NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ENDYMION.

ENDYMION: A Novel. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G. Franklin Square Library. 4to. pp. 84: Harper & Brothers.

Lord Beaconsfield's latest essay in fiction bears about the same relation to literature that "The Black Crook" bears to the drama. It is neither a novel, nor a romance, nor a study of society and manners, but a coruscating extravaganza in which the wildest impossibilities are heaped together in preposterous confusion that they may serve for the display of voluptuous splendors. It is impossible to survey the gaudy magnificence spread before us in these overloaded pages without being reminded of Thackeray's "Codlingsby, by D. Shrewsbury, esq.": and there are certain passages of "Endymion" which indeed so closely resemble that burlesque that one can almost believe that Lord Beaconsfield in the spirit of bravado has actually tried to outdo the travesty. The Jew banker, Neuchatel, in "Endymion," driving from his rural palace through dirty Whitechapel to his mansion of business in Bishopsgate, and dealing with the potentates of the earth in the midst of incredible luxury, is not more like the Rothschild for whom he is plainly intended than he is like Thackeray's Rafael Mendoza, who sells secondhand clothes in Holywell-st. and has a priceless picture gallery, amber divans, a fountain of attar of roses and an ivory pianoforte in the back room, where he receives King Louis Philippe in disguise, just as Neuchatel receives Louis Napoleon under an alias. Even Lord Beaconsfield's loving description of the beautiful Mrs. Ferrars, with her amply-rounded form, brilliant complexion, large and "long-lashed" eyes, and a mouth "certainly too large," yet with lips whose "pouting richness baffled description," seems to be modelled upon the sketch in "Codlingsby" of the Israelite beauties smiling amid the darkling draperies of the London Ghetto. We are dazzled at every turn by the sheen of the most costly and highly colored raiment, and the glitter of the most costly jewels. "Lord Montfort was extremely fond of jewels, and held that you could not see them to advantage, or fairly judge of their water or color, except on a beautiful woman. When his wife was in grand toilet, and he was under the same roof, he liked her to call on him on her way to her carriage that he might see her flashing rivieres and tiaras, the lustre of her huge pearls and the splendor of her emeralds and sapphires and rubies." Mrs. Ferrars "was always gorgeously or fantastically attired," and her twin children, Endymion and Myra, besides inheriting her high complexion, were "dressed if possible more fanciefully and brilliantly than their mamma." The passage in which these paragons, aged eight, are presented to us, is a stroke beyond burlesque:

Though only eight years of age, a most unchildlike self-possession distinguished them. The expression of their countenances was haughty, disdainful and supercilious. Their beautiful features seemed quite unimpassioned, and they moved as if they expected everything to yield to them. The girl, whose long ringlets were braided with pearls, was ushered to a seat next to her father, and, like her brother, who was placed by Mrs. Ferrars, was soon engaged in negligently tasting delicacies, while she seemed apparently unconscious of any one being present, except when she replied to those who addressed her with a stare and a haughty monosyllable. The boy, in a black velvet jacket with large Spanish buttons of silver filigree, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of white satin, replied with reserve, but some condescension, to the good-natured but half-humorous inquiries of the husband of Zenobia.

Twice at least Lord Beaconsfield calls diamonds "gems of Golconda," and repeatedly he decks his favorites with "rivieres of brilliants." His garden parties are "flushed with roses" and crowded with princes and grand dukes. Zenobia leaned back on a brilliant sofa, supported by many cushions; rank and fashion and celebrity thronged her social Paradise; "now and then was heard a silver laugh, and now and then was breathed a gentle sigh," while servants glided about the summer chamber, with sherbets and ices. At another entertainment there were rare viands, choice guests, a gracious host, floods of champagne, turtles, pineapples, bands playing on the lawn, "strange choruses from singers of some foreign land," in their "picturesque costumes." At a third, where dukes, duchesses and ambassadors abounded, all aglow with stars and ribbons, "the table blazed with rare flowers and rarer porcelain and precious candelabra of sculptured beauty glittering with light; the gold plate was less remarkable than the delicate ware that had been alike moulded and adorned for a Du Barri or a Marie Antoinette." A chance allusion to entomology leads Lord Beaconsfield into a few original remarks on the beneficence of insects. "Man would find it difficult to rival their exploits: the bee, that gives us honey; the worm, that gives us silk; *the cochineal, that supplies our manufactures with their most brilliant dye.*" This is very characteristic. We rise from the reading of the book with an impression that everybody in it is much overdressed and given to the wearing of too many finger-rings and other superabundant jewelry, and that everybody eats truffles and drinks tokay.

