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COMPENSATION.

It was the time of Autumn,
  When leaves are turning brown—
Green to yellow, and pied, and black—
  And some were tumbling down.

It was the time of Autumn,
  When fruits are gathered in—
Some for the press, some for the vat,
  And some for the miller's bin.

Then poor men fell a-playing,
  For that their work was o'er;
And rich men fell a-sighing
  That they could play no more.

For the Summer-time is a merry time
  If a man have leisure to play;
But the Summer-time is a weary time
  To him who must work all day.

Then thanks to God the Giver,
  Who loves both great and small;
To every one He something gives,
  But to no man gives all.

The rich who careth for himself
  Finds, after pleasure, pain;
But the toiler whom God careth for
  Rests, and is glad again.

The Steubens in Chicago.

Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that our foreign visitors show evident signs of exhaustion. They are kept busy sixteen hours a day looking at the wonderful sights of this great and growing country, and listening to speeches from its astonishing committees of reception and its incomparable Mayors. They have been asked several hundred times every day, "What do you think of our great country, the land of the free and the home of the brave?" They are bewildered by the multiplicity of titled gentlemen among us, so much that they have wondered where is our peasantry. All this keeps them busy for two-thirds of each day. The remaining eight hours they are supposed to lie awake laughing at the ridiculous things they have seen and heard. The older Steuben is said to be threatened with congestion of the brain from long-continued and obstreperous laughter after he has gone to bed. We shall feel safe if we get these foreign gentlemen out of the country alive. There was an evident tremor passed over the Nation when it was announced that the Steubens were going to Chicago, and that Carter Harrison was going to speak at them. He did it, and, thanks to German robustness and vitality, the Steubens still live, though they begin to grow thin.

Carter Harrison took the Steubens to all the foulest and most feculent parts of Chicago, no doubt to show them that Chicago was not to be outdone by Cologne in the manufacture of bad odors. One of the German gentlemen, upon being invited to inspect an old sewer in process of repair, took sick, and came near throwing up his cavalry boots. They were then hurried off to the Stock-Yards, and introduced the back way through a passage over which the man in the moon is careful to hold his nose, if he is compelled to pass. Surviving all this, the Steubens were compelled to listen to Harrison address them in German from a manuscript. A look of bewilderment was observed on their faces, which changed to one of awe when he turned to young Blaine and unfolded to him the stunning secret that this country only contained 3,000,000 of people when Gen. Steuben [illegible] with Washington, and now it has 50,000,000. And then he climaxed and let his eagle soar thusly:

"Fifty-six years ago it was my happiness, though only a babe in my mother's arms, and little able to appreciate the honor that was being done me, to have the hands of the illustrious Marquis Von Steuben laid upon my head in benediction, and the fact has always been a source of pride and gratification to me, so that it now gives me great pleasure, as first magistrate of this great city, the ninth in the world, to have the privilege of welcoming to its hospitalities and its freedom those who bear his name."

That laid out the Steubens. They hurried out of the city as soon as they had recovered from the shock.

A Musical Rat.

Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Mr. Bishop, stage carpenter at Piper's Opera-House, now has a pet in the shape of a musical, or rather a music-loving, rat. He discovered the animal on the occasion of the concert. He first saw it on the stage just as Frederick concluded his violin solo. How long it had been enjoying the music before his attention was called to it no one knows. A boy first saw it and kicked at it, saying: "Look at the rat!" Mr. Bishop then kicked at it, and, finding that it acted strangely, hardly making an effort to get away, began to think it was attracted by the music. Soon, however, it went into a hole in the floor near at hand. In the second part of the entertainment, which again began with a violin solo by Frederick, the rat again made its appearance. A scene was in the first groove which had a door in the centre, and behind this were about a dozen persons, and yet the rat passed across the whole width of the stage among them, then came back to the centre and sat down at the door. Some of the gentlemen were about to demolish his ratship, but Mr. Bishop begged them to let him alone. The rat sat upright after the fashion of a kangaroo and seemed in a perfect tremor of excitement. The ladies did not much relish the presence of the long-tailed connoisseur, but he was allowed to remain until the solo was finished. As one of the ladies had then to go through the door to the front of the stage, the rat was driven away. All who saw the actions of the little animal are confident that it was attracted by, and under the influence of, the music.

LITERATURE.

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AUNT SERENA.

The author of that charming little story, "One Summer," Blanche Willis Howard, relying on the wisdom of those who advised her to write a novel, accepted their advice, and has produced a work of fiction, to which she has given the title, "Aunt Serena." A very pleasant volume is the result of her literary labor—a clear, sweet, wholesome story of the lives of people whom we meet at every crook or turn in life, not of ideal beings created to fulfill the requirements of a plot. With rare skill Miss Howard has made a simple theme exceedingly interesting, and, without attempting any sensational effects, holds the reader's attention to the end. So auspicious a beginning promises exceedingly well for the future. The descriptive passages are at times too extended and the dialog not equally spirited, but the popular verdict on the book is likely to give it high rank as an American novel.

