NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

In "Flames," by Robert Hichens, author of that very peculiar and not too fragrant work of supposed biography, "The Green Carnation," we have a story of occult practices leading to a transfer of souls (Herbert S. Stone & Co.). Much and very gloomy mischief arises from this audacious business. An evil soul expels a good soul from its desirable and handsome habitation and usurps its place, and the ejected soul finds lodgment in the person of a vulgar and degraded girl of the streets, from which surprising vantage ground it exhibits itself occasionally in the form of a flame, which dances peculiarly and purely in the girl's eyes. The theory is here embodied and enlarged, that souls are visible things, and that, when the conditions are favorable, they may be seen escaping from the mouths of dying persons, and floating away, to the accompaniment of a strange, thin, tremulous cry, into space. Of course, a story founded upon this idea is not bound to be merely delectable, and of Mr. Hichens's tale it is to be said that it is formidable rather than pleasant. The incidents in the chapters on table tipping are very graphically narrated, and if the reader does not yield to them the flattering acknowledgment involved in the phenomenon of abundant goosefleah we shall be a good deal mistaken. Dogs, it is here very minutely and interestingly set forth, have the power to detect and differentiate the several qualities of souls, and when, in the darkness, at the conclusion of a "sitting," the soul of Valentine Creswell has escaped visibly through his mouth to the accompaniment of the small disturbing cry that has been remarked, and when, after an interval, the fair habitation that had given shelter to that white and blameless soul has been usurped by the most evil soul of the most wicked Marr—a new Cagliostro operating in the great and fruitful field of contemporaneous London, and whose real name is Wilson—the immediateness, the inevitableness, and the lively and vociferous circumstance with which Creswell's little dog Rip finds the whole business out and expresses its keen emotions in the matter, are as disturbing, as weirdly mysterious, and as strong an incentive to occult speculation as anything that we just now recall. It may be remarked that this canine ability of psychical divination does not depend at all on the size of the dog. Just as little Rip snuffed out and understood instantly the fact of the presence in the body of Creswell of the soul of Marr, so did the enormous mastiffs belonging to Dr. Levillier, the distinguished physician, whose chief pastime and recreative enjoyment consisted in the contemplation of the polish on his boots, reach without hesitancy the same identical results, and offer to tear the body of their friend Valentine to pieces for the sufficient reason that the foul soul of Marr or Wilson had succeeded in getting into it.

The excellent soul of Creswell was afloat for some time before it found for itself what it considered to be a suitable new domicile. Creswell's bosom friend, Julian Addison, going home from the fateful "sitting" in the dusk of the early morning, beheld Creswell's soul repeatedly, now hovering tentatively about the head of a female inebriate loose-squatted upon the fog-sodden doorstep of a lordly mansion, and anon outlining itself in a lambent glow upon a dark green background of decadent circus posters. When it discovered Cuckoo Bright, "the lady of the feathers," whom it first encountered as she was partaking, with sufficient appetite, of the purchasable hospitality of an all-night bun and coffee stall, it established itself with her at once; and this is not the most comprehensible thing in the story, for it is hard to see how a person of Cuckoo's character could accommodate two souls at once, though it may be, of course, that she had no soul at all originally; and moreover this is frankly a fetterless tale and does not pretend to account for everything.

