The Commonwealth.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT
NO. 22 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS a year, payable always in advance.

FOR TEN DOLLARS paid at one time, six copies of the paper will be sent for one year.

FOR FIFTEEN DOLLARS, paid at one time, ten copies of the paper will be sent for one year.

Poetry.

For the Commonwealth.

DISABLED.

BY LYDIA M. TENNEY.

Wheel me down by the meadow,
Where we used to walk together,
Another where the shadow
Skims over the billowy grass;
Where the zephyrs struggles over
The shoots of the little hill,
And the souls of hidden violets
In scented airs distill.

Scent, with your sweet companions,
Lean your cool cheek on my hair,
My soul's in the dewy exposure
Of fields where the dying are—
And upon your hand can never
Quiet this fever and pain,
Or silence the eager longing
To share in the contest again.

Is it to be here so idle—
To set like a clod in this chair?
With hands that ache for the battle,
With heart away in the war!
Instead of the long roll beating,
To hear but the tinkle of vines—
For the rush and whirl of the conflict,
Only the wait of the pines?—

Soft, and the sounds of summer
Where drowsily they creep
Are but the distant murmur,
Which follows the trumpet's blare.
What have I lost on the altar?
Only a few drops of blood,
Which is the gift of freedom—
For freedom—God!

Which by your side I daily,
Will watch the slave in his chain—
Up my fainting heart rally
Over every shade the leaden rain!
With kisses on lip, eyes, and forehead,
Sign me the sign of the cross,
Then heart fresh in hot, for our banner,
Consider it good that the loss!
Then gain, there is time for our women
In paths where the wild roses tend,—
For hope—I'll wait for you, dearest,
Watch the Palms to the Mount of our God.

For the Commonwealth.

GOOD OMNIPRESENT.

BY MARY E. CONNELLY.

He who walketh in the forest,
Where chips the squirrel,
Where pipes the thrush,
He, who sees when falls the sparrow
Even the bush,
He for me will care,
I need no plea, no prayer

He who moveth through the meadows,
Where lonely Spring
Sheds her smile beauteous,
Where with purple emperoun
The violet grows,
He with me will move,
I rest upon his love.

He who bendeth o'er the waters
Of mighty ocean,
To quiet the storm,
Where the waves in worship sink
Before his form,
He to me will bend,
And heavenly succor lend.

God of Nature! Guardian Presence!
Awake, or sleeping,
My defence,
I know no place beyond
His large circumference.
At below, above,
Is fathomed by His Love.

For the Commonwealth.

FATE IN LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE

In a midsummer night's still weather,
Sweetly my love breaks,
We drowsily dozing together
Over the ocean wide.

Through the moon moonlight shimmered
The spirit-stars clear
Cloud flakes on a glimmering
Soft mists filled the air

Surged up with more ravishing motion
Each moment their dance and their song;
But pale, far over the ocean,
We floated sadly along.

Cambridgeport, Mass. L. H.

Miscellany.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A POSTSCRIPT.

IV.

My dear — In reply to inquiries like your own have come to me from various friends readers of the Sketches, I will answer them en masse, and in printed form, as a sort of postscript to what has gone before. One of these questions was, "Are there no services by hospital death-beds, or on Sundays?"

In most Hospitals I hope they are; in ours the men died and were carried away with as little ceremony as on a battle-field. The first event of this kind which I witnessed was so very brief, and bore of anything like reverence, sorrow, or pious consolation, that I heartily agreed with the blasphemy expressed opinion of a Maine man lying next his comrade, who died with no visible help near him but a compassionate woman and a tender-hearted Frenchman, who dropped upon his knees and told his beads with Catholic fervor for the good of his Protestant brother's parting soul

"If after going all the hard knocks we are left to die this way with nothing but a Paddy's prayers to help us, I guess Christians are rather scarce around Washington!"

I thought so too, but though Miss Faithful, one of my nurses, anxious that souls should be ministered to as well as bodies, spoke more than once to the Chaplain, nothing came of it. Unlike another Shepherd whose earnest piety weekly prefaced the Senate Chamber, this man did not feel as well as his flock, nor make himself a human symbol of the Great Samaritan who never passes by on the other side.