The heroine is a young American girl, Rosamond Wellesley, endowed with beauty, health, good sense, good humor, and a quick temper. She is an orphan, and has lived since childhood with an aunt, Serena Lennox. The greatest drawback to Rosamond's happiness is another aunt, Harriet Weatherstone, an unsympathetic individual and a descendant of the Boston Beaconswolds from whom she has inherited the world-renowned Beaconswold nose. Rosamond was accustomed to take daily rides over the country on her horse Aloha, and to make daily visits to this Aunt Harriet and to receive lectures on her improprieties of manner and defects of education. One day she is summoned to the presence of the descendant of the Beaconswolds to be informed that the latter has determined on her marriage with one Harold, and that she must agree to the marriage or never enter her house again:

> And now here was the Den, and Aunt Weatherstone preparing the heads of her discourse. Rose, feeling the need of exterior aid to enable her to meet the enemy on equal ground, glanced about, seeking a place whereon to rest a nonchalant elbow. But no mantlepiece or high chair-back was there to support her in the coming ordeal. The little room was devoid of superfluous furniture. Only Miss Weatherstone in her low chair by the open sunny window, and on the floor a great prosaic basket of unfinished work. All was as it had been through the years. Yet never before had the sober old orchard overflowed with such a wonderful foamy sea of blossoms, never had the bobolink in his cage sung so daring and triumphant a note. Even the familiar well-sweep wore an audacious expression, pointing up suggestively to the free blue sky; while the silent woman in the corner looked colder, harder, more pinched, more exasperating than ever. She finished her seam, and smoothed it, slowly drawing her thumb-nail with a rasping sound the whole length of the linen. Rose felt a certain sympathy with it. It must be uncomfortable. Anything must suffer under Aunt Harriet's thumb. The girl flushed, and tapped her foot impatiently with her riding-whip.

The interview is a stormy one, the young girl refusing to obey the mandate of her aunt, and being therefore forbidden to visit the place again. Rosamond persuades her aunt Serena to take her abroad, and a few days later the travelers are on their way:

> They passed through the perils of the deep with the experiences which usually attend a first voyage. The facetious young man was on the Aspasia. Also the girl who sings. The person who, when seasick, begs piteously to be thrown overboard was there, as well as the jovial gentleman who has never felt the faintest symptom of seasickness, and who walks up and down the deck, slapping his broad breast, all ignorant of qualms and misery, and in an insultingly robust manner proclaims his views before the pale ghosts of their former selves lying about in steamer-chairs. "It's all a matter of will, a simple matter of will, don't you know?" he would say, with conviction in his tone; but he never convinced the silent, nerveless fantoms.

They decide to spend some time in Germany and go to the little city of Wynberg (Stuttgardt) to a "pension" filled with English and American boarders. Among others staying there is a Miss Peyton, a young and friendless American girl, who is studying music, and in whom both ladies become very much interested, although warned by a Mrs. Lancaster that Miss Peyton has been seen walking with a German Lieutenant, a heinous offense in her eyes:

> "No girl is an interesting girl who walks out evenings with a Lieutenant," Mrs. Lancaster, the oracle, announced. "Why, if my Molly and my Daisy"—here she paused, unable through excess of maternal solicitude to complete her sentence; and the twins looked at each other in a sort of shuddering rapture. It could never be. They, too, were proud of their mamma's eternal vigilance. They had the supreme consciousness that no twins in the world were better chaperoned than they, Molly and Daisy Lancaster; and yet—to walk out evenings with a Lieutenant!—there was bliss in the mere shadowy suggestion.
>
> "Mrs. Lancaster, you will not think me rude and presuming," with a look that would have disarmed a demon; "but this lonely Peyton child touches my heart. She is thrown upon a hard world. My Rosamond is tenderly guarded; yet she might have been the waif, and Gertrude the pet lamb. Tell me, Mrs. Lancaster," and a faint, rose-leaf flush tinged the delicate old cheek, "you are an American woman, did you never, when you were young, walk with any man except your husband?"
>
> A vision of flooding sunset light, a river-road in spring-time, youth, hope, freshness, the cool, earthy scent of wild violets, the slow sound of sweeping oars, the innocent, happy, boyish, boastful talk of her first love, rose before Mrs. Lancaster's prosaic soul. She was 18 then, and he went away to seek his fortune; and she married Mr. Lancaster, who had been rich and kind to her; and she had never regretted it. Still, in the strange, far-off picture there was no harm—no harm, indeed. But what a strange old lady.
>
> "But, Miss Lennox, we are in Europe," she falters.
>
> Aunt Serena looks at her thoughtfully. Then, with her winning, yet stately, grace, the little old lady rises.
>
> "I quarrel with no system. Systems are things for statesmen. Even etiquet for young girls belongs in a way to political economy; and I am a simple old woman, and do not understand that. Yet the ideal of maidenhood—goodness, purity, a loving, unselfish heart—that must—must be the same among all civilized people, whatever may be the superficial differences of training and the misconceptions. We women are inclined to give small things too much importance and to underestimate great things, perhaps; so we may make it hard and confusing for young girls sometimes; and words are two-eged, we all know."

