NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

ing in the matter; it enters perfectly into the other's point of view. This is what the critics of criticism mean when they speak of "appreciation." The poem proceeds:

Thou art a bringer on of all things best;
Thou bringest health, and strength, and peace, and joy:
The punished youth, the maid reproved for pride,
Tho' sighing still, forgets in thee their cares;
The wife, bereft of love and husband, too,
Seeks thy abode of bliss, nor seeks in vain;
The statesman, wooed by thy seductive smiles,
Casts off his burdens, lays aside his frown,
And takes huge draughts of thy delicious wine;
The spendthrift, crazed, his fortune swept away,
Rests in thy arms, oblivious of his loss;
And sometimes felons, serving out their terms,
Look almost innocent beneath thy spell.

Continuing, the author acknowledges his own frequent indebtedness to sleep, which puts almost no limit upon its mercies, and undertakes even to knit up the poet's ravelled sleeve of care:

So, too, have I much cause to thank thee, Sleep!
For oft thou ledst me o'er thy dark domain—
Ay, even to the marge of the dim lake
Where dreams are made—and dallied by my side
When I would buffet with its crisping waves,
And after I had breasted long its tide,
And grown fatigued, thou hast returned with me,
And borne me to the busy world of day,
Where I have mingled with my fellow-men,
And stood my share of sorrows as I should.

But more things than sleep have intervened to save the author from his own despair What happened once when he contemplated suicide he tells us in the poem entitled "The Lesson in the Fence Corner."

Weary with life, its cares and endless toil,
Its ceaseless longings and its sad regrets,
One time I said, "I'll seek some lonely spot,
Some wild retreat that's seldom visited,
Where naught may interpose to change my mind,
And end my vain existence!" With this thought
I passed along a dreary country road,
Edged deep with shrubs, and vines, and noble trees,
But paused within the angle of a fence
To scrawl some senseless reason for my act.
But as I stopped, my eyes by chance I cast
Upon the ground, when lo! there at my feet
A wren looked up with such a friendly eye,
A lonely rose so rich a fragrance shed,
A pearly everlasting looked so sweet,
A fern so chaste, a partridge vine so gay,
So red with berries and so green with leaves,
And all the tender herbs that lined the way
Seemed so informed with color, flushed with life,
How could a man with heart within his side,
In such distinguished company, turn from God
Or think of self-destruction? Reason, shame
And pride came to my rescue. I was saved.

As the poet may understand the emotions of the infant who is being weaned and the blessing of sleep in the case of the felon who is serving out his term, so may he know the various feelings of a maiden when the wind blows On page 25, under the attractive title, "The Wind the Maiden Woos," we read:

The south wind brings, on rainbow wings,
Soft nights and balmy days;
The north wind blows the blasts and snows
From over the frozen bays.
The west wind breathes new life among
The fields of golden corn;
And speaks with a prophetic tongue
At midnight and at morn.
The east wind, with distended cheeks,
And lips that burst in showers,
Spreads life and mirth o'er all the earth,
And crowns the woods with flowers.
But, O! the breeze that sweeter blows
O'er all this world to me—
Is that which wings my wave-tossed lad
Homebound across the sea.
Last night, while wrapt in slumber sweet,
In Morpheus' lap caressed,
I dreamt he came in sooth to me,
And clasped me to his breast.
But, ah! at last the vision passed,
Too fair was it to stay;
And when I woke, the morning broke,
And swept my lad away.

Of the poem entitled "By the River," on page 122, we shall quote only a single verse, because we find that within that space the music and sentiment of the entire poem are very adequately represented:

I stand by the river, love my love,
And watch the waters glide,
And watch the waters glide, love,
And watch the waters glide;
And as they hasten
To Neptune's basin,
They convey my soul on their tide, love,
They convey my soul on their tide.

The idea of this poem is emphasized and cemented by one on the next page, which is entitled "A Love Song," and which begins: "I stand by the window, love, my love, and watch the clouds go by, and watch the clouds go by, love, and watch the clouds go by, love, and watch the clouds go by." In a poem celebrating "the grave-eyed laboring man who goes early each morn to his appointed toil, the very pride and bulwark of his race," we find the following reasonable inquiry and interesting simile:

And when the curse of slavery smit our land,
And like the dread leviathan became
A menace to our sacred liberty,
Who was it stretched the monster in the dust,
But chiefly he?