Occasionally on a Sunday afternoon, each of the nurses, officers, attendants, and patients so could avail themselves of it, were gathered in the Hall Room for an hour's service, of which the singing was the better part. To me it seemed that if ever strong, wise, and loving words were needed, it was then; if ever mortal man had living texts before his eyes to illustrate and illuminate his thought, it was there, and if ever hearts were prompted to devoutest self-abnegation it was in the work which brought us to anything but a Chapel of Ease. But some spiritual paralysis seemed to have benfallen our pastor, for I think many hours turned inward him full of the deep hunger that often comes to men when suffering or danger brings them nearer to the heart of things, they were offered the chaff of divinity, and its wheat was left for less lonely gleaners who knew where to look. Even the fine old Bible stories, which may be made as lifelike as any history if, cut our by a vivid fancy and pictorial diction, were wrecked of all their charms by dry explanations and literal applications, instead of being useful and pleasant lessons to those man whom weakness had rendered as docile as children in a father's hands.

I watched the listless countenances all about me while a mild Daniel was mouthing in a dreary utterly uninteresting tone, while Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were leisurely passing through the fiery furnace, where I sadly feared some of us unwarmly walked they had remained in permanentice, while the Temple of Solomon was laboriously erected with minute descriptions of the process, and any quantity of bells and pomegranates on the robes of the priests. Listless they were at the beginning, and listless at the end, but the instant some stirring old hymn was given out, sleepy eyes brightened, lounging figures sat erect, and made a good half room up his bed, or stretched an eager hand for the book, while all broke out with a heartiness that proved that somewhere at the core of even the most abandoned there still glowed some remnant of the vital spark that flows in music from the heart of every little child. Even the big rebel joined, and boomed away in a thunderous bass, singing

"Salvation! let the echo go
Through every land, every clime,"

as energetically as if he felt the need of a speedy execution of the command.

That was the pleasant moment of the hour, for then it seemed a homelike and happy spot, the groups of men leaning over cot sweeter's shoulders as they sang, the few silent figures in the beds, here and there a woman assiduously performing some necessary duty, and singing as she worked, while in the arm chair standing in the midst, I placed for my own satisfaction the imaginary halves of a certain faithful pastor who took all contracts to the land, made the devil a worse enemy, cause he came, and comforted the indigent in spirit it with the best wisdom of a great and tender heart which still speaks to us from its Italian grave. With that admirable sermon we ended, and I often longed to take a veritable sketch of a Hospital Sunday, for despite its drawbacks, containing of continued labor, the want of proper books, the barren preaching that bore no fruit, this day was never like the other six.

True to their home training our New England boys did their best to make it what it should be. With many these was much reading of Testaments, humming over of favorite hymns, and looking at such books as I could call from a miscellaneous library. Some lay idle, slept, or gossiped, yet when I came to them for a quiet evening chat, they often talked freely and well of themselves, would blunder out some timid hope that their troubles might "do em good and keep 'em stiddy," would choke a little as their sad good night and parting their faces to the wall to think of mother, wife, or home; these human ties seeming to be the most vital religion which they yet knew. I observed that some of them did not wear their caps on this day, though at other times they clung to them like Quakers, wearing them in bed, putting them on to read the paper, eat an apple, or write a letter, as if like a new sort of Samson their strength lay not in their hair but in their hats. Many read no novels, aware too, were more silent, orderly and cheerful, as if the Lord were invisible Ward-master who went his rounds but once a week, and must find all things at their best. I liked all this in the poor rough boys, and could have found it in my heart to have put down proper dull pages and preached a little sermon then and there, while homesickness and pain had made these natures soft, that some good seed might be cast therein to blossom and bear fruit here or hereafter.

Regarding the admission of friends to nurse their sick, I can only say it was not allowed at Hurlburly House, though one indominable parent took my ward by storm and held her post in spite of Doctors, Matron, and Nurse Periwinkle. Though it was against the rules, though the relight was an acid, frost bitten female, though the young man would barelone quite as well without her anxious fussiness, and the whole room full been much more comfortable, there was something so pathetic in that persistent devotion that no one had the heart to oust her from her post. She slept on the floor without uttering a complaint, bore jokes somewhat of the rudest, fared scantily, though her basket was laden filled with luxuries for her boy, and tended that petulant personage with a never failing patience beautiful to see.

