NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Gail Hamilton's new book, "Woman's Wrongs," just published by Ticknor & Fields, is full of the richness or characteristics of the writer. The first third of the volume is devoted to a lively description of certain little essays by the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Massachusetts, who has lately been discussing various topics connected with "Woman's Rights." Gail Hamilton goes at it vehemently, divine with a vivacity that is perfectly wonderful; divine by dexterity, her rapidity, her keen thrusts, her skilful pauses, her sassy sarcasm and her downright hard hits leave her ponderous antagonist nowhere. Dr. Todd wound up his last essay by saying: "And having said this, I only add that no provocation will force me to speak on this subject again." Whereupon Gail Hamilton remarks:

"Unpaste ones, we fear, will add that nothing he has ever spoken has the ring of it.

And all the Wackford Squeerses who have gone into the business of newspaper editing smack their lips over this twopenny orth of milk in a way of inkwarm water, and cry out in their unlucky readers, 'Here's richness!'

Having disposed of Dr. Todd to her hearty content, the author takes up the question of "Women's Rights," as relating to suffrage, employment, wages, matrimony, &c. On the first point she makes many very sensible suggestions. She claims the right of female suffrage, but seriously questions its expediency, and proves with much cleverness that it is not the panacea for women's wrongs which it is set up to be. She believes women in impartial than in universal suffrage, and says:

"Decidedly, as I do, most firmly that the rights of suffrage belongs to woman in precisely the same measure as to man—no more and no less—and that it will do for woman precisely what it does for man—no better and no worse, and even the alternative contended for, of changing the basis of suffrage, either by extending the franchise indefinitely to women, or by still further restricting it among men, I think I should unhesitatingly choose the latter. I would far sooner trust the welfare of the country to the freely acting wisdom of intelligent, virtuous men, than to the wisdom of intelligent and virtuous men and women, hampered, baffled, and overborne by the folly of unintelligent and vicious men and women. . . .

And further on she thus refers to the same idea, and makes a good, practical point:

"It is utterly impossible to count scores and hundreds of illiterate foreigners, just naturalized, go to the polls and send one of their number to make laws for the nation, while an educated and intelligent woman is not allowed so that a vote to keep him at home. But I see no measure intended to keep the ignorant and vicious from the polls; only a proposition to enable him to bring his ignorant and vicious wife and husband, or her husband, to order up a reserved force of intelligence to bear upon unintelligence; for the unintelligence is to order up its reserves just as freely; and the two reserves must pound away at each other leaving the original force pounding where they were before. Nor is it true in politics, as in war, that the two trained and intelligent allies are more than a match for their untrained opponents. Patrick's vote has precisely the same power as Mr. Percy Howard's, and Bridget's will count for just as much as Mrs. Percy Howard's; and in everything except the mere intelligence has full play now. Nay, if there is any advantage, I believe it is on the side of Patrick. It is easier to manage the vote of the ignorant in a body for the wrong, than that of the wise in a body for the right.

On the subject of wages and employment, the author denies that the ballot would work the revolution that is predicted for female suffrage. Referring to the starvation among the forty thousand poor needle-women of the city of New York, she tells a most sorrowful and honest ground:

"All suffering is pitiable, but I cannot spend all my pity on those forty thousand. I pity myself. I pity the twice forty thousand women, as well as the many annoyed, hindered, and injured by the incapacity of foreign servants that do not know the difference between a castor and a tureen, or between truth and falsehood; but whose blight grief and pity are wasted, spread through the advent of forty thousand intelligent American servants."

