Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

And so you failed? This task was great,
Or it may be your strength was small?
What profit now to rail at fate,
Or make excuses for your fall?
Why fret or grieve at humbled pride,
Or chide the chain of circumstance?
The world is long, the world is wide—
Go, give yourself another chance.

But others suffered? Faith was lost?
Some sacrifice of others' trust?
And you, a derelict, storm-tossed,
Drift back to ask them to be just,
To quail beneath the doubting frown
To feel the stern, accusing glance?
Have done! Set back, or sail or drown—
But give yourself another chance.

Yours is the greater faith to die,
Yours is the richer worth to live,
And from yourself your take or buy,
And to yourself you sell or give.
A coward he whose soul must cringe
Before the eyes that look askance—
The sky still holds its azure tinge;
Go, give yourself another chance.

And ask no odds of any man,
Save from yourself; for you alone
Know why your purpose or your plan
Was brought to naught or overthrown.
The battle goes to those who rise,
Whose hands clutch for the broken lance,
Whose dented shield the foe defies—
Up, give yourself another chance!

—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

NOTES.

Edwin Lefevre, author of "The Golden Flood," is of Huguenot descent, but was born at Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, in 1871. His grandfather was the chief justice of Panama. Though educated to be a mining engineer, Mr. Lefevre found writing much more to his taste. He had worked in New York as a newspaper man about six years. He was for some time sub-editor on the Engineering and Mining Journal, and is now doing the financial columns of the New York Globe. It is interesting to note that he came to New York and took up journalistic work among the stock brokers and financial magnates because he recognized great fictional opportunities in Wall street.

* * *

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have arranged for the early publication of a uniform edition of the dramatic works of Henrik Ibsen, to be sold singly or in sets at a reasonable price. The edition will consist of seven or eight volumes, and will be made up in the main of the authorized Archer translations. The biographical, bibliographical and critical apparatus, including introductions to the plays, notes, etc., will be unusually full.

* * *

A new book on, or rather by, Lord Byron, called "The Confession of Lord Byron," has just been brought out by the Messrs. Scribner, in the form of a collection of the chief personal and literary discussions in his "Letters and Journals." The material has been so selected and arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany that the reader can trace from month to month and from year to year the development of Byron's most intimate opinions, religious views, his literary judgments, his estimates of the poets who were his contemporaries—such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Southey, Leigh Hunt and Scott, his ideas on the drama, his valuation of such friends as Shelley, Madame de Stael, Sheridan, Rogers, Hobhouse and many others, as well as his opinion of himself.

* * *

Mr. John W. Luce, of Boston, will publish in a few days a volume of "Epigrams and Aphorisms" by Oscar Wilde, taken from the "Picture of Dorian Gray," "An Ideal Husband," "Lady Windermere's Fan," the "Importance of Being Earnest," "A Woman of No Importance," the "Canterville Ghost," the "Decay of Lying," "The Critic as Artist," etc.

* * *

Mr. John Lane is publishing a book entitled "The Creed of Christ," which is an attempt to interpret the personal belief of Christ himself so far as it can be deduced from the record of His acts and sayings. The anonymous author holds that "it is time that we who call ourselves Christmas should begin to ask ourselves these questions. For nineteen centuries we have steadily averted our eyes from them. What has interested us heretofore is not what Christ believed about God and man and the universe, but what we ought to believe about the personal relation of Christ to God, and man and the universe. Yet until the former problem has received a provisional solution, what more can be said of the latter? For how can we dissociate the personality from what must needs have been of the very essence of it?"

* * *

The works of Leo Tolstoy have been translated into 38 languages, often appearing under completely changed titles and in fragmentary form. Frequently whole pages have been interpolated which he never wrote, while in other instances sections of his work have been cut out. The edition of his complete works in 26 volumes, now in course of publication by Funk & Wagnalls company, has Tolstoy's entire approval. He has co-operated with the translators, Louise and Aylmer Maude, and has highly commended their work. The omissions and alterations made in "What Is Art?" by the Russian censor so incensed the author that he says in the preface to Mr. Maude's translation: "The book appears now for the first time in its true form. More than one edition has already been issued in Russia, but in each case it has been so mutilated by the censor that I request all who are interested in my views on art only to judge of them by the work in its present shape."

* * *

The report, widely circulated a few months ago, that Mr. Hewlett will write no more romances, but will instead devote himself to history, was evidently an error. The Macmillan company announces for issue within a few months his new novel, which is said to extend to about 130,000 words, and to resemble the charming "Forest Lovers."