I feel a glow of moral rectitude in saying this of her, for though a perfect pelican to her young, she pecked and cackled (I don't know that pelicans express their emotions in that manner), most disempleasant when others invaded her premises, and led me a weary life with "George's pin-ranks, George's foot bath, George's measles, and George's mother," till, after a smart passage of arms and tongues with the matron, she wearifully packed up her rusks, her son and herself, and departed in an ambulance, scolding to the very last.

I am gratified to find that my little Sergeant has found favor in powerful quarters, and gladly respond to sundry calls for news of him, though my personal knowledge ended five months ago. Next to my good John—I hope the grass is green above him far away there in Virginia!—I placed the Sergeant on my list of worthy boys, and many a jovial chat have I enjoyed with the merry bearded lad, who had a fancy for fun, when his poor arm was dressed. While Dr. P. poked and stirred, brandied the remains of the Sergeant's brown mane—thorn sorely against his will—and gossiped with all my might, the boy making odd faces, exclamations and appeals when nerves got the better of nonsense as they sometimes did.

"I'd rather laugh than cry when I mount sing out any how, so just set in front Dickens again, please, and I'll stand it like a man." He did, for "Mrs. Cripples" "Chadband" and "Sam Weller" always helped him through; thereby causing me to lay another offering of love and admiration on the shrine of the god of my idolatry, though he does wear too much jewelry and talk slang

The Sergeant also originaned I believe, the fashion of calling his neighbors by their afflictions instead of their names, and I was rather taken aback by hearing them lazily remarks of this sort with perfect good humor and much enjoyment of the new game.

"Hallo, old Fits is off again! "How are you, Rheumatis?" "Will you trade apples, Ribs?" I say, Miss P. may I give Typhus a drink of this?" "I look here No toes, lend us a stamp, there's a good fellow" etc. He himself was christened "Baby B." because he tended his arm on a little pillow and called it his infant.

Very fussy about his grub was Sergeant B., and much trotting of attendants was necessary when he partook of nourishment. Anything more irresistably wholesome I never saw, and constantly found myself indulging him like the most weak minded parent, merely for the pleasure of seeing his brown eyes twinkle, his merry mouth break into a smile, and his one hand execute a jaunty imitation of the arm entirely captivating. I am afraid that Nurse P., damaged her dignity frolicking with this persuasive young gentleman, though done for his well being; but "boys will be boys," is perfectly applicable in this case; for in spite of years, sex, and the "pranes and pranks" I confess laid down for our use, I have a fellow feeling for lads, and always owed Satan a grudge because I wasn't a lord of creation instead of a lass.

Since I left I have heard from a reliable source that my Sergeant has gone home; therefore the small romance that budded the first day I saw him, has blossomed into the second chapter, and I now imagine Jasper Billing my hero, smiling the wounds I tended, brushing the curly jungle I brushed, loving the excellent little youth I fosed, and eventually walking alongwarf with the Sergeant stumping gallantly at her side. If she doesn't do all this and no end more, I'll never forgive her; and sincerely pray to the guardian saint of lovers that "Baby B." may prosper in his wooing, and his name be long in the land.

One of the lively episodes of hospital life is the frequent marching away of such as are well enough to rejoin their regiments, or to drag themselves to some convalescent camp. The ward master comes to the door of each room that he is to be thinned, reads off a list of names, bids their owners prepare to depart at ten o'clock, and then and as he vanishes, the rooms fall into an indescribable state of hope-turveyous, as the boys begin to black their boots, brighten spurs it they have them, overhaul their knapsacks, make patches are fitted out with needfuls, fed, and—well why not?—kissed sometimes, as they say, good by, for in all human probability we shall never meet again, and a woman's heart yearns over anything that has clung to her for help and comfort. I never liked these breakings up of my little household, though no man's stay should ever be longer, I was immensely gratified by the hand shaken I got, for their somewhat painful cordiality assured me that I had not tried in vain. The big Prussian rumbled out his unintelligible adieus with a grateful face and a premonitory smooth of his yellow moustache, but got no farther, for some one else sopped up with a large brown hand extended, and the recommendation of our very faulty establishment.

"We're off, ma'am, and I'm powerful sorry for you! I'd no idea a cripple was such a jolly place. Hope I'll get another ball somewhere ragg, by I'll come back, and be took care on again. Mean, ain't it?"