It accounts, however, for a good deal. The Doctor and Valentine and Julian have tremendous colloquies in which all that has ever been learned in regard to the soul, together with a great deal concerning the body, is set forth with a patient attention to particulars that has necessitated a book of upward of 500 closely printed pages. Thus it is considered, with a nice persistence that recalls the dialogues of Plato, whether the terms genius and obedience quarrel, what forms are taken by embodied thoughts, and whether the varying notes in literature are attributable to fluctuations in the health of the liver and to the tannin in strong tea. Creswell has very distinct impressions regarding embodied thoughts. On the occasion of the third "sitting" he is filled with an ardent desire to behold the monstrous procession of incarnated brain actions that he is confident are trooping from the mind of bosom-friend Julian. It is dark, and he cannot actually see them, nor is it likely that a light of any known candle power would be of much assistance to him to this end, though it might be supposed that one who could see a soul would be able to see a thought; but his imagination supplies him with a spectacle that is denied to his physical eye. In his imagination he sees a host of "small, spare, phantom-like things, fringed with fire, as weapon against the darkness, silent footed as spirits, moving with a level impetus, as pale ghosts treading a sea, onward to the vast world of clashing minds, to which we carelessly cast out our thoughts as a man who shoots rubbish into a cart. The vagrant fancies danced along with attenuated steps, and tiny, whimsical gestures of fairies, fluttering their flame-veined wings. The sad thoughts moved slowly with drooped heads and monotonous hands, and tears fell forever about their feet. The thoughts that were evil—and Julian had acknowledged them many, though combatted—were endowed with a strangely sinister gait, like the gait of those modern sinners who express ignorantly in their motions the hidden deeds their tongues decline to speak. The wayward thoughts had faces like women who kiss and frown within the limits of an hour. On the cheeks of the libertine thoughts a rosy cloud of rouge shone softly, and their haggard eyes were brightened by a cunning pigment. And the noble thoughts, grand in gesture, godlike in bearing, did not pass them by, but spoke to them serene words, and sought to bring them out from their degradation. And there was no music in this imagined procession which Valentine longed to see. All was silent as from the gulf of Julian's mind the inhabitants stole furtively to do their mission. Yes, Valentine knew to-night that he should feel no wonder if thought took form, if a disembodied voice spoke, or a detached hand moved into ripples of the air."

It will be seen that Valentine's imagination served him very well, and, incidentally, that Mr. Hichens's story is supplied with eloquence. The reader will be bound to be moved as he learns how the soul of Marr transformed the noble Valentine, whose own soul was like ivory and pearl, into a monster of unspeakable wickedness; how Julian, who had long stood strong and virtuous in the cool shadow of Valentine, became sodden and paretic in the course of a single year; and, particularly, how Cuckoo Bright, the "lady of the feathers," fortified by the soul of Valentine, renounced her meretricious calling, starved herself, and sold her last valuable possession, her "toy dog," the affectionate and faithful Jessie, for the sake of Julian, whom she loved, and who came, "dead drunk, to her rescue, in the very nick of time. It is a pity that Julian should have died just as he had been reclaimed by the transformed "lady of the feathers," and that his soul and Valentine's, visibly associating themselves, should have floated off in the night together and forever, leaving Cuckoo Bright without any soul, or with only her own inadequate original soul, alone with the doctor, who was already and inveterately good, and had no need to be reclaimed. It is a pity, too, that the wicked Marr, originally Wilson, usurping and inhabiting the body of Valentine, should merely have crumbled into dust. We cannot help the feeling that he should have been slowly boiled.

Judging from present indications, we are inclined to think that the early crop of national poets for the spring season of 1897 is scarcely up to the average of recent years. We can, however, with some little pride point to two singers worthy of rather more than ordinary consideration, namely, Mr. J. Gordon Coogler of Columbia, S. C., and Mr. Daniel Pelton of this State. From the Southern bard we have received a small and compact slab of literature, which, tastefully bound in light green paper and embellished with a pleasing portrait of the author, contains some eighty pages of what he very justly entitles "Purely Original Verse." This, we learn from the preface, is volume five of a series which we are glad to know has so far been received with much appreciation by a grateful public. "I have given each poem my profound attention," says Mr. Coogler, "having consumed much 'midnight oil' in trying to do justice to the subjects which lay nearest my heart and inspired me to write, and in presenting this volume I shall repeat the words contained in my last. 'My style and my sentiments are my own—entirely original.'" The poet's midnight musings seem to have moved him most in the direction of a gentle melancholy. He sings the sadness and the pangs of love, the fleeting nature of friendship, and the loneliness of the dweller on those lofty heights where burns the sacred fire.

"Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

Mr. Coogler would probably have said, had not an earlier poet been beforehand with him. And yet he has a gentle pity for the frailty of that which was once thought to be the weaker sex.

Alas! poor woman, with eyes of sparkling fire,
Thy heart is often won by mankind's gay attire;
So weak thou art, so very weak at best,
Thou canst not look beyond a satin-lined vest.