* * *

The lovers of unpublished literary remains have long looked on the Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul as master of them all. For more than half a century he has given all his energies to collecting and classifying all the writings—all manuscript remnants—of four great French authors of the nineteenth century: Balzac, George Sand, Theophile Gautier, and Sainte-Beuve. His collections, never complete enough for his ambition, were begun during the lifetime of the persons who blackened the papers, and have been continued ever since with a detective sense which would fill with admiration any mere Sherlock Holmes.

When Balzac died the Vicomte found that quantities of old papers had been thrown into the wastebox or retailed off to the shopkeepers of the quarter to wrap their wares. Love letters, business correspondence, bailiffs' summons—all were thrown out as of no value. One sheet of a letter was with the butcher, the other with the grocer. He literally scoured the quarter, and soon people began bringing in to him other scraps of writing. Among them were the letters to Madame Hanska, who became the wife of Balzac in the last months of his weary, overworked life. M. Spoelberch de Lovenjoul has now over 3,000 letters of Balzac, while only 400 appear in the published correspondence. Of course, not all the unpublished letters deserve publication, but the collection does bring the student into close acquaintanceship with Balzac's daily life. There are also fifteen unpublished novels, some of them unfinished, with plays and historical pieces, among others one on Cromwell. There are note-books of daily work, and reviews of political events. On some of these "old papers" there are marks of bootheels, on others—from Balzac himself—the stain of the coffee cup from which he drank the stimulus that made it possible to live a life of constant over-brainwork—and to die at fifty-one.

* * *

Mr. Egerton Castle comes from a family in which, on both sides, there are traditions of literary and philosophical pursuits. Mrs. Castle, on the other hand, knows of no writers among her ancestors, though in her own generation she can find two, and of distinction. Her sister, Mrs. Francis Blundell (under the nom de plume "M. E. Francis") is the author of many novels, and a little play by her and Mr. Sidney Valentine, "The Widow Woos," based on one of her short stories, was acted recently at the Haymarket. Another sister, Miss Elinor Sweetman, has already published some notable books of verse. Mrs. Egerton Castle passed her childhood in an Irish country house. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Michael Sweetman, of Lamberton Park, Queen's county. Her purely Irish blood may account for much of her special brightness in the use of words. After a few years spent abroad with her family for the cultivation of art and languages, she was married on the threshold of her first season.

Mr. Egerton Castle, on the contrary, an only son, spent all his first youth (albeit he comes from purely English stock) in Paris. Returning to England at the age of 16, he began hard work at science, first at Glasgow university and later at Trinity, Cambridge. After taking his degree a sudden change of tastes took him to the Royal Military college, Sandringhurst, whence, being over the regulation age, he had to pass into a West India regiment. This he accepted in the hope of a transfer, a hope, which the cast-iron rules of the war office concerning age limits never permitted to be realized. Then, out of conceit with the army as a profession no doubt also in view of his coming marriage he threw up his commission, and in course of time found his true vocation to be that of a man of letters. For many years he was on the staff of the old Saturday Review, but he gradually relinquished journalistic occupation for the novel and the romance.

Closely allied as Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle are intellectually, it is well known to the many readers of their books that it is impossible to detect the line of cleavage in their collaboration.

It is, indeed, difficult to imagine a more ideal literary collaboration than that of man and wife. Under such conditions the sense of labor which can at times be heavy enough, even in "mere fiction," all but disappears. To some minds the notion of partnership in literature seems inconceivable. The fact is that true collaboration—the convergence of two minds upon the same distant objective, the complete sympathy as to motives and the same critical delight in certain effects only—must be exceedingly rare. These united workers seem, oddly enough, to reach their goal from different starting points. Mrs. Egerton Castle declares she finds her greatest incentive to new ideas in music, while Mr. Castle believes that inspiration lies for him in scenery, in certain effects of light and sunset, or, again, in old dwellings, in buildings associated with history.

