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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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Our Serials and our Circulation.

FOR several months past we have printed from EIGHTY to NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated paper in the country.

WE conclude in this number the admirable serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by C. Keene. This exquisite Story has been printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS'S new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS'S delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

For terms, etc., see advertisement on the 15th page of this paper.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. II.

SUNDAY EVENING IN A BEER GARDEN.

ALONG the sidewalks of the Bowery move multitudes of idlers. The crowd is oppressive, for it is Sunday night; and Germany, knowing no home delights, pours itself forth in social revelry. Mingle for a moment with the throng, and you can not easily extricate yourself. You are drawn irresistibly with its slow but unceasing current. Attempt to disentangle yourself, you are grievously jolted and jammed. Provoked to wrath, you plunge violently forward, and are stranded on a cellar door, or wrecked among the cobble-stones. Notwithstanding a sense of injury, you take, perhaps, a cheerful view of things, and endeavor to yield graciously to the inevitable vicissitudes of a Sunday evening ramble in the Bowery.

From shop windows partially illuminated a feeble light is cast around. As the throng passes you see that the German element predominates. The faces are much the same, heavy and stolid. The lethargic spirit of lager beer seems to have settled upon them. You are convinced that the only liveliness they know is that of hops. The dull regular murmur of voices is seldom broken, except when feminine shrillness indicates the crushing of a crinoline, or bewails the fracture of a bonnet. Beyond these there are few tokens of animation.

Toward 8 o'clock the flood reaches its height, and begins to drain off into the reservoirs on every side. These are the Beer Gardens—some large, some small, some rich, some rude, but all abundantly provided with the sweet restoring fluid, and with numberless appliances for mental relaxation and the free circulation of current coin.

You join the crowd again, and are straightway borne through a spacious door-way into a well-lighted passage, upon the walls of which you read the odd announcement—"Positively no liquors sold here on Sunday," which strikes you as laying it on with a thickness you would hardly have expected. A little farther on you are admonished that this is the "Volk's Garten," and that you are to pay twelve cents for the double privilege of entrance and an optional glass of beer after you get in. You receive your ticket and proceed.

Why, this is a show, indeed!

It is a large circular hall, the floor dotted with tables and benches, and all thickly filled—the benches with men, women, and children, the tables with various articles intended to afford internal comfort. A gallery, likewise occupied, is above. The seats are generally so arranged as to command fair view of the little stage erected at the rear, upon which a massive fraulein, scantily skirted, is bobbing vigorously to the music of a small orchestra close by. The music, which is good, does not atone for the dancing, which is vacuine. Over the theatre, which is a mere box, is stationed a brazen band, ready melodiously to blow the instant the performance beneath shall terminate. There, it is over; the fraulein squirms a parting salute and retires, while the solemn strains of the Champagne galop echo from above, and cover her retreat.

The "Volk's Garten" has claims to artistic consideration. The walls are decorated with luxurious landscapes, drawn from any number of quarters of the globe. The ceiling is scattered all over with figures of dancing women of every nationality. A rosy Santa Claus, with unbounded stomach, presides jubilantly from the arch of the theatre. There is a dashing balloon suspended by a rope from the centre of the "Garten," which every now and then descends to the ground in all the glory of gold foil and red stripes and waving banners glistening in the gaslight, for no ostensible purpose, after accomplishing which it forthwith rises again. But the artistic taste is more directly cultivated than by displays of gaudy coloring and twisted female forms. There are little doors every where leading off to more distinguished exhibitions. At one of these two small boys in Turkish jackets, and with pasteboard flower-pots on their heads, unlike cherubim continually do cry, "Now gentlemen is your chance to see the most wonderful exhibition in the world—only ten cents; step right in, nothing you ever saw like it," and so forth. You are impelled by curiosity, and seize a programme. Mysterious announcements of "optic plastics" appear. Closer examination shows you that it is, after all, a lottery, to receive the prizes of which each purchaser of a ticket will have a chance. Of course there is no resisting this, and your ten cents are unhesitatingly bestowed. You glance at the exhibition, and find a collection of stereoscopes, prominent among which is the Emperor Napoleon from a German point of view, as large as life and twice as blood-thirsty, and with a particular sharpness to the waxed ends of his mustache. After this you will be very likely to turn your attention elsewhere.



