the way of humiliation required of them. For all this the Dutch obtained permission to send an embassy once in *eight years*, and with *it four ships to trade. Two* years later the Chinese attacked the Dutch fort and settlements at Formosa with a large fleet and twenty-five thousand men, and compelled the garrison to surrender, with a loss of sixteen hundred men. In 1664 the Dutch sent another embassy to Pekin, which was subjected to great humiliations, but gained no commercial advantages. No further attempt to obtain commercial advantages *was made until 1794, when only a fresh harvest of* insults and annoyances was reaped by the Dutch envoys, who, it is said, were "brought to the capital like malefactors, and treated when there like beggars."

English vessels first visited Macao in 1637, but owing to the intrigues of the Portuguese, they failed to accomplish anything. Another effort to open trade in 1664 was defeated in a like manner. The English succeeded, *however, some years after* in establishing trading posts at Amoy, and in 1684 gained a footing at Canton. Their trade was, during many years that followed, attended with great difficulties, restrictions and extortions on the part of the Chinese, who treated all foreign nations in the most arrogant any annoying manner. The ruin on which the Chinese proceeded in its dealings with foreigners has been thus translated by Premare: "The barbarians are like beasts, and not to be ruled on the same principle as citizens. Were any one to attempt controlling them by the great maxims of reason, it would tend to nothing but confusion. The ancient Kings understood this; therefore to rule barbarians by misrule is the true and best way of ruling them."

Other embassies were subsequently dispatched to Pekin by the English, one of which cost nearly $900,000, but nothing of importance was effected. In 1840, as is well known, the two nations came to an open rupture, and England secured, as the result of the war, the opening of the five ports to foreign commerce.

It is to be hoped that the present attempt to obtain the establishment of more liberal commercial privileges from China, in which the principal commercial nations are engaged, will result in placing intercourse with that nation on a footing much nearer the comity of civilized nations than it now is.

LITERARY NOTICES.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. By T. ADDISON RICHARDS; with Maps, Plans of Cities, and Pictures of Famous Places and Scenes, from original drawings. 1 vol. 8vo.—pp. 413. *D. Appleton & Co.*, New York.

Go where you may, on the Continent of Europe, every third American and English tourist may be noticed as carrying with him, (as "guide, counsellor, and friend,") one of the admirable, red-covered Hand-books of Travel, which Mr. MURRAY, the London publisher, has got out for the public benefit—and his own. Railwayism has much facilitated foreign travel, which would be greatly increased if foreign potentates would abolish the inquisitorial nuisance of the passport system. MURRAY'S Handbooks are of recent growth. For many years, the only guide to European travel was a dumpy volume, by Mrs. STARKE, of which, imperfect as it was, a vast number were sold. MURRAY had the copyright, and improved the work. Finally, he got up a separate book for each country, employing men of experience, ability and knowledge, to make tours, and throw their information and observation into a suitable form. The result has been the production of a series of valuable, standard, and generally reliable books.

What MURRAY has thus done for Europe, the APPLETONS, publishers in New York, have done, and more than done, for the United States and British America. Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS uses the pen and pencil with equal facility, and has been assisted, in the pictorial and descriptive portions of his "Illustrated Hand-book of American Travel," by several of his brother-artists and brother-authors. There are about one hundred wood engravings, from original drawings by eminent artists, and a great many maps, (some of them on a large scale,) with plans of cities, and the lines of railway transit. In this, the book materially differs from MURRAY'S celebrated works, which do not contain illustrations. Paper, type, and binding are good. The volume contains as much as is usually put into double the extent. Even in the binding, the travellers' convenience is cared for, for the cover, though stiff, is so flexible, that the book may be put into the pocket without fear of its being injured. There is a good index, and half a dozen blank pages are reserved at the end for travellers to pencil down notes of any errors and omissions thhe may discover, and of any new facts of interest, such memoranda to be sent to the publishers, to be used in future editions.

