LITERATURE.

Another Arrival of the Modern Novel of Gush.

AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING.

Threads, Feathers and Flowers About a Woman and the ——.

MILD STIMULANTS FOR THE BOSTON LITERATI.

Humor and Sentiment from Him of Danbury.

Chat and Gossip from the Pen and Ink Regions.

Mrs. Hamilton's novel, "My Bonnie Lass" (Estes & Lauriat), is not worth noticing as a literary production, but as a type of a class and as a warning to young writers it claims some attention from the reviewer. There is a style of novel which has come into vogue recently whose principal feature is gush. The inaugurators of this new departure were bad enough, but their imitators are worse. This style was the natural reaction from the muscular school of novel writing founded by George Lawrence in "Guy Livingstone." Miss Rhoda Broughton is the leader of this new party, and its best exponent. Mrs. Hamilton is her American disciple, and like Miss Broughton, expends a great deal of ingenuity in selecting her titles. Her other novels are entitled, "Woven of Many Threads," "A Crown from the Spear," "Ropes of Sand," and such like. And the titles of her chapters are equally sentimental, "She has Ceased her Sighing," "And I will Come Again to Thee," "My Love Reaches Across the Sea," "Oh, Breaking Heart that will not Break" are fair specimens. The author seems tuned up to the highest pitch of rhapsody. We picture her writing with a quill pen by the light of the moon, with her hair rippling over her shoulders to her waist and her eyes "in fine frenzy rolling." The writer of the introduction is supposed to be a woman who has loved the hero and who takes upon herself to revise and publish his posthumous manuscript. Here is the way she begins:—

Not every man is born to be a hero, not every man is born to be a martyr, not every man is born to write with the tears of his heart the story of his own life. Not every man is born to live as he lived, to die as he died.

O, my young hero! my noble, brave heart, the brightest dream of my girlhood! Why was not I your "Bonnie Lass," that I might have loved you, and lived for you, and suffered for you, and died with you?

Through a vista of mist and tears, as dim and tender as the early dawn on the shores of that far off bay, beyond whose changing fogs and low, monotonous murmur of melancholy waves I saw thee first and loved thee always, I see thee now. Here in this great, noisy city, in the morning sunlight, with no romance nor illusion, thou standest before me, child, coy, man, hero, martyr, eternal youth on thy brow, eternal sweetness and peace on thy lips, and God's smile, death, and rest, enfolding thee like a garment of matchless whiteness.

After this rhapsody is ended the story begins, told in the hero's language, which is very similar. The hero and his brother are the children of a Creole mother and a Scotch father and are sent to Scotland to be educated. The hero is the younger of the brothers and leaves the sunny South for the chilly North at the age of twelve years; his brother had preceded him several years. He is taken at once to the house of an old parson, who is to be his tutor, and there he first meets the bonnie lass, the parson's granddaughter, who is thus described:—

She stood leaning on the low gate, this girl of twelve years, her slight, blue-robed figure clearly defined against the background of ivy and hawthorn; her dimpled hands folded over her bare, white arms; her head thrown back, and her golden hair falling away from a brow as pure and candid as an angel's. Her blue eyes, of wonderful depth and expression, were fixed with sad, wistful inquiry on some distant point of vision, while her sweet mouth seemed trembling with a suppressed sob.

A mouth "trembling with a suppressed sob" is too suggestive of a rabbit to be altogether pleasant. Captain Burton, Gregory's companion, asks where the folks are, and the trembling mouth replies, "Grandpapa and mamma have gone over to Dame Trot's; she is dying, they say, and I was thinking of it just as you came up. She is a good old woman, and I love her dearly. She may be dead even now. I was looking at the sky and wondering how a spirit left the body, when suddenly I saw a soft white cloud away off where there was none before, and I thought it was her soul on its way to God." This was too much for young Gregory, and he felt himself at once the slave of this mystic being. But, to show that she could come down from this exalted height as quickly as she climbed to it, she turned suddenly upon Gregory and propounded the unexpected question, "Do you know Greek?" to which he timidly replied, "Greek! Oh, no. I have just begun Latin."

"Just begun Latin! Why, I have finished the second book of Virgil and am in my Greek declensions. How old are you?"

"Twelve the first day of May last," I said with some hesitation, for I was ashamed of my ignorance."

And no wonder any boy of twelve who does not know Greek should be written down a dunce.

"How strange! Why, you were born the same day that I was; my birthday is the 1st of May, and I was twelve also. I think you must have been made for me," she added gravely, looking again into the distance with dreamy eyes."

