NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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JOHN BULL'S NEIGHBOR IN HER TRUE LIGHT: Being an Answer to Some Recent French Criticisms. By "A BRUTAL SAXON." New-York: Richard A. Saalfield.

If it were safe to form a conclusion as to the present relations of European peoples with one another from the tendencies of their literary criticism, we should be compelled to believe that the English, French and Germans were straining like hounds in the leash, and impatient to fly at one another's throats. English and French susceptibilities have of late been assailed with unexampled intemperance by writers who evidently think the *tu quoque* argument very formidable. Max O'Rell, in a pretence of candid discussion, focussed all the old Gallic fictions about the English, even including that venerable fable about the British prominent teeth and enormous feet. He told many truths, no doubt, but many more untruths, and his appreciation of English institutions was, as usual in such cases, altogether exotic and misapprehensive. And now "A Brutal Saxon" has come to the front to take his revenge upon the mercurial Gaul, and it must be admitted that from the first page, in the breezy symbolism of the Far West, he "makes the fur fly." True to his character, he wastes no time in preliminary courtesies. He assumes the aggressive instantly, and keeps it up to the end of his very entertaining, pungently written, but of course grossly one-sided *brochure*.

"Brutal Saxon," to begin with, knows his Paris and his France very well. He says himself that he has lived many years in the country, and it is plain that he has observed to some purpose. His attacks on the morality, the justice, and the social life and manners of the French are the more formidable in that they are supported by copious citations from French official reports and literature. The book is the work of a competent critic, in fact, and he has succeeded in putting his finger upon all the sorest spots in the French National economy. He goes through the list of the Frenchman's pet glories, and demolishes them one by one. He denies him a claim to military heroism reminds him how often he has been thrashed by the British; taunts him with his ferocity and inhumanity in war; sneers at his assumed politeness, which he declares to be a myth; exposes his immorality; condemns his literature; charges him with being the slave of a corrupt oligarchism; laughs at his consuming vanity; impeaches his judicial system; and finally audaciously challenges his culinary pretensions. If ever the Parisians read the "Brutal Saxon's" onslaught it will make them very angry, but unless it is translated into French it is tolerably certain that they will know no more of it than such of their critics as are able to read it in the original may choose to present to them.

The little book is so full of smart and bitter things, such as the best of us are not wholly displeased to read about our neighbors, that the task of selection is difficult. Some of the more serious descriptions, such as that of "Horrible Paris," will not bear transcription, but it must be said of them that they are fully borne out by the very frank and startling works of Mr. Yves Guyot, who has himself been a Prefect of Police, and for years a member of the Municipal Council of Paris. Here, however, is a specimen of the "Brutal Saxon's" manner. He is speaking of French literature and morals:

It long ago passed into a proverb, that French literature was coarse and immoral; but one must live in France and read French to thoroughly understand the degrading depths of filth that French writers descend to. As soon as ever girls and boys commence to read they by instinctively to the class of literature, which renders them prurient almost before they have cast off their bibs. It is pitiable to hear how girls of tender age will talk of things that shock sensitive ears, and to see how youths, while yet the down is on their cheeks, are debased and debauched. The national immorality is, as it were, a pestilential blast that sweeps through the land and blights.

I once heard a distinguished Russian nobleman say that it would be difficult to find an honest man or virtuous woman in all France. I am not quite prepared to indorse that, but I fearlessly assert that immorality is a national vice. You see it staring you in the face on the Boulevards at night; you see it in the cafés; in the bras erics, where women are waiters instead of men; in sculpture galleries, in picture galleries, in illustrated papers, in shop windows, in the streets; it displays itself in the talk of the people and the acts of the people.

