Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

This is one of Moore's "Sacred Songs" and is founded on the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of the book of Exodus in the Bible: "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." Their jubilation was for the escape of the Israelites from the Egyptians. A timbrel is a kind of drum.

Sound the loud trimbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

—Thomas Moore.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

I wonder, when the Christ-child played
Near Joseph's bench, upon the floor
If Mary, watched him, half afraid
Of all the years must hold in store.

I wonder, when his shining head
He wreathed within the curled chips,
If Mary, stung by nameless dread,
Knelt down to stay his finger-tips.

Ah! did she see the thorny crown,
The path that he must tread apart?
Did presage of the cross weigh down
Upon that yearning mother-heart?

If so, I know he turned to her
And softly kissed her lips, her eyes—
So young to be the Comforter
That finds the wound where sorrow lies!

—Exchange.

NOTES.

The most remarkable letters which have appeared for years have just been published under the title of "Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck," translated from the German by William Ashton Ellis. They are the letters that Wagner wrote to Frau Wesendonck during the period of the conception and creation of "Tristan and Isolde," and indeed for years afterward, and they show far beyond anything ever published before Wagner's inner life and feelings during that most interesting period of his career. The story of this important episode of his life has been told before, but never fully and accurately. Here we have the original documents themselves, and they are certainly one of the most remarkable publications of recent years.

* * *

The first piece of fiction that was ever offered in printed form to the Samoans was Robert Louis Stevenson's story of "The Bottle Imp." The idea of the story, Mrs. Stevenson says in her introduction to "Island Nights Entertainment" in the new biographical edition of Stevenson, who suggested to Stevenson by a melodrama which was founded on an old German legend. The similarity of the legend to the Hawaiian folk-stories struck Stevenson particularly, and he wrote the story especially to appeal to the native mind. The tale was translated by a missionary into the Samoan tongue and published serially in the "Sulu," under the title of "O Le Fangu Aitu." The circulation of the paper immediately arose to an enormous extent and the popularity of the story among the Samoans was unlimited. A strong belief remained in the island that the unopened bottle still existed and was safely stowed away in Stevenson's house.

* * *

"I haven't got it, madam," said an English bookseller to a lady who recently asked for one of Browning's volumes. "I make it a rule never to stock any books I can't understand, and I can't make head or tail of Mr. Browning—can you?" Scarcely knowing whether to laugh or be annoyed, but prepared to take some other book, the lady asked, "Have you Praed, then?" "Yes, madam," was the answer, "I've Prayed, and that don't help me!" This story, which seems to be new as well as good, is told in the June issue of "The Book Monthly."

* * *

There have been persistent rumors of late that Jack London, the well-known writer who is passing the summer at Glen Ellen, will soon be married to Miss Charmion Kittredge. These rumors have been strengthened by London's purchase yesterday of the Greenlaw place, a mountain ranch of 128 acres above Glen Ellen and by his declaration that he would build a splendid home on the place.

Miss Kittredge took great interest in the transaction. She is a young woman of prepossessing appearance and comes from a literary family, her uncle being a former publisher of the "Overland Monthly." Miss Kittredge resides with her aunt, Mrs. Eames, above Glen Ellen, and, in company with Jack London, she often rides horseback over the county roads. She sometimes contributes to various magazines.

London has a bungalow near Glen Ellen, where he does much of his writing. At present he is at work on a serial story for the Harpers. The new property he has acquired was held at a high figure, but London took it at the price asked.

Funk & Wagnalls company will publish shortly "The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer," by Frank H. Vizetelly, associate editor of the Standard Dictionary. Besides giving directions to authors on how to prepare copy and correct proofs, Mr. Vizetelly's work points out how authors can effectively reduce the cost of corrections in type, and tells them where and how to make such corrections.

* * *

The recent additions to the store of manuscripts in the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris are now at the service of students. They comprise the papers of Zola, the correspondence of George Sand and Musset, the Brantome manuscripts, the letters of Madame de Stael to Fauriel, the Marlette papers, the correspondence and many other papers of Thiers, and the manuscript account of a voyage to the United States by the Duc de Rochfoucauld-Liancourt.

* * *

The late Lady Dilke, one of the most brilliant women of her time, was not, as has been often stated, the original of Dorothea Brooke, in "Middlemarch." But it is the case, her husband says, that the religious side of that character was taken by George Eliot from the letters of the girl, who was then Mrs. Mark Pattison. There was American blood in their writer, for she was the daughter of Samuel Strong of Augusta, Ga. Her maiden name was Emilia Francis Strong.

* * *

Nobody knows when there will be found any authoritative biography of the author of "Lorna Doone" in the lists devoted to letters. Blackmore left with his representatives directions which forbid access to his papers, and such a book undertaken by outsiders would naturally have no value. The novelist's life was so secluded and uneventful that an account of it could not be made interesting without the letters and other personal documents which are beyond the reach of the literary "grabber."

* * *

In her South African romance entitled "On the Firing Line," Anna Chapin Ray has a collaborator, Hamilton Brock Fuller. Mr. Fuller is a Canadian who grew up just in time to be in the field during the last 18 months of the Boer war, yet he was in two of the more important engagements of that later period. With the Scottish Horse, he fought and was wounded at Vlaakfontein, and, nearly a year later, he was with the South African Light Horse during Lord Kitchener's famous drive at Wolvehoek.

* * *

Miss Ray is an indefatigable literary worker, who scored her first success as the author of a juvenile story, "Teddy: Her Book." Since her first book was published by Little, Brown & Co., she has written almost constantly. Besides her "Teddy" stories she has written three novels, "Each Life Unfulfilled," "The Dominant Strain," and "By the Good Sainte Anne." A new edition of the latter book—a romance of Modern Quebec—has just been published, with many full-page plates of scenes in and around Quebec. In "On the Firing Line" Miss Ray has a wider field than she has compassed before.

* * *

Mrs. E. M. C. Meredith, author of "The Wing of Love," has for many years been deeply interested in psychic phenomena. Her attention was called to the subject by some remarkable happenings in her own family, which were witnessed and attested by others than herself. Since that time she has made a serious study of the subject, and her psychic adventures have been remarkably impressive. Every unusual incident having a possible bearing on psychic matters she has had recorded and witnessed, as in the case of her first experience; and she has, consequently, a mass of authenticated and important data. Mrs. Meredith has a marked aptitude for writing fiction, as shown in "Drumsticks," "The Wings of Love," and it is said that the near future will see a volume from her hand embodying in story form much of her experience of occult phenomena.

* * *

Mrs. George Madden Martin, author of "Emmy Lou" and "The House of Fulfilment," is convalescing slowly at her home in Anchorage, Ky., from a serious case of typhoid fever.

* * *

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "In the Closed Room," will spend the summer in her English country home, Maytham Hall, Kent. She has a novel, the first long work from her pen in a number of years, practically completed.

* * *

John Stuart Mill's library containing about 1,500 volumes in the cottage at Avignon where he lived from 1858 to the time of his death in 1873, was sold by public auction on May 21 to 28, and bought by Madame Roumanille, the widow of Joseph Roumanille, a publisher and bookseller, as well as poet and "paire di felibre." The library contains first editions of Carlyle, Spencer, Malthus, Darwin, Hume, etc., including many presentation copies, which are covered with Mill's annotations. There are images a part of Carlyle, made up from Fraser's Magazine; there is a Pickering Coleridge filled with marks and underlinings; and there are a considerable number of manuscripts, some of them containing the first drafts of essays and books. The catalogue is to be printed in London.

* * *

It appears that Carlyle was instrumental in securing for Tennyson the annual pension of £200 granted him some five years before he was made poet-laureate. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day to Lord Houghton, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" "My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get the pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job." Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response. "Richard Milnes, on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned." As a matter of fact, Lord Houghton took a great deal of trouble in bringing the poet's claims before Sir Robert Peel, who had no previous knowledge of his work. He read the "Ulysses" out aloud to him, and the pension was immediately secured.

