# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## OUR LATEST CRITIC.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC. By Sir LEPEL HENRY GRIFFIN, K. C. S. I. 16mo, pp. 180. Scribner and Welford.

Readers of the "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys" will remember the amusing plainness of speech with which, in his supplementary chapter, Mr. Richard Grant White, addresses himself to the question: Who is Sir Lepel Griffin? The answer is that Sir Lepel Griffin is not much of anybody, that he saw nobody who is anybody during his visit to America, and that he had no opportunity to learn more of American manners and society than can be observed between drinks in hotel bar-rooms. We now have Sir Lepel Griffin asking who is Mr. R. G. White? an inquiry to which he replies that Mr. White (or Mr. White's latest work) "is as good an illustration as could be found of the worst type of American critic—ignorant and presumptuous—who, from the internal evidence of his book, could never have crossed the ocean, discussing English life and manners." Now Mr. White is a great admirer of English life and manners as one finds them in England, and we must take it for granted that this little explosion of temper was provoked by our countryman's criticism upon the life and manners of the English tourist, as one finds him in America—a criticism for which any of us can see ample justification without going far from his own doors. Sir Lepel Griffin certainly has some of the most disagreeable characteristics of the British traveller. His contempt for everything "un-English" is boundless. His inaccessibility to un-English ideas is absolute. He does not know when his critics are laughing at him. He does not recognize a joke when he sees it. He draws sweeping conclusions from the slightest premises. He has an insatiable appetite for thumping falsehoods. He propounds the most monstrous blunders with dogmatic assurance. Of all the foreigners who have recently written about the United States he is by far the most ignorant and the thickest-headed, the most unfit by nature and the least qualified by observation.

Fortunately Sir Lepel seems to have paid little attention to American society, and he records only one original discovery in this department, to wit, that in New-York and Boston it is customary for a young debutante in her first year to be "adopted by one of the professional male flirts," who ostentatiously protects her through a whole season. Of art and literature he says as little as he does of fashion, but that little is enough to show that he is not interested in such subjects. He complains that in a hundred years we have produced neither a poem, a painting nor a musical composition which could justly be placed in the first class; but he forgets to ask whether any nation has produced a poem of the first rank during that time, or whether England has ever produced a first-class painting at any time or a first-class piece of music. In music, to be sure, he thinks we may do something before long, "as the best of so-called English music, now taking a high place in the artistic history of the century is Irish in origin, and as there are more Irishmen in America than in Ireland itself." That the dramatic art is at a low ebb in America (even Booth and Jefferson are no great shakes) is owing to the unengenial atmosphere more than to the actors, because "the majority of American actors are English or Irish by origin, and indeed the American stage is as rich in brogue as if it were recruited direct from Cork." This intelligence will be received in Tammany Hall with a delight hardly less rapturous than the statement that Boss Kelly, being able "to defend his position with spiritual as well as temporal weapons," compels "the whole Irish Catholic population to vote solid as he bids them." Sir Lepel's fine taste in architecture is illustrated by his declaration that "with the exception of the Post Office (!) and the unfinished Catholic Cathedral, which is neither in size nor design a Cathedral at all," there is scarcely a building in New-York which repays a visit. It is cheering to know that Mullett has an admirer at last; but pray what is Sir Lepel's notion of the attributes of a cathedral, and what does he suppose to be the minimum size which will justify our calling a bishop's church by its proper name? That Niagara is only a nest of nuisances, that Lake Champlain and Lake George are poor things, that we have very little scenery except in the Yellowstone, which is visited only by Englishmen, that our women are not beautiful, that Delmonico's is not a good eating-house that New-York has no large private houses, that the Brooklyn Bridge was a blunder since a subway would have been more convenient (shade of Brunel, has he never heard of the Thames tunnel?), that the Mississippi is a nasty stream of mud, that the Central Park is a magnificent expanse of wilderness in the centre of no hing, and that the only reason why we are not disliked on the Continent as much as Englishmen is that we are not so well known—these are some of the genial judgments by which Sir Lepel displays his expansive mind and his sunny temper. He is such a charming type of Englishman that we shall never cease to regret his missing his personal acquaintance.

