

Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

A BOOK OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

"Calvary," by "Rita": Macmillan Pub. Co., Canada.

In an introductory note to the book "Calvary," the author tells us that the work is the outcome of anxious thought and study of religious systems. While there is a great deal of interesting reading in the three hundred closely printed pages of the book, we have very grave doubts as to the good to be accomplished by the said "outcome." We are treated to a dissertation upon innumerable religious sects, and must confess to much bewilderment as we look forward to the end of the book, and a hoped-for gathering of the threads of the story into an explanatory whole. The bewilderment is only increased when we perceive, upon conclusion, that the threads are still dangling helplessly, and nothing in the way of a solution, or a reconciliation was arrived at. The story is ruined by David's unpardonable failure. A man who is so far above the ordinary run of mankind as to be privileged to hold communion with the archangel Michael would surely have discernment enough to see through the vulgarly transparent wiles of a woman like Lady Pamela, who, empty headed as she is, has sufficient power to encompass David's fall. All the women who figure in the plot are types of only a very small percentage of the sex, though the author would lead us to believe they represent the large majority. As far as we can gather the author thinks the following paragraph embodies Truth as he has found it. We are very glad not to be able to agree with him in some particulars.

"Art lives and relives, and love that blesses human lives, and goodness that makes those lives divine; and divinity that is born into humanity in types of greater or lesser significance to teach the holy lessons of suffering and of selflessness. Our David was such a one. Strong of soul, pure of heart, and yet not strong enough for life's most subtle tempting. For by woman he is given back again and yet again into physical existence. By woman is he cursed and by woman is he redeemed. Only one Incarnation was pure enough and help enough to defy her treachery. For sake of it her soul shall win redemption. Not for long reasons. Not for countless and still countless ages. For she who has cradled manhood and the Divinity cannot but be the slave of both."

The Story.

In the beginning of the book we are introduced to David, and his vision of the archangel Michael, and we are given a very beautiful, if very fanciful, description of the earth's and the sea's reception of the heavenly visitant. The place is Cornwall, and David stands at the foot of the mountain that bears the angel's name, the waves at his feet, the salt spray on his lips, and listens to the angel's message, then and there dedicating his life to the service of God.

David is a little waif of the sea. His foster-parents, rough fisher-folk of Cornwall, had found him bound to a broken spar that had been cast up on the beach, and had tenderly cared for him and brought him up as their own son. From the first something about the lad apart from his wonderful beauty distinguished him from other children, and the reader expects great things of David.

Another character who is early introduced is "The Wanderer." David discovers him living in a cave near the sea. "The Wanderer" installs himself as the lad's protector, and from the first to the last helps him in almost every occasion of need. "The Wanderer" gains our respect at once, partly on account of the mystery that surrounds him. He seems to have wealth and power at his command, and an inexhaustible fund of knowledge, yet he lives the life of a vagabond. It is through his influence that David meets with Squire Craddock, a man of most enigmatical personality. He undertakes the education of David, sends him to college, travels abroad with him, and shows him life in its many aspects. It is he, too, who plants the first seeds of doubt in the lad's mind.

This doubt is further engendered by the influence of a young "rationalist" clergyman, Ormiston, at whose very fashionable church David is invited to preach, and where he meets the beautiful seductive Lady Pamela, a woman of very small wit and no refinement, wedded to a wealthy Jew whom she loathes, the latter, though he figures so little in the story is one of the most consistent characters in the book. Lady Pamela is as insatiable as a syren for the love of men other than her husband. From the time of her meeting with David dates the beginning of the young man's downfall, and we think the reader is quite justified in expecting him to have rendered a better account of himself.

At the last David has at least the grace to die, which he does honorably in the service of his friend "The Wanderer."

There is a little bread and butter miss who acts as a contrast to Lady Pamela. This is Ruth, a fisherman's daughter in love with David, and so far as we know, faithful to him until the end of the book. A score or more characters figure in the pages. In conclusion it might be explained that "The Wanderer" is supposed to be an example of the suffering of rebirth where memory is as deathless as life. The Oriental philosopher who makes his

appearance near the end of the book thus describes the best character in the story:

"In past ages Fate and evil fortune persecuted him, and his soul grew bitter within him, and he hated his fellowmen, and cursed existence as a thing profitless and of no account. On a day marked in the history of mankind as no other day is marked, a chance came to this man to redeem his soul by one kindly word, to lift himself out of the common round of suffering. He let his chance pass by. It passed with a martyr's rebuke. It passed to the stony heights of Calvary. It passed leaving him desolate and accursed, for life denies him nothing but forgetfulness of life. From age to age he lives and suffers and remembers."