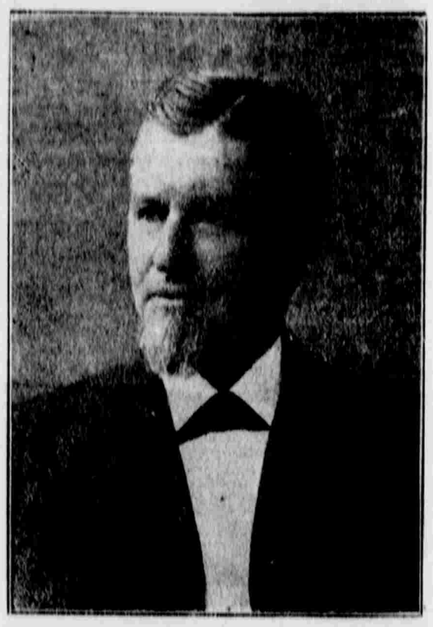
* * *

At last M. Rostand has finished the new play on which he has been at work ever since he wrote "L'Aiglon." He has been paying a flying visit to Paris from his Pyrenean abode at Cambo, and took the completed manuscript with him. "Chanteclair" is its title and the name of its hero. All the characters are birds. As was known from the beginning, Coquelin the elder will be Chanticleer himself, and Paris will see "Coq," as his friends call him, playing the cock of the walk. The lively and nimble M. Galipaux will be the blackbird. Madame Simone le Bargy, full of life, may be the chirping quail, and the perroquet will be impersonated by a clever actress, Madame Augustine Leriche.

There are as many as 60 characters in the piece, all feathered. It is not surprising to be told that the play, in verse, is satirical in an Aristophanesque vein.

"Chanteclair" will be brought out by M. Coquelin as his second novelty next season, after a drama, "L'Attentat," for which two very different writers, MM. Alfred Capus and Yucien Descaves, have collaborated. M. Rostand is reported to have stipulated beforehand that his work must be rehearsed for three full months. He wants it to be a bird.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THE HON. FERAMORZ LITTLE.
As He Looked in His Prime When He was Mayor of Salt Lake City in 1876.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Rex E. Beach, author of "Pardners," temporarily abandoning his commercial career for writing, has surrendered the position he held with a large Chicago manufacturing company. He intends spending the entire summer in literary work. He is deep in a novel dealing more historically with Alaska than do the Alaskan stories in "Pardners," and has begun also a series of stories of western athletics for McClure's Magazine. His name appeared twice in the roll of acceptances connected with the recent Collier competition.

* * *

The New York State Library has prepared a classified list of the 85 best books published in America last year for a village library. Of the 85 books, the following 17 are published by the Macmillan company: "The Sin of David," by Mr. Stephen Phillips; "Getting Acquainted with the Trees," by Mr. J. Horace McFarland; "The Fat of the Land," by Dr. John W. Streeter; "The History of American Music," by Mr. Louis C. Elson; "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden;" "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn; "Highways and Byways of the South," by Mr. Clifton Johnson; "History of the United States of America," by Mr. Henry W. Elson; "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen," by Mr. Jacob A. Riis; "Reminiscences of Peace and War," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; "Thomas Nast: His Period and His Pictures," by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine; "The Crossing," by Mr. Winston Churchill; "The Common Lot," by Mr. Robert Herrick "The Sea-Wolf," by Mr. Jack London; "Dux Christus," by Dr. William Elliot Griffis; "Poverty," by Mr. Robert Hunter, and "Old-Time Schools and School-Books," by Mr. Clifton Johnson.

