NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE ON THE GREAT PLAINS.

THIRTY YEARS OF ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER. COMPRISING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE INDIAN NOMADS OF THE PLAINS; EXPLORATIONS OF NEW TERRITORY; A TRIP ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN THE WINTER; DESCRIPTIONS OF THE HABITS OF DIFFERENT ANIMALS FOUND IN THE WEST AND THE METHOD OF CATCHING THEM, WITH INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF DIFFERENT FRONTIER MEN, &c., &c. By Col. R. B. MARCY, U. S. A., Author of "The Prairie Traveler," &c., &c. 12mo., pp. 423. Harper & Brothers.

The greater part of Col. Marcy's active life has been spent on the frontiers and prairies, and among the far Western mountains. He has associated with hunters, trappers and pioneers, and has met on friendly or hostile terms nearly all the aboriginal tribes of the great plains. He describes these Indians with a strict regard for truth rather than an eye to the picturesque, his aim being, to quote his own words, to preserve from threatened oblivion the records of a fast vanishing people and the characteristics of men whose memory bids fair to be soon left to the mercy of the novelist. He has photographed with unrelenting fidelity the savages and all that relates to their habits and modes of warfare; the half-civilized hunters and mixed breeds of the prairies, and the famous Western pioneers and guides, such as Bridger, Goodale and Baker, whose names are familiar to all travelers who have journeyed over the great overland route. His narrative is simple and unaffected in style, but full of interest and vivacity, and it will not only prove a pleasant Summer companion, but will retain a permanent place in our libraries as a valuable contribution to history.

Colonel Marcy gives the following account of the aptness of the Indians in "tracking":

Almost all the Indians whom I have met with are proficient in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be innate with them. Exigencies of woodland and prairie life stimulate the savage from childhood to develop faculties so important in the arts of war and of the chase.

I have seen very few white men who were good trailers, and practice did not seem very materially to improve their faculties in this regard; they have not the same acute perceptions for these things as the Indian or the Mexican. It is not apprehended that this difficult branch of woodcraft can be taught from books, as it pertains almost exclusively to the school of practice, yet I will give some facts relating to the habits of the Indians that will facilitate its acquirement.

A party of Indians, for example, starting out upon a war excursion, leave their families behind, and never transport their lodges; whereas, when they move with their families, they carry their lodges and other effects. If, therefore, an Indian trail is discovered with the marks of the lodge-poles upon it, it has certainly not been made by a war-party; but if the rack do not show the trace of lodge-poles, it will be equally certain that a war or hunting party has passed that way, and if it is not desired to come in conflict with them, their direction may be avoided. Mustangs or wild horses, when moving from place to place, leave a trail which is sometimes difficult to distinguish from that made by a mounted party of Indians, especially if the mustangs do not stop to graze. This may be determined by following upon the trail until some dung is found, and, if this should lie in a single pile, it is a surendication that a herd of mustangs has passed, as they always stop to relieve themselves, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the ordure would be scattered along the trail. If the trail pass through woodland, the mustang will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian, on coming to a trail will generally tells at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated.

I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians traveling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried, on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

At another time, as I was traveling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear-track, with a distinctly-marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked with a smile, "Oh no, captain, maybe so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that when the wind was blowing, the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.

Fresh tracks generally show moisture where the earth has been turned up, but after a short exposure to the sun they become dry. If the tracks be very recent, the sand may sometimes, where it is very loose and dry, be seen running back into the tracks, and, by following them to a place where they cross water, the earth will be wet for some distance after they leave it. The droppings of the dung from animals are also good indications of the age of a trail. It is well to remember whether there have been any rains within a few days, as the age of a trail may sometimes be conjectured in this way. It is very easy to tell whether tracks have been made before or after a rain, as the water washes off all the sharp edges.

It is not a difficult matter to distinguish the tracks of American horses from those of Indian horses, as the latter are never shod; moreover, they are much smaller.

In trailing horses, there will be no trouble while the ground is soft, as the impressions they leave will then be deep and distinct; but when they pass over hard or rocky ground, it is sometimes a very slow or troublesome process to follow them. Where there is grass, the trace can be seen for a considerable time, as the grass will be trodden down and bent in the direction the party has moved; should the grass have returned to its upright position, the trail can often be distinguished by standing upon it and looking ahead for some distance in the direction it has been pursuing; the grass that has been turned over will show a different shade of green from that around it and this often marks a trail for a long time.

