NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES. FEBRUARY. MACMILLAN.

The late Sir George Rose is exhibited at full length in this number as the last of the great wits, of whom the British intellectual peerage has not recently presented a very brilliant record. No one among the survivors of that distinguished lawyer and scholar can compare with him, it is said, in readiness of wit or piquancy of repartee. His playful humor was a proverb among the members of his own profession, although his good things did not circulate largely in general society. Many of them had a too strong legal flavor to be understood by outsiders. The specimens given by *Macmillan* have nothing miraculous in their character, though doubtless they made an impression at the time of their delivery both by their remarkable promptness and their ingenious drollery. Some of them may be worth quoting, especially as the humorous department of the almanacs and religious newspapers seems to be running rather dry just at present. "When, some years ago, the practice of having daily prayers in our churches was still a novelty, Sir George's own clergyman called upon him and asked him his opinion as to its adoption. Sir George replied: 'I see no objection whatever; but I hope that in my own particular case—*service at the house will be deemed good service.*' Again, when a singularly matter-of-fact gentleman had related a story in which the listeners had failed after all their efforts to discover the faintest spark of humor, Sir George accounted for the circumstance at once. 'Don't you see?' he said; 'he has *tried a joke*, but *reserved the point!*' The late Sir John Rolt, meeting him one day in the later years of his life, remarked to him, 'I am very glad, Sir George, to see you looking so well. You do not look a day older than when you used to come among us.' Sir George pointed to his hair and said, 'This *D—d poll* may not disclose the fact; but (opening his mouth, and pointing to a certain gap in his front teeth) *this Indenture witnesseth.*' It may be added, for the instruction of the laity, that a *Deed poll* is a kind of deed properly distinguished from an indenture. It must have been on a similar occasion when, his doctor assuring him that he would live to be a hundred, he promptly replied, 'Then I suppose my coffin may be called a "cent'ry box."' When he was appointed one of the four judges of the (now extinct) Court of Review, he came to Lincoln's Inn with his colleagues, to be sworn in. Some friend congratulating him on his access of dignity, he observed, 'Yes! here we are, you see—*four by honors!*' In some case that was being heard before him in this court, it appeared that a picture of 'Elijah fed by the ravens' had been given as part of some security. He handed down a note to one of the counsel in the case: 'This is, so far as I am aware, the first instance on record of an *accommodation bill.*' A friend meeting him one day in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his left eye greatly swollen and inflamed, remonstrated with him, adding that he was surprised Lady Rose should have let him go out of doors in such a condition. 'Ah!' replied Sir George, 'I am out *jure mariti*' (my right eye). Dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the very diminutive church in Langdale, of which his Lordship was patron. 'It is not bigger,' said Lord Langdale, 'than this dining-room.' 'No,' returned Sir George, '*and the living not half so good.*' Being introduced one day to two charming young ladies, whose names were Mary and Louisa, he instantly added, with a bow, 'Ah, yes! *Marie-Louise*—the sweetest *pear* I know;' a compliment almost worthy of being coupled with that most beautiful one of Sydney Smith suggested by the sweet-pea. A young lady walking with him in the garden paused to examine a favorite flower, on which she had bestowed great pains. 'I am afraid, Mr. Smith,' she said, 'that this pea will never come to perfection.' 'Then allow me,' said he, taking her politely by the hand, 'to lead perfection to the pea!' Not less remarkable than the quickness of his repartee was his gift of impromptu rhyming and extempore epigram. Some of them carry us back in the circumstances of their origin to a generation already becoming historical. It was James Smith of *Rejected Addresses* celebrity, himself an attorney, whose cruel reflection on his own calling provoked a famous retort from Sir George Rose:

'In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys are found—
And down at the bottom the barges abound.
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river—and craft in the street!'

To which Sir George replied, impromptu:

'Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From barges and lawyers, 'od rot 'em!
The lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.'

At a legal dinner given at Greenwich many years ago, the late Mr. Justice Bailey, who was in the chair, informed the assembled guests, when the decanters had begun to circulate after dinner, that as it was most important to insure the safety of so eminent a company as that present, he had ordered a handsome and roomy omnibus, which would be at the door at ten o'clock, to convey them back to town. Sir George at once rose, and said:

'The Grecian of old bade his comrades entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine—
Which our excellent chairman interpreteth thus,
Begin with a Bumper, and end with a Bus.'"