Of course both aunt and niece find Miss Peyton a charming companion, and the trio become inseparable. The action of the book begins and ends in this little German town. It runs along smoothly and evenly, and contains many surprises for the reader. In the end there is some obscurity as to the means by which Rose changes from distrust of to implicit faith in the man she loves, but inasmuch as "all's well that ends well" the story is "all well." Much within these pages is evidently the result of personal observation, and the characters in the boarding-house are probably sketched from life. The volume will well repay the few hours required for its reading.

Published in Boston by J. R. Osgood & Co.

COMMON SENSE OF MONEY.

If it be true, as Mr. J. B. Howe takes pains to tell his readers in the introduction to his book, that "The science of money is one of the most, perhaps the most, intricate, and to people at large perhaps the most disagreeable, if not repulsive, in the world," it must be added that the writer himself has done very little to assist in removing these objections to the science of which he treats. His italicized version is anything but simple, and the "Common Sense of Money" is far from being agreeable or intelligible reading. The work is professedly a compendium of two other volumes by the same author, with neither of one of which, however, have we any acquaintance. In these books—and therefore also in this one—Mr. Howe claims to have demonstrated the falsity of the prevailing theory of money, and the truth of his own. That is, he files a caveat on a new discovery. But what is the new theory? "Money cannot be defined sharply as a commodity or a tangible thing of any kind, under the new theory which I offer, and which may well be called the mathematico-metaphysical theory of money." To the first half of this statement we demur; and the latter half—even as elaborated, illustrated, and apparently demonstrated—we ask that it be dismissed on the ground of indefiniteness and uncertainty. It is incomprehensible—that is the difficulty with the new theory. "Gold and silver cannot be sold for money, because this would be selling money for money; and *this* sounds absurdly to me, and I *think* it is absurd without doubt" (p. 23). Then every other authority on the monetary science is wrong. A bar of gold has other qualities besides being merely uncoined money. It has value, and values are interchangeable. Here is a profound statement: "Buying and selling constitute the action of buyers and sellers!" Well, what of it? Is that a part of the "mathematico-metaphysical" theory? First he seeks to prove that money is not a commodity, and then that it is a process or contrivance, and, thus being resolved into an abstract term, cannot possibly be an article of merchandise! This is marvelous. We very much fear that Mr. Howe's "Common Sense of Money" may itself be resolved into nonsense.

Published in Boston by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THOMAS CORWIN.

Mr. A. P. Russell, well known to the reading public through his "Library Notes," has just completed a sketch of Thomas Corwin, the orator and statesman of Ohio. Mr. Russell is well advised in designating his little volume as "a sketch." It aims to give no biographical details, and is not consecutive in method or arrangement. The principal dates in Corwin's life are prefixed in a fly-leaf, but there is otherwise no mention of the commonest facts of his life. The author has not attempted to pass the events of Mr. Corwin's busy public life in review, or to describe, much less to justify, his political career. He has simply put down in affectionate remembrance the recollections of a friend; and has looked at the private more than the public, and the humorous more than the serious, side of Mr. Corwin's life.

The sketch carries its own justification with it. The future biographer may find it of considerable service, and the present reader, especially if he be already acquainted with the genius of Corwin, will enjoy the memorabilia which Mr. Russell has collected.

It is probable that no "favorit son" ever possessed the affections of the people of his own State more completely that Mr. Corwin did those of the people of Ohio; and even outside the limits of his own constituency he was widely honored and beloved. His quaint and humorous sayings were quoted at the fireside, on the stump, and in the press all over the United States; and his marvelous powers of sarcasm, invective, and logical statement were appreciated by the more thoughtful of his admirers. His humor was, on the whole, a detriment to his reputation. Those who came to be amused and not to be instructed by his speeches soon grew impatient if he did not give them witticisms to pay for their trouble, and the serious meaning of his argument was often lost sight of in the admiration for his brilliant bon-mots. Mr. Corwin himself, in his later life, perceived the injury his humorous faculty had done him, and warned the young men of his acquaintance to beware of amusing the people. He was naturally not only a humorist, but a logician; yet he paid the penalty for possessing the gifts of the former in common with those of the latter. Mr. Russell has very felicitously struck off this distinction in the following passage:

> Mr. Corwin was indeed a profoundly serious man. He had not trodden attentively and anxiously the way of life without knowing all on both sides of it. He had not banqueted with the gods to bring back only the pattern of the table-cloth. It made him unhappy to think of being known as a joker. Humorists are sure to be misunderstood; they always have been. Great minds with great passions are full of contrarieties and paradoxes. The extremes meet in character as in life. Between the tears of sorrow and of joy chemistry would hardly discover a difference.
>
> Mr. Corwin was often heard to declare his life a failure because he had not been, with the public, more successful in serious veins. A friend relates that he was riding with him in the summer of 18[illegible], when Corwin remarked of a speech made the evening before: "It was very good, indeed, but in bad style. Never make the people laugh. I see that you cultivate that. It is easy and captivating, but death in the long run to the speaker." "Why, Mr. Corwin, you are the last man living I expected such an opinion from." "Certainly; because you have not lived so long as I have. Do you know, my young friend, that the world has a contempt for the man that entertains it? One must be solemn—solemn as an ass—never say anything that is not uttered with the greatest gravity to win respect. The world looks up to the teacher and down at the clown; yet, in nine cases out of ten, the clown is the better fellow of the two."

