EUROPE FROM THE TOURIST'S EYE; DR. HOGE'S SERMONS IN BOOK FORM

Publishers' List of the Week Contains Number of Interesting Features.

WAR SONGS OF THE SOUTH

Collection Made by Dr. Wharton Just Issued From the Press. Other Books.

A YEAR IN EUROPE. By Walter W. Moore, D. D., LL. D., President of Union Theological Seminary. Published and sold by the Presbyterian Committee on Publication, Richmond, Va. 358 pages. Price $1.25 net.

Dr. Moore's book begins with his landing at Southampton, England, in the month of June, the year 1902. Before entering upon the description of his travels the Doctor devotes some space to a review of his voyage from New York to Southampton, made in the steamship Bremen. The personality of the ship's company and the incidents of crossing are presented to view in a very graphic and entertaining manner.

In his mention of Southampton, after referring to its historical connection with Canute the Dane, William the Conqueror, William Rufus, the Crusaders and the Mayflower, Dr. Moore declares that his chief reason for devoting some time to the old city is his desire to see the status there of the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, a man who, as the writer observes, "has established a wider, more real, more beneficent and more lasting reign over human hearts than many of the earlier English kings were able to achieve."

In a chapter where he next writes about Salisbury, Sarm and Stonehenge Dr. Moore gives vent to his admiration of rural England in the following charming paragraph:

"The farmers were cutting the lush grass in some places, impregnating the air with the delicious fragrance of new mown hay. In other fields the wheat was standing thick, with here and there a blaze of scarlet poppies, sometimes an acre or two in extent, a solid mass of brilliant red, no green or other color visible at all. Still prettier, if possible, are the scattered poppy blooms in a field of half-ripe grain, looking like ruby bubbles on a gently moving, sun-lit sea."

Of Winchester, England, one is informed by Dr. Moore that "Winchester, then, with her ancient cathedral and her ancient school, with her Alfred the Great, her Izaak Walton and her Thomas Ken, with her wealth of heroic and gentle and saintly memories, has given two of the most profitable days of our sojourn in Southern England."

In regard to London, Dr Moore believes that Byron's description, given here, records the very impression that a traveler receives. Byron's lines draw the picture of

"A mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye can reach.'
With here and there a sail just skipping
In sight; then lost, amid the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London town."

The very interesting chapters of Dr. Moore's book are those in which the author gives "The English View of the Fourth of July," and "How the English Regard Americans." In beginning one on the English House of Commons, Dr. Moore observes: "The nominal ruler of the British Empire is His Majesty Edward VII. The real ruler is the House of Commons."

The comparison drawn between the hall of the House of Commons and that of the House of Lords, as contrasted with the hall of the House of Representatives and the Senate chamber in Washington, D. C., will be noted with interest by all readers. Dr. Moore afterward finishes his reference to his visiting the English Parliament in this way:

"One of the most striking things," he says, "about the House of Commons to the view of an American visitor is the well-groomed appearance of the members. They are invariably attired in faultless Prince Albert coats, often with boutonniere on the lapel, and they all wear silk hats, which, by the way, they are not expected to take off during the sittings, except when addressing the House. It is said to be the best-dressed assembly in the world, and is in sharp contrast with the more democratic and inconventional, not to say slovenly, mode of dressing which obtains in the American House of Representatives."

A chapter on "Cambridge and Her Schools" next claims attention, after which the Doctor proceeds on his journey "From England to Scotland," with a very evident delight at greeting the latter country.

"To one who, like myself," writes Dr. Moore, "regards Sir Walter Scott as the greatest novelist that ever lived, the opportunity to visit his home at Abbotsford and his grave at Dryburgh, and to drink in the exquisite beauty of the Tweed valley, is one to be thankful for indeed." It is easy to read anything so spontaneously and delightfully written as Dr. Moore's impressions of "Some English and Scotch Preachers" and of "Scottish Character." An anecdote illustrative of Scotch strictness in Sabbath keeping tells one that

"A devout Scotch minister once stopped at a country inn, in the northern part of his native land, to pass Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised, so they might have some fresh air in the room.

"Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this house on the Sawbath?"