No doubt these effusions were well suited to warm up the languid gayety of an English dinner party, but they hardly bear the test of a sea voyage, and will be considered too flat for the taste of most readers on this side who prefer humor hot and high-spiced.—A speech of Mr. Matthew Arnold on the subject of education is reported at length, in which his comments on American methods are worthy of attention:

I do not believe that your schools need fear comparison with the common schools of America. I do not believe that if you caught and examined all the boys of twelve in Westminster and all the boys of twelve in New-York, or all the boys of twelve in Westmorland and all the boys of twelve in Michigan, the Westminster and Westmorland boys would be found to read and write worse than the New-York and Michigan boys. The difference comes later; the young American of eighteen or nineteen, who plows land or fells timber, is a very different person from the English agricultural laborer of the same age. But this is due not to a difference in schools, but to a difference in the social condition of the two countries. The young American has carried on his reading and reads the newspapers; the English rustic has lost his and reads nothing. But let us be careful, when we speak of instruction and of mental training, not to rate reading the American papers as something higher and more fruitful than it is. This great staple of American popular reading, their newspapers and periodicals, our Swiss informant (to take her testimony again) judges very severely. She says that these are indeed devoured; but she describes scornfully "the undigested mixture offered by this ephemeral literature," politics, poetry, advertisements, criticism, novels, scandal, horrors, marvels; and she records her answer to an American friend who had said to her, "It is the means of spreading a taste for instruction;" "No," was her answer, "it is the means of spreading presumptuous ignorance!" I say, then: Our schools are a serious thing; when we contrast their instruction with that of American schools, let us have the real facts about these schools, and do not let us warp the facts because we admire the political and social system of America.

Mr. Arnold does not cherish a very living faith in the perfection of the present educational systems either of England or this country. The science of teaching, he affirms, is still in its infancy, the right programme of studies has yet to be discovered. He feels able to offer no better advice than to give the pupil a whole around which his thoughts may crystallize. For this purpose he is strongly in favor of what he calls the "novel exercise" of committing passages of standard poetry to memory. In this way a child gets possession of two or three hundred lines of sterling poetry for nature to work upon, and which cannot be manipulated by our codes and schedules.

BLACKWOOD.

An opportune article on "Skepticism and Modern Poetry" in *Blackwood* takes the ground that "there has been nothing more suicidal to the real interests of religion than the shallow theology which, without distinction and without a hearing, bundles all skepticism into that too convenient limbo of certain minds to which are relegated the works of the devil." According to the writer, there is no question whether we shall be troubled with doubts or not. Doubt is inevitable from the very nature of the case. Doubt and faith live under the same conditions. Instead of ignoring the existence of doubt, we should look it honestly in the face. We might thus discover the presence of God where we had only found the devil before, in the periodical recurrence of the doubter in the history of all living faith. Honest doubt can do no serious damage to the real foundations of faith, while it is of great service in knocking away the conventional props. "The strength of the Christian religion in our day," says the writer, "is as much indebted to her heretics as to her saints, or rather should we say the maturer verdict of time in many cases has pronounced these two titles to be one." There is a kind of doubt, however, which possesses no redeeming element. Its root is not in the conscience, but in a self-satisfied indifference. This is the variety that has taken a poetical form in modern times, stamping much of the poetry of the age with hopeless mediocrity. Nothing is more prosaic than doubt. Nothing on the other hand is more quickening to the poetic faculty than faith. Faith is the tonic of the poetical scale, the key-note to which the most excursive imagination must return before the ear can rest satisfied. Doubt can command no prolonged sympathy, and hence can find no permanent footing in any of the higher places of poetry.

The poetical skepticism of the present day has, of course, retired from the gloomy atheism of the beginning of the century. The old controversies, deistical and theistical, have nearly died out in literature. The world at length seems to have lost patience with the philosophy that does not at least postulate a god of some kind or another to begin with; at all events, any such philosophy has been left high and dry by the poetical tide of the present generation. And, to tell the truth, there was no choice. One or the other must perish; they could not live together. The dewless desert of blank and barren denial was no place for the gentle muse. Imagination cannot breathe its atmosphere and live. And yet, though not present themselves, these old controversies have left us an inheritance. The times have changed, and we have changed with them. The gloomy, not to say stagey, atheism that had a certain fascination for the youth of thirty or forty years ago, has given place in our day to a refined and vaguely idealistic pantheism, which, without any of the old obtrusion of a belief (it has even a kind of niggardly recognition of a personal God about it), still exercises a limiting influence on poetry—a weaker solution of the strong waters of atheism, not so objectionable as the old form, on account of what it admits of evil, as of what it excludes of good. Without attempting any hard-church definition of its influence—and indeed we question much if many of its poetical exponents themselves could give a perfectly lucid account of what they believe and what they do not believe—we are yet of opinion that it puts a limitation on genius, and especially on poetical genius, in nearly the same proportion that it falls short of a definite faith.