The author believes that Mr. Corwin had much the same temperament and order of genius as Sidney Smith.

> Perhaps no two brilliant minds ever were more alike, in some striking respects, than Corwin's and Sydney Smith's. They resembled in those respects as far as it was possible for a university-bred English clergymen to resemble a free-born genius of an American frontier, educated by the trials and responsibilities of life, and compelled to get his living by jostling the world and thinking for it constantly. The play of their minds was much the same. The genius of each was best displayed in conversation. What has been said of one side of Smith may with the same truthfulness be said of the same side of Corwin. Many of the current sayings of Smith naturally create the impression that his wit was exhibited in short and pointed repartee. It consisted, as Corwin's did, in great part, in a species of burlesque representation of any circumstance that occurred, the rapid invention of his humorous imagination presenting it in all manner of ridiculous lights. There are few subjects, it has been well said, which will not lend themselves to this mirth-moving process, few which are not capable of being shown with a little distortion under ludicrous aspects. Those who are adepts in this description of fun are therefore more uniformly entertaining than men who deal in the terser retorts for which the course of conversation seldom affords any scope. Of the latter kind of wit there is not much that will bear to be repeated; but the whole of the former expires with the burst of laughter it originally provokes.

The difficulty of reproducing Corwin's humor or accounting for his effects is fully exhibited in the present volume. The quality of Corwin's fun was elusive. Much of it depended upon facial expression and the orator's inimitable action. Moreover it was so woven in and made part of the serious argument of his speeches that it cannot be reproduced from the context without injury.

Mr. Russell's book will serve a good purpose in reviving pleasant memories of the great Ohio lawyer, orator, and politician, though it will probably add little to the general stock of information concerning him.

Published in Cincinnati by Robert Clark & Sons.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD-LIFE.

Lee & Shepard have published "New England Bird-Life," a manual of the ornithology of New England, revised and edited from the manuscript of Winfrid A. Stearns, by Dr. Elliott Canes, U. S. A. The first part, on the oscines, or singing-birds, is only included in the present volume, the remainder being promised as soon as circumstances will permit. New England is thus far almost the only section of our country of which a special work on its ornithology seems to be popular enough to command a publication. Scientific papers in journals and State publications may cover the ground more or less elsewhere, but only for New England have works on this subject appeared as publishers' investments. This is the third that has appeared of its kind, and judging from the examination we have been able to give it, and our knowledge of its predecessors, it is much the best of the three. The name of the editor alone is a sufficient guarantee of its scientific excellence, and the evidences of his labors are apparent throughout the volume. As it stands, it may be taken as representing very fully the ornithology of New England in the light of the best scientific knowledge up to a quite recent date.

If we were to offer any criticism on the work it would be one that will apply to a great majority of the popular works on ornithology from the time of Wilson down to the present, and it will probably not be accepted as justifiable by the majority of the readers of these books. There seems to us to be in almost every work of the kind a little too

much in certain places of a kind of gush supposed to be appropriate to the subject, and there appears to us to be a very little of it here, not generally throughout the book, but scattered here and there as in the remark on the song sparrow and in a few other places. It is in the present work, however, a very slight defect, and where it occurs it is decidedly the exception to the usual sensible though pleasant and readable style of the author. The book is amply illustrated, the cuts having been mainly taken from Dr. Coues' previous works, especially his key to North American birds. They are none the less serviceable here from having done duty before.

We trust the time will speedily come when the birds of the Mississippi Valley are as handsomely monographed as are those of the New England States in the present volume. We await the remaining portion of the work with interest.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

It is getting to be customary, in giving title to a volume of sermons, to name it after the first discourse. This is well if the first sermon is somewhat characteristic of the whole book, as in the volume before us: "The Castle of the Soul; and Other Sermons," by Dr. Phillips Brooks. The whole of these sermons are enlightening as well as quickening to the thoughtful reader. Many a volume of sermons might better have been left unpublished. Not so of these discourses of Dr. Brooks. They are bright and stirring, some of them peculiarly so; that, for example, on "The Heroism of Foreign Missions"—the tenth of the series. The author regards the elements of heroism as being ideality, magnanimity, and bravery. Having considered these elements, he proceeds to apply them, beginning with the following passage:

> And now we may turn to that which has been our purpose in all we have been saying. What we have had in our mind is the great work of Foreign Missions; and we have been led to speak of heroism in its threefold quality of ideality, and magnanimity, and bravery. Now no cause ever really takes possession of the world unless it puts on the heroic aspect—unless it shows itself capable of inspiring heroism. Christianity is subject to this law, like every other cause. It too must show itself heroic, or it fails to seize and hold mankind; and it is in the desire for universal extension, the desire to make its Master known to all men, the desire for Foreign Missions, that Christianity asserts her heroism.

This sentiment he goes on to develop with special beauty and power. We might produce many like illustrations, but we commend the whole volume to all thoughtful and earnest readers. There are twenty-one discourses. E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York, are the publishers. Price, $1.75.