This proposal coming from a girl of twelve must be pardoned, as the influence of the dreamy distance and too much Greek, although in one less learned it would be called downright boldness. Gregory, aged twelve, was flattered. He says:—

"My heart gave a great bound when she said this with such charming simplicity, and a new, strange love stirred within me; not such a love as I felt for my brother, or my parents, but the faint dawn, the tender bud, the softest possible premonition of the great passion of my life. Just struggling from childhood into boyhood, I felt vaguely the sense of her words—'I was made for her.' Yes, I was indeed made for her, and for no other."

There is nothing like finding out these affinities in men.

"While I sat before her, with bashfully lowered eyes, I noticed for the first time a vivid red line around her left wrist, encircling it like a stream of blood and running some distance up her arm. Startled, I leaned forward and touched it, saying 'What is this?'" (which was very rude of him).

She drew back with sudden pallor, and cried out like one hurt.

"O, is it a wound?" I asked, sorrowfully, for I thought I had pressed it roughly.

"No, it is not a wound—it is a birthmark; and when it is touched I feel a pain here," and she laid her hand on her heart, sighing heavily.

This is probably borrowed from Elsie Venner, but not being done so well is very unpleasant.

The comic element of the book is supplied by a parrot and an old grave digger, the character part by a testy servant and a one-legged soldier, Captain Fox. The heavy villain is a woman, Helen McAlpine, the genteel villain a man, Gerald, Gregory's brother. Gregory is leading man, Bell Campell leading lady. Gerald at first loves Helen McAlpine, an actress; he lives with her for three months; he gets jealous, leaves her and meets Bell, his brother's sweetheart. His brother's claims do not deter him; he looks upon Gregory, who is now over twenty, as being too young to be in love; so he becomes enamored of Bell, proposes and is accepted. About this time enter Gregory to slow music, peeps through window, sees his sweetheart sitting at his brother's knee looking unutterable things into his eyes, tears hair and exits to churchyard to cool off. Returns to house after family have retired, is let in by old servant, goes to bed, but not to sleep. Gets up in the morning, dresses and enters breakfast room to quick music, where are sitting Bell and grandfather. Drowns emotion in cup of hot tea. Says aside, "I must dissemble." Eats toast dissembling. Enter Gerald to quick music, Gregory, with emotion, well under the tea, embraces his brother, vows to forgive. Crosses to fireplace forgiving. Curtain. Lapse of a few days. Scenes, library at Campbell's. Gregory, Bell and Mr. Campbell on at rise of curtain; enter to very slow music Helen McAlpine, declares herself Gerald's wife according to the laws of Scotland. Bell sees justice of claim. Her doll is stuffed with sawdust. Helen triumphs. Exit Helen triumphing. Enter Gerald and l. u. e., acknowledges corn, curses fate, takes stage, tears hair, wrings hands, asks why he was born. Conundrum passed. Swears love to Bell. Bell, advancing to centre of stage (slow music), tells him she forgives him, but that he cannot be her husband, for he is another's! Resigns Gerald with trembling voice. Tableaux. Curtain! Scene third and last, on wharf, water backing, small boat. Enter Gerald, Helen, Bell and Gregory to "Now you're married you must obey." Gerald's fondness for Helen has in a measure returned; he is about to embark with her for a distant island. Gregory and Bell come down to the wharf to wave adieu. Embraces all around. Boat is manned and boyed; Gerald and Helen step in. Gerald dare not look at Bell; they squeeze hands. Boat leaves the shore. Muttering of storm. The boat cannot live! Help! They will be capsized! They are capsized! All sink to the bottom but Gerald, who is saved to marry Bell and euchre his brother a second time. Curtain falls to quick music, the sound of Gregory's heart breaking heard in the distance.

DEVIL PUZZLERS.

Certainly Mr. Frederick B. Perkins' little book, "Devil Puzzlers" (S. P. Putnam's Sons), is a puzzler. The reader does not know exactly what to expect from the title, so he dips into the preface, which is nothing but a parenthetical snarl, and he knows no more of the contents of the book than if he had not read it. He learns, however, that the author highly esteems the firm of Harper & Bros., and that he writes because he wants to make money. There is no connection in the world between the book and its introduction, so he plunges blindly into the first story, which is the one from which the book takes its name. He reads on and on, and acknowledges, as to the drift of the story, he is in the same plight as His Satanic Majesty. But with the very end comes light. The story is of an old man of Boston who sold himself to the devil (you know that Boston men will do anything in the cause of science). One day, when least expected, His Satanic Majesty appeared in the person of a fine looking gentleman, who sent up a card bearing the name of Mr. Apollo Lyon (derived from Apollyon). The Bostonian was loath to leave the certainties of this world for the uncertainties of the next, and proceeded to drive a bargain with Apollyon, which was that he was to ask His Highness three questions, which, if he solved, the old man was to be his, if not he was to go with this miserable Mephistopheles wherever he willed—most likely below. With beating heart the Doctor propounded two very deep ones which His Highness answered in the easiest manner imaginable. The Doctor thought that his time had come; but just at this instant a good angel, in the form of his wife, appeared at the door with "a love of a spring bonnet" in her hand. Seeing a gentleman with her husband she was about to withdraw, but the Doctor begged her to remain. She held up her bonnet for admiration—a happy thought suggested itself to the Doctor, and he put his third question, "Which is the front side of this?"