In illustration of his argument, the writer places the examples of Shelley and Goethe in contrast with those of Shakespeare, the intense purpose of whose heroes converts such characters as Werther, and Wilhelm Meister, and Faust, into mere shadows. Even in the presence of Shakespeare's villains we are never quite out of an atmosphere of faith. Among the very worst there is an implied recognition of God, a power without and beyond them, and an accusing if not an approving conscience.

Perhaps the most striking illustration in more modern times of the manner in which the poetical faculty may be overridden and paralyzed by the action of doubt, is to be found in the life and writings of Arthur Hugh Clough. The more his life is studied, the more it appears to rise above the common conventionality of doubt, and to represent the highest possible phase of conscientious skepticism—one, indeed, of those sacrificial souls which the Creator seems to throw from Him at intervals into the ocean of religious opinion to keep the waters in a healthy fermentation, and save them from stagnating by tradition, or freezing by convention into mere lifeless forms. His case presents many unique and interesting points. Differing from Shelley, inasmuch as the very elements left out in Shelley's half-human composition were amongst Clough's most conspicuous endowments—the social side of genius—its simple homeliness, and the keenness of its human sympathies—was in him beautifully complete. Differing, again, from the skepticism of Goethe—for Clough's moral predilections were strong, and anything like indifference was with him impossible—his skepticism seemed rather to rise out of an almost morbid over-keenness and over-sensitiveness to the requirements of conscience. With a strong and perpetual craving for some solid ground of belief, he would yet have no part of his faith at second hand. Following Clough's career from his school-days at Rugby onwards, it is a melancholy and even a humiliating thing to find how much even of the unseen and spiritual force of a great man's mind is overruled by the irresponsible circumstance of its earthly surroundings. With all its unquestionable excellences, there was a fatal flaw in the Rugby training under the Arnold *regime*. In many cases—and these cases necessarily the most important—it had a tendency to over-stimulate the moral sense. It sent boys out into the world with a dangerously premature moral equipment; an education that yielded a good deal of dogmatic brain-force, but at the sacrifice of intellectual accuracy and of the finer moral discriminations. An old head upon young shoulders is a doubtful blessing in any case; but when it takes the special form of an adult faith grafted on a spiritual anatomy whose bones are set not yet, there is no doubt in the matter. With the great majority of strong natures, it is simply the best conceivable arrangement for ultimate moral shipwreck. Not the most carefully administered education, accompanied by the utmost solicitude of parents, can ever take that highest part of every man's education out of the hands of his Maker. Father or mother or teacher may in some measure mold the outward frame, but God alone can breathe into its nostrils the breath of life, and make such an education a living thing. Clough (who by the inherent tendency of his nature would have been a seeker after God, had he had no higher advantages than a heathen) has always seemed to us to have been the victim of a premature moral development. He came from Rugby with the Arnold mint-marks fresh and strong upon him, with his mind fully made up, and an amiable determination to do battle, if need be, for all the theories of his worthy master. But man proposes, God disposes. A moral influence was lying in wait for him that he never had taken into account, and which proved to be the turning-point of his life. When he went into residence at Oxford in 1836, the Tractarian movement was at its hight. Newman was stretching out, through pulpit and platform, through verse and prose, those subtle prehensile tentacles of his, that touched so softly and yet have closed so firmly, upon modern thought. It was an atmosphere Clough had never breathed before, and it proved too much for his tender years. Speaking of it afterward, he says that for a long time he was "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney." The fierce struggle he passed through can never be altogether known, and is only shadowed here and there in his poems, and a few chance exclamations in his correspondence; but of the severity of it there can be no doubt. His mind was not altogether unhorsed—he had too firm a seat for that—but he may be said to have lost his stirrups, and never again to have recovered them until the harrowing interregnum that dates between doubt and well-assured belief had done its work upon him, and worn him down to the brink of the grave. Torture like his turns the confident cant of your easy-minded believer into something that almost approaches blasphemy. All that he suffered in that pitiless purgatory will never be revealed—that valley of the shadow of death, so thickly strewn with the bones of the spiritually dead, by what inscrutable decree of Providence we know not; but that all was borne without a murmur, and with a rare humility and integrity, his life is a sufficient guarantee. With all his doubts and difficulties, we should be inclined to question the catholicity of the Church that refused to extend to him the invitation of Laban, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: why standest thou without?"