We presume that Mr. Richard Grant White's conjecture as to the class of people from whom Sir Lepel formed his opinion of the United States is nearly correct. The book is redolent of the air of hotel rotundas, and echoes of the reckless conversation of the smoking-car and the wild rhetoric of the cheap newspaper. The author declares that his chief purpose is to warn English liberals against the dangers of democracy, and he has consequently paid more attention to the condition of our politics than to other phases of American life. What he thinks of our voters, our Government and our public men may be inferred from what we have already said of his temper. He has borrowed some gross exaggerations from the sources we have indicated above; he has accepted literature of *The Tatanswill Gazette* species for sober history; he has apparently invented a few small slanders, such as the statement that a corporation bribed the officials of the State of New-York to give it the right to build a paper mill in the middle of Niagara Falls; that "in the last Presidential contest the voters in thirty States, commanding 298 electoral votes, were unable to read"; or that whether the 20,000 men on the rolls of the United States Army really exist or not is extremely doubtful, nobody whom Sir Lepel has met having ever seen them, and the presumption being that at least half the money appropriated for their pay is stolen. But the authority upon which he most relies is a satirical work entitled "Solid for Mulhooly," published some two years ago in New-York, and not greeted by English politicians with "the attention which it undoubtedly deserved." The opinion of Sir Lepel Henry Griffin, K. C. S. I., upon any literary production is entitled to so much weight that we cannot contemplate without a crushing sense of shame the complicity of America in the general neglect which has fallen upon "Solid for Mulhooly." Perhaps we have sunk too low now to be helped by reading it; but Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Randolph Churchill will undoubtedly take the advice of Sir Lepel and circulate it gratuitously in England, where we trust that it may instruct many students of American affairs as serious and discriminating as the author of "The Great Republic."

We may fairly censure a man who scribbles a vulgar book about a subject which he does not know and has not really tried to understand; but we are not to excuse those who have contributed to his ignorance. We have no doubt that in the haunts which he most affected and the society which he found to his taste Sir Lepel did hear many of the outrageous and preposterous misstatements which he has committed to print, and heard them even from Americans. "From my Colorado notebook," he writes, "I extract the *ipsissima verba* of one of the most prosperous and distinguished citizens of that State. 'Politics,' said he, 'are nothing but a trade by which to live and grow fat, and an evil and a stinking trade. No one who respects himself can join it, and should a respectable man be chosen for office he refuses to accept the nomination. Everything connected with it is corrupt, and success being impossible to an honest man, the dirty work is left to the scallawags and scoundrels who live by it, and who degrade the name of politics throughout America.'" We have heard so much of this kind of complaint that we do not question the accuracy of Sir Lepel's report. But to call such a statement an exaggeration would be too mild; it is simply a lie. In every branch of politics there is a large proportion of high-minded, reputable, and accomplished men, patriotic in their purposes, and pure in their lives; they are found in the high offices of state, on the bench, in Congress, in the Legislatures, and even in the city halls; and there is not an American familiar with public affairs who cannot reckon honorable politicians among his personal acquaintances. And yet there are Americans with so little sense of dignity and truth that they pour these vile slanders upon their country into the yawning ears of delighted foreigners, and fancy that they are better than the common people because they are not ashamed to defile their own house.

## A STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

I SAY NO; OR, THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED. By WILKIE COLLINS. Harper & Brothers.