And he pointed to the bonnet. It must have been a bonnet, because Mrs. Hicok called it so. I shouldn't have known it from the collection of things in a kaleidoscope bunched up together.

The lady stood before him and twirled the wondrous fabric round and round, with the prettiest possible unconscious roguish look of defiance. The Doctor's very heart stood still.

"Put it on, please," said Mr. Lyon, in the most innocent way in the world.

"Oh, no!" laughed she. "I know I'm only a woman, but I'm not quite so silly! But I tell you what; you may put it on, if you think that will help you!" And she held out the mystery to him.

Confident in his powers of discrimination Mr. Lyon took hold of the fairy-like combination of sparkles and threads and feathers and flowers, touching it with that sort of timid apprehension that bachelors use with a baby. He stood before the glass over the mantelpiece. First he put it across his head with one side in front, and then with the other. Then he put it lengthways on his head, and tried the effect of tying one of the two couples of strings under each of his ears. He tried it on in every imaginable way but the right one. He drummed on the table, he hemmed and hawed. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and his disconcerted highness made his escape completely baffled by this new kind of a Devil Puzzler. The rest of the book is made up of short stories, some of which puzzle the reader as much as the bonnet puzzled the Devil.

THE BOOK OF FRENCH SONGS, translated by John Oxenford, Esq. To which is added Miss Costello's "Early French Poetry." London: Frederick Warne & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

Two works of considerable popularity in England are republished in this volume, which, as the editor claims, affords "a good illustration of the early and later song literature of France." Some slight changes have been made in the form of the two works, a few additional translations having been incorporated with the "Book of French Songs," and M. Michael's letter to Miss Costello on the "Trouvères" omitted, the subject of Trouvères, as well as of Troubadours having been discussed in the introduction to both works. Aside from these changes no liberty has been taken by the editor, the volumes being presented as they came from the hands of their author, the "Book of Songs" naturally occupying the first place on the score both of size and importance. The late Mr. Oxenford, by whom the "Songs" were translated, is also well known as the translator of the Goethe "Autobiography," and for some time before his death he held the important position of dramatic critic on the London *Times*. He was a thorough French scholar, and his translations seem in every instance to have caught the spirit of the original song, and wherever practicable the form as well has been retained. The versification is unusually good, and, on the whole, it would be hard to find a more satisfactory rendition of the popular French songs into idiomatic English. All of the more important pieces are prefaced by a few words of biography relating to the author and an account of the origin and reception of the song. As a matter or course no other writer occupies so much space as Béranger, the most popular, perhaps, of all song writers. The book is divided into five parts, each devoted to a general class of songs—of the affections, revolutionary and patriotic, bacchanalian, epicurean and humorous, and satirical. The introduction gives a valuable sketch of the rise and progress of song writing in France from the origin of the monarchy to the present day.

Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, an accomplished lady and popular writer, both of prose and verse, first became generally known by her "Specimens of Early French Poetry, from the Time of the Troubadours and Trouvères to Henri Quatre," which is given here in its entirety. It is an exceedingly interesting work, and would help one to spend many hours in delightful reading. As a specimen of the gracefulness of Miss Costello's versification we give the following, which may have another value to inexperienced lovers:—

Love is like a fairy's favor,
Bright to-day, but faded soon;
If thou lov'st and fain would have her,
Think what course will speed thee on.
For her faults if thou reprove her,
Frowns are ready, words a-, bad;
If thou sigh, her smiles recover,
But be gay and she is sad.
If with stratagems thou try her,
All thy wiles she soon will find;
The only art—unless thou fly her,
Is to seem as thou wert blind.

BOSTON BOOKS—DANBURY BAILEY'S NEW VENTURE—HOLMES' POEMS—FRESH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

BOSTON, Sept. 15, 1877.

Next week Boston will devote to seeing and talking about new things, beginning with the Soldier's Monument, which she dedicates Monday, and going on with the bonnets that appear at the wholesale openings Tuesday and Wednesday, and finally coming to the books that appear to-day, but which cannot, of course, expect to be considered until the graver matters have been duly pondered. One of the new books can hardly be considered a grave matter, inasmuch as it is the Danbury *News*' man's "They All Do It," a volume principally composed of selections from the *News*, and by no means solemn in its general tenor. The original title of this book was "Danbury Short Cake," a name which was afterward changed to "Mr. Miggs, of Danbury," and finally to the proposition which now appears on the title page. The author says in the preface that the book is such an one as he often wished that "Life in Danbury" was when he woke up in the night and reflected upon that piece of original sin, and it really is much better than his first attempt. He warns the reader against trying to devour the book at a sitting, as "not one constitution in a hundred can pass through such an ordeal without impairing its usefulness." There are a few new things in the book, but the best is a bit of satirical writing in regard to the Miggses, who, after having a baby in defiance of the neighbors, who "have no patience with them at all," have the bad taste to grieve when the baby dies, although, as the voice of general opinion declares, "they ought to be thankful that it is gone where it won't suffer any more."

