The Press.

VOL. 7.—NO. 24. PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1863. THREE CENTS.

THE PRESS,
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BY JOHN W. FORNEY.
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THE DAILY PRESS,

FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the carrier. Mailed to Subscribers out of the City at SEVEN DOLLARS PER ANNUM. THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS. ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR THREE MONTHS, invariably in advance for the time ordered.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Six lines constitute a square.

THE TRI-WEEKLY PRESS,

Mailed to Subscribers out of the City at FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in advance.

EDUCATIONAL.

ACADEMY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LOCUST and JUNIPER Streets.—The Autumnal Session will open on MONDAY, September 7th, at 9 o'clock A. M. Application for admission may be made during the week preceding, between 10 and 12 o'clock A. M.
JAMES W. ROBINS, A. M.,
au17-mwf6w Head Master.

THE MISSES CHAPMAN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES will reopen SEPT. 1. Circulars may be obtained of Mr. HILL, 304 Walnut st.; of Messrs LINNAY & BLACKISTON, 25 South Sixth st., or by application to the Principals at Holmesburg, Pa. 19t8 w6t5m*

THE MISSES ROGERS' ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies will reopen THURSDAY, September 1st, at 350 South FIFTEENTH Street. au26-wfm1st

S. M. CLEVELAND'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS will reopen SEPTEMBER 7th. Application to be made at No. 307 S. THIRD street, between 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. au19-wfm-6t

B. KENDALL'S CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, S. E. corner of FIFTEENTH and LOCUST Streets, will reopen MONDAY, September 7th. au26-3t

MRS. E. HALL'S INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, southeast corner of DELAWARE and GREEN Streets. The duties of this institution will be resumed on MONDAY, Sept. 7 1863. au26-12t*

INSTRUCTION THROUGH BOOKS, OBJECTS, AND PICTURES.—I shall reopen my School for Boys and Girls on the 7th of September.
ANN DICKSON,
au27-thstu tf 108 South EIGHTEENTH Street.

CLASSICAL INSTITUTE, DEAN Street, above Spruce.—The duties of the Classical Institute will be resumed SEPTEMBER 7th.
au27-2m* J. W. FAIRES, D. D., Principal.

SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, CHERRY STREET, WEST OF TWENTIETH ST.—A School for Boys and Girls will be opened in the first floor of the NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH, in CHERRY, west of Twentieth street, on the SECOND MONDAY in September, by Miss M. S. PRESTON. Miss Preston has had many years of successful experience as a Teacher and Principal of one of the largest Grammar Schools in the city of New York. The course of studies will comprise the usual branches of instruction, besides Latin, French, and Drawing, at the option of the parents.
Terms—For Pupils over 10 years of age, per school year of 10 months.....$50
For Pupils of 10 years of age and under.....25
Applications may be addressed to the care of W. H. BENADE, P. O., Philada. au26-1m*

J. HENRY WOLSIEFER, PROFESSOR of Music, No. 480 N. SIXTH st. au26 1m*

T. BRANTLY LANGTON'S ACADEMY for Boys, No. 142 NORTH TENTH Street, will be reopened on MONDAY, September 7th. au26 1m

THOMAS BALDWIN'S ENGLISH Mathematical and Classical School for Boys, N. E. corner BROAD and ARCH, will reopen Sept. 1. au25-1m*

MRS. MARY W. D. SHAFFER will open her SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, from eight to fifteen years of age, at 1037 WALNUT Street, on MONDAY, September 7, 1863. au25-1m*

THE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and BUSINESS INSTITUTE for Young Men and Boys, corner of EIGHTH and SPRINGWOOD streets, reopens on MONDAY, September 7th.
J. P. BIRO, A. M., Principal.
au24-1m

MARGARET ROBINSON WILL REOPEN her School for Girls, RACE Street, above FRANKLIN Place, on the 7th Month (September) 9th. ROBINSON, COTTAGE ROW, Germantown, or E. GILLINGHAM, 1435 SPRING GARDEN Street, Philadelphia. au22-12t*

WEST ARCH-STREET INSTITUTE, 1733 ARCH.
Rev. C. GRIFFIN, A. B., } Principals.
Mrs. GRIFFIN, }
THE NINTH SEMI ANNUAL SESSION commences MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th.
For terms and circulars apply as above. au25-12t

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE OF HATBORO, Pa., Rev. GEO. HAND, A. M., Principal. A Family Boarding School, delightfully and healthfully located, 15 miles north of Philadelphia. Duties resumed MONDAY, September 7th. For circulars, call at 530 ARCH str et, or address the Principal. au26-6t*

GERMANTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY, GREEN street, south of WALNUT LANE, will reopen September 9. Circulars may be obtained at the Seminary.
Professor WALTER S. FORTESCUE, A. M.,
au26-6t Principal.

MISS C. A. BURGIN WILL REOPEN her SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, No. 1237 WALNUT St., SEPTEMBER 14 1863. au25-3t*

FRIENDS' ACADEMY FOR BOYS, rear of 41 North ELEVENTH Street 612 per term of twenty-two weeks. All denominations admitted. One session from 9 till 2. Reopens 8th month 24th inst.
au24-1m* W. W. ITTALL.

YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL, AND CLASSES FOR HOME STUDY, No. 903 CLINTON Street. Established by Prof. C. D. CLEVELAND in 1851. Fall Term commences September 14.
au24-2m PLINY E. CHASE.

CENTRAL INSTITUTE, N. W. corner TENTH and SPRING GARDEN Streets, will REOPEN SEPTEMBER 1st. Boys prepared for any Division of the Public Grammar Schools, or College, or for Business. (au21-1m*) B. G. McGUIRE, A. M. Prin.

MADAME MASSE AND M'LLE MORIN will reopen their FRENCH AND ENGLISH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 134 SPRUCE Street, on the 16th of SEPTEMBER.
For circulars or other particulars apply at the above number. au24-2m

TO BE OPENED ON MONDAY, Sept. 7th, BROAD-STREET ACADEMY, for BOYS, 339 South BROAD Street, opposite Female Asylum, EDWARD ROTH, A. M., Principal. A Preparatory Department for smaller boys. Gymnastics, Drilling, &c., without extra charge. For Prospectus, direct Box 2232 P. O., or call at Mr. LEVY BOND'S, 1114 NIPER and CHESTNUT, or at the academy, from August 31st. au24-12t*

SELECT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, 1030 SPRING GARDEN Street, will be re-opened on Monday, September 7th. For Circulars apply at
au22-12t* MISS S. T. BUCKMAN, Principal.

ALEXANDER BACHMANN, PIANIST and ORGANIST, will resume the duties of his profession September 1st. Residence 624 SOUTH ELEVENTH Street. au22-1m*

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.—THIS Institution offers the accumulated advantages of fifty years of successful operation.
Every facility is provided for a thorough course of useful and ornamental education, under the direction of a corps of more than twenty professors and teachers.
For Circulars, apply to
au20-3t JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. FENNEY announces to his Pupils that he will return to the city September 1st, and will resume his classes on the 7th September. Address Messrs ANDRE & CO.'S Music Store, 1104 CHESTNUT Street. au20-1m*

PHILADELPHIA PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTE, S. E. corner THIRTEENTH and CHESTNUT Sts., will open SEPTEMBER 7, 1863. Study course of training to peculiar profession of this Institution. For particulars and circulars send to the Institute. For particulars, address PROF. ELWYN, 1307 CHESTNUT St. (au15-12t*) I. NEWTON PRICE, Principal.

THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, No. 1334 CHESTNUT Street, re-opens on SEPTEMBER 1st. For terms and admission apply at the School Rooms.
au15-18t T. W. BRADWOOD, Principal.

FEMALE INSTITUTE, PENNINGTON, N. J.—THE FALL TERM commences August 30. Number of Pupils limited to twenty. Board, &c., with Common English, $32 per quarter. For other information, address
au12-1m A. P. LEFFLER, Principal.

THE MISSES CASEY & MRS. BEEBE'S French and English Boarding and Day School, No. 1706 WALNUT street, will re-open on WEDNESDAY, September 16. aug7-2m

FEMALE COLLEGE, BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Pleasantly situated on the Delaware River, thirty miles north of Philadelphia. The very best advantages in all branches are secured to those who prefer a finished EDUCATION furnished in connection with a pleasant home.
There are a few vacancies for the Fall Term, commencing September 16th. For catalogues address
au8-6t Rev. JOHN H. BRAINERD, A. M.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE for Young Ladies, 1530 ARCH Street, Rev. CHARLES A. SMITH, D. D., Principal. The ninth Academic Year will begin on MONDAY, September 14th. For circulars, and Other Information, address Box 2611 P. O. ie26-3m*

BRISTOL BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, will re-open on the 7th of Ninth month. For Circulars, apply to RUTH ANNA FRIEND, Bristol, Bucks co., Pa. ie17-3m*

CHESTNUT STREET FEMALE SEMINARY.—English and French Boarding and Day School. Principals, Mrs. HOWLAND and Miss PILLSBURY. The twenty-seventh semi-annual session will open Wednesday, September 9, at 1615 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Particulars from Circulars. au19-1m*

FAIRVIEW BOARDING SCHOOL, WILLIAMSPORT, Pennsylvania, for Boys from Ten to Twelve Years of age. This School will open for the reception of Pupils on the 1st of September. For Circulars address the Principal,
au19-2m* GEO. A. SNOWDEN.

THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on MONDAY, September 7, 1863. For terms apply to the principals.
au19-1m GEO. A. NEWBOLD.

THE CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL OF H. D. GREGORY, A. M., No. 1108 MARKET Street, will REOPEN on TUESDAY, September 1st. au19-1m*

MISS MARY E. THROPP WILL REOPEN her English and French Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, at 1641 CHESTNUT Street, on the 14th of September. For circulars, until September 1st, apply at the Sunday-school Times, 122 South FOURTH Street, Phila., or address Miss Thropp at Valley Forge, Penna. my15-4m*

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE P. E. CHURCH in PHILADELPHIA will commence the second year on THURSDAY, September 17th, at the new buildings in West Philadelphia. Full and thorough courses of instruction, adapted to candidates for the Diaconate and for the Priesthood, will be given. Students desiring to room and board in the main building should give notice of their wishes immediately. Board can be obtained in the vicinity, and in Philadelphia (east of the Schuylkill), at different prices, from $4 upwards.
The Library, enriched by the books of the late Professor Turner, and by handsome contributions from two or three members of the Church, comprises all the works most needed for study and reference.
Application may be made to the undersigned, or to any of the Professors of the institution
JOHN A. CHILDS, Secretary,
au13-tuf10t Episcopal Rooms, 708 WALNUT Street.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, AT WEST CHESTER. (For Boarders only.) The duties of this Academy will be resumed on THURSDAY, September 24. The following gentlemen compose the Board of Trustees:
Hon. JAMES POLLOCK, President.
Capt. W. M. APPLE, Vice President.
W. E. BARBER, Esq., Secretary.
JAMES H. OLNEY, Esq., Treasurer.
Rev. Thos. Newton, D. D., | James L. Claghorn,
Rev. Thos. Brainerd, D.D., | Charles B. Dungan,
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Hon. Chas. O'Neill, | Wm. L. Springs,
Hon. John Hickman, | Geo. L. Farrell,
Hon. W. E. Lehman, | Addison May,
Col. Wm. Bell Wadsell, | T. B. Peterson,
Jas. B. Townsend, | Theodore Hyatt.
The advantages afforded for the acquirement of a thorough military education are second only to those of West Point. The Academic Staff is composed of thoroughly competent instructors. The Educational Department embraces Primary, Collegiate, and Scientific courses. The Mathematical and Military Department is under the charge of a Graduate of the United States Military Academy of the five years course.
Careful attention is paid to the moral instruction of the cadets. Circulars may be had of JAMES H. ORNE, Esq., No. 636 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or of
Col. THEO. HYATT,
au12-1m West Chester, Pa.

Colonel HYATT will be at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY Mornings, from 10 to 12 o'clock, on the 28th and 29th instant, and will be happy to see any of the patrons of the Academy, or others, on official business. au26-4t

FAIRMOUNT COAL OIL WORKS, THIRTIETH Street, below Wire Bridge: Office, 123 WALNUT Street.
Burning Oil, bonded or free, always on hand. Turpentine, for Painting, equal to Carolina. Deodorized Benzine.
Lubricating Oils, very superior, always on hand. Varnishes and Japans for all kinds of Machinery. Railroad Cars, &c. Price, 40 to 50 cents. au27-3t*

The Press.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1863.

THE SEA-SHORE.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., August 27.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

THE BEACH—WICKED THOUGHTS.

Byron evidently did not write Childe Harold at a watering-place, or he never would have written—

"There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Music in its roar, of course, orchestral tumults incessant and overwhelming, but as for the nobody that intrudes, I do not see it in the same light as Mr. Harold. On the contrary, solitude is about as scarce as ice, and cannot even be obtained in the churches on Sunday. Some seasons ago mass was celebrated in a large parlor of one of the hotels; now there is a church for the accommodation of Catholic worshippers, unfortunately entirely too small. On Sunday it was over-crowded, and scores of people were obliged to worship Heaven under no other roof than heaven itself. In the afternoon, while walking with a friend, we observed forty or fifty carriages and a large crowd assembled in front of the Mansion House. We thought it a race, but it proved to be a sermon. An Indian preacher, who appeared to have very little of the Indian in his nature, was speaking with much fluency to respectful listeners. His subject was conscience, but as Politian had just dined very delightfully his conscience did not trouble him, and he declined to listen to truths in which he had no personal concern. In fact, I have never yet heard a sermon addressed to the wicked to which I could listen without feeling like an eaves dropper. When a good and holy man addresses an assemblage of sinners, I feel instinctively that I have no more right to listen than to open a letter not addressed to me. There is a delicacy, too, which prevents me from intruding upon the confidence of a physician and his patients. When I find a company of ladies and gentlemen earnestly hearkening to a clergyman who informs them that they are utterly corrupt, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, I sympathize at once with their shame in having their condition exposed to an utter stranger. "Poor devils, and devilettes," I think, "I will spare you that pain;" and, like the sensible Pharisee, leave the publicans to their misery, and pass by on the other side, in the direction of the nearest cherry cobbler. Religion, I say, is good for sinners, and I desire all my readers to remember that, abstractly, I approve of virtuous admonition. Personally, I don't. Let the hungry seek food—the evil-doer, forgiveness; but Politian has had his dinner, and, as for virtue, thank you, my dear sir, net a spoonful more. I have already enough.