The scenery, costumes and properties having been furnished on a scale of lavish splendor never surpassed on any stage, the personages also are of a type quite out of the common. The illustrious author has an undisguised contempt for the middle-class, and he brings us into tip-top company. Attempts have been made, more or less unsuccessfully, to identify his characters with real persons in public life. The "haughty, disdainful and supercilious" boy in a lace shirt grows up to be the hero of the book, presumed to be the noble lord himself. Nigel Penruddock is a distorted likeness of Cardinal Manning. Prince Florestan is Louis Napoleon. Lord Rochampton is a portrait of Lord Palmerston, and Neuchatel, as we have said, is Rothschild. But Lord Beaconsfield delights in mystification; and so, besides Rochampton and Neuchatel, we find both Palmerston and Rothschild mentioned casually by their own names, and nearly all the characters are made to do things utterly unreconcilable with the lives of their supposed prototypes. Myra, the sister of Endymion, figures for a while as Lady Palmerston, and after the death of her lord she poses as the Empress Eugenie, going across the water in great style to become the consort of Florestan, now reigning over his kingdom. The enterprise in which that adventurous pretender accomplishes his destiny is described with an amusing combination of brevity and particularity. Landing from a yacht he found the populace ready to accept him; and when a body of troops marched forth to oppose his expedition, "the Prince commanded that no one should attend him, but alone, and tying a white handkerchief around his sword, he galloped up to the hostile lines and said in a clear, loud voice, 'My men, this is the sword of my father!'" Such, at least, is Lord Beaconsfield's translation of the Prince's language; but as Florestan undoubtedly spoke in French, what he really said must have been, "Voici le sabre de mon père!" which, of course, proved irresistible. Anyway, it is a pretty variation of the well-known story of the tame eagle and the landing at Boulogne. We have the usual glorification of the Hebrew race, and the usual awe-inspiring allusions to the secret societies—copies here again, as it might seem, from "Codlingsby."

The same misgiving which has more than once been inspired by Lord Beaconsfield's exploits in statecraft is inspired by his new venture in bookmaking. Does he believe in all this rubbish, or is he laughing at us? Does he fancy that he has been solacing the hours of dignified leisure with an exercise worthy of an English Prime Minister, or is he trying an experiment upon a society he despises by asking it to accept for a fashionable novel the literature of chambermaids and aspiring shop-boys? The occasional happy touches of characterization and the saucy but specious epigrammatic sentences scattered over the showy pages are not enough to redeem a book which is probably one of the most vulgar productions of its kind in existence. The vulgarity of taste blazoned upon almost every chapter is aggravated by many surprising vulgarities of expression. "Some considerable time" is an example of one sort of solecism; "a spot of agrestic charm" is offensive in another way. The blunders of grammar are great and frequent. "If you had dedicated it to a lord, the most he would have done would have been *to have asked* you to dinner, and then perhaps have cut up your work in one of the quality reviews, and taken money for doing it out of our pockets." "Endymion would have liked *to have gone forth.*" "Lady Rochampton had really intended *to have been* present." This is a sort of faulty construction for which Lord Beaconsfield has a fatal propensity. Nobody would care about reading the book for the sake of its contents or its style. Thousands will read it once because a famous man has written it, and then will laugh at the author.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES HODGE, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. By his son, A. A. Hodge. New-York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

For many years Dr. Hodge was recognized without dispute as the foremost Calvinistic theologian of America, and one of the leading theologians of the world. As the master spirit in the great seminary of his Church, from which during his services as a professor for more than fifty years 3,000 men were graduated; as the principal Editor for forty-six years of *The Princeton Review*, the accepted organ of Presbyterian orthodoxy; as a commanding figure in the ecclesiastical courts and General Assemblies of a powerful section of the Christian Church of this country, he wielded a power which can hardly be overestimated. The measure of this controlling influence can hardly be appreciated in these days, when systems of doctrine as contained in Church standards are considered of less importance than Christian character and practical Christian activity. Fifty years ago, however, polemical theology absorbed a large share of the most acute and aggressive thought of the country. Questions of Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical polity, like the great struggle which culminated in the disruption of the Presbyterian Church, not only convulsed a single denomination of Christian believers, but agitated all classes of society. Dr. Hodge was the ripe and peculiar product of these times, and as such he exercised an exceptional influence upon the surroundings in which, by which, and for which he was developed.