The story is an evidence of the author's extensive research in religion and philosophy, and his conscientious effort to produce the result of his labors. We think a year or two more of study and quiet contemplation would have meant a far more worthy and enlightening result.

AN INTERESTING VOLUME
MARCUS WHITMAN

Someone has truly said that a great subject writes itself. This is exemplified in Rev. Myron Eell's book on Marcus Whitman. American readers are all more or less familiar with the history of this great patriot and Blazer of the long Trail, but the story of his travels has never been put in a more attractive form, and much of the information contained in the volume throws new light on the fascinating history of the great Pacific Northwest. The extracts from the letters of Whitman's wife give an intimate touch to the narrative which greatly enhances its charm. From the opening chapters when the young bride and bridegroom depart from the comforts and delights of civilization to their work amid unfriendly strangers in a strange land, until the closing pages in which are related the final horrible tragedy, the story never loses interest. There are some very good bits of descriptive writing, for example the account of the Indian review related by an eye-witness, and which we give below.

The book is issued by the Alice Harriman Co., of Seattle, and is an excellent example of the printer's and bookbinder's art. It is illustrated from various old and valuable prints.

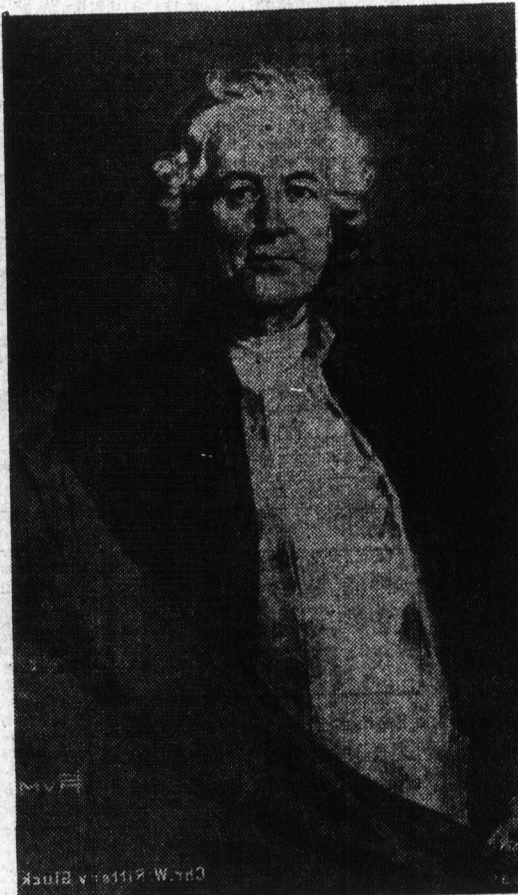
"The Blackfoot tribe led off and fairly won the admiration of the whites by their war equipments and fearfully painted horses, black or yellow, red or white, according to the natural color of the horse. Next followed the Nez Perces and Flathead tribes, who received equal applause for their mastery of horsemanship, very natural sham fights, and their national airs consisting of a few striking words of repeated, but sung in a plaintive tone, in which they were joined by a large band of young women, riding in an extended column behind, their wonderfully sweet voices keeping most excellent time, floating far through the air, their dresses profuse with heavy bands of white and blue cut glass beads, alternated with bands of the finest blue or scarlet red, elaborately decorated and hung with hawk-bells and steel-top thimbles and fine bead work, with phylacteries of elk teeth and tin coils, producing a regular, loud, but not harsh jangle as their fiery steeds pranced slowly along, seemingly unconscious of their female riders."

