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SIX CENTURIES OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE
VOLUME VI

PREFACE

It is obvious that the sixth and last volume of this work, including as it does some recent and a few living authors, cannot stand on the same footing as the preceding volumes. As Velleius Paterculus says, *Vivorum, ut magna admiratio, ita censura difficilis*; or, as Dryden happily paraphrases the aphorism, "betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, 'tis hard to judge uprightly of the living". There is much to be said in favour of adapting to literary matters the Church of Rome's regulation that no one, save in exceptional cases, can be beatified until fifty years after his death, especially as this date coincides with that of the expiry of copyright. Several eminent authors, living or not long dead, have not received the treatment which is most justly their due because it was not possible to get permission to print extracts from their works. Such authors the Editor has, most reluctantly, relegated to the Appendix, where, in this volume only, some stars of the first magnitude will be found in the middle of a group of asteroids.

The Copyright Act has limited the Editor in his selection of extracts, his biographies have been similarly restrained by the laws of libel. With something of the wisdom of the serpent, he has had recourse to the expedient of writing his brief lives in the informative but not expansive manner adopted by *Who's Who* and similar works of reference. It is, in his opinion, ~~imprudent~~ to do otherwise, as criticism of our contemporaries cannot be conclusive, and is, even at its best, merely a makeshift.

These apologies will explain the limitations of this volume. No sensible critic believes that "art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine", no well-balanced judge of literature will be like Martial's critic:

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos,
Nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas.

The reasons why a critic is so much more at his ease when he deals with writers of a past age than he is when attempting to handle his contemporaries, have never been expressed more happily than by Dr. Johnson, in his *Preface to Shakespeare*. He tells us there that "The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best " He defends himself and other critics, however, by saying "The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood ".

R. F P

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INTRODUCTION

By G. K. CHESTERTON

The title of the Age of Reason has been given to the eighteenth century, though the typical eighteenth-century man who invented it probably meant it as a prophetic and optimistic description of the nineteenth century or the twentieth century. Certainly if Thomas Paine had foreseen the actual nineteenth century, he would have called it the Age of Romanticism. If he had foreseen the actual twentieth century he would have called it the Age of Nonsense; the Age of Unreason, especially in the departments originally identified with rationalism, such as the department of science. To him Einstein would have been merely a contradiction in terms, and Epstein a disease afflicting bronze and marble. It is therefore not altogether misleading to measure modern developments, for good or evil, as from a sort of datum line of simple or self-evident rationality to be found in the eighteenth century. Whatever else is false, it is false to say that the world has increased in clarity and intelligibility and logical completeness. Whatever else is true, it is true to say that the world has grown more bewildering, especially in the scientific spheres supposed to be ruled by law or explained by reason. The simplification of the older rationalists may have been, and indeed was, an oversimplification. But it did simplify, and it did satisfy; above all it satisfied them. It would not be altogether unfair to say that it filled them not only with satisfaction but with self-satisfaction. And, as historical divisions are never clean cut, this rationalistic self-satisfaction descended in part to their children, in many ways it may be found pervading the nineteenth century, and, in the case of some rather old-fashioned persons, even our own century.

Nevertheless, the nineteenth century was very different; and the Victorian Age was vividly different. It was different from the eighteenth century chiefly in this; that the old clarity of rationalism

and humanitarianism was more and more coloured and clouded by certain waves of specially modern imagination or hypothesis or taste and fancy. These new notions had been unknown in the Age of Reason and even in the Age of Revolution. These sentiments had never disturbed the generalizations of Jefferson and the Jacobins any more than they had disturbed the doctrines of Johnson and the Jacobites. These sentiments colour everything in the Victorian Age, and they must be understood before attempting any survey of it.

It is generally difficult to illustrate this truth without being involved in a discussion about Religion. But there is, as it happens, another outstanding example, which does not directly involve any interest in Religion. I mean the enormous interest in Race. That would alone be enough to stamp the nineteenth century as something sharply different from the eighteenth century. That would alone be enough to mark off the Victorian from the older Georgian frame of mind. In the eighteenth century both the reactionaries and the revolutionaries inherited the ancient religious and philosophic habit of legislating for mankind. A man like Johnson thought of men everywhere as under certain religious conditions, though he thought them happier under conditions of subordination. A man like Jefferson thought of men everywhere as under certain moral conditions, though he thought them happiest in a condition of equality. A man like Gibbon might doubt both the moral systems of Johnson and Jefferson. But it never occurred to Gibbon to explain the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by exalting the Teuton as such against the Latin as such, or vice versa. Gibbon had religious prejudices, or if you will, irreligious prejudices. But the notion of having racial prejudices in a quarrel between some brutal Vandal or Visigoth and some petty Byzantine official would have seemed to him as nonsensical as taking sides among Chinese tongs or Zulu tribes. Similarly the eighteenth century Tories were traditional but not tribal. Even a man as late as Metternich, while he might be on the watch against French atheism or even Russian Orthodoxy disturbing the Austrian Empire, would have troubled his head very little over the fact that the Austrian Empire contained a mixture of Teutons and Slavs. The rise of this romance of Race, or as some would say of this science of Race, was one of the distinct and decisive revolutions of the nineteenth century, and especially of the Victorian Age.

It will be well to mark in what way these colossal clouds of historical imagination or theory actually coloured or discoloured the dead daylight which an earlier rationalism thought to have dawned upon the world. In the case of Victorian literature, perhaps it is best tested by noting how it affected even the Victorians who might have been expected to escape its effect. Carlyle was not merely affected by it, we might almost say that he was made by it. Anyhow he was inspired and intoxicated by it, he was at once overwhelmed and made overwhelming. All his history and philosophy was full of this one idea: that all that is good in our civilization comes, not from the older civilization, but from a yet older thing that might be called a benevolent barbarism. All light as well as fire, all law as well as liberty, was supposed to be derived from a sort of ethnic energy originally called Germanic, afterwards more prudently called Teutonic, and now, with almost an excess of caution, called Nordic. The merits of this racial theory, as against the old Roman theory of European culture, are difficult to discuss without trenching on controversial themes. Personally, I should say that when certain European provinces broke with the Roman tradition, they set up certain Puritan theologies of their own, which could not last, or at any rate have not lasted. Anyhow, it is curious that in each of these provinces the place of both the new and the old religion has really been taken by a stark and rather narrow national pride. The Prussian is more proud of being a Prussian than of being a Protestant, in the sense of a Lutheran. The Orangeman is more proud of being what he calls an Ulsterman than of being a Calvinist, in the sense of studying the strict Calvinist theology. And even in England, where the atmosphere was more mild and the elements more mixed, the same type of intense insular self-consciousness has in some degree developed; and it has been not untruly said that patriotism is the religion of the English. In any case, to take the same test, an Englishman is normally more proud of being an Englishman than of being an Anglican. It was therefore not unnatural that when these lands, that were the extinct volcanoes of the great Puritan fire, sought for a more modern and general bond of association, they should seek it in that sort of pride in the race, which is the extension of the pride in the tribe. It is right to say that there is much in the idea of race that stirs the imagination and lends itself to the production of literature. The ideal of race, like the ideal of religion, has its own symbols, prophecies, oracles,

and holy places. If it is less mystical, it is equally mysterious. The riddle of heredity, the bond of blood, the doom which in a hundred human legends attends certain houses or families, are things quite sufficiently native to our nature to lend a sincerity to the sense of national or even international kinship. Many may quite honestly have felt that race was as religious as religion. But one thing it certainly was not. It was not as rational as religion. It was not as universal or philosophical as religion. At its best it involved a sort of noble prejudice; and its romanticism clouded the old general judgments upon men as men, whether dogmatic or democratic. Carlyle was the most romantic of all these romantic Victorian writers, and largely owed to this his predominance in the romantic Victorian Age. But his popular champions, like Froude and Kingsley, were even more romantic, though in the case of Kingsley the romancing was really honest romancing, while in the case of Froude (I cannot but think) the word romancing is something of a euphemism.

Only, as I have said, the way in which this racial romance penetrated the Victorian culture can best be seen, not in an obvious case like Carlyle, but in much more remote cases like Matthew Arnold or Meredith. To take the latter case first: George Meredith was in one sense an entirely international intellectual, a liberal humanist, a true child of the French Revolution, which he celebrated in sumptuous odes. But he illustrates the indirect effect of the racial craze; which is that the other side often accepted the distinction. Not only did the Teutonist talk about being a Teuton, but the Celt talked about being a Celt. A great mass of Meredith's social judgment is modified, and to my taste a little falsified, by his insistence on setting the Saxon against the Celt, when he has to set the Englishman against the Irishman or the Welshman. He often satirized in the Englishman exactly what the Teutonist praised in the Englishman; and it was often something that the Englishman does not happen to possess. So in the other case, Matthew Arnold made himself specially and supremely the apostle of a cosmopolitan culture; he did a vast amount of real good by insisting on the truism that England is a part of Europe. He was at his best in a contempt for the contempt that was felt for Frenchmen or Irishmen or Italians. But he could not bring himself to treat them simply as Frenchmen or Irishmen or Italians. He was affected by the universal fashion of ethnology and worried by the racial general-

izations. When he talked what was relatively excellent sense about the senseless treatment of Ireland, he thought of such things too much as Celtic Studies and too little as Irish Studies. He also tried to explain the English faults as part of "the German paste in us", and wasted on anthropology what was meant for the study of mankind. We might take a third example; William Morris was on one side a Communist and almost bound to be an internationalist; he was on the other side a mediævalist, appealing to that ancient beauty that belonged to all Europeans alike. But he was encumbered with a clumsy desire to be Saxon, to treat English as if it were merely the rudimentary language of the Angles; and moved his admirer, Stevenson, to an intense irritation by writing "whereas", when he only meant "where".

I have mentioned this particular Victorian fashion, the racial theory of history, as a primary and prominent thing, because it is not generally mentioned at all. We are so accustomed, in reading modern records of recent or ancient things, to gain an impression of an ever-expanding world, called in the only too typical Victorian expression, "the thoughts of men being widened by the process of the suns", that we often forget the many periods when the world contracted into a new narrowness or exclusiveness, or the thoughts of men visibly shrank and shrivelled under some fresh influence of isolation or distinction. This was certainly true of the tribalism and imperialism that the nineteenth century developed, out of a romance of races, as compared with the first revolutionary generalizations about the human race. The fact is plain, for instance, in the story of the first revolutionary experiment, the American Republic. In the time of Jefferson, many of those who held slaves disapproved of slavery, many of those who approved of slavery did not specially approve of it as negro slavery. The notion of the negro as something peculiarly perilous or pestilent is not an ancient prejudice, but a very recent and largely anthropological fashion. It is akin to all that dates from Darwin; and the popularization by Huxley of an almost pessimist type of Evolution. Modern Southerners are much more hostile to negroes than they were when they owned slaves. As there rose recently in America the anthropological theory that the negro is only an ape, so there rose recently in Europe the anthropological notion that the Pole is only a Slav, or that the Irishman is only a Celt. People were so proud of discovering these larger groups that they failed to notice that they are

really looser groups. They belonged to what the eminent Victorian truly called the fairy-tales of science. They had neither the precision that belongs to doctrinal definition, nor the practicality that belongs to daily experience. In religion and morals we all really know what we mean by a man, and in the stress of real life we all really know what we mean by an Irishman. It is by no means certain that we all know what we mean by a Celt. Hence something large and imaginative, but formless and partly imaginary, began to spread over popular sentiment with the spread of popular science. It was darker and more dubious than either the humanitarianism of the eighteenth century or the nationalism of the nineteenth. It was not so clean-cut; indeed I will venture to say that it was not so clean. It was mixed with the mud and mist, the chaotic clay and cloud, of primitive and even bestial beginnings; it had only vague visions of barbaric migrations and massacres and enslavements. It started all our recent preference for the prehistoric to the historic. All this must be remembered as an influence overshadowing the second half of the nineteenth century, because it eventually took a more pointed and controversial form which involved not only materialism but pessimism. The earlier rationalists may or may not have been materialists, but they certainly were not pessimists. They were, I admit, rather exaggerated and excessive optimists. It is none the less curious that the general revolutionary tradition, of revolt and criticism of conditions, which began with the philosophy of Rousseau, should have ended with the philosophy of Thomas Hardy.

So much for one side of this later Victorian change. But the mere mention of Hardy and the realistic rebels will remind us that it had another side, which was a very good side. Properly speaking, it consisted in turning the attention from purely political wrongs to fundamental economic wrongs. In this also, Carlyle, who belongs to the earlier period, continues to colour and even control the destinies of the later. In the matter of dates, Carlyle and Macaulay covered the same period. In the matter of destinies, they lived in two different centuries. Macaulay was, for good and evil, entirely a man of the eighteenth century. He was a Whig as Fox had been a Whig; a patriot as Pitt had been a patriot, a Protestant as any Erastian latitudinarian Georgian parson had been a Protestant, a logician as Dr. Johnson was a logician; a historian as Gibbon was a historian. Carlyle, who had brought into history the doubtful romance of blood, also brought into politics the very real tragedy

of bread. He stands at the beginning of all the best efforts of the later Victorians to face the problems of labour and hunger that had developed in the depths of the new industrial civilization. With the great exception of Cobbett, who had stood apart and alone, misunderstood and abused by all parties, it is fair to say that Carlyle started much of the merely social unrest of conscience, which has modified the evils of the later nineteenth century. It is needless here to weigh the evil against the good; or to discuss how much of a certain disinterested dignity, in the old Republicans, was lost in his practical and impatient clamour for captains and for kings. It is only necessary to insist on the reality of the contrast and the change. Grattan, a great and typical orator of the eighteenth century ideal, had said that the Irishman might go in rags, but he must not go in chains. Ruskin and the social reformers reversed the principle, until some of the extreme Socialists, like the Marxian Communists, are now inclined to say that a man must go in chains, so that he may not go in rags.

Ruskin was the heir and representative of Carlyle in this later and better Victorian development. It is unnecessary to react against romanticism to such an extent as a recent critic, who summed up Ruskin in a book on the Victorians by saying that at least his economics were all scientifically sound, though he could not write for toffee. He certainly could not write in that stately modern style in which toffee figures as the prize of writing. When the critic suggests that he could not write, it merely means that the critic does not like that particular sort of writing, which proves rather the limitations of the critic than the incapacities of the writer. Ruskin certainly wrote poetical prose, which may not for the moment be fashionable in an age of prosaic poetry. But to say that it is not good poetical prose is simply to be ignorant of the varied possibilities of good writing. It is also true that what he did he overdid, which is largely true of the whole of this highly coloured and romantic final development of Victorianism. Even those few who deliberately tried to correct it by understatement managed somehow to overstate their understatement. Matthew Arnold deliberately endeavoured to introduce a French classical balance and critical detachment into English letters. The consequence was that he was called a prig, which was unjust but not unthinkable; whereas no Frenchman reading Sainte-Beuve ever thought of thinking that he was a prig. Walter Pater wished to

create an art criticism more detached than that of Ruskin; but he did in fact manage to create the impression of being artificial as well as artistic. It was very difficult to be classic in the later Victorian atmosphere. There was a romantic unrest about it; so that even the umpires were competitive and combative. The loss of a natural repose in Latin logic or French clarity, was one of the penalties of parting with the spirit of the eighteenth century. Another mark of it was the growth of an intellectual individualism which expressed itself, not only in being *outré*, but actually in being obscure. Browning and Meredith were among the very greatest of Victorians, and over both of them brooded that cloud I have described as coming up to overshadow the epoch, and though it was coloured gorgeously like a cloud of sunset, it none the less came between many people and the sun.

George Meredith largely stood alone; but he stood as it were representing many others who had also a taste for standing alone. All this last phase is full of men whom it is interesting to remember and yet very easy to forget. It was because of the individualistic isolation of their talents and even their topics. An example is Richard Jefferies, who was *The Gamekeeper at Home*, or T. E. Brown, who made a niche for himself that is somehow at once obscure and popular; or William De Morgan, who with English eccentricity took up literature as a hobby for old age. The danger of all grouping is that we may miss too many of these men who did not fit into groups. Nevertheless, there are two or three groups which may be said to bulk biggest in the period, the period after the triumph of Tennyson and Browning in poetry, or Dickens and Thackeray in fiction. First there appears, primarily through the influence of Ruskin, what was called the pre-Raphaelite Group, which began with a Ruskinian version of Christian mediævalism and shaded off into later forms of æstheticism, not to say paganism. The leader, who was also the link, was Rossetti, who accepted with delight the mediæval pattern, but blazoned it with bolder and warmer colours than some of the literal pre-Raphaelites would have approved. With him went his sister Christina, who was mediæval in the more orthodox sense, and, in a manner very much his own, William Morris, who made the mediæval form the expression of modern discontents and social ideals, instead of Christina Rossetti's religious ideals. The queer transition of the pre-Raphaelites from a revival of Christianity to a revival of Paganism

is complete in the poet Swinburne, who belonged to the set, yet had little in common with the sect. That it had Ruskin at one end and Swinburne at the other, illustrates how loose a thing a group is, especially in English literature. Swinburne had three phases: one in which he wrote the best poetry in the worst spirit or mood or frame of mind; for his beautiful boyish singing is not merely in praise of Paganism, but definitely of Pessimism. There is a second period when his spirits are a little better and his poetry a little worse, the period of his political enthusiasm for United Italy and Victor Hugo and the resounding qualities of the word Republic. There is, unfortunately, a third period, in which he imitated himself and did it badly. But the point to seize is that, in his great hour, Swinburne was a spell, he held people like a magic flute, till they forgot that there was any other melody in the world. It is thoroughly typical of such glammers that there has been a violent and very unreasonable reaction against his unreasonable power. With him and Walter Pater the movement ends in its last Pagan phase, save perhaps for the queer æstheticism that later became a decadent dandyism in Oscar Wilde

But already new groups were making this one look old. One was what may be called the Picaresque or Adventurous Group; but may be more recognizable as the group of Stevenson and Henley. Both for good and evil, they reacted into a robust blood and thunder literature, which, in the case of Stevenson, who was not only the greater but much the more amiable and balanced of the two, was as blameless as it was bloody. There was, however, a dangerous double use of the very word "blood." And, quaintly enough, the more dubious element is to be found rather in blood than in bloodshed. The blood that spatters the pages of *Treasure Island* can only promote a respect for the real virtues of courage or loyalty. The blood that is not shed at all, but remains in the human body, was used to encourage a respect for the real vices and weaknesses of pride and racial contempt. For one important point about this group is this, that through them, or some of them, there came into full power and possession that curious religion of Race, which I have described as developing from Teutonic sources a little time before. It is not to be confused with patriotism or the unselfish love of one's country. It is a mere pride in being oneself of a certain real or imaginary race or stock. The Frenchman loves France as if she were a woman; the Nordic Man merely loves himself for

being a Nordic Man. This weakness did to some extent spoil the spirited attempt of Henley and his school of masculine critics; I mean their very just attempt to show that letters should be red-blooded, as against the green-blooded pessimism of the decadents. But whatever their weaknesses, they did fill the age with a new change and stir, and gave to the pessimists something which, if not a cure, was at least an antidote and a counter-irritant. The earliest and best work of Mr. Rudyard Kipling came to them like a new breath of prophecy and promise; Sir Henry Newbolt supported the chorus with two or three of the very finest modern English lyrics. There was a general fashion of patriotic poetry, as well as of Jingo journalism—in verse or otherwise. It was the only point on which that strongest and most virile of the pessimists, the Shropshire Lad, could be moved for a moment to a slightly blasphemous cheerfulness. John Davidson, a dark Scot in a dark and even dim state of revolt against everything, also was ready to follow the flag and revolt against everything except the Empire. The point of all this is not that patriotism revived, for the older poets and critics took patriotism for granted; but that the special type of tribal imperialism sprang out of that rather barbaric root of Race, already noted as a romance of science which reacted against the rationalism of the Revolution.

Fortunately, from the same Stevenson and Henley stock of ideas, came another idea that also filled the age. It came from Stevenson alone, as distinct from Newbolt, Henley, Kipling and the rest, and may be called the cult of the child, but especially of the boy. It would be putting it too harshly, perhaps, to say that Stevenson wanted to go on playing at robbers, whereas Henley and the Imperialists wanted to be robbers. Anyhow, Stevenson saw the fun of what he was doing, when he made the child say that he was the captain of a tidy little ship, whereas it is, I believe, the inscrutable fact that Henley did not see any fun in what he was doing when he adjured John Bull to "Storm along, John", and assured that public character that the whole world would soon be his own. Through Stevenson's truly magic lantern, which he described in *The Lantern-Bearers*, there shone a true reillumination of the mystical melodrama of childhood. And in that light many followed to the same sort of fairyland; notably Sir James Barrie, who introduced a sort of irony into fairyland. He continued what may be called the Stevensonian stereoscopic view; the looking at

the same object in a double fashion, with the eye of the adult and of the child. But it was mostly through a string of accidental friendships that this fantastic element was connected with the more realistic of the robust school; though of course there were many brilliant individuals who could only be placed with or near that group. Thus, Joseph Conrad, though a Pole, was connected with it by his record of hard or violent adventure at sea; and Mr. John Masfield, though he wrote later and longer poems of rural sport or religion, began with rousing sea songs of the buccaneers.

Already, however, a new voice had been heard, and a new influence balanced or rebuked an influence like that of Kipling; and it was a voice from a more remote elfland than the elfland of Peter Pan. Stevenson himself said that he had twice in poetry heard a new note or a unique and arresting voice; once when he read *Love in the Valley* by George Meredith; and once again when he read some verses called *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* by William Butler Yeats. Yet it is worth remarking that there still remained this curious persistence of the romance of Race, even in what was so naturally hostile to the popular romance of the Anglo-Saxon Race. The appearance of a new cultural nucleus in Dublin, while it derived something from the pre-Raphaelites, and therefore something from the Victorians, was so far Victorian in this special respect; that it managed to get entangled like all the rest with an ethnological term: the term "Celtic". It did not even substitute the old Irish term "Gaelic". It is true that Mr. Yeats himself, the founder of the school and one of the first poets of recent times, did not really base his own case on anthropology, but rather on history and (very rightly) even more on legend. But it marks the racial influence already described that the word Celtic stuck to the movement, which was really a revival of remote legend and a gentle heathenism of the hills. It also explains why there was some reaction against it, even in its own home. There are many who came not to care very much about the Celtic Twilight, who had lived to see the Irish Dawn.

About this time, or a little later, in England, there appeared a group formally called Minor Poets; though one of them was certainly a Major Poet. He was classed at the time with John Davidson and Sir William Watson, both of them very genuine poets in their own style; and there is some charming lyricism in their contemporaries Norman Gale and Richard le Gallienne. Two other writers of fine

verses really belong to this period: Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson. But I think it fair to say that Francis Thompson, thus classed as one of them, was of another and altogether higher class. He owed something to Coventry Patmore, one of the most really original Victorians, and something to Alice Meynell, a woman who was a poet (not a poetess) of the sort that women were least supposed to be, an intrinsically intellectual poet. But even of these friends he was free, with all the freedom of a creative and supremely productive or fertile genius. His imagery was so imaginative as to be almost crowded, and, in a different sense from the more analytical Victorians, dark with excess of light. Because he was Catholic many would expect him to be Gothic, but there was something in his exuberance that resembled rather the very best of the Baroque.

The necessity of marking the period by moods has led us here to mark it too exclusively by poets, who are the only permanent record of moods. It need not be said that work of another and what some think a more solid sort had been going forward in those last years, some of it very solid indeed, certainly in the best and perhaps also in the more questionable sense. Fiction, for instance, had followed other guides besides romance. The immense influence of Thomas Hardy was there; with his strong sense of the truth of the earth, as also of the tragedy of the dust. It had set many able men working in a mine of realism. The two ablest and most typical in this tradition were Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy. If I do not speak here at length of men of genius like H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, it is because they are in a sense the opening of another world, and are most vividly lit up by the glare of the Great War and the existing social perils; and these things really mark the close of the period. For an appalling apocalypse came upon all life, and therefore upon all literature; and the most fitting emblems of such splendour and terror, and the arts of peace torn across and youth going to its death singing, remains in the last pages of this volume with the last few poems of Rupert Brooke.

MEREDITH TO RUPERT BROOKE

c. 1860 — *c.* 1920

SIX CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

GEORGE MEREDITH

(1828 – 1909)

GEORGE MEREDITH was born at Portsmouth on 12th February, 1828. His father, a naval outfitter, was of Welsh extraction, and his mother had a strain of Irish blood in her. Meredith went as a day boy to St Paul's Church School, Southsea, and at the age of fifteen was sent to the Moravian school at Neuwied, on the Rhine, where he remained nearly two years. On his return he was apprenticed to a solicitor, and made many friends among literary people. Among them was Thomas Love Peacock (q.v.), whose widowed daughter, Mrs Nicolls, Meredith married in 1849. He then abandoned law, and turned to journalism and literature for a livelihood. He wrote for *The Ipswich Journal*, *Once a Week*, and *The Morning Post*. His first published volume, *Poems*, appeared in 1851. His career as a novelist began with *The Shaving of Shagpat* (1856). His first marriage was a failure, his wife left him in 1858, and died in 1861. In 1864 he married Marie Vulhamy, with whom he had twenty-one years of happy married life. In 1862 he became literary adviser to Messrs

Chapman and Hall, and continued his connexion with that publishing house for more than thirty years. *Erewhon* and *East Lynne* were among the books upon which he reported adversely. During the Austro-Italian War of 1866 he acted as special correspondent for *The Morning Post*. There is little to record in the incidents of his life, apart from the appearance of his novels. In 1865 he took up his residence at Flint Cottage, Box Hill, and remained there until his death, which took place on 18th May, 1909. During the last years of his life Meredith was generally recognized as the most prominent man-of-letters in England. He was chosen to succeed Tennyson as president of the Authors' Society; he held the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, and he was given the Order of Merit in 1905.

The Shaving of Shagpat (1856) and *Farina* (1857) were Meredith's two earliest novels. The former, which is decidedly the more successful, is based upon *The Arabian Nights*, and the latter, which is a legend of Cologne, upon the mediæ-

val and romantic tale. Both these books contain a strong ~~burlesque~~ element; the latter was somewhat influenced by Meredith's father-in-law, Peacock. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859) and *Evan Harrington* (1861) were both much longer in their original form. They were ruthlessly revised (and not improved) for later editions. The revision made *Evan Harrington*, which was an excellent farce, centring round some thinly disguised members of the novelist's own family, a kind of hybrid between farce and comedy. *Richard Feverel* in its later form is unintelligible in places owing to the excisions. *Emilia in England* (1864), afterwards renamed *Sandra Belloni*, and its sequel *Vittoria* (1867), are written in his best manner, but were not well received. *Rhoda Fleming* (1865), a powerful story, deals with the yeoman class. *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* (1871) is a brilliant first-person romance. *Beauchamp's Career* (1874) was its author's favourite among all the novels. *The Egoist* (1879) is by many considered Meredith's masterpiece; he certainly wrote it primarily to please himself, and it therefore contains the quintessence of his philosophy of life. *The Tragic Comedians* (1880) is a much less elaborate novel founded on fact. The incidents took place sixteen years before the novel appeared. *Diana of the Crossways* (1885) was the first of his novels to be widely read by the general public. Its popularity was largely due to the fact that its heroine was modelled upon Caroline Sheridan, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and its central incident was based upon a widespread but erroneous story that Mrs.

Norton had betrayed a Cabinet secret to *The Times*. *One of our Conquerors* (1891) is one of the most obscure of the series, and was called by its author "a strong dose of my most indigestible production". *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* (1894) and *The Amazing Marriage* (1895) were the last of his novels. *Celt and Saxon*, an unfinished early novel, was posthumously published in 1910.

About Meredith's position as a novelist there can be no two opinions. He stands in the front rank, with five or six others. He has never been widely popular, which is not surprising seeing that he never aimed at popularity, but he is the favourite of "that acute and honourable minority which consents to be thwacked with aphorisms and sentences and a fantastic delivery of the verities". His enemies have charged him with fantastic foppery of expression, with sham profundity, and with having an oracular air of superiority. His novels are certainly not always easy reading, but their difficulty has been much exaggerated. Sometimes his method of narration by allusion makes his plots, usually good in themselves, difficult to follow. Some of his obscurity was due to the spirit of mischief. When he chose, he could write crisply and clearly. He is not liked by those who read novels merely for the story, or who regard them as merely a form of entertainment or an antidote for ennui. It is in character-drawing, especially in portraying women, and in describing the manifold variety of nature that he excels. He is the most intellectual of the Victorians. Much light is thrown on his theory of art by his *Essay on*

Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit, which was a lecture delivered at the London Institution, 1st February, 1877. There he dwells on the uses of the Comic Spirit, which arouses thoughtful laughter, prevents us from taking ourselves too seriously, and destroys the bugbear of sentimentalism. Meredith's witty and cosmopolitan Muse directed her attacks frequently upon some of our insularities, and in the most urbane way furthered the cause of sanity and sincerity.

Meredith's achievements as a novelist have somewhat overshadowed his performance as a poet, though the quasi-sonnet sequence *Modern Love*, *Love in the Valley*, and some of his shorter poems are haunting and melodious, in spite of their occasional obscurity. It should never be forgotten, however, that he was a true

poet; his poetical gifts added greatly to his ability as a novelist; nor is it possible to understand and appreciate his novels to the full without some knowledge of his poems.

[R. Le Gallienne, *George Meredith some Characteristics*, G. M. Trevelyan, *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*, J. Moffatt, *George Meredith: a Primer to the Novels*, S. M. Ellis, *George Meredith his Life and Friends in Relation to his Work*, J. A. Hammer-ton, *George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism*, W. Jerrold, *George Meredith an Essay towards Appreciation*, Lady Butler, *Memories of George Meredith*, O. M., J. B. Priestley, *George Meredith* (English Men of Letters Series), Mary S. Gretton, *The Writings and Life of George Meredith*, Robert Sencourt, *Life of George Meredith*]

From "Love in the Valley"

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,
 Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
 Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the shade
 Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
 Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
 Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
 Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
 Swift as the swallow along the river's light
 Circleting the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
 Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight
 Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
 Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
 She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
 Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
 More love should I have, and much less care.
 When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
 I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

The Spirit of Shakespeare

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsoured
 He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
Of human passions, but of love deflowered
 His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
 Thence came the honeyed corner at his lips,
 The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
 Calm as the God who the white sea-wave whips,
 Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
 Close mirrors of us thence had he the laugh
 We feel is thine broad as ten thousand beebes
 At pasture! thence thy songs, that winnow chaff
 From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last leaves
 Whirl, if they have no response—they enforced
 To fatten Earth when from her soul divorced

How smiles he at a generation ranked
 In gloomy noddings over life! They pass
 Not he to feed upon a breast unthanked,
 Or eye a beauteous face in a cracked glass.
 But he can spy that little twist of brain
 Which moved some weighty leader of the blind,
 Unwitting 'twas the goad of personal pain,
 To view in curst eclipse our Mother's mind,
 And show us of some rigid harriðan
 The wretched bondmen till the end of time
 O lived the Master now to paint us Man,
 That little twist of brain would ring a chime
 Of whence it came and what it caused, to start
 Thunders of laughter, clearing air and heart.

From "The Egoist"

Sir Willoughby advanced, appearing in a cordial mood.

"I need not ask you whether you are better," he said to Clara, sparkled to Laetitia, and raised a key to the level of Dr. Middleton's breast, remarking, "I am going down to my inner cellar."

"An inner cellar!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Sacred from the butler. It is interdicted to Stoneman. Shall I offer myself as guide to you? My cellars are worth a visit."

"Cellars are not catacombs. They are, if rightly constructed, rightly considered, cloisters, where the bottle meditates on joys to bestow, not on dust misused! Have you anything great?"

"A wine aged ninety"

"Is it associated with your pedigree, that you pronounce the age with such assurance?"

"My grandfather inherited it"

"Your grandfather, Sir Willoughby, had meritorious offspring, not to speak of generous progenitors. What would have happened had it fallen into the female line! I shall be glad to accompany you. Port? Hermitage?"

"Port"

"Ah! We are in England!"

"There will just be time," said Sir Willoughby, inducing Dr. Middleton to step out

A chirrup was in the Rev. Doctor's tone: "Hocks, too, have compassed age. I have tasted senior Hocks. Their flavours are as a brook of many voices, they have depth also. Senatorial Port! we say. We cannot say that of any other wine. Port is deep-sea deep. It is in its flavour deep, mark the difference. It is like a classic tragedy, organic in conception. An ancient Hermitage has the light of the antique; the merit that it can grow to an extreme old age, a merit. Neither of Hermitage nor of Hock can you say that it is the blood of those long years retaining the strength of youth with the wisdom of age. To Port for that! Port is our noblest legacy! Observe, I do not compare the wines, I distinguish the qualities. Let them live together for our enrichment; they are not rivals like the Idæan Three. Were they rivals, a fourth would challenge them. Burgundy has great genius. It does wonders within its period, it does all except to keep up in the race, it is short-lived. An aged Burgundy runs with a beardless Port. I cherish the fancy that Port speaks the sentences of wisdom, Burgundy sings the inspired Ode. Or put it, that Port is the Homeric hexameter, Burgundy the Pindaric dithyramb. What do you say?"

"The comparison is excellent, sir."

"The distinction, you would remark Pindar astounds. But his elder brings us the more sustaining cup. One is a fountain of prodigious ascent. One is the unsounded purple sea of marching billows."

"A very fine distinction."