Although something broader than a mere theologian, Dr. Hodge was a theologian primarily. His influence was felt in all the stirring events of his time; but he did more than bring to bear upon them the powers of a mind specially disciplined in his chosen field of activity; he treated all questions, political, social and moral, from his standpoint as a theologian, and according to their supposed relation to Christian doctrine and Church polity. He confessed rather boastfully that the only treatise on logic he ever read was a book "about as large as an almanac," which he went through in four recitations at college, and yet he was a born logician. His thoughts were naturally formulated in methodical expression, and joined together in a complete and harmonious system. Hence his great work, the "Systematic Theology," though built up in times of heated controversy, is not only a monument of profound study, subtle analysis and the rarest constructive ability, but as well of candid, charitable, temperate, and judicial statement which will make it a classic in the Churches. After all, then, it is as a pure theologian that his influence will be most enduring. Religion is, has been and must be the chief concern of man. It is the central fact around which the great events of man's history group themselves. It is more powerful than art, or science, or philosophy. The great theologian like Augustine or Calvin, is the master spirit among men, and it is as a theologian that Dr. Hodge will continue to exert a formative influence—a power which moulds and moves.

In an age which delights to style itself progressive, there is much refreshment in the sober conservatism of such a man as the Princeton professor. He was familiar with the latest and most revolutionary "systems of philosophy," but he never exercised his ingenuity in the line of novelties or originalities. He stood fast in the faith once delivered to the saints. It was his boast that "a new idea never originated in Princeton Seminary." This conservatism was strikingly manifest in the attitude he took and held in all the great controversies of his time, religious and political. He often planted himself on what he considered solid ground almost alone and apart from the great body of his friends. Time and again in the stress of the conflict his friends would drift by him leaving him in his original position, but with their relations to him entirely reversed. In the disruption of his Church he was in full sympathy with the Old School party on points of doctrine and Church policy, and he shared their distrust of the spirit and conduct of the opposing leaders, and yet he radically differed from the majority of his party in their efforts to bring about a division. His inborn conservatism revolted at the idea of a change. He could see no evil so prevalent or dangerous as to make the disruption necessary, and he disapproved of the methods of the Old School majority as impolitic and unconstitutional. Thirty years later, when the doctrinal elements of discord seemed to have been eliminated and the two branches seemed to have come into a harmonious adoption of the old Calvinistic articles of belief, he brought down upon himself the impatient censure of his friends by opposing the popular scheme of reunion as strenuously as he had set his face against the original separation. The Old School Church had taken its place in history as a protest against what he considered a loose interpretation of the Westminster Confession. He did not set himself up to criticise the orthodoxy of the New School brethren or to denounce them as heretics. He appreciated the advantages and glories of a united Church. But standing on the old ground unmoved by the signs of "progress" all about him, he maintained with consistent conservatism that while as a matter of fact the two branches differed in the latitude of their toleration and their interpretation of the doctrinal standards, there was nothing to justify such a change in Church relations as would be brought about by a reunion. He had withstood the Old School men in 1836, when they were bent on dividing the Church, because the New School brethren were too bad to live with, and in 1866 he opposed the same men, now burning with a sudden desire for reunion because the New School brethren were too good to live without.