The tribute of the writer to Arthur Clough will meet with a heartfelt sympathy from many readers in this country who were acquainted with his pure and beautiful character during his residence among us. No words can do better justice to the traits which won their admiration and love (we know not which this was called forth in the highest degree) than the fine analysis which closes the paper. "His doubt seemed to find him out and to hunt him to cover whenever and wherever he ventured out. He could not escape it. There was nothing left for him, but, in his own melancholy words, 'to pace the sad confusion through.' Baffled and tempest-tost by conflicting opinions, he exclaims in one of his poems:

'O may we for assurance' sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And willfully pronounce it true.'

We almost wish he could have done so, even at some little intellectual sacrifice. But that was just the thing he could not do. He was too keenly suspicious of his intellectual life. With him there was no deeper form of dishonesty than that which shrinks from its own conviction. There never was a character more spotlessly free from anything even approaching compromise in this respect. His intellectual honesty was without a flaw. Everything went down before his convictions—his living at Oxford (it should not be forgot that in his position pecuniary sacrifice meant poverty), and with it, in many men's eyes, his social status as well. And last, what to him was of far more value than these, the confidence of his dearest friends, and at the head of the list Arnold himself. Happiness, health, all went; and in their place, to use a phrase of his own, came 'spiritual vertigo and megrims unutterable,' and loneliness and misery. Everything his conscience required of him was paid down to the last farthing. All was given away, till only his great unrooted honesty remained to him. Religion would indeed be a rhapsody of words if in such a case a man could not spend his life and yet in the highest sense possess it. *Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.* It is a beautiful belief, and it never was beat out into the metal of actual hard fact with a sublimer self-denial than in the life of Clough."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

One of the most interesting papers in the present number is on "Charity: Its Aims and Means," by the Rev. Brooke Lambert, offering a variety of suggestions, whose pertinence and wisdom, no less than their terse expression, will commend them to the attention of our own domestic philanthropists. Among other things he remarks:

Many people look on the poorer classes as allowed, by a wise discretion of Providence, to exist in order that the rich may have a means of saving their own souls. Poverty is not looked upon as an evil remediable by the better organization of social relations, and by the reformation of individual character, but as a necessary evil, designed as aforesaid to benefit the leisurely by giving them cases by which they may perfect themselves in spiritual medicine. It is as if a schoolmaster should consider ignorance as specially designed with the final cause of the creation and perfection of schoolmasters; as if a medical man should look on sickness as a divine institution for the education of surgeons and physicians. In other cases we meet with an evil, and we say, How are we to remedy it? Here we quote the words of the Bible—"The poor shall never cease out of the land,"—and omit to look at the verse lying hard by—"Save when there shall be no poor among you. Only if thou carefully hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and do all the commandments which I command thee this day." It is in the attempt to practice on the poor, to try and do ourselves good by being kind to them, that so much mischief has arisen. It is this which has made some kindness so distasteful to the poor, that one woman said, when she heard that her visitor was ill—"Poor lady, I am sorry for her; but there's one comfort—she's a lady; she won't have to be read to and prayed over."

Mr. Lambert's philanthropy is of a broad and practical character. It seeks amelioration of condition no less than improvement of character. It admits the fact of a stomach as well as a heart. Good precepts, in his view, cannot supply the want of a breakfast. A man must be fed before he can be taught. A slice of cold meat is often a more potent means of grace than preaching or prayer. A cup of hot coffee will sometimes do more for the soul than all the "droppings of the sanctuary." As Mr. Lambert well remarks:

If you have to elevate the whole man, you find that tract and tickets are a poor prescription for pauperism. You need, indeed, the influence of religion and the help of money, but you need them most when the patient is convalescent. Port wine and mutton are excellent things, but they would kill a cholera patient. You must get rid of the cholera first. I say it with the deepest conviction, that there are physical conditions in which religion is absolutely impossible for the mass. I say it, not unmindful of many exceptions, which are just as much exceptions as that of the hard drinker who is more healthy than his abstemious neighbor, and of the spendthrift who lights on his legs at last. We must not legislate nor act as if the world were made up of Samsons and Hercules; we must try and create a condition in which common men can bear the burdens of necessity laid on them. I am convinced that without more recreation, more joy in life, moral reformation must be much retarded. I have spoken to you of the depressing effect of living in the presence of the unlovelinesss of East London streets and surroundings, which, as Edward Denison said, made it quite an event to walk down Piccadilly and see nicely-dressed people. We must try and do something to make life a little less joyless. While there are no decent theaters, do you wonder that people love the light and the color of the public house, the penny gaff, and the low music hall? They need these things just as much as we need concerts, and conversaziones, and parties. While there are no recreation grounds within easy reach, while the parks, the present substitute for them, are at a distance of a mile or two, involving for a woman who would take her children there a 'bus, or at least a perambulator, involving also a half-holiday, do you wonder that women and men seek excitement in drink, and children heard in the streets to talk filth and learn vice? It is, I believe, an essential part of your movement that there shall be evening entertainments. I believe that good Saturday night readings, with some little music, and occasional acting, would do much to fit the poor by and by for the Sunday sermon. We are apt to think slightingly of what is given at such places, but even if we sometimes have to descend to poor comic songs, think of what they replace. Instruction is only a part of education, religion is only its complement. It were well if religious people considered what idea of higher things many of the poor can have. At the best their heaven will be a Mohammedan paradise, an inglorious rest, not the rest that remaineth for the (working) people of God, not the joy of His presence. You remember the navvy who described Miss Marsh's room. "Such a big dining-table, and such a lot of books, just like heaven." That was a grand conception in comparison with the heaven of many.

Mr. Horne's selections from the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, like the two preceding instalments, are disappointing, showing the egotism of the editor rather than the genius of the writer.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION. By J. BELL PETTIGREW, M. D., F. R. S. 12mo. pp. 264. D. Appleton & Co.

Some of the most difficult problems of inanimate mechanics as applied to the arts of walking, swimming, and flying, are treated of in this volume of the "International Scientific Series." It presents a great variety of curious facts relating to the processes of locomotion in different animals, the principles of which are elucidated in a forcible, and often a striking manner. The author is a firm believer in the practicability of flying by means of artificial wings, though he offers no example of the successful application of the machinery of which he gives a descriptive sketch. His confidence is founded on the analogy which exists between walking, swimming, and flying. The movements of the tail of the fish, and of the wing of the insect, bat, and bird, can be readily imitated and reproduced. Hence he is persuaded that the problem of aërial navigation will one day be practically solved. The upper regions will be traversed by a machine that will yet be constructed by human skill. It is not necessary for this purpose to reproduce the details of animal organization, but to apply the principles on which the action of flying surfaces is effected. The success of the locomotive and steamboat is an earnest of the success of the flying machine. Past failures are no proof of future defeats, for it is only within a few years that the subject of artificial flight has been taken up in a true scientific spirit. The author is quite right, no doubt, in his conclusion that should the problem ever be finally solved, it will inaugurate a new era in the history of mankind.

SERMONS, BY THE REV. HENRY NORMAN HUDSON. 12mo. pp. 423. Ginn Brothers.

The flavor of Biblical theology is happily blended in these discourses with the perfume of old English literature. Mr. Hudson carries the fruits of his favorite studies into the pulpit as well as into his literary discussions. He is too deeply conversant both with the spirit and the language of Shakespeare, and the sinewy divines of the Elizabethan age, not to be "bewrayed by his speech," whether he utters the words of the pulpit or the platform. His volume is not only "good for the use of edifying," full of fervent appeals to the conscience and the heart, alive with marrowy unction, and tender with pathetic persuasions, but a model of a masculine and impressive style, muscular in its build and compact in its mold, displaying at every turn an athletic vigor of utterance which urges the claims of religion with the voice of authority as well as the pleadings of sentiment. Its perusal has the effect of an intellectual tonic. No one can follow his affluent paragraphs, so massive in architectural structure, so free from the burden of superfluous embellishment, and so deeply freighted with treasures of thought, without receiving a fresh access of saneness and vitality.