Should all traces of the track be obliterated in certain localities, it is customary with the Indians to follow on in the direction it has been pursuing for a time, and it is quite probable that in some place where the ground is more favorable it will show itself again. Should the trail not be recovered in this way, they search for a place where the earth is soft, and make a careful examination, embracing the entire area where it is likely to run.

Indians who find themselves pursued and wish to escape, scatter as much as possible, with an understanding that they are to meet again at some point in advance, so that, if the pursuing party follows any one of the tracks, it will invariably lead to the place of rendezvous. If, for example, the trail points in the direction of a mountain pass, or toward any other place which affords the only passage through a particular section of country, it would not be worth while to spend much time in hunting it, as it would probably be regained at the pass.

In traversing a district of unknown country where there are no prominent landmarks, and with a view of returning to the point of departure, a pocket compass should always be carried, and attached by a string to a button-hole of the coat, to prevent its being lost or accidentally mislaid on starting out, as well as frequently during the trip, take the bearing and examine the appearance of the country when facing toward the starting point, as a landscape presents a very different aspect when viewed from opposite directions. There are few white men who can retrace their steps for any great distance unless they take the above precautions in passing over an unknown country for the first time; but with the Indians it is different; the sense of locality seems to be innate with them, and they do not require the aid of the magnetic needle to guide them.

Upon a certain occasion, when I had made a long march over an unexplored section, and was returning over an entirely different route without either road or trail, a Delaware, by the name of "Black Beaver," who was in my party, on arriving at a particular point suddenly halted, and, turning to me, asked if I recognized the country before us. Seeing no familiar objects, I replied in the negative. He put the same question to the other white men of the party, all of whom gave the same answers, whereupon he smiled, and in his quaint vernacular said, "Injun he don't know nothing. Injun big fool. White man mighty smart; he know heap." At the same time he pointed to a tree about 200 yards from where we were then standing, and informed us that our outward trail ran directly by the side of it, which proved to be true.

Another time, as I was returning from the Comanche country over a route many miles distant from the one I had traveled in going out, one of my Delaware hunters, who had never visited the section before, on arriving upon the crest of an eminence in the prairie, pointed out to me a clump of trees in the distance, remarking that our outward track would be found there. I was not, however, disposed to credit his statement until we reached the locality, and found the road passing the identical spot he had indicated.

This same Indian would start from any place to which he had gone by a sinuous route, through an unknown country, and keep a direct bearing back to the place of departure; and he assured me that he has never, even during the most cloudy or foggy weather, or in the darkest nights, lost the points of compass. There are very few white men who are endowed with these wonderful faculties, and those few are only rendered proficient by matured experience.

I have known several men, after they had become lost in the prairies, to wander about for days without exercising the least judgment, and finally exhibit a state of mental aberration almost upon the verge of lunacy. Instead of reasoning upon their situation, they exhaust themselves running ahead at their utmost speed without any regard to direction. When a person is satisfied that he has lost his way, he should stop and reflect upon the course he has been traveling, the time that has elapsed since he left his camp, and the probable distance that he is from it; and if he is unable to retrace his steps, he should keep as nearly in the direction of them as possible; and if he has a compass, this will be an easy matter; but, above all, he should guard against following his own track around in a circle with the idea that he is in a beaten trace.

When he is traveling with a train of wagons which leaves a plain trail, he can make the distance he has traveled from camp the radius of a circle in which to ride around, and before the circle is described he will strike the trail. If the person has no compass, it is always well to make an observation, and remember the direction of the wind at the time of departure from camp; and as this would not generally change during the day, it would afford a means of keeping the points of the compass.

In the night Ursa Major (the Great Bear) is not only useful to find the north star, but its position, when the pointers will be vertical in the heavens, may be estimated with sufficient accuracy to determine the north even when the north star cannot be seen. In tropical latitudes, the zodiacal constellations, such as Orion and Antares, give the east and west bearing, and the Southern Cross the north and south, when Polaris and the Great Bear cannot be seen.