A GERMAN BEER GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY ON SUNDAY EVENING.

write of China as though it were France or Spain. The fact is it is another world, and a world radically imbued with hatred of all foreigners. The Chinese make no distinction between citizens of the United States and citizens of Europe. They hate and cheat them all alike. This will be proved by the evidence of every merchant or sailor who has been to China.

For many years we have pursued a policy of conciliation with the Chinese while the English have bullied them. The consequence is that the English go where they please, and that we follow them wherever their guns protect us. It is under cover of the British guns that our trade is carried on at Canton and at Foo-Choo. It is the presence of British frigates which protects our ships at Shanghai. It was behind British guns that Mr. Reed ascended the Pei-ho to conclude the treaty of 1858. When those guns were withdrawn he had to fly. The only result of our policy with China has been that the Chinese give us fair words, and despise us, while to the British method they yield not only what the English want, but to us also the crumbs which fall from their table.

Commodore Tattnall—one of the most gallant and popular officers of our navy—has only done what every American officer with any experience in China would have done in the like case. There need be no fear of the position of the United States in China being compromised by what he has done. That position was one of contempt—nothing more. If Mr. Buchanan allows himself to be bullied into censuring him, he will cast a blight on the independence of our naval officers, and will inflict an irreparable injury on American merchants in China.

THE CRICKET MANIA.

WE devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrating the game of cricket, and especially the match played on 3d, 4th, and 5th inst. between the "Eleven of All England" and the "United States Twenty-two." Properly speaking, it was no match at all. No one expected the Twenty-two—who are modest amateurs—to make any sort of fight against the trained professionals of England. And it is well that people should know that the latter came here expressly to play with our amateurs, and at the cost of our clubs. Another curious fact about the "United States Twenty-two" is, that, with the exception of four gentlemen, all are Englishmen, and have no better claim to represent the United States than any casual foreigner who happens to come here.

Our people, or "that pure and reformed part of them" (as one of the old Episcopal collects says) which advocates athletic exercises, excuse the general neglect of cricket in this country by saying that base-ball is our national game. Whether base-ball be a better or a worse game than cricket we do not now propose to inquire; but it is really worth while inquiring whether the former is or is not as popular among us as is commonly reported in the newspapers.

In New York, it is well known, there are several base-ball clubs which play periodically. The same thing is true of Boston, Philadelphia, and perhaps one or two other cities. But is base-ball so popular that it is a regular and well-understood diversion in most of the counties in most of the States of the Union? Do young men naturally learn base-ball in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in Wisconsin, and in Louisiana? Could a base-ball match be got up in every town of ten thousand inhabitants throughout the country? We leave it to those who are better acquainted with the sporting fraternity than ourselves to answer these queries. For our part, we regret to say that we doubt very much whether base-ball be a popular game at all in the interior, or in any part of the country except in a few great cities. We see no evidence that either base-ball or any other athletic game is so generally practiced by our people as to be fairly called a popular American game.

In this country the importance of athletic exercises is only just beginning to be understood. Men of thirty can remember well that, when they were at school, proficiency in the athletic games of the play-ground was regarded rather as a drawback than a merit. Schoolmasters sneered at fast runners, and bold leapers, and alert ball-players, and reserved their encomiums and their favors for little prodigies who had aorists and alcaics at their fingers' ends. To this day many, we believe the bulk, of the school-teachers throughout the country proceed on the Blimber principle, and discourage all kinds of games as tending to interfere with "legitimate studies." As with our boys, so with our men. Bank clerks, young merchants, mercantile aspirants, all seem to think time devoted to manly exercise wasted, and the model clerk him who drudges six days of every week at his desk without an hour of physical labor.

