NEW PUBLICATIONS.

W. H. BISHOP'S NEW STORY.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE. By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP. 12mo, pp. 393. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[There is an interesting psychological question at the base of Mr. Bishop's story. A man whose general tendencies are sound and good in a moment of passion does an act which results in the death of two men. He is a wealthy Western man. One day he is greatly enraged by the refusal of a transportation company to grant him certain terms in a business undertaking. Going from the company's office he steps upon the draw of a bridge just as it is opening to give passage to a steamer. The man working the draw is seized by a fit before he has cleared the passage, and falls down. David Lane, the merchant, springs to the lever of the draw to take the disabled bridge-tender's place. Just then he sees that the steamer waiting to pass belongs to the corporation against which he is so indignant. On the impulse of the moment he pushes the lever the wrong way. The steamer cannot be stopped and crashes into the bridge. The bridge-tender is taken out of the wreck dead; a fragment of the latter kills a passenger on the steamer; and Lane himself is desperately wounded.

When he recovers consciousness and learns the havoc caused by his frenzy he is filled with horror and remorse, and tries to take the blame upon himself. But the whole story has already been settled by the public and no suspicion rests upon the popular and influential merchant. Finding that nobody regards his disjointed attempts at confession as evidence of anything but persistent delirium resulting from his injuries, he seeks a compromise with his conscience. A gilded statue of Justice is about to be erected on the apex of the City Hall dome. In the base of the statue a box of contemporary records, after the ancient conventional custom, is to be sealed up. In this box David Lane contrives to deposit a written confession of the whole circumstances of the bridge disaster, and he tries to believe that in so doing he is committing the matter to Providence. David Lane has a daughter who has made a bad marriage in Europe, has been abandoned by her foreign husband, and has returned to Keewaydin to live with her father. The latter's position becomes complicated by the fact that Paul Barclay, son of the steamer passenger who was killed at the bridge, falls in love with the deserted wife.

He opposes the growing familiarity of the two, but Mr. Bishop's art somewhat fails in making clear and plausible the old man's motives in this. The fact that he held himself accountable for the death of Christopher Barclay does not appear a sufficient explanation of his bitter opposition to the union of his daughter with Paul Barclay. He could hardly have held that the responsibility extended to her, nor could he save by a strangely warped line of reasoning have considered it his duty to balk the son of his happiness because he had already killed the father. There is an insufficiency of motive here which interferes with the naturalness of the story, otherwise much to be commended both for the subtlety of its intellectual side and the graphic vigor of its description and general movement. Certain phases of Western life are sketched, though with a free hand, yet so faithfully as to indicate conscientious preparatory study on the part of the author, and the account of the tornado is a spirited, careful and strong piece of work. Perhaps the catastrophe which reveals the secret of the Golden Justice is sensational, but the surprises and coincidences of real life more than justify the employment of such instrumentalities in fiction. There is freshness of conception, smoothness of execution, and power in Mr. Bishop's story. It is a clever and interesting novel.

SOME OF MR. LOWELL'S OPINIONS.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE AND ON CRITICS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Lowell himself surprised everybody, including General Smith, by announcing that he would not speak on American politics, but had chosen a literary subject—Shakespeare. The disappointment of a very large number of people was manifest. Of course Mr. Lowell on Shakespeare was good, but the audience had gathered to hear about American politics and the sudden change of programme was not quite to its taste. Mr. Lowell's face is a very familiar one to the American public. He is a large man of imposing presence and figure, almost too youthful to give credence to his remark concerning a favorite passage that he had known and loved it for nearly fifty years. His head is very large, and its impression upon the eye may be perhaps expressed by the adjective leonine.