

# Harper's



# Harper's

## LITERATURE.

### THE UNGUARDED GATES.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
Named of the four winds, North, South,  
East and West;  
Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,  
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched  
with snow,  
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past  
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—  
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,  
Afric of all climes, for lo! throughout  
the year  
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a  
rich land,  
A lily Eden planted in the wilds,  
With not an inch of earth within its  
bound,  
But if a slave's foot press it sets him  
free,  
Here, it is written, T'ill shall have its  
wage,  
And Honor honor, and the humblest man  
Stand level with the highest in the  
law,  
Of such a land have men in dungeons  
dreamed,  
And with the vision brightening in  
their eyes  
Gone smiling to the fagot and the  
sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
And through them presses a wild,  
motley throng,  
Men from the Volga and the Tartar  
steppes,  
Featureless figures of the Hoango,  
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and  
Slav,  
Flying the Old World's poverty and  
sorrow;  
These, bringing with them unknown  
gods and rites,  
These, tiger passions, here to stretch  
their claws,  
In street and alley what strange  
tongues are heard,  
Accents of menace alien to our air,  
Voices that once the Tower of Babel  
knew!

O Liberty, white Goddess, is it well  
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy  
breast  
Fold sorrow's children, soothe the  
burts of fate,  
Lift the downtrodden, but with hand  
of steel,  
Stay those who to thy sacred portals  
come  
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a  
care,  
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars  
be torn  
And trampled in the dust. For so of  
old  
The thronging Goth and Vandal  
trampled Rome,  
And where the temples of the Caesars  
stood  
The lean wolf unmolested made her  
lair.  
Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Youth's  
Companion.

## NOTES.

Announcement is to be issued this month of the third edition of the Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon, deciphered by Elizabeth Wells Gallup. This edition will embrace decipherings from the commencement of the use of Bacon's cipher inventions—now found to be 1578—and covering the entire period of his literary career, including the works published by Rawley subsequent to 1626.

This Bi-literal Cypher reveals much secret history concerning Queen Elizabeth, who, it is now learned, was the wedded wife of Robert, earl of Leicester—while posing as the Virgin Queen—and was the mother of Francis Bacon.

It also discloses the existence of a second so-called key-word cipher, of broader scope, with instructions by which may be deciphered from Bacon's literary works, the hidden dramatic productions not less interesting or important than those upon the printed page which infold them.

At the same time will be issued The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn, deciphered by Elizabeth Wells Gallup, one of the historical dramas in cipher named in the Bi-literal cypher as concealed in the works of Bacon.

Part I will contain the late bi-literal decipherings recently made by Mrs. Gallup from old editions of Bacon's works in the British museum, published between 1878 and 1896—also extracts from the bi-literal with the instructions and keys by which this tragedy has been extracted, illustrating the method of its reconstruction.

An appendix will give the editions used and pages on which may be found the scattered sections brought together in new sequence to form the new play.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Biography of a Giraffe" is in its thirty-second thousand and Captain Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World" is in its tenth. Both of these books have been republished successfully in England.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, the author of "The Voice of the People," had the misfortune to lose a part of the manuscript of her next novel in the fire that burned the Jefferson hotel in Richmond, Va. It was reported that the whole manuscript was lost, but fortunately only a few chapters were destroyed, which Miss Glasgow had in

the hotel at the time for the purpose of having copied. This new story, progress on which was not materially delayed by the fire, is a tale of the Civil war, and Miss Glasgow's readers look forward to it with very great expectation.

The humorous side of Shakespeare and the wide extent of his legal knowledge are shown by Charles E. Phelps, chief justice of the Supreme court of Maryland, in "Falstaff and Equity," which is announced for publication in March by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The author has interpreted many of the great poet's sayings in a way to show that he was both a subtle humorist and a man well acquainted with the law, and he has done this in a way to please Shakespearean students by his wealth of curious learning and his excellent exposition and argument. The book will contain an appreciative introduction by Henry Austin Clapp, the eminent lecturer on Shakespeare, who is also a lawyer.

"Once upon a time," says L. Frank Baum, "I told stories to my little ones as we sprawled upon the rug, the hour before bed time. They like the stories—those indiscriminating youngsters—and some of the big folks who hear them, liked them too, declaring the yarns ought to be printed.

"That's how I began to chase publishers. Then I used to tell stories because I liked to—now I write stories because others say they like them.