We feel that we may properly conclude these quotations with the following from the poem entitled "The Eagle," on page 186:

When God first formed the birds, and gave them wings
Wherewith to navigate the senseless air,
And, like frail merchant ships, to win their way
From point to point about the firmament,
He made the eagle noblest of his kind. * * *
And if thou'dst view him where he's most at home
Come with me to the wild Pacific slopes,
Or Lake Superior's wave-indented shores,
Or where the craggy rocks uplift their heads,
Where sweeps the Susquehanna. Watch him trace
His noble outlines 'gainst the azure sky,
And cleave the air with that majestic mien
Which marks him on the instant for a king. * * *
But if thou think'st to have him for a prize,
And take thy gun along, be warned in time,
For this imperial bird is not to be
Secured by such fell means, for with an eye
That seems to pierce the armor of the wind,
He sweeps the landscape, and if he detects
The slightest hostile action of a hand,
That instant will he flap himself away
To fuller safety in the realms of space,
And mock thy weakness with a lusty scream.
But if his eaglets or his mate thou harm'st,
Beware of his swift vengeance; then his ire,
Roused to its highest pitch by thy mad act,
Becomes a torrent which no dam can check;
And if he hurls him on thy helpless form,
And tears thy flesh from off thy quiv'ring back,
And leaves thee not till thou be torn to shreds,
Expect no pity, but my just contempt,
For having meddled with this first of birds.

The Prose Dramas of Ibsen.

Ten years ago an English edition of Ibsen's prose dramas, edited by William Archer, was published by Walter Scott, London A revised edition of them is now being issued by the same publisher, and the first volume containing "The League of Youth," is imported by the Scribners Mr. Archer, who is a sort of literary Lord Mayor, welcoming all sorts of foreign authors to the hospitalities of the English language, expresses in a general preface here the difficulties that he encountered in procuring translations of Ibsen which he could regard as satisfactory The reality of his trouble will be apparent when it is said that since the appearance of the first edition he has changed his mind, and that translations which he approved ten years ago now no longer seem to him suitable.

While he believes that the earlier renderings have served their purpose tolerably well, and although he has been told that they compare not unfavorably with French and German versions of the same plays, nevertheless, he says, "I have long felt that there was, in all of them, ample room for improvement While they have in no case, I hope, seriously misrepresented the poet's meaning, they have done some injustice to his manner Even sympathetic critics of Ibsen lay it down as a mere truism that he has no style, no merit of verbal form. Now this," says Mr. Archer, with an earnestness which it would be painful to think was not supported by the facts, "is a grave error. It arises partly, no doubt, from an imperfect understanding of the nature of 'style' in prose drama. The tradition of English comedy has led us to think of wit, epigram and verbal artifice as the essential quality of dramatic prose; so that when we find a writer abjuring artifice we are apt to think that he has thereby abjured style Ibsen's style has certainly nothing in common with that of Congreve; but if style consist in putting the right word in the right place for the attainment of a given effect, Ibsen's style is quite as masterly as Congreve's in relation to the different order of effect at which it aims."

Although it is not worthy, one cannot help thinking of the dictionary when one thinks of style as the putting of the right word in the right place for the attainment of a given effect. People who send cable dispatches are masters of style under this definition; and Maeterlinck, if he puts the right word in the right place to start with is a past master of style, because he puts it there at least three times over.

Mr Archer is certainly very particular about giving to Ibsen the full measure of style that belongs to him. One thing that troubles him greatly is the feeling that he made him too colloquial in the first edition. For ten years now Ibsen in his English dress has presented an appearance that Mr. Archer fears has encouraged the erroneous impression that he is devoid of style. The new edition, among other acts of justice, restores to the printer's case a great number of apostrophes. Mr Archer says: "It was partly because they failed to recognize the principles which moulded Ibsen's style in accordance with the whole ideal of his art, that critics denied him the possession of any art whatever. At the same time I cannot but fear that the translations confirmed this error by laying too great stress on the colloquialism of the poet's dialogue. Colloquial it always is and must be, to represent it otherwise were to misrepresent it fatally. But there are in English pretty clearly marked degrees of colloquialism, and I fear that I often went to the extreme when I might better have kept to the mean. For example, the contraction of auxiliary verbs was very much overdone, the pages being thickly strewn with such expressions as 'I'm,' 'you're,' 'he's' 'we've,' 'they'd' This may seem a mechanical matter, but it is far from unimportant To exclude contractions altogether would of course be absurd; but it appears to me that they ought to be used only where the character or the situation renders the full form quite inadmissible."

