NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, MAN AND NOVELIST.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Franklin Square Library; pp. 77. Harper & Brothers.

"I remember well, when I was still the junior boy in the school, Dr. Butler, the head-master, stopping me in the street and asking me, with all the clouds of Jove upon his brow and all the thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy as I. Oh, what I felt at that moment! But I could not look my feelings. I do not doubt that I was dirty—but I think that he was cruel." It is after this fashion that Anthony Trollope wails through the record of his childhood. There is something about it of that same half-spiteful, half-sentimental whine that sounds through Charles Dickens's remembrances of his boyish miseries. Little Trollope's experience was not much smoother than that of little Dickens; and the sense of injury that survived was apparently equally keen, and the resentment displayed is in equally bad taste. The elder Trollope, his son says, "was a man finely educated, of great parts, with immense capacity for work, physically strong very much beyond the average of men, addicted to no vices, carried off by no pleasures, affectionate by nature, most anxious for the welfare of his children, born to fair fortunes, who, when he started in the world, may be said to have had everything at his feet. But everything went wrong with him. The touch of his hand seemed to create failure. He embarked in one hopeless enterprise after another, spending on each all the money he could at the time command. But the worst curse to him of all was a temper so irritable that even those whom he loved the best could not endure it. We were all estranged from him, and yet I believe that he would have given his heart's blood for any of us. His life, as I knew it, was one long tragedy."

He was a clever lawyer, but his outrageous temper drove the attorneys from him, and cruel poverty for his family was the result. Anthony went to school at Harrow and Winchester until he was nineteen, and during all those years suffered agonies of mortification and loneliness. His bills were unpaid, his clothes were ragged and dirty; boots, waistcoats and pocket-handkerchiefs were closed luxuries to him; he was big, awkward and ugly. He became a pariah among the pupils at those two aristocratic public schools; boys and masters alike jeered at and wounded him. "Of the cricket-ground and racket-court," he writes, "I was allowed to know nothing. And yet I longed for these things with an exceeding longing. I coveted popularity with a covetousness that was almost mean. It seemed to me that there would be an Elysium in the intimacy of those very boys whom I was bound to hate because they hated me. Something of the disgrace of my school-days has always clung to me all through life. . . . I feel convinced in my mind that I have been flogged oftener than any human being alive. It was just possible to obtain five scourgings in one day at Winchester, and I have often boasted that I obtained them all." As for his acquirements, he solemnly asserts that he has no recollection of other tuition except that in the dead languages. When presently he entered the Civil Service as a post-office clerk, he did not even know the multiplication-table. His early experiences in the post-office was not much pleasanter than those of his childhood. His stipend was at first $450 a year, and he was continually overwhelmed with debt and vexed by a money-lender who day after day would visit him at his office, and, standing like a little old demon behind his chair, would whisper always the same words: "Now I wish you would be punctual. If you only would be punctual, I should like you to have anything you want." Another visitor even more unpleasant appeared one day. The story must be given in the novelist's own words:

A young woman down in the country had taken it into her head that she would like to marry me, and a very foolish young woman she must have been to entertain such a wish. I need not tell that part of the story more at length, otherwise than by protesting that no young man in such a position was ever much less to blame than I had been in this. The invitation had come from her, and I had lacked the pluck to give it a decided negative; but I had left the house within half an hour, going away without my dinner, and had never returned to it. Then there was a correspondence—if that can be called a correspondence in which all the letters came from one side. At last the mother appeared at the post office. My hair almost stands on my head now as I remember the figure of the woman walking into the big room in which I sat with six or seven other clerks, having a large basket on her arm and an amuse bonnet on her head. The messenger had vainly endeavored to persuade her to remain in the anteroom. She followed the man in, and, walking up the centre of the room, addressed me in a loud voice: "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?" We have all had our worst moments, and that was one of my worst. I lived through it, however, and did not marry the young lady.

He did not forget her; there is more than a reminiscence of this lively scene in the episode of John Eames's last visit to Madelina Demolines.