And this is the way he deals with the old French sarcasm about the large feet of the English:

So far as my own limited intelligence allows me to form an opinion upon this question, I would respectfully beg leave to advance the proposition that large feet are not altogether a drawback. Mr. O'Rell, in common with all his countrymen, when he expends his Gallic wit upon our feet, quite overlooks the anatomical view of the subject. He himself represents a Latin, and consequently a small-headed, race of people, while we, being Saxons, Normans, Danes, and Norsemen, come from a stock of large-headed men and women; and I believe that it is admitted by anatomists that in a general way that people with large and bony frames are more energetic, more determined, stronger and longer-lived than the races with small bones. This would seem to account for three things: (1) Our superiority to the French as a fighting people; (2) our superiority as explorers and colonists; (3) our having worsted France in all our encounters with her, whether of a naval, military, or diplomatic character.

If the above deductions are correct, we may fairly feel proud of our big feet. But suppose we turn our attention for a moment to the small feet of our French friends.

It is pretty certain that some day there will be included in exhibitions of "instruments of torture" that modern instrument of torture, a French boot. A Paris chiropodist of some note once told me that seventy 4 cent of French people had deformed feet. Whether this had any foundation in fact or not I have never been able to satisfactorily determine, but I am strongly disposed to believe it did not fall far short of the truth. For a Frenchman is eternally racking his brain to try and discover the very smallest possible amount of space into which his feet will compress. The result of this is, as every one has seen, that painfully mincing gait so peculiar to French people.

He illustrates French vanity by the following not altogether novel anecdotes:

But, as I have said, French vanity is a very real thing. It yields to nothing or nobody. And could this be better exemplified than by citing the case of the French Duke of Levis, who used to show an old painting, which represented one of his ancestors, a Prince of Judah, bowing to the Virgin Mary, who says, "Convrez-vous mon cousin!" Then the well-known family of Croy possessed a no less silly picture, which showed Noah entering the ark, and exclaiming, "Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Croy." But this is quite in keeping with the expression of Madame de la Meilleraye, a cousin of Cardinal Richelieu, who, speaking of the Chevalier de Savoie, a man of high birth but most dissolute habits, who had been rebuked, said, "Depend upon it, God will think twice before damning a gentleman of his quality."

The Duc de Clermont-Sonnerre also said, in speaking of himself, "God will never dare to damn a duke and peer."

A people who can be guilty of such silly vanity as this may almost be pardoned for thinking all other nations inferior to themselves.

Here is a sketch of a French duel:

It was Voltaire, I think, who said, "Frenchmen are the women of Europe." A Frenchman has no real courage. The tiger in his nature can always be aroused, and then he becomes daringly ferocious, but without this he is a tame, morbidly sentimental creature. If a Frenchman of the middle class happens to be struck in a dispute or quarrel, he falls to and weeps to think that such an indignity should have been put upon him. If he belongs to the lower class, he resents a blow by slashing his opponent with his knife or viciously kicking him like a mad bull. The foreigner who lives in France grows weary and sick at hearing the eternal cry about French honor—the honor that, being only veneer, is satisfied with the slightest scratch. Could anything be more ridiculous, more childish, more pitiable than the so-called "encounters" that one hears as having taken place between two Frenchmen whose honor and pride have been wounded; though it is generally the pride and not the honor, as that is only a very flimsy thing in France. Well, two of these women of Europe, having heaped vile abuse upon each other's heads, agree to "meet." The hour comes, and, having gone through a good deal of farcical ceremony, put on their cleanest shirts, and well-primed themselves with absinthe, they start off with their friends, and the "encounter" takes place. There is generally a good deal of terrific sparring, just for the look of the thing, you know; then one of them receives a little scratch,—sometimes, perhaps, he carries a pin in the band of his trousers, and scratches himself; the doctor rushes forward at the sight of the two or three beads of blood; declares that the much-damaged honor is now quite well again; the two combatants, the seconds, the doctor, and their friends fall upon each other's necks and weep, and, putting on their clothes, repair to the nearest cafe for some more absinthe.