Certainly that was a difficult point on which to decide. It may be that for ten years Ibsen has borne the weight of too many apostrophes. It may be that he has not borne the weight of too many. It may be that he was quite satisfied with the number allotted to him and knew what number was his due. If he was satisfied, it is possible that he will consider that the new edition has deprived him of something to which he was entitled and which he valued. We can hardly think that Mr. Archer arrived at a conclusion in the matter without great wear and tear of mind He must have had wakeful nights.

But there were more things than the apostrophes. Mr. Archer tries to speak of them calmly. "In other trifling details," he says (trifling details), "I have tried to soften the effect of ultra-colloquialism, making innumerable changes too small to be recognized individually without a minute collation of the texts, yet producing, I hope, a pervasive modification for the better. Many changes of greater individual importance have been made, generally with a view to reproducing more accurately the finer shades of the poet's meaning In several plays loose paraphrases of difficult passages had been suffered to creep in from the acting versions. These have been, so far as possible, eliminated, and a conscientious effort has been made to grapple with difficulties instead of evading them. At the same time I still hold that a policy of evasion is the better policy so far as the stage is concerned and, though I hope that managers will in the main adopt the new text, there are, I admit, a few passages in which they may with advantage revert to the earlier form."

There is something unpleasantly suggestive in the phrase, "a policy of evasion so far as the stage is concerned." We pass it by. Two of the changes in the new edition will be remarked in "Ghosts," that pathological play of joy which six or seven discerning persons here and in England would not exchange for the Kimberley diamond mines It will be found that the character *Engstrand* here talks muchless grammatically than he has been talking for ten years, whereas, on the other hand, *Mrs Alving* is no longer permitted to use so free an expression as "They had taught me a lot about duties and so on." Undoubtedly these changes will excite much stormy controversy, but it has been thought by Mr Archer that they are for the best Mr Archer says modestly. "It would be absurd to hope that the present revision will satisfy all critics," and it is pretty certain that the serious critics of Ibsen will be divided into two hostile camps, two or three on one side and three or four on the other

The editor of the English edition goes on "Where a compromise has to be made between literal accuracy and vernacular ease no two people will be found to agree exactly as to the points through which the lines of compromise ought to pass Perhaps it may not be out of place to remind the reader that the translation of prose plays for the study as well as for the stage is in reality a new art and, therefore, peculiarly difficult both to practise and to criticise If there exist any traditions or models which could be of the slightest service to the translator I am certainly unaware of them The prose plays of Moliere, Goethe and Schiller have no doubt been done into English, but the rendering of 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' or 'Die Rauber' or 'Egmont' is a totally different problem from the rendering of 'Ghosts' or 'The Wild Duck'"

"The plays of Dumas, Augier, Labiche and Meilhac have never been translated" So this may be said to have been a pioneer work, attended by all the difficulties and dangers which that sort of work presents How can the translator be satisfied when he has to make *Nora* in "A Doll's House" say that "the miraculous" has happened instead of "det verdunderlige" has happened, and, worse, that "the most miraculous" will have to happen instead of "det verdunderligste" will have to happen? Oh, the pain of having to dispense with "det verdunderligste!" So again the necessity of making it the "evig child-eyes" of *Little Eyolf* instead of the "onde barncogne" of that unhappy child—one could weep because there is no escape from it

Mr Archer once took Mr Sydney Grundy to task for making one of his characters use in ordinary conversation what seemed to him to be the rhetorical locution, "Nor do I believe" such and such a thing; and only a few days afterward he caught himself using the same formula Again he heard a London mechanic say "It matters not whether," and a man in an omnibus say "I can no longer do," and he despaired of ever knowing where to draw the line between the colloquial and the rhetorical phrase But he has been very conscientious with Ibsen, and has done for him the best that ten additional years of earnest thought have made it possible for him to do.

Maeterlinck Among the Bees.