I didn't think so, but the doctrine of indulgence was not the right one to jolt a young sap, so I tried to look shocked, failed signally, and consoled myself by giving him the fat pincushion he had admired as the "cutest little machine again." Then she put into line in front of the house, some rather wan and feeble some of them, but trying to step out smartly and march in good order, though half the knapsacks were carried by the guard, and several heads were on sticks instead of shouldering guns. All looked up and smiled, or waved their hands and notched their caps, as they passed under our windows down the long street, and so away, home to their homes in this world and some to that in the next; and for the rest of the day I felt like Rachel mourning for her children, when I saw the empty beds and missed the familiar faces.

You ask if nurses are obliged to witness amputations and such matters as a part of their duty? I think not, unless they wish, for the patient is under the care of the surgeon, and he will have none as the surgeons can best give. Our work begins afterward, when the poor soul comes to himself, sick, faint and wandering; full of strange pains and fancies, and needing all the kind ministrations of hands and sights. Then we must soothe and sustain, tend and watch; preaching and practicing patience, till sleep and time have restored courage and self-control.

I witnessed several operations, for the height of my ambition was to go to the front after a battle, and feeling that the sooner I learned myself to trying sights the more useful I should be. Several of my mates shrank from such things, for though the spirit was wholly willing the flesh was inconveniently weak. One fainted lady came to try her powers as a nurse, but a brief conversation eliciting the facts that she fainted at the sight of blood, was afraid to watch alone, couldn't possibly take care of delirious persons, was nervous about infections, and unable to bear much fatigue; she was mildly dismissed. I hope she found her sphere, but fancy it a comfortable one on which she shall would best meet the requirements of her case.

Dr. Z. was anxious that I should witness a dissection, but I never accepted his invitations, thinking that my nerves belonged to the living, not the dead, and I had better finish my education as a nurse before I began that of a surgeon. But I never seen little men operating through his fat, with oddly shaped cases in his hand, and an absorbed expression of countenance, without being sure that a select party of surgeons were at work in the dead house, which idea was a rather trying one, when I knew the subject was some person whom I had nursed and cared for.

To such as wish to know how these scenes took place, I must responsibly decline to answer; for Hurlyburly House has ceased to exist as a hospital, so let it rest with all its sins upon its head, —perhaps I should say chimney top. When the nurses fell ill, the doctors departed, and the patients got well, I believe the concern gently faded from existence, or was absorbed into some other and better establishment, where I hope the washing of three hundred sick people is done out of the house the food is eatable, and mortal women are not expected to possess an angelic exemption from ill nature, and the endurance of truck horses.

The next hospital I enter will, I hope, be one for old colored regiments, as they seem to be proving their right to the admiration and kind offices of their white relations, who owe them so large a debt.

Yours, with a firm faith in the good time coming

TRIBULATION PERIWINKLE.

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, June 7.

A CONFESSATION.

Going about here, and there, one is thrown with many varieties of people, and if he be interested in the American question, naturally tries to feel about and find what the popular impression concerning our affairs is. The individuals are generally satisfactory; but now and then one learns how extensive are the efforts to mislead the public, and how successful it has sometimes been. The other evening, for example, I happened to have with a young man a conversation, of which the following is a literal transcript:

Young Man. This is a terrible thing—the death of Stonewall Jackson—is it not?

Your Correspondent.—Well, I am not so sure about that. He was a brave man but had a bad cause.

Y. M.—What? you don't think so, do you?

I.—Yes, I do. To fight for the sake of rivetting chains upon defenceless human beings, is a very bad cause, to my mind.

Y. M.—Oh, you mean slavery. But this war has n't anything to do with slavery.

I.—Indeed! I thought it was all about slavery. What is it about, then?

Y. M. Why, you see, the South wanted free trade. For years and years the North had so arranged things that all the money made by the South went into the pockets of the North, until they resolved to fight for their independence.

I.—That is very strange when one remembers that the South has for thirty or forty years owned the government there, and had all the Presidents. Lincoln is the first President ever elected against their will. Certainly they could have arranged the tariffs as they pleased in all that time. Isn't it remarkable that they should have begun their rebellion just as soon as the first friend of Freedom was elected—and never rebelled for so many years in which they had no free trade?

Y. M.—There you are mistaken. The South was under Northern tyranny, and only resolved to be independent when they found all their efforts to get free trade vain.