* * *

However different the origin, the methods of the authors are always harmonious. In the first composition, and also for the final revision, they work in each other's company—a couple of hours in the morning, when the writing is in full cry. The whole of the mechanical part, as well as the interne diary business Mr. Egerton Castle takes upon himself to spare his wife the fatigue. Not seldom they astonish themselves by the extraordinary frequency with which they come, through dissimilar paths, simultaneously to the same phrase in the development of an idea. To the maturing of schemes and of characterization, as well as to the preliminary talking over of the plot, they devote considerable time, and their work often remains complete in their minds, no doubt gathering strength meanwhile by what philosophers would call "unconscious cerebration" for a long while before they begin to write a single line. Their method is the same whether for novel or for play; the scenario is complete, and all the great scenes with their "curtains" carefully agreed upon before the work of final shaping is undertaken. Play or book? It is not always certain which will come first. "The Secret Orchard" was first written for the stage, as the admirers of Mrs. Kendal will remember; "The Pride of Jennico," on the other hand—the first romance of the authors to achieve a wide popularity—appeared primarily as a novel, but when subsequently converted into a play it ran for three seasons in America. "The Bath Comedy," again, dramatized by the authors and Mr. David Belasco, under the name of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," was one of the greatest theatrical successes of many seasons in New York.

* * *

"The Leavenworth Case," by Anna Katharine Green, though published over 25 years ago, is still the standard with which the author's later stories are compared. Putnams have already printed more than 100,000 copies of the book, and now announce a new edition with illustrations in color and half-tone by G. W. Peters. The same firm will have ready next autumn a translation of Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe," at which Prof. W. A. Cooper of Leland Standford university is now at work. This standard biography well deserves publication in English.

BOOKS.

"The Yellow War," the volume of dramatic sketches of the fighters in the Japanese-Russian war, comes out over the non-committal signature "O." The contents of the book show that the author had unusual opportunities for being in the thick of the contest. He was, evidently, right at the front when other newspaper correspondents were being kept in the rear, fretting under the surveillance of their polite Japanese jailers. Who the author is—and it is evident he must have been a person of some importance—has not been disclosed. After the Boer war a volume of similar character and similar style appeared under the title, "On the Heel of De Wet." It was considered the best book on the South African war by the British reviewers. The author signed himself "Intelligence Officer," and later appeared with another book, "The Boy Galloper." "The Yellow War" and "On the Heels of De Wet" would seem to be from the same hand, and the pseudonym "O" a contraction for "Intelligence Officer."

* * *

A good deal of curiosity has been aroused by the pseudonym of the author of "The Yellow War." He signs himself "O." Recently, a London correspondent suggested that "O" might be "Intelligence Officer," author of "On the Heels of De Wet," otherwise known as Capt. James, and war correspondent of the London Times, who organized the dispatch boat Hai-mun, which has done such astounding things during the war in the far east. McClure-Philips, the publishers, have now received a letter in which they are asked in all seriousness if the author of these terse and very Japanesque sketches might not be Field Marshal Oyama himself. Those who know Japanese literature or Japanese poetry will recognize in the brevity and the straightforwardness of expression which characterize the sketches in "The Yellow War," a very Japanese flavor, but one can hardly believe that Oyama has yet had enough westernized leisure to prepare war sketches for publication.

* * *

"The Outlook Beautiful," Lilian Whitney's last book contains much wisdom of a practical kind mingled with speculative opinions which fell the realm of their discussion be more fully explored must take the name of visionary. Many beautiful and helpful passages are contained in it and the volume is well worth reading. Following are quotations from some of its pages:

The perpetual phenomena of life furnish all the material for spiritual culture. There is not a day but makes its demands on one for his highest and sublimest qualities. There is not a day whose experiences do not test the most exalted ideals.

The event we call death does not, of itself, work any miraculous change. It introduces the individual into new conditions—conditions more favorable to the growing significance of life. The mere fact of withdrawing from the physical does not, of itself, work any instantaneous miracle. The essential self persists.

Life is simply a succession of spiritual states, and the higher and nobler may be sought and attained as well here as hereafter. The sooner one achieves it, the nearer is he to the eternal blessedness. The nearer is he, also, to all noble and energetic initiation and to that state in which he brings power to bear on life.

Some one has said, "things are always right if we are right." It is a crude expression of a marvelous truth. The moral universe is a vast and ideally harmonious order in which every element is mutually adjusted to the perfect working of the whole.

Action and reaction are not immediate—on the spiritual plane. On this plane, out of the profoundest sorrow springs joy, out of the saddest defeat arises triumph; out of the most complete loss one acquires his most transcendent riches. It is worth while—it is absolutely worth while—to go through torture and tears and tragedy for the spiritual riches one finds therein. It is literally true, it is abundantly true, that while "no chastening in the present seemeth joyous, but grievous," it yet does "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness." It does transmute itself into a larger view of life, into a wider tolerance, a finer insight, and into more generous and vital sympathies. One lets go all else, but one finds the divine aid, the divine love, that, closer, stronger, than ever before, shall encompass him round about.