"Do you hear that, Matilda Miggs? You ought to be thankful that your baby is gone, and to realize that it is a mercy that it is gone. That's what you ought to be, but you don't look much like it, crouched up in a corner on the floor like a stricken beast, with your great eyes staring agonizingly at the clenched white hand and the pallid face looking upward from the crib. Ah, Matilda Miggs! there are a score of neighbors far better informed than you are, who can tell you and are anxious to tell you that you ought to be thankful that the little clenched hand is a dead hand, and that the white face, now set heavenward forever, is a dead face. * * * * And you, John Miggs, with your great bulk of a frame and white eyes that stare at everything and see nothing, standing at the back of the house and chewing things and spitting them out again, and kicking things that you can't chew—you are far from looking grateful, however you may feel. Don't you hear what society says to you? You ought to be grateful that the white face is staring no more at your ceiling, that the tired eyes are no more looking for bread, and that the pitiful mouth has grown close in death and will never again open for you to fill it. * * * * There is not a spark of gratitude in all that house—not one single spark of gratitude. It is awful."

These pictures are not pretty, but they are absolutely accurate and free from the common fault of representing the grief of an unrefined man as manifesting itself by the same signs as that of a cultivated gentleman. John Miggs, "chewing things and spitting them out again, and kicking things that he can't chew," is not a subject for an artist to paint, but he is more real than the sham novelist's ideal of a boor suddenly dignified by sorrow and made capable of polysyllabic expression thereof.

Osgood & Co. have just brought out the household edition of "Holmes' Poems," in a volume uniform with the "Household Lowell." This volume includes all that the Autocrat has ever published down to the Fourth of July poem delivered at Woodstock. The verses have been arranged in chronological order, so that anybody who has a fancy to do so can study the progress of the poet from 1830 until 1877; but, in truth, Holmes is one of those writers who never seem to have been guilty of the sin of youth, and the early poems have as much delicacy of touch as those which have been written within a year. There is less wisdom and strength in his earlier productions, but there is a knowledge of the world and an appreciation of human motives that makes him seem like an unselfish Pelham or a Vivian Grey devoid of self-consciousness, while the exquisite way in which he turns and polishes a phrase alternately makes one think of Grandison and Macaulay.

Miss Martineau's "Household Education" appears in a "Little Classic" dress, and aspires to be again, as once of yore, the guide, philosopher and friend of the young and old. The large number of American readers to whom Miss Martineau was little but a name until the publication of her autobiography will find many reminiscences of that book in this, and will realize its unshrinking honesty even more thoroughly than on a first perusal. "Vest Pockets" still continue to come in weekly groups of four, and their number has now increased to a hundred. Mark Twain's "True Story," T. Bailey Aldrich's "Midnight Fantasy," "Favorite Poems" by Scott, and Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" were the last comers. "Schiller," "Goethe," "Burns," and "Characteristics," by Carlyle; La Motte Fouque's "Sintram" and "Undine;" "Essays from Elia," and "Favorite Poems," by several authors, are on the way.

Among the larger new books announced are a volume of sermons by James Freeman Clarke, to be published by Lee & Shepard, and "There She Blows; or, The Log of the Arethusa," to be issued by the same firm. Lockwood, Brooks & Co., as soon as they are fairly rid of "My Mother-in-Law," will bring out "Pillone," a translation from the Danish, a new volume in the Wayside Series. They also announce a Christmas book, "The Cedars," by the author of "Long Ago," Mrs. Louisa T. Cragin. Roberts Brothers have been so busy in changing the arrangement of their salesrooms that they have fallen rather behind hand with their books; but the new No Name, "The Wolf at the Door," the last volume of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" and Mrs. Tileston's "Epictetus" are soon to come. Next Saturday Osgood & Co. will bring out "One Year Abroad," by Blanche Howard, and "Christianity and Humanity," a volume of Starr King's sermons, edited by E. P. Whipple, and prefaced by a memoir. One week later will come the first volume of Joseph Cook's lectures, "Biology." New editions of Mrs. Piatt's poems, "Landmarks," and "Western Windows" are nearly ready, and also of Mr. Joseph P. Thompson's "Church and State in the United States," "Home Worship" and "Life of Christ." The last three volumes will be uniform with "Lectures on the Centennial of American Independence," a new book made up of discourses delivered in Berlin for the benefit of Germans with inquiring minds. There are many free and enlightened citizens who will be astonished at the extent of their own ignorance when they read this volume, and there are few besides professional jurists who will not find some things in it that they do not know. Osgood & Co. are about to begin one more new series, under the title of "Artists' Biographies," the first two volumes of which will be "Raphael" and "Titian." They also announce "Architectural Pictures in Western Europe," by M. Felix Narjoux, the friend of Viollet le Duc. This volume contains the architectural observations made during a trip through Holland, Hanover and Jutland, and will be profusely illustrated.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