A FAIR OFFER.

Don't throw down the paper, Madam, my *dear* Madam, I beg of you. Don't wonder how your favorite and high-toned *Press* can admit such a reprobate to its columns. On my solemn word of honor, I assure you that I am satirical. You may think it impossible, but I am. If you want me to, I will be as great a sinner as you wish. But upon my word, it is true that if a man is a sinner, everybody denounces him as such, and if he says he is not, he is abused as a hypocrite. But I am not selfish in these matters, and though I refuse to commit any great crime, for politeness' sake, I will oblige the world with any little peccadillo they desire. So here goes for a fib.

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
That is half so fair as thee,
And like moonlight on the waters
Is thy gentle voice to me,—"

If, in true, my Mary Ann, let others say what they will of your charms Johnson's beauty, *thou* art the shrine at which I kneel, or would if the beach were not so sandy. Bid me do whatst thou willtst, but say not! 'Thou mustat go.' For thee will I die, give up smoking, or perish in the briny deep. List, lady, to my lute." [Politian sings.]

A sweet kind of wickedness is such fibbing, and, like quinquetting, once acquired, I fear it would become a habit impossible to forego.

THE LADIES.

Venus no longer rises from the ocean, as I have said, but she flirts upon its shores. What would be the sea-shore without woman?—lovely woman, as I think I have heard her called. How much the landscape owes to her witchery! Far out at sea a white sail, on the perfect blue, sleeps like a sea gull motionless and calm; but on the bluff, with draperies of snow and azure, sails against the wind a little bark freighted with all sweetness, like Cleopatra's barge—such a bark as conveyed the seekers of the Happy Islands to their blissful destination. To such a trim boat would Politian commit his fortune. Yes, and, if the wind was fair, the waters smooth, the stars propitious, and the heart of the adventurer bold, the little bark might wander as she would, for with Tennyson I would say:

"It may be that the sea will bear us down,
It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles,"

but at any rate—

"The boat is waiting, the wind is fair,
And I am ready for thee, Mary Ann."

There is not an ugly woman at any of the hotels, letting each lady be her own judge, which is only fair. I sometimes doubt if women are human beings, they are so pure and gentle and ethereal, and differ so much from men. It depends a great deal, however, on the particular case of entoozy-moozy what one thinks. Sir Thomas Browne, an old rascal who had three wives during his life, wished women had never been created, and that the race of man was propagated as trees are. For my part, I am satisfied with the world as God made it, and would rather not have a crop of babies growing out of my arm, like fruit on a crab-apple tree. An early frost might depopulate the world. Man is a flirting animal, and women were, therefore, wisely made. As for their rank in the scale of creation, that is another matter. Angels before marriage; after it they become cooks. A Frenchman was asked which he preferred, women or horses. He replied that he loved women the best, but horses he most respected. Let him go to the deuce with Sir Tommy Browne. A woman cannot be despised and loved at once. If they are generally vain, it is because they have reason to be; it is more than any man can say of himself. That they all are vain, no one ever ever ever dared to deny; it is a weakness in regard to which we reverse the assumption of the law, for of vanity all women are to be considered guilty till they are proved innocent. It is one of their charms. I saw the beautiful Mrs. —— in the cars, coming to the Branch, and though she did not look in the least vain, with her veil down, I thought she must be, or she could not have looked so charming. Vanity maketh them all cultivate their beauty, and dress with bewitching elegance. Let the cynic say what he will, I say that women have a right to live, at least for the sake of man. If you don't believe it, kill your wife and take the consequence, but for myself, "Give me Anastasia, or give me death, with a decided preference for Anastasia."

FLORINE.