Further on she again enforces this important suggestion, and says:

"But if women are prevented from establishing themselves in business through want of means, they need not on that account work at starving prices. I suspect that every one of these forty thousand women would find a comfortable home in New York—a home in which she would have plenty of wholesome food and sufficient shelter, and in which she could earn besides two or three dollars a week, if she would accept the home. The work would be more healthful and far less exhausting than the starvation sewing. . . . . I know there are many who are fitted to take their own responsibility, but if these who are unencumbered would resort to the kitchens of the rich, it would relieve the stress of competition, those who remain would command a better price for their labor, and starvation would be prevented entirely stopped. I do not say this because housework is woman's sphere, but because it is honest work, and any honest work in her power is better than starvation, and more dignified than complaint and outcry. If it were picking apples, or gathering hackberries, instead of needlework, I should recommend that just the same.

* * * *

I admit that there are serious drawbacks to household service, and that a defective or an honest self-respect, some of a foolish self-disrespect, galling itself pride. It is offensive and, that, if a woman could be taken into a family on a footing of equality—speaking chiefly, I fear, of those who sit at the family table,—there would be less temptation to domestic service. It is not reasonable to expect that an intelligent American woman should be willing to consort with low and ignorant foreigners. But it would scarcely be hazardous to predict, that if intelligent American women would go into American kitchens, they would quickly drive out the unintelligent foreigners, and do away, in the matter of equality it simply trivial.

Arguing in favor of an elevation of woman's sphere in the domestic circle, the writer says:

"Brains and depth of character are a royal road even to good housekeeping. . . . Every possible variety of mental training she needs; very possible variety of intellect, it has nothing will come into use. . . . . When a woman has learned to make a pudding, she has learned but the smallest and easiest part of her duty. She needs to know how to sit at the table where the pudding is served, and dispense a hospitality cordial and cultivating that the pudding shall be forgotten. There are a thousand women who can make a pudding, where there is one who is mistress of her servants, of her children, of her husband, of her home, of her position."

We can only afford room for a single quotation from Gail Hamilton's discussion of the proper relations of a perfect married life:

"There is more to be learned of the true spirit, the ultimate import of marriage, from the cooperation of one and one, than from all the elaborate discourses through which it has been drawn out. Marriage is a friendship of the sexes so profound, so comprehensive, that it includes the whole being. The inflow of the divine life,

"Might effusion of bright essence increase,"

blends the man nature and the woman nature into an absolute unity, and shapes itself ever thereafter into the only perfect symmetry. Time since comes humanity in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Then the stronger forever tends to the annihilation—not the annihilation of a stream swallowed up in desert sands, but of a river broadening to the boundless sea. The more perfect the marriage, the more yielding its form. As it gathers power it diminishes pomp, till, by a pathway which the vulture's eye hath not seen and never can see, marriage itself leads to the land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

"Woman's Wrongs" is calculated to do good in more directions than one. It aims to exalt woman; but to do so upon the foundations of philosophy, philanthropy and religion, and to interpose a check to many of the wild fancies of old women like Train and Anthony and the like, and is written with a liveliness and originality that will make it attractive even to those who may differ from its conclusions. It is for sale by G. W. Pitcher.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued "Gemma," a new novel by T. A. Trollope. It is a story of domestic Italian life. It abounds not only with the striking incidents connected with the plot of the story, but with graphic descriptions of Italian town and country scenery. The interest in the story is admirably sustained throughout, and it will be read with great pleasure by a very large class of the lovers of the better kind of romance.

Skelty & Co., 21 South Seventh street, have published two pretty little juveniles by Emma Marshall, "Lessons of Love;" and "Little May's Legacy." They both teach good lessons, and are in a very pleasant, simple way. They will be very welcome to many Sunday School libraries.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have published two more volumes of the handsome "People's Edition" of Dickens, containing "Little Dorrit" and "Bleak House." Also two more volumes of their cheap edition for the million, containing "Hard Times," and "David Copperfield," each complete for twenty-five cents.

Messrs. Jno. Penington & Son have received a supply of several of the best of the numerous Paris almanacs for 1868. Among the best of them are the *Almanach du Magasin Pittoresque*, the *Almanach Comique* and the *Almanach du Charivari*.