The October *Lippincott* contains more illustrations than usual and a very tempting array of reading matter. Lady Blanche Murphy opens the magazine with an interesting paper on "Chester and the Dee," Henry James, Jr., contributes an article in his best vein on "Abbeys and Castles," Mrs. Sarah B. Wister writes of "Alfred de Musset," and other well known writers are contributors.

"Echoes from an Old Parsonage," in the October *Atlantic*, is by the author of the famous paper on "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things," which appeared in the *Atlantic* a dozen years ago. The "Old Fashioned Ghost Stories" in the same number are by the author of "Life in the Backwoods of Canada." T. W. Higginson, Thomas Gould, the sculptor; Professor William Everett, Miss C. F. Woolson, H. E. Scudder, W. D. Howells and others are among the writers in the Contributors' Club and department of Recent Literature. A writer in the Contributors' Club contends that we should call servants "help" and share their feelings. Why not speak of them as ladies and call them Miss This and Miss That and let them sit at table with us?

Mr. William C. Prime, who has long been famous for his fine collection of old and rare china, will soon issue a book on the "Pottery and Porcelains of all Times and Nations," through Harper & Brothers. This same firm have in press "Contemporary Art in Europe" by S. G. W. Benjamin, and the "Book of Gold" and other poems by J. T. Trowbridge.

Mr. Clarence Cook, who is probably the best art critic in America, will contribute a series of papers on the old masters to *Scribner's Monthly*.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard, not having had a college education or the opportunity to study the writers of other countries in their own language, did the most sensible thing a man could do under the circumstances—he turned his entire attention to English literature, and there is no man living who is better posted on that subject. He has everything from Chaucer down to the present day at his finger's ends.

The *Academy* speaks very highly of "The Report of the Public Libraries of the United States," and wishes that England had one as good.

The Rev. Canon Dixon, of Carlisle, has prepared an elaborate "History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction."

There are very few free public libraries in London.

The latest additions to "Osgood's Vest Pocket" series are Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," Macaulay's "Horatius and Virginia" and "Lake Regillus" and other poems; Stedman's "Mrs. Browning," selections from Sir Walter Scott's poetry, "Miscellaneous Poems," by Schiller; Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Thomson's "Winter," Coleridge's poems, Byron's poems, Southey's poems and Goethe's "The Tale." There is no excuse now for a man or woman being unacquainted with the popular poets and essayists of the day when they can carry them off in their pocket.

"Switzerland" is the latest volume in the poems of Place's series, edited by H. W. Longfellow and published by Osgood.

The ancient prestige of Graham's celebrated monthly periodical for ladies would seem to have descended in a great measure to *Peterson's Magazine*. The October copy contains a number of entertaining and edifying tales and additional chapters of a serial novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

The Germans are still engaged in attacking and defending the Darwinian theory in elaborate books, of which Hartmann's "Wahrheit und Irrthum ein Darwinismus" is the latest.

M. Th. Aube has published in Paris "Notes on Central America, Vancouver and British Columbia."

Sir John Bowring relates in his autobiography, just out, that he published between forty and fifty volumes, with some pecuniary profit in every case. Yet none of these numerous works will live in literature.

W. E. Gladstone's son Herbert has been appointed Lecturer in Modern History at Keble College.

The *Publishers' Weekly* has a keen review of the Post Office Department's recent overcharging on literary newspapers, entitled "The Government and the Publishing Business."

Octave Feuillet, after a long silence, has in press a new romance, entitled "Les Amours de Philippe."

The September number of the *Contemporary Review*, received through the Willmer & Rogers News Company, opens with an article by Professor Goldwin Smith on "The Labor War in the United States." M. Ernest Renan, the brilliant Frenchman, is again a contributor, dealing this time with "The Gospel According to John." The same pages will very soon contain a reply to this thesis. An article entitled "The Latest Thing in Journalism" is one of a series under the heading "Signs of the Times." In it a number of recently started papers (*Vanity Fair*, *The World*, *Truth*, &c.) are criticised. Several of the other articles are of unusual interest and importance. Professor Edward Dowden, in pursuance of some previous papers which attracted much notice, treats of "The Scientific Movement and Literature." A record of what may be called the literary articles is supplied by Professor Edward Caird in an essay on "Rousseau. Those who find special interest in religious philosophy will not be disappointed in an article on "The Pantheistic Factor in Christians' Thought." It is by the Rev. Dr. R. F. Littledale. Other articles are by Mr. George Howell, on "Intimidation and Picketing, two Phases of Trades Unionism." Each of the two remaining papers refer to France. In the one entitled "French Châteaux of the Renaissance" Mrs. Mark Pattison, wife of the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, follows up her paper of last month, while Mr. Gallenga (the well known Italian correspondent of the *Times*) takes for his theme, "A Hundred Years of French History."