Still, as we write, the world moves, and we are all the time learning. Common sense has made vast strides within the past ten or twenty years. Under the Van Buren Presidency it is doubtful whether any leading family journal would have dared to intimate that it is perhaps as important for boys to learn base-ball as prosody or conic sections. Another twenty years, and no doubt our people will be as devoted to athletic exercises as the English. The results on the American frame will surprise physiologists.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

LIEUTENANT IVES, of the United States Army, who has been detailed on special duty to see to the completion of the Washington Monument, is prosecuting that work with intelligence and vigor. We alluded some time since to his appeal to Postmasters; he desires every Postmaster throughout the United States to keep a box in his office in which persons disposed to aid the work may deposit what sums they please. His calculation is, that if each office throughout the country will collect only fifteen cents a month, the work will be finished as fast as the workmen can proceed. We think the least that Postmasters can do is to comply with the request.

We may add, as many persons have been disgusted with the plans they have seen of the proposed structure, that the Pantheon part of it, or the colonnade round the base, has been abandoned, and that the design now is simply to erect an obelisk, 600 feet high. To such a monument no sound objection could be made.

THE LAST AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

THE opprobrium of geographers is being gradually removed; the triangulation of Africa proceeds apace. Within the past ten years Livingstone has surveyed and laid down Lake Ngami on our maps, and has traversed the continent from the Zambesi to Loando; Barth has journeyed in safety from Tripoli to Lake Tsad; the British expedition have proved that the Niger may be safely ascended in steam vessels; Burton has explored the Somali country, and laid bare that refuge of robbers and assassins. This much has been done since 1850, with but little aid from any Government. On the safe return of these travelers to their homes the Governments of France and Great Britain were induced to encourage further prosecution of the work; two expeditions were fitted out—one a French one, which was directed to ascend the Nile and discover its sources, if possible; the other English, which was placed under the command of the intrepid Lieutenant Burton, and directed to work out the vein of discovery he had opened. Of the French expedition the only intelligence we have received relates to the difficulties which beset the party at the outset of their labors. Lieutenant Burton's expedition has already yielded substantial fruits.

Captain Speke, Burton's lieutenant, has published an interesting account of the arrival of the party at a lake which he calls Tanganyika, and which lies between latitude 4° and 8° S. and longitude 29° and 30° E., with most of the body of water put down in most of our maps under the title of Lake Nyassi, or "the Great Waters."

The party started from the island of Zanzibar, in S. latitude 6°, and pursued a nearly due-easterly course over the plains and through the mountains to the lake, which is about ten degrees from the coast. They were old African travelers, and knew how to hold their own among the native thieves who beset them; but the climate proved so trying, that, by the time they reached the lake, both Burton and Speke were thoroughly worn out. Nor was there any comfort for them at the end of their journey. The borders of the lake (which reminds one of our great lakes of the Northwest—being 300 miles long, by 30 or 40 broad) swarm with inhabitants of the true negro breed. They are divided into various races, eternally at war with each other, and each blindly devoted to its chief, invariably a blood-thirsty, covetous ruffian. One of the tribes is given to cannibalism; and people who dislike being eaten avoid its territory. Burton and Speke, being in ill health, deemed themselves unwholesome eating, and therefore gave the cannibals a wide berth; but the more civilized races of the country treated them so scurvily, that the additional discomfort of being served up for breakfast would have seemed but a slight aggravation of their misfortunes. Their locomotion, their food, and their very existence, were taxed for the benefit of the chief in whose domains they happened to be.

Notwithstanding all this, and in spite of a complication of diseases which attacked both of the intrepid travelers, Captain Speke succeeded in surveying Lake Tanganyika, and studying its borders. He describes the shores as well wooded, and producing maize, millet, sweet potatoes, and vegetables in abundance; yet the people are the veriest savages, living in miserable huts, using hollow trees for boats, going naked, and generally starving of hunger. The only domestic animal they seem to rear is the common barn-door fowl. Their current coin is American sheeting, which they sell by the cubit, as their ancestors did in the days of Moses. Their food is fish, taken in the lake, monkeys, and what little farm produce they

CARPENTER. GRUNDY. J. CÆSAR. WISDEN. G. PARR. H. H. STEPHENSON. DIVER. LOCKYER. CAFFYN. HAYWARD.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS—THE ELEVEN OF ALL ENGLAND.