How can I speak of the many fair faces that float near me, and which shall ever haunt my dreams? Which of them is Florine? *Florine*—sweet name, which innumerable pencils have scribbled over all the summer-houses on the bluff—shall I ever know thy owner? Art thou, Florine, daughter of Zion, whose midnight hair burning gold enwreaths? or thou scornful beauty of the steel blue eyes? or she who smiled so very sweetly when the clumsy Politian trod upon her gauzy skirts, and said, with sublime Jesuitism, "It is not of the slightest consequence?" Is she the hourl in pink, or the nymph in white, or the angel in transfigured lawn? Tell me not in mournful numbers that Florine is she who, at dinner, to-day, piled in so heavily on the clam fritters, and made that miserable darky waiter curse the hour that he was born. Remain, rather, a mystery forever, Florine, and sleep with Junius and the Iron Mask.

SELF THIS.

Because I know her quiet-bright eyes will never rest upon the lines which Politian has written, let him whisper to the winds, of one who is fairer than Florine—one whom he has passed in life as a lonely bark passes a fairy island—"a ship at sea that cannot land." She is gone now; she went away in the early cars, but many a heart went with her, and heavy must have been the train loaded with those melancholy passengers, who bought no tickets at the office. Yet Politian at least she will long be sweet to memory and dear to hope, and beautiful as is the holy heaven to which his trembling soul aspires. Hardly can he dare this nameless mention of her worth, though none perhaps will ever lift the veil in which her lovely image is draped, for he feels that the veil itself should be hidden from the stranger's gaze. And he to her is a stranger—already forgotten! But it did not need years to teach him that had Fate been kind, he might in her, some golden day, have found a friend, for men too can feel, and they also have an intuition. Alas! she deserves a better friend than Politian could ever be:

"The brow that holds her in its thought
Should wear a golden crown."

Farewell—a long and lingering farewell, not like that brief and cordial clasping of the hand in formal parting; but the farewell of the soul, which, like the closing cadences of a Divine melody, refuses to die and passes most tenderly into silence. Farewell—and how reluctantly farewell no voice can breathe. She is gone; but the love, when it is withdrawn, leaves behind it a sweet, invisible spirit on the air. Farewell! Farewell! It is hard to say a word which hath been and must be; but it is *said*. Would that it were blotted from the melancholy world for *thy* sweet sake; but still farewell—with all my soul, farewell!

Do you think me sentimental, Madam? Perhaps I will think so, if there is ever a Mrs. Politian and four or five young Politians; but pardon me, for I am as yet unblessed with those treasures. Besides, if you had seen her—but ask my friend, whom I shall ever thank that *I* have had that happiness—ask him if I am too enthusiastic. He, who is always eloquent, would be more than eloquent on a theme for which, Demosthenes might have forsaken that of Grecian liberty, or he himself that of his country.

PERSONALITIES.

No more of sighing! If we cannot be happy we will be indifferent; for though man cannot become as the gods, he can at least be—the next best thing—the stoic. I suppose you are anxious to know something of Long Branch, who is here, and what is doing. Why, then, if you must know, ex-Senator James W. Wall is here, and has addressed a Democratic meeting at Red Bank. Did I hear him? Not I, by the soul of my great-grandfather. I read one of his speeches once, and made a horrible vow. If you want to know all about Wall read your "Midsummer Night's Dream." Pyramus and Thisbe saw through him, and I suppose modern eyes are as sharp. Politicians should have the precedence, I suppose, and therefore Wall goes first. But it is with more pleasure that I mention the antipodes of a politician Mr. Daniel Dougherty, who, unlike Demosthenes, has no need to come to the sea-shore to study oratory with the help of pebble stones. There is also here the author of the best poetry the war for freedom has inspired, whose name fame is now carving in marble letters, but which I write here as men write upon sands, soon to be washed away by the waves—George H. Boker, the author of "The First Louisiana Regiment." Nor is he the only poet at Long Branch. Mr. John A. Dorgan, author of a little volume of "Studies," which the world will yet learn by heart, I saw in a stormy surf to-day, clearly as intimate with old Nep. in his bathing dress as in his singing robes. Mr. George W. Childs, whom everybody knows, but who doesn't know everybody, I had the pleasure of meeting, with Mr. Drexel, to whom Third street was evidently as a buried street in Herculaneum. Others there are whose names history and the hotel lists may register, but whom I have not space to catalogue. Of literary people I have seen few. Mr. Olancy, of the New York *Leader*, is here, and, I believe, Mr. Henry Morford.

BILLIARDS.