The popularity of Wilkie Collins is as unquestionable as his mannerism, and a new story by him is an event in the literary world, even though his lines are far apart from those of the introspective school at present, or but recently, so much affected. And yet there is in this very clever writer a want of originality and an incapacity to conceive real characters which are the more evident the more stories he produces. When the "Woman in White" appeared his peculiarities were new to the public, and seemed piquant and charming. But since then the same dialogues, the same melodramatic situations, the same studies in morbid psychology, have appeared again and again under thin disguises, until it is upon the subtlety of the plots alone that the interest of this author's work depends. There is always a secret to discover, and it is almost always announced in the first chapter. There is usually a detective of preternatural astuteness: not the detective of real life, but a sort of glorified thief-catcher and problem-solver, who does everything with so much mystery that if Mr. Collins had not drugged all the other characters they could hardly help noticing his exaggerated professionalism. The people who keep journals in Mr. Collins's novels are also a remarkable lot. They always express the same kind of sentiments, and are even addicted to the same idioms and pet turns of language. And his characters generally are prone to make themselves miserable over matters which would not at all disturb live people. They are much given to what old women call, or used to call, "nerves." The villains are seldom sufficiently wicked, either. Mr. Collins, drawing all his characters directly from his own breast, instead of finding them created outside him, as Dickens and Thackeray did, is often at a loss to express the evil qualities which are happily lacking in his own composition. Count Fosco was his ideal rogue; and yet Count Fosco is in some respects a really agreeable and even fascinating person, whom it is quite impossible to wish serious harm to. But with all these drawbacks, the stories of Wilkie Collins are sure to be welcomed eagerly, and by the most various classes. For the sustained interest of his tales is undeniable, and if there is a deficiency of life in his characters it is equally true that all they say and do is carefully weighed, and has its bearing upon the outcome, while no living writer more resolutely eschews everything in the shape of padding.

Mr. Collins's latest story bears the title "I Say No; or, The Love-Letter Answered"; and it is characteristic of him that the meaning of this title is not made clear until three-fourths of the novel has been read. The plot is, as usual, very carefully and strongly conceived, and the reader is allowed to think that he has the clew to the secret at an early period, whereas the secret is really quite different from what seems most probable. The apparent secret is a murder, which turns out in the end not to have been a murder at all, and the reader is kept tracking the man suspected of having committed the crime, and is afforded plenty of amusement in trying to reconcile his character as exhibited in his daily life with the theory of his guilt. All this is very skilfully done, but yet it is questionable whether the mystery thrown over the real or supposed real nature of Brown's death does not involve an unnatural exaggeration. It is probable that in actual life all sorts of people would do all sorts of things, some of them of more than doubtful morality, and put themselves to all manner of inconveniences, in order to keep a young girl from learning that her father did not die of heart disease, as she had been informed, but was murdered. Yet this is the chief motive of the story, and in fact nearly all there is to it of any principle in it.

The general effect of "I Say No" is much less sensational than many of the author's former stories. The situations are not void of theatrical tone, but they are distinctly quieter and more subdued. It is in fact more the society play than the melodrama, but it is dramatic. The women of Mr. Collins's novels are usually weaker than his men, and his old and eccentric women are better than his young girls. Perhaps this is because all his women are really men worked over, so to speak, and his old women are the most natural because age has a tendency to assimilate the characteristics of the sexes. Miss La Sar, in the new story, is decidedly disagreeable, but her vices are rather those of human nature than of a woman, and she is drawn with a certain vague indeterminateness, as though the author originally meant her to fill a much more important place, but had thought better of his purpose. The story indeed is considerably shorter than most of Mr. Collins's novels, and the plot is far less intricate. This the reader will be apt to resent, for it is a plot, and plenty of it, he wants when he goes to this author. Wilkie Collins has always had a large audience, however, and unless his powers fail, as this latest of his works certainly does not appear to indicate, he always will be read widely. And this is right, for he is a thoroughly wholesome and sweet writer, who ever punishes Vice and rewards Virtue, and gives us the most fascinating and complicated of plots, and thrills us with cunning detective enterprises, and surprises us with novel modes of committing crimes, and getting married, and perpetrating bigamy, and all kinds of exciting affairs. And the world will probably always prefer novelists of this school to those who delight in analyzing thoughts and sentiments, and who eschew action and plot as vulgar and coarse.

## GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE MARSHAL'S FARE.

*From The Memoirs of Marshal Bugeaud.*

One night the Marshal was walking about the camp, as he often did, and heard a dispute between two Zouaves. One said "What a dog's life! I have been wet through three days, and not a chance to dry myself; if only we had a little bread and a drop of brandy there would still be a chance to sing 'Mère Godichon.' But there is nothing at all, and, into the bargain, those rascally Arabs, whom we cannot catch to pay off our ill-humor on their backs." An old soldier answered, "Conscript, you have no business to grumble. If you had been, as I was yesterday, on duty at the Cassquetti's (a pet name among the soldiers for the Marshal) tent, you would not speak your complaints!" Marshal of France and Duke that he is—listen, conscript—I saw him with my own eyes, all alone, making no complaint, as he gnawed at a bit of biscuit, and drank a cup of water after it. When God has nothing, what do you expect the saints can have?"