Volume X. of the "Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature" is the last volume, in course, of the elaborate and valuable cyclopedia by Dr. James Strong and Dr. John McClintock. There is, however, a supplementary volume in preparation, which will contain information not in existence or accessible when the body of the work was written. This is the best work of the kind that has been published in the English language. The present volume contains upwards of 1,100 octavo pages. The preceding volumes were of about the same size. There are of course some inaccuracies in this extended work, and we find in it many notices of clergymen who were very little known even in their own denominations. The weightier articles are generally thorough and satisfactory. With this cyclopedia in hand, a clergyman or an intelligent layman will possess the means of almost all kinds of general religious knowledge, as well as a storehouse of particular facts in the same line. These ten volumes are worth more than many a minister's entire library, the Bible excepted. The publishers are Harper & Bro., of New York.

Prof. Philip Schaff, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York, is a scholar of indefatigable industry. In addition to his regular duties as a Professor, he is constantly issuing new volumes in the historical, biblical, or other departments. And his publications are critical and accurate. Some years ago he entered upon the preparation of his "Illustrated Popular Commentary," while he was yet engaged in editing his translation of Lange's great commentary on the books of the Bible. Two volumes of the Illustrated Commentary have already appeared. In these he has been assisted by Prof. M. B. Riddle, of Hartford, Conn.; Prof. William Milligan, D. D., of Scotland; Prof. William F. Moulton, D. D., of England; and Dean J. S. Howson, D. D., of England. We have now received the second volume, but the first in the order of publication, of his "International Revision Commentary," edited by Prof. Riddle, which is an abridgment of the author's commentary on Mark in the larger work. It is slightly altered from the original work to adapt it to the new revision, is printed and bound in small form, and sold at $1. It is to be followed by other like volumes, fitted for the use of common readers. We hope for it a wide circulation. This abridged edition of the "Illustrated Popular Commentary" should be in the hands of all Sabbath-school and Bible-class teachers, as well as of other intelligent readers, as speedily as the several volumes appear. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, are the publishers.

"Mark Rutherford" is the title of a small volume published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, which professes to give the autobiography of Mark Rutherford, a Dissenting minister, and to have been edited by his friend, Reuben Shopcott. We conclude that Mark Rutherford was an imaginary character. Certainly the Independents, among whom he is said to have been born and educated, are represented as being ignorant and bigoted to a degree unknown in any corresponding religious denomination of this country. Rutherford himself seems to have been from childhood onward devoid of earnest convictions or serious purposes. He renounced his orthodoxy and tried to be a Unitarian, but failed. Meeting with Atheists he could not be fully an Atheist—and the rest of the manuscript was not found. The aims of the editor appear to have been about as indefinit as those of Mark Rutherford.

R. W. P.

THE HUDSON.

A pretty volume of verses from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., bearing the descriptive title of "The Hudson," reveals more than the average order of merit. The whole volume is devoted to the single purpose of celebrating the beauties of the Hudson River. The Catskills, the Adirondacks, The Highlands, Tappan See, and Evening are the titles of the various subdivisions of the poem. We cannot better indicate the quality of the verse, which is smooth, flowing, and melodious, than by the following quotation:

Cities and hamlets, up and down
  This level highway to the sea,
Along the banks sit gray and brown,
  Dim shadows musing dreamily.

Adown the river sloops and ships
  Float slowly with the lazy tide;
And round the bluffs a paddle dips,
  Where once the storm-ship used to ride.

The vision widens as the morn
  Sweeps through the portals of the day;
Purple and rosy mists adorn
  Mountain and hill-top far away.

The author of these verses, Mr. Wallace Bruce, exhibits an unusual poetical faculty, and may be expected to take a higher rank among American writers in proportion as he becomes more widely known.

RAND, M'NALLY & CO.'S INDEXED ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

Rand, McNally & Co., of this city, have made a National reputation for the excellence and accuracy of their map-work, as well as for their many special atlases, but nothing that they have yet issued can compare in labor, beauty, accuracy, and completeness with their "Indexed Atlas of the World, Historical and Descriptive," which they have just finished and now have ready for delivery. So far as the atlas proper is concerned, it contains eighty-six maps in colors, most of them two-page, very clearly and accurately engraved, and accompanied by a reference index so closely detailed that the smallest town, river, or lake in any part of the world may be found at once, and this index is even supplemented by the mailing lists, which give the post-office address of every place in the United States. In the preparation of these maps they have brought them down to date, with reference to new boundary lines, surveys, and places. As it would be impossible at present to draw accurately the new lines of Greece and the Balkan Provinces, as affected by the Russo-Turkish war, they have evidently been omitted upon the maps, but they are so closely indicated in the context that the reader can trace them for himself.