Sometimes it happens that the weapons chosen for these dreadful meetings are pistols, in which case the seconds are very careful to impress upon the principals to hold their weapons pointing upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the bullets may pass harmlessly toward the clouds. Of course, it occasionally comes about that accidents occur, owing to these gentlemen of wounded honor handling their weapons carelessly; then, very likely, one ling their weapons carelessly; then, very likely, one of them gets run through the body or shot through the lungs, and, as a natural consequence, dies. There is a great deal of weeping then, and much absinthe is consumed. If the slain one happens to have had a wife or mistress, a sum of money is given to her, and she hastens to get a new husband or lover, as the case may be.

The following picture of French officialism will be recognized by many Americans as vigorous, if overdrawn:

Throughout France officialism is its curse. It is at once insolent, arrogant, overbearing, insulting. Every foreigner who has ever visited the country knows this to his bitter cost. Officialism is a bugbear and incubus that you cannot shake off. It meets you at every step. Do you want to get a letter registered, go into a *bureau de poste*, and see how you will be insulted by the jackanapish officialism there, as it puffs its villainous tobacco-smoke into your face; and if you happen to be a defenceless woman, depend upon it it will be more insolent. Do you want to claim a piece of lugage from the *douanes*, go to the window of the *douane*, and as officialism, with a savage glare, opens the tiny pigeon-hole, letting a stream of tobacco-smoke and carbonic-acid gas flow into your nostrils, note how overbearing it is, though possibly it has only been just raised from the gutter. Do you want to take a journey somewhere by train, behold how officialism tramples upon you, and, still half-asphyxiating you with smoke, it shuts you up in a pen as if you were cattle. Then when you are released, approach officialism on the platform with a view to making some inquiry, and you will start back with horror, especially if you be a woman or young girl, as officialism turns and half blows you with its cigarette smoke, and half chokes you with its garlic-reeking breath, as it roars: *Je ne sais pas.*

If you go to a theatre, officialism confronts you; always smoking, mind, for smoke is its badge. If you ride in an omnibus, you meet it; if you visit the Invalides, it rises up and crushes you. It is, in fact, an "old man of the sea," that you cannot by any possibility shake off. And though sometimes you are tempted to take officialism by the nose and twaak it, and thrash some of the insolence out of it, it is better that you do not, for then you would be confronted with officialism in an infinitely more terrible form.

And he adds details of several cases in which foreigners have been insulted and even imprisoned by the French police without the shadow of justification. One case is that of an American citizen who only last year was arrested as a madman or imbecile, for no other reason than that he could not speak French. The name of this gentleman was Mr. Theodore Beloe. The "Brutal Saxon" does not hesitate to attack the Government of Paris in this slashing way:

Now let us look at Paris. Its veneering of gilt is so thin that you have only to scratch it to get at the rottenness beneath. Of all the great capitals of Europe it is one of the worst drained, and it is a notorious fact that two or three weeks of hot weather is sufficient to raise the deathrate to an appalling height. The mean average death-rate under any circumstances is always higher than London. It is true that beneath Paris is an elaborate system of drainage works, through which a small car is run with curious sightseers; but the system is confessedly defective. Then again, nothing could be worse than the water supply. The water itself is bad and the supply deficient. After three weeks of hot weather in the summer of 1883 the supply almost entirely failed. The whole population was put on half measure, the streets were less watered, and the drains were unflushed. As a natural consequence, the atmosphere was unbearable, the mortality was frightful, and everybody who could fled from the pestiferous city. At the present day crime in Paris is also higher than in London, when the total population is considered. Outrages even on the Boulevards are very frequent; while it is absolutely dangerous to pass along the Champs Elysees, or, in fact, any quiet and secluded place after a certain hour. For a long time, up to a few weeks ago, the Bois de Boulogne was infested by a gang of roughs, who robbed and murdered every one they could lay hands on. So frequent were these crimes that a little army of gendarmes were one night marched to the Bois, round which they drew a cordon, and succeeded in capturing about twelve desperadoes. But notwithstanding this, the Bois is so unsafe that it is now nightly patrolled by a large body of gendarmes.

In the low quarters of Paris crimes of the most frightful character are committed daily. The amount of drunkenness is awful; so bad has it become, that a law was recently passed making it a punishable offence, in the hope that it might operate as a check, though statistics prove that as yet it has not slackened. Absinthe and cognac are the common drinks. The former is the most villainous stuff that can be drunk. It madness and idiocy quickly by bringing on softening of the brain, and it also produces a form of madness called in French *folie paralytique*. This comedian is peculiar to drunkards, and increases at a fearful rate. The *eau de vie* is made from the commonest of methylated spirits. It is a fiery, maddening spirit, and is sold at from pretty to eighty centimes the litre (a little more than a pint). Our London gin has mild and pleasant drink compared with this *eau de vie*. Go into the poor quarters of Paris;—peep into a low cafe, a bouvette, a cabaret, a guinguette, an estaminet, a brasserie;—look at the awful, bloated faces, sodden and distorted out of all resemblance to God's image by alcoholic and *eau de vie*;—look at the half-naked women and the young children sucking themselves with these fiery drinks;—if you are a brutal Saxon, you will shudder and come away with an aching heart, and thank your God that London, with all its appalling horrors, is not so bad as Paris.

One of the most interesting descriptions in the book is that which purports to give an account of the daily life of a middle-class Parisian family. Mr. Max O'Rell said that the English did not know what comfort meant. Of course this was an unfortunate blunder, and the Brutal Saxon takes full advantage of it by showing how the French Bourgeois lives. First he describes the interior of a French house, beginning with the bedroom. Then he brings the master of the house down in the morning:

If the master of the house goes out early to business he comes down into the main apartment, the table of which is bare of cloth, and the servant brings him a bowl of what is by a pleasant fiction termed coffee. And here I must have a word to say about the boasted French coffee.

It has long been a tradit on with us that you must go to France for good coffee. There never was a greater mistake. As a matter of fact, the coffee that one generally gets in France is wretched, and very frequently not coffee at all, but a mixture of three parts of chicory and one part or burnt beans; and as it happens to be made—as is frequently the case—from a vile compositon called "Extracte of Coffee." The amount of chicory that is consumed in France is absolutely enormous, while the proportion of coffee is comparatively small. The very best coffee in the world goes to the English market. That when finds its way into France is an inferior quality, with some rare exceptions. The difference between us and our neighbors is, that we are not so much a coffee-drinking people, and the majority of English people don't know how to make coffee properly. On the other hand, French people have no idea how to make tea.

Returning to the master of the house and his bowl of coffee and milk—*café au lait*. A hunk of bread is brought to him, and this he proceeds to tear—that is the only way one can describe the process. The pieces he dips into the coffee, and, having protected his shirt front—for a Frenchman is very particular about his shirt front—with a napkin (not as one of our ordinary towels, he proceeds to feed himself, eating and drinking with a rapidity that is simply amazing. This "first breakfast" is a very short affair, and, being over, the worthy man goes out with a cigarette in his mouth; and the strong probabilities are he will not turn up again until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, as he will go to a cafe for his *dejeuner* and dinner.