The plan of this book is plain. Commencing with British North America, (it treats of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia;) it proceeds along the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, takes in the central and western States, crosses the Isthmus to the Pacific seaboard, traverses California, and winds up with Oregon, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, New Mexico, and the Indian territory. Every place with which any historical association is connected is thus included and described. Natural curiosities, and whatever may interest the lovers of art and science are gracefully glanced at—sometimes the description is minute—generally graphic. Skeleton tours are sketched, so that the traveller is spared the trouble of framing them for himself, and can regulate their extent by his means and time.

To show the comparative space devoted to each subject, we may state that the description of Pennsylvania occupies seventeen pages, equal to thirty-four in an ordinary volume. Philadelphia is described at some length, with views of the State House and the Fairmount Water Works. There are also views of Valley Forge, Pittsburgh, the Juniata, and the Susquehanna, with a plan of Philadelphia, and two State maps with the railway routes.

The greater part of this book has been written by Mr. RICHARDS, from personal observation. He acknowledges his obligations to Messrs. AYRES, T. D. LOWTHER, and W. P. SMITH, for the accounts of California, St. Augustine, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has judiciously availed himself of the labors of previous tourists. A strong relish for the beauties of nature is evident throughout the book, and, with all temptations to run into that enthusiastic mode of expression called *high-falutin'*, Mr. RICHARDS has succeeded, for the most part, in preserving a graceful flow of language, very pleasant to the reader. One of the most delightful passages in the book is an account of the author's visit to the residence of SIMMS, the eminent Southern romancist and poet. The besetting weakness of a New Yorker is to speak of "GEORGE P. MORRIS—the poet," and Mr. RICHARDS yields to it! *Punch*, it may be *recollected*, used to glorify (in a different manner) "the poet BUNN." This is a matter of opinion, however, and Mr. RICHARDS may think MORRIS superior to ANACREON, if he pleases. One, and only, fault in Instance of bad taste we have noted in this book. Describing a breakfast at the Virginia Springs, Mr. RICHARDS says:—"From the above articles you may make a breakfast good enough for a king—if *such an animal* must live better than others of his species." It strikes us that king or peasant is not more nor less of an "animal" than the author himself.

This Hand-book, view it as you please, is an astonishing production. One mind has framed it, throughout, thereby giving it a degree of unity rarely to be found in what may be called composite productions. We have already found it useful, in our own very wide range of travel, and certainly it will be the best two dollars' worth that a tourist can carry with him.

LITTLE DORRIT.

We have received from our neighbor, T. B. PETERSON, *his two-volume illustrated re-print* of "Little Dorrit." It contains forty engravings, and has the advantage of combining clear type, good paper, neat binding, and low price. Scarcely equal, as a whole, to some of Dickens's earlier works, still, this such as none but himself could have written. The action is rather melo-dramatic at times, but his characters are *original, natural, and well-developed*. Mr. PETERSON has several editions, at all prices and in all sizes, of this and every other work by the same author.

MAGAZINE DAY.

The principle of antagonism between this country and England is curiously illustrated by the fact that while our Magazine literature shows every appearance of vitality, it has fallen into comparative decadence in England. *Blackwood's Magazine* continues the even tenor of its way—living chiefly on its former reputation, and occasionally proving, by a particularly brilliant article, that some of the old spirit was remaining. Since the conclusion of "My Novel," it has principally lived upon serial stories, by various hands,—such as HALIFAX'S "Lady Lee's Widowhood," Mrs. OLIPHANT'S "Zaidee" and "The Athelings," and so on. It has now commenced another story by BULWER, which will probably continue a *piece de resistance* for the next two years.

The *Dublin University Magazine*, little known in this country, comes next to *Blackwood*, across the water. Despite its Tory politics, it has great merits, and has been especially strong on Irish literature, poetry, biography, and antiquities. Through this medium, also, several of the popular fictions of CHARLES LEVER ("Harry Lorrequer") have been presented to the public.

