THE PRESS.
PUBLISHED DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,)
BY JOHN W. FORNEY,
OFFICE No. 111 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.
THE DAILY PRESS,
TWELVE CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the Carrier. Mailed to subscribers out of the City at SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM, FOUR DOLLARS FOR EIGHT MONTHS, TWO DOLLARS FOR SIX MONTHS—invariably in advance for the time ordered.
THE TRI-WEEKLY PRESS,
Mailed to Subscribers out of the City at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in advance.

JEWELRY, &c.
CLARK'S
ONE DOLLAR STORE,
602 CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW GOODS,
NEW STYLES,
AND NEW PRICES.
For ONE DOLLAR you can buy any one of the following articles:
One of Silver Plated Tea Spoons.
" " " Dessert "
" " " Table "
" " " Forks.
" " " Dessert "
Pair " " Knife and Fork.
" " " Napkin Rings.
" " " Butter Knives.
Silver Plated Sugar Bowl.
" " Butter Dish.
" " Molasses Pitcher.
" " Cream "
" " Castor.
" " Waiter.
" " Goblet.
" " Drinking Cup.
" " Sugar Sifter.
Gold Plated Vest Chain, all styles.
" " Guard " " "
" " Neck " " "
" " Chatelaine, " " "
" " Bracelet, " " "
" " Medallion, " " "
" " Armlets, " " "
" " Breast Pin, " " "
" " Ear Rings, " " "
" " Pin and Drops, all styles.
" " Studs and Buttons, " "
" " Solitary Sleeve Button, all styles.
" " Bosom Studs, " "
" " Finger Rings, " "
" " Pencils, " "
" " Pen with Pencil Case.
Ladies' or Gentlemen's Port Monnaie, Cubas, Bags, Purses, &c., &c., &c. All Goods warranted as represented. We have on hand a large assortment of Photographic Albums, Plated Ware, Vases, Bags, and Gold Jewelry, which we are closing off at cost. The attention of the trade respectfully solicited.
D. W. CLARK'S
ONE DOLLAR STORE,
602 CHESTNUT Street.
apl-2m

MILLINERY GOODS.
1862. SPRING 1862
WOOD & CARY,
(Successors to Lincoln, Wood, & Nichols,)
No. 725 CHESTNUT STREET,
Have now in Store a complete Stock
OF
STRAW AND MILLINERY GOODS,
SILK BONNETS,
STRAW AND PALM-LEAF HATS, &c.
To which they respectfully invite the attention of the former patrons of the house and the trade generally.
mar12-2m

SPRING. 1862.
M. BERNHEIM,
No. 726 CHESTNUT STREET,
Has now in store, and is daily receiving, the latest styles in
RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS, WREATHS, SILKS, CRAPES, LACES,
AND OTHER
MILLINERY GOODS.
To which he respectfully invites the attention of the TRADE.
PRICES LOW.
mh24-2m

SPRING. 1862.
RIBBONS, MILLINERY, AND STRAW GOODS.
ROSENHEIM, BROOKS, & Co.,
NO. 431 MARKET STREET,
Have now open—and to which daily additions are made—a fair
USUAL HANDSOME VARIETY
OF
RIBBONS,
BONNET MATERIALS, FLOWERS, RUCHES,
STRAW AND FANCY BONNETS, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS, FLATS, SHAKER HOODS, and ALL OTHER ARTICLES IN THE MILLINERY LINE,
Which will be offered at the
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
The attention of the trade is respectfully invited.
Particular attention given to filling orders.
mh18-2m

THOMAS KENNEDY & BRO.,
729 CHESTNUT Street, below Eighth,
Have a Choice Stock of
SPRING MILLINERY GOODS,
AT LOW PRICES
mh18-3m

SPRING MILLINERY.
D. FERRIS, 1037 CHESTNUT Street, has just received a choice assortment of STRAW GOODS, comprising all the latest and most fashionable styles of Bonnets, Misses' Walking and Riding Hats, Boys' Hats and Caps, together with a full line of Goods suitable for Friends' Wear. m 10-12t

REMOVAL.
MISSES O'BRYAN, 924 CHESTNUT Street, have removed to 1107 WALNUT Street, three doors above Eleventh, north side, and will open PARIS MILLINERY, for the Spring, on THURSDAY, April 17. ap12-2m

YARNS, BATTS, & CARPET CHAINS.
A. H. FRANCISCUS,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN YARNS,
433 MARKET and 5 North FIFTH Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Buyers will find a full Stock of
COTTON, LINEN, AND WOOLLEN CARPET CHAIN,
COTTON YARN,
TWIST, FILLING, WADDING, BATTING,
COTTON LAPS,
WICK YARNS, TWINES, CANDLE WICK, COVERLET YARN, BROOM TWINES, SHOE THREADS, GILLING AND SEINE TWINES,
BED CORDS,
WASH AND PLOUGH LINES,
COTTON, HEMP, AND MANILLA CORDAGE.
Also, a full assortment of
FLY NETS,
Which he offers at Manufacturers
LOWEST NET CASH PRICES.