"Stirling, the lakes and Glasgow are a delight indeed to the reader who looks at them through Dr. Moore's eyes; so, also, his views of "Inverness and Memories of Flora Macdonald." Dr. Moore, in referring to the famous heroine of Scott's great novel, "Waverly," dwells upon the fact of her residence with her husband and family for several years from 1774 to 1779 in the State of North Carolina, of her return to Scotland and her burial place in the Kilmuir churchyard at the north end of Skye. Rugby and Oxford share one's interest subsequently with Westminster Abbey, which, with its royal chapels, Dr. Moore considers "the most interesting building in the world.

From England Dr. Moore's reader is taken to Paris, where the tragical history of the Huguenots is recalled; to Holland and to Leyden, Amsterdam, the Rhine and the Alps; to Venice, Bologna, Florence and Pisa, and, lastly, to the Eternal City.

The usual narrative and episode of travel is everywhere animated and enlivened by legend and tradition, by unexpected and unusual references which refresh the mind and render the book a mine of individuality and originality, apart and aside from the inevitable facts of routes and stopping places, which are so unusually well told, and appeal so thoroughly to interest and imagination.

WAR SONGS AND POEMS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. Collected and Retold with Personal Reminiscences of the War. By H. M. Wharton, D. D. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 412 pages, profusely illustrated.

Dr. Wharton makes a commendable effort to preserve and to transmit to the generations to come the war songs and poems of the South. He has gathered in this volume such of these songs and poems as he considers worthy of preservation.

"My object," he declares, "has been to rescue from oblivion these productions of a people as brave and true as ever lived." Their songs and poems are the property of the nation. There is now, he adds, no North, no South, no East, no West. One handles the book reverently. In it are lines that have not the slightest claims to serious consideration as literature; side by side with them are others choice and beautiful. All were born of a nation's trials and suffering, and they came straight from the Southern heart. In this earnestness of appeal lies their power to move—a power that has not yet deserted them and that never will. What audience can sit stolidly through the martial strains of "Dixie" and "Maryland?" In the same manner, who can read without a thrill the stirring battle-cry of some of the old bards—Ryan, Thompson, Hayne, Tucker, McCabe and a score of others. Some of the familiar songs are missing from the book, but the majority of those worth keeping are here. The last Southern poem in the volume is the noble tribute of the poet-priest of the South to "The Conquered Banner" and this is one of the very finest of all the selections. On the page following, and completing the selections, is the reply to this poem, written by Sir Henry Houghton, Bart., of England.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is the introduction, devoted to the author's reminiscences of war days. Dr. Wharton served as a private in the army of General Lee, and he relates some of his experiences in the days of '61-'65. To the sainted Gordon, his commander, he gives the highest praise and to him he dedicates the book. He discusses this war-time poetry that he has collected and relates a pleasant little incident in his own career that shows the popularity of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" wherever it may be sung:

"I was crossing the ocean a few summers ago, on the Anchor Line steamer Furnesia. It so happened that we found the Fourth of July out in mid-ocean and determined to celebrate it. There being a great dearth of good speakers, the selection fell upon me to make the address, and I responded the best I could. Of course, I need not say it was eminently patriotic and loyal to the Stars and Stripes At the conclusion, however, I announced to my audience that I was the only Southern man on board ship; that I was an ex-Confederate soldier, and, if it pleased them, I would conclude my address by singing a Confederate war song, thus giving them a piece of unwritten history. This announcement was received with applause, and I proceeded at once to sing with all my might and the fervor of a true Southern heart "The Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

The clapping and cheering that followed gave unmistakable evidence that this song of the South was well received. That day at dinner we had, of course, the usual patriotic meal—Columbia, soup, State spangled banner pudding, Stars and Stripes ice cream, etc.—and at every plate, save mine, there was a small American flag, about three by four inches large. At my plate there was blue flag with a white star in the middle. Several hundred guests, seated at the table, had evidently been informed of the delicate little compliment that had been paid to me, and when I lifted the flag from its place, a very pleasant greeting came from all who were present, and I proceeded to devour, with unusual delight, the dinner that was set before me.

The book abounds in interest, and will find its way into the library of every ex-Confederate and every Southerner who wishes now and then to turn back to the history of that far-gone day, and see the mighty heroes again fighting for their home and country. It is hoped that in a second edition a more careful editorial supervision and a more scrupulous typographical neatness and correctness will be observed. There are a number of illustrations in the book, and several of them picture spots familiar to Richmond eyes—the monument in Hollywood, the Franklin Street residence where General Lee lived two years, and other places.

THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., LL. D. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va., 335 pages. Price, $1.25 net.