Yet the following lines breathe a spirit of chivalry that, in these degenerate days, he cannot be too warmly encouraged to cultivate:

Go shatter the walls of some beautiful city
That is noted for grandeur and fame,
Rather than cast a suggestive remark
To destroy a woman's fair name.

All Heaven has no waters soft enough,
Nor Earth no cleansing soap,
That can wash the crimson from the heart
That destroys a woman's hope.

These stanzas show both courage and originality. We have long considered that the objection taken by many poets to the use of soap—as an adjunct to rhyme-building—was an entirely arbitrary one. But Mr. Coogler is modest withal, and the following lines have, blended with their faith in the future, a spirit of unobtrusive meekness that is sadly lacking in the outpourings of some of his brother bards:

You'll never see this head too large for my hat,
You may watch it and feel it as oft as you choose;
But you'll learn, as ten millions of people have learned,
Of my character and name thro' my innocent muse.

You'll never see this form clad in gaudy apparel
Nor these feet playing the "dude" in patent leather shoes;
But your children's children will some day read
Some pleasant quotation from my innocent muse.

It seems that certain so-called critics have uttered harsh and unkind things of Mr. Coogler's efforts, and to them he makes this simple and direct rejoinder, under the heading of "Impossible:"

You may as well try to change the course
Of yonder sun
To North and South,
As to try to subdue by criticism
This heart of verse,
Or close this mouth.

Rightly said, and spoken like a man! This sad old world is full of mere ordinary versifiers, who, with their singing make us sadder and more old; but a Coogler is the kind of bard to be cultivated and encouraged. There should surely be a niche for him in the temple of Belle Lettrie at the Bodley Head.

Mr. Daniel Pelton's volume is larger and more richly bound, and his portrait shows his hair to be at least a foot longer than that of Mr. Coogler; hence, possibly, he will by the merely superficial be esteemed the greater poet. We can at least aver that he is the more melancholy. Those who love to take their literature sadly, and who yearn for verse that is liberally besprinkled with oh! ah! and alas! should find a heap of cold comfort in this volume, which, as is implied by its title, "Greenwood—Meditations Among the Tombs" (Wm. R. Allison Co.), is mainly mortuary in its themes. "Born a rhythmer, amid sublimer scenes, the music of the spheres beats time against the raptured brain and poured sweet poesy from the willing lips, and thus I wrote." Thus Mr. Pelton in his preface. Mounted upon his good steed Zanthus, who, for poetic purposes, becomes "of proud Eclipse's strain," the poet sallies forth to Greenwood, where, casting a melancholy eye around the tombstones, he drops the furtive tear and sheds an occasional and appropriate elegy:

Come, holy Spirit of my song,
And crown my lyre with bays,
While, forgetting other sacred dead,
I sing McDonald's praise.

He doesn't sing McDonald's praise, but continues to evoke the spirit of poesy till, catching sight of another headstone, he presently switches off.

The tears bedew my cheerless eyes,
For who with pity would not start
To think upon the mournful fate
That has awaited Sandy Clarke.

Thus he continues, dropping a tear and an elegy at some half a hundred tombs and glancing aside, from time to time, to meditate upon such light and cheerful themes as "Lamentation," "The Curse of Intemperance," or "Reflections on the Wickedness of New York." In a few semi-detached lucubrations on the subject of public lots we find this severe treatment meted out to the members of an old and honorable profession:

The mean canaille there toils for strengthening bread,
And like the falcon feasts upon the dead.
The curling smoke around his nostrils play,
And in low joking pass the hours away.

Alas for the ancient gentleman who, with the ditcher and the gardener, holds up Adam's profession. That he who builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter should be set down as mean canaille—and by a poet, too! Perchance, if he were of the philosophic breed, he might reply that the man who makes his fellow creature snug beneath the coverlet of old Mother Earth does him at least as gentle a service as the wandering bard who, for his own amusement, drops a turgid and unnecessary tear upon the tombstone. Mr. Pelton dallies now and then with lighter themes, as in the lines to Chloe, to Sophia, and "Dryads I Have Lost My Love," till, wearied with the beating of the music of the spheres against his raptured brain, he cries:

Away my muse. I bid thee flee,
Nor tempt me to the strife again;
The world but envies when it sees
The ready laurels that we gain.