By general consent each tribe was afforded sufficient time and a fair opportunity for display, although there was some difference in the songs and equipments of the different tribes, the more hostile ones presenting the most wild and furious spectacle, yet the general order was the same. After silence had settled down for a few minutes the attention would be suddenly called to a cavalcade of horsemen coming in sight round a point of timber or hill and sweeping out upon the plains, moving forward in a slow trot or prance, presenting an extended and unbroken breast many columns deep, every horseman except the women without saddles, and riding upon a mountain panther or medicine wolf-skin, thrown loosely over the horse, twenty or thirty of the war chiefs or warriors, upon the best horses, painted fearfully, and some wearing buffalo horns or bear claws, sweeping up and down in front of the long column, haranguing in a loud and distinct voice, some of the tribe nearly naked with buffalo horns on their heads and silver fox skins at their heels; most of them with buck-skin shirts and moccasins elaborately decorated with bead work and porcupine quills, and with full grown white wolf or panther skins streaming in full length behind them, and with wild warcaps of eagle feathers, black with red tips, extending far behind—all streaming and gleaming fearfully in the air, as these Jesus would sweep up and down, now brandishing their spears or muskets, and bows, and now balancing them high above their heads; now wheeling and cross-riding; now throwing themselves on one side of the horse, and darting the spear under and before the horse's breast; and all accompanied by the constant pounding of a vast number of Rocky Mountain gongs, or Indian drums, the terrific screams of a number of whistles made of the leg bone of the grey eagle and swan, the constant jingle of the medicine rattle box, and the heavy clang of hawk bells, tin coil, bear claws and human bones trimmed with human scalps that hung upon every horse—interrupted now and then by a terrific battle yell, rounding off in a

vibrating warwhoop, almost sufficient to curdle the blood in our veins."

VON GLUCK

Christopher Willibald Gluck—the "u" is pronounced as in "luck"—was born in Bohemia on July 2, 1714. His father was a game-keeper, but he gave the boy a good education. The lad was not a prodigy. He displayed marked taste for music, and in his eighteenth year he was sent to Prague to study that art. He was in straitened circumstances financially and eked out a scanty livelihood by playing the violin at dances. In his twenty-second year, through the good offices of Prince Lobkowitz, his father's employer, he secured an introduction to influential people, and one of them, Prince Melzi, was so pleased with him; that he invited him to go to Milan to study under San Martini, the greatest teacher of the day. He soon be-



gan composition, and between 1741 and 1745 he produced eight operas, which gained him a considerable reputation, though they have long been forgotten. They were instrumental in securing him an invitation to go to London as composer for the opera house in the Haymarket. This was in 1745. He continued the production of unimportant operas and achieved some popularity as a performer on the musical glasses. On the whole, his stay in England was not productive of any great results. He lived for a time in Paris and Naples, finally making Vienna his permanent home, where he was made Kapellmeister to the Empress Maria Theresa. In the meanwhile he had been knighted by the Pope, and thus became entitled to use the prefix "von." His compositions were so numerous that a list of them all would read like a catalogue. His greatest works were Orpheus, produced when he was 48 years old; Alceste, produced five years later; Armide and Iphigenia, the latter written when he was 63. He died in 1787.

Von Gluck was essentially a dramatist. He sacrificed everything to dramatic effect, although some of his contemporaries, Handel among them, denied that he had anything to sacrifice. He was the first of the leading composers to rely upon the orchestra to give point to his musical ideas, and he never hesitated to let the instruments drown the voices of the singers, if thereby he could reach the effect desired. He depended most upon volume of tone. He was very particular that the words of his operas should be sung with correct intonation and emphatic declamation. He was in a sense a prototype of Wagner, and was perhaps the first composer to insist that the voice is only one factor to be relied on in producing dramatic effects with music.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Pascal

Chateaubriand has given us the following pen portrait of Blaise Pascal, to which it is unnecessary to add anything relative to his character. He was born at Auvergne, France, in 1623, of wealthy and intellectual parents. At the age of 31 he entered the religious life at Port Royal. He died in 1662.

"There was a man who at the age of twelve, with straight lines and circles had created mathematics; who at sixteen had composed the most learned treatise on conic sections produced since ancient times; who at nineteen reduced to machinery the processes of a science that resides wholly in the mind; who at twenty-three demonstrated the weight of the atmosphere and destroyed one of the greatest errors of the later physics; who at an age when other men are just beginning to awake to life, having traversed the whole round of human knowledge, perceived its emptiness, and turned all his thoughts towards religion; who from that age till his death at the age of thirty-eight, constantly beset by infirmity and

disease, fixed the tongue that Bossuet and Racine spoke, gave the model at once of the most perfect plainness, and of closest logic, and finally, in the short respite that his bodily pains allowed him, solved unaided one of the deepest problems of geometry, and set down in random order thoughts that seem as much divine as human."

The whole visible world is but an imperceptible speck in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. We may swell our conception beyond all imaginable space, yet bring forth only atoms in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, the centre of which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. It is in short, the greatest sensible mark of the almighty power of God; in that thought let imagination lose itself.

What is man in the infinite? But to show him another prodigy no less astonishing, let him examine the most delicate thing he knows. Let him take a mite, which in its minute body presents him with parts incomparably more minute; limbs with their joints, veins in the limbs, blood in the veins, humors in the blood, drops in the humors, vapors in the drops; let him again dividing these last, exhaust his power of thought; let the last point at which he arrives be that of which we speak, and he will perhaps think that here is the extremest diminutive in nature. Then I will open before him therein a new abyss. I will point for him not only the visible universe, but all that he can conceive of nature's immensity in the enclosure of this diminutive atom. Let him therein see an infinity of universes, of which each has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as in the visible world; in each earth animals, and at the last the mites, in which he will come upon all that was in the first, and still find in these others the same without end and without cessation; let him lose himself in wonders as astonishing in their minuteness as the others in their immensity; for who will not be amazed at seeing that our own body, which before was imperceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the whole, is now a colossus, a world, a whole, in regard to the nothingness to which we can not attain.

Whoso takes this survey of himself will be terrified at the thought that he is upheld in the material being given him by nature, between these two abysses of the infinite and nothing—he will tremble at the sight of these marvels; and I think that as his curiosity changes to wonder, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to search into them with presumption.

What shall man do then, but discern somewhat of the middle of things, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end? All things arise from nothing, and tend toward the infinite. Who can follow their marvelous course? The Author of these wonders can understand them, and none but He.

If we take not thought enough, or too much, on any matter, we are obstinate and infatuated.

He that considers his work as soon as it leaves his hands, is prejudiced in its favor; he that delays his survey too long, cannot retain the spirit of it.

The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his occasional efforts, but by his ordinary life.

Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity, therefore, consists in thought. By this we raise ourselves, not by space or duration which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well; for this is the starting-point of morals.

POPULAR MUSIC OF PALESTINE

The popular vocal music of Palestine may be divided into two classes—the extemporaneous flourishes and the set traditional melodies, says R. A. S. Macalister, in the New York American. The extemporaneous flourishes are a kind of rhythmless recitative, set to words which are usually mere repetitions of such expressions as "ya lele" or "ya sidi." They are almost invariably in the Dorian mode, and usually commence with a leap from the keynote to the fifth of the scale. Otherwise the singer is perfectly free in his choice of intervals.

Usually the following characteristics are observed: The melody is divided by pauses into phrases of irregular length, and is further interrupted by frequent use of a glottal catch, similar to the hamza in the spoken language. The interval of the tri-tone (between the minor third and the major sixth, characteristic of the Dorian mode) is frequently em-

ployed or suggested, and a peculiar tremolo is much affected.

This class of music is of later origin than the traditional melodies seems to be indicated by its extensive compass—often as much as a tenth—and by the frequent use of wide and sometimes unvoiced skips. It is more often to be heard in the towns than in the country districts.

The traditional melodies are more interesting. They are sung as solos in chorus, or antiphonally. Solo singers usually protract the last note of the tune as long as their breath will hold out, at the end of every repetition or group of repetitions, and between each pair of repetitions leave a long pause of silence. This seems, so far as my observation goes, to be the orthodox method of singing songs of more elaborate character also; thus I have heard Baftu Hindi with a pause after each pair of lines quite as long as the time occupied in singing the whole couplet.

When the song is sung in chorus these peculiarities are also to be noticed, except when, as often, the chorus accompanies rhythmical work. In the latter case the melody is repeated continuously without pause. When the tunes are sung antiphonally the second singer, or group of singers, fills up the pauses left by the first, and vice versa.

The rhythm is always well marked, though occasionally irregular; usually the time is quadruple, subdivided dactylically. The compass is singularly limited, a minor third or a fourth. The song sung by the women at bridal processions is limited to a second in compass. In this song a singular effect is produced by suppressing the last half of the bar four in the odd repetitions. The motion is almost always conjunct; that is, from each note to an adjacent note of the scale.

The modes are considerably varied, the common minor mode, the Phrygian, the Mixolydian and the ordinary major mode. The accented note is rarely subdivided.

The scale is divided into degrees similar to those which Western nations are accustomed. In first attempting to reduce these melodies to writing one is puzzled by the appearance of quarter tones, which of course cannot adequately be represented in the staff notation; but after carefully comparing the performances of different singers on different occasions, it becomes clear that these are merely the faults of the rendering, and are not inherent in the melody. In some notes there is a greater tendency to error than in others.