Mr. Trollope has indulged in the most expansive frankness not only concerning his father and mother, but also in regard to his own literary methods and their result. When he was twenty-six years old he received an excellent appointment in Ireland and thereafter prosperity never left him. When he reached Ireland he had never put pen to paper; and when he was married, being then twenty-nine, he had only written the first volume of his first work. This novel and the next failed to please the public, and it was not until ten years after that his third story, "The Warden," was published and became moderately successful. His duties as a post-office surveyor made necessary a great deal of travelling, and he learned to write in a railway carriage, composing in this way the greater part of "Barchester Towers" and the novels which succeeded it. He even wrote on ship-board when going to Egypt to make a postal treaty, more than once leaving his paper on the cabin table while he "rushed away to be sick" in the privacy of his state-room. In the production of copy Trollope's brain was a mill which never, so long as its machinery was in motion, required any repair. His own account of his fashion of writing is worth quoting. "I had arranged," he says, "a system of task-work for myself, which I would strongly recommend to those who feel, as I have felt, that labor, when not made absolutely obligatory by the circumstances of the hour, should never be allowed to become spasmodic."

When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about 40. It has been placed as low as 20, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers I have—not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time—and I have always done so. There has ever been the record before me, and a week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart.

I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been so I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels. Nothing, surely, is so potent as a law that may not be disobeyed.

I have known authors whose lives have always been troublesome and painful because their tasks have never been done in time. They have ever been as boys struggling to learn their lesson as they entered the school gates. Publishers have distrusted them, and they have failed to write their best, because they have seldom written at ease. I have done double their work—though burdened with another profession—and have done it almost without an effort. I have not once, through all my literary career, felt myself even in danger of being late with my task. I have known no anxiety as to "copy." The needed pages far ahead—very far ahead—have almost always been in the drawer beside me. And that little diary, with its dates and ruled spaces, its record that must be seen, its daily, weekly demand upon my industry, has done all that for me.

There are those who would be ashamed to subject themselves to such a taskmaster, and who think that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till inspiration moves him. When I have heard such doctrine preached, I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more absurd, if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting.

He sometimes wrote sixteen pages a day instead of eight, and worked seven days a week instead of five, and he writes himself down as certain that the work thus pushed had in it the best truth and the highest spirit that he has been able to produce. He was indeed fond of rapid writing, and believed that "a man who thinks much of his words as he writes them will generally leave behind him work that smells of oil." During the years of his greatest success he seated himself at his writing-table every morning at 5:30, and had completed his literary work before he dressed for breakfast. Before he resigned his place in the Civil Service he was accustomed to work always on Sundays, and often at night. As he combined these avocations for many years with a persistent devotion to his one beloved pastime of hunting, it might be thought that he did not take much time for reflection. Three hours a day, he says, "will produce as much as a man ought to write. But then he should so have trained himself that he shall be able to work continuously during those three hours—so have tutored his mind that it shall not be necessary for him to sit nibbling his pen, and gazing at the wall before him, till he shall have found the words with which he wants to express his ideas. . . I always began my task by reading the work of the day before, an operation which would take me half an hour, and which consisted chiefly in weighing with my ear the sound of the words and phrases. I would strongly recommend this practice to all tyros in writing. That their work should be read after it has been written is a matter of course; that it should be read twice, at least, before it goes to the printers, I take to be a matter of course. But by reading what he has last written, just before he recommences his task, the writer will catch the tone and spirit of what he is then saying, and will avoid the fault of seeming to be unlike himself. This division of time allowed me to produce over ten pages of an ordinary novel volume a day, and, if kept up through ten months, would have given as its results three novels of three volumes each in the year."

He confesses that he was moved by a determination to excel, if not in quality, at any rate in quantity—not an altogether ignoble ambition, he holds, "if an author can bring himself to look at his work as does any other workman." His theory of the novel was in some respects like that of a later school than his. The plot he regarded as the most insignificant part of a tale. "The plots of 'Tom Jones' and of 'Ivanhoe,'" he writes, "are almost perfect, and they are probably the most popular novels of the schools of the last and of this century; but to me the delicacy of Amelia, and the rugged strength of Burley and Meg Merrilies, say more for the power of those great novelists than the gift of construction shown in the two works I have named. A novel should give a picture of common life enlivened by humor and sweetened by pathos. To make that picture worthy of attention, the canvas should be crowded with real portraits, not of individuals known to the world, or to the author, but of created personages impregnated with traits of character which are known. To my thinking the plot is but the vehicle for all this; and when you have the vehicle without the passengers, a story of mystery, in which the agents never spring to life, you have but a wooden show." He quotes Hawthorne's criticism of his works that they were "solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale," and as real "as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of." Trollope felt that that criticism described to perfection what he had ever aimed to do.