On the nice question as to whether he or his Southern rival is the better poet we will offer no opinion. The rest of the spring crop for '97 does not, as we have said, look overpromising; but with a Pelton piping his lays among the tombstones and a Coogler coogling amid the cotton fields of South Carolina, we need not despair. Our country may yet become, as England was in Elizabethan days, "a nest of singing birds."

The delightful series of "Seventeenth Century Studies," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, originally issued in 1883, is now republished by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. in a new edition, to which a useful index has been added. In these essays Mr. Gosse wandered into the byways of seventeenth century literature, endeavoring to do for some less well-known writers what modern criticism has done, on a larger scale, for Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden. Such interesting figures as Lodge, Webster, Herrick, Otway, Etheredge, Abraham, Cowley, and the matchless Orinda are taken out of their surroundings and discussed biographically, æsthetically, and historically. "As I read now what I wrote so long ago," says Mr. Gosse in the preface to the present edition, "I feel that my taste was more exuberant than it would be to-day and my judgment sometimes more positive. No doubt I erred not seldom in a juvenile precociousness of manner. But I have not attempted to put old wine into a new bottle, since who knows that the enthusiasm of youth may not have been better advised than the sobriety of middle life." Here is a charming bit of criticism that will appeal to all lovers of the author of the *Hesperides*, and of which the youthful exuberance is easily pardonable. "There is a total want of passion in Herrick's language about women. The nearest approach to it, perhaps, is in the wonderful song, 'To Anthea,' where the larklike freshness of the ascending melody closely simulates intense emotion. With all his warmth of fancy and luxurious animalism, he thinks more of the pretty eccentricities of dress than of the charms the garments contain. He is enraptured with the way in which the Countess of Carlisle wears a riband of black silk twisted round her arm; he palpitates with pleasure when Mistress Katherine Bradshaw puts a crown of laurel on his head, falling on one knee, we may believe, and clasping his hands as he receives it. He sees his loves through the medium of shoestrings and pomander bracelets, and is alive, as no poet has been before or since, to the picturesqueness of dress. Everybody knows his exquisite lines about the 'tempestuous petticoat,' and his poems are full of little touches no less delicate than this." With these sketches and the author's "Jacobean Poets," one may make a very pleasant and complete acquaintance with the singers of a vigorous and stately age.

The publication, in book form, of a series of papers by Mrs. Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, under the title of "Marriage Questions in Recent Fiction, and Other Essays" (John Lane), recalls the wordy warfare roused some years ago when Mrs. Mona Caird blew a shrill blast upon the trumpet of revolt. Marriage rejection and marriage reform, the decline of divorce, St. Paul and the woman movement, and the indissolubility of marriage are a few of the questions here discussed with that deep solemnity and, if we may delicately hint it, with that lack of the redeeming sense of humor which seems to mark one of the most rigid limitations of so many of these gentle reformers who, nowadays, are always with us. This is most amusingly noticeable in an essay on "The Disparagement of Women in Literature." After a lengthy discussion of the case of Sonya Kovalevsky, the birdlike young Russian woman of whose curious experiments in love and the higher mathematics we have already heard so much, Mrs. Chapman arms herself with her longest bonnet pin and wanders back through the ages to try conclusions with the shade of William Shakespeare, whose "arrogant and domineering attitude toward the opposite sex" convinces her that it is time this matter should be put right. To her the exquisite fooling of Katherina and Petruchio is but a series of scarcely veiled insults levelled at the head of womankind in general. Hark to Petruchio:

I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.

And worse and worse when Katherina says:

But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we, indeed, least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot.

"What," asks Mrs. Chapman, "is to be said of teaching of this kind diligently instilled into our young men and maidens?" We cheerfully confess that such a question is, indeed, a "poser." Perhaps the simplest way out of the difficulty would be for some of these good ladies to take Shakespeare in hand. After they have brought him so into touch with modern thought that he may decently make his bow and express opinions calculated to please an advanced and intelligent audience of age-end maidens and young men, there is still left to them a large and fruitful field. Beginning, say with Menander, they might, to take a name at random here and there, next tackle Juvenal and Aristophanes, working their way gradually through the ages till they reach the immortal author of "Les Précieuses Ridicules." In him alone they may find occupation that will keep them busy for some years.

