NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Hospital Sketches and Camp and Fireside Stories." By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated Edition.

The author of "Little Women" has given a dramatic vividness and grace to her reminiscences of hospital life. Some of the chapters are short, complete tales, on subjects *a propos*. The greatest drawback is that the lively little woman declines to make the story, name, place, or any means of identification to some of her best stories, and that it is impossible for the reader to know whether he is reading bare, integral history, or truth just a little dressed up with the bookworm's fancy. The collection is thoroughly readable, however, from beginning to end, and we feel sure that it, unlike others offends moral truth. The pictures are excellent. "These "Sketches" were originally written from Washington, where Miss Alcott was hospital nurse, in 1863, to the Boston *Commonwealth*; and their vigorous style, as if the writer saw under her eye the scene under delineation, is due to their being prepared in the spot and without delay. Sold by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Among the late publications of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger have been the following:

Gems of German Lyrics, translated into English Verse by Charles Wilkins Wineman.—Wineman, to his own great credit, has passed a retired and studious youth almost completely as we hear, among the languages. His love for literature of a high order is evident from the character of these selections, though, in his modest and winning preface, he tries to draw a distinction which we do not quite understand between "rendering poetry" and "translating its beauties" this interesting preface, the outburst of an enthusiast who quotes a fresh zest, as if it had never been quoted before, Coleridge's phrase about Poetry being "its own excuse for its great reward," shows his critic at once what a fresh, unspoiled soul he has to do with, and says much for that he is ready to descend on many an unlucky word, many a halting foot, many a German thought brought over bodily into the English. Mr. Wineman's selections are capitally made, and introduce the American reader to some of the sweetest, and least familiar, of the Allgemein lyrics; but it would be unjust to say that he is often felicitous in presenting an English version that suggests the music of the original. The condition of the diction at present, repetually confluted with the German turns of expression which evidently fill his head, is a fair and natural result of his studies. But his industry in gathering these wild flowers so far out of the beaten path, his charitable person his own work, his freshness and confidence, are qualities that will give a genuine thought half-amused pleasure to any charitable person who looks over the anthology. We would bid Mr. Wineman cast aside all timidity and misgivings, by keeping his attention on the English classics contemporaneously with the pitfalls of the foreign nations; he will always be headed to favor us with another set of translations intelligent by experience, and "Gems of the breast it;" "gaze in the wine-glass I at night," "become I should have never," and so on.

"Think and Pray" is a lady who has familiarized herself with the whole range of female occupations, and with many trades now occupied by men yet suited to female fingers, Miss Virginia Penny, devotes a considerable volume of neat form and legible page to the question of woman's amelioration. The book is full of clear insight, practical investigation, and admirable moralizing. Women should read it to obtain a better understanding of the position of their sex before the nineteenth century, while male readers may learn from it a broader toleration and a more generous view of the repressed class of self-supporting females. The book, however, covers broader ground than a mere labor-problem, and delves among the bases of feminine character, with occasional lapses into brevity.

"Studies in Shakespeare." By Mary Preston. She fancies, among other things, that the Puritans would have been saved from falling into the Salem persecutions if there had been a copy of Richard III. on board the Mayflower, to bring before the minds of the pilgrim fathers the image of Richard executing Hastings for witchcraft. There is occasional humor and freshness in her comments on the Shakspearian women.

"Protestant Gems of the Prayer-Book." By Rev. J. Pleasanton Du Hamel, Diocese of Delaware. This collection of extracts is intended for the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, and set in a frame-work of original and selected comments, hard much on the Protestantism of the Episcopal Church, and its intrinsic opposition to the Roman hierarchy it contains a refreshment for those who mistrust the artificial and ritualistic tendencies of certain branches of the church.

"A Handbook of Map-drawing." By Peter Kean and John Micklebrough. E. H. Butler & Co.

A series of maps, adapted to Mitchell's excellent school collection, are represented on pages facing their respective diagrams, reduced to the simplest boundling line. The diagrams fix the principal points of the figure to be drawn. The manner long familiar to teachers of artistic design.—It was a happy thought to adapt this sensible idea to the construction of school maps, and the little book needs only to be seen to be recognized as an efficient aid in an art of great utility and importance.

THE STOWE-BYRON STORY.

Testimony of Lord Byron and His Friends.

The following brief account of Lord Byron's marriage and the subsequent separation of Lord and Lady Byron is from J. W. Lake's "Life of Lord Byron," published soon after Byron's death, and reprinted in this country in Key & Biddle's Philadelphia edition of Lord Byron's works, in 1854:

ALLEGED REASON FOR THE SEPARATION.—On the 2d of January, 1815, Lord Byron married, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, Anna Isabella, eldest daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank (since Noel), Bart. To this lady he had made a proposal twelve months before, but was rejected; and would have sought for their mutual happiness had that rejection been repeated. After their marriage, it was said, Lord Byron took a house in London; gave splendid dinner parties, and lived in great apparent, in short, launched into every sort of extravagance. That could not last long; the portion which his lordship received with Miss Milbank (ten thousand pounds) soon melted away; and, at length, an execution was actually levied on the furniture of his residence. *It was then agreed* that Lady Byron, who, on the 15th of December, of that year, presented her lord with a daughter, *should pay a visit to her father till his affairs had blown over*, and some arrangement had been made with the creditors. From that visit she never returned, and a separation ensued, for which various reasons have been assigned; the real cause or causes, however, of that regretted event are, *up to this moment, involved in mystery*, though, as might be expected, a wonderful scrutinizing was excited at the time, and *every description of contradictory rumor was in active circulation*.