The squad cried out "The old one is right. Shut up, conscript." Down with the conscript. When the Marshal told this little story, he said he felt as pleased as he had ever done in his life.

### A DEATH WARNING.

*From Cassell's Greater London.*

Toward the close of November, 1779, Lord Lyttleton had gone down from London to Pitt Place for the purpose of spending a week or two in field sports or other recreation, and he had taken with him a gay party of friends. On the 24th of that month he had retired to bed at midnight, after spending the evening at cards with his guests, when his attention was attracted by the fluttering of a bird, apparently a dove or a pigeon, tapping at the window of his bedchamber. He started, for he had only just put out his light, and was about to compose himself to rest, and sat up in bed to listen. He had gazed and listened for a minute or so, when he saw, or at all events fancied that he saw, a female clothed in white enter—whether by the door or by the window we are not informed—and quietly approach the foot of his bed. He was somewhat surprised, and not agreeably surprised, when the figure opened its pale lips and told him that three days from that very hour he should cease to live. In what ever manner this intimation, real or unreal, from the other world was conveyed to him, whether by sound of the voice or by any other mode of communication, one thing is certain, that Lord Lyttleton regarded it as a reality, and a message from the world of spirits.

The third night came, and everything had gone on as usual. The guests had sat down to dinner, played their rubbers of whist, and retired; but none of them had dared to rally the young Lord Lyttleton on the depression of spirits under which he labored. Eleven o'clock came; the party broke up and went to their several rooms, wishing each other good-night, and heartily desiring that the night were past and gone, so restless, anxious and uncomfortable did they feel without exception. Twelve o'clock came, and Lord Lyttleton was sitting up in bed, having given his servant orders to mix him a dose of rhubarb, though apparently in the best of health. The dose was poured out, and he was just about to take it when he found there was no teaspoon. A little out of patience with the valet for neglecting to have a spoon at hand, he ordered him to go and fetch one from the pantry at the foot of the stairs. The man was not absent from the room more than a minute, or possibly a minute and a half, but when he returned he found his master lying back at full length upon the bed speechless and motionless. No efforts to restore animation were of any avail, and no symptom of consciousness showed itself. His lordship was dead, having died on the third day, as the spectre had foretold.

### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

*From the Fate of Mansfield Humphreys.*

For example, there was at the table of an acquaintance of mine a lady of birth and very considerable social distinction in England, Lady A., let us call her. She was the daughter of a peer and the wife of the heir to a peerage, then bearing his courtesy title. The party at dinner was small, and Lady A. could easily see that her lord sometimes ate of soup. This, according to Yankee notions of good breeding, did not at all place his lordship in the best light (although they would not require him to be the much of his soup if it was not to his taste); and there must have been the consciousness of some such holding of courtesy in the breast of Lady A., who, sitting by her lord's side as her lord sat by that of their hostess, called across the table with bland and elegant condescension, "Do take some A.; it's not at all nasty!" That there have been people called for some reason or other "Americans" who behaved so before, is very likely; but we are speaking on one side of a peer's daughter and peer's son, and, on the other of persons who, although without rank, have, like the former, the best social position at home.

I willingly confess too that such exhibitions of social amenity do not seem to be reserved for us alone by our British cousins, who, on the contrary, bestow them upon each other in like circumstances. For I find it recorded in London of the late Mr. Abraham Hayward that being on a visit to the late Lady Waldegrave, he at dinner one day exclaimed, "H'm! The same soup for three days! Filthy stuff, too!" Without hesitation I admit that here is a token (if it be a token) of a great difference of manners. Such a speech as that by a guest at his host's table has never been heard of within my range of observation or acquaintance with tradition in "America"; and, indeed, so far have we degenerated from that standard of manners that such a speech, or such a one as Lady A.'s, would here exclude thenceforward the speaker from the table and the house where it was uttered.