His orthodoxy was uncompromising, but he never utilized it as a disguise for intolerance, and more than once his strict loyalty to what he considered the essentials of Calvinistic doctrine led him to exercise a wider charity than the councils of his Church would adopt. The General Assembly of 1845, by a vote of 169 to 8, fulminated the doctrine that baptism administered by a Roman Catholic priest was not Christian baptism. Against this almost unanimous deliverance of the representatives of his Church, Dr. Hodge entered a vigorous protest. He argued with all the power of his logic that the people who constitute the Roman Catholic Church profess the essentials of the true Christian religion; that that community is therefore an integral part of the visible Church; that the essentials as to the matter and form of Christian baptism are observed by the Catholic priest, and that therefore it was to be recognized by all loyal to the Head of the Christian Church as Christian baptism. In the same spirit he favored the granting of tracts of land along a railroad for the purpose of building Catholic churches. "Inasmuch," he held, "as the Roman Catholic Church teaches truth enough to save the souls of men; inasmuch as it proclaims the divine authority of the Scriptures, the obligations of the Decalogue, and the retributions of eternity, and inasmuch as it calls upon men to worship God, the Father, Son, and Spirit, it is unspeakably better than no Church at all. And therefore when the choice is between that and none, it is wise and right to encourage the establishment of churches under the control of Catholic priests." In all such cases he followed neither his sentiments, nor intuitions, nor notions of right and wrong, nor the prevalent opinion of his Church, but made the Bible his absolute rule, and in this way he brought down upon himself the inconsiderate censure of many for favoring intemperance and slaveholding, because he habitually argued that neither the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage nor the holding of slaves are in themselves sins. Neither of those practices are condemned in the Scriptures, and therefore they are not to be visited with Christian condemnation and ecclesiastical discipline.

Dr. Hodge was an earnest advocate or parochial schools. He held the absolute necessity of popular education, that this education should be religious, and that the responsibility for providing it rested coordinately upon parents, the State, and the Church. The opinions of such a man on a subject which is ever fresh are sure to be of interest even if they traverse all the lines of current thought, and while space forbids the reproduction of the elaborate argument with which he enforced them in *The Princeton Review* we cannot refrain from quoting a letter in which his views are stated with characteristic clearness and compactness. Writing to Dr. Sutphen, he says: "I still believe—1. That the Church is bound to see to it that all within her influence have a religious education; to which end parish schools are indispensable. 2. What is the duty of Presbyterians is the duty of other denominations. 3. That in such a heterogeneous and liberty-abusing population as we have in this country, Church schools cannot reach the masses sufficiently, and therefore State schools are a necessity. 4. That denominational schools are entitled to a share of the school fund of the State, proportioned to the number of children they educate; the State having the right to see that its standard of secular education is come up to. And, to finish my creed (5), I would let none but the educated in the schools established and approved by the State vote."

When it is remembered how large and influential a membership the Old School Presbyterian Church controlled in the Southern States, and how considerable a portion of the wealthy and intelligent conservatism of the North was attached to the same communion, it can readily be seen that the Princeton theologian, revered as a father, followed as a leader, and trusted as the champion of their faith by this powerful body of Christians, was in a position when the flames of civil war burst forth to do his country invaluable service or almost deadly injury. Dr. Hodge took no uncertain ground, but stood forth at once as a strenuous advocate of the "National cause, on National grounds, as a high moral and religious duty." His moderate views on the subject of slavery have been already noticed. But he combated with all his vigor the Southern doctrine that slavery was good in itself, that it was the best organization of labor, and that it deserved to be conserved and perpetuated. He maintained that it was founded on municipal law and not on natural right, and that Congress had the right to prohibit it in a Territory where Congress was the local Legislature, because slavery rested solely on the *lex loci*. In a remarkable article in *The Princeton Review*, entitled "England and America," he utterly refuted the views of the secessionists in regard to slavery, and showed why the Christian world was amazed at such a moral phenomenon as that presented by English anti-slavery Christians sustaining a rebellion carried on to conserve and extend slavery. And again in an article on "The War," written in the gloomiest days of the struggle, he argued with convincing logic in favor of the right of the President to suspend the Habeas Corpus, and his authority as commander-in-chief to decree the emancipation of the slaves. In all these discussions he lifted the questions above purely political deliberation into the sphere of morals and religion, holding that on such capital occasions the rule of political action is to be sought not in considerations of State policy, but in the Word of God. Many of Dr. Hodge's writings during this period were widely circulated as pamphlets and republished in the newspapers. They appealed strongly to the large class of constitutional conservatives at the North who opposed the war from the outset, and the still larger body of those who with halting loyalty opposed the Administration and strove to prevent its success, and there is abundant proof that they did inestimable service to the Union cause. And yet when in the General Assembly of 1861, the famous resolutions were introduced by the venerable Dr. Spring declaring it to be the duty of Christians in the seceding States to support the National Government, Dr. Hodge led the minority in a protest, unmoved by the denunciations of the press, the threats of the mob in the streets, the chidings of the majority of the Assembly, and the pleadings of his constituents at home. He took the ground that the Bible enjoins obedience to the powers that be, but it does not enable a man to decide whether this is a nation or a confederacy of nations; that secession is not an ecclesiastical sin, and that no one could be arraigned for it before a church court.