The work is not alone an atlas. To all intents and purposes it is a complete gazetteer and encyclopædia. The information whic

has been gathered and compiled is astonishing, and could not have been accomplished for many years had it not been intrusted to many and evidently expert hands. Its tables and statistics are enormous. In addition to the geographical features of every country on the globe, it examines in detail the history, the industrial wealth, the political, social, religious, and commercial condition of each of these countries, and is so exhaustive in its examination of the data from our own States as even to give a careful digest of the civil laws of each. A striking feature of this atlas, and one in which the publishers may claim superiority over anything of the kind that has ever appeared before, is the profuse use of colored diagrams to convey useful and important information to the reader at a glance concerning any country and the position it occupies in comparison with other countries. These diagrams give the quantity and value of farm crops, the number and value of farm animals, religious statistics, the data of wealth, debt, commerce, and taxation, the production of iron and the precious metals, the statistics of insurance, the growth of population, debt, taxation, and commerce of the world, the ethnological divisions of mankind, and numerous other details of information that are presented in the most convenient as well as complete shape for reference the reader can desire. All this wilderness of detail, which makes the atlas a perfect library of reference, is systematically and thoroughly arranged and indexed. It would be difficult to conceive of any information touching any country on the globe that cannot be found in this elegant volume. It is a monument of labor, research, and careful editing, and is not only a credit to the publishers, but will reflect credit upon the city as a publication centre, for Rand, McNally & Co. may safely challenge any other publishing house in this country to show such an atlas or any other of its issues that contains such a complete and well-digested history of the world. The atlas is elegantly printed, engraved, and bound, and will be an ornamental as well as useful addition to every library.

MINOR NOTICE.

We have received a bound copy of "Our Little Ones," a children's periodical, published in Boston, and edited by that well-known writer for young people "Oliver Optic." The book is filled with entertaining stories and poems for little people, and the illustrations are of unusual merit. No one better understands what children like than Mr. Adams. The covers are of decided originality, and if this volume is a fair sample of the quality of the magazine, it is superior to any work of its kind for very young children that we have yet seen.

Mr. Hinds found in his experience as a practical teacher that the most difficult thing to teach, from such text-books as he could obtain, was English Grammar. He has therefore attempted to banish this obstacle to successful instruction by devising a system and constructing definitions of his own, and has published them in a little book entitled "Some Topics in English Grammar." He only claims for his book that it is a guide or hand-book. Each principle is illustrated before it is stated, traditions have been disregarded, and much is omitted that has hitherto been deemed essential in works of this kind. Any method which will lead to a more general familiarity with the principles of English grammar is entitled to commendation. So far as we can see, this little volume contains a very intelligent presentation of the topics it discusses and is a fulfillment of the design its author had in view in its composition.

We have no words except of praise for Col. Carrington's "Battle Maps and Charts of the American Revolution." It ought to be invaluable to students of that period of history, and the author, who has devoted years to a patient study of the military side of our Revolutionary War, is probably the best living authority on the subject. The book is in the form of an atlas of maps and charts, with military notes and a reference to paragraph or page where each leading event is mentioned in school histories now in use.

"Roses and Myrtles" is the title of a collection of over 100 short poems by Sarah Jerusha Cornwall. There are many very pretty pieces in this volume, but none that convey the impression that the writer is possessed of striking poetic talent. It is a common failing, and unfortunately a growing one, to consider it a duty to put into rhyme every emotion experienced by a person of poetic sensibility. Nine times out of ten the result is anything else but poetry. So in the volume before us. A little bit called "The Firefly" comes nearer the standard of poetic art than anything else in the book. There are others of merit, but they are obscured by many which are really commonplace. A collection of pieces of the same excellence as the one to which we have referred would add something to the literature of poetry. The difficulty is that among so much that is merely unobjectionable that which is really commendable is overlooked.

"A Prince of Breffny" is a historical story, the action of which commences in the middle of the last century, with the departure of a young man, representing the princely house of Breffny O'Reilly, in West Meath, with the purpose of finding or making his way as a soldier of fortune. Through the kindness of Gilbert Talbot, generally known as the Priest-Earl of Shrewsbury, who was a near friend of his mother, Alexander O'Reilly obtains a commission in the army at Naples, then under the sceptre of the Prince, afterwards Charles III., King of Spain, and, by loyalty and valor, renders important services to his grateful sovereign, who rapidly advances him to fortune and rank, so that he figures in the annals of Spain to the present day as Gen. Count O'Reilly, and was successively Governor of Madrid and Cadiz and Captain-General of Andalusia. A love-story runs through the narrative, which may be characterized as the romance of reality and the reality of romance. The actual events of Count O'Reilly's life are more remarkable than fiction would venture to relate. It is an open secret that this story is from the pen of Thomas P. May, of Louisiana, whose previous performance, "The Earl of Mayfield," has had a brilliant success, being already in its eighth edition.

"The Bookkeeper's Companion" is really a chart or compendium showing very clearly the general principles of bookkeeping, and giving thorough directions for the proper entering of any class of accounts or the keeping of any set of books. T. A. Lyle, Philadelphia, is the author.

Under the title of "Garfield's Words," a book of about 200 pages has just been published containing striking and epigrammatic passages from the late President's writings. These relate to a very large variety of subjects relating to education, social science, political economy, literature; and they show in a very remarkable degree the wealth of thought and of scholarly acquirement, as well as the gift of pungent and eloquent expression, which President Garfield possessed. Taken altogether, they form a collection of wise and suggestive sentences on many topics which in the highest degree interest the American people.