I have always desired to "hew out some lump of the earth," and to make men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us—with not more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness—so that my readers might recognize human beings like to themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons. If I could do this, then I thought I might succeed in impregnating the mind of the novel-reader with a feeling that honesty is the best policy; that truth prevails while falsehood fails; that a girl will be loved as she is pure and sweet and unselfish; that a man will be honored as he is true and honest and brave of heart; that things meanly done are ugly and odious, and things nobly done beautiful and gracious. . . . There are many who laugh at the idea of a novelist teaching either virtue or nobility—these, for instance, who regard the reading of novels as a sin, and those also who think it to be simply an idle pastime. They look upon the tellers of stories as among the tribe of those who pander to the wicked pleasures of a wicked world. I have regarded my art from so different a point of view that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience. . . . No novel is anything, for the purposes either of comedy or tragedy, unless the reader can sympathize with the characters whose names he finds upon the pages. Let an author so tell his tale as to touch his reader's heart and draw his tears, and he has, so far, done his work well. Truth let there be—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth I do not know that a novel can be too sensational. . . . I have from the first felt sure that the writer, when he sits down to commence his novel, should do so, not because he has to tell a story, but because he has a story to tell. The novelist's first novel will generally have sprung from the right cause. Some series of events or some development of character will have presented itself to his imagination; and this he feels so strongly that he thinks he can present his picture in strong and agreeable language to others. . . . But many young fail also, because they endeavor to tell stories when they have none to tell. And this comes from idleness rather than from innate incapacity. The mind has not been sufficiently at work when the tale has been commenced, nor is it kept sufficiently at work as the tale is continued. I have never troubled myself much about the construction of plots, and am not now insisting specially on thoroughness in a branch of work in which I myself have not been very thorough. I am not sure that the construction of a perfected plot has been at any period within my power. But the novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. . . . And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change—become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them—so should there creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling; but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood.

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained.

Trollope's characters, in truth, became to him dear and intimate friends, and their surroundings were almost real to him. He knew his fictitious county of Barset so well that as he wrote "Framley Parsonage" he made a map of the shire. He asserts that throughout all the Barsetshire chronicles there was no name given to a fictitious site which did not represent to him a spot of which he knew all the accessories as though he had lived and wandered there.

In writing a novel, he insists that episodes shall be excluded, and that every sentence and every word used shall tend to the telling of the story—a rule which he himself strictly followed.

There is no portion of a novelist's work in which this fault of episodes is so common as in the dialogue. It is so easy to make any two persons talk on any casual subject, with which the writer presumes himself to be conversant! Literature, philosophy, politics, or sport, may thus be handled in a loosely discursive style; and the writer, while indulging himself, and filling his pages, is apt to think that he is pleasing his reader. I think he can make no greater mistake. The dialogue is generally the most agreeable part of a novel; but it is only so as long as it tends in some way to the telling of the main story. . . .

And the dialogue on which the modern novelist, in consulting the taste of his probable readers, must depend most, has to be constrained also by other rules. The writer may tell much of his story in conversations, but he may only do so by putting such words into the mouths of his personages as persons so situated would probably use. He is not allowed, for the sake of his tale, to make his characters give utterance to long speeches, such as are not customarily heard from men and women. The ordinary talk of ordinary people is carried on in short, sharp, expressive sentences, which, very frequently, are never completed, the language of which even among educated people is often incorrect. The novel-writer, in constructing his dialogue, must so steer between absolute accuracy of language—which would give to his conversation an air of pedantry—and the slovenly inaccuracy of ordinary talkers—which, if closely followed, would offend by an appearance of grimace—as to produce upon the ear of his readers a sense of reality. If he be quite real he will seem to attempt to be funny. If he be quite correct, he will seem to be unreal. And above all, let the speeches be short. No character should utter much above a dozen words at a breath, unless the writer can justify to himself a longer flood of speech, by the specialty of the occasion. In all this human nature must be the novel-writer's guide. . . .