To churchmen in general, and to the Presbyterians of the South in particular, no book of the year will prove more interesting or more welcome than this first collection of the sermons of Dr. Hoge. Thousands, who delighted and profited to hear the gifted orator, and the saintly minister of God, will read his written words with the memory of the striking, erect, earnest figure still before them. It has not been too long since the voice of Dr. Hoge was heard in this city to make this memory clear and distinct.

"The voice of the preacher still lingers in our ear," and with this book containing the very essence of what he spent his life in teaching it is not hard to picture the time when he filled a Richmond pulpit. Now and again, as one reads a sermon out of the book, a familiar sentence lies upon the page, and the eye may be turned away while the mind carries out the thought impressed upon it by the speaker himself, not so many years ago.

The preface states that to the very close of his fifty-four years of service in the one pulpit, Dr. Hoge was so intent upon the work which his hand found to do, that he could not be persuaded to go aside, and prepare the volumes so many desired, sermons, addresses, memoirs. The sermons embraced in this volume were taken, not from his pen, but from his lips, by a stenographer, and when written out, were only in two or three cases revised by him. They are, therefore, almost entirely, word for word, as they were delivered from the pulpit. Some of them were preached in a number of places, and were heard by great congregations. The preface also expresses a regret which many will echo—that with these sermons have not been preserved, the prayers which accompanied them.

The book contains twenty-two sermons, and a lecture delivered at the University of Virginia, "The Success of Christianity an Evidence of Its Divine Origin." The sermons are as follows: "The Perfection of Beauty;" "Not of This World;" "The Holy Mountains;" "The River That Maketh Glad;" "A Little Sanctuary;" "The Survival of the Fittest;" "The Silences of Scripture;" "But These Are Written;" "The Universal Religion;" "John the Baptist;" "Liddon, Bersier, Spurgeon;" "My Mother and My Brethren;" "Kind Words to a Doubting Heart;" "God's Tender Mercy;" "Weeping Over Jerusalem;" "What Mean Ye, by This Service?" "His Hour and His Prayer;" "His Hands and His Side;" "Teach Us to Pray;" "In the Swelling of Jordan;" "A Coffin in Egypt;" and "Unfulfilled Obligations at Last Fulfilled."

WOMEN'S WAYS OF EARNING MONEY. By Cynthia Westover Alden, president-general of the International Sunshine Society; A. L. Barnes and Company, New York, 274 pages; small 12 mo. cloth, $1 net.

With this volume is introduced the Woman's Home Library, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. The effect the little series will make is praiseworthy, one, and the books promise to be all that is claimed for them in the way of helpfulness to the woman in the home.

"The woman at home," says Mrs. Sangster, "encumbered as women often are with pressing and relentless care, frequently finds herself in need of helpful advice. She cannot go abroad in search of it, and she has neither time nor inclination to read exhaustive treatises, which beat about the circumference of what she wishes to learn, but are slow in getting at the core of things. Her felt want is a library of her own, a library of little books, easily held in the hand, written by experts, and conveying information as only experts can. She does not ask for her special bookshelf volumes, couched in ornate phrases or weighted with superfluous learning; her desire is far straightforward, simply worded, lucid statements, made by writer to render, without waste of diction, and with colloquial freedom. Her books must be concise; must be accurate, and must be designed for her. Each book in its particular niche must carry to her its individual message."

No truer words than these that indicate the humble, but worthy, pretension of this little series. The opening volume, which has attracted very widespread attention, attempts to indicate the ways in which women may earn a living. The suggestions by Mrs. Alden are helpful. To old-fashioned Southern eyes the pages that instruct women in the arts, the professions, even the trades, that are held and should be held the peculiar domain of men (not so much for the sake of the men themselves as for the women), these pages of the book are not particularly alluring or attractive. But there are women and women, and Mrs. Alden runs the gamut and throws open the door for them upon every hand. If they choose to enter they may; if their training or their sense of the fitness of things forbids them to do so, they may turn elsewhere. It is the woman herself who makes the choice, not the book. This fact recalled settles many a doubt, and makes unnecessary the demur that will inevitably call for expression when one considers certain of the chapters in the little volume.

THE MOTHER'S MANUAL. By Evelyn L. Coolidge, M. D., visiting physician in the Babies' Hospital, New York. R. L. Barnes and Company, New York, 253 pages. In the Woman's Home Library.