But I must not forget Dudley Kavanagh, who is to billiards what Babbage's calculating machine is to arithmetic. It was easy to see, in watching him play a few games, that not only mental character, but temperament and physical nature, fitted him for pre-eminence. An active mind, true perception, a steady hand, and a cool self-possession that never is shaken—these qualities win his games. His play has the simplicity and grace which only a great master can attain. He accomplishes impossibilities almost without effort. A new Kepler, the movements of the balls, however irregular they may appear to others, are orderly and systematic to him. Like the worlds in the archangelic chorus of the prelude to Faust, they move,

"On their *predestined* orbits, rolled
With lightning speed."

I could not help comparing him, so young and so pre-eminent in his vocation, with Morphy, and the question would suggest itself to me whether the mental powers of these champions might not, under different circumstances of education, have qualified them to exchange their respective thrones, and given to Kavanagh the empire of the chess board, whilst placing in the hands of Morphy the sceptre of the billiard table. Kavanagh is, I believe, a good chess player, and the possibility I have suggested is based on his theory of culture.

THE SEA.

The sea! what adjective does not apply to it at times—what mood so subtle that it cannot respond with sympathy to its calm? Is it a Shakspeare, working by intuition all possibilities of character; or a Mozart, to whom in earliest childhood, in the childhood of the world, all secrets of melody and harmony have been revealed. Or, to seek similes from old mythology, it now reminds us of "universal Pan," and now of changeful Proteus. Like some of those sweet vials of the Green Isle, which fairies have married to immortal verse, it is by turns exultant and despondent; imperceptible are the gradations of its ascents to summits of joy—of its descents infinitely slow, and, therefore, infinitely sad, into fathomless depths of melancholy and despair. A labyrinth without a clue, a mystery whose key is lost forever, yet which tempts the adventurer, fearlessness to utter it; a strain of music such as the dying hear, but may not repeat; a horror such as those who had entered the cavern of Trophonius beheld, so dread that thenceforth never smile might light the eyes which it had cursed. All these, art thou, oh, lonely ocean! but how much more! Too deeply have I felt thy spells, too gladly have I yielded myself to the intoxication of thy siren songs, to profane thy majesty with my feeble words.

Yet, why speak of profanation? The shrine of St. Peter or the mosque of Omar may be polluted, but the sea is too great in its infinity of space, in its eternity of duration, to heed or recognize the paltry efforts of man to degrade it. With godlike indifference it beholds his fruitless labors, nor smiles nor scoffs when they pass away and are no more. Yet, if Ocean old could be tempted from his serene isolation, provocation sufficient to justify any ebullition of passion on his part has long been heaped upon him. For is not his mission to agitate and gratify the hearts of those, the elect, who, if they can appreciate his witcheries, who can gaze unwearied, lost in accordant dreams, upon his shifting canvas with its magical changes of form and color, who can listen to the unwritten poems forever pouring from his white-bearded lips, to the tender, yet stately harmonies forever flowing from those "unusual strings" of his Æolian lyre. And we, in our innate depravity, make common cause with the parasites and trade across these foaming billows, and fish off these enchanted shores, and bathe by these yellow sands which have been sanctified by the tread of the undying deep.

THE BATHERS.

If there is any crucial test of beauty, whether male or female, assuredly it is to be found in the assumption of a bathing dress, and exposure in its awkward folds to the vehemence of the breaking waves. Beauty born of the sea foam! Why, the old mythologist could never have gone to the sea shore in summer, and not have prepared a fresh allegory therefrom. Loveliness emerges from it, transformed into a damp, moist, draggled, limp, drivny, dripping mass of tangled drapery and dishevelled hair. As for ugliness, it becomes exaggerated into monstrous and incredible deformity. Hawthorne, in his "House of the Seven Gables," fancies that every daguerreotype is a revelation of the sun-god's worst hatred. Passing to-day by a photographer's office the idea occurred to me that this psychological revelation might be made absolutely complete if its subjects were led up from the beach and seated before the camera in their dank bathing costumes. Young couples feeling some tender affinity with some spiritual attraction towards each other, might come to this oracle to consult it upon the wisdom or folly of their desires. Yet, would the responses be held too harsh, unless the magic of loving hearts could draw presages of happiness from words of ominous import. Perhaps it is for this reason that the notion remains and is likely to remain unrealized. Yet, if following this suggestion, Madam Fate should claim his services, ordeal, she will confer a favor upon the undersigned by enclosing to him a copy of her shadow-image, in care of the editor of *The Press*, and he will ever remain, &c.

SENTIMENTAL.