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.
A. H. FRANCISCUS,
433 MARKET and 5 North FIFTH Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.
Always on hand, a full Stock of
TUBS, BUCKETS, CHURNS, MEASURES, BROOMS, WHISKS,
FANCY BASKETS,
WALL, SCRUB, and SWEEPING BRUSHES, LOOKING-GLASSES and WINDOW PAPER, Mats, Keslers, Flour Buckets, Seat Boxes, WASH BOARDS, BOLLING and CLOTHES PINS.
FLOOR and TABLE OIL CLOTHS.
SCHOOL, MARKET, and DINNER BASKETS. Sleds, Barrows, Carriages, Hobby Horses, &c., &c.
All Goods sold at
LOWEST NET CASH PRICES.
mh11-2m

SEWING MACHINES.
WHEELER & WILSON
SEWING MACHINES,
628 CHESTNUT STREET,
mh11-3m PHILADELPHIA.

STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.
MARTIN & QUAYLE'S
STATIONERY, TOY, AND FANCY GOODS EMPORIUM,
No. 1035 WALNUT STREET,
BELOW ELEVENTH,
my8-1m fp PHILADELPHIA.

BEST QUALITY ROOFING SLATE always on hand and for sale at Union Wharf, 1461 BEACH Street, Kensington.
T. THOMAS.
my7-1y 617 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

DRY-GOODS JOBBERS.
NEW IMPORTATIONS.
HOSIERY, GLOVES,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
LINENS, SHIRT FRONTS,
WHITE GOODS, AND
EMBROIDERIES.
THOS. MELLOR & Co.,
40 and 42 North THIRD Street.
mh10-3m

1862. SPRING. 1862.
ABBOTT, JOHNES, & CO.,
527 MARKET STREET,
Have now open an entirely new and attractive stock in
ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND AMERICAN
DRESS GOODS.
Also, a full assortment in
WHITE GOODS, RIBBONS, GLOVES, SHAWLS, &c., &c.,
To which they invite the attention of the trade.
mh24-tjel

SPRING STOCK
SILK AND FANCY DRESS GOODS.
A. W. LITTLE & Co.,
mh15-tf No. 325 MARKET ST.

1862. SPRING. 1862.
RIEGEL, BAIRD, & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
OF
DRY GOODS.
NO. 47 NORTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Merchants visiting this city to purchase Dry Goods will find our Stock large and admirably assorted, and at Low PRICES. In certain classes of Goods we offer inducements to purchasers unequalled by any other house in Philadelphia. mh18-2m

JAMES, KENT, SANTEE, & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
OF
DRY GOODS.
Nos. 239 and 241 N. THIRD STREET, ABOVE RACE, PHILADELPHIA.
Have now open their usual
LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK
OF
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
Among which will be found a more than usually attractive variety of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS;
Also, a full assortment of
MERRIMACK AND COCHECO PRINTS, and
PHILADELPHIA-MADE GOODS.
To which they invite the special attention of buyers.
mh21-2m

1862. SPRING. 1862.
W. S. STEWART & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
SILKS AND FANCY DRESS GOODS,
NO. 305 MARKET STREET.
Now in store,
POULT DE SOIE,
All Shades.
BLACK AND WHITE CHECKS,
IN SILKS AND OTHER FABRICS.
ALSO, A FULL LINE OF
CLOAKING CLOTHS, PLAIDS, STRIPES, And desirable
PLAIN COLORS.
ap17

PAPER HANGINGS.
PHILADELPHIA
PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
COURSE OF
FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PAPER HANGINGS
AND WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,
Offer to the Trade a LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, from the cheapest Brown Stock to the Finest Decorations.
N. E. COR. FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS.
N. B.—Solid Green, Blue, and Buff WINDOW PAPERS of every grade. ap23-2m

BLINDS AND SHADES.
B. J. WILLIAMS,
No. 16 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
MANUFACTURER OF
VENETIAN BLINDS
AND
WINDOW SHADES.
The largest and finest assortment in the City at the LOWEST PRICES.
STORE SHADES LETTERED.
Repairing promptly attended to. ap3-3m