A little later the lady of the house and her daughters, if there are any, make their appearance, looking very yellow and washed out, for it is likely they did not go to bed until long after midnight. Their hair is screwed up in papers; they are attired in faded, and, as often as not, ragged, *robes de chambre*, and they wear slippers down at the heels. Being tired and weary, they soak their bread in their coffee in silence, or, being in bad tempers, grumble at each other, unless they happen to be disclosing with zest the immoral play they witnessed at the theatre the preceding evening. When they have finished their coffee, they return to their bedrooms, and wash themselves in the half-pint of water. Then they spend from two to three hours before the looking-glass, and by the time *dejeuner* is ready they are looking blooming, thanks to the marvellous French "toilet requisites." The *dejeuner* is a formidable affair, but not to be compared to the dinner. Possibly some visitors have dropped in, and the babel of voices is deafening. French ladies generally have harsh, treble voices, and, as they speak in the highest key and all speak together, the noise is confusing. Many courses are gone through, and an immense quantity of wretched wine is drunk, which in three cases out of five is manufactured from dried raisins. As evidence of the quantity of wine that is consumed by the people, the returns for last year showed two hectolitres twenty-seven litres per head in Paris, that is, about fifty gallons per year each person—man, woman and child. The breakfast being over, black coffee is handed round. The gentlemen smoke cigarettes, and the ladies munch bonbons. The afternoon is got through somehow, visiting or shopping. Visitors are generally entertained hospitably on wretchedly weak tea, some biscuits, and bonbons. Then comes the event of the day—*diner*. That is a prodigious meal. If there happens to be company, the ladies appear more blooming than ever. Their complexions are fresh and youthful; the hair is artfully arranged to the best advantage; and Madame or Mademoiselle crowds on to her fingers, and round her neck, and in her ears, and on her bosom, all the jewelry she possesses, and that is generally a good deal, for a French lady worships jewelry first and her God afterward, and she will have it somehow or another—gold, if possible, but if not, then the best imitation. Two hours or more are spent over the dinner, and the quantity that is eaten and drunk is almost beyond credence by a stranger to French habits. As a rule, there is only one knife and fork for all the courses, fish, flesh, and fowl. The fork is only used to hold the meat until it is cut in pieces; then it is laid on one side, and everything is lifted up on the knife and put into the mouth. When the plate is empty, it is wiped and polished with a piece of bread, which is eaten; for a French person likes to see his or her plate go away perfectly clean. The dinner being ended, glasses of water are brought round. In these the napkin is dipped, and the fingers and lips wiped; then the gentlemen, and frequently the ladies, rinse their mouths out, and spit the water into the glass on the table. This kind of French etiquette may be seen at any time in any cafe in France, where the class I am describing frequent. After this pleasant little operation of mouth-washing, black coffee and cognac is passed around. The gentleman, sometimes the ladies, smoke. Then there is a little music, perhaps some singing, until it is time to go to the theatre, concert, ball, or what not; and then really commences the Frenchman's day. At some time after midnight the bourgeois family I have described are supping in a cafe—another prodigious meal. The ladies are at their best. They look charming, and they are brimming over with good spirits. They laugh immoderately and talk loudly, but they are thoroughly light-hearted. They are o'clock they go home to their cold, cheerless, fetid house; and at first breakfast-time appear, as I have said, looking yellow, and weary and worn.

We should like to give some extracts from the comparison between French and English cooking, which is racy, and really contains much good sense; but considerations of space forbid. Enough has been cited to show that the "Brutal Saxon" has taken a full and deep revenge on Mr. Max O'Rell, and has certainly contributed his share toward the maintenance of that traditional hostility which occasional *ententes cordiales* fail altogether to extinguish, and the vigor, not to say virulence, of which at the present moment seems to indicate the improbability of an early consummation of the Brotherhood of Man.

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will be reopened October 2, by their successors,
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Thorough course in all English branches.

MISS J. F. WREAKS, 959 Madison-ave.—Boarding and Day School for young ladies and children, also Kindergarten. Reopens Sept. 29th.

MISS CHISHOLM'S Boarding and Day School for Girls removed to 15 East 84th-st. will reopen Monday, sept. 29th, 1884. Boys class separate.

MRS. GRIFFITTS will reopen her ENGLISH, FRENCH and German Day school for Young Ladies and Little Girls on Monday, September 29, 814 Madison-ave., near 59th-st.

MRS. F. JONSON and Miss A. L. Jones, 13 EAST THIRTY-FIRST-ST.
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. Primary, Preparatory, Collegiate Departments.

MISS GIBBON'S English and French school for girls reopens September 24, at 55 West 47th-st.

MISS WARREN,
21 West 47th-st.
Boys Department reopens September 24; Young Ladies' Department September 26. Come as soon as possible.

MRS. J. A. GALLAHER will reopen her French Protestant Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, October 1, 158 Madison-ave., corner 30th-st. A thorough English education. Highest standard in English and classical studies. Separate class in French and English for little boys.

MISS REYNOLD'S SCHOOL, 68 West 45th-st., will reopen September 24. Three pupils received in family. References required.