"But how did the story of The Master Key come to me? It is founded upon—

"I know a boy named Bob—a restless, nervous chap, who is forever fussing and experimenting with boyish electrical devices. He comes to me with a grand fancy about wiring a wren, and tells of some electrical appliance 'he really needs' in his experiments. When it arrives for I am easily worked I am invited into the attic to see how the thing operates. His workshop is not unlike the one described in the book. Now you can easily see how the idea of The Master Key came to me."

Herold MacGrath forwarded the following letter to the publishers, not long since, with the suggestion, that they make the necessary "arrangements."

"Mr. Harold MacGrath, Dear Sir:—In your latest publication, 'The Puppet-Crown' you are, no doubt, aware of having used the name of Johann Koff, being subject to much criticism and ridicule, as well, I think I am justified in claiming some recompense. I write you this that you may make arrangements for a settlement.

"Hoping to hear from you without delay, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
"JOHANN KOFF, City."

"The Fall of The Curtain," the first novel of the Bi-literal Cypher, written by Harold Begbie, has called forth this praise from a well known Eastern critic:

"Mr. Begbie has made a picture of folly and selfishness in the closing year of the nineteenth century as accurate as Thackeray's description of selfishness and folly in its opening years. The conclusions differ because of the new elements in character and society, but it is to be hoped that he will not allow his less exacting with himself than with the creator of 'Daisy Shandy.' Mr. Begbie's score for the modern 'smart' type is visible in some very good portraits of its worst manifestations, and he has drawn a gently satiric picture of the really great and of their simple ways."

The death of Kate Greenaway in London recently calls to mind the immense advance made in the illustration of juvenile literature since she published her first picture book in 1873. At that time the aesthetic pictures made by Miss Greenaway were a decided novelty, and the artist achieved an instant success. Since then the course of book illustration has been steadily upward, and as much care and money are expended upon books for children as upon any others, the leading illustrators being employed for the purpose. Good examples of fine pictures of children, done in color are found in "The Roggie and Reggie Stories," brought out by Harpers last year, and in "The Woudbegods," recently issued by the same firm, there are sixteen capital illustrations by Reinhold B. Ehrch, who is one of the best and highest-paid artists in the profession. Mr. Ehrch's drawings of children are famous for grace and delicacy. He was the original illustrator of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The numerous pictures in "The Woudbegods" exhibit his genius at its best.

When Miss Wilkins wrote her first short stories for Harper's Bazar, she had the good fortune to win the friendship of Miss Mary L. Booth, who was

then conducting that periodical. Miss Booth recognized at once the originality of the young author's work, and, with the wisdom which characterized her entire editorial career, was exceedingly careful not to make suggestions which, however well intentioned, might have a tendency to destroy any of the freshness of the new individuality of style promptly recognized in the youthful writer's stories. When Miss Wilkins, at a later stage of her development, contributed "A Humble Romance" to Harper's Magazine, she was equally fortunate in coming under the editorial care of Mr. Henry Mills Alden, who has always been to this distinguished author or a highly valued friend. Miss Wilkins' latest and most mature work is a novel of New England, the story of a young girl's ardent life, entitled "The Forlorn of Labor," which the Harpers have just published.

Few readers are aware of the amount and value of the gold-leaf which is used on the bindings of books. A recent visitor to the bookbindery of Harper Brothers was informed that so rich in value is even the waste of this flimsy material that the "planing-off table" is furnished with a sort of wooden hopper, covered with a wire screen through which the tiny particles of gold used in the decorations of the book covers sift and are carefully collected. This costly waste is then sold to regular brokers, who deal with jewelers and bookbinders for such material. The waste, on the average, comes to about 35 per cent. of the entire amount of gold used, so that it will be seen that the gold so saved in an extensive bindery must amount to a large sum in the course of a year. It was stated at Harper & Brothers in reply to a question, that the waste of gold on the cover of "The Right of Way," which is not at all garish in appearance had amounted to several thousand dollars.

The new novel of Staniewicz, the author of "Que Vadis," on which he is now at work, deals with Napoleon and the Polish Legions.