James S. Claxton has just published a new book called "Minnie Grey." It is a story of girls' schoolfolk, and is written in an attractive style, neatly printed and bound, with some well-executed engravings.

(From the Toledo Blade.)

NASBY.

The Biography of a Dead Nigger, who was Executed for Murder, and who was Executed Twice—The Result of His Folly.

FOOT OFFIS, COUNTYMUT X ROADS, (Wich is in the State of Kentucky,) Jannyary 19, 1868.—Last nite the body uv a nigger wun found dead at the mouth uv the Horsecave—the main street uv the Cross Roads. The poor cuss wuz rolled up again the fence, his face turned to the moon, and he looked as if he hed bin sent to his reward by a sudden blow. I dishkivered him. At fust I thot the fellow wuz drunk, or I didn't see the blood. It is a common occurrence to find our citizens in that atoosphere, but on turnin him over, and examinin the color uv his hair, I immediately knew that wun wut wuz what wun. He hed dyed a nuf sarvashun, and sold, and I knowed that nigger.

I knowed that nigger. He wuz wunst the property uv Elder Gavitt, now deceased, and wuz altogether too soopertur a nigger to quietly take wut wun his normal condishun, and settle down to his fate. He resembled the Elder very much. His mother wuz a mulatto woman, and ez her son developed it wuz observed that he had the Gavitt pekooliarities uv fechur, in a strikin degree. Mrs. Gavitt raised a nuchilun amount uv, but the general opinion hev bin that the Elder wuz the father uv him. There wuz a dubiousness arounds the nigger, and he felt it. Ez they didn't need em any more to fill quotas and save em from the drafts and sich, the subject became wun the same d—d nigger he alluz wuz. Somewhat disgusted, perhishing that he wuz enlistid he wuz credited to Ohio, he returned to Kentucky, determined to fite it out here. The Cross Roads received him pretty cold, but saved a little money out uv the servis and bought some land up toards Hopkinsville, and built onto it a cabin. Somehow the world didn't go smooth with him. One ugly hole succeeded to wun torn down and his growth crops wuz destroyed. Immejitly thereafter he wuz arrested for hevin in his possession no support, his crops bein all gone, and it took his mule and a part uv his household furniture to git out on bail. He hed bin a misfortoon came another. He wuz at the Corners one day when Isaiah Scott, the playful mood, shot at him with a revolver, wich the nigger resented, cholin Isaiah severely. The blood uv the Scotts wuz up. A nigger had raised his impluous hand agin a white man! Immejitly the Corners became indignated, and the nigger wuz kept under the town pump two hours. A severe cold resulted, he wuz confined to his bed a month with fever, doorin which time he got into other trouble. His cot broke one night on the ground, his hogs wuz killed, and even his chickens was massacred. He was barely recovered from this ill luck when, when his wife murjumed by Isaiah Gavitt at the Corners, where she had gone to get medicine for him. Isaiker, wunstoo under the chokin her husband had given him, organized a raid onto her, and I must confess she was pooced rather rough. The young men uv the Corners are excentric. The woman wuz found dyin the next mornin in a barn.

From this blow he never recovered. He had lain a long time, and he hed run up a number uv bills at the Corners, wich he could not pay. Attachments wuz put on his property, and it wuz sold from under him, and ez he wuz not able to work, wut wuz over was held by the township for the support uv the nigger his becomin a township charge. Capt. McFurter got the place, and ez it wuz bizzer, he wanted it. The nigger wuz turned out, and he wandered about a few days aperiently not in his right mind, and finally wuz found ez I hev described. Dead he wuz, and wrapped in his blue cote into which he found him, a hole wuz dug and he wuz hid from mortal site.

Such is the froots uv Emancipashen! When that nigger wuz dug under, $1,000 worth uv Elder Gavitt's wuz put out uv the way. His death lies at the door uv Abe Linkin! Had that nigger bin permitted to hev stayed with his kind master, he would yetid his life to his servis—this would not hev happened. Had he