One English hostess, according to recent record, showed the feeling and the spirit which would be common here on such provocation. It is told in London that a gentleman who had recently and somewhat unexpectedly come to a title and an estate dined at a house where his entertainers were not persons of rank, but were persons of social consideration, and somewhat noted for elegant housekeeping. He thought it proper to show dissatisfaction with the dinner to which he had been bidden, and to call in an aggressive way for this, that, and the other thing, which he got, by his hostess' orders. When he came to take leave, she said, with sufficient distinctness to be heard by those around her, "Good night, sir. We are happy to have had the honor of seeing you for the first and the last time." Very well, that! at least so far as to the deserts of the victim. I can only wonder in the rude "American" mind is that a person who could succeed to a title and estate, and who could get into such a house, should have given occasion for it.

A case not quite so bad but not in somewhat the same way did occur a long time ago in "America." A certain Mr. W., who attained a moderate distinction, and who received no little attention in England, was, after trial here for awhile by people of social consideration in his own country, set down as one who was not a gentleman and had not in him the possibility of one. His invitations ceased; but he, knowing what entertainments were to be given, would sometimes, Brummel-like, present himself uninvited, and carry his point by his own impudence and the too tender consideration of his willing host and hostess. One night at a large party, to which he had been with great decision not invited, he presented himself at high tide in the most gorgeous evening array. "O papa!" softly exclaimed the daughter to her father, who was talking to the friend who told me the story, "here's Mr. W. 'Twas no use. What shall we do?" "I'll receive him," the father replied, and stepping forward he said, in a clear voice that attracted much attention, "Good evening, Mr. W. This is indeed a most unexpected pleasure." W. never visited that house again, and from that time fell steadily. His was certainly fifty years ago. I may be wrong; but it seems to me that the Yankee's sword at that distant time was quite as keen as the London lady's of to-day, and a little more polished and more daintily used.

I remember having the honor of meeting at dinner a long while ago a distinguished Liberal member of Parliament, who spoke with enthusiasm of the progress of refinement in America. I listened, as became me, almost in silence to his remarks; but I remember observing, as he spoke, that he had his feet upon the top of the little wire fender before the fire, and that although he was the special guest at the dinner where there were twenty or twenty gentlemen invited to meet him, appeared on gentlemen do on such occasions, he was not only in a rusty and somewhat dusty street dress, but that his linen was, both as to his wristbands and around his throat, commonously in need of the ministrations of a laundress. Perhaps I was wrong; but in my callow inexperience I asked myself whether, although his opinion might be very valuable upon a point of public policy, he was exactly the man to criticise the manners, present or past, of the people whom he had honored by his visit and his approval.

Disagreements of this sort between the manners of some of our most distinguished British visitors and our own have not been so rare as to give them at any time the piquancy (I can hardly say the charm) of novelty. A very eminent British author was invited to a dinner in his honor by a friend of mine, a clergyman so distinguished that, although he was not an author, his name was well known in England. The honored guest, who was not a traveller in the out movement, but was stopping some time in New-York, presented himself in a tweed jacket, with the rest of his toilet conforming thereto as to host and the other guests being in the various dress of gentlemen in England and "America." They would as soon have thought of coming in wide-awake hats and "gum-shoes" as in tweed coats. Dress is indeed a trifling matter, except when it is a mark of the consideration in which a man holds those whom he expects to meet, and of his respect for their customs and habits of life. Therefore lapses of this kind are the more remarkable because of the somewhat excessive punctilious ness of most English gentlemen in this respect at home, and according to my observation even in "America." Lord Ronald Gower, as he tells us, did not wish to trouble himself as to dress during his brief visit; and he therefore showed his consideration for "American" society by not accepting invitations.

More recently we have seen a very distinguished visitor from England, one who, before he had ever visited "America," thought it proper to restore the world upon the lack of culture in that unregenerate country—we have seen this eminent apostle of social culture meeting not only gentlemen but ladies at dinner in his street dress, and disturbing all the calculations of his hostess by what seemed a most capricious disregard of the arrangements made in his honor and that of his party. The attitude and the tone publicly assumed by this gentleman makes it, I think, fitting and proper to remark, in this place and with our present purpose, upon his manner and bearing during his visit, of which, however, I shall only say that those whom he seemed to regard as his hosts were, in very many cases, astonished by his blunt disregard, or ignorance, of what they had been accustomed to regard as the courtesies of life; and moreover by his conspicuous lack of that ease and easiness of manner which they had been accustomed to regard as signs and fruits of social culture. This appeared not only in his manner and in his speech, but even in the notes he wrote, which were, to say no more, so unusual and so awkward in phraseology, that they were often made the subject of unadmiring remark.