In London, at present, there are only two readable magazines—*Household Words*, nominally conducted by DICKENS, who does little more than receive the profits, and the *National Magazine*, edited by two play-writers, JNO. SAUNDERS and WESTLAND MARSTON. Both are issued weekly, and both are low priced. A fac-simile edition of *Household Words* is published in New York, (by MILLER & CURTIS,) and appears sooner than an ordinary reprint, in consequence of early proof-sheets being transmitted from London. The popular story, "The Dead Secret," by WILKIE COLLINS, which has run through a score of papers in this country, appeared in this work.

The *New Monthly Magazine*, which was something while edited by CAMPBELL, the poet, some thirty years ago, and subsequently was conducted by BULWER, S. CARTER HALL, (the original of Pecksniff, in "Martin Chuzzlewit,") THOMAS HOOD, THEODORE HOOK, and HARRISON AINSWORTH, has now become the property of the last named author, and would be the dullest of all vegetating periodicals, were it not that *Ainsworth's Magazine* equals it. Mr. AINSWORTH is great on the "annexation" of Magazines. He conducted *Bentley's Miscellany*, after it had been abandoned by DICKENS, the original editor, and purchased the copyright a few years ago. His three magazines are the dullest of the dull.

Fraser's Magazine, which was once the most devil-may-care, rollicking, scholastic, libellous, personal, Tory, and eccentric of periodicals, when Dr. MAGINN and his merry men wrote for it, is now dull and decent. It is solid, respectable and slow. Mr. KINGSLEY'S early prose works appeared in it, and gave it renewed popularity for a time.

Rather out of the route of ordinary magazinism (if we may coin a word) is the immortal *Gentleman's*, founded more than a century ago by EDWARD CAVE, and the receptacle of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S earliest compositions. It is devoted to antiquities, biography, and literature.

Such, excluding the quarterly reviews, are the leading periodicals of our English neighbors. *Household Words* and *Blackwood's Magazine* are reprinted here, (the latter by LEONARD, SCOTT & CO., of New York;) but the cream of all the periodicals—weekly, monthly, and quarterly—appears, week after week, in a Boston journal, book-size, low-priced, neatly printed, and well edited, entitled *Littell's Living Age*.

We have few periodicals proportionably with the greater number of readers in this country. They are almost exclusively published in Philadelphia and New York, though there are magazines at Cincinnati and Chicago, the *Metropolitan* in Baltimore, and the *Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond, Virginia.

First among New York magazines in point of age is the *Knickerbocker*, which has nearly completed its twenty-fifth year, by far the greater part of that life-time under the editorship of LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, an undoubted humorist, whose "Editor's Table" is stamped with a peculiar and pleasant individuality. Nearly every author of repute in the country has contributed to "Old Knick," which is exclusively made up of *original* articles.

By far the greatest circulation ever obtained by any periodical, in any country, is that acquired by *Harper's Magazine*. The actual issue is stated to be 170,000 copies—a trifle less than the circulation of the *Weekly Tribune*, and considerably less than what we intend shall be the ultimate circulation of our own WEEKLY PRESS. It was established some years ago, and the original idea was to make it up principally by "pickings and stealings" from foreign periodicals. Very soon, the conductors got out of this, and at present, by far the greater portion of *Harper* is not only wholly original, but of excellent quality. It has several illustrated articles in each number. A series of this description has lately been re-published in a splendid octavo, as "Virginia Illustrated," by a very able artist and agreeable writer, and its miscellaneous contents are generally entertaining and instructive.

Putnam's Magazine, commenced in 1853, has had ebbs and flows of success. Originally, it was illustrated, but, after a time, this was changed. Several pleasant books have been made out of articles which first appeared in *Putnam*—among them, "The Potiphar Papers," which would be admirable if the reader, in skimming over them, was not reminded of a certain pre-existant THACKERAY, the fact being that Mr. CURTIS is quite cleverenough to have been wholly original. The *Magazine* has lately passed into new hands, (Mr. CURTIS himself being now one of its publishers,) and has improved very greatly by the transition. It has gone back to illustration, also, and bids fair to be attractive in this like, as well as in the literary. Chit-chat about books and authors, at home and abroad, is an agreeable feature in this work.