"I conceive you to be now commending the similes They pertain to the time of the first critics of those poets. Touch the Greeks, and you can nothing new all has been said: 'Graius, . . . praeter laudem, nullius avaris' Genius dedicated to Fame is immortal. We, sir, dedicate genius to the cloacaline floods. We do not address the unforgetting Gods, but the popular stomach "

Sir Willoughby was patient He was about as accordantly coupled with Dr. Middleton in discourse as a drum duetting with a bass-viol; and when he struck in he received correction from the pædagogic-instrument. If he thumped affirmative or negative, he was wrong However, he knew scholars to be an unmannered species; and the Doctor's learnedness would be a subject to dilate on

In the cellar, it was the turn for the drum Dr Middleton was tongue-tied Sir Willoughby gave the history of his wine in heads of chapters; whence it came to the family originally, and how it had come down to him in the quantity to be seen "Curiously, my grandfather, who inherited it, was a water-drinker My father died early "

"Indeed! Dear me!" the Doctor ejaculated in astonishment and condolence The former glanced at the contrariety of man, the latter embraced his melancholy destiny

He was impressed with respect for the family This cool vaulted cellar, and the central square block, or enceinte, where the thick darkness was not penetrated by the intruding lamp, but rather took it as an eye, bore witness to forethoughtful practical solidity in the man who had built the house on such foundations A house having a great wine stored below, lives in our imaginations as a joyful house fast and splendidly rooted in the soil His grandfather a water-drinker, his father dying early, present circumstances to us arguing predestination to an illustrious heirship and career Dr Middleton's musings were coloured by the friendly vision of glasses of the great wine, his mind was festive, it pleased him, and he chose to indulge in his whimsical-robustous, grandiose-airy style of thinking, from which the festive mind will sometimes take a certain print that we cannot obliterate immediately Expectation is grateful, you know, in the mood of gratitude we are waxen And he was a self-humouring gentleman

He liked Sir Willoughby's tone in ordering the servant at his heels to take up "those two bottles". it prescribed, without overdoing it, a proper amount of caution, and it named an agreeable number.

Watching the man's hand keenly, he said,—

"But here is the misfortune of a thing super-excellent: not more than one in twenty will do it justice "

Sir Willoughby replied: "Very true, sir, and I think we may pass over the nineteen."

"Women, for example and most men."

"This wine would be a sealed book to them."

"I believe it would It would be a grievous waste."

"Vernon is a claret-man and so is Horace De Craye. They are both below the mark of this wine They will join the ladies. Perhaps you and I, sir, might remain together "

"With the utmost good will on my part."

"I am anxious for your verdict, sir "

"You shall have it, sir, and not out of harmony with the chorus preceding me, I can predict Cool, not frigid." Dr Middleton summed the attributes of the cellar on quitting it "North side and South No musty damp A pure air! Everything requisite One might lie down oneself and keep sweet here."

Of all our venerable British of the two Isles professing a suckling attachment to an ancient port-wine, lawyer, doctor, squire, rosy admiral, city merchant, the classic scholar is he whose blood is most nuptial to the webbed bottle The reason must be, that he is full of the old poets. He has their spirit to sing with, and the best that Time has done on earth to feed it He may also perceive a resemblance in the wine to the studious mind, which is the obverse of our mortality, and throws off acids and crusty particles in the piling of the years, until it is fulgent by clarity. Port hymns to his conservatism It is magical at one sip he is off swimming in the purple flood of the ever-youthful antique

By comparison, then, the enjoyment of others is brutish; they have not the soul for it, but he is worthy of the wine, as are poets of Beauty In truth, these should be severally apportioned to them, scholar and poet, as his own good thing Let it be so

Meanwhile Dr Middleton sipped

After the departure of the ladies, Sir Willoughby had practised a studied curtness upon Vernon and Horace

"You drink claret," he remarked to them, passing it round "Port, I think, Dr Middleton? The wine before you may serve for a preface. We shall have *your* wine in five minutes "

The claret jug empty, Sir Willoughby offered to send for more De Craye was languid over the question Vernon rose from the table

"We have a bottle of Dr Middleton's Port coming in," Willoughby said to him

"Mine, you call it?" cried the Rev Doctor

"It's a royal wine, that won't suffer sharing," said Vernon.

"We'll be with you, if you go into the billiard-room, Vernon."

"I shall hurry my drinking of good wine for no man," said the Rev. Doctor.

"Horace?"

"I'm beneath it, ephemeral, Willoughby. I am going to the ladies" Vernon and De Craye retired upon the arrival of the wine; and Dr Middleton sipped. He sipped and looked at the owner of it.

"Some thirty dozen?" he said.

"Fifty."

The doctor nodded humbly

"I shall remember, sir," his host addressed him, "whenever I have the honour of entertaining you, I am cellarer of that wine"

The Rev Doctor set down his glass "You have, sir, in some sense, an enviable post It is a responsible one, if that be a blessing On you it devolves to retard the day of the last dozen"

"Your opinion of the wine is favourable, sir?"

"I will say this—shallow souls run to rhapsody—I will say, that I am consoled for not having lived ninety years back, or at any period but the present, by this one glass of your ancestral wine"

"I am careful of it," Sir Willoughby said modestly, "still its natural destination is to those who can appreciate it You do, sir"

"Still, my good friend, still! It is a charge, it is a possession, but part in trusteeship Though we cannot declare it an entailed estate, our consciences are in some sort pledged that it shall be a succession not too considerably diminished"

"You will not object to drink it, sir, to the health of your grandchildren And may you live to toast them in it on their marriage-day!"

"You colour the idea of a prolonged existence in seductive hues Ha! It is a wine for Tithonus. This wine would speed him to the rosy Morning—aha!"

"I will undertake to sit you through it up to morning," said Sir Willoughby, innocent of the Bacchic nuptiality of the allusion.

JOHN STUART MILL

(1806 – 1873)

JOHN STUART MILL, the eldest son of James Mill (q.v.), was born in London on 20th May, 1806 He was educated by his father on a system which was intended to turn him into an apostle of Benthamism

He began Greek at the age of three, and before he was eight had read many ordinary and some out-of-the-way Greek authors His lighter reading included thirty volumes of the *Annual Register*. His fifteenth

year was spent in France; on his return he studied law for a time, but in 1823 he obtained a clerkship in the East India House, remaining in the Company's employment until it was supplanted by the Crown in 1858. He rose to be chief of the office with a salary of £2000 a year, and when he retired he was given a pension of £1500. He was a useful and conscientious official, but his duties left him ample leisure for philosophic and literary work. In 1823 the *Westminster Review* was begun by the followers of Bentham, and Mill was one of its earliest contributors, while from 1835 to 1840 he was principal conductor of the *London Review*. In his twenty-first year he produced an admirably mature edition of Bentham's *Treatise upon Evidence*. In 1843 appeared the first of his two chief works, *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive*, the second being *Principles of Political Economy* (1848). To these he afterwards added his work *On Liberty* (1859), *Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform* (1861), *Utilitarianism* (1862), the *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, and *Auguste Comte and Positivism* (1865). In 1865 he was returned to Parliament as member for Westminster, where he advocated women's suffrage, and took part in the Reform Bill debates. At the election of 1868 he was defeated and retired to Avignon.

Besides the works already mentioned, he published *Considerations on Representative Government* (1861), *The Subjection of Women* (1869), and *The Irish Land Question* (1870). He died at Avignon on 8th May, 1873. His *Autobiography* was posthumously published in that year, and the three essays *Nature*, *The Unity of Religion*, and *Theism*, in 1874. Mill's works on logic and political economy are standard textbooks. In the former he placed the system of inductive logic on a firm basis. As a politician Mill belonged to the school of philosophic radicals, adopting a combination of democratic and conservative ideas. As an economist he was an exponent of the principles of the Utilitarian school, but he modified their doctrines in some details. Mill was a man of the utmost sincerity, and in all his writings showed that he had the welfare of mankind at heart. His style is clear and lucid, but not very attractive. Owing, perhaps, to his physically and spiritually neglected boyhood, he is a somewhat arid writer. That he should have accomplished what he did, in spite of his father's educational methods, is no small tribute to "Man's unconquerable mind."

[A Bain, *J. S. Mill: a Criticism*; W. L. Courtney, *Metaphysics of J. S. Mill*; C. Douglas, *J. S. Mill: a Study of his Philosophy*, Sir Leslie Stephen, *The English Utilitarians*]

From "On Liberty"

To what an extent doctrines intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs, without being ever realized in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by the manner in which the majority of believers hold the doctrines of Christianity. By Christianity I here mean what is accounted

such by all churches and sects—the maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament. These are considered sacred, and accepted as laws, by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it, is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims, which he believes to have been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules for his government; and on the other a set of every-day judgments and practices, which go a certain length with some of those maxims, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standards he gives his homage; to the other his real allegiance. All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is *easier* for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to *enter* the kingdom of heaven, that they should judge not, lest they be judged, that they should swear not at all, that they should love their neighbour as themselves, that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also, that they should take no thought for the morrow, that if they would be perfect they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrines just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrines in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with, and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But any one who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing, would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrines have no hold on ordinary believers—are not a power in their minds. They have an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified, and forces the mind to take *them* in, and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ.

Now we may be well assured that the case was not thus, but far otherwise, with the early Christians. Had it been thus, Christianity never would have expanded from an obscure sect of the despised Hebrews into the religion of the Roman empire. When their enemies said, "See how these Christians love one another" (a remark not likely to be made by anybody now), they assuredly had a much livelier feeling of the meaning

of their creed than they have ever had since. And to this cause, probably, it is chiefly owing that Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain, and after eighteen centuries is still nearly confined to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans. Even with the strictly religious, who are much in earnest about their doctrines, and attach a greater amount of meaning to many of them than people in general, it commonly happens that the part which is thus comparatively active in their minds is that which was made by Calvin, or Knox, or some such person much nearer in character to themselves. The sayings of Christ coexist passively in their minds, producing hardly any effect beyond what is caused by mere listening to words so amiable and bland. There are many reasons, doubtless, why doctrines which are the badge of a sect retain more of their vitality than those common to all recognized sects, and why more pains are taken by teachers to keep their meaning alive, but one reason certainly is, that the peculiar doctrines are more questioned, and have to be oftener defended against open gainsayers. Both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post, as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

The same thing holds true, generally speaking, of all traditional doctrines—those of prudence and knowledge of life, as well as of morals or religion. All languages and literatures are full of general observations on life, both as to what it is, and how to conduct oneself in it; observations which everybody knows, which everybody repeats, or hears with acquiescence, which are received as truisms, yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them. How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he does now, would have saved him from the calamity. There are indeed reasons for this, other than the absence of discussion, there are many truths of which the full meaning *cannot* be realized until personal experience has brought it home. But much more of the meaning even of these would have been understood, and what was understood would have been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued *pro* and *con* by people who did understand it. The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. A contemporary author has well spoken of “the deep slumber of a decided opinion.”

