

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, made in heretofore...

SALE BY ORDER OF THE SURROGATE.—The County of New York, in the Matter of the Estate of EDWARD A. CONKLIN, deceased...

SUPREME COURT.—ADDITION G. RICE vs. HIRSH HOWE.—Summons for Money—To Defendant—You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint...

SUPREME COURT.—ALVAH BUCKINGHAM vs. BENJAMIN H. BICKINGHAM and THE GINANNATI AND CHICAGO RAILROAD COMPANY.—Summons for Money Demanded on Contract...

SUPREME COURT.—COUNTY OF KINGS.—ELIZABETH SOMMERS, wife of Charles G. Sommers, against ROBERT T. HIGGINS and Catherine his wife...

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and the curious colored and worked cloth which one sees in all the cottages, were brought out...

Next morning, coffee and flat-bread (dry rye-cakes) and goat-cheese were brought out...

A nice little Norwegian pony had been already engaged for my wife, and myself being on foot, with a guide, we started...

The mill rose abruptly to a great height on every side of us, and the only escape seemed the chasm through which the torrent broke...

As the path led up the steep hill in front, the girls were tightened, the guide took the bridle, and we set ourselves to the steepest climb I ever saw a horse make...

On visiting a celebrated castle, Mr. Bruce not only gives us a lively description of its interior, but favors us with some edifying hints on the means of social enjoyment in general...

Castle S. is famous through Sweden, and I only need to refer to the Count, and I thought my friend would not be on such terms with him as to introduce me familiarly...

He considers his experiment in "high farming" thoroughly successful. The peasants laughed at it at first, but they are glad now to imitate it where they can...

Norway has been such a favorite resort for intelligent English travelers for a few years past, that Mr. Bruce has not been able to glean so much from their rich harvests...

Under the familiar pea-green covers, *Palms* shines forth resplendent in the bravery of profuse pictorial illustration, and a large increase in the amount of its literary matter...

I found a fair representation of American literature among others, *Hilthens History*. I made out, at the Count's request, a brief list of the new additions to his shelves...

I was shown to one of the state bedrooms to dress. Each room is almost palatial. The dinner was more like our city dinners of style than any I have yet seen...

The gentleman whom I was visiting, kindly offered me the use of his pleasant traveling carriage, to go some five miles distant, where we could see something of the home manufacturing of Sweden...

We started out on a fresh August morning, over a rocky country, with occasional pine or beech woods, and cleared fields, where some wheat or potatoes were raised...

At length we came to one of the best-looking farming establishments on the road, with the side to the highway open. Everything was extremely clean and comfortable in appearance...

My friend introduced me as an American, and said that he desired to see something of his manufacturing. He replied very cordially, and asked me to dine with him...

He said he supplied the spinners in the families with the cotton, and the weavers with the yarn, which they made up for him, getting a good price for it...

The cotton he imported amounted to nearly 2,000 bales a year; the wages paid out by him were some \$500 a month...

We went out to look at his stock. The "shop" was one of the dwellings of the square, and here the country people came to purchase of him...

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and nearly all stamped with the brand. A few he had seen which were not stamped with the brand...

After spending some time here, we went, at my request, to the farm buildings. The barns have the Norwegian improvement of an entry on the second story, but are like the old-fashioned barns with a stable...

The stables were very neatly kept. He had eight or ten horses, and a few cows, all well taken care of, and said, at from \$75 to \$250. The grain in his granaries was mostly rye and barley...

At about 9 we were called in to supper. At first, we all sat standing, *småbordet* or a little bread and cheese and *nykaka*—the others taking a small glass of rum-whisky along with them...

The first course was perch, handed by a neatly-dressed maid to each; then pieces of stewed hare, served in the same way. No tea was on the table, but beer and port and sherry...

Coffee was brought to the adjoining room at a comfortable late hour the next morning. This was at ten o'clock, and we concluded we were going to have some very handsome pieces of furniture...

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Such wretches as grow stout upon us will never give up without a final struggle; the vulture never leaves the carcass without a club. We earnestly recommend a Vigilance Committee; it ought long since to have been in full action...

Some changes in periodical literature have lately been made, and others are announced, which appear worthy of notice. In London, which was once celebrated for its Magazines, that entertaining description of literature is almost in abeyance...

The tables were built on the latest approved plan, with drains for urine, stone troughs for water, and apertures from the hay-loft above, and a little convenience of his own, to open the cattle from the food...

The stables were very neatly kept. He had eight or ten horses, and a few cows, all well taken care of, and said, at from \$75 to \$250. The grain in his granaries was mostly rye and barley...

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produce a new work of fiction, to be translated into English under his own name, called "To Be or Not to Be." There is some rumor of a visit from Andersen to the United States in the course of the present year. He has a multitude of admirers here who would cordially welcome him...