This is a most valuable book, prepared with great care, and written with gratifying simplicity and directness by a woman whose knowledge of the subject is undoubted. Dr. Coolidge, a woman, holds a recognized position in the medical world. She has given years to the study of the proper care of the baby, and the volume now issued gathers the results of this experience. Every young mother will welcome the book. It is practical and helpful, and, what is most, important of all, its trustworthiness may be relied upon. There is nothing theoretical or experimental in it. But there is on every page a kernel of fact that will be found most useful to the mother in the nursery. The arrangement is such that the volume will prove a hand-book that may be turned to at once with an assurance of finding the latest and the best in its way.

CALUMET "K." By Merwin Webster. The Macmillan Company, New York; paper, 345 pages. Price, 25 cents.

The publication of this paper edition of a book that attracted very great interest when it appeared originally, has served to recall the fact that Samuel Merwin was born at Evanston, Ill., thirty years ago, and was educated at public schools of Evanston and Detroit and at Northwestern University. He "grew up on Lake Michigan" and knows the lake itself, its shores, the schooners that ply its waters and the men that sail them. With Henry K. Webster he wrote "The Short-Line War." Mr. Merwin was married June 25, 1901, to Miss Edna Earl Liesheim, of Evanston, and has since moved to Netherwood, N. J. Since Mr. Webster went to Paris Mr. Merwin has written novels alone, and the curious have amused themselves noting which elements in "The Short-Line War" and "Calumet K" each supplied.

GOD'S LIVING ORACLES. By Arthur T. Pierson. The Baker and Taylor Company, publishers, New York city; 257 pages. $1 net. For sale by Hunter and Company.

In the early months of 1903, Dr. Pierson delivered in London the Exeter Hall lectures on the Bible, a series that created considerable of an impression in the literary and the religious world. A popular demand for the collection and preservation of the lectures has led to the present publication. What Dr. Pierson said in 1903 he has made the substance of this book. The lectures themselves were informal and extemporaneous; the author has now reduced his thoughts to writing, and while avoiding an over-large volume, has managed within brief space to expand the original scheme somewhat. "God's Living Oracles" are the evidences within the Bible that the word was inspired by His Spirit. In the words of Dr. Pierson himself, the sole aim of the book is to awaken faith where it does not exist and to strengthen and confirm it where it does. The work is adapted to the every-day reader.

AN EVANS OF SUFFOLK. By Anna Farquhar. Published by L. C. Page and Company, of Boston. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

Miss Farquhar's book gives one the impression of wasted force and energy. The story in bold outline is that of a young woman who has turned her back on a convict father and an unspeakable home atmosphere, and has married into a very conservative and unimpeachable Boston family, her husband being in utter ignorance of her social disadvantages, and of the fact that she is already a widow. Almost immediately after her second marriage, the struggle with which the book occupies itself begins. It is the struggle of the wife to keep up appearances and to prevent her newly-made relatives and the husband whom she has learned to love very sincerely, from finding out the truth about herself and the facts in regard to the false position in which she is placed.

Danger thickens. The family suspect mischief and distrust the author of it. Only the husband is not to be turned from his allegiance, and is unswerving in his devotion to his wife, raising her by the unselfishness of his love to a higher plane of thought and action.

At length the climax is reached, when the wife's mother, from whom she has separated herself, dies suddenly at a lonely country house without the comfort that she craves, that of her daughter's presence. The suicide of the disreputable father—"An Evans of Suffolk, England."—follows. Then the web of deceit and wrong doing is broken. A full confession on the wife's part is followed by the beginning of married life over again, founded this time on perfectly understanding and mutual forbearance and tenderness.

The style and composition of the book is good and the characters, especially those of "Miss Zitella Fuller" and "Bucky Stranger," are well drawn. But moral questions are raised that are not answered, and one cannot but help think that Death seldom, in real and practical life, intervenes to save a guilty person from the consequences of a long career of deception, built upon an ambitious desire of self-aggrandizement, and a total disregard of the plain principles of duty.

RICHARD GRESHAM. By Robert Morss Lovett. Publishe dby the Macmillan Company, of London and New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

A book of strang dramatic tendencies in description and expression, and one of sustained interest throughout, with its scenes changing back and forth between a gold mine in Mongolia and a stock broker's office in Wall Street, New York.

Mr. Lovett stands confessed in his authorship as a man of the world who knows his blue book, and has looked with the eyes of wisdom upon the shifting, elusive phantasmagoria that constitutes the American world of business and society.