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

(1809 - 1882)

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN was born at Shrewsbury on 12th February, 1809. His father, Robert Waring Darwin, was a wise and well-loved physician. His paternal grandfather was Erasmus Darwin (q.v.), his maternal grandfather was Josiah Wedgwood, the potter. He was educated at Shrewsbury High School under Dr. Butler; at Edinburgh University, where he intended to qualify in medicine, but abandoned the project, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, whither he went with the idea of taking holy orders. At Cambridge he contented himself with taking a "poll" degree in 1831, but he made many valuable friendships, notably with Professor Henslow the botanist, and devoted himself to the study of natural history. In his early days he was passionately fond of shooting. In 1831 he was appointed naturalist to the surveying voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Fitzroy. The vessel sailed in December, 1831, and did not return till October, 1836, after having circumnavigated the globe. Darwin came home with rich stores of knowledge, and, having ample private means, decided to devote his life to science. He was secretary of the Geological Society from 1838 to 1841. In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and in 1842 settled at Down, near Beckenham, Kent, where he spent the life of a quiet country gentleman, engrossed in scientific pursuits—experimenting, observing, recording,

reflecting, and generalizing. His health, unfortunately, was weak, and he was obliged to live the life of a recluse, to husband his strength, and to limit his working hours in order to avoid being unable to work at all. His son writes "It is a principal feature of his life, that for nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and that thus his life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness." His earlier works include *A Naturalist's Voyage round the World* (1839, originally called *Journal of Researches. During the Voyage round the World of H.M.S. Beagle*), *The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs* (1842), and *Monographs of the Cirripedia* (1851 and 1854). In 1859 his name attained its great celebrity by the publication of *The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection*. This work, scouted and derided though it was in certain quarters, effected a revolution not only in biological science but in scientific thought of every kind. In it for the first time was given a full exposition of the theory of evolution as applied to plants and animals, the origin of species being explained on the hypothesis of natural selection. The rest of his works are largely based on the material he had accumulated for the elaboration of this great theory. The principal are *On the Fertilization of Orchids* (1862), *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868), *The Descent of Man* (1871), *The Expression of the Emotions in Man*

and *Animals* (1872), *The Power of Movement in Plants* (1880), and *The Formation of Vegetable Mould* (1881) Darwin died on 19th April, 1882, and was buried in Westminster Abbey

To appraise Darwin's scientific achievements does not fall within the province of this book. From the literary point of view Darwin's writings are always clear and as easy reading as their technical nature permits them to be. He did not write with ease; he says himself "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down, but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages

as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words; and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately." In all Darwin's writings, even in the most unlikely places, it is possible to see glimpses of his beautiful character. He was tirelessly patient in research, fearless in the quest for truth, quick to form hypotheses, and as quick to abandon them when untenable, and above all, as humble of heart and as free from the *odium theologicum* as any man ever was.

[Sir Francis Darwin, *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*; E. B. Poulton, *Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection*, A. R. Wallace, *Darwinism*, S. P. Cadman, *Charles Darwin and other English Thinkers*]

From "The Origin of Species"

As the species of the same genus usually have, though by no means invariably, much similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between them, if they come into competition with each other, than between the species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the mussel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. In Australia the imported hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small, stingless native bee. One species of charlock has been known to supplant another species; and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms, which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature, but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

A corollary of the highest importance may be deduced from the fore-

going remarks, namely, that the structure of every organic being is related, in the most essential yet often hidden manner, to that of all the other organic beings, with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger; and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully plumed seed of the dandelion, and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle, the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water. Yet the advantage of plumed seeds no doubt stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed with other plants; so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle, the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey, and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds, as peas and beans, when sown in the midst of long grass, it may be suspected that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favour the growth of the seedlings, whilst struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

Look at a plant in the midst of its range, why does it not double or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. In this case we can clearly see that if we wish in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in number, we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors, or over the animals which prey on it. On the confines of its geographical range, a change of constitution with respect to climate would clearly be an advantage to our plant, but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far, that they are destroyed exclusively by the rigour of the climate. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the Arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

Hence we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country amongst new competitors, the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner, although the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home. If its average numbers are to increase in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have had to do in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

JOHN BROWN

(1810 - 1882)

JOHN BROWN was born on 22nd September, 1810, at Biggar in Lanarkshire, where his father was minister of the burgher congregation. He was educated at Edinburgh High School and University, he attended both the arts and the medical classes, and graduated M.D. in 1833. He at once began to practise in Edinburgh, and spent the rest of his uneventful life in that pursuit. He was devoted to his profession, which he regarded as primarily an art and only secondarily a science, and he was loved by all his patients and indeed by all who knew him. Thackeray, Sir Henry Taylor, and Ruskin were among his friends. The closing years of his life were clouded by melancholia, but he shook this off during his last six months upon earth. He died of pleurisy on 11th May, 1882.

Brown held strongly to the view that no man should write unless he

has got something to say, and then should endeavour to say it as well as possible. Hence he wrote little, but that little is all perfectly wrought. His miscellaneous essays were collected under the name of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, and appeared in three volumes published in 1858, 1861, and 1882. Brown is admirable in his descriptions of scenery, his blend of humour and pathos is inimitable, but he is at his best as a portrayer of dogs. *Rab and his Friends* is perhaps the best known of his writings, but *Our Dogs* is quite as good, and in *Pet Marjorie* he has drawn a charming portrait of Scott's child-friend. He was a modest man, and would probably disclaim the comparison with Montaigne and Lamb which enthusiasts have made, but his tender and delicate humour gives him a place among the few writers who win the personal affection and friendship of their readers.

From "Our Dogs"

WASP was a dark brindled bull-terrier, as pure in blood as Cruiser or Wild Dayrell. She was brought by my brother from Otley, in the West Riding. She was very handsome, fierce, and gentle, with a small, compact, finely-shaped head, and a pair of wonderful eyes—as full of fire and of softness as Grisi's, indeed she had to my eye a curious look of that wonderful genius—at once wild and fond. It was a fine sight to see her on the prowl across Bowden Moor, now cantering with her nose down, now gathered up on the top of a dyke, and with erect ears, looking across the wild like a moss-trooper out on business, keen and fell. She could do everything it became a dog to do, from killing an otter or a pole-cat, to watching and playing with a baby, and was as docile to her master as she was surly to all else. She was not quarrelsome, but "being

in ", she would have pleased Polonius as much, as in being "ware of entrance" She was never beaten, and she killed on the spot several of the country bullies who came out upon her when following her master in his rounds She generally sent them off howling with one snap, but if this was not enough, she made an end of it

But it was as a mother that she shone; and to see the gipsy, Hagar-like creature nursing her occasional Ishmael—playing with him, fondling him all over, teaching his teeth to war, and with eye and the curl of her lip daring any one but her master to touch him, was like seeing Grisi watching her darling "*Gennaro*" who so little knew why and how much she loved him.

Once when she had three pups, one of them died For two days and nights she gave herself up to trying to bring it to life—licking it, and turning it over and over, growling over it, and all but worrying it to awake it She paid no attention to the living two, gave them no milk, flung them away with her teeth, and would have killed them, had they been allowed to remain with her She was as one possessed, and neither ate nor drank nor slept, was heavy and miserable with her milk, and in such a state of excitement that no one could remove the dead pup

Early on the third day she was seen to take the pup in her mouth, and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a race-horse—she plunged in, holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream dropped it, and swam swiftly ashore then she stood and watched the little dark lump floating away, bobbing up and down with the current, and losing it at last far down, she made her way home, sought out the living two, devoured them with her love, carried them one by one to her lair, and gave herself up wholly to nurse them you can fancy her mental and bodily happiness and relief when they were pulling away—and theirs.

On one occasion my brother had lent her to a woman who lived in a lonely house, and whose husband was away for a time She was a capital watch One day an Italian with his organ came—first begging, then demanding money—showing that he knew she was alone, and that he meant to help himself, if she didn't She threatened to "lowse the dog", but as this was Greek to him, he pushed on She had just time to set Wasp at him It was very short work She had him by the throat, pulled him and his organ down with a heavy crash, the organ giving a ludicrous sort of cry of musical pain Wasp, thinking this was from some creature within, possibly a *whittret*, left the ruffian, and set to work tooth and nail on the box Its master slunk off, and with mingled fury and thankfulness, watched her disembowelling his only means of an honest living. The woman good-naturedly took her off, and signed to the miscreant to make himself and his remains scarce This he did with a scowl, and was found in the evening in the village, telling a series of lies to the watchmaker, and

bribing him with a shilling to mend his pipes—"his kist o' whussels".

JOCK was insane from his birth; at first an *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn-coloured, his mother's name VAMP (Vampire), and his father's DEMON. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street-door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, &c., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him, but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys, and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the manse by strangling an ancient monkey, or "puggy", the pet of the minister—who was a bachelor—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod.

OF DUCHIE I have already spoken, her oddities were endless. We had and still have a dear friend,—“Cousin Susan” she is called by many who are not her cousins—a perfect lady, and, though hopelessly deaf, as gentle and contented as ever Griselda with the full use of her ears; quite as great a pet, in a word, of us all as Duchie was of ours. One day we found her mourning the death of a cat, a great playfellow of the Sputchard's, and her small Grace was with us when we were condoling with her, and we saw that she looked very wistfully at Duchie. I wrote on the slate “Would you like her?” and she through her tears said, “You know that would never do.” But it did do. We left Duchie that very night, and though she paid us frequent visits, she was Cousin Susan's for life. I fear indulgence dulled her moral sense. She was an immense happiness to her mistress, whose silent and lonely days she made glad with her oddity and mirth. And yet the small creature, old, toothless, and blind, domineered over her gentle friend—threatening her sometimes if she presumed to remove the small Fury from the inside of her own bed, into which it pleased her to creep. Indeed, I believe it is too true, though it was inferred only, that her mistress and friend spent a great deal of a winter night in trying to coax her dear little ruffian out

of the centre of the bed. One day the cook asked what she would have for dinner: "I would like a mutton chop, but then, you know, Duchie likes minced veal better!" The faithful and happy little creature died at a great age, of natural decay

But time would fail me, and I feel patience would fail you, my reader, were I to tell you of CRAB, of JOHN PYM, of PUCK, and of the rest CRAB, the Mugger's dog, grave, with deep-set, melancholy eyes, as of a nobleman (say the Master of Ravenswood) in disguise, large visaged, shaggy, indomitable, come of the pure Piper Allan's breed. This Piper Allan, you must know, lived some two hundred years ago in Cocquet Water, piping like Homer, from place to place, and famous not less for his dog than for his music, his news and his songs. The Earl of Northumberland, of his day, offered the piper a small farm for his dog, but after deliberating for a day, Allan said "Na, na, ma Lord, keep yir ferum, what wud a piper do wi' a ferum?" From this dog descended Davidson (the original Dandie Dinmont) of Hyndlee's breed, and Crab could count his kin up to him. He had a great look of the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, and had much of his energy, and *wecht*, had there been a dog House of Commons, Crab would have spoken as seldom, and been as great a power in the House, as the formidable and faithful time-out-of-mind member for Coventry

JOHN PYM was a smaller dog than Crab, of more fashionable blood, being a son of Mr Somner's famous SHEM, whose father and brother are said to have been found dead in a drain into which the hounds had run a fox. It had three entrances, the father was put in at one hole, the son at another, and speedily the fox bolted out at the third, but no appearance of the little terriers, and, on digging, they were found dead, locked in each other's jaws, they had met, and it being dark, and there being no time for explanations, they had throttled each other. John was made of the same sort of stuff, and was as combative and victorious as his great namesake, and not unlike him in some of his not so creditable qualities. He must, I think, have been related to a certain dog, to whom "life was full o' sairiousness", but in John's case the same cause produced an opposite effect. John was gay and light-hearted, even when there was not "enuff o' fechtin'", which, however, seldom happened, there being a market every week in Melrose, and John appearing most punctually at the cross to challenge all comers, and being short legged, he inveigled every dog into an engagement by first attacking him, and then falling down on his back, in which posture he latterly fought and won all his battles.