LOOKING GLASSES.
JAMES S. EARLE & SON,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
LOOKING GLASSES,
OIL PAINTINGS,
FINE ENGRAVINGS,
PICTURE AND PORTRAIT FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
CARTE-DE-VISITE PORTRAITS.
EARLE'S GALLERIES.
816 CHESTNUT STREET,
mh18 PHILADELPHIA.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
A FRESH ASSORTMENT, at LESS THAN FORMER PRICES.
PARR & BROTHER,
Importers, 324 CHESTNUT Street, below Fourth.
mh20-tf

CAUTION.
The well-earned reputation of
FAIRBANKS' SCALES
Has induced the makers of imperfect balances to offer them as "FAIRBANKS' SCALES," and purchasers have thereby, in many instances, been subjected to fraud and imposition. FAIRBANKS' SCALES are manufactured only by the original inventors, E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., and are adapted to every branch of the business, where a correct and durable Scales is required
FAIRBANKS & EWING,
General Agents,
ap10-tf MASONIC HALL, 715 CHESTNUT ST.

The Press.
MONDAY, MAY 12, 1862.

Spiritualism.

Andrew Jackson Davis, once well known as a clairvoyant, has now settled down in New York, as a publisher of Spiritualist literature—his own compositions constituting a considerable portion of his stock in trade. In deed, though not a particularly luminous author, (for "Your true no-meaning puzzles more than wit,") Mr. Davis is a voluminous one. first composition, not written by his own hand, but dictated to the Rev. William Fishbough, in the winter 1845, before Mr. D. was twenty years old, extended to about 800 octavo pages, containing 157 separate essays, and is called "The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind." This was a sort of *omnium gatherum* as regarded subjects, taking up a variety of topics, and specially ignoring any idea of sacredness attached to the teachings of the Bible. Mr. Davis has published other works, including a fanciful autobiography, but, more or less, they are reproductions of the verbosity, obscurity, and rhodomontade of his first. His philosophy is unintelligible, and his theology is upon a par with his philosophy. Like Mahomet, he pretended to dream dreams and see visions, in which he penetrated, in the spirit, into the "heaven of heavens" and other realms of illimitable space.

The avowed works of Mr. Davis, which, with exquisite modesty, he advertises in his own catalogue, heading the list of *"Valuable* Progressive Publications," are "The Principles of Nature," five volumes of "The Great Harmonia," a volume called "The Penetralia: being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions," a smaller book on "The History and Philosophy of Evil," another entitled, "The Harmonial Man; or Thoughts for the Age," a tractate, "The Philosophy of Special Providences; a Vision," "The Magic Staff, an Autobiography," and "The Harbinger of Health; containing Medical Prescriptions for the Mind and the Body." This last, by the way, is generally sensible and practical. "The Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse," with its sequel, are also emanations from the Davis factory. Any one who wishes to realize the truth of an old proverb, "a fool and his money are soon parted," has only to send $12 to Mr. Jackson, and he will receive all these books—mailed free, too, "except to California or Oregon." There are a few other publications from the same pen—small pamphlets against Revelation—not worth including in this list, and ranging with Strauss' libel on the Life of Jesus, Self-contradictions of the Bible, Thomas Paine's Theological Writings, Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, Mrs. Mowatt's Autobiography, (the lady is a spiritualist!) Emma Hardinge's "Wildfire Club," and such like.

We can gather, from a notice at the end of his catalogue, that the trade in Spiritual and Freethinking publications is not very profitable. A. J. Davis & Co. suggest that depots, or places of deposit for their books, ought to be established all over the country, and make this business-proposition: "If one thousand persons, located in one thousand different towns, would share this work with us, by investing from five to fifty dollars in the latest and best publications, we would furnish them the works at the lowest rate, and their investment would be small, while we should be strengthened and supported instead of weakened and embarrassed. No one need lose a dollar, simply the use of it for a time. Will not at least one hundred commence, by an individual practical step, the solution of the question, 'How shall the world be supplied with Spiritual and Progressive works?' We are sure the plan will work." Not the least doubt of it! A more simple method of putting from $5,000 to $50,000 into the money-till of Andrew Jackson Davis & Co. could not be devised. As for security—is there not the promise that "no one need lose a dollar, simply *the use of it for a time.*" Mr. Davis' disinterested proposition proves that, when the Almighty dollar is to be sacked, Spiritualism comes down from cloudland, and sharply looks after the dimes.