The *United States Magazine*, conducted by SEBA SMITH, who is re-publishing Major Jack Downing's Letters, illustrated and annotated, has greatly improved of late, and is enriched with numerous illustrations—a few of which, however, have done yeoman's service in other works. The *National, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, and *Mrs. Stephens' Monthly* may also be favorably mentioned as well-conducted periodicals.

In Philadelphia the oldest of the magazines is *Godey's Lady's Book*, now in its 55th half yearly volume—neatly printed, handsomely illustrated, graced with song and story, and largely devoted to the edification of the female world, by the fullest and latest details (with engravings) of foreign and domestic fashions. It has much that is useful as well as entertaining, and enjoys a great circulation. It is edited by Mrs. HALE and Mr. GODEY.

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, yet in its teens, contains more literature and less fashion than the *Lady's Book*. It is rich in romantic fiction, and is plentifully studded with poetical pieces. It occasionally has translations from the French. It is edited by Mr. CHARLES J. PETERSON and Mrs. STEPHENS.

After many vicissitudes, *Graham's Magazine* has sprung into renewed youth (like Milton's eagle), under the skilful editership of Mr. CHARLES J. LELAND, a scholar who is not a mere bookworm, a traveller who has used his opportunities wisely. He contributes largely to the Magazine, and the traces of a graceful mind are evident upon its pages. There are engravings on steel and wood, and a glimpse at the fashions,—but, better than those, just criticism, playful gossip, and a clear undercurrent of philosophy run through the work.

The *Lady's Home Magazine*, edited by T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, has a multitude of readers, we dare say. It has variety, as well as ability, and is conducted with tact and talent. Like its neighbors, it has colored fashion-plates, besides engravings on steel and wood. (And here we must say, parenthetically, that for the most part, the wood-cuts in the Philadelphia are not nearly so good, in execution and working, as those in the New York periodicals, and impressions from used-up steel-plates might be dispensed with.)

To this may be added that Boston, at last, is going to have a periodical of its own. The Wise Men of the East intend to call it the *Northern Magazine* (to mark its sectional character?) It is to contain a certain amount of "copy" taken from foreign publications, and it will be issued by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. Boston certainly ought to have a Magazine of her own, and we shall welcome the interesting infant.

Here concluding this rapid summary, we must very briefly notice the Magazines of the month into which we enter this day.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A well-engraved portrait of Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel,") from the *Knickerbocker Gallery*, graces the new number of this father of the American Magazines. There is a continuation of the very attractive papers, by F. S. COZZENS, called "A Journal in Search of a Nose;" a further portion, with two illustrations, of "Henry J. Brent's Letters," by a new contributor, called "The Cotton Jenny," with a variety of miscellaneous matter, worth perusal. But *the* attraction in the periodical, which all its *rivals* have endeavored to imitate, is that agreeable melange, the "Editor's Table." This month it concludes with a graphic account of the journey of Mr. Clark and Mississippi Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis, written by Mr. S. Hueston, publisher of the Magazine.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The artist-author who assumes the name of Porte-Crayon, opens with an illustrated article on New Orleans, giving a lively account, with sketches of scenery and the processes of working in the gold mines in that rich district. Another interesting paper is upon "Wheat and its Associations," by T. B. Thorpe, who exhausts the subject. Some of the landscape illustrations, by Doplor, are charming views. Mr. Abbott's "States-General" we pass by as a thrice-told tale. Different and better is a lively sketch, with amusing wood-cuts, of "A Jaunt in Java." A Chapter on Epigrams is good—though Pope's couplet on Lady Montague, beginning "Sappho can tell you how this man was bred," is scarcely decent. There is the intensity of actual life in the story of "Alix Thuriot Thorne;" there is an anachronism also: the heroine speaks as having been married "seven long gray years ago," and, *before* that marriage, of having "listened to the ripple of Gottschalk's aerial fingers." Now, as Gottschalk did not return from Europe earlier than 1853, it is clear that, if "seven long gray years" really did