What can I say of PUCK—the thoroughbred—the simple-hearted—the purloiner of eggs warm from the hen—the flutterer of all manner of Volscians—the bandy-legged, dear, old, dilapidated buffer? I got him from my brother, and only parted with him because William's stock was gone. He had to end of life a simplicity which was quite touching

One summer day—a dog-day—when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world, for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire *Placide quiescas!*

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

(1810 – 1886)

SAMUEL FERGUSON, son of John Ferguson of Collon House, Co Antrim, was born in Belfast on 10th March, 1810. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution (familiarly known as "Inst"), Belfast, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B A in 1826, M A in 1832, and honorary LL D in 1864. In 1838 he was called to the Irish bar, where he had a useful but not spectacular career. He became a Q C in 1859, but retired from practice in 1867, when he was appointed deputy-keeper of the public records of Ireland. Few official appointments have been more happily made, he reduced chaos into order and efficiency, and received a well-merited knighthood in 1878. He died on 9th August, 1886. Ferguson was an admirable official and a man of great charm. His leisure was devoted to scholarship and literature, and he played no small part in the Celtic Revival. He wrote an excellent book on *Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales,*

and Scotland. His poetical writings owe more, perhaps, to his love of his country and her antiquities than to genuine inspiration. They include *The Forging of the Anchor* (Blackwood, 1831), *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865, a collection of poems), *Congal, an Epic in Five Books* (1872), *Poems* (1880), and *Deirdre* (1880). He had not a great lyric gift, and his longer poems are better in their kind than his shorter ones. His prose works include *Father Tom and the Pope* (Blackwood, 1838), and *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments*. Ferguson in his poems handled the ancient legends of his country as well as he could, he was somewhat hampered by an imperfect knowledge of Irish, and by an antiquarian rather than a poetic outlook. If not a great poet he was, however, a great antiquary, a great gentleman, and an accomplished and versatile man of letters.

[Lady Ferguson, *Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day*]

The Fairy Thorn

AN ULSTER BALLAD

“Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning-wheel,
For your father’s on the hill, and your mother is asleep
Come up above the crags, and we’ll dance a highland reel
Round the fairy thorn on the steep.”

At Anna Grace’s door ’twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green,
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween

They’re glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare,
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta’en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee,
The rowan berries cluster o’er her low head grey and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never caroll’d bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has still’d the haunted braes
And dreamier the gloaming grows

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon’s shadow saileth across the open shaw,

Are hush'd the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old whitethorn between,
A Power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare

Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their heads together bow'd,
Soft o'er their bosoms' beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

No scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws,
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they may not look to see the cause.

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze,
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise,

Till out of night the earth has roll'd her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—
They pined away and died within the year and day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(1828 - 1882)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, who was christened Gabriel Charles Dante, was born at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, on 12th May, 1828. His father, Gabriele Rossetti, was an Italian refugee who settled in England in 1824 and became professor of Italian at King's College, London, in 1831. He was an accomplished though unorthodox Dante scholar, and married a wife who was half an Italian. Dante Gabriel, the eldest son, was, therefore, three-quarters Italian. He was a precocious child, and was educated at King's College, which he left at the age of fourteen. He decided to adopt art as a profession, and spent four years in F. S. Cary's drawing academy, studying also at the Royal Academy and under Ford Madox Brown. He was even more precocious as a poet than as an artist, and *The Blessed Damozel* was written, in its original form, when he was nineteen. In 1848 he helped to found the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the other members of which profoundly influenced his art as displayed in his pictures and poems. To its periodical, *The Germ* (1850), which expired after its fourth number, he contributed several of his best poems, including *The Blessed Damozel*, and his beautiful prose story, *Hand and Soul*. He developed his powers considerably in both the branches of art of which he was master, but did not publish anything for some time, though some of his poems circulated freely in manuscript. In 1861, thanks to the generosity of Ruskin, he pub-

lished his *Early Italian Poets* (renamed *Dante and his Circle* in the reprint of 1874), a volume of exquisitely wrought translations, at once spirited and faithful, showing unmistakably their author's genius, "linking our England to his Italy." It also contained an admirable translation of the prose passages of the *Vita Nuova*. In 1860 Rossetti married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, a milliner's assistant, to whom he had been engaged for nine years, and who sat to him for many of his pictures. She had long been in delicate health, and died on 11th February, 1862, after accidentally taking an overdose of laudanum. In his intense grief Rossetti placed the manuscript of his poems, which was almost ready for publication, in his wife's coffin. More than seven years later they were exhumed, and were published in 1870. This volume took the literary world by storm and set its author at once in the front rank of living poets. The story of the rest of Rossetti's life is a story of sad degeneracy. He was always nervous and highly-strung, and suffered much from insomnia. Unfortunately he attempted to relieve his malady by the use of chloral, and became a slave to the drug. His character rapidly deteriorated, he resented with unnecessary bitterness the unwise attack of Robert Buchanan (q.v.) upon his poetry, and he developed what almost amounted to a form of persecution-mania. He attempted suicide, became partially paralysed, and was

a sore trial to his friends and relatives. In 1881 he published a volume of poems (*Ballads and Sonnets*) containing, amongst other things, his ballad-epic of *Rose Mary*, his ballads *The White Ship* and *The King's Tragedy*, and *The House of Life*, a century of sonnets. He died on 10th April, 1882, at Birchington, near Margate

• Rossetti's poetical genius was absolutely original. This was due in part to his Italian blood and his English upbringing, in part to his great gifts as a painter, and in part to that undefinable something which is the essence of genius. He was a master of the delicate cadences of

our language, the music of his verse has rarely been surpassed; and his sonnet-sequence is one of the best in our literature. His lack of simplicity has, however, made him the poet of the few rather than of the many. Contemporary events made but slight impression on him or his work; he shines as a poet of the supernatural and the romantic, as a leader in the renaissance of wonder.

[W. M. Rossetti, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer*; A. C. Benson, *Rossetti* (English Men of Letters Series), S. A. Brooke, *Four Poets*, William Sharp, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, E. Waugh, *Rossetti, his Life and Works*]

The Blessed Damozel

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven,
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even,
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service sweetly worn,
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers,
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers,
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years

(To one, it is ten years of years
Yet now, and in this place,

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing. the autumn fall of leaves
The whole year sets apace)

It was the rampart of God's house,
That she was standing on,
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun,
So high, that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names,
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path, and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now, the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf, and now
She spoke through the still weather.

Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said
"Have not I prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayers sent up to God,
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here, which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know "

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(Alas! we two, we two, thou say'st!
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded,
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robcs for them
 Who are just born, being dead

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
 Bowed with their aureoles
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me —
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love, only to be,
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he "

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—

“ All this is when he comes ” She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight
Her eyes prayed and she smiled

(I saw her smile) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept (I heard her tears)

From “ The House of Life ”

THE CHOICE

I

Eat thou and drink, to-morrow thou shalt die
Surely the earth, that's wise being very old,
Needs not our help Then loose me, love, and hold
Thy sultry hair up from my face, that I
May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,
Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold
We'll drown all hours thy song, while hours are tolled,
Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky
Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way!
Through many years they toil, then on a day
They die not,—for their life was death,—but cease,
And round their narrow lips the mould falls close

II

Watch thou and fear, to-morrow thou shalt die
Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death?
Is not the day which God's word promiseth
To come man knows not when? In yonder sky,
Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth can I
Or thou assure him of his goal? God's breath
Even at this moment haply quickeneth

The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh
 Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here
 And dost thou prate of all that man shall do?
 Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be
 Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?
 Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell? Go to
 Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

III

Think thou and act, to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
 Thou say'st "Man's measured path is all gone o'er,
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for"
 How should this be? Art thou then so much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?
 Nay, come up hither From this wave-washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me,
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

(1830 – 1894)

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, daughter of Gabriele Rossetti and sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (q.v.), was born at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, on 5th December, 1830. Like her two brothers and her sister, she was unusually gifted and exceptionally precocious. Two small volumes of her verse were privately printed by her grandfather when she was eleven and when she was sixteen years old. To the short-lived *Germ* she contributed half a dozen beau-

tiful poems, being then in her twentieth year. Miss Rossetti was of a deeply religious nature, and at an early age attached herself to the Anglo-Catholic wing of the Church of England. Her desire was to enter a religious sisterhood, but her sense of duty kept her at home. So serious were her religious opinions that she rejected two suitors—one a Roman Catholic and the other an indifferentist—on account of theirs. The rejection of one was apparently accomplished without much pain,

but the rejection of the other was a great sorrow which left a permanent mark on Miss Rossetti's character and which accounts for much of the morbidity and lack of variety in some of her poems. *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, containing some of her best work (*A Birthday, Up-hill, The Convent Threshold, &c*) was published in 1872. In 1866 appeared *The Prince's Progress*, which also contains exquisite work. In 1870 she published *Common-place* (short stories), and two years later *Sing-Song* (nursery rhymes). From 1871 to 1873 she suffered from an uncommon malady, exophthalmic goitre, her life was despaired of, and she never again enjoyed good health. She lived a life of great seclusion, and wrote many devotional works of no great literary value. These include *Speaking Likenesses, Annus Domini* (prayers), *Letter and Spirit* (notes on the commandments), and *The Face of the Deep* (a devotional commentary on the Apocalypse). In 1881 a volume of poems, *A Pageant and Other Poems*, appeared, it contains good work but not so good as that of its predecessors. Miss Rossetti had a long and painful illness, dying of cancer on 29th December, 1894. A posthumous collection of poems, edited by her brother, W. M. Rossetti, appeared

in 1896, under the title of *New Poems*.

Christina Rossetti is probably our most gifted poetess. She had the gift of song, her somewhat circumscribed life and her somewhat too austere religion modified but did not annul that gift. There is hardly a poem of hers in which it is not seen. Her devotional verse, if such a name be appropriate, for her devout spirit shines in everything she wrote, is only to be equalled by the religious poets of the seventeenth century, such as Herbert and Vaughan (q.v.). Her *Christmas Carol* is a beautiful and sincere poem, and won a glowing tribute from Swinburne, to whom its subject was probably antipathetic. She was a mistress of plain and simple language, which forms a striking contrast to the mysticism of her thought. Her gifts place her but a little short of being in the first class of our poets. Her chief faults are a certain narrowness of range, and a certain morbidity of temperament.

[H. T. M. Bell, *Christina Rossetti, a Biographical and Critical Study*, Ellen A. Proctor, *A Brief Memoir of C. G. Rossetti*, B. F. Westcott, *An Appreciation of the late Christina G. Rossetti*, Marjorie A. Bald, *Women Writers of the Nineteenth Century*]

Up-hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labour you shall find the sum
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea,
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me

Raise me a dais of silk and down,
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
 Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes,
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys,
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land,
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay
 Remember me when no more day by day

You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Sister Maude

Who told my mother of my shame,
Who told my father of my dear?
Oh who but Maude, my sister Maude,
Who lurked to spy and peer

Cold he lies, as cold as stone,
With his clotted curls about his face:
The comliest corpse in all the world
And worthy of a queen's embrace

You might have spared his soul, sister,
Have spared my soul, your own soul too:
Though I had not been born at all,
He'd never have looked at you

My father may sleep in Paradise,
My mother at Heaven-gate
But sister Maude shall get no sleep
Either early or late

My father may wear a golden gown,
My mother a crown may win;
If my dear and I knocked at Heaven-gate
Perhaps they'd let us in
But sister Maude, oh sister Maude,
Bide *you* with death and sin

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me,
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

The One Certainty

Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity The eye and ear
Cannot be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death
To-day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them,
And there is nothing new under the sun
Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold and twilight gray

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1837 - 1909)