Besides dealing in such books as the above, Mr. Davis edits and publishes a weekly journal, called, "The Herald of Progress.—Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth—Independent, Progressive, Reformatory," and from the office of that paper has just been issued "The Progressive Annual for 1862: comprising an Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a General Calendar of Reform." It comes before the public when nearly half the year has elapsed, but the idea of its publication did not occur, it appears, "until the current year was several weeks under way." The avowed object of this Annual, we are told on the preface, "is neither to build up a sect, nor to herald the operations of a clique. It is designed to impart information concerning principal persons and important movements in the different departments of thought and reform: at once affording proof of the world's progress, and suggesting, by a broad and Catholic spirit, the real unity of all Progressive Movements—the true fraternity of all Reforms."

The Annual opens with a Platform of Progress, one plank of which is that "the Old and New Testaments, in common with other spiritual books, are our friends and teachers, but not our guides or masters." It is not the mere repudiation of Holy Writ which is offensive here, but the overweening vanity and audacious self-exaltation of Spiritualists writers in putting their own productions on an equality with the Word of God. In *their* creed, Davis' "Great Harmonia," Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and Tom Paine's theological works, being "*other* Spiritual books," stand in the same category with the Bible.

We might single out other passages for comment, but shall copy only one—viz: "*Resolved,* That 'evil,' so-called, is not a transgression of any law, either physical or moral; but that evil (and sin) arise from internal conditions and from external circumstances, over which *individuals* have no absolute, but only partial, control; therefore, that the harmonial philosophy teaches universal charity toward both the agents and the victims of crime, and points to the progressive improvement and harmonization of those conditions and those circumstances which mould and influence the human character, prior as well as subsequent to the event of birth."

The monthly calendar, in this Progressive Annual, is well executed. Each month's record is backed with reflections intended to convey moral teaching. Here is one bit of verbiage:

HOPE FOR ALL.—During sessions of clairvoyant perpetrations in quest of treasures in the hearts of the people, we have many times put forth spirit-feelers, stretching outward over the world's mountains and valleys, and have, on such excursions, discovered more than one mine of human worth—old men, with young feelings—young men, with half-crushed hopes and no aspirations—and young women, and women no longer young, oppressed by unfavorable surroundings, or struggling against external barriers—yet, over all, there shine the holy stars of high heaven, the bow of promise bends across the lowlands and the mountains, and a better world blooms effulgently not far from each human soul. Nothing is lost. There is hope for all.

Here, a few pages farther on, is a morsel of common sense:

"A PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.—No external phrenologist can perfectly write out your real character. As it is impossible for a geologist, while walking over a particular province, to tell what Nature has *concealed* in the depths below, so is it beyond the science of a phrenologist, while feeling your cranium, to discover and delineate the gifts stored away in the hidden sensorium of the spirit. And yet, by way of inferential reasoning, much truth may be obtained from the decisions of the practical phrenologist."

Following the calendar are some pages extracted from Mr. Davis's "Harbinger of Health," which its author, as best qualified to judge, strongly puffs as never failing "of giving instruction and affording relief to the diseased, infirm, and despairing."

Next, and constituting the most curious part of the publication, are lists of Writers, Speakers, and Workers in the different fields of human progress, whose sympathy with spiritualism, no doubt, has led to their being thus picked out of the mass. We suspect that some of the persons in these lists will not be particularly pleased with the companionship thus given them.

In literature, morals, and general education, thirty-six are named, including Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, W. C. Bryant, the poet; Rev. E. H. Chapin, George W. Curtis; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe; and Cora Wilburn, and Rev. W. H. Furness, Philadelphia.

Among fifty-four travelling Lecturers on Spiritualism, Philosophy, and Reform, are Miss Emma Hardinge, New York; and Mrs. M. E. Kingsbury, 1905 Pine street, Philadelphia. Of *local*, as distinguished from *travelling* lecturers on the above subjects, 166 are named. We find few in our State, viz: B. Davis, Rockton; De Wolfe Harvey, North East; Mrs. C. A. Fitch, 321 Ninth street, Philadelphia; Jerome Fuller, Spartansburg; Dr. Harvey, Philadelphia; Cornelia Kinney, Spartansburg; J. E. Parkhurst, Elkland; Isaac Rehn, Philadelphia; and Miss F. E. Washburne, Windham.

In Physiology, Psychology, and Spiritualism, out of fifty persons, male and female, named as professors, there is not a single Pennsylvanian.