A second series of "The Stately Homes of England," by Jewitt & Hall, has appeared, with fine illustrations.

Among recent good guide books may be named "A Tourist's Guide to the Upper Engadine," from the German of M. Gaviezel.

A new version of the Roman Catholic Bible has been undertaken in England, to supplant the old fashioned Douay version. Dr. J. H. Newman has a leading part among the English translators selected.

Miss Owens Blackburne has written, under the title of "Illustrious Irish Women," the true story of the Ladies of Llangollen.

Sir J. T. Sinclair, M. P., is preparing a new work on Russia, of which country he is a great admirer.

The Duc d'Ayen has printed in Paris "Les Publicistes Américanes et la Constitution des Etats-Unis."

The memoirs of Charles Loftus, major under Nelson at Trafalgar and Wellington at Waterloo, are just out under the title of "My Life from 1815 to 1849," making an attractive and amusing book.

To show where the shoe pinches in England Major David, of Her Majesty's Indian army, comes out with a brochure, entitled "Is a Russian Invasion of India Possible?"

A new translation of "Ecclesiastes," by M. Ernest Renan, will appear next winter.

The third folio edition of Shakespeare, 1664, in the original binding, brought £107 at a London auction, August 17.

M. Emile Chevalier has written "Le Chasseur Noir," which forms one of his dramas of North America.

A third volume of the "Calendar of Letters, Despatches and State Papers, Concerning England and Spain, Preserved in the Simancas Archives," has appeared in London.

Professor W. D. Whitney's new English grammar is severely reviewed by the London *Athenæum*.

M. Louis Jacolliot has out another sensational book, with African scenery, entitled "La Côte d'Ivoire; l'Homme Des Déserts."

Mr. Birket Foster, the artist, is still illustrating the British Islands, a book of that title, with twenty-six steel engravings and 400 original woodcuts, having just appeared from Cassell's press.

The annual conference of German and Austrian journalists at Dresden passed resolutions recommending reform in the legislation as to press and penal offences.

A new summary of the "Law of Nations" has appeared in Paris, by MM. Funck, Brentana and Sorel.

A learned work in two volumes on the "Temperature of the Human Body and its Variations in Different Diseases," by Professor P. Lorain, has appeared in Paris.

"Ought an Old Man to Marry," translated from the Latin of Paggis, of Florence, by A. Ronneau, discusses a grave question, morally, physically and socially.

Herr Ten Brink has written "Geschichte des Englischen Litteratur," which Oppenheim, of Berlin, has published.

Mrs. Mulock Craik, author of "John Halifax," was recently bitten by a dog, and though the wound was severe she recovered.

A useful book on an important subject is Hellyer's "The Plumber and Sanitary Houses," which promises to tell the best means for effectually excluding noxious gases from human dwellings.

Now that the book has been so successful the author of "Me" does not mind having it known that she is Mrs. Spencer Coe, of this city, and that the story is founded on fact.

The endless question of gold and silver money has received a fresh contribution from the pen of Edward Suesso, entitled "Die Zukunft des Goldes."

The latest work of Mme. Anne Craven is entitled "Le Travail d'une Ame."

A new and elaborate scientific book of travel in the Philippine Islands, by B. Semper, has appeared at Wiesbaden in two quarto volumes.

Dr. John Bronte, who published a card in the HERALD some time last month in answer to some statements of T. W. Reid concerning Patrick Bronte, the father of Charlotte, writes us that his grandfather and Charlotte's father were brothers. He further states that he well remembers hearing it discussed among her friends about the many difficulties Charlotte first encountered in finding a publisher willing to risk the responsibility of bringing out "Jane Eyre," and sometime afterward, when the book had succeeded, he remembers hearing of a letter coming to her uncles and aunts in the little Irish town with a sum of money as a present to be divided among them out of the proceeds of the sale.

ART NOTES.

Mr. George H. Boughton's new picture, painted for the Corcoran Gallery, has been received in Washington and very much admired by all who have seen it. Concerning this picture Mr. Boughton has written to the gentleman through whose influence he got the commission as follows:—

PALACE GARDENS TERRACE, GROVE LODGE, KENSINGTON, August 5, 1877.