In all the confusion and contention of his time, the attitude assumed by Dr. Hodge in the *Review* and in the councils of his Church was invariably decided, and his rare consistency during long years of controversy shows the singular stability, moderation, and independence of his character as well as the breadth and soundness of his judgment. To his massive intellectual gifts were added the charms of a sunny temper, which preserved its youthful freshness till the end. Strength and tenderness, courage, and all the milder graces united in him to form a manhood of the noblest Christian type. The account of his domestic life, with his study door always open to children and grandchildren, of his relations with his elder brother, and of his lifelong intimacy with Bishop Johns, reveal the warmth of his affections; and the ovation which he received on the fiftieth anniversary of his professorships was a striking proof of the depth and tenderness of the regard in which he was held by the hundreds of men whom he had counselled and instructed.

The memoirs of such a life could not fail to be of interest, and the biography of Dr. Hodge by his son is a valuable book. Being to a large extent a compilation, the work is marred by some needless repetitions, and at times it is burdened with correspondence which has but trifling value in itself and reveals nothing of the writer which we wish to know, but the story of the life, so quiet and uneventful and yet so intimately and actively associated with the leading characters and events of the century, is clearly told. There is a fine, old-fashioned flavor in the autobiographical chapters with which the book begins. The reminiscences of New-Jersey society in the olden time,—of early college days and college ways, of Professor Lindsley, who assured his students that "one of the best preparations for death was a thorough knowledge of Greek grammar," and other college, clerical, and political celebrities, are singularly pleasant. The journal kept by Dr Hodge during the year while he was studying in Germany is noteworthy for the glimpses it gives of Gesenius, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, the Von Gerlachs, and other celebrities of the time, and the memorial sermon, with its sympathetic estimate of the character and services of Dr. Miller and the Alexanders is a model.

FIELD ENGINEERING. A Handbook of the Theory and Practice of Railway Surveying, etc. By WILLIAM H. SEARLES, C. E. New-York: John Wiley & Sons.

The young railway engineer must feel greatly indebted to Mr. Searles for embodying in this compact pocket manual so much solid information. Every part of the surveyor's work is covered, and, in particular, the important subject of curves, simple and compound, receives full and lucid treatment. The principles involved are clearly explained, woodcuts are used where the text needs illustrating, and examples are often worked out in detail, practice and theory in this way going hand in hand throughout the volume. The book is handsomely got up, and the mathematical demonstrations are printed with great precision and neatness. The work is supplemented by thirty-one tables. These include the fundamental trigonometric and other formulæ, which are so apt to slip from the memory, the logarithms of numbers, natural and logarithmic sines, tangents, and other angular functions to 6 decimals, tables of squares, cubes and square and cube roots, barometric heights, long chords, linear and curved deflections, etc., etc. Much time and labor have evidently been bestowed upon the volume, which is certain to receive a hearty welcome from the class for whose benefit it has been prepared.

INDIAN SUMMER. Autumn Poems and Sketches. By L. CLARKSON. E. P. DUTTON & CO.

This is a showy book which, if it do not appeal to the most cultivated taste, will be sure to please a great many people, who like brightly colored pictures in which Nature is given credit for a good many things she could not do, if she were to try. The plan of the book is a collection of poems and parts of poems by American writers with reference chiefly to autumn and to the autumnal days of life. This being at best but melancholy music, the compiler has sandwiched the poetry between full-paced, color-printed pictures of such American plants and flowers as make the woods and fields gay in the last days of the year. The inevitable cat tail is printed on the cover on one side, looking regretably like the plumes upon a hearse, and on the other side are some garnered sheaves about which the crows are already gathering. If the book be thus apparently a little sombre in its matter and manner and more provocative of melancholy thoughts than of cheerfulness, it is evident that the author had the best intentions, for which we thank her.