One hundred and three persons are placed in a list headed "Universal Freedom, Political and Moral Progress," among whom are Professor C. D. Cleveland, Thomas Curtis, Sarah M. Douglass, Rev. J. C. Gibbs, Alfred H. Love, all of Philadelphia; Hon. Samuel McFarland, Washington, (Pa.); George B. Vashon, Pittsburg; and William Whipper, Columbia; the Rev. Dr. Cheever, Lydia Maria Child, Frederick Douglas, Abby Kelly Foster, Giuseppe Garibaldi, W. Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Victor Hugo, Louis Kossuth, Hon. Owen Lovejoy, Harriet Martineau, Giuseppe Mazzini, Rev. Bishop Payne, Ohio; Wendell Phillips, J. B. Proudhon, the Socialist; Gerritt Smith, Lewis Tappan, Theodore Tilton, *New York Independent*; George Thompson, England; John G. Whittier, the poet; and Henry C. Wright.

Out of 21 pioneers in Social, Mental, and Government Movements, there is not even one from Pennsylvania! There are 34 advocates of Temperance, Health, and Dietetic Reform, among whom are the following in our own district: Edmund Brooks, Dr. S. M. Landis, Dr. William Metcalfe, and Jonathan Wright, of Philadelphia; William Taylor, of Kensington, and J. Simpson Africa, of Huntingdon. Among twenty advocates of the Freedom and Equality of the Sexes Lucretia Mott and Grace Greenwood are named. There are one hundred and twenty-eight Practising Women Physicians catalogued here, of whom twenty-one reside in Philadelphia. There are only thirteen Practical Dress Reformers, who habitually wear the short-skirt Reform Dress, and, in this baker's dozen, not one is a Pennsylvanian.

Among forty-four prominent foreign Spiritualists are named Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, William and Mary Howitt, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, the novelist, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Lady Cowper, M. Delamarre, editor of *La Patrie*, in Paris, and the Emperor Napoleon. In a list of seven "Interested in the Phenomena," are Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst and family, Chief Baron Pollick, Madame de Persigny, and Prince Metternich and his wife.

We must not leave this Spiritualists' Annual without taking from it one pleasing poem, by Mr. Davis' better half. It shines, by contrast, amid a vast quantity of impiety and nonsense, like a jewel on a dunghill:

INDIAN SUMMER SONG.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

Slowly the shadows creep
Over the valley deep,
Softly the sunbeams play over the glen,
Richly the forests glow,
Gently the waters flow,
Low breathe the winds o'er the dwellings of men.

Wondering, wonishful,
Where cometh the Beautiful,
Gladly I wander with Nature and thee,
Hearing the song she sings,
Loving the smiles she flings
Over the mountain and over the sea.

While richest hues are spread
Underneath, overhead—
Ruby and emerald, jasper and gold—
And down the mountain side
Rivers of radiance glide,
Like the transfigured—the mountain of old.

With Nature and with thee,
Learning of stream and tree,
Joyous I wander in woodlands afar,
While o'er my spirit floats
Music of angel notes,
Music of realms beyond sunlight and star.

We beg to suggest, however, that Mrs. Davis evidently has not read her Bible as carefully as the "*other* Spiritual books." If she had, she would have remembered, when writing the penultimate verse of the above, that it was not the *mountain* that was transfigured. The words in Matthew (chap. xvii., v. 2) relate how Jesus brought Peter, James, and John up into a high mountain apart, "and was transfigured before them." The locality is believed to have been Mount Tabor, in Galilee, and it was *He*, not the *mountain*, who was transfigured.

New Publications.

Harper & Brothers have just issued several new books, which are on sale at J. B. Lippincott's, North Fourth street, and at T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Chestnut street. We can make but mere mention of them now, our space being crowded with important war correspondence. In a handsome octavo volume, with maps and numerous engraved views of places, Captain Richard F. Burton, the well known Oriental and African traveller, gives an account of his visit to, residence in, and experience of, the capital of Utah. His book, entitled "The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California," is as interesting as a romance by Bulwer or Wilkie Collins, a home-story by Dickens or Trollope, or a good cynical tale by Thackeray or Sala. It is the first time the Mormonites have been written about, save in a hostile manner. The faith, literature, morals, and manners of these people are fairly described, and fully discussed. There are several valuable appendices, including a Chronological Abstract of Mormon History, and a copious index.—In one volume, 12mo, we have the latest work of that sound thinker, John Stuart Mill. In is called "Considerations on Representative Government," and treats of a subject as important to us as to the English. Indeed, the penultimate chapter discusses Federal Representative Governments.—"The Children's Picture-Book on the Sagacity of Animals," with sixty spirited engravings from original drawings by Harrison Weir, is a judicious collection of true stories about animals; handsomely got up. This is one of the best juvenile books we have seen for a long time.—Mrs Oliphant, now the best of the Scotch female authors, whose "Margaret Maitland" is almost a household book, is before us again, with a new novel, "The Last of the Mortimers." The story is related, in alternate books, by a rich old maiden lady and a needy newly-wedded wife. It is full of interest, after the reader fairly gets into the story, for the commencement is diffuse and dreadfully old-maidish. The secret upon which the interest turns is well kept up to the end, which is a great merit in a novel.—Lastly, Anthony Trollope's latest story, "The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; by one of the Firm," reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, is entitled to rank as the worst of his many works. There is some amusement in the tricks of trade by which the advertising and almost penniless shopkeepers manage to humbug the London public for a time, but the loves and fallings-out of Mary Ann and her precious beaux, Robinson and Brisket, are absurd, wearisome, and commonplace. It must have cost Mr. Trollope some trouble to produce so poor a story as this.

