NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Evans's New Novel.

Mrs. Agla Gerome, or Vashti by Evelyn Carle. Born in infancy, was left an orphan. When she was a baby, cutting her eye-teeth, she had a spasm, straightening herself out and rolling back her eyes till only the white balls showed. She grows up with "gray globe-like eyes," and with secretions so seriously deranged that her lips are always white, and her veins wander visibly over her surfaces without flushing the complexion. She has "a lamping white face," hair with a "metallic glitter"—in fact a "gray woman of twenty-three." The spirit imprisoned in this living injection is of a kind easily imagined by readers of Miss Evans's works. Pining for a career, it takes to art. "Sometimes I thought I would paint a picture of Handel standing up to listen to that andstory from his own *Semon*, —Tyrell eclipse, so sun, so moon." Again, I have vague visions of a dead Schopenhauer, seated in the corner of the sofa, with his pet poodle, Putz, howl, in his master's ghastly white features, with his Indian Ourpuchkai lying on his right knee, and his gilded statuette of Gotama Buddha grinning at him from the mantle-piece, welcoming him to Nirvana." Vashti she does paint it in a Judas Iscariot, a "handsome man." This lady, having effected a marriage evidently adapted from that of Lord Byron, and being much pained to hear that her bridegroom loved another woman better, in "agony and shame sobbed out the secret, and then one upon the other—that my diamond brutchal ring cut sharply into the quivering flesh, and hideous drops of blood oozed on my shining gossamer veil and white velvet dress." The insincere husband finally comes, and serve him right, to die in a lunatic asylum hospital, where he rambles, a "bloated crimson mass," on his narrow bed. The wife's rival, Edith the governess, who happens to be a sublunary angel, goes about all the time doing good. Dr. Grey, who has loved the white-stemmed woman from her infancy, and the dissipated husband's demise just in time to find the lady dead, with her eyes turned to the sea. Miss Evans tries hard, all this in her well-known spasmodic style, which, she profoundly expains is as much a part of her as her nose. Her reading of her book to Matthew Arnold and the authors he has criticised and recommended. Her brick-bats and cotton dresses all the paper, and her remarks are conceived with a woman's nervous determination to carve out great paragraphs. Her art is of course entirely Gnostic and false. Her book, called "Vashti, or Until Death us do Part," is nearly put out by Carleton, and sold by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger.

Other recent publications by Mr. Carleton are the following, to be found on the shelves of Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger:

In his monograph on "The Living Writers of the South," James W. Davidson, A. M., assumes that in no less than 241 literary persons still alive below Mason and Dixon's line. We think the book decidedly premature. Under the better auspices now favoring the career of letters in the South, we feel sure that she is sure to have a literature; and this book, in which she takes her account of stock, will show exactly with what capital she begins at the close of her present career. It is a surprise a good many people to learn that two hundred and one living Southerners have published books; forty more are engaged in the profession of literature in one way or another. Of the bookmakers, 74 have written fiction; 1 wrote, 112; poetry, 8; in history—including geography, biography, memoirs and travels there are 63; in theology, 39; in science, 15; in philology, 6; in philosophy, 5; in law, 2. The aggregate number of volumes is 730. Mr. Davidson gives a good many examples of the lucubrations of his heroes and heroines; they are of every degree of merit, and it is a fine trait in the biographer that he does not puff the bad ones. His idea has been, as he frankly explains, "to present Southern writers as they are, not to prove that the South has this or that literature, but only to show what literature the South has." To adhere to such a resolution without partisanship must be very difficult, and it is Mr. Davidson's merit that he has done so with integrity. We have but one fault to find. In a work destined to a modest but permanent place in the history of American letters, it is a pity that the names of authors are not separated from the merely topical contents of the index; the latter is a very large one, and the proper names are so to speak lost in it.

Why Carlton has consented to print his, publisher-like, little page of "Strange Visitors," the clairvoyant book of horrible travesties, is a mystery to us. The stuff professedly dictated by "Byron, Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, Irving," and the rest, is quite ungrammatical, and beneath contempt. Perhaps the most revolting is a sequel to Byron, with his address to the Queen as "Victoria Brown."