The young novelist will probably ask, or more probably bethink himself, how he is to acquire that knowledge of human nature which will tell him with accuracy what men and women would say in this or that position. He must acquire it as the compositor, who is to print his words, has learned the art of distributing his type—by constant and intelligent practice. Unless it be given to him to listen and to observe, so to carry away, as it were, the manners of people in his memory, as to be able to say to himself, with assurance, that these words might have been said in a given position, and that those other words could not have been said I do not think that in these days he can succeed as a novelist.

Lucy Robarts the novelist thought to be the most natural English girl he ever drew; and Plantagenet Palliser, afterward Duke of Omnium and the Prime Minister, was dearest to his heart of all his characters. "I do not think it probable," he wrote, "that my name will remain among those who in the next century will be known as the writers of English prose fiction, but if it does, that permanence of success will probably rest on the character of Plantagenet Palliser, Lady Glencora and the Rev. Mr. Crawley. . . Plantagenet Palliser I think to be a very noble gentleman—such a one as justifies to the Nation the seeming anomaly of an hereditary peerage and of primogeniture." The "Last Chronicle of Barset" its author regarded as his best novel. He writes throughout concerning his own work with an amusing complacency—when he conceived a book of his to be good he said so—and ends his record with a long list of his works and the moneys paid for them. From this we learn that he received in all nearly £69,000—surely a generous reward for work of the "solid and substantial roast-beef" sort.

The Autobiography has many paragraphs dealing with the writer's joy in hunting, and with his opinions of his fellow-authors and their works. Putting aside the family details which he gives, it may be said with approval that the book is singularly free from personalities such as those which will ever make the Carlyle Reminiscences repulsive to a decent and refined taste. Trollope's style is here as in his novels plain and emphatic, occasionally brusque and never elegant. It is the work of a man who was perhaps in disposition and in taste more of the typical John Bull than any other writer of his generation; and who with many burly and coarse fibres in character and intellect had not a few that were noble and winning.

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PHINEAS REDUX. A novel. By Anthony Trollope. 8vo, pp. 255 boards. (Harper & Bros.)

KITTYLEN. By Sophie May. 16mo, pp. 297. (Lee & Shepard.)

A NEW SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 399. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

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PHIL AND HIS FRIENDS. By J. T. Trowbridge. 16 mo, pp. 239. (Charles T. Dillingham.)

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ORIGIN OF WESTERN LANGUAGE. By George I. Wood. 8vo, pp. 45. (Hartford, Conn.: Lockwood & Brainard.)

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. By Anthony Trollope. 8vo, pp. 335. (Paper. Harper & Bros.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF NEW-MEXICO. By L. Bradford Prince. 8vo, pp. 327. (Leggat Bros.)

THE LIFE OF NELSON. By Robert Southey. 16mo, pp. 314. (Boston: Roberts Bros.)

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Catalogues at the school and at Putnam's, 27/29st.

Columbia Institute, 106 West 42d-st., E. Fowler, A. B., Prin., Marlborough Church-st., Jr., M. A., Headmaster, Collegiate, Business and Prim Depts. Reopens Sept. 26.

COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

No. 15 East 49th-st.

FRANK DRISLER, A. M., Principal.

Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 26. For circulars, &c., apply at the school, or to Prof. HENRY DRISLER, 48 West 46th-st.

CLASSICAL & MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL

OF

MESSRS. WILSON & KELLOGG,

NOS. 539—543 5TH AVE. (45TH-ST).

D. S. EVERSON'S COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, corner 42d-st. and 6th-ave., opposite Reservoir Park, reopens September 26. Prospectus. Pupils thoroughly mastered. Refers to following patrons: Prof. Charles Short, the Rev. Thomas Hastings, the Rev. Howard Bright, the Rev. Howard Crosby, the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, the Rev. Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, the Rev. E. N. White, the Rev. Prof. A. Briggs.

JOHN McMULLEN'S SCHOOL, 1,262 Broadway, corner 32d-st., reopens Monday, September 17. Terms $40 to $210; Boarders $800. Circulars at Putnam's, 27 West 23d-st., and at the school.

J. H. MORSE'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

No. 112 West Thirty-eighth-st.

Reopens September 26.

The Principal is now at home.