Ticknor and Fields have issued, in small 8vo. Mrs. Stowe's new romances. "Agnes of Sorrento," an Italian story, is an attempt, bold and unsuccessful, to do for the times of Savonarola what Bulwer did for those of Rienzi. There are many splendid passages in this story—actual word-pictures of Italian scenery and character—but, as a whole, it cannot be rated as successful. The heroine, with all her beauty, is too unreal to excite strong human interest. The other volume, "The Pearl of Orr's Island: a story of the coast of Maine," will convey a far higher idea of Mrs. Stowe's merit as a *raconteur*. She has never come within a long distance of that exciting extravaganza, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but this Maine story, thoroughly imbued with local feeling and local coloring, is well worth taking up—not soon to be laid down, if the reader follow an example.

These two volumes are on sale at J. B. Lippincott's, and also at T. B. Peterson's.

Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, who commenced the republication of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels in this country, have just published "The Heir to Ashley," from the same gifted and fruitful pen. It includes two other stories, ("Moat-Grange" and "The Canterbury Family,") but all three turn on the point of succession to large estates in England. The writer exhibits her usual power in constructing the plots and leaving the wind-up somewhat unexpected. Dick & Fitzgerald, (who have already published her "East Lynne" and "Castle Walter,") announce *thirteen* other works by her, commencing with "Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles," from the advanced sheets, and "Genare Castonel; or, The Six Grey Powders." The latter, a story of singular power and interest, appeared in our *Weekly Press* over three years ago. "The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony," by the redoubted "Sam Slick," has also been republished by Dick & Fitzgerald—a very amusing book it is—witty, satirical, and common-sensical. Judge Haliburton knows "the Blue Noses," (as the Nova Scotians are called,) better than any other writer, and contrasts them, very cleverly, with the considerably sharper Yankees. There is so little regular plot in this book, that we can scarcely call it a novel, but it is sharp, shrewd, and entertaining. These publications of Dick & Fitzgerald can be procured at T. B. Peterson's.

[For The Press.]

The Varuna.

SUNK APRIL 25TH, 1862.

Who has not heard of the dauntless Varuna?
Who has not heard of the deeds she has done?
Who shall not hear, while the brown Mississippi
Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
Sinking and burning she fought through the fray,
Crushed were her sides, and the waves ran across her,
Ere, like a death-wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites round her,
Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear;
One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
Shot, terror-stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
Though we should offer the wealth of our store,
Load the Varuna from deck down to kelson,
Still would be niggard, such tribute to pour
On courage so boundless. It beggars possession,
It knocks for just payment at heaven's bright door!

Cherish the heroes who fought the Varuna;
Treat them as kings if they honor your way;
Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded;
Oh! for the dead, let us all kneel to pray.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

OUR SEABOARD CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.

The Evacuation of Jacksonville—Some of the Vessels Detained—An Armistice Concluded with the Authorities of Jacksonville and our Naval Officers—Impudence of Rebel Officers—A Flag of Truce—The Rebel Regiments Around Jacksonville—Arrival of Deserters—What the Pembina Has Done.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., May 2, 1862.