IS THIS HENRY JAMES?

From Miss Fletcher's new Novel, "The Head of Medusa."

He was not in the habit of manufacturing conversation for the benefit of every girl who was thrown in his way. He was a man consciously capable of extremely refined pleasures, which he afterward described with curious nicety of epithet. His mind was kept anxiously on the alert for the most appropriate emotions. His critics accused him sometimes of considering existence like a series of brilliant magazine articles, and contributing his own share with perhaps too vivid a realization of clear-cut impression and epigram. But these were probably the same people who complained that he wrote like a man who examined the passions through an eyeglass.

His books were impartially international. He was carefully cultivated; he had spent all his life in examining great things; and, in point of fact, he was certainly quite unerring in his accuracy as to those differential details of dress, card-leaving, and speech which are the final cause of American civilization. He was invariably just in his strictures. He had a social reputation of being very severe. He had indeed at various times made several cutting remarks upon the American Continent; but in commenting on this fact the best people always added: "But he has been so much abroad, you know."

A MARSH-PICTURE.

From Miss Fletcher's new Novel, "The Head of Medusa."

They were entering the marsh. A paved road stretches straight and white across it. The blue-green reeds rose straight and sharp, like an army of spears, as far as the eye could see. At the first glance the plain presented the aspect of a solid field of rushes; looking more closely, one was aware of openings in this greenness,—the sunlight glittered upon the water, and the mind realized with a shock that all this thick-set show of verdure is in fact the merest covering for the lagoon. Denuded of vegetation, the Stagno would be desolate; in its pestilential luxuriance it becomes terrible. The hidden water suggests treachery. In the midday silence there are inexplicable disturbances,—quick, sudden darting and struggling deep down under the cover of rushes—dumb indications of strange and repulsive forms of life,—the life of slime and obscurity and secrecy. The mind follows these furtive movements with a fascinated disgust, imagining all curious tragedies of lower creations,—wild, crippled sea-birds dragging themselves painfully about under shelter,—fierce battle for existence between snake and frog and newt.

At midday this expression of a crowded sterility is at its highest. In the early morning there are mists hanging about the horizon; at sunset a winter exhalation rises slowly, the chill forerunner of fever and slow death; darkness covers it; at night the stars are reflected in a thousand motionless pools. But at midday the marsh asserts itself. In the perfectly clear air the straight reeds glitter like sword-blades with a pitiless distinctness. The sea is silenced. The dim sunlight presses heavily down upon an absolutely changeless form of desolation. In the winter these reeds will be still and dry, blanched and rattling in the restless sea wind. All the power of the summer can only modify their color to a barren bloom. In a hundred years the marsh will not have altered by an inch. The whole character of the waste implies immutability. The handful of peasants, half naked and silent, toiling along that sand bank to the right, are workers in salt mines founded by Marcus Antius twenty-five centuries ago. That blanched and solitary tower is the campanile Dante chose as resting-place for weary shades waiting to be ferried over to the melancholy shores of Purgatory. The hoarse, lugubrious croaking of the frogs rises eternally like the malign rejoicing of all the lower powers of evil over this barren fulfilment of some primeval curse.

FRENCH FASHIONS IN NAMES.

From Figaro.

There is a fashion in names which changes like all other fashions. Formerly, under the Monarchy, the same Christian name descended from father to son, and the habit was rarely departed from. Certain families had a preference for particular names, as Louis and Charles for the House of France. The eldest sons of the Orleans family were Philippes; of the Montmorencies, Mathieus. The Counts of Toulouse were Raymonds; the Counts de Foix, Gastons. The elders of the Noailles were named Helyon; of the Rohans, Louis; of the Tour d'Auvergne, Henri; of the Albert de Luynes, Honore; of the Richelieus, Armand, after the great Cardinal. Under the first Republic, male children received Greek and Roman names; the girls the names of heathen divinities, flowers, or vegetables. We have known many venerable ladies born at the commencement of the century, and who bore names which contrasted strangely with their white locks: Flore, Egle, Hebe, Euphrosine Aurore, Cypria, Arthemise, and even Terpsichore!