MLLE. RUEL AND MISS ANNIE BROWN'S English, French and German boarding and day School will reopen Monday, September 29, 1884.
7 AND 9 EUTAW-PL., NEW-YORK.
(Just below Central Park, and opposite Dr. Hall's Church.)

MISS NORTH AND MISS BARNES' SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 1501 Madison-ave., will reopen Sept. 24. Courses in College Preparation; classes for children; and opportunities for special study; students completing their college preparation will be received into or admitted to advanced classes without further examination.

MME. C. MEARS'S
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
For Young Ladies and Children, No. 232 Madison-ave., New-York. Reopens Wednesday, October 1, 1884. French is the language of the family and school. Instruction in English, French and German by resident professors; special attention paid to English and French Primary department.
MME. C. C. MEARS, Principal.

MRS. RAWLINS AND MRS. SNEAD,
SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
27 East 40th-st.
Reopens September 24.

MADAME ROCHE'S
FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
No. 7 EAST FIFTY-FIRST-ST., Central Park.
Reopens October 1st. Instruction in all branches, including the best results in French. Terms for Boarders, $400. Write for Circulars.

THE MISSES GRINNELL'S
SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
No. 7 East 45th-st., second door from Madison-ave. Reopens October 1st. Kindergarten for Boys, October 1. Elementary department for Boys.

MISS ANNA C. LAMB'S
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS and young boys reopens September 24th at No. 252 Park-ave., near 46th-st.

MRS. SYLVANUS REED'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
4 and 6 East Fifty-third-st., New-York.
Circulars on application, and at Putnam's, Scribner's and Hackwood's Book-stores.

MISS MARY HARBOUT NORRIS,
11 East 59th-st., reopens her school for Young Ladies and Misses on Monday, September 29. Classes for adults after January 1. Thoroughness in elementary branches. Advanced classes in History of Art, Literature, Science and Mathematics. Classes in History of Art and universal Literature conducted by Miss Norris. All branches of English and Mathematics, college graduates. Unusual advantages for Modern Languages. Kindergarten department, ages 4 to 12.

MRS. SALISBURY,
Cor. Park-ave. and 37th-st.
Boarding and Day School
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. October 1, 1884.

RUTGERS FEMALE COLLEGE reopens September 24. 53 West 55th-st. Excellent corps of teachers in all departments. Circulars mailed.
REV. ISAAC LEWIS, D. D., President.

SUBURBAN SEMINARY for young ladies and children will reopen September 17. Address
MRS. EDWIN JOHNSON,
Rectorate and Park-ave., N. Y. City.

THE MISSES CHADEAYNE'S SCHOOL, 518 Madison-ave., between 53d and 54th sts., will reopen Monday, September 29, 1884.

THE MISSES GRINNELL'S
SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
55 East 55th-st., second door from Madison-ave. Oct. 1.
Separate department for boys, Oct. 1. Kindergarten Oct. 10.

THE MISSES GRAHAM, (successors to the Misses Green) formerly of No. 1 Fifth Avenue, will reopen their English and French Boarding and Day school for young ladies, on Tuesday, September 30, 1884, at No. 63 Fifth Avenue, New-York City.

VAN NORMAN INSTITUTE FOR LADIES.
Founded 1857. 915 West 47th-st., N.Y. Reopens Oct. 2.
DR. and MME. VAN NORMAN, Principals.

148 MADISON-AVE.
Mrs. Roberts and Miss Walker's English and French School for Young Ladies and Little Girls will reopen Monday, September 29. Home work not required of pupils under fourteen years; greatly reduced terms for entire classes of two or more. Mrs. R. 2,121 to 2,129 P.-st., Washington, D. C. Cottage City, Mass.

23 WEST 126th-st. The Misses Jacot's School for young ladies reopens Tuesday, September 23. Pupils prepared for Colleges or Harvard examinations. Kindergarten and primary departments. Limited number of boys received.

For Both Sexes—City.