BYRON'S MARRIED LIFE.

[From the Conversations.]

The following are Lord Byron's own words as given in his "Conversations:"

I have been accused of saying, on getting out of the carriage (on the wedding-day) that I married the devil in a fit of spite, and she also refused me twice. Though I was for a moment vexed at her pendery, or whatever it may be called, if I had made so uncivilized, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage and the house, if she had thought the speech was in earnest. I married her because I was in a pretty good humor, and I thought we might pretty well make one another happy.

[Then apparently much better, it improved by Mrs. Stowe, who represents the carriage scene in the following sensational manner:

The moment the carriage doors were shut upon the bridegroom and bride, the pretense was throw off, and despair—unrepentant remorse and angry despair—broke forth upon her gentle heart.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! You had all in your power! I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a monster!"

THE HONEYMOON.

[From Lord Byron's Conversations.]

"My honeymoon was not all sublime; it had its clouds; and Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall of the barometer; but it was never down at zero.

A curious thing happened to me shortly after the honeymoon which was very awkward at the time, and has since amused me very much. It so happened that three married women were on a wedding visit to my wife (and all in the same room at the same time), who I had known to be all birds of the same nest. Fancy the scene of confusion that ensued—

ANY PERSON'S MARRYING FOR MONEY—REASONS WHY HE SOLD NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

[From the Conversations.]

The world says I married Miss Milbank for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I ever received or are likely to receive (and that has been twice paid back too) was £10,000. . . . I married because I was pleased with Newstead, which I never could have returned to sell in my mother's lifetime. As it is, I shall never forgive myself for selling done so, though I am told that the estate would not bring half so much as I got for it. This does not at all reconcile me to having parted with the old Abbey. *I did not make up my mind to this step lightly. I was engaged to my I had my wife's portion to repay, and was determined to sold £10,000 sooner to do it.* . . . I did. I always hated being in debt, and I do not owe a guinea.—The moment I had my affairs finally settled in a little more than eighteen months after my marriage, I left England an involuntary exile, intending it should be forever.

LADY BYRON'S JEALOUSY.

[From the Conversations.]

I heard afterwards that Mrs. Clairmont had been the instrument of poisoning Lady Noel's mind against me; that she had employed herself and others in ferreting out in London, and had reported having traced me into a house in Portland place. . . . There was one act unworthy of my wife, but such a confidante—I allude to the breaking open my writing-desk. A book was found in it that did not much credit to my taste in literature, and some letters from a married woman with whom I had been intimate before my marriage. The use that was made of the latter was unjustifiable, whatever may be thought of the book. I could not have thought she would have so much exerted herself to obtain evidence against me. . . . I should not have thought it necessary to take no notice of their contents.

The gravest accusation that has been made against me is that of having intrigued with Mrs. Mardyn in my own house, and mentioned a list from the journals of the day of the different worthies, ancient and modern, to whom I was compared; I remember a few: Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly, ...

I was looked upon as the worst of husbands, the most abandoned and wicked of men; and my wife as a suffering angel, an incarnation of all the virtues and perfections of her sex. . . . I was classed in the public prints with the common talk of private companies, blessed as I went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with insult. . . . The *Examiner* was the only paper that dared to say a word in my defence, and Lady Jersey the only person in the fashionable world that did not look upon me as a monster.

BYRON'S VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

The following are given—by Captain—Parry—as the opinions of Lord Byron on the marriage relation:

"There are," said his lordship, "so many intolerable, and nameless, and unspoken-of minor causes of dislike, aversion, and disgust in the matrimonial state, that it is always impossible for the public, or the best friends of the parties, to judge between man and wife. Their is a reserve about which nobody but themselves can form a correct idea, *or have any right to speak*.

As long as neither party commits gross injustice towards the other; as long as neither the woman nor the man is guilty of any offence which is injurious to the community, as long as the husband provides for his offspring, and secures the public against the dangers arising from their neglected education, or from the charge of supporting them—by what right does a stranger aim for ceasing to dwell under the same roof with a woman who is to him, because he knows her, while she, do not, an object of loathing? Can anything be more monstrous than for the public voice to compel a husband to dislike each other to continue their cohabitation? This is at least the effect of the legislation of the relationship of which it has no possible means of judging. It gives the husband the right to a woman's bed by physical force; but it does excite a moral force continually and effectively to accomplish the same purpose. Nobody can escape this force but those who are too high or too low for its influence, or who have no reach; or those hypocrites who are, before others, the loudest in their approbation of the institution and the most forward in proclaiming they may securely indulge all their propensities behind the veil of domestic privacy. Nobody escaped