Romantic names next came in fashion and had great success, and girls were called Iseult, Ysabeau, Isaure, Ginevra, Malvina, Ines, Yolande, Bathilde, Hedwige etc. That was the period when French literary taste, after straying into the mists of Scotland with Macpherson's "Ossian," went careering wide on the Pegasus of the romantic school. To poets and novelists many new names are due. George Sand was sponsor for Indiana, Merimee for Colomba, Victor Hugo for Cossette, Lamartine for Jocelyn, and Dumas the younger for Jeannine, and in a certain measure for Lycnette, although this last name was given by the Duchess of Persigny to her eldest daughter twenty-five years ago. The present fashion is for peasants' names, and the children of wealthy or aristocratic parents are called, the boys, Jean, Andre, Jacques, Eustache, Marcel, Claude, Pierre, Francois, or Antoine; the girls, Claudine, Colette, Jeanne, Yvonne, Odette, Arlette, Helette, Jacqueline, Georgette, Miquette, Nicolette, etc.

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By the Celebrated Novelists,
WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.
The opening chapters appear in DECEMBER 4th Number of
ANDREWS' AMERICAN QUEEN.
PUBLISHED YESTERDAY
Simultaneously with its appearance in England by special arrangement with the authors.
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Ocean Steamers.

AMERICAN LINE.
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
Only Transatlantic Line under the AMERICAN FLAG.
Sailing every Wednesday from Philadelphia and Liverpool.
Extra sailings on alternate Saturdays.
INDIANA, Wednesday, Dec. 1, 8 a. m.

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Sailing every Saturday alternately from Philadelphia and New-York, for Antwerp, landing passengers within a few hours' ride of the important points of interest on the Continent.
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For rates of passage and other information apply to PETER WRIGHT & SONS, General Agents, 307 Walnut-st., Philadelphia. 10 Broadway, New-York.

ANCHOR LINE U. S. MAIL STEAMERS.
NEW-YORK AND GLASGOW.
From Pier No. 20, North River, New-York.
Ethiopia.....Nov. 27, noon | Circassia.....Dec. 11, 1 p. m.
Bolivia.....Dec. 4, 7 a. m. | Devonia.....Dec. 18, 6 a. m.
These Steamers do not carry cattle, sheep or pigs.
Cabins, $60 to $80. Excursion tickets at reduced rates.
Second Cabin, $40. Steerage, $28.
NEW-YORK TO LONDONDERRY.
From Pier No. 46 North River, foot of Charles-st.
*Elysia.....Nov. 27, noon | Victoria.....Dec. 4, 7 a. m.
Cabins, $55 and $65. Excursion tickets at reduced rates.
Steamers marked * do not carry passengers.
HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents, 7 Bowling Green.

GENERAL TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY.
BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND HAVRE.
Pier of Company (new) No. 42 North River, foot of Morton-st.
Travellers by this line avoid both transit by English railway and the discomforts of crossing the Channel in a small boat.
VILLE DE MARSEILLES, Captain Servan.....Wednesday, Dec. 1, 2 p. m.
PEREIRE, Delagrange.....Wednesday, Dec. 8, 10 a. m.
CALDERA, Benvil.....Wednesday, Dec. 15, 2 p. m.
Checks drawn on Credit Lyonnais, of Paris, in amounts to suit.
LOUIS DE BERIAN, Agent, No. 6 Bowling Green.

GUION LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL,
Leaving Pier 38 N. R., foot of King-st.
NEVADA.....TUESDAY, Nov. 30, 2:30 p. m.
ABYSSINIA.....TUESDAY, Dec. 7, 9:30 a. m.
WISCONSIN.....TUESDAY, Dec. 14, 2:30 a. m.
ARIZONA.....TUESDAY, Dec. 21, 8:30 a. m.
WYOMING.....TUESDAY, Dec. 28, 3:30 p. m.
These steamers are built of iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having bath room, smoking room, drawing-room, piano and library. Also experienced surgeon, stewardess and caterer on each steamer. The staterooms are all upper deck, thus insuring those greatest of all luxuries at sea, perfect ventilation and light.
CABIN PASSAGE (according to stateroom), $60, $80 and $100. INTERMEDIATE, $40. STEERAGE, at low rates.
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WILLIAMS & GUION.

IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL.
Hamburg American Packet Company's Line for PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG, and HAMBURG.
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HELVETIA.....Dec. 8 | SUEVIA.....Dec. 23
Rates of passage to Plymouth, London, Cherbourg, Hamburg, and all points in the south of England: First Cabin, $100; Second Cabin, $60; Steerage, $30. Round trip at reduced rates. Steerage from Hamburg or Havre, $28.
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IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL.
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMSHIP LINE. BETWEEN NEW-YORK, SOUTHAMPTON AND BREMEN.
NECKAR.....Sat., Nov. 27, 4 MAIN.....Sat., Dec. 11.
ODER.....Sat., Dec. 4, 4 ELBE.....Sat., Dec. 18.
RATES OF PASSAGE from NEW-YORK to SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE, BREMEN.
FIRST CABIN.....$100 | SECOND CABIN.....$60
STEERAGE, $30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid steerage certificates, $28. Steamers sail from Pier between Second and Third-sts., Hoboken, N. J.
OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling-Green.

INMAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
NOTICE.—The steamers of this Line take Lieutenant Maury's time routes at all seasons of the year.
CITY OF BERLIN.....SATURDAY, Dec. 4, 7:30 a. m.
CITY OF NEW-YORK.....THURSDAY, Dec. 9, 1 a. m.
CITY OF RICHMOND.....SATURDAY, Dec. 18, 6 a. m.
CITY OF CHESTER.....SATURDAY, Dec. 25, 1 a. m.
CITY OF MONTREAL.....THURSDAY, Dec. 30, 3 p. m.
FROM PIER 37, N. R., FOOT OF WEST 10TH-ST.
CABIN, $80 to $100 and $100. Return tickets on favorable terms.
STEERAGE, $28. Prepaid, $30. Drafts at lowest rates.
Saloons, staterooms, smoking and bath-rooms amidships.
These steamers do not carry cattle, sheep or pigs.
JOHN G. DALE, Agent, 31 and 33 Broadway, N. Y.
Philadelphia Office, No. 105 South 4th-st.

MONARCH LINE.
NEW-YORK AND LONDON.
Splendid new fast steamers each 4,000 tons burthen.
Leave dock adjoining Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City.
ASSYRIAN MONARCH.
PERSIAN MONARCH, December 7.
Saloon passage with very superior accommodation, $75. No steerage passengers taken on eastward voyage. Prepaid steerage tickets issued for passage London to New-York at low rates. For freight and passage apply to PATTON, VICKERS & CO., Agents, 6 Bowling-green.

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These first-class steamships sail regularly at 3 p. m. from Pier No. 8 North River, as follows:
SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Capt. Foster.....Wednesday, Dec. 1.
(Accommodations unsurpassed.) For freight or passage apply to WILLIAM P. CLYDE & CO., No. 35 Broadway.
LAWTON BROS., Agents in Havana.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
Sailing from Pier foot of Canal-st., North River.
For SAN FRANCISCO via Isthmus of Panama.
ACAPULCO.....Thursday, Nov. 30, noon.
Connecting for Central and South America and Mexico.
From San Francisco to Japan and China.
CITY OF OHIO.....Wednesday, Dec. 1, 2 p. m.
From San Francisco to Honolulu, New-Zealand and Australia.
CITY OF NEW-YORK.....Saturday, Dec. 18, 2 p. m.
Or on arrival of London mails at San Francisco.
Passengers forwarded to SAN FRANCISCO, SANDWICH ISLANDS, JAPAN, CHINA, NEW-ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, SOUTH AMERICA and CENTRAL AMERICA.
For freight, passage and general information apply at Company's Office, on Pier foot of Canal-st., North River.
H. J. BULLAY,
Superintendent.

ROTTERDAM LINE.
Steamers leave WATSON'S STORES, Brooklyn.
1st Cabin, $60—$70, 2d Cabin, $35. Steerage, $28.
H. CAZAUX, Gen. Agt., 27 South William-st.
FUNCH, EDYE & CO., 27 South William-st., Freight Agts.
L. W. MORRIS, 46 Broadway, General Passenger Agent.

WHITE STAR LINE.
UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
NOTICE.—The steamers