The International Review, for March, although a little more lively than the preceding number, is still a heavy weight, with far too much ballast for the steam. It shows a remarkably choice list of contributors, including Mr. Thomas Hughes, Prof. Hilgard, President McCosh, Philip Hamerton, and the Hon. Amasa Walker, but a few "little fishes" among these "great whales" were needed to give life and piquancy to the contents.

BOSTON LITERARY NOTES.

TWO NEW FIRMS OUT OF AN OLD ONE—"LOTOS LEAVES," BY THE LOTOS CLUB—NEW BOOKS TO BE PUBLISHED BY MR. GILL—ROBERTS BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS—"LITTLE CLASSICS"—"YOUNG BROWN."

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, Feb. 28.—With the 1st of March the partnership between Messrs. Shepard & Gill will expire by limitation; and from the old firm two new houses will arise, like two Phœnixes, let us say, by way of making an original and unhackneyed comparison. Mr. Gill intends to carry on business at the old stand of the firm, No. 151 Washington-st., assisted by Mr. Henry B. Cram. Mr. Shepard will establish himself in "the new district," probably in Franklin or Federal-st., where he will publish the *American Homes* magazine. The plates of the books the firm have already issued will be divided; and, henceforth, Mr. Shepard will publish the works of Edward S. Rand, jr., Blanchard Jerrold, Judge Cozzens, George L. Austin, Henry Day, and others; while Mr. Gill's list will include works by Wilkie Collins, Gail Hamilton, Miss Haderman, Miss Douglas, "Carleton," and others. Among his new announcements is one which is of especial interest—namely, the long talked-of "Lotos Leaves," by members of the celebrated "Lotos Club" of New-York. This volume, which I believe is not to appear until the early Fall, promises to be rarely delightful. It will be edited by the two Johns, John Elderkin and John Brougham, and will comprise original papers by nearly fifty well-known literary men who are members of the Club, including Col. John Hay, John Brougham, and other brilliant names, too numerous to be recited here. Many of the designs which will illustrate it will also be executed by artists who are members of the Club. I think these Leaves are such as all we wayfarers shall gladly gather. Mr. Gill will publish Charles Bradlaugh's "Impeachment of the House of Brunswick;" and he has arranged with Wilkie Collins for two more harrowing tales. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is to write him a juvenile, with a little of the strong-minded element in it; and Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard is also to have a juvenile published by him. What with all these, and many more, his shelves are not likely to be empty.

In addition to the books of which I have previously written, Roberts Brothers are about to publish "A Summer Vacation," comprising four sermons by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, published at the request of some who heard them; "Scrope, or the Lost Library," by Mr. F. B. Perkins; and "Sea and Shore, a Poetical Selection for the Summer Idler," by two well-known literary ladies, whose names I am not yet permitted to divulge. A very pleasant lounging-place is Roberts Brothers. In a sunny corner there—where are beautiful sketches, the work of Mr. Niles's artist brother, and photographs of the clever men and women whose works they publish, and all the reviews and new books brought from London by the last steamer—one is sure to find some one worth seeing. The other day it was the authoress of "Little Women," in much better health than last year; and today it was her father—a life-everlasting of an old gentleman, as full of fresh interest in the things of to-day as if he had not been old enough, forty years ago, to teach the most ideal and the most wonderful school of which anybody ever heard. If those whom the gods love die early, they who love the gods and obey them seem to live long and prosper.

J. R. Osgood & Co. have a plan for a dainty series, to be called "Little Classics." They will be edited by Rossiter Johnson, and a dozen volumes are projected. The first will be called "Exile," and will comprise "Ethan Brand," by Hawthorne; "Rip Van Winkle," by Irving; "A Night in a Workhouse," by James Greenwood; "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte; "The Man without a Country," by the Rev. E. E. Hale, and "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe," by De Quincy. If all these are not already classic, they ought all to be, and Mr. Rossiter is going to try his best to make them so. "Intellect," "Tragedy," "Life," "Laughter," "Love," "Romance," "Mystery," "Comedy," and "Childhood," are the titles of the ensuing nine volumes, while the eleventh and twelfth yet wait for some happy inspiration to christen them. All the selections seem worthy of the honor done them, and the volumes will be little gems about the size of the "Saunterer's Series," and very dainty set. "Young Brown" has finished sowing his wild oats in *Every Saturday*, and J. R. O. & Co. have him ready for binding. I have been making his acquaintance, and find him a very pleasant fellow.