THE CRICKET MATCH PLAYED AT HOBOKEN ON OCTOBER 3–6, 1859, BETWEEEN THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN AND THE UNITED STATES TWENTY-TWO.





A BASE-BALL MATCH AT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN

CRICKET AND BASE-BALL.

On the preceding pages we give engravings of the game of Cricket as played at Hoboken last week between the Eleven of All England and the Twenty-two of the United States; and of the game of Base-ball, as played by the clubs in this part of the country.

It is impossible, in the space allotted to us, to describe either of those two games. Both would require several columns even to give the ordinary rules which govern each game; and the account would be unintelligible to persons unacquainted with the game and superfluous for all others. Our advice to all who wish to understand these games is, to go and see them played, and after that to learn them on the field. They will thus not only be enabled to understand the accounts in the newspapers, but will likewise develop their muscles and improve their stamina.

For the benefit of those, however, who are intrigued by the accounts which are appearing in the papers of the cricket games which are being played by our English visitors, we may, in a few words, give some rough notion of the game.

Cricket, or double wickets (the only kind of cricket played here), is played by eleven players on each side. The ground chosen should be a smooth plain. In this, at a distance of 22 yards from each other, two sets of wickets (consisting of three stumps of wood 28 inches long and surmounted by one or two cross pieces called bails) are planted, one inch in the ground. In front of each of these wickets stands a batsman or striker. Opposite to the striker, rather behind the opposite wicket, stands the bowler. At the signal "play" the bowler throws the ball to the striker, aiming it at the wickets; the striker protects his wickets by striking the ball with his bat. When he strikes the ball he may run from wicket to wicket, the opposite striker running also at the same time. The striker is out, 1*st*, when the ball bowled to him strikes his wickets and knocks down a stump or the bails; 2*d*, when, while he is absent from his post on a run or otherwise, one of the opposite party succeeds in throwing the ball against his wicket; 3*d*, when the ball, having been struck by his bat, is caught by one of his opponents; 4*th*, when he knocks down his wickets with his clothes or his bat; 5*th*, when his body is placed before his wickets, etc., etc. When any of these casualties occurs, he is "out," and another of his eleven takes his place; the innings ends when the whole eleven are out. Only two of the party having the innings can play at once; the other nine wait their turn.

The "outs" are all actively employed. One of them is "bowler," and throws the ball to the striker. Another is "wicket keeper;" he stands behind the wickets to stop balls which pass them without being struck; and behind him stands "long stop," whose duty it is to stop balls which have escaped both striker and "wicket keeper." In a line with the striker, on his left, stands "leg," who "backs up" balls which come in his direction; and on the opposite side are stationed "short slip," "long slip," "point," and "cover," whose duties are to catch the ball if it comes their way, or at all events to stop it as soon as they can, and to throw it toward the wickets. Around and behind the bowler, on either side, are "middle wicket," "long field on-side," "long field off-side," who are charged with the duty of looking after balls which have been hit hard and are traveling over the field in their direction.

Almost all games at cricket are played in two innings—though at Hoboken last week this was not necessary. The winning side is the one which counts most runs. A striker may run when he has hit the ball, or when the bowler has bowled it out of reach. He may run as often as he can, subject only to the penalty of being put out if his opponents can knock down his wickets while he is away from his post.

We wish that this were more intelligible than it must prove to such of our readers as are not familiar with cricket; but we can only repeat our advice—go and see the game for yourselves.

Base-ball differs from cricket, especially, in there being no wickets. The bat is held high in the air. When the ball has been struck the "outs" try to catch it, in which case the striker is "out;" or, if they can not do this, to strike the striker with it when he is running, which likewise puts him out. Instead of wickets, there are at this game four or five marks called bases, one of which, being the one at which the striker stands, is called "home." As at cricket, the point of the game is to make the most runs between these bases; the party which counts the most runs wins the day. For the particular rules of the game we must refer to the treatises on the subject.

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AT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN