## Literary News and Criticism

A Sheaf of Stories, Romantic shrewdness, their fanfaronades and their and Otherwise.

1NTO THE NIGHT. By Frances Nimmo Green. Illustrated by C. F. Neagle. 12me, pp. 376. T. Y. Crowell & Co. THE LONG GALLERY. By Eva Lathbury. 12mo, pp. 263. Henry Holt & Co.

MARIE OF ARCADIE. By F. Hewes Lan-caster. Prontispiece by Rose O'Neill. 12mo, pp. 343. Beston: Small, Maynard & Co. GERMAINE. By Henry C. Rowland. 12mo, pp. 321. The John Lane Company. CARDILLAC. By Robert Barr. Frontis-piece by A. G. Larned. 12mo, pp. 396. The F. A. Stekes Company.

THE SOUTHERNER, A Novel, Being the Autobiog.aphy of Nicholas Worth. 12mo, pp. 424. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The detective story has so largely become a matter of the rearrangement of familiar material, a mere question of variations on a given theme, since the genre itself has certain obvious limitations beyond which inventiveness dare not venture, that one welcomes with pleasure a tale that has several elements of novelty. Of course, there has to be a crime, and the criminal must be unknown; there has to be also a motive, and that, too, must be hidden; furthermore, it is indispensable that there shail be clews pointing to several of the characters in the story, simultaneously or successively, but away f m the real perpetrator of the deed until the very last. These are not merely laws that cannot be ignored, but are ingredients that must be used. "Into the Night" does not attempt to be an impossible exception in these fundamentals; nay, more, it cannot be said that, as a de tective novel, it ranks with the best of foreign or domestic make. Its novelty lies in the choice of place, in its use, and in the invention of certain incidents of the action. New as the author chooses-"flexible biog-Orleans offers opportunities of local color and individuality of population that are readily recognized once one begins to read. The lynching there, several years a part of its warp and woof. It is hardan incident to which we look back with ters on their appearance in book form civic pride, but it has become part after the attention they received in the of history, and furnishes the author with a legitimate point of departure. She has lancic Monthly." Nicholas Worth's auto-

A course of Henry James is good training for the beginning novelist, according as the aspirant going to school to him has talent and not merely an aspiring taste, capable of acquiring a high polish of imitative technique, but with nothing to radiate from its own inner self. Now, the central idea of "The Long Gallery" is in its essence a Henry James idea: that row of ancestral portraits is an English manor house, exerting a directing influence on the living, looks most familiar to st. lents of his work. His disciple begins, consequently, in a decidedly Jamesian manner, packing her sentences with all they will hold, and polishing her dialogue till it glitters with an aptness that is just the least little bit monotonous and fatiguing. But after a while she cuts loose from her pattern; her own plot, her own characters take command, and insist upon a freer, a more simply human, less scientifically analytic treatment. Hers, one is inclined to think, is far more than a merely imitative talent, and decidedly more than a cultured taste: hence James's infinitely delicate method irks and retards her. She will work out her own salvation on a simpler, more robust plane, retaining what is useful and of profit to her in his lesson as she equipment.

in the claim she has staked out.

but one of their own race. It is a time :- there were no preservatives for do not narrow, whose poverty is not to be well furnished, for the hospitality grinding indigence, as it is in cities. of a Virginia plantation was ceaseless. istence for the growth and the manihood to old age, for joy and sorrows, for love and jealousy and fidelity, for fortitude and loving helpfulness, for humble ambition and humbler self-sacrifice. The lovable characters are admirably differentlated; they are not types, but individuals. The story appeals to one, such a record as this of the best that is in men and women is so rare an occurrence in the fiction of the hour. The dialect, compounded of corrupt French and broken English, is delicious in its naiveté; it is the very speech, one feels, for the conveyance of the thoughts and feelings and the gossip of these lovable folk. One is ready to welcome another chronicle of the happenings in Bayon

One wonders what can be the use or profit of a story like "Germaine," which has not sufficient merit to plead the "art for art's sake" excuse-a false one always in fiction as in the drama, since both are but vehicles for the study of life and its significance, its criticism, perhaps, and never an end in themselves-and which presents a theory of education that is so repulsive that it will never find acceptance. A Frenchman 'ting "advanced" novels in English becomes the guardian of a child, and, in order to safeguard her against danger when she shall be grown up, starts her on a ourse of reading of his own books, of Be'zae, Maupassant and all the others, his idea being that if the girl becomes familiar with these pictures of life before the time has come for the young university students who were perripening of her own emotions she will take no interest in their subjects after that dangerous moment has arrived. It is a wise custom of English novelists to seek all their doubtful characters, their oriminals and sinners abroad, reserving their countrymen and women for the virtuous roles, a simple rule of the national fiction, showing a thorough knowledge of national susceptibilities, even though it be irritatin-ly prim' 've and bourgeois artisticall; The author of "Germaine" prudently follows the rule, but, really, the English publisher who tells the story of the experiment should have protested against it with all the insular consciousness of moral superiority.