### EMERSON ON PIE.

*From A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson.*

At breakfast we had among other things pie. This article at breakfast was one of Mr. Emerson's weaknesses. A pie stood before him now. He offered to help somebody from it, who declined; and then one or two others, who also declined; and then Mr.——; he, too, declined "But, Mr.——!" Mr. Emerson remonstrated, with humorous emphasis, thrusting his knife under a piece of the pie, and putting the entire weight of his character into his manner, "but, Mr.——, what is pie for?"

### ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

Along these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes I too scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smote (not warmed the world with benison,
Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lists
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came,
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each year that England clothes herself with May,
She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won.
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime,
To have spared not thee for very love or shame;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray,
Moreover, might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and nuns,
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hour decay begrime
Names once beloved; but, seeing the sun the same,
As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

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DR. FINNEO'S FAMILY SCHOOL, for ten boys, Greenwich, Conn., will reopen September 18.

DEGARMO INSTITUTE, Rhinebeck, N. Y. First-class college of business; has graduating course, $300 a year. JAMES M. DEGARMO, Ph. D., Principal.

FREEHOLD INSTITUTE, Freehold, N. J.—Fortieth year. Prepares for business, for Princeton, Columbia, Yale or Harvard. Rev. A. G. CHAMBERS, Principal.

HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY, Worcester, Mass., begins its 27th year Sept. 4th. C. R. METCALF, A. M., Superintendent.

MITCHELL'S BOYS' SCHOOL, BILLERICA, Mass., 15 miles from Boston, on B. & L. R. R. A STRICTLY SELECT FAMILY SCHOOL. Admits boys from eight to fifteen. M. C. MITCHELL, A. M., Principal.

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PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester. 22d year. 1 extra conferred. COL. THEO. HYATT, President.

REV. JOHN H. CONVERSE'S Home School for ten boys at New-Hamburg, on the Hudson; location high and healthy; refers to Bishop Henry C. Potter. Send for circulars to Bristol, R. I.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. Fits for any college or Government academy, for business and social relations. United States officer, detailed by Secretary of War, commandant; Springfield Cadet rifles. OTIS BISBEE, President.

ST. LUKE'S BOARDING SCHOOL, P. O. BUSTLETON, Phila., Penn. Unusually healthful Home influences and especial care of young pupils. Specialty—College preparation. CHAS. H. STROUT, M. A.

SUMMER SCHOOL FOR BOYS, 44 Elm-st., Northampton, Mass.

THE IRVING INSTITUTE, Tarrytown-on-Hudson. 40th session begins Sept. 10. Address, for circulars, principals, A. ARMAGNAC, D. A. ROWE.

### For Young Ladies—Country.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE UPTOWN OFFICES, No. 1,238 Broadway, corner Thirty first-st., until 9 p. m., and 308 West Twenty-third-st., corner Eighth-ave., No. 153 Fourth-ave., corner Fourteenth-st., 760 Third-ave., corner Forty-seventh-st.; Nos. 1,007 Third-ave., near Sixtieth-st., and at the HARLEM OFFICE, 2,00 Third-ave., corner One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., up to 8 p. m., at regular office rates.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Female College; beautifully located; very healthful and thorough. Superior Music and Art Departments. For circular, &c., address Rev. WM. C. BOWEN, A. M., President.

DREW LADIES' SEMINARY, Carmel, N.Y.—Healthful home-like, progressive. Opens Sept. 10. Send for illustrated circular. GEO. CROSBY SMITH, A. M.

GROVE HALL, Miss Montfort's School for Young Ladies, New-Haven, Conn. Tenth year begins September 24.

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY, for young ladies, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT. For particulars address MISS EMILY NELSON.

HOME SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES. Pleasant, thorough, safe. $250. 14 borders. 19th year. Rev. W. M. WELLS, principal, Hightstown, N. J.