M. W. LYON'S COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, 5 East 22d-st., corner Broadway.—Prepares all ages and sizes for college, scientific school or business. Twenty-eighth year. Circulars at Putnam's and Hanington's.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Madison-ave. and 44th-st., fits for School of Mines, Stevens Institute, and technical professional schools, West Point, Engineer Corps, U. S. N., and Professor Naval Academy.

PACKARD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 805 Broadway, is the metropolitan and cosmopolitan school of the country. Here only taught, in the most effective way, bookkeeping, arithmetic, commercial law, commercial correspondence, penmanship and business affairs generally; also shorthand, typewriting and the modern languages. Call or send for circular. S. S. PACKARD, President.

St. Louis College, 134 West 37th-st.—Select Catholic School. Six languages. Complete business course. Warm lunch. Light gymnastics. Terms moderate.

SCHOOL OF MINES.—Preparatory school, 32 East 45th-st. J. WOODBRIDGE DAVIS, C. E., Ph. D., Principal. Introductory to all colleges. Reopens September 27.

THE NEW-YORK LATIN SCHOOL, No. 8 East 47th-st., reopens Monday, September 24. One boarding pupil. Send for circular. V. DARNEY, Principal.

THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, No. 721 Madison-ave., near 44th-st., Dr. R. B. CHAPIN, Principal. English, classical and primary departments. Gymnasium. New building, complete in its appointments. The 66th school year just begun.

UNIVERSITY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, No. 1,181 Broadway, near 42d-st.; 47th year. Primary, Commercial and Classical Departments.

M. M. HOBBY, W. L. AKIN, Principals.

For Young Ladies—City.

AT MISSES PERRINS' SCHOOL, 2,021 Fifth-ave., New-York. Terms for boarding pupils, per year, $400; with music $600.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS for women will be held in Cambridge, New-York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, beginning June 26, 1884. For further information apply to the Secretary of the New-York Local Committee, 475 5th-ave., New-York City.

MISS GIBBONS'S English and French School for Girls, 55 West 47th-st., reopens Sept. 26.

MISS REYNOLDS (eight years teacher in Miss Haines' School), 66 West 45th-st. Sept. 26.

MISS JAUDON'S School for Young Ladies, 348 Madison-ave., above 44th-st., will reopen Sept. 27. Languages taught by the Natural Method.

MRS. SALISBURY, 29 East 74th-st., corner Madison-ave.—Boarding and Day School will reopen Sept. 27.

MISS BALLOW'S English and French School for Young Ladies and Little Girls, No. 24 East 22d-st., will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 27.

MRS. WILLIAMES' ENGLISH and FRENCH SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES and LITTLE GIRLS, 26 West 39th-st., reopens Sept. 27. Lectures on Art, Science and History, Nov. 1. (Twenty-fifth year.)

MISS NORTH and MISS BARNES.—School for Young Ladies, 1,961 Madison-ave., near 125th-st. Classes for children and opportunities for study in special branches; courses of college preparation; graduates received at Wellesley without further examination.

MESDEMOISELLES CHARBONNIER'S French Protestant Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 36 East 35th-st., New-York (formerly in Paris), will reopen Monday, Oct. 1. Thorough course in all English branches.

MLLE. RUEL and MISS ANNIE BROWN will reopen their French and English Boarding and Day School, Sept. 27, 1883.

Nos. 711 and 713 FIFTH-AVE.,

opposite Dr. Hall's Church, just below Central Park.

Students prepared for Collegiate examinations if desired.

MRS. J. A. GALLAHER'S French Protestant Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies reopened Oct. 2, at 460 Madison-ave., cor. 50th-st. All branches taught for College preparation. Special attention to intermediate and Primary classes in both French and English. Separate and limited class for little boys.

Instruction.

For Young Ladies—City.

MISS S. L. CHAPMAN'S

(formerly Mrs. J. T. BENEDICT'S),

English, French and German School,

No. 18 West 50th-st., will reopen

THURSDAY, September 27.

Students prepared for college examinations.

MRS. SYLVANUS REED'S Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, Nos. 6 and 8 East 53d-st. (between Madison and 5th aves.), N. Y. In the Collegiate Department the course of study coincides with that of Established Colleges, and the examinations are equivalent. Primary and Preparatory Classes receive careful training. French and German practically taught. Every pupil is under the personal supervision of Mrs. Reed.