I.—It is remarkable that all the proclamations and state papers put forth on both sides should all be about slavery, and not one about free trade! But allowing that you are right, I don't think a well of the Southern cause as I did before. I thought they regarded slavery as a divine institution, for which they were bound to sacrifice their last man and last dollar. Now one can report that which he would regard as fanatical. They would then be in the position of men sacrificing much for a principle. But if what you say is true, these Southerners have plunged a country into all the horrors of civil war,—have caused the death of five hundred thousand people,—have deducted thousands of homes,—all to put a little more money in their coffers! That's not half so respectable as the other.

Y. M.—Well, I never looked at it in that way. But a great many of these stories are not true. This picture, just about London of a negro found with an iron collar with spikes, is all a lie. A negro is much worse treated in the North than in the South. If he gets into a street car, or goes into a theatre, he is very apt to be kicked in the North.

I.—That sounds doubtful—for in the South the negro can go into court and have a jury trial as much as a white man, and can vote. In the South he is kicked out of the cars and theatres, etc., as much as in the North, whereas he has the added insults of having his wife, mother, or child sold before his eyes.

Y. M.—Oh, I'm opposed to slavery. But you are very much mistaken in thinking that negroes can vote in the North. They can be sold, too, in some Northern States.

I.—I happen to know that they can vote in most Northern States; and they cannot be sold in any but one, very mean Western State, and only in the part of that which is populated by mean whites from the South.

Y. M.—Well, slavery's very bad. But, by Jove, the Southerners fight well, and these Northern people are pretty backassed. And don't you think Jeff. Davis is a smarter man than Lincoln?

Here I began to concede something to the youth, and he began to recede a little from his warm pro-Southern views, and the conversation ended pleasantly.

CONTEMPT FOR AMERICA.

In the higher classes of society here I find there is a feeling of contempt for America, on account of her free institutions and democratic character. It is evident in the tone with which they speak of us. Sometimes however, one hears the whole of it spoken out. Here, for example, is the substance of an address at a meeting in Bath, held to defend the Established Church against innovations:

"The Rev. E. D. Rhodes, in proposing the appointment of the committee and officers of the society for the existing year, said his own conviction was that as long as the Liberation Society existed, so long Church Defence Societies must exist too. (Applause.) Let the former be dead and buried, and they would gladly lay their organization aside. He asked his friends for the most strenuous diligence, and active, efficient watchfulness and resistance to every movement which had for its object, however remotely, the separation of Church and State, the union of which they so highly prized. Referring to the voluntary system he said he was disposed to think that the present condition of America furnished a strong argument against the voluntary system than any which Dr. Magee gave them. America had no Queen, no House of Lords, no State Bishops, and no State Church, parsonages, no best men—within her borders. She would not acknowledge or use any such men, and, because she made the poorest of her people her rulers, and her teachers, therefore when she wanted them she could not have them. One reason why the South had shown such marvellous superiority to the North in the further conflict now waging was, that there was something of an aristocracy in the South, because of the difference of classes there, because there were men there in whom the blood of their English ancestors was still flowing, who were mindful whence they sprang—because there were men there who, by their position, were called upon to manifest self respect, and therefore had some respect for others—because there were men there who had something else to think of, something else to care for, than the mere making of money. (Hear, hear.) He believed it was because there were persons there who had learned to govern, and know how to be governed,—that the South, when it wanted generals, had found them, and the North had not. (Hear, hear.) The absence of an Established Church deprived the Americans of a central source of religious life and light. If they had had other sources, the things which had happened would not have come to pass, and it would have been different both with us and them." (Applause.)

THE QUEEN OUR FRIEND.

In all the discussions concerning the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, it is understood that the Queen Victoria is against it. It is known that the Prince Consort before he died expressed himself warmly against the recognition of a Slave-Empire, and the Queen still clings to his views. The young Danish Princess, Alexandra, is also, I learn, fully for the total ruin of her native country, and has a pretty decided way of expressing herself. Whether Albert Edward has any opinions on the subject I do not know, but he speaks warmly of his reception in the Northern States.

There is no doubt that there are two or three members of the present Cabinet who would resign if they should be any attempt to interfere in American affairs. Earl Russell and Lord Grey certainly. But I am sorry to say Mr Gladstone would not.

THE CHANCE OF SECESSION.

