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FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

We had barely time last week to announce the telegraphic report of the taking of Sebastopol, and indeed felt some suspicion in regard to its truth. Since that time the event has been fully confirmed.

Again, we look upon the fall of Sebastopol as a warning to the United States to look well to their defenses. We should cultivate peace, with a due preparation for the possibility of war.

WAR OF THE ROSES!

Capt. Snyder's case, his removal from the post of tobacco inspector in Petersburg, has brought out the bull dogs of war in that city, and in the fight we see the fulfilling of bible prophecies—a re-enactment of the "Rose" fight, and a general family quarrel.

Will the dreadful blow which Russia has now received, dispose her to peace, or arouse her to a yet more desperate struggle? This question will everywhere present itself, and there will be much difference of opinion concerning it.

NEAL DOW.

This individual is about finding his proper level. Since the election in Maine, which resulted in the defeat of his party, he, as Mayor of Portland, has determined, it is said, to make no more efforts to enforce the Maine Law.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Sydney Smith was eminently gifted with the faculty of conveying a great deal of meaning in a very few words—his description of Sir James Mackintosh is a fine example. "He is rather academic than forensic."

LITERARY NOTICES.

GRAHAM'S Magazine for October has been duly received. The engravings, fashion plates and patterns are on the whole superb, and the table of contents is long, varied, and attractive.

MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

ETIQUETTE.

The Yankee out West, who wrote home to his mother that he had seen a live Hoosier, has sent her another epistle on Western etiquette. Here it is:

ANCIENT LADIES' DRESSES.

Do not be deceived; we mean ladies of the ancient times—not ladies of a questionable age. Goguet, in his work on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancients," says:

such way. We are the most liberal people in the world, but when a deliberate purpose to grieve manifests itself, we can resist as well as anybody else. So that if the gentleman would take our advice, he would at once bring down his maximum price to One Dollar, making provision also, for seats at fifty cents. At all events, we would warn him not to come further South with his sister, with his present rates.

Of Rachel herself, all sorts of things have been said since her arrival. Putnam's Monthly for September, tells us that she is a lady of very questionable morality—that she rather sets up for a Semiramis in luxury, and a Lais in love—which is quite shocking to the well regulated mind.

Another Philadelphia book of value demands a brief notice. It is "Schmetz's Manual of Ancient History," which furnishes, in a very neat and compact volume, a brief and well digested summary of the history of antiquity, from the remotest times to the overthrow of the Roman Empire in the West, in the year of our Lord 476.

It probably occurs to you, that in the present appalling condition of our plague smitten community, but one alternative presents itself to the consideration of every one. Shall I regard personal safety alone, and flee with all speed from this atmosphere of poison and death, or shall I look the question of my relations to society, to humanity and to God, full in the face, and decide accordingly!

CHILDREN NOT GAY IN PARIS.—Sergeant Talford, the eminent English Lawyer and play-writer, says:—Everything is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay—pleasantly so, even when fantastically so—and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and "turned to favor an to prettiness." Why then are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained, or ruled by fear: for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French education practice: on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases.

As to the details of war presented by our present condition, I do believe that it is utterly incompetent to any descriptive power to convey a picture of them. Never since the continent of America has been settled (I speak mainly, and with reference to what I have read or heard of) never has so terrible a calamity overwhelmed the same amount of population. You will find it extremely difficult to lend credence to some statements which I could make to you from knowledge and observation.

YESTERDAY a communication was received from that city of human beings with human sensibilities and sympathies in their souls, Baltimore, offering to convey the entire remaining and surviving population of Norfolk and Portsmouth to any suburban point that might be selected, or could be pointed by them, and likewise guaranteeing to them so long as they might be thus detained, all things in the way of provisions, furniture, bedding, &c., which they should stand in need of. The very fact suggests to you some idea of the horrors of our position.

But I fear the offer cannot be accepted.—There is no uninhabited house without yellow fever patients whom it would be hazardous to move. And the well could not be spared, for they are even now far too few to take care of the sick. And then, people cannot run away themselves and leave their servants to suffer and die.