It is said that the moss upon the firs and other trees in Europe gives a certain indication of the points of compass in a forest country, the greatest amount accumulating upon the north side of the trees. But I have often observed the trees in our own forests, and have not been able to form any positive conclusions in this way.

He has a chapter about his old friend Captain Martin Scott, the hero of the well-known coon story, from which we quote a few paragraphs:

Like other boys, young Scott was very fond of visiting places of amusement, such as horse-races, trainings, town meetings, etc., and, as he was a good rider, he was sometimes selected to ride races by the sporting fraternity of that section.

In those days (before the time of horse-fairs) horse-racing was looked upon by the New-Englanders as a most immoral and pernicious practice, and young Scott was never allowed to make his appearance at such places with his father's consent.

Upon one occasion, an unknown horse was brought Bennington by some sportsmen, who offered large wagers upon his running against any other horse that could be produced. Now a certain Deacon R——, of that place, was the owner of several fine horses, and among them was one that was considered very fleet, but those disposed to contest the wager so confidentially offered on the strange horse were perfectly well aware that a Presbyterian deacon could not openly sanction and give countenance to such diabolical immorality, yet those who knew him well verily believed if there was any one trait in the deacon's character that was not in strict accordance with the requirements of the church and with the sanctity of his ecclesiastical functions, it was the weakness he manifested for owning the fleetest horse in the country.

The men proposing to take up the gauntlet so defiantly thrown out by the backers of the new horse entered the deacon's favorite horse for the race, but with the express stipulation that the race should come off in the night-time, and should be kept a profound secret except to those directly interested. The terms having been satisfactorily arranged, Martin Scott was selected as the jockey for the deacon's horse; and on the night designated for the contest, he stole very quietly into the stable, and muffling the horse's feet, led him out and took him to the race track. The judges were then posted, the riders mounted, and the horses were off. It was a single straight dash of a mile, and both horses were put to their speed, and kept constantly down to their work from the word "go." But, as they approached the "coming-out" place, the strange horse began to gain a little upon his antagonist, and at this moment of interest and excitement to all parties concerned, it looked as if the deacon's horse was to be beaten, when suddenly from behind a board fence near the track jumped up Deacon R—— himself, who, in a very loud and excited manner screamed out, "Put the whip to him, Martin! put the whip to him, I tell you!" Martin was perfectly astounded and almost paralyzed at this unexpected apparition, but, with nervous desperation, he made several vigorous and well-timed applications of his whip, which caused the horse to redouble his efforts and win the race by half a length, at which the deacon, in the excitement of the moment, took off his hat and gave a lusty cheer; but, instantly afterward recollecting himself, and considering the ludicrous *rôle* he had been enacting in this somewhat farcical performance, he assumed an indignant air, and approaching Martin, who was holding the horse in great trepidation, said, "Martin Scott, you young reprobate, you have stolen my horse, sir, and, unless you instantly lead him back to the stable, and give him a good rubbing down, I'll report you to your father, sir!"

When young Scott arrived at the age of sixteen he fell in love with a young lady in a neighboring village, and received her permission to pay his addresses; but his father's opinions upon the subject, being somewhat austere and dictatorial, did not accord with his own, and compelled him to conduct his courtship in a clandestine manner. He was in the habit of waiting until his father went to bed, when he would take a horse from the stable, pay a visit to his lady-love, and return home before daylight. After one of these weekly visits, he had just put his horse into the stable, and had made some little noise in doing so, which awakened his father, who ran out toward the stable, thinking that some person was attempting to steal his horse. Martin saw him approaching, and, unable to elude his observation, ran into a corn house near by and ascended a ladder into a loft, with the old man close upon his heels.

It was dark at this time, and he hid himself in one corner of the loft; but his father groped around until he was satisfied that the next instant he would be in his grasp, and he saw but one method of escaping detection, which he instantly resorted to. He leaped upon the poor old man, and gave him a blow which knocked him down, and thus secured an opportunity to make his escape to the house.

The old man soon recovered himself, however, and called out, "Martin! Martin! come here quick; there are robbers about, and one of them has knocked me down." Martin turned, and running back to the corn-house, aided his father for a considerable time in searching for the supposed robber.