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE was born in Chester Street, Grosvenor Place, London, on 5th April, 1837. His father, Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, was a son of Sir John Edward Swinburne, sixth baronet of Capheaton in Northumberland. Swinburne spent most of his childhood in the Isle of Wight, with occasional visits to Northumberland. Though of slight physique, he was an expert swimmer, climber, and horseman. He went to Eton in 1849, and remained there until 1853. He developed a precocious and omnivorous taste for reading, and was familiar with all the Elizabethan dramatists, and much other literature, before he left school. He entertained some idea of going into the army, but, after being prepared by a private tutor, entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1856. He did not graduate, though he took a second class in classical moderations, and won the Taylorian prize. The prominence which he gave to his political and religious opinions probably accelerated his departure from Oxford. In 1860 he published two tragedies, *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*. He became acquainted with many men of note, including Rossetti, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), and Meredith. In 1864 he visited Italy and made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor, one of the heroes whom he worshipped. In 1865 he published *Atalanta in Calydon*, considered by many his best work, and, even to lovers of Shelley and Keats, a revelation of the possibilities of

English *Chastelard*, written some years before, was published in the same year, it is the first play of a noble Mary Queen of Scots trilogy, of which the other parts were *Bothwell* (1874) and *Mary Stuart* (1881). This trilogy, which was not intended for the stage, is not only admirable from the poetic and dramatic point of view, but is true to the facts, and gives evidence of considerable powers of research, with which the poet is not always credited. *Poems and Ballads* (1866) attained notoriety as well as fame, some of the poems being considered improper. Mrs Grundy raised her voice in the press of the day, and criticism has not yet quite silenced the reverberations of her pronouncements. *A Song of Italy* appeared in 1867, and *Songs before Sunrise*, a fine tribute to Italy, in 1871. *Erechtheus*, an imitation of a Greek tragedy, but nevertheless a living poem, appeared in 1876, and was followed in 1878 by a second series of *Poems and Ballads*. From 1879 onwards Swinburne lived a life of great retirement with his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton at The Pines, Putney. He was subject to fits, and when by himself indulged in dissipation which was peculiarly harmful to one of his ethereal physique. Moreover, for the last thirty years of his life deafness made general society impossible for him. There is small doubt that Watts-Dunton saved Swinburne's life, but there is no doubt that life at Putney, with its almost monastic regularity, impaired the poet's

genius The skylark, hitherto "like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun", was now put in a cage; and in his later years Swinburne shone as a critic rather than as a poet. His other poetical works include *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882), acclaimed by some as his masterpiece, but weak as a narrative poem; its way of handling the heroic couplet, however, is typical of its author and masterly, *A Century of Roundels* (1883), *Marino Faliero* (1885), *Lochrine* (1887), *Astrophel and Other Poems* (1894), *The Tale of Balen* (1896), *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards* (1899), and *The Duke of Gandia* (1908). No account of his poetical work, however brief, should omit to mention his excellent collection of parodies, *The Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense* (1880), as in one poem of the seven he parodies himself, with equal adroitness and humour. He also wrote much literary criticism of great interest and value. He delighted in Elizabethan literature, and wrote on Shakespeare, Jonson, Chapman, and some of their contemporaries, but he also wrote upon more recent authors, such as Blake, Charlotte Brontë, and his great idol Victor Hugo. Swinburne was lavish in praise of those whom he admired, and uncontrolled in his vituperation of those he disliked. He died on 10th April, 1909, after an attack of influenza followed by pneumonia.

Swinburne takes a high place among English poets. As a craftsman he effected in the technique of verse as notable a revolution as Palestrina brought about in music. He found English poetry fettered by iambic measures, and left it dancing gaily in dactylic and anapaestic metres.

In fact he gave poetry its freedom, not the freedom of *vers libre* (which, it has been said, can no more be called free than sleeping in a ditch can be called free architecture), but that which comes from eager obedience to laws "whose service is perfect freedom". His metrical ingenuity is unsurpassed. Even when using what might be called a toy form of verse like the roundel, he can write great poetry. It is as if a master-musician played the ocarina, and "in his hand the thing became a trumpet, whence he blew soul-animating strains". Swinburne's poetry is not, as hostile critics alleged, sound without sense, but the sound is always closely connected with the sense, and sometimes predominates over it. Swinburne is always a singer, he is never a preacher, a philosopher, or a pamphleteer. He derived much inspiration from other poets, and yet remained highly original. His admirers were intoxicated by the melody of his "sweet pipings", his detractors found that he had no "message", a peculiarly heinous fault in Victorian eyes. The best criticism on his poetry is that of Tennyson—"Swinburne is a reed through which all things blow into music". As a critic he displayed genius rather than soundness, and is disliked by those who prefer infallibility to suggestiveness. His dicta illustrate the saying that "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing". As a man, Swinburne was a curious instance of one who developed with startling rapidity up to the age of twenty, and then remained fixed in his opinions and beliefs. Jonson has well described this type of man: "They are wits of good promise

at first, but there is an *ingenustitium*—they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher ”

[Paul de Reul, *L'Œuvre de Swinburne*, C Watts-Dunton, *Swinburne at Home*, Sir Edmund Gosse, *The Life of Swinburne*, J. Drink-

water, *Swinburne: an Estimate*; P E Thomas, *Algernon Charles Swinburne a Critical Study*, H Nicolson, *Swinburne* (English Men of Letters Series), G Lafourcade, *La Jeunesse de Swinburne*; S. C. Chew, *Swinburne*]

From “Atalanta in Calydon”

CHORUS

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With hsp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might,
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins,
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit,
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight,
 The Maenad and the Bassarid,
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes,
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs,
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies

"BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF YEARS"

Before the beginning of years,
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears,
 Grief, with a glass that ran,
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven,
 Summer, with flowers that fell,
 Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
 And madness, risen from hell,

Strength, without hands to smite,
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the labouring earth,
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth,
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife,
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life,
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin,
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night
His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth,
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death,
He weaves, and is clothed with *derision*;
Sows, and he shall not reap,
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep

Stanzas from "The Triumph of Time"

I will go back to the great sweet mother,—
Mother and lover of men, the Sea
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me,
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast,
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide,
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside,
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips
With splendour, summer and perfume and pride

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee,
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the Sea

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,
Thou art subtle, and cruel of heart, men say;
Thou hast taken, and shalt not render again,
Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as they.
But death is the worst that comes of thee,
Thou art fed with our dead, O Mother, O Sea,

But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or when
Having given us love, hast thou taken away?

O tender-hearted, O perfect lover,
Thy lips are bitter, and sweet thine heart
The hopes that hurt and the dreams that hover,
Shall they not vanish away and apart?
But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than earth,
Thou art strong for death and fruitful of birth,
Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover,
From the first thou wert, in the end thou art

A Forsaken Garden

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep, square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey, bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day

The dense, hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of Time
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken,
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not,
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry,
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea,
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,
We shall sleep

Here death may deal not again forever,
Here change may come not till all change end
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be,
Till a last wind's breath, upon all these blowing,
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead

The Garden of Proserpine

Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams,
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And everything but sleep

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer,
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine;
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born,
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and must abated,
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell,
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes,
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than Love's, who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born,
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn,
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things,
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure,
To-day will die to-morrow,
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And Love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal,
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

From "Chastelard"

MARY BEATON'S SONG

Between the sunset and the sea
My love laid hands and lips on me,
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,
Of long desire came brief delight,

Ah love, and what thing came of thee
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

Between the sea-mark and the sea,
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me,
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,
And dead delight to new desire;
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be
Between the sea-sand and the sea

Between the sundown and the sea
Love watched one hour of love with me,
Then down the all-golden water-ways
His feet flew after yesterday's,
I saw them come and saw them flee
Between the sea-foam and the sea

Between the sea-strand and the sea
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me,
The first star saw twain turn to one
Between the moonrise and the sun,
The next, that saw not love, saw me
Between the sea-banks and the sea

Rondel

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet,
Wove and unwove it, wound and found it sweet,
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like dim skies,
With her own tresses bound and found her fair,
Kissing her hair

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea,
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there,
Kissing her hair

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834 - 1896)

WILLIAM MORRIS was born at Elm House, Clay Hill, Walthamstow, on 24th March, 1834. His father was partner in a firm of bill-brokers. He was educated at Marlborough, and at Exeter College, Oxford, where he read for a pass-degree. At Oxford he met Burne-Jones, whose friendship was an important factor in his life. He abandoned his original intention of going into the Church, and chose to follow the profession of painter. He was of independent means, having an income of £900 a year after he came of age. In 1857 he helped Rossetti to decorate the Oxford Union, the work was done too rapidly and too soon, and did not last. Morris married in 1859, and, desiring an ideal home, commissioned his friend Philip Webb to build him a house (The Red House) at Upton in Kent. The building and decoration of this house, the smallest detail of the furniture of which was specially designed, led to the foundation in 1861 of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co., a firm of decorators and manufacturers. Morris was the senior partner and the moving spirit, and he did more than anyone else to exorcise the spirit of drab ugliness from Victorian houses. In 1858 he published *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*, which did not, at the time of its first appearance, attract much attention. His *Life and Death of Jason* appeared in 1867, and his *Earthly Paradise*, a collection of twenty-four tales in verse, his best-known and in a sense his best volume of poetry,

was published between 1868 and 1870. *Love is Enough a Morality* appeared in 1873. His poems, good in themselves, did much to widen the outlook of readers of poetry, showing them that there were other civilizations besides that of Victorian England. After the publication of *Jason* (which was originally intended for *The Earthly Paradise*, but grew too bulky) in 1867, Morris was generally recognized as one of the foremost poets of his time. Poetry, however, was only one of his multitudinous interests. He became keenly interested in the art of illuminating manuscripts. He translated the *Aeneid* (1875) and the *Odyssey* (1887) as well as a number of Icelandic sagas and *The Tale of Beowulf*. His epic *Sigurd the Volsung* appeared in 1876. It is probably his best work, and has been called by competent critics "the most Homeric poem since Homer." In 1883 Morris became an ardent Socialist, and managed and financed a Socialist paper, *Commonweal*. He was not altogether trusted by the Socialist party, and finally broke with the anarchistic wing of it. His interest in the movement gradually waned. In 1890 he started the Kelmscott Press at Hammersmith. It issued in all fifty-three books. *The Kelmscott Chaucer*, issued in 1896, is considered by many the finest printed book ever produced. Morris's political and other activities somewhat reduced his literary output during the closing years of his life. He wrote a good number

of prose romances, &c, of which we may mention *A Dream of John Ball* (1888), *A Tale of the House of the Wolfings* (1889), *The Roots of the Mountains* (1890), *News from Nowhere* (1891), *The Wood beyond the World* (1894), *The Well at the World's End* (1896), and *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* (1897). Some of these writings are too prolix, while others owe their popularity less to their literary merit than to the political views which they expound. Morris died at Hammersmith on 3rd October, 1896, prematurely exhausted by his unceasing activities in almost every branch of art.

Morris was a man of the most forceful personality, and his interests and enthusiasms were manifold. He practised many arts, because according to his conception all art was one. He wished to go back to the Middle Ages, not because he was retrogressive, but because he thought civilization had taken the wrong turning, and that to regain the right path it was necessary to go back to where the ways had parted. His influence both on poetry and house decora-

tion was profound and salutary. The Muse, however, is a jealous mistress, and does not brook being one of a number of rivals. Morris's theory that "talk of inspiration is sheer nonsense, it is a mere matter of craftsmanship" is a variant of Trollope's theory. It is not true, though it contains a truth. Morris thoroughly enjoyed writing his poems, which cost him little effort, and he succeeded in conveying some of his enjoyment to his readers. Few poets of equal eminence have originated fewer quotations. He is best when read in bulk, and does not lend himself to adequate representation in anthologies.