"Phemie's Temptation," by Marion Harland, is a novel written in violentpartisanship of woman's rights. Phemie is represented as a writer, an original character and a genius,—not always the most agreeable kind of person for a husband to live with. One instinctively feels that Hart's side of the story is not told. The genius considers that she ought to disregard her husband's wishes and assert her own superior will. She husband, to do him justice, is particularly worthless, and in a figure that must have given great pain to the author to delineate, if she is at all womanly. A divorce concludes this disagreeable novel, which is put forward not as a story with a moral, but as a realistic study from real (married) life. As such it is equally and unpleasant, without the prodfundity that gives some unpleasant books their reason for existence. A *nouvelette*, Charybdis, is bound up with it.

In "To-day," Mr. Richard B. Kimball attempts once more that kind of thing predecessors have attempted, to tickle every fancy, which in the kindred art of painting is known as the eclectic. Kimball's Confessions of a Lady of Quality Mr. Kimball takes, with much taming down for modern ideas, his "History of one of the Queens of Fashion." The character of the vile, selfish, fashionable preacher, Rev. Croton Silkworth, will be familiar to all the readers of Thackeray, who introduced this sort of humbug, and made a good deal more out of him. The book is, however, perhaps above the average of works of fiction; and readers who may have glanced at a dozen pages of Kimball's masterpiece will find it worth possessing in the neat form it assumes under the patronage of Carleton.

Standard books of very fair character, issued by the same publisher, are, *inter alia*, "The Habits of Good Society," "The Art of Conversation," and "Art of Writing, Reading and Speaking."

—The Rev. J. A. Bowden, LL.D., in his book on the wild animals and birds of prey of Norway, speaks of a lady whose lap-dog was worried from her sleigh by a wolf, while she was driving in the outskirts of the town of Christiania.

—"A competent organist" is wanted for a city church in London at a salary of £5 a year.

—Two Chicago girls have been added to the Parepa-Rosa troupe.

—A Hoosier named Thomas Brand put some powder in a stove to clean out a pipe, and it cleaned out his house.

THE CREAM OF THE NEW BOOKS.

A Glimpse or Two of the Future.

From *The Cosmic History of the United States*. By Joshua P. Sherwood. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. Sold by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Most people suppose that it is difficult to write history in advance. There is the greater delusion. Facts—even when we can get them and are sure of them, which seldom happens—are great obstructions to a narrative. They involve sudden leaps and bounds, and depths of human action, perplexing struggles through very dynamic antagonisms, or sensitive to unexpected developments of character, trying to grip the fugitive, and often most baffling and hurtful to one's pride of opinion. Our prescription, unverified by a set of chaotic facts, are distressed by the unsatisfactory conclusions. We take dissatisfied on a dusty road, which the tramp of events has worn smooth, and left nothing to novelty or an industrious fancy.

Besides, the great majority of readers are partisans and have a right to be disappointed at and to blame those who contradict them, which adds inevitably out of realities. They confront stern; those facts which affront them, by insisting on happening in the way or order different from their expectations or wishes. Hitherto, we have been obliged to conform to the hard conditions thus inherent in actual chronicles, and have been forced to submit our readers to these annoying certainties.

We can, however, now dismiss these tantalizing fixities of events, which have run before us, and left us the wearisome business of catching up to them; and leaving them to overtake us, if they can, to write up a future history of events, which ought to be so exactly which will greatly disappoint the sanguine expectations of American parties, and which will naturally hereafter passively opposite to their direct success, and consequently, in spite of pre-eminent ability, patriotism and integrity, who will be modestly said to have been of the same class now, when in stand as if hopelessly dead, to be shelved, if not shot, lest they will relentingly, if at all, subject weak citizens to the pains and penalties of excuse and parroting the hard, or, if new and unpracticed, to the heavy tasks of carrying the public burdens.

The public debt will naturally disappear. Perhaps some fortunate speculator in petroleum or Erie stock will pay it off, rather than have it in the way, or see it left for the market in opportunity. The secret of making money easier will doubtless lead to the discovery of making it plenty; and then the public debt, being of no use to the public, will naturally stand aside, as poor relations in times of plenty. Besides, gentlemen being scarce, and for their own interests, but for the public good, will, it is to be expected, donate their salaries to a sinking fund, which will carry it off, as some companies do their stock—paying dividends, in fact, in satisfactory bottoms. In fact, if the debt could be cut up into dividends, nothing more need be said of it. If the whole truth may be safely told, the sinking fund in the Sherwood book,