During the Winter of 1845-6, while Gen. Taylor's army occupied Corpus Christi, Col. Garland, Capts. Scott, McCall, and myself, went about a hundred miles up the Nueces upon a hunting expedition. Our hunt, after we reached the ground, lasted four days, and the result was we bagged twenty-seven deer, seventy-three wild turkeys, four tiger cats, beside quite a number of geese and ducks, and of these Capt. McCall and myself killed the greater part. Capt. Scott only killed one deer and a few turkeys.

I soon perceived that he considered his reputation as somewhat damaged by these disparaging results, and, as we were returning to Corpus Christi, he remarked to me that it might be just as well not to mention to the officers at camp which one of us bagged the greatest amount of game, as this would not probably please the other two gentlemen. I replied that it would be exceedingly unbecoming in me to boast of my own exploits, therefore I should, of course, say nothing upon the subject.

On our arrival at the encampment with the extraordinary quantity of game, the officers collected around us, and manifested a great desire to ascertain which of the three had excelled in the hunt. Captain Scott was evasive in his answer, stating that we had not been particular about keeping accurate count, but that there was not probably much difference. The question was then put to Capt. Scott, who, after my generous reply, thought he must say something magnanimous in return, and he answered that he was not altogether certain as to which had bagged the most game, but of one thing he was quite sure, and that was that he had seen a great many deer hunters in his day, but that he had never met with one who could *crawl*, and *stalk*, and *spitch* up to a deer like Marcy. I appreciated the motive which dictated the remark fully, but, at the same time, I regarded the intended compliment as somewhat equivocal in its import.

The Captain was not upon all other occasions as magnanimous as he might have been toward those who attempted to come in competition with him as marksmen or hunters. While at Green Bay in 1835, I had procured a rifled pistol, which description of arm had only been in use a short time then, and Capt. Scott, having never before seen one, was incredulous in regard to my assertions as to its performances. The barrel of this pistol was about twelve inches in length, and would throw a ball fifty yards with as much accuracy as a rifle. Scott did not believe it, however, and often bantered me to give a specimen of its powers; but, not feeling disposed to subject myself to the ridicule of this celebrated sportsman by incurring the risk of making a possible failure in the presence of spectators, I declined, until one day he proposed that we should go out alone and try it, to which proposition I assented. In order fully to appreciate the sequel of our target excursion, it must be remembered that the Captain was exceedingly economical, and estimated a dollar at its full value. He had that morning treated himself to a new high priced pocket knife, with which he cut out a piece of paper about four inches square, and fastened it to a board by sticking his knife directly through the center of it. I made a shot standing about fifty yards distant, and struck the lower part of the paper. He expressed some astonishment at the precision of the shot, but gave it as his opinion that it was accidental, and doubted if it could be done again. I assured him that it was by no means the result of chance, and that, in all probability, I should make a better shot the next time; indeed, I added that he must not be surprised if I struck his new pen-knife (only the end of the handle was exposed.) He replied, "Never mind the knife, don't let that give you the slightest uneasiness, Sir; go ahead and make your shot; I'll be responsible for the knife." Whereupon I raised the pistol and fired again, and at the same instant the paper fell to the ground. Upon examination, we discovered that the ball had hit the knife in the end of the handle, and split it into at least a dozen pieces. Scott made no comments, but, looking daggers at me, abruptly turned and walked off to his quarters, and it was some days before he received me into favor again.

With the exception of the money he expended in horses, dogs, and guns, which were always of the very best description, Captain Scott, as I remarked before, was very economical in his own personal expenses; he, however, did a great deal toward supporting several members of his family who were not very well to do in the world, and contributed liberally toward this worthy object during his whole life. Upon one occasion, after he had been absent in the Far West for quite a number of years, and had accumulated a considerable sum of money, he obtained a furlough for the purpose of revisiting his friends in Bennington. He had left there a poor farmer's boy, and he resolved to make a respectable appearance on his return. He owned two of the finest horses that I have ever seen, and a negro boy for whom he paid five dollars a pound, and whom he subsequently set free.