"Five Little Peppers" is a story for juvenile readers, telling how a family of very poor but jolly children are brought from poverty to wealth. The change in their circumstances is brought about by the curious freak of the youngest child, who insists on sending a gingerbread boy as a present to a rich old gentleman spending the summer in the village. The "freak" is not one to be commended to poor but honest young America for imitation. It won't work every time, and even rich men are entitled to some consideration.

"Our Nationalities" is a book by James Bonwick, devoted to answering the questions who the Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and English are. It is really a volume containing four small hand-books bound up in one. The author has collected a mass of information from legends and from history and mixed them up rather indiscriminately. As a result it is difficult to distinguish fact from hypothesis, and the accuracy of the work being impeached its historical value is proportionately lessened. This is more especially true of the first part of the book relative to the Irish nation than it is of the chapters on the English, Scotch, and Welsh, which have been more carefully compiled.

"Phaeton Rogers" is a capital story of boy-life by Rossiter Johnson. It will be pleasantly remembered as a serial in *St. Nicholas* during the past year. The action of the story grows mainly out of the inventive faculty of the hero, which manifests itself in horizontal balloon ascensions, artificial comets, and many other more useful mechanical problems. Other characters contribute their share to the interest of the story—Isaac Holman, the learned boy; Jimmy Redmond, the poetical boy; and Ned Rogers, brother of the hero, an impulsive, blundering boy.

In "The Pocket-Rifle" we have a boys' story with a moral, by the popular writer, Mr. James P. Trowbridge. The pocket-rifle is stolen, and suspicion fastened upon a perfectly innocent party. How he is finally shown to be free from guilt and how the real criminal is discovered will be found out in the book, which most young boys will thoroughly enjoy reading.

"Up the River," is the sixth and last of "The Great Western Series," by Oliver Optic. The events of the story occur on the coast of Florida, in the Gulf of Mexico, and on the Mississippi River. The volume closes with the hero's return, by a route not often taken by tourists, to his home in Michigan. It is interesting to know that this is the *seventy-fifth* book the veteran "Oliver Optic" has written, and in their preparation has traveled over 50,000 miles by sea and land.

"Round-About Rambles in Lands of Fact and Fancy" and "Tales Out of School" are the titles of two books by Frank R. Stockton. Neither of them is a new book, but both are reissued for the juvenile trade of the holiday season, and have been handsomely and appropriately gotten up by the publishers. They are fully illustrated, and treat of events and incidents of endless variety, and gathered from "Earth, Heaven, and the waters beneath."

Mr. Edward Greey has written a work of fiction abounding in facts. Under the title of "Young Americans in Japan" he describes the adventures of an American family, more particularly the younger members of it, and a young Japanese who had been educated in the States, in their journeying through Japan. The desire of the author is to make young people more familiar with their neighbors who inhabit the "Land of the Rising Sun." Entertainingly written, fully illustrated, and handsomely gotten up, it is probably the best book for young folks, on Japan, yet published. There are plenty of ludicrous adventures and novel incidents to amuse the reader. The cover is of a very unique and handsome design.

MRS. GARFIELD.

A Kindly Acknowledgment from Her to a Well-Known Chicago Poet.

The regular readers of THE TRIBUNE will, or some of them will, remember the following paragraph which appeared in its columns on the 1st of March last:

Gen. Garfield will soon receive from this city what will be to him undoubtedly one of the most valuable and beautiful reminiscences of the exciting events of the last eight months. It is a manuscript volume of over 400 pages—the work of Mr. Eugene J. Hall, of this city, well known by his many poetical contributions to the columns of THE TRIBUNE. The first part of the work consists of autograph copies of campaign lyrics written by Mr. Hall between the day of the nomination and that of the election. Each of these has a beautifully-illuminated title, and an appropriate photograph either of the place referred to or the person mentioned is mounted on the page opposit the poem. After the poems come extracts from the principal speeches made during the campaign by leading Republican orators, such as Sherman, Schurz, Ingersoll, etc., accompanied by photographs of the makers. Then come extracts from orations of Democratic speakers, similarly illustrated. Then come extracts from editorials on both sides, and then the "humors of the campaign." The work is beautifully done, all the illustrations being perfect of their kind, and the photographic illustrations from the picture of Lawnfield, at the the beginning of the book, down to the comic illustration which concludes it, are excellent. The book, magnificently bound by a Chicago firm—one of the finest pieces of binding ever done in this city—will be sent to Gen. Garfield with the compliments of the author a week from Monday.

In response to the work, which was forwarded just previous to the excitement which preceded President Garfield's assassination and death, Mr. Hall has just received the following thoughtful and kindly characteristic acknowledgment from Mrs. Garfield.

MENTOR, O., Nov. 1, 1881.—*Mr. Eugene J. Hall*—DEAR SIR: Previous to my illness I remember that Gen. Garfield and I experienced great pleasure in looking over the remarkable book which you prepared containing photographs of many of the prominent characters connected with the Presidential campaign of 1880. In my illness, which immediately followed, and in the horror of the misfortune which I have been called upon to sustain, a proper acknowledgment of your kindness was overlooked.

I write now to acknowledge its receipt and to express to you my cordial thanks for the great pleasure which the examination of your book gave both Gen. Garfield and myself.