MISS HAINES AND MLLE. DE JANON succeeded by MME. D'OREMIEULX VON TAUBE and MLLE. DE BRUYN KOPS. Improved methods of teaching. Sent on application. Address No. 10 Gramercy Park.

MISS J. F. WREAKS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 52 East 77th-st., reopens September 27. Course of instruction thorough and complete. Special attention paid to mathematics and languages. Kindergarten Class (American Froebel System) reopens October 3.

MISS MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS, 46 East 58th-st., reopens her school for Young Ladies and Misses Oct. 16; classes for adults Nov. 1; preparation for Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Harvard examinations; advanced classes in Art, Literature, Science and Mathematics; unusual advantages for Modern Languages and Music; boarding pupils limited to 12. Address till Sept. 15, BOONTON, N. J.

MRS. RAWLINS' ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies will reopen September 24 at No. 37 East 39th-st. Mrs. O. S. POLLOCK has charge of Columbia and Harvard examinations. Principal can be seen at the school after September 1.

MME. C. MEARS'S

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies (founded 1840), No. 222 Madison-ave., New-York, reopens Wednesday, September 26, 1883. French is the language of the family and school; lectures in English, French and German by eminent professors; especial attention paid to English and French Primary Department.

MME. A. C. MEARS, Principal.

REV. DR. and MRS. C. H. GARDNER'S

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Twenty-sixth year.

ST. JOHN'S, 21 and 23 WEST 32D-ST.

OCT. 2, 1883.

Mrs. THEODORE IRVING,

Miss L. I. HOWE,

At home after Sept. 15.

THE MISSES PERRINE,

No. 38 East 74th-st.

English and French School for Young Ladies. Thorough course. The number of resident pupils limited. October 1.

THE MISSES GRINNELL'S ENGLISH and French School for YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS, 53 East 55th-st., two doors from Madison-ave. Thorough Collegiate Course. Lectures on Art, Science and Literature. Special students received in all departments. Separate classes for boys. Kindergarten.

VAN NORMAN INSTITUTE for young ladies, 515 West 57th-st., New-York, will reopen September 27. DR. & MME. VAN NORMAN, Principals.

33 WEST 130TH-ST.—The Misses Jacots' School for young ladies reopens September 26, 1883. Special course for young ladies for college examinations. Boys received in Kindergarten and Primary Departments. Special preparatory class for boys from 10 to 12.

For Both Sexes—City.

CIRCULARS OF GOOD SCHOOLS FREE to parents; please state requirements; school furniture and supplies. E. MIRIAM COYRIERE & CO., 31 East 17th-st., Union Square.

CARLISLE INSTITUTE, 572 Madison-ave., cor. 56th-st., New-York (Central Park). Boarding and day school for young ladies and children. Thorough collegiate course. Special students in music and all departments. French the language of the school. German, Latin and Spanish tongues. Accommodations for boarding pupils unsurpassed; every room sunny. Kindergarten. 11th year Sept. 24.

FRIENDS' SEMINARY, for both sexes, East 16th-st. and Rutherford-place. Kindergarten, primary, academic and collegiate classes.

BENJAMIN SMITH, M. A., Principal.

French, Berger's Method.—Conversational lessons by the author. No payment in advance. Free demonstration Tues., Thurs., Sat., 11 o'clock. Classes for teachers. Special terms. 31 East 17th-st., Union Square, first floor.

JACKSON SEMINARY, 513 and 515 East 120th-st.—Eng. lab. French and German boarding-school for young ladies and children; desirable location; extensive shady grounds; terms $200 to $300 per year. For circulars apply to the Seminary. Reopens September 13.

MISS WARREN, No. 71 West 47th-st., reopens the boys' department of her school September 24; young ladies' department September 26.

MISS S. D. DOREMUS reopens her DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES and CHILDREN October 4, 36 47 East 21st-st.

MISS CHISHOLM'S SCHOOL for GIRLS, 718 Madison-ave., reopens MONDAY, September 24. Fall. Boys' classes separate. Public school methods. Miss Chisholm will be at home September 17.

MRS. GRIFFITTS will reopen her English, French and German Day School for Young Ladies and Children on Wednesday, September 26, at 244 Madison-ave., next door above the corner of 40th-st.

MODEL KIN