L. C. M.

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NEWBURGH Institute.—A family school for Boys (under 14 years), Newburgh, N. Y. Address H. W. SIGLAR.

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY,
PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
$400 per Year.
Col. CHAS. J. WRIGHT, A. M., } Principals.
ROBERT DONALD, A. M.,

SPRING TERM of the Home School for Boys, OPENS April 16. Address Rev. E. B. EMERSON, Stratford, Conn.

YONKERS MILITARY INSTITUTE
for making boys intelligent, healthy, Christian men.
BENJAMIN MASON, Box No. 654, Yonkers, N. Y.

$200 TO $250 PER ANNUM.—A first-class BOARDING-SCHOOL for boys. STEVENSDALE INSTITUTE, South Amboy, N. J.
J. B. WITHINGTON, A. M., Principal.

For Young Ladies—Country.

DREW LADIES' SEMINARY, CARMEL, N. Y.—The Spring Session opens Feb. 18. Safe and pleasant home. Superior advantages in science, language, painting and music.
GEO. C. SMITH, A. M.

GOTHIC HALL.
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND GIRLS, STAMFORD, CONN.
Resident Teachers, 5; Boarding Pupils, 20. Charges made from time of entering. Circulars at LOCKWOOD'S, 812 Broadway.
Misses AIKEN and CHASE, Principals.

HOME SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, Stratford, Conn. Address Miss ELIZABETH WHEELER.

MISS BULKLEY'S BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, Tarrytown, on the Hudson.

THE HOME INSTITUTE, NYACK, N. Y., BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies and Children will open Sept. 1, on Clinton-st., second door from First-ave., Mr. Doran Smith's late residence.
D. PaLEE, Principal.

Miscellaneous—Country.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE—A boarding Seminary for Ladies and Gentlemen, situated on the Hudson, and accessible by Remsen'aer and Saratoga Railroad. Superb brick buildings. Fifteen Teachers, furnishing the ablest instruction in the Higher Branches, as well as teaching thoroughly, but at no extra cost to the pupil, all the Common Branches. Accommodations adequate and really comfortable, provided at honest, living rates, so as not to exclude such as, having brains, are obliged to economize in order to cultivate them. Adult students permitted to attend any three studies, or they may pursue a Graduated Course—Classical, Scientific, College-preparatory or Eclectic. In these Courses hundreds have graduated. Good Speaking and Writing made prominent. Prizes each Term. Four Literary Societies. The Institute is thoroughly Christian, but non-sectarian. Spring Term, March 19. Twenty-first Academic year, Aug. 27, 1874.
Address for Catalogues, JOS. E. KING, D. D., Fort Edward, N. Y.

MISS H. M. PARKHURST'S HOME SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES and CHILDREN, Newburgh, N. Y. Spring Term commences Feb. 4.

Pennington Institute (for both sexes) Pennington, N. J.—Terms reasonable. Address A. P. CASHER, Principal.

SELECT SCHOOL in the country, for children of both sexes, with home comforts and privileges. Thorough instruction given. Address Miss P. SELLECK, Redding, Conn.

Dancing Academies.

A. DODWORTH'S
PRIVATE CLASSES FOR DANCING,
No. 212 5th-ave., corner 26th-st.,
Pupils can commence at any time.
Send for circular.

Teachers.

A GRADUATE of YALE of the Class of 1870, who has at present two private PUPILS, would like to secure one or two additional ones. Address H. A. R., 344 West 32d-st.

AN experienced TEACHER of Bookkeeping, Penmanship, English, and Latin, desires a situation in a School. Address TEACHER, No. 224 West Thirty-third-st.

AN experienced [and successful] teacher offers his services as PRIVATE TUTOR to fit one or two lads for college or business; would be glad to receive them at his rooms; references of the highest character. Address PHILO, Tribune Uptown Office, 54½ West 32d-st.

Sales by Auction.

CITY HALL, BROOKLYN, Feb. 17, 1874.

AT AUCTION,
FIRE APPARATUS, ENGINES, AND TRUCKS.—The following property of the City of Brooklyn will be sold at auction on TUESDAY, March 3, 1874, at 12 o'clock m., at the Repair Yard of the Brooklyn Fire Department, corner of Myrtle-ave. and Hampden-st., where it can be seen any day from date to day of sale:
Six steam FIRE ENGINES of the following makers: Lee & Larrard, James Smith, Allentown Iron Works, Clapp & Jones, and Joseph Banks.
Four HOOK AND LADDER TRUCKS, suitable for use in a Volunteer Fire Department.
One cracked FIRE BELL, weighing about 5,000 pounds.
Terms of sale, cash; 20 per cent on day of sale; the balance within ten days thereafter.
F. A. SCHROEDER, Comptroller.