I have only one suggestion to make, (not that a finger be lifted, or the strings of one purse in New England be relaxed a little in the way of proferring aid, but) that in every city and town there, they wake up and try to respond to the dictates of humanity and Christian sympathy, by introducing the calamity of these, their sister cities, into their desks and pulpits; that they cry mightily to God for us; that they satisfy themselves, if need require, as to the facts of the unparalleled miseries of our communities; that they appoint seasons of special humiliation and prayer for the commending of our case to a merciful God.

Can you not, as a suggestion coming from me, stir up the Christian congregations of Salem to their duty to themselves, their country, and their God, in this respect?

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ACTRESS. A correspondent in another column gives an account of the celebrated Rachel, whose appearance in New York, has awakened so much enthusiasm on the part of the press of that city; though from what we learn from our correspondent and from other sources, there does not seem to be a like enthusiasm on the part of the public. There are no doubt several reasons for this. One is the fact, as set forth in James' tract, that French tragedy is not suited to the taste of Americans, even if they thoroughly understand the language. But there is another reason far more efficiency according to our view of the subject—and that is that her brother-manager, Mr. Raphael Felix, has fallen into the common and ridiculous error of fixing the prices of the seats at a figure far beyond the means of the regular patrons of the drama.—Three dollars a seat against two francs at the Theatre Francais, (which latter we learn from a friend who saw Rachel in Paris, was the usual price there) is rather strong on the American people, and Mr. Raphael Felix's education must have been very much neglected, if he cannot see that we are not to be humbugged in any

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nous with her eye put out!" I am happy to say, that the eye of Genius was restored before the festivities had progressed long.

Up in the galleries were some 2000 people whose happiness it was to look down upon the feast and the feasters, and perhaps to hear as much of the speaking as most of us who were below heard. In this latter respect the palace proved a poor place for the festival. Only two or three of the score of speakers made themselves heard by the multitude. Among the speakers were Bryant, Mr. Young, Rev. Mr. Milburn the blind Chaplain of Congress, Drs. Osmond, Chapin and Beecher, and Mayor Smith of Boston. Chapin's speech was the only great hit of the occasion—I mean par excellence. He really captivated the audience.

It happened unfortunately that the toast to which Mr. Henry Ward Beecher was called to respond was very similar to that which had elicited Mr. Cha'n's eloquence, and to the great disappointment of nearly every body Mr. Beecher made a complete failure. His wit would not flash and his genius would not soar. I think if his speech were reported verbatim it would not be a "star paper," but would have to be put among the nebulae—perhaps in "the milky way."

Imagine yourself in the gallery, my dear Post, and looking down upon hundreds of us author folk! These were Irving, Bryant, Willis, Headley, Hildreth, Kennedy, Verplanck, Morse the lightning-tamer, half a dozen Presidents of Colleges, a score of Doctors of Divinity, "four and twenty" Editors, artists quite a sprinkling of them, and then the ladies! There was Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stephens, the Misses Carey, the Misses Warner, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Neal, "Mrs. Manners," the author of "Aspiration," Mr. Beecher, and the Fern and Myrtle classes fully represented besides.

There were any number of notabilities, whom, doubtless, your unphilosophical readers would go a great way to see. Lots of "lions" at a single glance for happy eyes! The fruits were choice—better than the speeches by far. Mr. James T. Field, the poet, publisher of Boston read a very clever and witty poem, abounding in local points, which "brought down the Palace," not literally of course—but metaphorically. It was a rare and joyous occasion, take it all in all, and I hope will be many times repeated with such improvements as experience may suggest.

I have not space to say more about it, or I should extend my description considerably. The little room I have left I must devote to the new book. I ought to say, however, that the festival I have mentioned was the winding up of the First Great Trade Sale of the New York Publishers Association—a sale intended to take the place of the customary sale—which was held however as usual, and chiefly sustained by the Harpers in opposition to the Publishers' Association. I shall say more of this rivalry at another time.