Some of us have never found much pleasure among the pale mystical fantasies of Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck Those dramas as of spirit-rapping and hysteria, those strange, speaking dumbnesses, those gibbering processions of interjections, those souls making themselves beautiful seem to smack of paranoia and to demand parody. When our symbolical man of Ghent gets into the open air and combs away his cobwebs, he becomes possible and human. He ceases to be ridiculous. He even becomes interesting In "The Life of the Bee" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr Maeterlinck has chosen a subject as mysterious and fascinating as any problem of human passion or destiny. In this universe, still full of constant miracle in spite of all our prating about the sway of law, few things are more miraculous than the life and death of the bees. A single hive contains more wonders than generations of patient lives of men will have time to study or intellect to apprehend. This convent of chaste sisters working ceaselessly for the future; this queen, the one and common mother; these thousands of larvæ and nymphs tended by their nurses and waiting in their waxen chambers their hour of introduction to the world and the flowers; this strict division of labor and variety of profession; the masons, the architects, the sculptors, the foragers, the queen's maids of honor, the house-bees that cool or warm the hive with their wings; the chemists that drop formic acid from the end of their stings and so preserve the honey, the capsule makers, the sweepers, the bearers or undertakers that remove the corpses, the ladies of the guard that watch night and day at the door, the three or four hundred males, loafers all, each with his twenty-six thousand eyes, his helmet of black pearls, his yellow velvet coat, his high-waving plumes, his quadruple mantle and his tuft, and each doomed to die, the one fortunate lover in his second of bliss in the blue when the virgin queen makes her "nuptial flight," and the rest by massacre at the hands of the indignant workers; the combats between rival queens; the royal princesses fed with a special food, sleeping beauties in royal cells, swarming with its adventures and dangers all these things and plenty more like them make bee life a complex marvel.

For our part, let us own the fact frankly, we have never been able to read about it without wonder and some shade of fear. Ordinary folks and even many men of science prattle about "instinct," a concoubie convenient phrase whereby the two-legged radish half uneasily accounts for his superiority. It seems impudent to deny will and intelligence to the bees. Is it instinct that makes them, whose ancestors lived out of doors, at home in the great modern hives? Is it instinct which teaches them to investigate and use the flour which the bee keeper scatters near the hive when pollen is scarce? When the naturalist, Andrew Knight, daubed a cement of wax and turpentine on some trees, why did the bees test it and find it good, and give up collecting propolis (bee rosin) thereafter? The great trouble with men is that most of them have fatty enlargement of the nob They should consider the bees and learn humility In the power of organization and in self-sacrifice, in a collective public spirit which swallows up individual aims, the bees are far ahead. You get quaint, ironical sidelights on the Religion of Humanity and on socialism as you read about bees. It is safe to say that neither Comte nor Marx was an apiarist.

It seems that the bees understand geometry. Confound 'em! It's more than ever we can do They build regular hexagonal cells. The comb is "an entire network of sharply cut prisms" The little Benjamin Peirces! But peep into the hive with Mr. Maeterlinck, who has a glass one in Paris. Here, however, you see a peasant's:

"A dome of straw or osier, divided from top to bottom by five, six, eight, sometimes ten, strips of wax, resembling somewhat great slices of bread, that run in strictly parallel lines from the top of the dome to the floor, exposing closely the shape of the ovoid walls. Between these strips is contrived a space of about half an inch, to enable the bees to stand and to pass each other. At the moment when they begin to construct one of these strips at the top of the hive, the waxen wall (which is its rough model, and will later be thinned and extended) is still very thick, and completely excludes the fifty or sixty bees at work on its inner face from the fifty or sixty simultaneously engaged in carving the outer, so that it is wholly impossible for one group to see the other unless, indeed, their sight be able to penetrate opaque matter. And yet there is not a hole that is scooped on the inner surface, not a fragment of wax that is added, but corresponds with mathematical precision to a protuberance or cavity on the outer surface, and vice versa."

Go to the bee, thou luggard, consider its ways and be mathematical! Or call on the queen, a lady memorable for parthenogenesis and other accomplishments She is surrounded by her maids of honor. They walk backward before her the courtly bees! The queen is as implacably industrious in laying as Mr Bryan is in saying. She lays all the time for months. She lays while she eats She lays while she sleeps, provided she ever does sleep. Take a peep at her as she makes her rounds.

"During the slight spasm that visibly accompanies the emission of an egg, one of her daughters will often throw her arms round her and appear to be whispering to her * * * But the queen, in nowise disturbed by this somewhat bold demonstration, takes her time, tranquilly, calmly, wholly absorbed by the mission that would seem arduous delight to her rather than labor. And after some seconds she will rise very quietly, take a step back, execute a slight turn on herself, and proceed to the next cell, into which she will first before introducing her abdomen dip her head to make sure that all is in order and that she is not laying twice in the same cell and in the meanwhile two or three of her escort will have plunged into the cell she has quitted to see whether the work be duly accomplished, and to care for and tenderly house the little bluish egg."