In strong contrast to the militant and progressive attitude of Mrs. Chapman is the decidedly retrograde and anti-reform position taken up by Mrs. Clapham Pennington in "A Key to the Orient" (J. Selwyn Tait & Sons), a nicely bound and printed little volume containing some very light but readable chapters on the women of Islam, Oriental slavery, and the missionaries and religions of the East. Facing the title page is a half-tone portrait of the author. When attached to the works of antiquarians, scientific writers and most minor poets we have often failed to see the necessity for this particular form of embellishment. In this case it is but fair to say that we cordially commend the publisher. Mrs. Clapham Pennington knows the Orient. We are bound in politeness to admit this, since, in the course of her narrative, she pauses from time to time to reiterate the fact. Moreover, she has been to Constantinople, has had the guidance of an excellent dragoman, has paid several unofficial visits to Turkish and Egyptian harems, has seen a Nautch dance, and assisted at a Mohammedan marriage ceremony. All this in addition to the fact that, at the early age of 18, she wrote a comprehensive treatise on "The Religion of Zarathustra Spitama," in which, among other matters, she settled the much-vexed question of the date of that worthy's birth. It is true that Orientalists, from Du Perron and Burnouf to Prof. Max Müller, have left the matter in doubt; but in this case again, as Mr. Gosse says, "who knows that the enthusiasm of youth may not have been better advised than the sobriety of middle life?" It is, however, in her discussion of the relative positions of the women of the Occident and the Orient that Mrs. Pennington is most interesting. When she contrasts the life of the New York or London shop or factory girl, sewing woman or teacher with that of the odalisque in the harem, fed upon sherbet and bonbons and asked to perform only the lightest kind of duties, she pronounces unhesitatingly for the latter. Of course there are the tales of the bowstring, the sewn-up sack, and the midnight plunge into the Bosporus, but these are mostly romance. "And," says our author, "at least we must admit that the Mohammedans always take the most painless way of putting people to death, which is more than can be said of the Yankees." The reader will probably not be inclined to take Mrs. Pennington as seriously as she occasionally takes herself. We are sorry that she did not tell us more about that Nautch dance and a certain pretty Abyssinian woman in sky blue brocade. But, as she says in the preface, "I love to tell of what I have seen, and I could tell much more; but unless one enters into the thoughts and feelings of the East one hardly understands;" and I do not wish to be misunderstood." Perhaps some day she will write a sequel to the present volume. If so we will promise not to misunderstand her.

In "Lads' Love" (Appletons) Mr. S. R. Crockett has surpassed himself, and Ian Maclaren, Gabriel Setoun, Saunders Maceecklefechan, and all the rest of his sonsie brither Scots may hide their diminished heads. For here is the very quintessence of damaged dialect and the fine flower of Kail-eeard romance. But let Mr. Crockett, in his prefatory note, prepare the way. "The somewhat peculiar and composite flavor of this little book has resulted from an attempt to epitomize the various humors, idylls, loves, and tragedies of moorland life in Scotland well-nigh half a century ago. The places are real and the local color exact. * * * I have taken the title, 'Lads' Love,' from the old name for the scented wormwood, or Southern wood, a sprig of which wooers used to wear when they went courting, and our grandmothers to carry with them in their Bibles to church." Mark the subtle touch that introduces grandmother's Bible. For one of the great secrets of success in this school of fiction lies in giving your reader all the sentiment he wants, while never letting him stray far from the kirk. And so, when presently we get into an atmosphere of curiously shadowy sensuality, with lasses wi' nut-brown legs and scant gowns "distrained a little open in front," and lasses wi' a saft and kindly lowe o' licht in their een, who gang sweet-heartin' wi' the lads a'hint the orchard dyke, where there is much hugging and kissing and "arms about waists and necks," it is infinitely reassuring to know that everything is right. Are we not in the keeping of a godly Scot who, in his own good time, will lead us safely to the kirk again? At page 143 the hero, Alexander, son of Saunders McQuhirr of Drumquhat, has the inevitable sentimental scene with his "mither," without which no properly concocted mess of literary oatmeal porridge is complete, while the comedy interest is provided by an ancient, wizened "boolie-backed" gentleman, who, from time to time, is thrown into the nearest peat bog or pool of slime. This prevents the action from flagging, and at the same time affords a suitable subject for illustration. "Lads' Love" is just the sort of literature that, judiciously heralded by the puff preliminary of an enterprising showman, and delivered from the lecture platform with appropriate gesture and facial expression, would be sure to draw laughter and copious tears from large and intelligent audiences at $1 per head. Mr. Warwick Goble's unique and peculiar drawings are worthy accompaniments to the sugary sentimentality of the text.