Having so looked, Mr. Lovett knows how to write of the difficulties besetting the faith of that American man who, in the midst of the hurly-burly around him, dedicates his life to the fulfilling of a purpose ,and keeps his heart sacred to clean motives and honest uprightness in intention.

The story of "Richard Gresham" is far removed from the commonplace, but it carries throughout its every page the illuminating truth of an old, old axiom, one which has come down through the years in the admonition, that in all things and at all times "Honesty is the best policy."

THAT SANDHILLER. By Malvina Sarah Waring. Published by the Neale Company, of New York and Washington. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

The scene of a book appearing over a name, which is newly added to the list of American literature, might be laid in South Carolina, Georgia or Florida. The period described is that shortly before the Civil War. "The Sandhillers," for whom the book is named, are represented to be a class of ignorant, uneducated whites, living in rude cabins, utterly destitute of the refinements and the ennobling influences which make the real happiness of life.

The story is melodramatic in the extreme. It possesses the curious quality of seeming to be written by a woman of strong imagination, but one who is not personally familiar with what she describes, so that her book-pictures and characters are altogether wanting in reality and naturalness. Such narrations are always very misleading, as any one must realize who gives even a cursory glance at what is said about a Southern plantation in "That Sandhiller," about its management and methods of life.

The strongest impression that the authoress createst is that she cannot possibly be a Southern woman by birth or education. Had she been, "That Sandhiller" would never have been offered to the public in its present form.

Books Received.

The New South and Other Addresses, by Henry Woodfin Grady, with biography, critical opinions, and explanatory note by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York city; 186 pages; mailing price, 24 cents.

The Southern Poets, selected poems of Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne, by J. W. Abernethy, Ph. D. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York city. Paper; 78 pages; mailing price, 12 cents.

A Prudential Make-Believe and a Sinister Precedent, by Alfred Iles. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Paper; 38 pages; price, 25 cents.

In the Footprints of Boone, an historical romance of pioneer days in Kentucky, by Garrett M. Davis. Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.; 291 pages.

The Hollow Earth, by F. T. Ives, author of "Yankee Jumbles." Broadway Publishing Company, New York city; 162 pages.

The Panorama of Sleep, or Sane and Symbol, by Nina Picton, author of "At The Threshold" (Laura Deaborn); illustrated by Remington W. Lane. Published by The Philosophic Company, New York; 100 pages; $1.

Virginia Magazine.

The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. XII, No. 1, for July, has the following interesting table of contents:

1. Proceedings of the Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 1759-1767.
2. Census of Gloucester county, 1782-1783.
3. The Vestry Book of King William Parish, Va., 1707-1750.
4. The site of old "James Towne," 1607-1698.
5. Moravian Diaries of Travels Through Virginia.
6. Virginia Gleanings in England.
7. Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries.
8. In genealogy—The Bruce Morton, Fielding, Davis, Brooke and Herndon Families.
9. Book Reviews.

Such of the July Critic as is not given over to the usual popular features is devoted to a series of fine articles commemorative of the centennial of Nathaniel Hawthorne, celebrated on July 4th. The cover has been especially designed for the purpose, with ornamentation by Ernest Haskell and a portrait drawn from the famous Brady photograph of the great romancist by Kate Rogers Nowell. The contributors to the number are most of them men who knew Hawthorne on terms of intimacy, among them his son Julian, who writes of his father's "Last Years." Moncure D. Conway writes of "My Hawthorne Experiences," Elizabeth Luther Cary of "Hawthorne and Emerson," Annie Russell Marble of "Gloom and Cheer in Hawthorne," Benjamin de Casseres of "Hawthorne, Emperor of Shadows," Carolyn Shipman of "Illustrated Editions of 'The Scarlet Letter,'" Howard M. Ticknor of "Hawthorne as Seen by His Publishers," Charles Townsend Copeland of "Hawthorne's Use of His Material," Francis Gribble of "Hawthorne from an English Point of View," Herbert W. Horwill of "Hawthorne's 'America' Fifty Years After."

These articles are copiously illustrated with portraits of Hawthorne at various ages, of his ancestors, of his wife and others, and of his homes and haunts.