We don't know the exact figures, but by industry she thrives. Mr Maeterlinck is master of the literature of his subject His bursts of poetry and his philosophical digressions do not impede or diminish the steadiness of his observation He has produced a book of singular charm

The American Husband in Paris.

In "The American Husband in Paris," by Anna Bowman Dodd (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), the reader will find a sprightly story suitable for the summer season and the unstrenuous hour It has two morals One is that a lady may search all Paris for a great man and find him at last in the person of her own husband, of whom she had never dreamed such a thing; the other is that a lady whose husband has overworked himself in New York and gone to Europe for the good of his liver should see to it that he has rest and the proper spring waters instead of carrying him around to a lot of balls and dinner parties which his age and inclination and almoner do not qualify him to enjoy

The story is written in dramatic form For the opening scene we have a large and expensive cafe on the second floor of the Continental Hotel The drawing room faces the Garden of the Tuileries It is panelled in pink satin It has Louis XV furniture covered in modern tapestry, white and pink azaleas in vases, shaded electric lights and a ballroom effect Enter Mr and Mrs George Nash followed by a long line of porters, bowed with baggage Mr Nash owns railroads in America Suppose two things, and suppose a beggar to be one of them, then Mr Nash was the other He was overwhelmingly what a beggar is not On the other hand he had just performed an arduous and stuffy journey by the road of iron from Cherbourg, and his liver was what has been indicated So, standing in the middle of the sumptuous drawing room, and still wearing his hat, he spoke in such a manner as may be supposed:

"Well," he said, "I call this pretty fine—don't you, Louisa? Rather a big price they'll ask for this outfit" Then to the waiter, "Avez vous chambres—pettit—more pettit?" Then, despairing of the waiter, who regarded him with a pitying smile: "I say, Louisa, ask him, can't you? if he hasn't something a little less ducal. We're not travelling with a carriage and four."

Mrs. Nash forebore from asking the waiter anything of the sort. Instead, she proceeded directly to the seat of trouble. "George," she said; "I believe you are hungry—that's what's the matter with you. As for me, I'm starved; that long railroad journey from Cherbourg always does take it out of me."

George looked at the waiter with an expression involving the beginnings of a great hope. "Louisa," he said, "do they understand making an American cocktail in this hotel?" It is useless to reprehend the characters in a story, speak as bitingly as we may, they do not mind us. Nevertheless, we wish it to be understood that it is with sorrow that we record that while George was waiting for his cocktail he rubbed his head in a sort of preliminary ecstasy upon the delicate sky-blue apparel of the embroidered shepherdess on the back of his chair

Mrs Nash hated to have her husband go about Paris with an obvious Baedeker. He had never been in Paris before, but she was opposed to any conspicuous declaration of the fact He nearly broke her heart in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He wanted to go up to see the gargoyles. He mistook a cowled monk for what he called the sexton. "I want to see," he began, stalking toward the cowled monk—when Mrs. Nash stopped him. "George!" she cried, "that's a Franciscan monk! Can't you see?"

The monk grinned as he passed on clicking his sandals. He was English. He seems to have been a natural, hearty person. No doubt he would have liked, if it had been feasible, to sit with George in the cool of the evening on the embowered balcony of the Continental Hotel and to share there with that magnate the joy of a Remsen cooler. Very likely he would have managed to get George up to see the gargoyles if he had known what was wanted

It surprised Mrs. Nash to find that her husband knew about the pictures in the Louvre and felt very much the same as Walter Pater did in regard to Mona Lisa's smile. "It's a living thing, that smile, Louisa," he said. "Yes, that's a good one, too" looking up at the great Murillo "but Leonardo has the feeling There was never anything painted like that smile." We wonder if he knew about little Miss Alexander's bones, concerning which that other gifted critic Mr George Moore, has discoursed with such ardor. We wish that he had got up to the gargoyles. Mrs. Nash was also surprised at the deferential attention shown to her husband at the American Ambassador's ball. It was there that she saw the German Ambassador and the Russian Ambassador and the English magnate, Lord Waterstock, crowding with many others of distinction about George, all eager to shake his hand and engage him in conversation. He had never told her, and she never knew till then, quite all that it meant to own a number of American railroads. The story says: "Mrs. Nash cannot believe her senses George a great man! All those people waiting to meet him! No. It's all a mistake. George Nash is posing; he's 'trying it on.' Suddenly catches sight of George. He is centre of the circle now, in which fine-looking men with silken badges and jewelled orders and uniforms are listening gravely, for 'George' is talking. Seems quite at his ease. Looks a trifle flushed, but somehow appears more at home than she had ever seen him. Experience a sudden and complete change of heart. Feels she has never fully 'appreciated' her husband before. Lord Waterstock is shaking hands with him now."

