

LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

WOODBURN GRANGE. By William Howitt. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chesnut street.

"Woodburn Grange" is a novel of decided originality, and written with force and elegance. It is a tale of English country life, partly descriptive of scenery, but principally pleasing because of its vivid delineations of character.

Opening with a picture of the last of a long line of baronets, it presents with vivid contrast the opposite of aristocratic imbecility, and a poor man, the descendant of a race of beggars, self-made, and rising in the world's esteem.

The character of Sir Roger de Rockville is a capital one. It is skillfully conceived, and is in no respect unnatural.—

Such a condition was now reduced to the last of the long line of Rockville. The spirit of a polemic had taken possession of him; he had become a fanatic, and he was the same, but that did not satisfy him. He was perpetually haunted with the idea that poachers were after his game; that trespassers were in his woods; that his whole life was spent in strolling to and fro in his fields and plantations, and in prowling along his river-side.

He looked under forest trees, if any one had a curiosity to see Sir Roger, they had only to enter his fields by the wood-side, and wander a few yards from the hedge, and he was almost sure to spring out over the hedge, and in hurried and angry, almost stammering tones, demand their name and address.

The line of the Rockvilles was evidently running fast out. It had reached the extremity of imbecility and contempt—it must soon reach its close.

Sir Roger used to make his regular annual visit to town; but of late, when there, he had wandered restlessly about the streets, peeping into the shops, windows, and if he saw a man who would stand under an entry for hours, waiting till it was gone over, rather than take a cab or omnibus.

The opposite, in every respect, to this type of fossilized aristocracy appears Simon Degge—a plebeian, a reformer, a liberal, an English Radical. His character, well painted, is one of sterling integrity, of undying energy; in every respect what we of America would call a rising man.

He looked round, and discovering a large stone, he fetched it, and hurled it into the trap to be. At once with a horrid snap and clang, the jaws of the huge trap sprang out of the concealing leaves and dashed down with a fearful shock.

"There!" said the father—"take care, Tom, and caught you it would have snapped you in the very middle of your body, and these devil's teeth would have almost met in your flesh. Nobody but a fool would have stopped as set it could have got you and if you had been by yersen you mud 'a' died afore anybody had run yer."

for less animals now. Such is the wonderful effect of custom, and of interest in the material world, that a man will do anything, and will be content with a few shillings, and will be content with a few shillings, and will be content with a few shillings.

While the social distinctions as they appear in Great Britain are well developed in the work, yet, wherever the necessity exists, the author shows himself fully capable of vivid writing.

At this moment Letty found it rather hard to look her in. She had a short, dancing, impatient action, and seemed to long to be off at a smart rate. All at once there was a look on the high hawthorn hedge on the left.

George, who had been standing in the middle of the road, over which she sprang with a tremendous leap, but Letty sat securely, and away they went like the wind.

Again she dashed up another ascent, and was on her feet, and standing wide open. Through dashed the horse and rider. Out rushed a woman, and she turned her head round, and stood, as the two gentlemen rushed past, like a picture of gnashy and petrified horror.

But we cannot continue to show the style of the work by further extracts. We have tried to let it speak for itself. To sum up our judgment, the work is one of the best novels which have of late fallen under our notice.

NEW AMERICA. By William Hepworth Dixon. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce that they will publish "New America" during the present month.

Under these walls of Richmond the battle of that princely was fairly fought; with a pride, a valor, on either side, to recall the charges at Naseby and at Marston Moor; but the Cavaliers went down, and the Middle Ages then lost their final day.

Or let me share it with thee. Thy love my cup? The ring dove pray'd the eagle—let me soar Unto the clouds with thee and share thy nest.

Such passages as these seem inappropriate; and we prefer some other topic for tragedy than a delineation of a subject of which the world can form but an imperfect conception of its horror.

Why comes he not to aid him? He hears him in a way to teach you all. This to release him. (Takes a spear from a soldier and pierces the side of Jesus.)

These portions of the play which do not treat directly of the doings of the Saviour are less objectionable, and many of them are fine. The choruses of the angels, in the opening pages, deserves notice.

The truth of the matter is, that Mr. Laughton has taken a subject too grand for mortal delineation, and has, of course, failed. We do not, however, judge him by this one poem, but shall wait for further productions.

CHARLES WESLEY SEEN IN HIS FINER AND LESS FAMILIAR POEMS. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Wesley, as a hymnist, is well known to all our readers, yet his ability as a poet is not limited to that particular department. He has published, probably, more than any other writer in verse who has appeared in England.

CAVALRY—VIRGINIA TRAGEDIES. By Laughton Osborne. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Who that trusted in the Lord Was ever put to shame? Live by earth and heaven adored, On Thy servant's side appear, Help at a feeble hour, Thou who art Thy creature's bar, Didst Thy Deity declare, Now my mouth and wisdom be, Witness for Thyself in me.

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me. What? You never talked such nonsense? Hecch! like that, and then talk of love? You said that day—but I do, and you then sat at the table as if you were a man, and you were with happiness, and you were with happiness, and you were with happiness.

How did you talk? Why, shamefully! What did you say about your wedding happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing, have as she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of.

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