The two concluding numbers of "Little Dorrit" appeared in London on the first of June. It is said that there are already 4,000 copies of the book, as a volume, ordered by the trade. This is likely enough, as many persons have a dislike to read a story by instalments, during nineteen months...

The *London Athenaeum* has been giving some severe and apparently well-merited hits to Sir Archibald Alison, who, in the sixth volume of his new History of Europe, has freely "conveyed" whole passages about events in India from Mr. Kaye's work; and, not content with freely using his facts, has even appropriated, in a wholesale manner, Mr. Kaye's very words, with scarcely an alteration. The *Athenaeum* prints the parallel passages side by side, and establishes the charge...

A new novel, which the critics have very warmly praised, has recently been published, anonymously, but it appears that the author is Sir Arthur H. Elton. It is called "Below the Surface: A Story of English Country Life." A volume of "Gossip" from Household Words is announced. Henry Morley is the author...

Mrs. Roy, the novelist (daughter-in-law and biographer of Thomas Stothard, the painter), is writing "Handel: his Life, Personal and Professional; with Thoughts on Sacred Music." In Macaulay's History of England some use was made of what he designates the Diary of Narcissus Luttrell, in manuscript in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, which he had been allowed to quote from. This has just been published in London in six octavo volumes as "A Book of Historical Relation of State Affairs from September, 1678, to April, 1714." It includes part of the reign of Charles II., the events of the Revolution, and the whole reigns of William and Mary, and Anne...

The death of Mr. Coulton, editor of *The Press*, a weekly London journal, is reported. He was formerly editor of *The Briton*. The articles in *The Press* during the late war somewhat in favor of Russia, were Coulton's. He wrote an able article in *The Quarterly*, to show that "Junius" was the wicked Lord Lyttelton, and has left a manuscript work on "Junius," and also a novel.

Gerald Massey, the poet, has issued a circular, in which he expresses his desire to lecture, before literary societies, on "Pre-Raphaelism in Poetry and Painting," "The Spasmodic School and its Critics," "The Woman's Cause," "The Princess" and "Aurora Leigh," and "Leaves from the Life of the Poor." No doubt Mr. Massey will be a popular and able lecturer.

Two English lecturers are about visiting the United States, professionally—"at renovare dollarum." To renew the dollars (and dinner), as Ennas said when Dido asked him to relate his adventures. One of these is Irish by birth, being William Howard Russell, Doctor of Laws, by special grant from the University of Dublin, (he actually was educated at what the natives call "Trinity College"), and known, far and near, as "Our Own Correspondent" of *The London Times*, during the war in the Crimea. The other is Samuel Carter Hall, editor of *The Art Journal*, the crack picture-magazine of London, and better known as husband of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the most natural, most touching, and most amusing of all Irish female writers. Were it not for a habit Mrs. P. has of almost invariably and inevitably winding up her Irish sketches with the moral ostentatiously paraded in italics, she would be a non-such of a story teller.

Dr. Russell, who has certainly written very spirited accounts of what was done during the War in the Crimea, has lately commenced lecturing thereon in London, and being taken in hand by Mr. Beale, (who brought Julian and Company to America, and is constantly conducting operatic and concert singers over all parts of Queen Victoria's United Kingdom), is to have \$50,000 for lecturing, where and when Mr. Beale wishes, for the space of twelve calendar months. This engagement commenced last month before a London audience, and, though the admission is very high—about three dollars for a single ticket to a single lecture—the course consisting of three—our only to see "Our Own Correspondent" and hear him tell his own story, filled the house; and this, too, though Dr. Russell, not at all used to public speaking, was the reverse of fluent, and even (if such a charge can be brought against an Irishman) not a little shy. The various newspaper accounts do all but intimate that Russell had told in his book a great deal more than he puts into his lectures, and told it better, too. The book can be bought for one dollar, and the lectures heard for nine; but then there is the pleasure of seeing the man who was all through the war as a literary amateur, and used to write for his newspaper, with cannon balls flying about him, as coolly as if he were merely extending his notes in a coffee-house in London. Russell cannot cross the Atlantic until next year—say September, 1888—but will certainly come over then, if there be any fair chance of success. The good fortune of Mr. Thackeray as a lecturer in the United States has made several of the English literati very anxious to try their fortune here. They do not remember that in this letter they are five hundred blanks to one prize, which Thackeray won.