Mr Stansfield, the new Lord of the Admiralty, a strong, nervous thinker, and a warm friend of Liberalism all over the world, but especially interested for our American cause, told me the other day of things in a very satisfactory condition here, and was very certain that the debate on Rochuck's motion for Southern recognition, which comes up on the 26th of June, will silence the recognitionists forever by an overwhelming defeat.

M. D. C.

THE TRIENNIAL CATALOGUE.

I have lately been examined the last Triennial Catalogue of Harvard University. Every time I take it up, I am vexed to find it so dull. A new catalogue is to be published this year, this seems an appropriate time for suggesting that it ought to be in English.

Nothing but a blind following of old precedents would render the publication of this work in a dead language, tolerable. Here is a catalogue which nearly if ever falls into the hands of any but those whose native tongue is English, and yet it is in a language which renders it, in many places unintelligible to by far the greater part of those who read it.

Even the best Latin scholars are puzzled by this wretched attempt to turn modern English names and ideas into an imitation of pure classical Latin.

On the title page we meet the terms, "Civitatis Massachusettensium" meaning perhaps the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Why the old and established Respublica Massachusettensis, has been given up, it is hard to conjecture. Indeed the whole catalogue shows that some Latin purist has been at work upon it. It seems to me that it would have been wiser, instead of trying to amend the Latinity of this pamphlet, to put it into good English.

Senatus Academicus is the title oddly enough given to comprise the whole body of persons connected in any way with the administration of the business of the College, the President, Fellows of the Corporation, Treasury, Overseers, Professors, Tutors, Instructors, Librarians, and Steward. In what sense this miscellaneous congregation of officers who never act together, can be called a Senate, which means one assembly it is hard to conjecture. But as this term has long been used in the catalogue, no complaint can be made against the present editor for continuing it. I only refer to it to illustrate the absurdity of attempting to express in equal classical Latin, ideas not known to the Romans.

I venture to assert that the best Latin scholar, not familiar with ancient Massachusetts manners, could not give the English of the following Christian names, which I have ventured to translate though far from being sure I am right in all.

Jacobus, James	*Ionathan*, (Mather.)
Gualterius, Walter	*Consolatione*, Consolation (Star.)
Mariganeo,	
Compensatione,	Compensation (Osborne.)
Spersatione,	Hope Still (Atherton.)

Some persons might be puzzled by the more common *metamorphose* of *Giles* into Aegidius, Jerome into Hieronymus, Hugh into Hugo, Jacob into *Jacobus*, and William into Guilielmus. This last name, until recently, used to be Guilelmus. Why the change has been made I do not know.

There is still another difficulty in some of these Christian, or rather unchristian names. Two English names sometimes are represented by one in Latin, so that the Latin leaves one in doubt whether it is intended for one or the other. Hesiah, for instance, sometimes means Horace and sometimes Horatio. In the same way, Jeremias must sometimes be translated Jeremy, and sometimes Jeremiah. And when we find Josias, Lucas, Ferdinandus, Matthias, Andrew, or Laurentius, we cannot feel quite certain that English stand in conceal, as Josiah, Luke, Ferdinand, Matthias, Andrew and Lorenzo are. Jones sometimes given to American boys, as well as Josiah, Luke, Ferdinand, Matthew, Andrew and Lawrence.

But when we come to the list of Harvard alumni who appended to the name of the most distinguished graduates, we meet with greater puzzles. Thus we find after John Adams the Sloryphrase, "*M.D. et Legal Baton., Mk. Theor. et Prac. Prof. Hers. Brun. Hist. Nat. Lect., A. A. et M. M. S. et S. A. et S. S. L. P. S. Mass. Bathon. et Preston A. S. M. Lond. Pat. Schol. Med. Coll. et Acad. Reg. Scient. Lit. Reg. et Art. Mass. Mat. Soc. Corresp.*" This is far from being the most formidable of the kind. I do not attempt to translate it. Though I flatter myself I have mastered great American friend, whose works she has undertaken to edit in England. She again visited Italy last year, and one result of her observations is seen in the essay in this volume, on "Women in Italy in 1862;" a paper almost unique in its close portraiture of Italian domestic life. Early in the present year, she wrote the reply to Mrs. Stowe's "Dejander," which we published in the Commonwealth at the time, and she has lately printed the tract named as the head of this notice, and of which our corresponding editor has spoken.

