

CHANSON.

From the French of ANTOINE COMTE D'HAMILTON,—A. D. 1661.

Nor dark nor blonde is she whom I adore :
By a single stroke to sketch her.
She 's the most delightful creature
The wide world o'er.

Yet of her charms 't is easy count to take :
Five hundred beauties that are seen,
Five hundred more concealed, I ween,
A thousand make.

Wisdom divine is in her mind exprest ;
By thousand sweetest traits 't is told
The Graces in their finest mould
Have formed the rest.

What lustrous tints could paint her hue so bright ?
Flora is not so fresh and fair ;
And with a swan's may well compare
Her neck so white.

Her waist and arm do kin to Venus prove ;
Like Hebe's are her mouth and nose ;
And, for her eyes,—ah ! your glance shows
Whom 't is I love.

W. P. D.

AMONG THE SERIALS.

"Our Whispering Gallery" is unquestionably one of the great attractions of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Every body likes to read about famous men. There is always something uncommon in their lives, and their works, talks and general deportment are invariably safe and popular things to write about. Mr. Fields is admirably adapted to write these personal sketches, having been intimately acquainted with all the important personages of the old world and the new for over a quarter of a century. His business relations with many of them have in a measure developed much that is interesting and instructive. Many a pleasant little story hid from mortal eyes for many years back now see the light for the first time in the *Atlantic's* "Whispering Gallery." The world owes much to Mr. Field. It is through him and his good judgment that many of Hawthorne's choicest literary efforts ever advanced so far as to be printed. Think how much would have been lost to American literature had the thrilling "Scarlet Letter" never been published ! Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the few American novelists who have written a purely American tale, typical of the customs and manners of the country. Hawthorne and Bryant stand side