I shall always retain your present as a souvenir of a pleasure which we enjoyed together. Very truly yours, LUCRETIA R. GARFIELD.

NEW PATENTS.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 4.—Messrs. A. H. Evans & Co. report the following list of patents issued for the week to Northwestern inventors:

ILLINOIS.

H. Aldridge, Chicago, car-roof.
L. Anderson, Chicago, banjo.
A. M. Billings, Chicago, system of trucks for railways.
W. Bower, Olney, lemonade-strainer.
G. W. Brown, Galesburg, cultivator.
G. W. Brown and S. G. Holyoke, Galesburg, cultivator.
C. C. Burroughs, Decatur, corn-sheller (reissue).
J. Christiansen, Chicago, washstand and water-closet.
J. Christiansen, Chicago, sleeping-car.
M. Cilik, Chicago, machine for cutting circular objects.
G. Falk, Peru, elevator.
J. M. Fultz, Quincy, portable shower-bath.
J. Graham, Chicago, lubricator.
J. P. Hall and H. Jacobsen, Niantic, seed-planter.
G. W. Hilliard, Brighton, faucet.
F. A. Johnston, Chicago, extension-chandelier.
H. F. W. Liebmann, Chicago, device for imparting motion to toy wind-wheel.
J. Lowth, Chicago, lounge.
L. D. McIntosh, Chicago, galvanic belt.
A. Miller, Chicago, obstetric forceps.
C. C. Mulford, Streator, alcohol-cock.
L. H. Page, Chicago, egg and fruit carrier.
J. N. Perner, Buda, stalk-cutter.
C. A. Raggio, Chicago, cask-stopper.
T. Schater, Maroa, stovepipe-thimble.
P. Schneider, Shipman, line-guide for harness.
M. W. Shafer, Freeport, coffee and spicemill.
J. C. Tunnicliff, Galesburg, cutter-head for rounding fellies.
C. D. Westland, Chicago, grate for stoves.
G. D. Whitcomb, Chicago, rotary mining-drill.
C. Whittaker, Chicago, faucet.

WISCONSIN.

I. P. Conant, Genova Lake, pitman-bar.
H. C. Fisk, Racine, wagon-spring.
J. G. Hirsch, Milwaukee, bottle-stopper.
J. Johnson, Bay View, furnace for steam-boiler.
L. E. Miles, Janesville, hair elevator and carrier.

MICHIGAN.

A. S. Baker and C. D. Sweetland, Kalamazoo, harrow-tooth holder.
H. H. Chapman, South Rockwood, drilling-machine.
J. B. Davis, Ann Arbor, solar screw attachment to telescope.
W. H. H. Davis, Kent County, digging and lining wells with cement.
R. D. Eddy, East Saginaw, fire-kindler.
A. W. Kenny and H. Niemann, Ypsilanti, seed-sower.
Z. Macomber, Bedford, operating fan-doors of thrashing-machines.
C. W. Pratt, Howard City, plate and spiral spring for beds.
M. M. Stevens, Lindon, platform-gear for wagons.
F. Tuxworth, Manistee, brake for sawmill log-carriages.

MINNESOTA.

J. Lechner, Faribault, game-table.
E. F. Osborne, St. Paul, steam-trap.
S. Potts, Minneapolis, feed-governor for middlings-purifiers.
S. Potts, Minneapolis, wheat-grinding machine.
G. Reis, St. Paul, process of and apparatus for generating heat.
C. G. Rollins, Minneapolis, middlings-purifier.

IOWA.

J. A. Churchill, Council Bluffs, chain-pump.
D. Davis, Iowa City, gas-extinguisher.
H. C. Groves, Emerson, bridge.
W. M. Haney, Bellevue, milk-cooler.
G. Huffman, Cedar Falls, storm and screen door.
W. McArthur, Dubuque, sash-fastener.
E. T. Pettit, Marshalltown, air-pump.
J. G. Watts, Osceola, and J. R. Watts, Ashland, Neb., device for adjusting the beat of pendulum-clocks.

INDIANA.

J. P. Bond, Warsaw, grain-cleaner.
H. Coker, Indianapolis, steam grain-drier.
C. G. Conn, Elkhart, piston-valve musical instrument.
J. R. Gilbert, Charlestown, chair or stool.
T. Scantlin, Evansville, self-measuring oil-can.
O. Stechhan, Indianapolis, bed-lounge.

NEBRASKA.

E. A. Gerrard and S. T. Hill, Columbus, nut-lock.
T. C. Ralston, Culbertson, pawl for car-brakes.
J. R. Watts, Ashland, device for adjusting the beat of pendulum-clocks.

Silence as an Awakener.

Newton Republican.

Silence will sometimes waken a man more expeditiously than the loudest uproar. For instance: when a minister is discoursing at the top of his voice on a hot Sunday, how sweetly somnolence broods over half the congregation! But let the minister stop suddenly in his discourse, and be absolutely silent for half a minute, how wide awake they are! No thunder-clap in the country, or gong at a summer hotel, ever aroused slumberers more speedily or thoroughly.

Congested Liver is Frequent in the Spring,
And is relieved by the Little Liver Pills.