Tennyson might have written his Day-Dream here, so wholly remote from all the ordinary interests of every-day life does the tranquil tide of being lapse away here. Here are neither wars nor rumors of wars; politics are forgotten; all are Epicureans, and happiness their only earthly good. The delicious lady and soft sea-breeze temper the heart of the meridian sun, "the sere and yellow leaf to their haven under the hill," the beach swarms with happy faces, and the air rings with merry laughter. Life is a jest—crack it; a glass of champagne—quaff it off; a rare cigar—puff it away. As for those who abide not in our Paradise, who die and think they live in that world we have forsaken, "let them rave!" Lotus-eaters are we, and care, not for aught we have left behind. We stand upon the shore and watch "the tender, curving lines of creamy spray," and profane the great laureate's verses by a parody, musing

"If the cotton kings
Have eaten up our substance, overbold!"
Or if
"The minstrel sings
Before them of our three years march on Richmond,
And our great deeds as half-forgotten things"—

Then we grow sentimental and condemn ourselves for trifling with posey so splendid, or a war so holy, and stop the newsboy, who passes with his hot-pressed wares, to see how goes on the siege of Charleston.

Yet, have all these interests, which erewhile absorbed us, a dimness and remoteness as of things which had happened in some past existence, or

"Like glimpses of the world to be,
To spirits folded in the womb."

POETRY OF THE SEA.

There is a place for everything, and by the sad seawaves is pre-eminently the place to read, or better, to recall the lays of the poets. What fruitful inspiration have they received from its lips! Where is the band who has not paid tribute to it? And if this song of it, as whom it will be found the sweetest, amidst the breezy music, the deep, throbbing swell of its surges, who has not had his gentle homage requited with noble largesse by the imperial deep? They come, hour by hour, to me, in the words of Longfellow:

"Drifting, drifting, ever drifting
On the shifting
Currents of my restless heart."

They astonish me with their numbers and thrill me with their beauty. Listen to these lines:

"Two friends who wander on the shore
Look not upon the wave in self-same eyes,
Hearing two voices in its roar,
Because of different memories.
To him whose love the sea hath drowned,
It moans the music of his wrong;
To him whose love with life is crowned,
It breaks upon the beach in song.

Sea-like in their grace and depth of power, oh friend of mine! are thy words.

I think of the sea and I think of Hamilton, who seems to paint with foam, and deepen his tones with the veritable sea-green that is moaning through the hours of the night. I think of Dorgan, who has given us one original simile about the sea, which I find echoing in my memory as I walk along the beach like a quaint and weird refrain:

Along the endless reaches
Of bleak and barren beaches
The billows comb and pour,
Mocking with bitter laughter
The hopes of the hereafter—
The pride of heretofore.

Politian would be sorry to dwell upon the mockery of the sea, for he is not in a cynical humor, and so he calls up Longfellow's majestic stanza:

"Ocean old,
Centuries old,
Free as youth and as uncontrolled,
Silently pacing to and fro,
Up and down his sands of gold."

How it is under the sea many a poet has imagined, but few with more suggestiveness than Mr. Kane O'Donnel:

In the sea's Valhalla sits
Hoar Neptune on his throne;
Round him the storm-gods rise,
Sea-elf and water-sprite,
Thro' the deep Domdaniel Caverns,
(Far underworld they be!)
The angry demons come from hell
To cool them in the sea.

Upon the ocean's floor
Lies the wrecked galleon's mine;
Leviathan ponders by,
And dolphins light the brine.
And there the skeleton lieth
Of many a pirate bold:
They cannot grasp, their bone-dead hands,
Those yellow treasures old!

Byron's poetry is oceanic, nor did his muse ever rise higher, perhaps, than in his apostrophe to the sea; and some of Shelley's most etherial stanzas are of the ungrateful waves which swallowed him.

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep,
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas!"

What a foreboding, almost prophetic, in those closing stanzas of Adonais, or in those simple lines in which, speaking of death, he cries,

"Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea?"

Then who has not seen, in dreams, Keats'

"Fairy casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

With Wordsworth we have beheld

"Proteus coming from the sea,
And heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Of Shakspeare, in this connection, it is labor lost to speak. Perhaps no living author has given us so many and such perfect pictures of the waves as Tennyson. In his verse

"You seem to hear them rise and fall,
Or war, rock-thwarted, under bellowing caves."

In the Idyls we have

"Still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore, which hears all night
The plunging waves draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white."

Here is a line which haunts me:

"And softer lapse on sunnier sands the waters of the bay."

A pleasant marine, pardye, by an American artist. As for Coleridge, ye "Ancient Mariner,"

"If none but those who share its dangers
Know the secret of the sea,"

What tales of hairbreadth 'scapes and ventures perilous, of shipwreck and storm, he should have been able to tell after his long wanderings to many a coast of ancient fable and fear! So I go on, recalling the wisdom of a thousand years, and methinks might go on forever, but I weary you with these reminiscences.