A. MERWIN, Auctioneer.

BY BANGS, MERWIN & Co., 656 Broadway, near Bond-st.—Sales of Books, Works of Art, Fancy Goods, &c.

EDWARD SCHENCK, Auctioneer.

RECEIVER'S SALE AT AUCTION
of the entire stock of
GAS FIXTURES, MACHINERY AND TOOLS
Of the late firm of JOHN HORTON,
AT NO. 620 BROADWAY,
ON TUESDAY, MARCH 3, AND FOLLOWING DAYS,
At 10 o'clock each day.

The stock consists of CHANDELIERS and GAS FIXTURES in great variety, glass, bronze, and gilt manufactured stock; Gas Fittings, Machinery, Tools, Lathes, Steam Engine and Boiler, Steam Pump, and other Machinery; also, Store Fixtures and Furniture.
Catalogues can be obtained at 620 Broadway, or at the office of the Auctioneer, No. 60 Liberty-st.

W. F. ALDRICH,
Receiver.

A. J. BLEECKER, Auctioneer.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.
BY ORDER OF JOHN B. STEVENS, esq.,
A. J. BLEECKER, SON & WHITE will sell at auction, on THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1874, at 10½ a. m.,
AT NO. 8 WEST 16TH-ST.,
all the MAGNIFICENT FURNITURE contained in above mansion. Particulars hereafter.

Copartnership Notices.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 28, 1874.

THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the undersigned is this day DISSOLVED by mutual consent.

WILLIAM P. BACON,
D. K. STARR,
THEO. C. BACON.

The undersigned will continue the Banking and Brokerage business, at 26 Broad-st., as before, under the firm name of BACON BROTHERS
WILLIAM P. BACON,
THEODORE C. BACON,
Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange

Miscellaneous.

STAMMERING—Dr. WHITE'S U. S. STAMMERING INSTITUTE, 417 4th-ave., New-York; best references from every State. No pay until cured; send for circular.

PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
Beware of Counterfeits.

Legal Notices.

PURSUANT to an order of OWEN T. COFFIN, Surrogate of the County of Westchester, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against the Estate of HORACE GREELEY, late of the town of New-Castle, in said county, deceased, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of the said deceased, at the office of CHARLES STORRS, No. 73 Worth-st., in the City of New-York on or before the 10th day of March, A. D., 1874. Dated this 29th day of August, A. D. 1873.

RICHARD H. MANNING,
CHARLES STORRS, } Executors.
32 1w6w7w.

THE MONEY MARKET.

OFFICIAL REPORT, N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE SALES, MARCH 2, 1874.

10 O'CLOCK A. M.—SALES BEFORE THE CALL.

Western Union Tel		Lake Shore		Erie Railway	
700	74⅞	1,200	80¼	200	47
600	74¾	300	80⅛	Boston, H & Erie	
300	74¾	500	80	300	1⅞
900	74⅞	700	80⅜	St Paul	
100	74¾	500	80¼	900	43¼
2,400	74⅞	700	80⅜	60	43
700	74¾	1,600	80¼	700	43⅛
900	74⅞	1,100	80¼	500	43¼
500	74⅞	1,100	80¼	200	43⅛
200	74⅞	500	80	700	42⅞
1,000	74⅞	400	80⅛	500	42⅞
900	74⅞	300	80¼	300	43
2,100	74¾	2,800	80¼	St Paul Pref	
200	74⅞	800	80⅛	100	69½
1,700	74¾	100	80⅜	100	69
N Y Cent & Hudson		Rock Island		Han. & St. Jo. Pref.	
500	104⅛	2,300	106½	100	38¾
2,200	104⅛	200	106⅜	Toledo & Wabash	
Pacific Mail		100	106½	200	49¼
100	41⅞	North-Western		100	49
300	41¾	100	56¼	100	49⅛
300	41⅞	200	56¼	100	49¼
300	41¾	100	56⅜	4,700	49
200	41⅞	100	56⅜	200	48⅞
Harlem		300