Under the title of "Cuba in War Time" (R. H. Russell) Mr. Richard Harding Davis publishes in book form a number of letters sent by him, some months since, to one of the organs of the new journalism in this city. There may be something to be said in favor of the author who writes on war matters without running unnecessary risks by going near the front, but on the whole this volume confirms us in the opinion that Mr. Davis should continue to devote himself to the production of light and harmless fiction. The most interesting thing in the book is an illustration by Mr. Frederick Remington on page 137. This represents a man, a sombrero hat, a carbine, and a horse wrong end upward, all falling through space, apparently from an invisible balloon. The man is executing a graceful fandango and playing invisible harp strings in the air, with his fingers, as he falls, while in the dim distance below is a small patch of solid earth labelled "Remington." An inscription beneath the picture tells us that it represents a Spanish cavalryman on a Texan broncho; but that is Mr. Remington's little joke. There is one picture, by the way, that is not retained in the present volume, while a very material and not very ingenuous alteration occurs in Mr. Davis's account of the incident it was alleged to illustrate.

Messrs. Appleton publish a handsomely bound volume by Mr. Atherton Curtis entitled "Some Masters of Lithography," which is illustrated with twenty-two beautiful photogravure plates after representative lithographs. Mr. Curtis writes sympathetically and with knowledge of an art that, for many years, has been too much neglected, and his criticism of the different masters is just, appreciative, and discriminating, while the photogravure reproductions, though not absolutely perfect, give as good an idea of the originals as can be obtained by any mechanical process. The collection, necessarily very limited, is yet a representative one; only the best original workers being included and one or more typical examples of each being given. The daintiness and delicacy that characterize Bonnington are shown in such a gem as the *Rue du Gros Horloge*, and the broad humor of Daumier in *Le Public du Salon*. There is an excellent caricature by Charlet, an artist who had the rare gift of humor that enabled him to treat his inimitable drunken soldiers in a way that amuses without giving offence, and several that show the bitter, biting cynicism of Gavarni, greatest genius of them all. What keen insight, combined with vigor and breadth of treatment, there is in his pictures of the *Lorettes Vieillies*, *Les Anglais chez Elles*, *Le Retour du Marché*, in which latter Thackeray might have posed as the model for the central figure. We could wish that space had enabled Mr. Curtis to give more examples of the work of this Balzac of the crayon. This is a book for the artist, the connoisseur and the student of human nature to linger over and delight in.

A too ambitious task is essayed by the anonymous author of "The House of Dreams" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a vague and mystical attempt to give us a vision of the world behind the veil. There is some beauty of language and a certain depth of thought in this presentment of a dream of the life after death, but the theme is one that only a Dante or a Milton could so treat as to leave the reader with no feeling of having been led to trespass upon ground too sacred for the tread of mortal feet. The least unsatisfactory part of the book is the poem with which it ends. This, while showing no marked originality, sounds a note of gentle and not unpleasing sadness, as in these stanzas:

Let us a little while with talk run on
Of things which we have seen or hoped or done;
It is but little time we have, and still
A pleasant place is this great Babylon.

Warm hostelries it hath where we have slept,
Bright rooms where we our merry feasts have kept;
And we were loth to go, did we not think
Of O so many places where we wept!