Mr. Hall is supposed to be the actual, veritable Pecksniff of "Martin Chuzzlewit." For a time, and by a few, it was supposed that the late Sir Robert Peel was the original of that character. But the impression faded off, and Mr. Samuel Carter Hall is universally confessed to be the man. The artist "Phiz" has even hit off, in his Pecksniff, a strong personal resemblance to Mr. Hall—an unmistakable resemblance, indeed. So did Dickens point him out, showing him, in his family, surrounded by portraits and busts of himself. After all, though somewhat pretentious, and aiming at passing off as a great moral philosopher, Mr. Hall has numerous good points. He writes fluently and clearly, has considerable knowledge of modern art and artists, and is a fair critic. Part of the time that Norman Campbell edited *The New Monthly Magazine*, Mr. Hall was the sub-editor, and succeeded as chief, when the post ceased. He edited "The Amulet," a religious annual, for three years, and has also edited several other picture-books, such as "The Book of Gems," "The Baronial Halls of England," and "The Book of British Ballads." In conjunction with his wife, he produced three octavo picture-books on Ireland. Eighteen years ago, he started *The Art Journal*, now more appropriately called *The Art Journal*, a periodical in which the writing is nothing, and the engravings a great deal. The "Vernon Gallery," beautifully reproduced in this periodical, raised it to a vast circulation, and this is still kept up by the series of engravings now being issued, from Queen Victoria's pictures. Some years ago, when "barriers of four years' standing" were held eligible for various appointments in Great Britain and Ireland, the labor being small and the pay good, Mr. Hall got called to the English bar, which fact he puts before the world on all his title-pages. He has never been appointed to any berth. He was not even made a Crystal Palace Commissioner, though it certainly was he, in the "Art Union," and not Prince Albert, who originally suggested the Gallery of the World's Fair. Mr. Hall, we believe, never had practice, even in a single case, after dinner speeches, but has never lectured. What he can have to tell in a lecture, save that his *Art Journal* ought to be supported, (which it is, and particularly well in the United States), is a puzzle. But as he is reported to be expected over in the Fall, being engaged by an "Institution" in New-York, the public will soon have an opportunity of knowing, if the bills be headed "The Original Pecksniff," curiosity will fill the house on the first night.

Subscribers to *The Tribune* wishing their Post-Office address changed, should give their present Post-Office address, and specify which edition, whether Daily, Semi-Weekly, or Weekly; and club subscribers should give date of subscription. This would frequently prevent delay.

New-York Daily Tribune

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NORSE FOLK. A VISIT TO THE HOMES OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN. By CHARLES LORING BRUCE, LL.D., pp. 216. Charles Scribner.

Among the celebrated American travelers who have enriched the literature of their country with the intellectual spoils of foreign lands, Mr. Bruce is distinguished for his keen observation of domestic life, his apt delineations of character, and his love for illustrating the moral and religious condition of the people. His ready sympathy with all varieties of manners and cultivation gives him free access to every description of society, and he never fails to profit by the revelations of which he is thus made cognizant. In this new volume he well maintains his old reputation. It is always lively, genial, entertaining, and full of information, though many portions appear to have been struck off at a heat, and put in print without having been subjected to a fastidious revision. This careless, off-hand character will probably not interfere with the immediate success of his work, though it may diminish its value as a source for future permanent reference.

The volume opens somewhat abruptly with a description of a national holiday at Christiania, where the twenty-first of June is celebrated with popular amusements and gaiety, as the culminating point of summer. We soon after are introduced to a Norwegian dinner-party, and with the aid of our communicative cicerone are at once made quite at home on the occasion. A taste of it must be given to our readers:

A genial friend gave us, with some other strangers, a most agreeable dinner-party to-day. Some eighteen or twenty gentlemen and ladies were present, and the table was truly splendid. The language spoken was mostly English (I have but one acquaintance in Christiania who does not speak English), and the conversation was of a high order. Several students were present who had just returned from the great Excursion, one or two Norwegian gentlemen of distinction, a rough, blunt English naturalist, a distinguished Swedish Professor, an English salmon-fisher, and several ladies.

For half an hour, and in a most interesting course, rose first to eat, and in a neat little English speech proposed the health of the "American guest," and depicted the unnatural and horrible contest into which the two countries of England and America seemed about to enter. The company drank and bowed to each other, and I replied, "After the success of to-morrow kept up in a much more formal manner than would be customary with us on the Continent. The English and Norwegian habits in this seem to express a more dignified hospitality than ours.

The dishes were peculiar. The second course after soup was ham and peas, passed about, and tongue with *krout*, the third, potatoes boiled, the fourth, asparagus; the fifth, salmon; sixth, chickens and mutton cut up and handed to each by the servants; then custards, fruit and cakes, with claret, hock, champagne, sherry, port, &c.

After a little, my neighbor whispered that he never filled his glass, and so escaped too much wine. The old custom was for each to empty his glass, which is fast going into disuse. The Norwegian cookery seems excellent, with much use of cream in the dishes. After a little, the talk turned to the subject of slavery, and we had strong arguments, especially in favor of the latter, and were a good deal confused. There was no sitting-room, but we were lighted to a little separate log-chamber, where was an attic-room, reserved for the fugitives, etc., of the family. This produced a rather odd contrast with the subject of slavery, and we had made up our minds to "rough it," for the sake of the trip, but there was no gr