The power of thought to dissolve existing states; to efface the present mould and create a new one for "the flowing conditions of life" to enter is one that can only be achieved by entering more and more into conscious and intelligent participation of the divine life. Spirit is force, and to the degree in which one lives in the spirit shall he achieve this power and be enabled to exercise it. "There is a power in today to create the beautiful yesterday," says Emerson. All that is noble and beautiful has immortality, and though it seems to vanish, it can be recalled and wrought into actual experience again.

* * *

The Bobbs Merrill company which have been publishing sketches of Caleb Powers' life in the Reader magazine, have gotten his completed story out in book form, and its chapters contain material of important interest to Americans of every class. Besides its elements of political interest it has incidents that read like romance. It will be widely read.

* * *

"The Plum Tree," by David Graham Phillips, is one of the most notable of recent American novels. It sounds a trumpet call to American patriotism and integrity. With ruthless honesty it tears away the mask from the whole system of machine politics. From precinct to presidency all is laid bar. The realism has the force of exposure. It is immeasurably the best story ever written on national politics. It is more than that. Through its love interest it becomes a revelation, an inspiration and a hope. Political sayings as rich in worldly wisdom as the business maxims of old Gorgan Graham are to be found in "The Plum Tree." High praise, indeed, has been bestowed upon them. One enthusiastic critic calls them "the most pertinent arraignment of civilization that has appeared since Victor Hugo laid down his pen." Here are some of them, spoken by Senator Harvey Sailer, the giant boss of the United States.

Could anything be clearer to anyone who takes the trouble to think about it than that he who advances himself at the expense of his fellow men does not advance, but sinks down into the class of murderers for gain, thieves, and all those who seek to advance themselves by injustice?

Every man, even, the laxest, if he is to continue to "count as one," must have a point where he draws the line beyond which he will not go. The liar must have things he will not lie about; the thief, things he will not steal; the compromiser, things he will not compromise; the practical man in the pulpit, in politics, in business, in the professor's chair, or editorial tribune, things he will not sacrifice, whatever the cost. That is "practical honor."

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

MISS JOTE BEATIE

(Now Mrs. C. S. Burton) as a Spanish Girl.

This picture, taken after a fancy dress ball, some 12 or 15 years ago, shows Mrs. Burton as she looked "en caractere."

GILBERT H. GROSVENOR.

Gilbert H. Grosvenor, is best known, perhaps, as editor of the National Geographic Magazine—the membership of the National Geographic society having increased, since his association with the magazine, from 1,000 to over 5,000. He is still a young man, less than thirty; but his articles have attracted such attention that the secretary of agriculture has recognized their value in the work of the department. Mr. Grosvenor's articles on "Our Heralds of Storm and Flood" in the June Century will be the first of a series upon the scientific work of the department of Agriculture.

Gilbert H. Grosvenor has attracted wide attention by his work as editor of the National Geographic Magazine (having increased the membership of the National Geographic society fromone to over five thousand during his association with the magazine) and by his articles on scientific matters, notably "Inoculating the Ground" and "A New Method of Purifying Water," published in recent numbers of the Century. The secretary of agriculture has now offered Mr. Grosvenor every facility for becoming acquainted with the scientific work of that department, that it may become better known; and his article in the June Century on "Our Heralds of Storm and Flood" will be the first of the series upon the scientific work of the department of agriculture, relating especially to the work of the Weather bureau. This work is of a fascinating interest and scientific scope entirely unknown to the general public; and Mr. Grosvenor has proved his ability to write of scientific matters in a manner to excite popular interest.

Novels by Lucas Malet, Sydney Greer and Others.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 18.—Several favorite writers are now busy putting the finishing touches to works of fiction which may be exported shortly. Among these is Mrs. St. Leger Harrison—"Lucas Malet." Illness on Mrs. Harrison's part has delayed the progress of her new novel, which she began soon after "Colmady" appeared, but the authoress says it is now nearly finished and will be ready for publication on both sides of the Atlantic in the early fall. It has not been finally named as yet. Richard Bagot, author of "Donna Diana," who is Marion Crawford's only real rival in depicting Roman life for English readers, writes from the Eternal City that the manuscript of his new novel is nearly in shape for his publishers. It is called "The Passport," and both the English and American rights have already been placed.