Since M. d'Artagnan found fame and excited state, and exclaiming: fortune in Paris many Gascons have followed his example in tales of adventure more or less truthfully historical, and delighted us with their audacity, their

deeds of derring do. "Cardillac" is the latest addition to the company, of which a census might well be taken to ascertain the vastness of its numbers. Chronologically, Mr. Barr's hero preceded Dumas's, however, for when he went to Luynes, Concini had but just been murdered, Marie de Medici imprisoned at Blois and the thirteen-year-old Louis XIII placed on the throne. Richelieu's sun had not yet risen. But at that moment the Italian woman was an even more interesting personage to serve than surance of an Irish M. P. who was at was Anne of Austria at a later day. Cardillac is not so preternaturally clever as his immortal colleague: he walks into to-day, madam! He had two hiscuits a trap the moment he reaches Paris; once he sets out to rescue the Queen's confidante, the daughter of the Duke de Montreuil (here wedding bells peal faintly in the reader's trained ears); he encounters opposing guile as great as table of a friend who had received a gift his own; his still greater adventure for of a thing as rare in that place and time the liberation of the Queen leads to as rubies-a turkey. "General Lee concommensurately greater difficulties-in short, here's just what one has a right to expect in a book of this kind, done once again with a freshness and an engaging air of conviction that is meritorious when one considers how often it has all been told before. Plot, counterplot and incidents have been planned with considerable cleverness. To some this kind of thing is but as an oft told tale; for others it never loses its interest. To them this story may be recommended.

It is only by a considerable stretching of the sufficiently elastic meaning of the word "fiction" that "The Southerner" can be described as a "novel." Mrs. Atherton invented at the time of the publication of her "Conqueror" a useful term, which may mean much or little, raphy." This is what "The Southerner" really is, an autobiography whose fiction is more an outer, protective layer than ago, of a number of mafiosi may not be | ly necessary to say much of these chapcourse of their publication in "The Atdone so well in this tale that one be- biography is the history of the South lieves she will do far better in the future since the "Surrender," told by a liberal, clear sighted, active builder in the peace that was at first a wilderness, and then a chaos, by a son of the soil who dared to stand up against prejudice, reaction and indifference, ever taking middle ground in the conflict of views and activities, South and North, battling inopposition, for the highest good, morel, civic and material, of the land of his ancestors. The misunderstandings, the enmities and the bitterness have disappeared-what progress we have made since the Bloody Shirt was last waved in a Presidential campaign! To-morrow they will be forgotten. Call the book a "novel" or a "flexible biography." as you will; its chief value is historical: it is, from first to last, a sane, honest, impartial and just document for the use of

### IN VIRGINIA.

A Record of Life Before and During the War.

The Virginian who gossips so agreeably in this volume has seen marvellous goes along, and making it, in so far as changes in the land of her nativity. The blunder in trying to protect the infamous goes along, and making it, in so lat es lit serves, an unconscious part of her Virginia of her infancy had no railways; Gedoy, Prince of Peace, from the just over the abominable roads, full of stones attacks of the Spanish people; the "Marie of Arcadie" is an idyl that one force with a carriage and pair, a quaint annot recommend too heartfly, it is so hair trunk strapped on behind. Nearly genuine, so sincerely felt, and told with everything needed by the family and its such effective, because unpretentious, slaves was made at home, from the adaptation of treatment to subject. A goose-quill pen to the clo' drawn from settlement of 'Cajans in a bayou basin the loom. Countless delicious things on time lower Mississippi furnishes both | were compounded under the superintendscene and characters, the mysterious ence of the careful housewife; there was wanderer from none knows where, no cold storage for the rich fruit from 'Marie of Arcadie," being not a stranger, the Virginia orchards and-benighted simple tale of a simple, kindly people, the confections into which it was turned. living a primitive life, whose limitations | The storeroom of those days had need There is room and occasion in this ex- A visit was often a thing not of days or weeks, but of months-and the author testation of all the emotions from child- remembers that an invitation for one aight brought to a member of her family a pleasant couple who remained in the welcoming mansion for four years. She quotes, too, the story of the master of famous old Westover, who said to a vestigations pertaining to the habits, cusguest seeking shelter from a rainstorm, 'My dear sir, do stay and pay us a When the guest explained that business prevented, "Well, well," said the friendly Virginian, "if you can't pay us a visit, come for two or three weeks | and Golda the heroine, is adroitly used at least." No good hotel, it was said, could be found in Virginia because any eligible stranger arriving at a public house would be immediately claimed as habited almost exclusively by Israelites, a guest by the first gentleman of the | is described with minute precision, and region who could reach him. The most important journey of the

little Virginian was that to Niagara. The kind uncle and aunt who had adopted her brought her to New York, where, from the windows of the Astor House, she saw the scarlet flamingoes gathered round the fountain in the City Hall Park. From Schenectady they went to the Falls in a canal boat, and in painful discomfort from heat, mosquitoes and too crowded quarters. Some of the passengers left the boat every morning to walk ahead and wait for it at night. Such was travel in the great state of New York in the forties! Pleasanter than any journey was the daily life in the little town of Charlottesville, where well 1-red and well read people followed thes social traditions of the older time. Dinner parties took place at the fashionably late hour of 3 in the afternoon, and the mitted by materfamilias to call upon their girl acquaintances had to respect the strictly measured rules of the chaperons. These ladies of the old school "carefully timed the burning of a candle till 10 o'clock, and all candles thereafter were cut that length. When they began to flicker in the sockets good nights were expected." By that time Hannah More had ceased to be a guiding literary innuence in Virginia, and girls and boys were reading Dickens. An author whom the little Virginian met when she went to live in Washington after her marriage to the rising young journalist. Roger Pryor, was that witty and genial person, G. P. R. James. She describes him as dashing in one day, in a highly

"Have you seen 'The Intellingencer'? By George, it's all true! Six times has my here, a solitary horseman, emerged from a wood! My word! I was totally unconscious of it! Fancy it! Six times!

Well, it's all up with that fellow. He has got to dismount and enter on foot-a beggar, or burglar, or pedler, or at least a mendicant friar."

"Rut," suspessed one, "he might drive, mightn't he?"

"Impossible!" said Mr. James. "imagine a hero in a gig or a curricle!"

He made himself very merry over it; but the solitary horseman appeared no more in the few novels he was yet to write.

Mrs. Pryor's pictures of life in the South in the days when the Civil War was drawing on are full of color; dark with suffering and privation are her records of the struggle in its progress. As it approached the end hunger tormented elvilian and soldier alike. Even the commander in chief often lacked for food. The author recalls the cheery asone time General Lee's guest: "You should have seen 'Uncle Robert's' dinner and he gave me one." Another time the Irishman was cheerler still: "We had a giorious dinner to-day! Somebody sent 'Uncle Robert' a box of sardines." There is an endearing glimpse of Lee at the sented to share it with her. She helped him at dinner to a moderate portion, for there was only one turkey-like Charles Lamb's hare-and many friends! Mrs. Banister observed the general laying on one side of his plate part of his share of the turkey, and she regretted his loss of appetite. 'Madam,' he explained, 'Colonel Taylor is not well, and I should be glad to be permitted to take this to him." Nebody in that region in those early days of '65 knew how next day's food could be obtained, and when it came it was pitifully scanty. To Mrs. Pryor it seems little short of a miracle that they could continue to exist on so little food. As for Lee's soldiers, starvation had left the men with no resisting power with which to combat even a slight wound. They suffered, but the suffering of the Southern women was as great. There is much tragedy in the story, and no one can read it without admiration for the courage and endurance which carried them through such misery. An interesting phase of their experience lay in their clever contrivance. Bits of carpet and morocco pocketbooks made into boots for little children were better than nothing. When money grew scarce the wife of the absent general cut up her husband's dress coat and made for sale well fitting gloves for women, with gauntlets of the silk lining. From these and from gloves cut out of the gray flannel interlining she made hundreds of dollars in Confederate money, and so

kept the pet, such as it was, a-boiling, These reminiscences are set down vividly, yet with simplicity. They should hold a permanent place in the records of life in the South before and during

## FRENCH FICTION.

A Clever Story of the Napoleonic Wars.

Paris, October 30. M. Georges d'Esparbès, curator of the Palace of Fontainebleau and author of "La Guerre en Dentelle," has acquired remarkable skill in giving life and romantic interest to brief passages in history that have remained somewhat vague and nebulous. He weaves legends based upon a happy combination of facts and fancy, and thereby presents a light, readable "historical novel," in which well known personages are portrayed in vig-MY DAY. REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Hus-trated. 12mo, pp. 446. The Macmillan Company. is cleverly dealt with by M. d'Esparbès in his new work, "Le Vent du Boulet." The terrible consequences of Murat's bush laid at Bayonne when Charles IV and his son were summoned under false pretences and compelled to abdicate in favor of Joseph Bonaparte; the melodramatic idyl of the young French lieutenant, Montandier, and the gitana Merrédès, and the massacre of the Mamelukes, immortalized by Goya, figure among the picturesque episodes set forth in this spirited narrative, and give gen-

ne impressions of historical reality. M. Camille Lemonnier in his new novel, "La Maison qui Dort," published by the Librairie Fasquelle, the action of which is laid in Flanders, gives a series of delightful character studies, and the descriptions of the land and scenery are truthful and pleasing. The "house that slumbers" is a sort of sleepy hollow, in which the folklore of the peasants is carefully studied and rendered. "Meir," a work of fiction presenting original intoms and morals of the Polish Jews, by M. Elise Orzeszko, and translated into French by M. Kozakiewicz, is published by the Librairie Fasquelle. A love tale with a tragic ending, in which Meir is the hero as a theme on which the author's psychological studies are deftly embroidered. Szybow, the Lithuanian village inmay be taken as an example of the numerous but little known Jewish communities in Poland.

Interest in the identity of "Junius" is perpetual, and all guesses are worth consideration. A correspondent of the Lon-don "Spectator" thinks he has discovered a fact which throws light on the problem. He writes:

The fact I refer to is that the names Francis and Junius were associated with one another more than two centuries before the appearance of the famous letters. A well known French Protestant theologian, François de Jon-in Latin, Pranciscus Junius-was born in 1545, and died in 1662. His son, who also bore the name Franciscus Junius, was born in 1589, and died in 1678. He came to England in 1829, and was librarian to the Earl of Arundei for thirty years. He was a distinguished Anglo-Saxon and Gothic scholar, and ins "Etymologicum Anglicanum" was extensively used by Johnson in the preparation of his Dictionary. There is a reference to him in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (Globe Edition, p. 61). My point is this-is it possible that this dcuble collocation of the two names can have been a mere colneidence? Is it not rather to be explained by the supposition that Philip Francis, being in search of a pseudonyme, took that which was lying ready to his hand in the ing in search of a pseudonyme, took that which was lying ready to his hand in the name of the old scholar. Francis Junius?

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

Autograph
Letters

of Celebrities Bought and Sold
Send for price lists.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
225 Fifth Ave, New York,
Pun "The Collector." \$1 a yr.

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(Frank I.)

(Frank

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS. | decided to take some action the result

Talk of Things Present and to Come.

The book in which a rash person has attempted to show that Gibbon wrote the "Letters of Junius" is not convincing, inasmuch as no positive proof is offered. Coincidences of style and circumstances in the historian's life which might not make such authorship impossible are scarcely enough for consideration. Here is one of the foolish arguments of the volume: "In replying to this invitation [from Wilkes] . . . Junius is betrayed into the unguarded use of a phrase which, I think, helps, in however small a degree, to identify the writer. 'Many thanks,' he says, 'for your obliging offer; but alas my age and figure would do but little credit to my partner.' The assumption of 'age' (he was only thirty-four) was probably a pretext to excuse his absence, as also part of his general scheme of disguise; but may we not find a consciousness of his growing obesity underlying his mention of the unsuitability of his 'figure' to g- 'e a ball-

There is to be a new edition of Henry Cockburn's "Memorials" of his time, a book first published in 1856 and one which was much read in the United States as well as in Great Britain. It is an authoritative sketch of Edinburgh in the days of Sir Walter Scott, its Modern Athens period. Here is Scott, by the way, as Cockburn saw him:

Scarcely even in his novels was he more striking or delightful than in society; where the halting lmb, the burr in the timoat, the heavy cheeks, the high Goldsmith forehead, the unkempt locks and general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent and sto ies and sayings, all graced by gaysty, simplicity and kindness, mude a combination most worthy of being enjoyed.

"England the Invalid" is the title of a book which has just appeared in Berlin. It is the work of Dr. Curt Abel, the son of Dr. Carl Abel, the distinguished Hebrew philologist. The substance of this volume is said to be that "English inferiority and German superiority are the cause of any friction between the two

Three new Ibsen books have just been published in Copenhagen and Berlin. They contain the Norwegian author's youthful romantic dramas, with verses, letters, speeches, prose writings and the outlines of all his plays.

The forthcoming new edition of "Lorna Doone," evokes the statement thatcounting this edition-no fewer than 720,000 copies of Blackmore's novel will have been sold. Here, at least, is excellent testimony to the fact that a delightful work of art may sometimes be "pop-

In concluding a disquisition on plagiarism, an English writer mentions as something worse the fabrication of spurious quotations. He quotes in illustration a story of Samuel Warren, who once took part in a debate during which Roebuck boasted that he was not a party man. "Warren rose, and said that 'my learned friend's boast reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero. "He who belongs to no party is presumably too vile for any."' At the conclusion of the debate Roebuck came over to compliment his adversary on having made a suc cessful hit, adding, 'I am fairly well up in Cicero; but I have no idea where I can find the passage you quoted 'Neither have I,' said Warren. 'Good-

A new edition of Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches" is coming from the press of Sturgis & Walton. It will include some sketches which have not before been translated into English, and it is

A correspondent of the London "Spectator" writes, apropos of the possible exof Constantinople, that he was permitted last spring to see those in the Old Seraglio library. He found there thirtythree Greek MSS., scarcely any one older than the thirteenth century. He adds that there have always been vague stories of other hidden libraries in the fortifications or elsewhere, but residents seem skeptical concerning their existence, and that Professor Browne, of Cambridge, has worked at 'e Oriental MSS, in almost all the libraries of the

The Council of the British Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies have

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

of which would be to do for Roman or Latin studies the work which by its constitution the Hellenic Society has done and is doing for Greek studies in relation to all periods of the existence of Greek nationality. It appears to the council after giving prolonged consideration to suggestions received from various sources that "this end would be best served by the formation of a new Society for the Promotion of Roman or Latin Studies. The scope of such a society would be ancient Roman civilization in all lands of the Roman Empire, together with its survivals in Italy and Western Europe down to the end of the Middle Ages. With such a society the Hellenic Society would wish to work in complete harmony and with constant collaboration. In some cases the work of the two societies would overlap, but as the two bodies would work together no difficulty need be caused, and it is confidently felt that some mutual arrangement will be possible between the two bodies, so as to avoid any duplication of effort, either in the sphere of research or in the collection of working materials, such as books, photographs or lantern slides." The council calls for

The first instalment of Mme. Modjeska's memoirs will appear in the Christmas number of "The Century." It is to be accompanied by many illustrations, including a tinted portrait of the actress as Ophelia. These memoirs, it is stated, were finished by Mme. Modieska only a short time before her last illness. The serial publication of them will continue during 1910.

communications from possible support-

ers of their plan. The matter will, of

scholars.

Lord Brougham, whose temper may have partly justified Mr. Creevey in calling him "Beelzebub," sometimes displayed strange manners as a host in his own house. In the first published reminiscences of Lady Wake (sister of Archbishop Tait) are to be found some curlous notes on his behavior:

cus notes on his behavior:

Lord Brougham did not appear till the bell for dinner, when he suddenly rushed into the drawing room with peering eyes and knitted brows, ran up to Mrs. Tait, poked out his arm at her as though he were presenting a pistol, and without a word waiked off with her to the dining room. There he sat at the head of his table without uttering a syllable. Other guests there were none; pleasant converse was impossible, and very uncomfortable was the feeling that there sat the man whose conversational gifts made his presence so highly desired at the most distinguished dinner parties in London, without a word, looking black as night, with a countenance full of snarl, as though he would have bitten all round if he could. It was exactly as if he had taken some deep offence and was possessed by the desire to avenge it. All the time that the Dean and Mrs. Tait were at Brougham Hall he remained in this strange mood, abrupt and erratic in his movements from time to time startling avery one by suddenly opening the sitting room door, poking in his head with a rapid glance all round, and, if his eyes fell upon Lady Brougham, as suddenly slamming the door to and darting back to his den.