GADSKI THEORY OF MARRIAGE

"When I am no longer artist—when I am tired to sing, then—I marry."

Thus, with a blush and a gesture of soulful emphasis, Mlle. Emma Trentini, the little diva of the Manhattan Opera, rejected the theory of Mme. Gadski that to be an artist and sing with the heart one must love and wed.

"Oh, no; that mistake. Much better for artist to be all love, same as me," she told Ethel Lloyd Patterson, of the Evening World. But can an artist understand love if she has not felt it?" the singer was asked.

"Sure ting," exclaimed Mlle. Trentini, clinging to her English with difficulty. "That is what it means to be artist. To be artist is to understand all dem things. You think must suffer like Juliette before you sing Juliette? Oh, no. Best for artist not feel too much. When Mr. Heart he thumps, then Mr. Voice he don't come out good, strong, clear. Woman, she no love two tings at once. If she married and she sing, then thoughts all time with her husband. Her lips, dey sing, 'Si, Mi chiamano, Mimi!' her heart he sings: 'I wonder do they cook his dinner right!'"

"And children?" Miss Patterson suggested. "Oh, no—positively—artist must not have children!" exclaimed Mlle. Trentini. "I know what you want to say to me now. You want to say: 'Mme. Schuman-Heink.' Maybe children are nice for her. Big woman, with big heart and lots room out in the country. But—me—ten, eleven, twelve babies? No, tanks. 'Me, I like evair so many men. Like all a whole lot. But marry? No, then I say no—not for Mademoiselle Emma Trentini the marriage. When she marries she not sing any more; she go home to Italy and marry Italian man."

"Italians! ah, they know the love of the artist; they understand. Americans so cold."

A CONVENIENT LITTLE VOLUME

A handy little book to have at one's elbow is William T. Robinson's "Choice Thoughts From Master Minds." Its title describes it. It is a collection of extracts from the poets, and writers on philosophy, and contains plenty of homely counsel, useful to the reader whatever his walk in life. The following selected at random give an idea of the contents:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, As to be hated needs but to be seen; Yet seen too oft familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"No star is lost we once have seen; We always may be what we once have been."

"Some of your hurts you have cured, And the sharpest you still have survived; But what torments of grief you endured From events which never occurred."

BULBS FOR WINTER

Florists' catalogues are especially those which fall telling what one can do while outside all Nature is in winter's cold. "Eas-gend that accompanies cultural note, and somewhat tractive statement appeal to the best of it." There are many bulbs in the house and bring in the snow may still be tears who make the atmosphere than to reap dis-pleasure.

What makes the gro-fact that both flower ready, coiled up in a snail's pace, a stock of nourishment they need to develop water. A stock of nutriment is a sectional flower tucked within the bulb, the leaves forming the bulb, the leaves when the warm envelope that has enclosed the bulb, but the condition, and unless the failure will result.

Amateurs who would note that one should which they labor professional florist is. It is rare that a dweller can furnish any place light will even approximate steady supply through the florist's greenhouse is that while you can get much sun light you can get the curtains and window usual appearances of plants, make against growing bulbs for winter disadvantage from which usually suffers is that the exceptions not worth the standpoint of the ordinary require a moist atmosphere, the usual cause of which palms, ferns, and other plants soon display moved indoors for the season when it was brought porch ornament in the condition than when quarters. The secret of a bath-room where the plants is dry air, which and then causing and air in sweeping and dusters the final stroke of house palms.

But even under ordinary without any special pose, it is quite possible have winter blooms about the matter in the efforts to certain larly accommodating, for the inexperienced cissus bulb, usually credited lily. The bulb into bloom, and if placed will produce its spike with great certainty. The drawback that its like spring leeks to be get round that is Three or four bulbs in a Japanese bowl will have an ornament needed, but the with pebbles or coal foliage they will through ceptacle should be kept dark place for two or growth is well established brought into the light, left my bulbs to sprout when I brought them white as potatoes that lar, but they color up into the light."

Another bulb that which produces delicate blooms is the Paper flora. They, too, or and light to come into it is better to put them several bulbs into a pot so close that they will touch. Keep them in they have made a root them into the light. them in the dark until above the soil. Another is that too much water best results are obtained growing bulbs in a cold frost is kept out of it. When the flower spike ready to open, an ordinary living room. Most of us are in rooms too warm, and selves to temperature flowers would be hurt for us.

For a trial trip house, the amateur tent with the two bulb