* * *

Sydney C. Grier, who gave us "Like Another Helen," also has a new romance practically completed which will be published serially before it appears in book form, the London Graphic having the English rights. Justin Huntly McCarthy is following "The Dryad" with another story in a rather similar vein. It is now over half finished and McCarthy hopes to have it ready for publication in the spring. Meanwhile Hilaire Belloc, author of "The Path to Rome," and "Emmanuel Burden, Merchant," is working on a new book dealing, I am told, with Marie Antoinette, and Edmund Downey, the veteran publisher, who recently printed his reminiscences, is engaged on a life of Charles Lever, for which he has long been gathering material.

* * *

Following the example of his American contemporary, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, William Le Queux is about to write an automobile novel. To get local color for it, Le Queux has made a motor tour in Europe of over 6,000 miles. He is in Italy at present, but means to come to England in June, when he will start work on his new story.

* * *

Since his return from South Africa, last month, Rudyard Kipling has been at "Bateman's," his Sussex home, where he has been occupied chiefly with the story which he is writing for the Century magazine. Motoring is still his favorite recreation, and the London "season" is likely to see little or nothing of him.

* * *

Rosa Hartwick Thorpe's famous poem, "Curfew shall Not Ring Tonight," was recalled to everyone yesterday, when it was announced that the historic bells of Chertsey Parish church would be silent for a while. These bells, some of which are over 600 years old, comprise a peal of eight, and it was on number five—called the "Abbey Bell"—that the incident is said to have happened which furnished the poetess with the original of her familiar lines.

Chertsey is in Surrey, and the bells of its parish church are to be mute for a space because two experts from London, having examined the framework of the hangings, have declared them unsafe for the ringing of a peal. More's the pity as the Chertsey "peal" is the finest in the south of England. The bells were last rehung in 1859, when the tenor-bell, which weighs over 20 hundredweight, was recast at the cost of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

* * *

Hall Caine, who has been at the Riviera of late, arrived in London, the other day, and before returning to Manxland accepted an invitation to open a church bazar in Liverpool. In discharging this duty the novelist waxed humorous on the utilization of games of chance—i. e. raffles—for religious ends. He declared that if anyone present was prompted mainly by the desire to win anything, the best thing he could do was to put on his hat and go away, but if he desired that the church should win, regardless of himself, he could not do better than remain.

"I think," added the author, "the church should be very liberal in its attitude towards the amusement of the people. You have asked me in the character of a novelist and dramatist to open this bazar, and you will not be surprised if I tell you that I have no sympathy with the religious people, the good people who are denouncing the theater and the novel."

* * *

If foreign opinion really is the opinion of posterity, George Moore, like his brother Celt, Bernard Shaw, ought to be happy. Moore's "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa" have just been published in Germany in two volumes, under the common title, "Earthly and Heavenly Love," and Teutonic critics consider the heroine and Owen Asher the most artistic types of psychological character drawing since Flaubert. They say that in them Moore has attained the zenith of soul-analysis.

* * *

American visitors to Rome will be pleased to learn that the high wall which has been built around the old Protestant cemetery, will not much longer be allowed to obscure the view of Keats's grave, the principal object of interest which it contains. An opening is to be made in the wall through which the monument may be seen and, in fact, a better view of it obtained than can be had from the cemetery itself. The advertisements of an American line of steamers at present disfigure the house where Keats died, by the Trinita del Monte steps, but they will be got rid of if the present project for the purchase of the house is carried out.

* * *

The memories of philosophers can never make that appeal to popular interest which is aroused by associations linked with the great poets. It hardly occasions surprise, therefore, that no suggestion has been made that the house at Avignon, where John Stuart Mill spent the last years of his life in tranquil retirement, should be bought and preserved as a memorial of the great logician. Since his death it has been the property of his step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, and is soon to be sold at auction. It was there he withdrew after his constituency had declined to return him to parliament at the general election in 1868. He had many of the instincts of the recluse, and the Avignon cottage provided the environments best calculated to stimulate and foster his extraordinary abilities. It was there some of his best work was done, and his letters testify to the complete contentment of spirit he there enjoyed, due largely to the ministrations of his beloved step-daughter.

* * *

One of the longest wills on record was left by Lord Norton, of Hams Hill, Birmingham, who died recently. It covers over 400 folios.

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