My Dear Mr. WALTERS:—

I have at last finished the picture which, through your kind influence, was commissioned for the Corcoran Gallery. I know that I have been a long time about it, but I feel that it will be best for all concerned that I have been so. Every one that has seen it here says that it is more "carried out" than anything I have done. I have tried to make it as good as I could, for I know that if it is not good I can have no excuse. I have had my own subject, time, price and every indulgence. And then I think of what a splendid place it is to go to, the noble and enduring gift it is to form part of, and if that is not enough to warm one to his work what is? My family have gone down to the country for the summer, but I was determined to see the picture off this time before I stirred. So, with a couple of days' rest, I came back from the cottage, and have stayed here until my work is done. It has all through been a pleasant, though a difficult picture to manage. All through I have enjoyed the doing of it, and now I am almost sorry that it is done. Ever yours,

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

Philadelphia critics speak well of the painting of Charles McIlhenny, a pupil of Ed. Moran and later of F. D. Briscoe.

"The Roll Call for the Guillotine During the Reign of Terror, France, 1793," has been added to the art department of the permanent exhibition.

OUR COMPLAINT BOOK.

NOTE.—Letters intended for this column must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address to insure attention. Complainants who are unwilling to comply with this rule simply waste time in writing. Write only on one side of the paper.—ED HERALD.

BLINDING DUST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Permit me to call attention to the condition of Forty-sixth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. It is in so filthy a condition that whenever a wagon passes the dust almost blinds a person. R.

THE BOB-TAILED LINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In car 47 on the Bleecker street line, on two different occasions, I handed the driver twenty-five cents and each time received only eighteen cents change. PUBLIC.

ROTTEN RAILROAD SLEEPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Please call attention to the sleepers on the Long Island Railroad at East Deer Park. They are so rotten that they can be pulled up by hand. H. P.

BREEDING A PESTILENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

There is a pile of dirt in front of the new hall on Twenty-fourth street, adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel, that promises to breed a pestilence. The police have been appealed to in vain. G. H.

WRETCHED STREET CROSSINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Please call the attention of the authorities to the wretched condition of the crossing on West street, from Pavonia ferry to Chambers street; also to the one on Washington and Chambers. NYACK.

WHERE IS THE BALANCE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

Is it not about time that we heard from the receiver of the Bond Street Bank? It failed over a year ago and we have had only fifty-five per cent. When it closed we were promised dollar for dollar. A DEPOSITOR.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Will you please call the attention of the Street Cleaning Department to Fifty-second street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. The filth and dirt is swept into piles and left to be thrown and kicked around again until the next sweeping. Why is it not carted away? F.

AN OMINOUS SILENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Why is it that we hear nothing of the broken Trades' Savings Bank which closed last September? No dividend has yet been paid. Is the lawyer for the depositors still working in their interest, and if so why do we not get a word from him or from the receiver? DEPOSITOR.

CONDITION OF CHRISTOPHER STREET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

You will do the residents of the upper part of Christopher street a favor if you will call the Street Cleaning Department's attention to its condition. It has not been swept for six weeks, and the stench from the gutters is very offensive. B.

SIX TIMES A YEAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Bank street has been cleaned only six times since November, 1876. The garbage and ashes have remained unemptied since Friday morning last, and from present appearances are likely to remain some time to come. The stench arising from the same is almost unbearable. TAXPAYER.

AS BAD AS A JERSEY ROAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Madison avenue at present is like a country road in Jersey. The dust is from three to five inches deep from Forty-fifth to Fiftieth street. Most of the dirt is dropped from the wagons which are carting it from Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street. These wagons are loaded up so full that one-half of it is distributed along the street before it arrives at its destination. There is a corporation ordinance against scattering dirt along the streets. Why do the police officers neglect to put it in force? WINDSOR.

THEATRICAL PRICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I desire to invoke your influence to abolish the trick of advertising cheaper prices of admission to the theatre than is charged at the box office. Saturday, desiring to see the "Danites," I went to the New Broadway Theatre, asked for a general admission ticket, handed the affable treasurer a one-dollar note, and, as he offered me no change, I reminded him that they advertised the price of a "general admission ticket at fifty cents." He then stated that it was fifty cents for admission to the upper part of the house and $1 to the lower part. Not wishing to be imposed upon I returned the ticket, received my money and did not see the "Danites." Now I ask, in all candor, whether the public have not just cause to believe that a "general admission ticket" entitles one to admission to any part of the house, and if so is it not a public duty to expose what appears to me to be a fraud. SIERRA NEVADA.