* * *

The July Arena opens the thirty-fourth volume of this standard review with a very notable table of contents. Among the features that will appeal with special interest to persons interested in civic life and duty are the following: "The Economic Struggle in Colorado," by Hon. J. Warner Mills; "Municipal Black Plague," a story of the period of utter darkness which immediately preceded the recent revolt of the people of Philadelphia, by Rudolph Blankenburg; "How the People Should Acquire Public Utilities," by Prof. E. W. Bemis and F. F. Ingram; and a criticism of Andrew D. White's position on the railway question, by the editor of the Arena. There is also an admirable paper entitled "The Charm of Emerson," by Prof. J. R. Mosley, Ph.D., one of the most fascinating papers that has been written in years on the Concord philosopher; "Homer Davenport: A Cartoonist Dominated by Moral Ideals," illustrated with a number of Mr. Davenport's best drawings; "The Struggle of Autocracy with Democracy in the Mid-Era," by E. P. Powell; "Our Diplomatic Policy in Relation to the Republic of Panama," by Prof. Edwin Maxey; and "The Identity of Socialism and Christianity," by James T. Van Rensselaer. There are two original full page cartoons in this issue; one drawn by Dan. Beard, the other by Ryan Walker, besides four full page halftones printed in sepia on India tint paper. These with the "Mirror of the Present," the book studies, current cartoons, and book reviews make up one of the strongest and most readable numbers of the Arena that has appeared.

* * *

From the standpoint of fashion the August Delineator is a most attractive number, portraying the midsummer styles in all their charm and variety; and it contains, besides the fashions, many features of interest to the general reader and practical householder. The first chapters of a new serial story by Helen M. Winslow is an item of note; it is called "At Spinster Farm," and relates the actual experience of a woman who forsook the busy city for the countryside and found there real peace and happiness. "The Lucky-Piece" is continued, and there are also short stories by Cyrus Townsend Brady and Lynn Roby Meekins. Of general interest are articles on "Old Fashioned Timepieces," and "Old-Time Summer Resorts," and on Martin Luther's famous hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." Mothers will find Dr. Murray's paper on "Feeding the Child" well worth reading, and for the children themselves there are "Animal Fairy Tale," by D. Frank Baum, and a "Son Riley Rabbit" story. House plans and housefurnishing ideas and suggestions in cookery and other housewifely matters complete the number, which is of interest throughout.

* * *

"The Bi Wind," by Fisher Ames, Jr., is the leading story in the Youth's Companion this week, and is followed by the usual complement of good stories, and educational articles and poetry, with the regular entertaining matter in the children's department. An article worthy of special note is "How News Travels in the Arctic World," by Gen. A. W. Greeley, chief signal officer of the U. S. A.

UNDERTAKER TALK.

Winston Churchill, the novelist, was talking about awkward and unusual forms of expression.

"In Concord, the other day," he said, "I heard of an undertaker's speech that seemed to me extremely awkward and unusual.

"It was at a funeral, a funeral in a private house, and the officiating clergyman was just about to begin his address, when the undertaker tiptoed up to him, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"'Excuse me, doctor, but the corpse's brother wishes to speak to you.'"

John Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress" as a Kaffir.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 12.—John Bunyan wouldn't recognize his own "Pilgrim" or his "Progress" either after certain changes which that famous character and his adventures have been undergoing lately. The Religious Tract society, which distributes reading matter among natives the world over, has been adapting Bunyan's famous work for understanding by the Matabeles of South Africa, and a truly startling transformation is the result. Instead of wearing the armour of a knight of the middle ages, Christian has become a poor Kaffir armed with a knobkerry, shield and assegai. He sets out from a native kraal, which takes the place of the City of Destruction; the Slough of Despond is a mud hole in the veldt, while Evangelist is represented by an English missionary. One might have thought that to provide a South African substitute for Vanity Fair would have stumped the adapter, but it didn't, for he has made it a war dance festival. Finally, Demas is pictured as trying to tempt Christian and Hopeful to enter a gold mine. The thing suggests boundless and somewhat affrighting possibilities. Think, for instance, of a Pygmy "Sandford and Merton," or a Hausa "Alice in Wonderland!"

* * *

Is too much space devoted to Dickens, Thackeray, Lamb and their contemporaries? R. S. Warren Bell, who wrote "Bachelorland" and "The Cub in Love" thinks that there is. In a letter to a literary journal Mr. Bell maintains that those authors have had their day, whereas hundreds of modern writers are rapping at the editorial doors and asking for notice. "Dickens and Thackeray wrote supremely well for their own generation," says Warren Bell, "but do not present day authors cater with equal skill for theirs? Let the 'precious' literary circle stifle that hysterical shriek of joy with which they greet a 'hitherto unpublished' letter by Mrs. Carlyle. When do we not live in fear of being threatened with another issue of Lamb volumes 'edited' by some bright young humorist? It is the province of some people to edit and of others to create. When I find one of the latter usurping the functions of the former I can only compare his labors to those of a sculptor of creative genius furbishing up Landseer's lions in Trafalgar square.