Since the evacuation of this city by our military and naval forces, but little of interest has occurred. The larger portion of the evacuating fleet which left here on the 9th ult., was detained by unfavorable weather at Mayport, near the mouth of the river, until Tuesday, the 20th, which all left, excepting the gunboats Seneca, lieut. Comdg. Ammen, and Pembina, lieut. Comdg. Bankhead. These two vessels have since been alternately engaged steaming up and down from Mayport to Pilatka, a distance of one hundred miles, rendezvousing at Jackson'ville, where we are now anchored. The objects of these constant trips are to keep the river open to navigation in case we should desire to reoccupy the city, and to protect by our presence the so-called Union people that are still here—operations now rendered almost entirely unnecessary by an armistice between the commanding officers, whereby we have promised not to shell the city unless they intervene with us in the possession of the river; and not to hang a rebel lieutenant captured by the Pembina, a few days since, unless they should shoot those known as Union people. This they have agreed to, and the war is now being conducted in Florida on the most "civil" terms. Only this morning, three rebel staff officers, in full gray uniforms, with their ladies on their arms, came down to an old saw-mill, directly opposite, and within *two hundred and fifty yards* of our anchorage, sat down, and remained more than an hour, surveying us with their opera glasses, waving their delicate cambrics, and occasionally sending a —— to the Yankee officers. It was a little the coolest *military* manœuvre I ever saw, and exhibited more confidence in our honor than I should care to place in theirs. Yesterday, different parties did the same thing, and were near enjoying a closer view of the Hessian gunboats. Our captain, noticing their effrontery, ordered one of the cutters to be manned and armed, and was about sending an officer to cut them off, when a young Georgian lieutenant came alongside in a small boat, with three soldier oarsmen, under a flag of truce. He bore some unsealed letters, and at first declined coming on board, but a heavy squall coming up he changed his mind and remained several hours, part of which time was profitably employed in exhibiting and describing "our pet lambs and babies," as the jolly tars have dubbed the huge black engines of destruction. I think he concluded, from the size of their vocal organs, that when they spoke in earnest, there would soon be "muf ced." Although this little episode interfered with our "bagging" the colonel, we may get a third chance at him, though the excessive leniency shown prisoners of war in the North rather discourages such adventures.

We cannot ascertain the precise number of troops in and about this place, but presume there are not more than twelve or fifteen hundred. The Fourth Florida Volunteers, Colonel Maxwell, and a Mississippi regiment are said to be here, under command of Brigadier General Trapier. They are encamped in the suburbs, only a few companies being allowed in the city, through fear of a bombardment. Several days ago, as we were passing their barracks, on our way to Magnolia and Piccolata, it was with great difficulty the officers restrained their men from firing on us. Luckily for them that they did not, as our captains are by no means easily fooled with. Everything continues quiet up the river; nothing hostile but the sand flies and mosquitoes. Flags of truce have been rather frequent of late. We have picked up some deserters and made some prisoners. From these and other sources we have managed to get, by skilful "pumping," scanty details of the capture of New Orleans, affairs around Savannah, &c. Numbers of loyal families are being removed to Fernandina and St. Augustine, both of which places are occupied by our troops. The weather is very warm, though much modified by the land and sea breezes and the southwest tradewinds, which are very perceptible. Both vessels are very healthy, rather anxious to be ordered to Charleston, Savannah, or some other fighting quarter, but, beyond the irregularity of the mails, have nothing to complain of. We have had no direct news from the North since the 11th ult., and no communication with our own forces since the 17th. Rather isolated.

CHESTER.

P. S.—In honor of the services of the United States steamer Pembina, I must say that she is the only warvessel that ever crossed the St. John's bar once—i. e., she has never left the noble *Welaka* (River of Lakes) since entering it, and during that time has "hauled fires" but once. C.

THE BATTLE OF WEST POINT.

VICTORY OF GEN. FRANKLIN'S DIVISION.

PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS ENGAGED.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs the following account of the battle of West Point to that paper:

BRICK HOUSE POINT,
NEAR WEST POINT, VA., May 7, 1862.

With my eyes full of burnt powder and my ears filled with the ringing of musketry and the screeching of bomb shells, I sit down to endeavor to give you an account of a fight that has raged here since the eight hours' morning, and which is still continuing, although I just now heard the cry that the rebels were retreating.

The first of this division of the grand Army of the Potomac arrived here yesterday afternoon, under command of Gen Franklin, and by dark most of the troops were landed on a beautiful plain, which is surrounded on three sides by dense woods and on the fourth by the river, on the south side of the Pamunkey river, and about half a mile southward from West Point. The reason why we landed here is obvious. Had we landed on the other side of the river—West Point—where it was at first intended we should land, we should then have had a considerable stream of water between us and the rebels, and would have had considerable trouble to reach them, as all the bridges have been destroyed. Our gunboats have taken undisputed possession of the point, the rebels having disappeared at the appearance of our forces, and the American flag of our Union now floats from one of the most prominent buildings in the village. I have yet to see a white man among the original inhabitants of this place.