The portrait of M. Edmond Rostand here given is taken from Vanity Fair. He was probably born a post-thirty years ago, for he writes lines as a boy. At the age of twenty or thereabouts he became a dramatist; and now, aided by Bernhardt and Coquelin, he is very near the top of the dramatic tree; having made his name famous as the triumphant author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which has drawn more money than any other play ever produced in Paris, and possibly even more so as the writer of the rather unimportant but extraordinarily successful, "L'Alceste," which has so unheavily gratified French sentiment. Otherwise he has done many of such publications as "Les Romanesques," "La Samaritaine" and "Les Musardises," which, though much abused by the world, is yet a very fine piece of work. But he has not written himself, so far as a nervous young fellow who is so full of the artistic temperament that he worries himself to death about more trifles, and continually cries for rest which he will not allow himself. Nevertheless, he will spend weeks in idleness and then burn work that he has done months before, because he is so hard to please. He devoted many years to Cyrano; but he has his reward.

He is a dandy-dressed cigarette smoker of very nervous manners; he has translated Catullus quite admirably.

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Among the more recent of these condemned by the London County council is the poet Dryden's house, No. 43 Gerard street, Soho. John Dryden it is said, used often to write in the ground floor room next to the street. And here he died in the year 1700. The Blue Coat Boy's school, around which cluster memories of Charles Lamb, is another condemned landmark.

## BOOKS.

"Within the Gates," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' last book, is one of the pieces of work which is undoubtedly destined to stand beyond the allotted time of most of modern fiction. Aside from its intensely human interest which, paradoxical as it sounds, attracts as well from the spiritual as the physical view, the book is wonderfully dramatic, and holds the interest of the reader at strict tension from the opening to ending lines in the book. Those who have read the series of books by Mrs. Phelps dealing with similar material were at a loss before reading her last story, to comprehend how her imagination could produce new material in this many times trodden ground. The result of her effort, however, has been to both surprise and entrance readers, and it will be a marvel if the volume does not take its place with the great selling books of the times.—McClure, Phillips Co., Publishers.

"Minette," a story of the first crusade, is just from the press of John W. Hilt & Co. The author, George F. Crane, of New York, has created a vivid picture of the times and events of which he writes, and interviewed with the thrilling portrayal of scenes attending the attempt to capture the city containing the holy sepulchre, is an interesting love story, revolving about a fair French maid "Minette," who, following the fortunes of her love, goes herself to the Crusades, there to be smothered in the cruel events attending the struggles of the foreign and Christian foes. The story is an interesting one, but is marred by the tedious style of narration, which occupies itself with unnecessary details.—John W. Hilt & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

An Elementary History of England by Katharine Coman, professor of history and political economy in Wellesley College; and Elizabeth Kimball Kendall, associate professor of history in the same college, is being published by the Macmillan company.

In this little book the authors have undertaken to present the growth of a nation from primitive barbarism to modern civilization and world empire in such fashion as to appeal to the interest and comprehension of children. The physical resources from which the life of modern England is derived, the race elements of which the population of modern Britain is composed, the struggles that have resulted in the domination of the Anglo-Saxon type and the modifying influence of Celtic and Scandinavian blood are carefully set forth. Industrial evolution is treated in broad outline from the hunting stage through the pastoral and agricultural to the modern stage of manufacturing pre-eminence of contemporary England. Military achievements, whether originating in race antagonism, dynastic rivalry or lust of conquest, are described with a view to bringing out causes and results simply, without dwelling on needless details.

The characteristic features of the book is the emphasis placed upon great and influential personalities. The chief men of each epoch, Alfred, William the Norman, Henry II, the Black Prince, Wyclif, etc., and singled out for full, well-nigh biographical treatment. The book is amply provided with excellent maps in color and in outline, and the 100 or more illustrations have been selected with a view to real value as well as to pictorial interest. Marginal references to the simpler authorities are provided in the hope of inciting the child to supplementary reading. The dynamic tables, topical outlines and sets of suggestive questions are well calculated to assist both pupil and teacher to scholarly results.

A Much Talked of Book.

Christopher Marlowe divined the mystery of sound and sense, Milton was the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," the boy Chatterton knew strange, rapturous music, Shelley was the great Beethoven of poetry, launched upon far flights of sound; playing upon fine ethereal chords. Age by age English poetry has become more and more a kind of music, says Charles E. Russell. More and more an expression of feeling through the potentialities of sound. Now, in

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our own day, this evolution reaches its apparent climax in the great use of all melodists, the master mind that has brought poetry to a level with notated music, the man that has dominated his art as Wagner dominated his—Algeron Charles Swinburne.