In "A Short History of Mediæval Europe" (Scribners), Prof. Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph. D., has prepared an excellent abridgment of the larger work, "Europe in the Middle Age," by himself and Dr. Ferdinand Schwill. The present volume, which is intended for use as a text book in high and preparatory schools as well as for the general reader, is written in clear and simple language, and is furnished with a series of maps, marginalia, an index and chronological tables. The salient facts of the history of this vast period (350—1500) seem to have been admirably and carefully condensed, and the crisp, terse sentences are model media for the transmission of matter that is to be remembered.

"The Ideal Protection" is not, as a first glance at its title might lead one to suppose, a treatise on matters of tariff reform, but a volume of thoughtful essays and addresses on subjects connected with life insurance, published by the United States Life Insurance Company and written by Mr. William T. Standen, actuary. The book, which is handsomely bound and well printed, and of which the present edition is limited to one thousand copies, is introduced to the public by Mr. George H. Barford.

From Messrs. Putnams we have received a large and handsome volume, "Echoes," by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, decorated by Eric Pape. Mr. Pape's black and white drawings and the green and gold cover design are beautiful and poetic in sentiment and execution, and almost perfect in their reproduction. The verses on which they are lavished are apparently the simple production of a very youthful mind.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott publish a fifth edition of "The Railway Builder," a handbook for estimating the cost of American railway construction and equipment, by Mr. William Jasper Nicolls, M. Am. Soc. C. E. The work has been carefully revised and added to, and the size of the page enlarged, while the new flexible leather binding renders it suitable both for the library and pocket.

We have also received:

"A History of Anti-Pedobaptism, from the Rise of Pedobaptism to A. D. 1609," Albert Henry Newman, D. D., LL.D. (American Baptist Publication Society.)

"Ulysses S. Grant. Conversations and Unpublished Letters." M. J. Cramer, D. D., LL. D. (Eaton and Mains.)

"The Lawyer's Secret." John K. Leys. (F. Warne & Co.)

"The Jessamy Bride." F. Frankfort Moore. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

"Dona Perfecta. Novela Española Contemporánea. Por Benito Pérez Galdós," with introduction and notes by A. R. Marsh. (Ginn & Co.)

"Ruth the Gleaner." May F. McKean. (A. J. Rowland.)

"Paola Corletti, the Fair Italian." Alice Howard Hilton. (F. Tennyson Neely.)

"Sex Injustice." Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell. (American Purity Alliance.)

"The Life of Laura Keene. Actress, Artist, Manager, and Scholar, together with some interesting reminiscences of her daughters." John Creahan. (Rodgers Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.)

BIDS FOR A NEW FIRE BOAT.

Both from New Jersey Builders and Above the Fire Board's Estimate.

Bids for the proposed new fire boat were opened at the meeting of the Board of Fire Commissioners yesterday. The department in its advertisement for bids had estimated the cost of the boat at $50,000, the price paid for the New Yorker. Only two bids were received. They were from Brown & Miller of Jersey City and John Dialogue of Camden, N. J. The former's bid was $58,490, and the latter's was $57,000. The bids were referred to the Comptroller. The proposed boat is to be somewhat similar to the New Yorker in construction, but is to have a lighter draught.

The board authorized Heipenshauser Brothers to make repairs to the fire boat Zophar Mills at a cost not exceeding $12,000.

DR. EMMET DECORATED.

The University of Notre Dame Presents Him the Laetare Medal.

The presentation of the Laetare medal, recently conferred upon Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of this city by the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, took place on Thursday evening at Dr. Emmet's house, 89 Madison avenue. Among those present were Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Farley, Bishop McDonnell, Mgr. Mooney, and the Rev. James J. French. Archbishop Corrigan, who made the presentation speech, said, in part:

"It is with especial pleasure that for the fourth time I perform the duty of presenting to a gentleman of New York city the Laetare medal. It has been my privilege to present it to Dr. Richard H. Clarke, the historian of the Catholic Bishops of the United States, whom we have with us; to the late Gen. John Newton, the distinguished engineer and soldier; Mr. Augustin Daly, so well known to all of you, whose work as a student of Shakespeare and the classic English dramatists, and especially as a manager and theatrical director in elevating the standard of the stage in America, marked him as worthy of the distinction. It now becomes my duty to give the medal to one whose reputation is in the beneficent field of medicine, whose name is so familiar and renowned, not only in the schools and clinics of America, but throughout the whole world."

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