These "Essays" are seven in number, and are chiefly reprints from *Fraser* and *MacMillan*. They are marked by great breadth rather than striking originality of thought; they abound with keen observation, deep insight and nearly good will to humanity. Here is nothing querulous or morbid, —none of the passion of Aurora Leigh, no French paeanes for human woes, but a steady, earnest, honest lifting at the burdens of the world. The aim is for the most part plain, and somewhat deficient in literalness, especially when abstract questions are dealt with. A little more imagination, a touch of humor, would improve it, but it is thoroughly English, even in its defects.

But far above any literary excellence or defects in these writings is their great moral value. They are the utterances of a warm-hearted, wide-reaching sympathy with all that is beneath human nature. Whatever may be thought of the theology of some, which Miss Cobbe has promulgated, none can deny that it could only spring from a generous soul, and that the herself had faithfully illustrated it by her life and work. This weight of consideration, is no doubt, that is securing her recognition among the leaders of English thought, and it is that which gives her work higher claim than others.

Of the Essays in this volume, so handsomely printed by Miss Faithfull, we give the preference to those which are descriptive above the rest. As the London Spectator writes of Miss Cobbe's pages, that she has philosophizes, because she has not that clear, logical method which supersedes illustration, not yet the richness of illustration which makes abstract principles need to be shown felt by ordinary minds.

We trust the book will be reprinted, and with it the other works of Miss Cobbe, if at least, such as are of general interest. She is unquestionably one of uterous friends among us, and only needs to be better known to extend the circle of her admirers.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. A First Translation. By Mary Cecil Hay. New York: Harper and Brothers. Boston: A. Williams. A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD. By the Author of Mary Report. D. Appleton and Co. New York: Crosby and Nichols, Boston.

Here are three novels, very unlike, all readable and some of them remarkable. The plot of the first is similar to that of Mrs. Gaskell's "Dark Night's Work." The daughter of a man who has committed forgery in her childhood, is informed at the age of twenty one of the stain of her father's name. In consequence, she break off her marriage engagement, with a very unworthy person, as it proves, and at the years of affection is married to the clergyman of the village who has long loved her. The characters are English and are delineated with spirit, though with nothing very original about them in character.

The second of the three is more of the "sensational" school. French and German characters appear with distinguishing marks of their native tongues,—a practice which, though natural, is hardly commendable in an English novel. To be sure, Thackeray and Charlotte Bronte, have given us foreigners, but that does not make it right. The story is exciting but improbable,—the characters not very skillfully drawn.

Miss Sewell's latest work is in a very different style. There is little incident, and no "sensation" in the story, which, like those of Jane Austen, is acted chiefly on the carpet or in the carriage. But there is something of Miss Austen's keen observation of character and delicate humor, for less humor, to be sure, but a loftier tone of feeling. The readers of this series of novels, will receive this new one with pleasure and with little abatement of interest.

THE NATURAL LAWS OF HUSBANDRY. By Justus Von Liebig. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Within the last sixteen years, Liebig has added but little to our knowledge in regard to his chief topic, Agricultural Chemistry. This book has grown out, and is based on, a course of lectures to agry farmer. It is clear and concise, going straight to the point without waste of words. It treats chiefly of soils and manures, with an introductory chapter on the constitution of the plants. Printed in an attractive form by Appleton, it cannot fail to be generally read.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.—Our contributor, Mr. W. D. Howells, American Consul at Venice, and a favorite contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, is about printing a narrative poem of considerable length. If it is as good as his charming "By the Sea," which we lately published, it will not lack readers.

Among the recent publications of Trubner and

The Commonwealth.

VOLUME I. BOSTON: FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1863. NUMBER 43.

SINGLE-COPIES FOUR CENTS.

☞ For the delivery of papers by carriers, fifty cents additional will be required.

☞ No subscription will be entered upon the book till payment for paper is received, and all papers will be discontinued at the end of the term for which payment is made.

☞ Remittances for subscriptions may be sent by mail at the risk of the Publisher.

☞ All communications should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Literary Review.

ESSAYS ON THE PURSUITS OF WOMEN. By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co. 270. THE ROSE FLAIR IN JOHN BULL'S EYES. By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Trubner. Pp. 270.