ABOUT 500 young gentlemen and ladies attended Packard's Business College last year, many of them being those graduated as accountants and are earning good salaries. The young men who show the quick quality for business gets only by going through the regular course but the quantity of work and they are many as who spend only long enough to learn short hand and typewriting are greatly in demand. Not only all graduates of Packard's are employed while in attendance, but a good situation awaits every worthy one. Enter at any time; no classes; personal instruction; vacation is over; working school September 1. Office 805 Broadway. When you call, take the circulars in the office.

A.—CIRCULARS OF BEST SCHOOLS free to parents. Please give particulars. E. MIRIAM COYRIERE & CO., 31 East 17th-st., Union Square.

AMERICAN VOCAL INSTITUTE, 103 W. 59th-st., established twelve years. The removal of stammering a specialty. Circulars mailed.

A GOOD BOARDING SCHOOL for your boys may be obtained by applying in Room 27, Tribune Building. Circulars, references and full information.

A.—PARENTS will find (free) best schools, city, country and Europe, as solid tuition, board and discipline, at LEGENDRE'S American-European Teachers' Bureau, 1,193 Broadway.

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 taught. Accommodations for boarding pupils unexcelled, every room sunny. Twelfth year September 22.

FRENCH CONVERSATION in eight or three months by payment in advance, new system; instruction at your residence, without charge, by Professors, assisted by Professor BERGER, from Paris, 31 East 17th-st. Reference Appleton Co.

FRIENDS' SEMINARY, East 16th-st. and Rutherford-place, for both sexes.—The Fall term begins 9th mo., 16th, 1884.
Kindergarten, Primary, Academic and Collegiate Departments.
For circulars apply at the Seminary.
The Principal will be in attendance at the Seminary daily on and after 9th mo., 6th, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.
BENJAMIN SMITH, A. M., Principal.

MISS M. BLACKWELL'S School for Children with Kindergarten reopened Sept. 17, at 150 East 64d-st.

MME. DA SILVA & MRS. BRADFORD'S (formerly Mrs. Ogden Hoffman's) English, French and German Boarding and Day school for Young Ladies and Children, Nos. 15 and 17 West 38th-st., New-York, will reopen October 1.
Separate and limited class for little boys begins September 24. Application by letter or personally as above.

MOELLER INSTITUTE, No. 336 West 29th-st. Founded 1863. Day school and kindergarten for both sexes; boarding-school for boys; prepares for business and college. F. W. MOELLER, Principal.

MISS COMSTOCK—Nos. 32 and 34 West 40th-st., facing Reservoir Park. English, French, and German Boarding and Day School; gymnastics; studio; private class for young boys. classical department; Wednesday, Oct. 1. Prof. A. M. Wheeler, of Yale College, will give the course of historical lectures. Miss Comstock home after Sept. 24.

Instruction.

Musical Instruction

S. M. LEDOCHOWSKI, Concert pianist and teacher of piano; terms moderate; studio 31 East 17th-st. Union Square.

For Boys and Young Men—Country.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S
MEDIA ACADEMY, MEDIA, PENN.
Thirteen miles from Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. School year 1883-'85 opens Tuesday, September 9. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, etc. No extra charges except for Music and Chemicals. Students admitted and classified at any time. No examination necessary for admission. Summer vacation school July and August. The regular school year opens September 9, but students may come at any time before September 9, or be admitted after the 9th, when vacancies occur. A boarding-school of the highest grade for young men and boys. One of the best equipped, best taught and most successful schools in the United States; always full. Fifteen experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates—six of them Harvard men. All teaching in small classes so that each pupil may have individual care. Special attention to both advanced and backward pupils. Individual and class instruction. Early deficiencies in young men's education corrected. Young men whose education has been neglected instructed privately. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or pursue the regular English, Scientific, Civil Engineering, Business, or Classical Course, or parts of different courses. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Lehigh, Lafayette, University of Virginia, Columbia, Williams, Dickinson, and several Polytechnic Schools. "Conditioned" College students of any class tut