MISS BULKLEY'S boarding and day school for girls, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson; will reopen Wednesday, September 17. Address by letter until September 1.

MISS NOTT'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH Family and Day School for Young Ladies, No. 33 Wallst., New-Haven, Conn. The 12th year begins Tuesday, September 23. Circulars sent upon application.

OSSINING INSTITUTE for Young Ladies and Misses, Sing Sing, N. Y. Best advantages in Art, Music, Elocution, English and Modern Languages. Charges moderate. Opens September 10. REV. C. D. RICE, Principal.

RYE SEMINARY, RYE, NEW-YORK. For particulars address Mrs. S. J. LIFE.

STAMFORD, CONN.—MISS LOW, successor to Mrs. Richardson, day and boarding school for young ladies reopens September 24.

STAMFORD, CONN. Miss AIKEN'S School for Young Ladies begins September 24.

TRINITY HALL, BEVERLY, NEW-JERSEY. English and French Home School for Young Ladies. Varied advantages of the highest order; special thoroughness in music, art, languages and the classics. Seventeenth year begins September 18. For circular, address MISS RACHELLE GIBBONS HUNT, principal.

THE Misses Patten's English and Classical Family and Day School for Young Ladies and Misses, Middletown, Conn. Fall term opens Sept. 10, 1884.

THE ELMS.—Family and Day School for Girls, No. 141 High-st., Springfield, Mass. For circulars address the Principals, Misses PORTER & CHAMPNEY.

### For Both Sexes—Country.

CLAVERACK COLLEGE and Hudson River Institute, Claverack, N. Y. $290 A YEAR. FITS FOR ALL COLLEGES and BUSINESS. French, Art and Music specialties. Both sexes. School continues open during July and August. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, Ph.D., President.

ROCKLAND COLLEGE, Nyack-on-the-Hudson. BOTH SEXES. NO EXTRAS BUT MUSIC AND ART. Private instruction for back-ward scholars. Send for new catalogue. W. H. HANNISTER, A. M., Principal.

## Teachers.

A. M. KINDERGARTEN NORMAL SCHOOL, SUMMER SESSION, begins Aug. 14. Autumn Session Sept. 15. Many teachers wanted for good positions. Tr. ms. $2. Lessons $20, Board $4 to $5 per week. Emily M. Coe, Prin. and Ed. of Am. Kindergarten Magazine, 70 Bible House, N. Y.

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TEACHERS' AGENCY.—36 West 21st-st., N. Y. Professors, teachers recommended to schools and families; careful advice in choice of best schools. H. MESSER.

## Teachers.

A.—ABLE AND THOROUGH TEACHERS of all grades, tutors, governesses, lecturers, companions, &c.; circulars of best schools free; no charge to those employing teachers, nor to teachers until engaged. E. MIRIAM COYRIERE & CO., 31 East 17th-st., Union Square.

AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE, established 1855, provides promptly best Teachers for Private Public Families, Schools, Colleges. Circulars of good schools with valuable information free to parents. Skilled Teachers always wanted. Application form for stamp. J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., 7 East 14th-st., N. Y.

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TEACHERS WANTED.—Several teachers for the Grammar and Primary Departments of the public school in Cedar Hill, Hudson County, New-Jersey. Applicants will present themselves for examination at the new school building, New-York-ave., corner Monmouth-st., on Saturday, July 12, 3 o'clock p. m. WM. KOTHE, President of Board of Education.

TEACHERS WANTED—Ladies.—Several French ladies for schools and families in and near the city; German governesses speaking French; German nursery governesses; several teachers for southern boarding schools; also for vocal and instrumental music.

Gentlemen.—Several teachers for different boarding and day schools. H. HESSE, 36 West 21st-st.

TEACHER and TUTOR.—An Amherst graduate with two years' experience as teacher and tutor wants a position as tutor for July and August. References: Senator Eli Saulsbury, Delaware; Dr. L. G. Thomas, 294 4th-ave. Address AMHERST, Care of Jas. Christie, corner Broadway and 14th-st.

WANTED.—Young Episcopalian for music and English, $4 50 and home. Apply to UNION TEACHERS' AGENCY, 16 Astor Place.

## Hotels.

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