It is some time since I had the pleasure of noticing anything from the press of the great London publisher, Mr. Bohn. I have recently however, welcomed from the hands of Messrs. Bohns and Brother his agents, several new and valuable volumes. Of the scientific series, he has issued the fourth edition of the celebrated Bridgewater Treatise, by Prout, on "Chemistry, Mineralogy and the Functions of Digestion considered with reference to Natural Theology." This edition is carefully edited by DeGriffith, and leaves the text of the author unaltered, while the additions in notes are of great practical value. The splendid merit of this work is quite beyond the need of my humble praise.

To the philosophic reader, "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," in the fine and lucid translation of M. K. J. G. is a most acceptable volume. This translation has the excellence of being intelligible to the English reader, and Kant has sins enough to answer for without being made to speak falsely to the reader through an imperfect version of his subtle thought, and his often-times clumsy utterance. It is necessary to read Kant, but fortunately not necessary to accept all his dogmas as true. He is a great philosopher, but not a ways a safe one to the mind of the student.

Another of Bohn's latest issues is Wilhelm Meister, of Goethe. This is the translation of R. Dillon Boylan, Esq. In this work the author's design is not quite clear. It is in some respects a marvellously powerful production, and if we suppose it to be a deepening of the riddle of human life as many commentators do, it has a vast interest to the thoughtful reader. It is probably a greatly misunderstood book, full of thoughts and ideas which the author knew better than anybody else can. It is certainly a very strange manner, and not greatly calculated to benefit a pure and unphilosophical mind.

Messrs. Sheldon, Lamport, & Co., have published the book of which I spoke in my last letter—"Aspiration," by Mrs. Manners, and the first edition lasted only three or four days.

Messrs. Philip, Sampson, & Co., of Boston, have recently issued a handsome volume, of nearly 600 pages 12mo. entitled, "JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS." It is from the able and scholarly pen of Mr. Richard Hildreth, the historian. The book is a compendium of historical and topographical observation upon that curious country, and presents at one view the complete narration of the Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch relations with the Japanese. Mr. Hildreth has consulted all reliable authors in the preparation of the work, and it is safe to say that so much and so pleasantly rendered information about Japan is not to be found in any other volume thus.

From the press of Messrs. Parry & McMillan of Philadelphia, there have appeared recently some admirable books, of which I have room to mention only two. The first is "EVENINGS WITH THE PROPHETS," a series of Memoirs and Meditations, by Rev. A. Morton Browne, LL. D. This is a volume of choice religious readings for the family circle or for the closet. It is full of instruction about the prophetic period of character. It is especially designed to illustrate the divine truth of prophecy, and deserves to be a hand book with both young and old.

"The Six Days of Creation," is the title of a book containing "a series of letters from a father to his children, describing the natural history of each day, mercies, with particular reference to the illustration of scriptural truth." In this descriptive title the scope and character of this volume are well indicated. It is from,

the pen of Mr. W. J. Rhind, an English gentleman of high character, and well deserves the popularity it has met with in numerous English editions. The style of the book is pure and beautiful, and the spirit of it simple and evangelical. It teaches the religion of the cross of Christ, and seeks to lead the young mind to the only Saviour.

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morning, and shone in upon Josey's bed tingling his brown hair with gold, and calling him a sluggard, lighting up temptingly the dark corners where hung the full stocking.

Doors opened and closed. Merry laughter rang through the hall. A gay throng came dancing in.

"Josey, I wish you a merry Christmas. They crowd around his bed. He sleeps so sweetly and lies so still. His face is white, although the thin lips wear a smile. They shudder and cry loudly—

"Josey is dead!"

Yes, Josey has found his mother, and the angels in heaven are singing: "A happy Christmas to you, Josey."

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER CL.

New York, Sept. 29, 1855.

Sevastopol set apart!—The cost of the price—Speculations—Description of the News in New York—The great Book Festival—Some in the Crystal Palace—The lions of the occasion—The Speakers and Speeches—Not a Star-paper—Authors and Authorships—A witty poem—The Trade Sale of the Publishers' Association—New books from Mr. Bohn's press—"Aspiration"—Mr. Hildreth's History of Japan—Evenings with the Prophets—The Six Days of Creation—Schmetz's Manual of Ancient History.

My DEAR POST.—Printed in large letters—SEVASTOPOL EST PRISE.