Immediately on the landing of our forces from the transports pickets were thrown out to the edge of the surrounding wood, and our tents were pitched on the banks of the river, and up to that time not one of the chivalric sons of the sunny South had made his appearance, and our men became anxious to know why they had been brought to a country where there was no foe. About dusk a part of the division of General Sedgwick, under the command of General Dana, arrived in transports from Yorktown and remained in the centre of the river, while some of our light draught gunboats took a trip up the rivers Pamunkey and Mattapony to capture a portion of the rebel mosquito fleet, which were brought into use for carrying our men from the transports to the shore, as the river here is too shallow for vessels drawing over six feet of water.

During the night some of the rebel pickets made a sortie on one of our advanced videttes, and shot him through the heart. The news soon spread through the camp, and by daylight this morning, the plain, which takes in about a thousand acres of ground, running southwest from the York river, presented a scene such as I have never before witnessed. Long lines of men extended from left to right across the centre of the field, and squads of skirmishers stood marking, in dim outline, their forms against the heavy woods and underbrush, which presents an unbroken front to us on every side, except that bounded by the river. Here the men stood for some time, ready to march at a moment's notice; but no foe appeared, and the men were permitted to return to their camps for the purpose of getting their breakfast, and, perhaps, some sleep. A strong picket, composed of the New York Thirty-second, Ninety-fifth and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania troops, were left at the edges of the woods to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, who were now believed to be in close proximity to our lines.

About the time one of our gunboats discovered a regiment or two of the enemy on the west side of the river, who dispersed in great confusion after having received some half dozen of our heavy shells in their midst. This was communicated to General Slocum, who immediately made strenuous efforts to get the brigade of General Dana on shore, that we might be able to give the enemy a warm reception, should he make his appearance. Gen. Dana was indefatigable in his labors to get the troops off the transports, and through his exertions most of the men and horses were safe on the beach by nine o'clock, and preparations were made to breakfast the men of this brigade, when the order was given for the Sixteenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York, and the Ninety-fifth and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania regiments to advance into the woods and drive off some of the rebel scouts who were firing occasional shots at our pickets, supposed to be supported by a force concealed in the woods. This proved correct, for no sooner had our men made an advance into the woods than they were received with a volley of musketry from the rebels, who were hidden in the dense undergrowth. Our men pressed on, and gave them a volley, after which the enemy retreated farther into the woods, with the Thirty-second New York close at their heels; but they were too swift-footed for our boys—being more protected—and they soon left the Thirty-second struggling in the mud.

While this scene had been going on on the right centre, another was transpiring on the centre where the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania had entered the woods. In a few moments after they entered they found themselves in a dense swamp, and, in their struggles to get across, became separated from each other. One of the companies managed to get to the other side, and was climbing the bank on the opposite side when they descried a party of soldiers lying in ambush. "Who comes there?" cried the party in ambush. "Friends," was the answer. "What are you?" was the next interrogation. "A company of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania." No sooner was this answer returned than the party, whom the captain had mistaken for some of his own regiment, opened a terrible fire upon our men, who returned the fire and then returned to our reserves. In this affair Captain Beates, for Company B, was shot through the shoulder, but not dangerously wounded, and one or two privates, whose names I am as yet unable to learn, were killed, and carried off the field by their friends, who, before they quit the ground, revenged the fall of their brave comrades by giving the enemy a few well-directed volleys.

But now the action became more general throughout the lines, and from every quarter of the woods came the sharp crack of musketry. I tried for a time to be ubiquitous, but after travelling from one point to another some fifty times, for the purpose of seeing how matters were going, I took my stand on the right, and calmly awaited the coming events. The sharp reports came nearer and nearer, and at length a ball lodged in a tree at my side. I was about to move from my dangerous quarters, when my attention was attracted to that portion of the woods where the Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York State militia had entered. Four men were carrying some object between them, which, upon inquiry, I understood to be that of Captain Young, of Company G, of the Thirty-second Regiment, who was shot in the throat, and died instantly. The fight had now been going on for three hours here without intermission, and a number of men were killed and wounded. At this juncture our men were withdrawn from the wood, where they were evidently getting the worst of it, and the Second United States Artillery, under Captain Arnold, was ordered into position on the right, and Captain Porter's First Massachusetts battery took up a position upon the left, and in a few minutes the shell were flying through the air at the rate of about ten a minute. This soon compelled the rebels to make a move more on our left, where the shells flew less thick than upon the ground they were then occupying. But there evidently is no rest for the wicked; for no sooner had the rebels moved their forces upon our left, than our gunboats, which up to that time had been unable to have a hand in the affair, opened their batteries upon the foe with so much effect that, when I commenced to write, they had completely driven the enemy out of sight and hearing. I am inclined to think that this move upon our left was an expensive one to the rebels, who, are this reaches the readers of the *Herald*, will have learned that near our gunboats is not one of the safest places that can be found.