At last, after forty years of the greatest singing English ears have heard, a book has been written to educate and expound this wonderful man. It is not much of a book, as a tribute it is inadequate, as all tributes must be; as an appreciation it is often exceedingly foolish; always it is superficial or trifling.

Here and there it is marred by strange exhibitions of that narrow fury of racial hatred that in this day seems the exclusive possession of the bullet-headed Briton. But—at last, a book! Shall we think it strange that it comes so late, or strange that it comes at all? Dante was exiled, Shakespeare was not known until the Germans discovered him, Milton was jeered and worked, Chatterton was allowed to starve, Shelley was executed by his countrymen, and Wagner was thirty years in getting a hearing.

Scarcely a great artist has been recognized in his lifetime; never a great artist has been appreciated before he was dead.

For forty years Swinburne has sung to an audience openly hostile, or, at best, coldly indifferent. Perhaps this, the sixty-fifth year of his life, sees the earliest dawn of his glory. Remembering Dante, remembering Milton, and Shelley, no admirer of Swinburne would have it otherwise, for it is the fame that rises late and slowly that shines without setting.

Mr. Wratzlaw's book is a kind of primary school introduction, written, I think, to show people that Swinburne will not bite them. It recounts chronologically the poet's most important works, selected from a prodigious product of a life of ceaseless industry, whereof merely the bulk surpasses the product of all other English poets.

On such is made a nice little remark about its origin, to each is added a nice little dab of praise or blame, and to nicely and properly, as is the conventional manner, then reviewer passes on.

He begins with a sketch of Swinburne's life (what little is known of it) and ends with a brief estimate of him as the greatest lyricist that ever sang in English. So far as that goes, good.

For the most part Mr. Wratzlaw is fairly sympathetic. He views things askew and with insular prejudice, but he perceives something of the amazing perfection of Swinburne's technique, something of the unequalled variety of his themes and strains, his insight into the hearts and sorrows of men, the breadth of a dramatic genius not to be equalled this side of Shakespeare. So far as this goes, good.

But he fails to deal with the essential spirit of the man, or with the essential characteristic of his gift to the race. The two-fold source of his singing, his sympathy with men and his sympathy with nature, and the vast revolution it has wrought in our poetry—these considerations seem more important than anything Mr. Wratzlaw has put into his book.

That he does not understand the Lancelotti, for instance, is of very little moment; that the Lancelotti and all other Swinburne poems are essentially expositions of musical themes is a fact that no writer about Swinburne can afford to overlook.

Mr. Wratzlaw does not point out, and I doubt if he sees, that Swinburne's achievements are not merely good performances on previous known lines; they are a new, definite, unprecedented thing. They are not merely musical, as Mr. Wratzlaw so often intimates; they are music. In Swinburne appears for the first time the use of word sounds as musical units, woven together into melodies as certain, as absolute, as sweet and ravishing, as full of feeling as the melodies woven of other musical units by the composer. And of all this the first book on Swinburne has nothing to say.

Here is a man that found the melodic phrase of English poetry a thing of crude intuition and made it a definite and perfect system; here is a man that found poetry a sound and left it molten music; here is a man that has enriched the common air with more and finer melodies than birds know or the violin can utter; that has invented and improved and developed until poetic expression has become the adequate and perfect instrument of music for all the joys, sorrows, hopes, aspirations, longings and passion of the human heart. We may not suppose that future generations will fall to recognize and honor such a figure though it now towers too high above us to be more than dimly seen.

We may not suppose that the eventual place of the bearer of such a gift, who comes with such sympathy, tenderness, loftiness of soul and wide range of flawless performance, will be second to any other man in English poetry but Shakespeare.

You think this is extravagant today, because there is no voice in the world so strong as convention, and this is not of conventional view. Equally extravagant would have seemed a like view of Wagner thirty years ago.

And as surely as now, no praise of the wonderful sword-musician could seem excessive, even if it could seem adequate, so to the next generation no praise will seem overwrought for the wonderful sword-musician that transcended Tannhauser and Tristan and leapt into speech, raised a voice as sad and tuneful as Elizabeth's or Brunhilda's and sang the greatest songs of the world has known—Swinburne, the Richard Wagner of poetry.