The North American Review contains a number of choice articles from the pen of men famous in the world of letters. The table of contents is as follows: China in Transformation and the War, by Archibald R. Colquhoun; Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Hamilton W. Mable; The British in Tibet—a Russian View, by Prince E. Oukhtomsky; Why Women Cannot Vote in the United States, by Ida Husted Harper; The Labor Problem on the Panama Canal, by Brigadier-General P. C. Hains, U. S. A.; Arms and Ammunition in Japan, by W. H. Blumenstein; The Alaskan Boundary; its Practicability and Cost, by Thomas Hodgins, Judge of the Admiralty Court, Canada; Degeneracy of the German Army, by Wolf von Schierbrand; South Africa After the Boer War, by Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. Stone, R. A., lately resident magistrate and civil commissioner in the Transvaal; Democratic Expansion, by H. W. Seymour; Is American Literature Bourgeois? by Josephine Daskam Bacon; A Foreign Estimate of Mr. Roosevelt, by Anglo-American; The New Hell, by George T. Knight, professor of Christian Theology in Tufts College; The Son of Royal Langbrith.—VII., a novel, by W. D. Howells.

The July number of The Popular Science Monthly contains the following articles: "A Visit to the Japanese Zoological Station at Misaki," by Professor Bashford Dean; "Hugo de Vries's Theory of Mutations," by Professor A. A. W. Hubrecht; "The Immigrant, Past and Present," by Dr. Allan McLaughlin; "Why is the Human Ear Immobile?" by Dr. Walter Smith; "Some Eighteenth Century Evolutionists," by Professor Arthur Lovejoy; "Salt," by Professor Charles W. Super; "Walter Reed," by Major Walter D. McCaw; "The Royal Prussian Academy of Science and the Fine Arts," by Edward F. Williams.

The Architectural Record for July is sarcastically critical of modern reconstructed business house fronts. It says that as business sections are continually changing we are often confronted with an apparition of what was an orderly and well-designed dwelling house now supported on stilts in the form of iron columns, and these surmounted by a galvanized cornice, the upper part of the building being apparently held up by the plate glass show windows. How a city may be redeemed in a large measure if the right kind of effort is used in these reconstruction proceedings is described and illustrated with fullness. "Hillair," the country house of Paul Gilbert Thebaud, at White Plains, N. Y., is the subject of a number of plates and an article by William Heming. The new fashion or taste for ornamental iron and bronze is recognized in the article by Charles de Kay, with illustrations. Herbert Croly answers the question "What is Civic Art?" in an interesting chapter, and there is a critique on the new Schlesinger & Mayer Building in Chicago.

In Wilshire's Magazine for July Edwin Markham has a review of Mrs. Wharton's Sanctuary. Tom Mann, the well-known English labor leader, who is now traveling in Australia, contributes an article upon socialism in that country. The editor has an article upon Nikola Tesla's promise to put all the world in touch with each other through the transmission of power without wires. The editor draws the conclusion that it is the tendency of the organic evolution of society to have each part of society in complete intellectual touch with every other part of society.

MILLER & RHOADS'S BOOK NEWS.

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Books reviewed on this page for sale by us.

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Cloth Copyrighted Books, 25c.

"Heart of Rome," "The Virginia," "The Conqueror," "Joan of the Sword Hand," "A Man of Millions," and many others.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

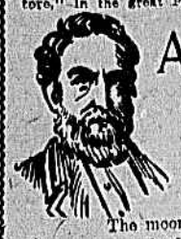
No. 238.

AUX ITALIENS.

BY BULWER-LYTTON.

Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, Earl of Lytton, was born in London, 1831, died in Paris, 1891. He was the son of Edward Lord Lytton, the celebrated novelist, and like his father, found time in a busy life to gain a large audience for his writings. His whole life was spent in the diplomatic service, and he was Viceroy of India in 1876. Earl Lytton wrote under the non de plume, "Owen Meredith."

The scene of this poem, as the name indicates, is at an Italian Opera, "Il Trovatore," in the great Paris Opera House.



AT PARIS it was, at the Opera there;—
And she look'd like a queen in a book, that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow:
And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burn'd low,
"Non ti scordar di me?"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Look'd grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye,
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betroth'd and I;
My gaze was fix'd on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she lean'd on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast,
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jesmine-flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd, and look'd. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and dress'd
In that muslin dress with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here; and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curv'd between:—
From my bride-betroth'd with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short from the Future back to the Past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door,
I travers'd the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be express,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she lov'd me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we 'll let that pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't lov'd every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine-flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

Lytton

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