You need not hesitate to do so in apprehension of another hoax; for this time the startling intelligence comes in no questionable shape and through no doubtful medium. It is literally true that "Sevastopol is taken." That great stronghold of barbaric valor and resource is now a heap of blackened and blood stained ruins.—The towers and bastions and walls which so recently and so long defied the balls and bombs of combined armies, are now level with the ground. I need not enter into the details of the assault and capture of the place, which look place on the 6th, 9th, 11th, and 18th of this month.

After nearly a year's siege, unparalleled in the history of war, in the expenditure of life and treasure, Sevastopol has fallen into the hands of the allied armies of the West. The victory is indeed a great one—but the heart sickens at the price paid for it. Twenty thousand men is a vast cost for a victory. It is true that perhaps not more than half this number were actually slain in the dreadful onset and in the subsequent destruction of the city by the departing army—but even ten thousand lives is a price which staggers ones sense of reason and humanity. It has been paid, however, and the tragedy of Sevastopol is concluded. Its fearful tale of death and horror is fortunately no longer "to be continued."

This is something for which to be glad—for, whatever new phase of horror the war may assume—it will not be our sad lot to hear of the desolation and havoc of another winter among the troops in the Crimea. I take it for granted that the Russians will not long remain in their new position at the North side of the city. They occupied it probably only to cover their retreat from the peninsula, which if they make good without giving battle to the successful allies, they will be more fortunate than I believe now they will be. The honor of this grand victory belongs chiefly to France it would seem since her gallant soldiers were the captors of the famous Malakoff tower, and that was the key of Sevastopol. The invulnerable of the British carried them nobly into the Redan, but they could not retain it in consequence of the deadly fire of the Russian batteries which swept that position. However, they all did their best and bravest on the 8th of this month, the Russians not excepted, and terrible havoc did "the dogs of war" make on that eventful day. The papers contain many but not full details of the terrible affair, but I must not enlarge upon it. This is a fearful blow to Russia, and it will cripple her energies almost beyond calculation. She destroyed all her vessels of war, in the same spirit which led her to burn Moscow before the eyes of its illustrious conqueror, the first Napoleon. If the army of Gortschakoff escapes from the Crimea without further injury, I shall be as much surprised as I really was to hear of the fall of Sevastopol. The news reached this city on Thursday afternoon, and you can hardly imagine the excitement it produced. Thousands shook their heads incredulously as the news boys shouted in their eager rush—"Eres the hextra Ev'ld—Fall of Sevastopol!" Presently the bulletins of the printing offices met the eyes of the doubters and they stopped to read—

"Sevastopol is in the possession of the allies!" The news spread like wildfire. Up town, across the city, and over the rivers it went as fast as feet and sound and steam could carry it. It was hard to believe, but finally the multitude surrounded themselves to the eager perusal of the scanty outlines of the first dispatches. More news came by night, and the next morning's papers were pretty well filled with the details of it and with the reports of the great Book Festival at the Crystal Palace on Thursday night—

To that I now turn for a hasty notice. I had the good fortune to receive a white card—which was better than the green ones—since they only admitted the holder to the galleries, while the white ticket was the sesame to the great banquetting hall in the Palace. I was one of some seven hundred guests, including authors, editors, publishers, booksellers, clergymen, and some nondescripts. The scene which presented itself as I entered the space enclosed for the banquet, was an imposing and novel one. It was in the North wing of the Palace which was provided with temporary walls of white, blue and rose colored drapery in alternate folds. The whole area was occupied by tables upon which were spread fruits and confections in almost every imaginable variety. In the northern extremity of the gallery was a very large inscription on jets of gas, which read as follows, only far more brilliantly than your black types can make it look—

COMPLIMENTARY FRUIT AND FLOWER FESTIVAL TO AUTHORS, BY THE ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK PUBLISHERS, SEPT. 27, 1855.

Below this was suspended another gas illumination, a temple in which stood a statue of the Muse of History, and over it the motto "Honor to Genius." It was curious enough to notice that the letter I in genius, did not burn and so it read—

"Honor to Gen us."

Or as a waggish friend remarked "Honor to Ge-