WASTING ITS SWEETNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

On the north side of Eighty-ninth street, about one hundred and fifty feet west of Third avenue, is a vacant lot, and in this lot, about one hundred and twenty feet from the sidewalk, lies a large dead dog. It has laid there since Wednesday night, though the police have repeatedly reported it; and, to my own knowledge, the President of the Board of Health has received a letter from a private individual asking if the dog cannot be removed. The stench from it has now become most sickening, and in order to exclude it from their houses those who reside in the neighborhood are obliged to keep their windows closed and suffer from the heat. This is not the first case of the kind that has occurred in this vicinity this summer, and the people are of the opinion that it would be well to have a Board of Health capable of doing something besides drawing salaries. SUFFERER.

POOR RAILROAD ACCOMODATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Why is the Hudson River Railroad so unaccommodating to its patrons? Is it so very sure of its eight per cent dividends that it can afford to discourage travelling and make life a burden on its trains? On Friday morning the 11:30 train for Albany started without room enough for all the passengers to sit down. People were standing up in all the cars. Several of us collected at the locked door of the last car and asked the brakeman what he meant by disengaging an empty car from the train instead of opening it for the standing passengers. He replied it was not his fault. Besides those standing up every seat had two passengers, which in itself is a great hardship, as people cannot pack so close without discomfort. One old lady, weighing 250 pounds, had to make way for a 200 pound incomer. A nurse, with a bawling, kicking child in her arms, was likewise compelled to crowd in further. QUESTION.

STEAMBOAT MURDERS ON THE RIVER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Within one week eight persons have lost their lives by being run down by steamboats on the North and East rivers. Every person who owns a small row or sail boat knows full well the dangers he runs every time he attempts to take a sail in those waters. The pilots, especially on the Harlem and Morrisania lines, have been noted for years for their recklessness in regard to human life. According to the passenger's statement who was on board the Sylvan Stream at the time of the accident (reported in to-day's HERALD) the pilot never "slowed" the steamer until he struck the rowboat and sent three persons to a watery grave. Something should be done immediately by the authorities to stop these river murders. When the pilots of the river steamers find a small boat ahead of them they generally try to see how close they can come to it without hitting it, at the same time blow their whistles to scare and excite the people in the small boats and give their passengers a good laugh. Ninety-nine out of a hundred people do not know the meaning of starboard and port whistles. The steamboat keeps on her course; people in the small boat get bewildered, oars slip out of their hands, and in all probability they pull around under the steamboat paddles. The pilot keeps on his course and never pulls the signal bell to stop until he strikes and sends the occupants of the rowboats into eternity. Pilots ought to be compelled when they leave their berths to take their steamers into the middle of the river, in place of running within twenty-five yards of the crowded docks and ships, where ferries and small boats constantly come out of the slips. Let the Coroner investigate this last accident, do his duty and we shall see hereafter fewer accidents in running down row and sail boats. W.

UNTOWARD DEATHS.

Dr. Jean P. Prudhomme, aged seventy years, the surgeon of the steamer Idaho, died suddenly yesterday of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Thomas Lynch, aged twenty-six years, of No. 230 Monroe street, was drowned while bathing at pier 12 East River. His body was recovered.

MURDER WILL OUT.

Strange Discovery After a Lapse of Twenty Years.

A YOUNG LADY'S WONDERFUL DREAM.

Panorama of the Murder Passes Before Her in Sleep.

THE MURDERER HER DECEASED FATHER.

CAMBRIDGE, Ohio, Sept. 13, 1877.

Noble county is the roughest in this part of the State. From end to end it is one constant succession of high hills. There is nothing in the shape of wagon roads, as they are understood in the rest of the State, known. The hillside paths stony, rutted out by the heavy rains of spring and fall, are almost impassable to wagons even in the best portions of the year. But here are magnificent views of wildness. From the tops of many of the hills one may obtain a view of the surrounding country extending many miles in every direction. Hon. John A. Bingham, who used to represent this district in Congress, called it the Switzerland of Ohio. The people are at least fifty years behind many other portions of the State. They still live in the rudest log cabins, the sites for which have been dug out of the hillsides. The chief employment is tobacco raising and has been for half a century past. They produce a very poor quality of the weed, and after a laborious process of curing it is sold for about $3 per hundredweight and shipped to Baltimore, where it is exported to France and Germany to be used in manufacturing. On account of the insurmountable hills the people travel almost exclusively on horseback, and a journey of eighteen or twenty miles is considered a day's ride.

THE MURDER.

Some twenty years ago a drover and cattle buyer was known to have gone down into this county for the purpose of gathering up a drove of horses and cattle, for the Baltimore market. He was known to have had considerable money upon his person, and was last seen at dusk as he left a little town called Whigsville on his way to another called Sarahsville, about four miles distant. He said to his host at the former place that he would ride on and reach the latter place by bedtime. Nothing more was thought of the matter at Whigsville for several weeks, until some friends of the drover came there inquiring for him, and then it was discovered that he had never reached Sarahsville at all. It is remembered by the good people of Whigsville that the night on which the drover departed