But the bad business of the balls and the dinners had already been accomplished. In the next scene we are introduced to a bedchamber in the expensive suite on the Continental second floor, and there lies George, his skin all of a bright orange color. Great man as he is, he is not superior to his liver. "Do you feel a little better, George, dear?" his wife anxiously inquires He does not feel better He feels amazingly "swimming." He manages to have an impression that he would like to go to Carlsbad That is now not possible, but his awakened and devoted wife gives him some medicine that tastes almost as bad as the spring waters. "That is about the worst," George says as he swallows it He lies for a time and "experiences swirls of thought," then falls asleep and in his dreams goes to the balls and the dinners all over again When he wakes up he is several shades lighter, and his wife kisses him tenderly and knows that in a few days he will be no more yellow than usual Moreover the lesson is learned The estimable magnate has not been yellow in vain

The Tiernans.

The records of a Southern family, distinguished in itself and in its connections, have been gathered by Mr Charles Bernard Tiernan of Baltimore in "The Tiernan and Other Families," now published in a second enlarged edition by William J Gallery & Co. Mr Tiernan's work is a model for conscientious genealogists The documents and genealogical notes are presented with the brief necessary explanations and no other comment Accounts of all members of the family are given who are descended from Luke Tiernan, the founder, who came to Maryland from County Meath in Ireland in 1784, and of the families into which they intermarried, together with letters, diaries and poems written by them Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book for the general reader will be the diary of a European tour made in 1818 by Mr Tiernan's kinsman William Clarke Somerville It is rather startling to find this comment written in January, 1818: "The packets from Dublin to Holyhead are in the pay of the Government for mail, and are the only Governmental machines that I have not found on a magnificent scale It would not be easy for an American, accustomed to superb steamboats and comfortable packets, to conceive any more wretched than these" And Fulton's Clermont only 11 years old Mr Somerville did not like the British stagecoach "Inside, an English stage coach is a sort of prison with two little windows from which scarcely anything can be seen Outside, you are in danger of your life and alone, in a postchaise, the Blue Devils are inevitable in this gloomy climate" He made the grand tour and called on all kinds of great people, the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Bedford and the Prince of Canino, and he saw Marie Louise at Florence. There are plenty of good things in Mr Tiernan's volume

Other Books.

A notable addition to the many books that have been written recently about China is the work of Mr E H. Parker, Reader in Chinese at University College, Liverpool, called "China: Her History, Diplomacy and Commerce From the Earliest Times to the Present Day" (E. P. Dutton and Company) Mr Parker lived in China for a quarter of a century, for a part of the time in an official position, and is qualified to speak from a different standpoint from that of most writers who tell about the Chinese His historical account is based on Chinese records He has chapters on the people, the Government, the revenues, the salt tax and the likin. There are plenty of maps in his book and a good index

Miss Mabel Hill has made a useful book by putting together a number of important historical papers under the title "Liberty Documents With Contemporary Exposition and Critical Comments Drawn from Various Writers" (Longmans, Green & Co.) The documents are chiefly American, coming down as late as President McKinley's last message, but the great English documents, that were the forerunners of American liberty are presented also: Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act and so on. The comments are usually well chosen, but the space devoted to the opinions of Prof. W. G. Sumner and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart seems disproportionate. The latter gentleman provides an introduction to the book and his name appears also on the title page as editor.

Berkshire has been invaded before by Mr John Coleman Adams In "Nature Studies in Berkshire" (G. P. Putnams) he offers some more pleasant sketches of that beautiful country, accompanied by many excellent photographs of the scenery. Justice is hardly done to these in the reproductions in the "Popular Edition;" but the photogravure frontispiece is admirable.

We have also received:

"The Doomed Turk." E. Middleton. (The Abbey Press.)