Captain Scott was seated in a beautiful new gig, drawn by his magnificent white horse, followed by *Jack* dressed in livery as an outrider, and mounted upon his thorough-bred horse Dandy, and the rear of the cortège was brought up by some twenty full-blooded dogs of various breeds and descriptions. In this order he drove through the quiet streets of Bennington and halted at the village inn, where a great crowd of inquisitive citizens were soon assembled, all manifesting the keenest anxiety to learn the name of this distinguished stranger. No one, however, recognized him as he entered the house and took his seat by the window. He did not remain long before he saw his brother passing with a yoke of oxen, whereupon he went out and accosted him, saying, "You have a very fine pair of oxen there, sir; do they belong to you?" His brother, not recognizing him, answered that they were very good cattle, but belonged to one of his neighbors, and that he was not able to purchase them.

The captain then inquired what they could be had for, and when his brother mentioned the sum, he took out his purse, handed him the amount, telling him that he liked his appearance so much that he would make him a present of the oxen. This most extraordinary liberality astonished his brother, who could hardly believe it possible that a man should show such munificence to a stranger. He, however, took the money, and expressed his profound gratitude to his benefactor.

The captain then asked him where he lived, and remarked that he would, if he had no objections, like to make him a call, to which his brother replied that he rented a small farm near by, and that it was only by the most rigid economy and industry that he could manage to support his family and pay his rents, but that, of course, he would be glad to receive a visit from one who had shown such generosity to him. He then inquired of his brother what price the owner put upon the farm, adding that he believed he should like to present him with that also. His brother now looked attentively at him, and for the first time recognized him. They went home together, both exceedingly happy.

Col. Marcy's volume is very handsomely printed, and illustrated with a number of wood-cuts.

CROQUET.

CROQUET. AS PLAYED BY THE NEWPORT CROQUET CLUB. By one of the Members. 12mo. pp. 92. Sheldon & Co.

"Why should not croquet, as well as chess, have its literature?" asks, in his preface, the author of this little pamphlet. Truly we see no reason why it should not. It is a pleasant and respectable game, not without its intricate problems and disputed theories, and quite as capable of being governed by scientific laws as many popular amusements of far greater pretensions. It affords, perhaps, fewer opportunities than billiards for delicate manipulation and manual dexterity; less exercise than whist for the memory and the calculus of probabilities; and slighter play than chess for abstract reasoning power and brilliancy of imagination; but it combines in some degree the merits of all these games, and excels them all in demanding for its practice two things which, as our author wisely remarks, are of all others most effective in promoting happiness—fresh air and friendship. No amusement in which politeness and forbearance are made to attend the exercise of skill of hand and astuteness of brain, and in which young women can learn to enjoy the society of the opposite sex without the bad atmosphere and debilitating exercise of the ball room, and young men can be taught that shouting and hot blood, with an occasional quarrel or something worse, are not part and parcel of all out-of-door sports—no such amusement, we say, can be altogether destitute of claims upon the attention of the most serious of critics.

The code of rules drawn up in the little book now before us has the advantage of greater completeness over most of the others that we have seen, and the reputation of the Newport Club, whose regulations it embodies, will give it no mean authority in disputed cases. The author protests most earnestly against the damnable heresy enunciated, alas! in many hand books of the game, of allowing the "roquet-croquet" to every player, instead of restricting it to "rovers"—a liberty, according to his idea, "totally at variance with the fundamental principles of the game," whatever those may be. A rover, for example, having roqueted a ball (that is, struck it with his own ball), may place his ball alongside of the one he has struck and giving a blow to the former with his mallet, may drive them both in any required direction. A player who is not a rover is obliged to place his foot on his own ball, so that it may remain at rest when he strikes, and only the roqueted ball may be driven off. There is an exception, however, to this rule in the following wise: a player not a rover may roquet-croquet a ball on condition that he does not continue his tour, the theory being that the roquet-croquet in this case is merely a common blow, the roqueted ball being moved by concussion. This distinction, we believe, is very often disregarded. Attentive students of the Newport member's 52 regulations will find many other points in which, we doubt not, they have frequently departed from the orthodox path; but we regret to say that they are likely to find some canons which will severely tax their powers of comprehension, and one or two in which the writer seems inconsistent with his own principles. The indexible strictness of his rules is not often imitated in the playing of ladies and gentlemen, nor is it perhaps to be wished that it should be; but it is well to have an authority at hand when differences do arise, and the Newport Club is probably as good a standard as one need desire.