Miss Cobbe's career may rightly be ranked similar to that of many of England's best thinkers. Beginning with next to no audience in her own country, she has first secured a hearing in America, and then some of this energy flows back in the form of her talent, she has at last become celebrated in England, and now not only writes for the magazines and journals with many readers, but publishes, perhaps, but does not make a profit. The story is exciting but improbable,—the characters not very skillfully drawn.

Miss Sewell's latest work is in a very different style. There is little incident, and no "sensation" in the story, which, like those of Jane Austen, is acted chiefly on the carpet or in the carriage. But there is something of Miss Austen's keen observation of character and delicate humor, for less humor, to be sure, but a loftier tone of feeling. The readers of this series of novels, will receive this new one with pleasure and with little abatement of interest.

THE NATURAL LAWS OF HUSBANDRY. By Justus Von Liebig. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Within the last sixteen years, Liebig has added but little to our knowledge in regard to his chief topic, Agricultural Chemistry. This book has grown out, and is based on, a course of lectures to agry farmer. It is clear and concise, going straight to the point without waste of words. It treats chiefly of soils and manures, with an introductory chapter on the constitution of the plants. Printed in an attractive form by Appleton, it cannot fail to be generally read.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.—Our contributor, Mr. W. D. Howells, American Consul at Venice, and a favorite contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, is about printing a narrative poem of considerable length. If it is as good as his charming "By the Sea," which we lately published, it will not lack readers.

Among the recent publications of Trubner and

Co., London, is the translation of "An Essay on the Age and Antiquity of the Book of Nahuhuan Agricultnre," by Ernest Renan, Member of the Institute of France. To this is added "The Position of the Shemitic Nations on the Highway of Civilization," the inaugural lecture of M. Renan on assuming the Chair of Hebrew in the Imperial Insti-

The Commonwealth.

BOSTON: FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are now directing our paper by means of a

THE "TINKERING OPT" POLICY.

The State of Missouri is the theatre of a great moral and political conflict, certainly one of the most interesting of modern times. Forty or forty-five years ago, at its very origin, it passed through a crisis not unlike the present one. If the advice of Rufus King and the sentiments of the Abolitionists

they will improve elsewhere, but the Administration is responsible for the failure to do the relief necessary hitherto. It would not do to remove Gen. Foster, or to command obedience; it would not do to give Gen. Ullman power to enforce his orders and do his work; no, the gradual "tinkering off" policy, being the perfection of wisdom, must be pursued everywhere and at all times. As to the

taken prisoner in the fight—a Lieutenant in the same regiment. Another brother is a lieutenant in the 54th regiment, and all are gallant soldiers. A nephew of Col Higginson is an officer in the navy and was present at the capture of New Orleans.

The news from Vicksburg is that Grant has been heavily reinforced, and is pressing the siege close

ery shall be collected, nor shall the right to the services of apprentices be subject to taxation. Provision is also made to adjust the ordinance to a vote of the people at the next August election. The reports were made the special order for the 24th at 3 o'clock.

Our advices from the position of affairs in Missouri are given elsewhere. We cannot but regard the President's intentions as more unfortunate

For the Commonwealth.

LOFTY HEAD-DRESSES.

The fashion of the present time in ladies' head-dresses is one of those insolences of cycles in fashion, which shows that they is a limitation to human impudence in that direction, and yet perhaps it may be wrong there, for I believe birds and birds' nests were never worn until the 19th century.

It was in 1700 that Addison exercised his wit against the towering head dresses that shot up thirty degrees. They were worn for ten years, and then came wholesale. Hardly there was hardly one of all in the 18th century. Mantua makers, who wrote in the 16th, say they were an old song and were pointed like steeples, with streamers hanging from the tips down the back.

Addison wrote a correspondence of wit and satire upon them in the 38th page of the 1st volume of the Spectator. The head dress of that time was a pyramid covered with ribbons, lace, and with the hair and face part of the cap to a great height. He says the ladies who work seven feet high in 1700, were but five in 1711. P.

For the Commonwealth.

THE TRIENNIAL CATALOGUE.

Mr Stansfield, the new Lord of the Admiralty, a strong, nervous thinker, and a warm friend of Liberalism all over the world, but especially interested for our American cause, told me the other day of things in a very satisfactory condition here, and was very certain that the debate on Rochuck's motion for Southern recognition, which comes up on the 26th of June, will silence the recognitionists forever by an overwhelming defeat.

M. D. C.