"A Mistress of Many Moods." André Theuriet; translated by Charlotte Boardman Rogers. (The Abbey Press.)

"The White Doe. The Fate of Virginia Dare." Sallie Southall Cotton. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Love in a Mist." Post Wheeler. (The Camelot Company.)

"The Christian in Hungarian Romance." John Fretwell. (James H West Company.)

"The Philosophy of Mental Healing." Leander Edmund Whipple. Third edition. (The Metaphysical Publishing Company.)

"Pharaoh." Boleslaus Prus; translated by Mary De Mankowski. (The Abbey Press.)

"By the Waters of Babylon." Mrs Reginald DeKoven. (Herbert S Stone & Co.)

"The Autocrats." Charles K. Lush. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Crime of Credulity." Herbert N Casson. (Peter Eckler.)

"Introduction to the Study of English Literature." Vida D Scudder, A M (Globe School Book Company.)

"The Money Spinner." Henry Seton Merriman and S G Tallentyre (A Mackel & Co.)

"Britain's Greatness Foretold." Marie Trevelyan. (John Hogg, London.)

"Thoughts in Verse." Duncan Francis Young. (The Abbey Press.)

"When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads." Payne Erskine. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Abandoned Farmer." Sydney H Preston. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"A Romance in Meditation." Elaine L Field. (The Abbey Press.)

"The Mystery of the Marbletons." M Mackin. (The Abbey Press.)

"The Soldier's Revenge, or Roland and Wilfred." Florence Nightingale Craddock. (The Abbey Press.)

"The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America." Oscar S Straus. (G. P Putnam's Sons.)

"Ten Years in Cossack Slavery, or Black Russia." Julian Jasieczyk; translated by Mary De Mankowski. (The Abbey Press.)

"The Christ Ideal." Horatio W. Dresser. (G. P Putnam's Sons.)

"Vie ou Mort." Michel de Karnice-Karnicki. (Imprimerie Chaix.)

"The Crisis." Winston Churchill. (Macmillans.)

"The Old Plantation." James Battle Avirett. (P Tennyson Neely.)

"The Training of the Body." F A Schmidt, M D., and Eustace H. Miles, M. A. (E. P Dutton & Co.)

"Days Like These." Edward W. Townsend. (Harpers.)

"The House of de Mailly." Margaret Horton Potter. (Harpers.)

"A Pair of Patient Lovers." W. D. Howells. (Harpers.)

"The Home Life of Wild Birds." Francis Hobart Herrick. (G P Putnam's Sons.)

Consul-General Osborne to Inquire Into Miss Gilman's Sanity.

United States Consul-General William M Osborne at London, England, was appointed a commission by Supreme Court Justice Maddox in Brooklyn yesterday to inquire into the sanity of Annie K Gilman Miss Gilman, it is said, has been insane for over ten years and has been an inmate of the Brooke House Sanitarium, London. She is a sister of the late George F Gilman, the millionaire tea merchant, over whose property at Black Rock, Conn., there is much litigation. The application for the appointment of the commission was made by Frazer Gilman, a half-brother of Miss Gilman.

4,000 Sunday School Children Parade.

The fourteen Sunday schools embraced in the Greenpoint Sunday School Association had their annual parade in the Seventeenth ward of Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. More than 4,000 children and their teachers were in line. John A. Owens was the Grand Marshal. The parade started from Norman avenue and Lorimer street and marched through the principal thoroughfares. At the reviewing stand Register James R. Howe and other city officials reviewed the procession.

DIED.

COOK.—On Thursday evening, May 23, 1901, Charles C. Cook, aged 85 years.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, 252 10th st., South Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 26, 1901, at 1:30 P. M.

CULVER.—At Boston, on Thursday, May 23, 1901, Jane Kendrick Culver, M. D., mother of Mrs Adelaide Bray and beloved grandmother of Marion, Carl and Paul Wiggin.
Funeral service at her late residence, 2 Commonwealth av., on Sunday, May 26, 1901, at 2 P. M Cremation private.

DUNCAN.—On Thursday, May 23, 1901, Thomas Duncan, in the 68th year of his age.
Funeral services will be held at his late residence, 1 West 68th st., New York city, on Sunday, May 26, 1901, at 5 P. M. Interment Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Conn., on arrival of 12:05 train, Monday, May 27.