THE MUTE SINGER. A NOVEL. By ANNA CORA RITCHIE (Mowatt), author of "Fairy Fingers," "Pen Portraits," "The Autobiography of an Actress," "Mimic Life," "Twin Roses," "Artisand," "Fashion," etc., etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 360. Carleton.

This is a simple and touching story, extremely well told. It relates the history of a beautiful French girl who, by her wonderful vocal accomplishments, rescued her parents from poverty, but in the midst of her artistic triumphs is struck by a disease which deprives her forever of the power to speak, though it leaves her *singing* voice unimpaired. The incident which leads to the singular discovery that she can still sing though she cannot speak, is highly dramatic, and would seem too improbable did not the author assure us that it is imitated from an actual occurrence. The character of Sylvie, the mute singer, is drawn with great delicacy, and Mrs. Ritchie has succeeded in the difficult task of making her heroine simple-hearted, poor, unhappy, virtuous, and very deeply in love with a marquis, without allowing her to be over sentimental. The rougher character of the old music master is equally well-drawn, and M. and Madame de la Roche, though less elaborate, are very happily sketched.

Books Received.

Miss Forrester. A Novel. By Mrs. Edwards. Author of "Archie Lovell," "The Ordeal for Wives," &c., &c. 8vo. pp. 159. The American News Company.

Designs for the Gateways of the Southern Entrances to the Central Park. By Richard M. Hunt, Member of the American Institute of Architects. With a Description of the Designs, and a Letter in relation to them, addressed to the Commissioners of the Park. 4to. pp. 36. D. Van Nostrand.

Leighton Court. a Country House Story. By Henry Kingsley, author of "The Hillyars and the Burtons," etc. 12mo. pp. 322. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz. New-York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Madame Fontenoy. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 16mo. pp. 266. The Same.

Faith Unwin's Ordeal. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Lost and Won," etc. 16mo. pp. 221. The Same.

Falkner Lyle, or the Story of Two Wives. By Mark Lemon, author of "Wait for the End," etc. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 320, 314. The Same.

The Language of Flowers. Edited by Miss Rhoese, with an introduction from Thomas Miller. Illustrated by colored plates and numerous woodcuts, after Gustave Doré, Daubigny, Tissot, and others. 12mo. pp. 216. Boston: De Vries, Ibarra & Co.

Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. Embracing Full Details and Incidents in his captivity. Particulars concerning his Health and Habits, together with many Interesting Details and Incidents in treat. By Brt. Lieut.-Col. John J. Craven, M. D., late Surgeon U. S. Vols., and Physician of the Prisoner during his Confinement in Fortress Monroe from May 25, 1865, up to December 25, 1865. 12mo. pp. 377. Carleton.

The Conciliator: being a serious inquiry into and a rational Elucidation of the Means of Salvation, showing the way to Reconcile Man to Man and all Men to God. By Rev. Hosea Ballou. 12mo. pp. 40. James Egbert, printer.

Success: A Poem. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M., read at the Second Musical and Literary Soiree of the Young Men's Christian Association, Washington, D. C., Dec. 21st, 1865. 16mo. pp. 34. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Self-Love or the Affections of Single Life. 12mo. pp. 243. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Journal of a London Playgoer from 1851 to 1866. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. 16mo. pp. 304. London and New-York: George Routledge & Sons.

Crumbs from the Round Table. A Feast for Epicures. By Joseph Barber. 12mo. pp. 146. Leypoldt & Holt.

A Few Historic Records of the Church in the Diocese of Texas during the Rebellion. Together with a Correspondence between the Right Rev. Alexander Gregg, D. D., and the Rev. Charles Gillette, Rector of St. David's, Austin. 8vo. pp. 131. Jesse A. Gray & Green, Printers.

A Guide to the Fortifications and Battlefields around Fredericksburg. With a splendid Map, from actual surveys made by the U. S. Engineer Department. 8vo. pp. 27. Fredericksburg: Daily Index Job Print.

Sermons Preached on Different Occasions during the last Twenty Years. By the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary. Reprinted from the second London Edition. Two vols. in one. 12mo. pp. 397. D. Appleton & Co.

New Publications.

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