It is remembered that Lady Brougham was the widow of a Mr. Spalding, and that Lord Brougham was heard to mention his predecessor as "the gentleman whose loss we have all so much reason to deplore." Concerning the lady also old Creevey was bitter. He describes her at a dinner party, sitting "like an overgrown doll at the top of the table in a bandeau of roses, her face in a perpetual simper without utterance."

A work which promises to be of fascinating interest is to be brought out immediately by M. Armand Dayot, the French Inspecteur Général of the Fine Arts. This is devoted to "Louis XIV." and will no doubt resemble in character M. Dayot's other collections of historical portraits, scenes, etc.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHY.

MELBA: A BIOGRAPHY. By Agnes C. Murphy. With chapters by Mme. Molda on the selection of music as a profusion and on the selection of music as a profusion and on the science of singing. Hlustrated by various portraits, views and autographs. 8vo, pp. kiv, 348. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TRAGIC LIFE STORY. By Frank Harts. 8vo, pp. xviii, 422. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

JOHANN SEEASTIAN BACH. By C. Hubert H. Farry. Hustrated. 8vo, pp. xi, 584. (G. P. Pullani's Sons.)

CYRUS HALL M'CORMICK. His Life and Work. By Eerbert N. Casson. Hustrated. 12mo, pp. xii, 284. (Chicago: A. C. MocCurg & Co.)

THE GRRHOOD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. A

Clurg & Co.)

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. A Narrative in Continuorary Letters. By Frank A. Mumby. With an introduction by R. S. Rait, M. A. Hlustrated. Svo. pp. xii. 364. (The Houghton Millin Company.)

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. His Life, Public Services, Speeches and Patriotism. By Clark E. Cav. Ll. D. Hlustrated. Svo. pp. xii. 295. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

## CH'ARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS Publish To-day

Henry Van Dyke's

new book of poems

The White Bees

\$1.25 net; postpaid, \$1.35. The latest and most beautiful of Dr. Van Dyke's verse, includ-

ing many poems which have never before been printed. The patriotic "Songs of America" are in this volume, as well as "In Praise of Poets," "Lyrics Dramatic and Personal," etc.

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violinists and teachers explain their success in this book. Paderewski has written a chapter for it. It is full of practical advice and invaluable information and vividly interesting experi-

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Some Papers of a General Nature, Political, Historical and Retrospective. By Adia E. Stevenson. Fully Illustrat d. Svo. pp. 21, 442. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) MEMOIRS OF THE DUCKESSE DE DINO. 1831-1835. Edited, with notes and biograph-ical index, by the Princess Radgiwill. Svo, pp. viii, 349. (Charles Seribner's Sons.)

ESSAYS.

CARLYLE'S LAUGH AND OTHER SUR-PRISES. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo, pp. viii. 388. (The Houghton Mifflin

THE GREAT ENGLISH ESSAYISTS With introductory essays and notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, 12mo, pp. 251. (Harper & Bros.)

FICTION.

GREAT POSSESSIONS. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. 12mo. pp. iff, 377. (G. P. Put-nam's Sons.)

IN AMBUSH. By Marie Van Vorst. 12mo, pp. 302. (Philadelphia; The J. B. Lippincott Company.)

THE WISTFUL YFARS. By Rov Rolfe Cuson. Hustrated by F. Graham Coote.
12mo, pp. 318. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY; OR, THE FINAL LAW. By Canon Sheehan, D. O. 12mo, pp. vt. 488. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

KNIGHT OF THE WILDERNESS.
Oliver Marble Gale and Harriet Whee
Plustrated by Ivin Ney. 12mo. pp. 3 (Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Compan THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION. By Mere-dith Nicholson. Illustrated by Arthur I Keller. 12mo, pp. 503. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THE LILAC GIRL. By Raiph Henry Bar-bour. With litustrations in color by Clar-ence F. Underwood, and decorations by Edward Stratton Holloway. 12mc, pp. 237. (Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott THE GARDEN IN THE WILDERNESS. By

course, be of interest to American Hermit." Hiustrated by the author Bentley, 12mo, pp. 210. (The Baker ylor Company.) SPARROWS: THE STORY OF AN UNPRO-TECTED GIRL. By Horace W. C. Newte. 12mo, pp. viii. 533. (Mitchell Kennerley)

PUTTING ON THE SCREWS. By Gouverneur Morris, Historated by Paul Meylan 12me, pp. 89. SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Frederic Manning, 12mo, pp. xlii, 285. (G. P Putnam's Sons.)

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