HICKOK.—At Burlington, Vt., on Wednesday, May 22, 1901, the Rev. Henry P. Hickok, D. D.
Funeral services in Brick Presbyterian Church, East Orange, N. J., at 3 P. M., on Saturday, May 25, 1901, on arrival at Brick Church station of 2 P. M. train, D., L. & W. R. R., from Barclay or Christopher streets. Members of Presbytery of Morris and Orange are respectfully invited to attend.

ROUSE.—At Morristown, N. J., on Friday, May 24, 1901, Samuel W Rouse.
Funeral from the residence of his nephew, Samuel B. Fowler, 58 Ridgedale av., Morristown, N. J., on Monday, May 27, 1901, at 10 o'clock Boston, Mass., and Augusta, Me., papers please copy.

SWAN.—On Friday, May 24, 1901, at her residence, 5 West 20th st., Mary Rhinelander Renwick widow of Benjamin L. Swan, Jr., in the 77th year of her age
Funeral services at Grace Church, Broadway and 10th st., on Monday, May 27, 1901, at 10 A. M. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without further notice.

VAN HORN.—At Fairfield, Conn., on Tuesday, May 21, 1901, suddenly, Sarah W. Van Horn.
Friends and relatives are invited to the funeral services at the Merritt Burial Parlors, 8th av. and 19th st., on Saturday, May 25, 1901, at 1 P. M. Interment at convenience of family.

WEEKES.—At Oyster Bay, L. I., on Thursday, May 23, 1901, at his residence, Cove Hill, John Abel Weekes, in the 82d year of his age
Funeral services at Christ Church, Oyster Bay, on Monday, May 27, 1901, at 10:10 o'clock Carriages will meet train leaving Long Island City at 9 o'clock. Interment at Greenwood

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Religious Notices.

ST JAMES CHURCH, MADISON AV & 71ST ST. Rev. E Walpole Warren, D D., Rector. Holy Communion, 9 A M. Morning Service, Sermon Rector, 11 A. M. Evening Prayer, Choir American Service. Sermon by Rev. E. E. Matthews, at 8 P M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 34th st., corner Park av. Services 11 A. M. Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., will preach. Subject "The Price of June." All cordially invited

EGLISE DU SAINT ESPRIT, 45, 27e, rue est.—Services religieux le dimanche a 10 h. ½ du matin et a 8 h. du soir. Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer, recteur.

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LENA LOLLER MISSING.

Is Pretty and Tall and Strong and Wise in the Ways of the World.

Lena Koller, a pretty girl of 18 years and an accomplished musician and singer, has been missing from her home at 105 Springfield avenue, Newark, since early Thursday morning and her relatives have been making a search for her since then. Her father is John Koller, proprietor of "The Atlantic Garden at 100 and 102 Springfield street, and Lena and her two sisters have been giving concert performances there. She is tall and strong and wise in the ways of the world. Her father and mother believe that she has been drugged and is held somewhere against her will, but they do not think that her young lad lover, Clement Schuster, has anything to do with her disappearance. Schuster was for six years a member of the Koller musical combination, but was driven away from Koller's home because of his attentions to Lena. He has since been seen in Newark, Baltimore and Boston.

William Rockefeller Pays $3.5 Dog Tax.

GREENWICH, Conn., May 24.—William Rockefeller has set an example to the other millionaires of the colony at Greenwich by proceeding to the Town Clerk's office and paying license fees of $3.15 each for five large dogs and $1.15 each for ten male dogs. He enriched the town treasury by $70, thereby enlarging Town Clerk James H Mead's bank account by $2.25. This is the largest one on record this year where a millionaire has licensed his dogs here. There are over 1,500 dogs in the town and one-third have been registered.

FRUGAL SAMUEL BROWN.

Took the Teacher's Purse and Put Its Contents in the Savings Bank.

Miss Mary Hughes, a teacher in Primary School 17a in Ridge street, lost somewhere in the school building last Monday a pocketbook containing $90 and checks for $100. She noticed the police but they didn't do anything, so she did some detective work on her own account.

She noticed that several of her boy pupils had an over abundance of candy and learned from them that they got it from twelve-year-old Samuel Brown of 114 Ridge street, who had presented it to them. Under pressure, the boy confessed that Samuel had found the pocketbook and had given 20 cents apiece as a bribe to the other boys not to tell on him. The frugal Samuel, they said, had deposited the bulk of the money in a savings bank.

Samuel was arrested on Thursday night and the Gerry society will investigate his doings.

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