"I have been spurred on to utter this protest by a remark recently made in my hearing by a publisher. Said he, 'It's the dead 'uns that pay us.' And the 'dead 'uns' will continue to pay better than the live 'uns as long as the press goes on devoting columns to defunct authors which should be reserved for the exploitation of the thought and energy of writers who are not only alive but—hungry."

After that, it seems almost presumptuous to remark that a Charles Dickens letter, which is to be sold in London this month, is of special interest as an indication of the excellent relations which existed between the author and his various publishers. This letter was written by Dickens to F. M. Evans in March, 1853, and in the course of it the writer said:

"I have gone through the accounts and find them in all respects intelligible, explicit and plain. It is indeed a glorious balance, and expanded my chest considerably (I don't mean any pun) at breakfast this morning. Fifteen hundred pounds today, and the rest on the 10th of April will suit me perfectly. I can most heartily say that all our intercourse has been one of pleasure and satisfaction to me and that I have been very happy in it. I hope we shall never terminate our business engagements until that printer in stone, who will have to be employed at last, shall set finis over our last binding in boards."

* * *

All Americans who read "The Little White Bird" will be interested in hearing that J. M. Barrie possesses a special key to Kensington Gardens, the fascinating regions in Hyde Park which Mr. Barrie made the scene of his modern fairy story. A friend of the novelist's tells me that soon after the publication of "The Little White Bird" it was read with delight by the late Duke of Cambridge, who was ranger of Hyde Park. A few days afterwards the duke, who was, of course, Queen Victoria's cousin, sent a charming note to Barrie expressing the pleasure he had taken in the book and enclosing a key to the gate in Kensington Gardens opposite to Mr. Barrie's house in the Bayswater road, saying he thought it a fitting gift for the author of so fascinating a work. That the present was valued is shown by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Barrie are in the habit of using the key and going in the gardens on summer evenings.

* * *

It seems that Americans on their travels will do well not to depend upon the accuracy of memorial tablets. Somebody has just discovered, for instance, that such tablets on two different buildings in Paris inform the sightseer that he is passing the house where Moliere was born. One is in the Rue de Pont Neuf, the other in the Rue Sauval. Moreover one inscription declares that the dramatist was born in 1620, the other that he saw the light in 1622. Oddly enough, until a comparatively short time ago, Paris contained two houses in which Moliere was said to have died. Both of them likewise bore memorial tablets. However, someone who was interested in literary matters and endowed with uncommon patience and persistence eventually succeeded in getting the municipal authorities to remove one of the inscriptions, so perhaps in time the place in which the great playwright really was born will be authoritatively identified.

* * *

It is hoped in this country that a Wordsworth enthusiast may become the purchaser of the Gowbarrow estate, which is for sale. It lies on the north side of Ullswater and is associated by all lovers of the poet with "Aira's Force" and "Lyulph's Force." It inspired Wordsworth to write the poem called "Airey Waving Boughs" caused by the breeze entering the glen. "The Daffodils" was also written at Gowbarrow. The force is a prominent feature in "The Somnambulist," where Wordsworth put into words the story of a girl who walked in her sleep, fell into the stream and was rescued by her lover. De Quincey called Gowbarrow the most romantic of parks and says that he saw there "alternately for four miles the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles."

* * *

Apropos of the recent purchase of the house in Rome where Joseph Severn nursed the dying Keats, it has just been suggested here that Americans might well recognize in some way the residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne in Rome and perhaps that of W. W. Storey. Hawthorne's visit gave the world "Transformation" and "Italian Note-Books;" while the sculptor wrote "Roba di Roma" and "Castle St. Angelo" from the riches of knowledge. The Pincian Gardens are already dotted with busts of celebrated Romans of modern and classic times, while the Borghese Gardens contain memorials of Goethe and Victor Hugo.

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