As for myself, if I may speak of myself in the next paragraph to these high old worthies, shall I confess that, though I am guilty, now and then, of rhyme and rhythm, I cannot write poetry here, I feel so profoundly the poetry around me. I am content to be an humble foot-note to one of these leaves of the inexhaustible volume of nature. So, when I was met on the sea-shore by a friend, who asked "Had I written anything new about the sea?" "No," was my reply; "I bathe in it."

There is a fascination which would repay analysis in the restless grandeur, as in the moody magnificence, of the waves. Goethe felt it when he wrote his "Fisher," and Schiller when he penned his "Diver." Do you remember the stanza in the former:

"The sun and moon, do they not have
Their foreheads in the deep,
And, doubly bright and doubly brave,
Arise as out of sleep?
Lurks beneath the fathomless,
The moist, transfigured blue?
Thine own fair face, hath it no spell,
Down thy watery way to lure?"

And who can forget this stanza, so worthily rendered by Bulwer in his translation of "Der Taucher?"

"And it seethes, and it foams, and it hisses and it
roars,
As when fire with water is mixed and contending;
And the foam of its spray to the welkin up pours,
And the roar of its surge hurries on never-ending;
And it never shall rest, or from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a wave."

POLITIAN.

A Novel War Vessel.

The following communication from Capt. Jurgen, a Danish officer of high inventive genius, and extensive experience, has been shown to many general ideas of the principles upon which his new war vessel is proposed to be constructed. As will be seen, these principles are novel, and as it strikes us, exceedingly valuable. The invention has been submitted to the naval board, and from the favor with which it has been received, the board will doubtless recommend that a vessel be constructed as an experiment. If it succeeds, it will again revolutionize our navy:

To the Editor of The Press:

SIR: The primary object of my invention is to so construct a vessel that she may be penetrated with shot without injury to her vital parts—machinery, armament, or crew. The object is accomplished by forming that part of the ship above the water-line, and below the upper deck, with a series of oblique-sided chambers, passing transversely through the ship, wide at the centre and converging toward each side. The sides of the chambers are covered with metallic armor of moderate thickness, laid upon wooden coverings, with a body of India-rubber or other elastic material placed between. The space between the said chamber will thus be funnel shaped, converging from each side toward the centre.

Above the upper deck are bulwarks, strongly ironplated, projecting upward to a sufficient height, and inclined inward from the perpendicular, at a sufficient angle to protect men and boats upon deck from injury by an enemy's shot. On the outside of the bulwarks are light iron bars, running fore and aft, and furnished with pikes projecting obliquely downward, to keep off boarders. The said pikes may be raised and lowered simultaneously by means of transverse connecting rods, worked by hand or by machinery.

To protect the ship from the assaults of rams or other vessels, pivoted guard wings are employed, projecting from the sides beneath the water. When not in use, they are kept in by partial positions against the side of the ship so as not to impede her motion, but they may be thrown outward at any suitable angle to sheer off the attack of a ram or other vessel, or to grapple and impede her motion and manœuvres.

The masts are constructed in tubular form, with a central iron core, and a body of India rubber, cork or analogous material interposed between the said tube and the outer shell of the mast.

The step on which the central tube rests constitutes a swivel on which the tube may turn freely, so that any shot striking the tube on either side of its exact centre will turn it within its elastic case, and thus glance off. The mast is secured to the upper deck. In the event of fire, the smoke rising through one or more of the said tubes will indicate its location, and enable the officer of the watch to direct the hose to extinguish it.

Suitable look-out spaces are provided in the upper bulwarks for the use of the officers of the watch, but contracted in area so as to prevent the entrance of shot.

The intention with this vessel is to fight at close quarters and deliver plunging shots to the enemy. The peculiar construction is believed to render the ship, in a great measure, invulnerable with any missiles now in use.

For the purpose of destroying mail-clad vessels, the inventor has devised a peculiar construction of projectiles, which will penetrate metallic armor at whatever angle it may strike.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours, J.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27, 1863.

The Policy of Freedom and Restoration.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

The following letter, written without any expectation of being given to the public, is from the pen of an attorney of standing in New York, formerly a practising lawyer and slaveholder in the South, having been for years engaged in one of the most important cases in the Southern States, between Georgia and the Cherokees, and associated with Wm. Wirt in the Supreme Court of that case before the Supreme Court of the United States:

GILBERTSVILLE, August 8.—I have been reading, this morning, an report of the commission on the freedmen. How wonderful! How wise! How prophetic, is educating this nation! In all this report I find my own opinions in regard to the blacks—of their capabilities, disposition, and duties—opinions the result of upward of thirty years' observation and reflection—all confirmed to the letter. To me there is no longer any room for doubt as to the facts, of what I have demonstrated to myself in theory