[J W Mackail, *The Life of William Morris*, *William Morris and his Circle*, Alfred Noyes, *William Morris* (English Men of Letters Series), A Clutton-Brock, *William Morris his Work and Influence*, J Drinkwater, *William Morris A Critical Study*, A Compton Rickett, *William Morris A Study in Personality*, J B Glasier, *William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement*, H H Sparling, *The Kelm-scott Press and William Morris*]

Two Red Roses across the Moon

There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large of her eyes, and slim and tall,
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon

There was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry,
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon

Yet none the more he stopp'd at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be met,
He rode on the spur till the next warm noon —
Two red roses across the moon

But the battle was scatter'd from hill to hill,
From the windmill to the watermill;
And he said to himself, as it near'd the noon,
Two red roses across the moon

You scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon'

Verily then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue,
And they cried, as they cut them down at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon'

I trow he stopp'd when he rode again
By the hall, though draggled sore with the rain,
And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon

Under the may she stoop'd to the crown,
All was gold, there was nothing of brown,
And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon

Riding Together

For many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East,
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of Our Lady's Feast

WILLIAM MORRIS

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-bank'd stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watch'd night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
Straight out the banners stream'd behind,
As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather,
With faces turned towards the wind

Down sank our threescore spears together,
As thick we saw the pagans ride,
His eager face in the clear fresh weather,
Shone out that last time by my side

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd together,
It rock'd to the crash of the meeting spears,
Down rain'd the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears

There, as we roll'd and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his place,
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather,
Gapingly mazed at my madden'd face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain the little Christian band
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy weather
The river drowns low-lying land

They bound my blood-stain'd hands together,
They bound his corpse to nod by my side
Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride

We ride no more, no more together,
My prison-bars are thick and strong,
I take no heed of any weather,
The sweet Saints grant I live not long

The Eve of Crecy

Gold on her head, and gold on her feet,
And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
And a golden girdle round my sweet,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite.

Margaret's maids are fair to see,
Freshly dress'd and pleasantly,
Margaret's hair falls down to her knee,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
I would kiss the place where the gold hems meet,
And the golden girdle round my sweet—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

Ah me! I have never touch'd her hand,
When the arriere-ban goes through the land,
Six basnets under my pennon stand;—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

And many an one grins under his hood
"Sir Lambert du Bois, with all his men good,
Has neither food nor firewood,"—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

WILLIAM MORRIS

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
And the golden girdle of my sweet,
And thereabouts where the gold hems meet,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite.

Yet even now it is good to think,
While my few poor varlets grumble and drink
In my desolate hall, where the fires sink,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

Of Margaret sitting glorious there,
In glory of gold and glory of hair,
And glory of glorious face most fair,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

Likewise to-night I make good cheer,
Because this battle draweth near
For what have I to lose or fear?
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

For, look you, my horse is good to prance
A right fair measure in this war-dance,
Before the eyes of Philip of France,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

And sometime it may hap, perdie,
While my new towers stand up three and three,
And my hall gets painted fair to see—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

That folks may say “Times change, by the rood,
For Lambert, banneret of the wood,
Has heaps of food and firewood,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

“And wonderful eyes, too, under the hood
Of a damsel of right noble blood”
St Ives, for Lambert of the Wood!—
Ah! qu'elle est belle, La Marguerite

Shameful Death

There were four of us about that bed;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride,
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here,
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turn'd grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away

WILLIAM MORRIS

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly pass'd,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

In Prison

Wearily, drearily,
Half the day long,
Flap the great banners
High over the stone,
Strangely and eerily
Sounds the wind's song,
Bending the banner-poles

While, all alone,
Watching the loophole's spark,
Lie I, with life all dark,
Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd
Fast to the stone,
The grim walls, square letter'd
With prison'd men's groan

Still strain the banner-poles
Through the wind's song,
Westward the banner rolls
Over my wrong

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

(1831 - 1884)

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY was born at Martley in Worcestershire on 22nd December, 1831. His father, the Rev Henry Blayds, afterwards vicar of South Stoke, near Bath, resumed the family name of Calverley, which had been altered to Blayds in 1807, when "C S C" was twenty-one. The Calverleys were an ancient Yorkshire family, and the poet's branch was collaterally connected with Walter Calverley, the hero or rather the villain of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. Calverley spent three months at Marlborough and four years at Harrow, he then proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was elected a scholar. He won the Chancellor's Prize for Latin verse in 1851, but a series of encounters—innocent but exasperating—with the college authorities brought his Oxford career to an abrupt close early in 1852. He entered Christ's College, Cambridge, in the following autumn, his career at Cambridge was an unqualified success, though his triumphs owed more to genius than to application. He won the Craven Scholarship, the Camden Medal for Latin Hexameters twice, the Browne Medal (Greek Ode) and the Members' Prize for Latin Prose. He graduated as Second Classic in 1856, and was elected a fellow of his college not long afterwards. He remained at Cambridge a few years and took private pupils. *Verses and Translations* appeared in 1862. In 1865 he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, and appeared to have a brilliant career before him. In •

the winter of 1866 he met with a skating accident which caused concussion of the brain, undiagnosed at the time, this eventually led to his entire abandonment of an active career at the bar or in literature. His translation of Theocritus was published in 1869, and *Fly Leaves* in 1872. His health gradually became worse, he became a victim of Bright's disease, and died on 17th February, 1884. He was buried at Folkestone.

Calverley is universally recognized as the king of modern parodists. His profound classical scholarship helped him to attain perfection in his art. His translations into Greek and Latin verse may with all possible respect be called parodies of the Greek and Latin poets. His *Carmen Saeculare*, an astounding piece of Latinity, is a more self-conscious parody of the ancients. His parodies of Martin Tupper and Jean Ingelow and, above all, of Browning can be equalled only by the Euripidean parodies in Aristophanes. Like all good parodies, his are not mere verbal echoes, they are a form of criticism (worth volumes of "the peripatetics of long-haired æsthetics"), and a means of exposing falsities in art. His translations from and into Greek and Latin keep to an unequalled extent the form and "hilt" of the original. His version of Theocritus, intended for the drawing-room more than for the study, is his best piece of sustained work. Like most humorists, Calverley had a serious vein in him, not often displayed, but to be seen

in the concluding lines of *Dover to Munch*. There is no doubt that it is his scholarship which has kept the writings of the "beloved Cambridge rhymers" fresh to this day, and extended their fame to a circle

much wider than that whose radius is two and a half miles and whose centre is Great St Mary's. Calverley's *Complete Works*, with a biographical notice by Sir W J Sendall, appeared in 1901

From "The Cock and the Bull"

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days
Well, to my muttons I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—
"Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—
What hour it skills not ten or eleven o' the clock,
One day (and what a roaring day it was
Go shop or sight-see—bar a spit o' rain!)
In February, eighteen sixty nine,
Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
Hm—hm—how runs the jargon? being on throne

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,
The basis or substratum—what you will—
Of the impending eighty thousand lines
"Not much in 'em either," quoth perhaps simple Hodge.
But there's a superstructure Wait a bit

Mark first the rationale of the thing
Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed
That shilling—and for matter o' that, the pence—
I had o' course upo' me—wi' me say—
(*Mecum's* the Latin, make a note o' that)
When I popp'd pen i' stand, scratch'd ear, wiped snout,
(Let everybody wipe his own himself)
Sniff'd—tch!—at snuffbox, tumbled up, he-heed,

Haw-haw'd (not hee-haw'd, that's another guess thing)
 Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,
 I shoved the timber ope wi' my omoplat,
 And *in vestibulo*, i' the lobby to-wit,
 (Iacobì Facciolati's rendering, sir,)
 Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes,
 And so forth, and, complete with hat and gloves,
 One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,
 And ombrifuge (Lord love you!) case o' rain,
 I flopp'd forth, 'sbuddikins' on my own ten toes,
 (I do assure you there be ten of them),
 And went clump-clumping up hill and down dale,
 To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.
 Put case I hadn't 'em on me, could I ha' bought
 This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,
 This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing? Q E D
 That's proven without aid from mumping Pope,
 Sleek porporate or bloated Cardinal
 (Isn't it, old Fatchaps? You're in Euclid now)
 So, having the shilling—having i' fact a lot—
 And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' them,
 I purchased, as I think I said before,
 The pebble (*lapis, lapidis, -di, -dem, -de—*
 What nouns 'crease short i' the genitive, Fatchaps, eh?)
 O' the boy, a bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun,
 For one-and-fourpence Here we are again

Lovers, and a Reflection

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
 (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean,
 Meaning, however, is no great matter)
 Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween,

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,
 I and my Willie (O love my love)
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
 And flutterbats waver'd alow, above

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
 (Boats in that climate are so polite),
 And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
 And O the sundazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
 (O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
 I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
 Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours,

By rises that flush'd with their purple favours,
 Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
 We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
 Thanking our stars we were both so green

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
 In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
 Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
 Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes

Songbirds darted about, some inky
 As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds,
 Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
 They reckon of no eerie To-come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the millstream washes,
 Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem,
 They need no parasols, no goloshes,
 And good Mrs Trimmer she feedeth them

Then we thrif God's cowslips (as erst His heather)
 That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms,
 And snap!—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
 Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms,

And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty,
 Wafts fluttered them out to the white-wing'd sea)—
 Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
 Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry"

Bowers of flowers encounter'd showers
 In William's carol!—(O love my Willie!)
 Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
 I quite forget what—say a daffodilly

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow",
 I think occurred next in his nimble strain,
 And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—
 A rhyme most novel, I do maintain.

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
 And all least furlable things got "furred";
 Not with any design to conceal their "glories";
 But simply and solely to rhyme with "world".

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
 And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
 Could be furled together, this genial weather,
 And carted, or carried on "wafts" away,
 Nor ever again trotted out—ah me!
 How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!

Proverbial Philosophy

OF READING

Read not Milton, for he is dry, nor Shakespeare, for he wrote of common
 life

Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are yet intelligible
 Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth, a photographer who flattereth not.
 Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee that thou shouldest not dream, but
 do

Read incessantly thy Burke, that Burke who, nobler than he of old,
 Treateth of the Peer and Peeress, the truly Sublime and Beautiful
 Likewise study the "creations" of "the Prince of modern Romance"
 Sigh over Leonard the Martyr, and smile on Pelham the puppy,
 Learn how "love is the dram-drinking of existence",
 And how we "invoke, in the Gadara of our still closets,
 The beautiful ghost of the Ideal, with the simple wand of the pen"
 Listen how Maltravers and the orphan "forgot all but love",
 And how Devereux's family chaplain "made and unmade kings"
 How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and a murderer,
 Yet, being intellectual, was amongst the noblest of mankind
 So shalt thou live in a world peopled with heroes and master-spirits,
 And if thou canst not realize the Ideal, thou shalt at least idealize the
 Real

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON

(1832 – 1898)

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON, who is much better known by his *nom-de-plume* "Lewis Carroll", was born at Daresbury, near Warrington, on 27th January, 1832. His father was Vicar of Daresbury, and afterwards Archdeacon of Richmond. He was educated at Rugby and at Christ Church, Oxford. His career at Oxford was distinguished, he took a third class in *literæ humaniores* and a first class in mathematics, graduating B.A. in 1854 and M.A. in 1857. In 1861 he was ordained deacon, but never proceeded to priest's orders. He became a senior student of his college, and lectured on mathematics there until 1881. He seemed to outward view an ordinary though perhaps exceptionally shy don, but in 1865 he suddenly became famous by publishing under the name of "Lewis Carroll" *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. This book was originally written to amuse one of his numerous small-girl friends, the daughter of the Dean of Christ Church. It is important not to

confound the persons of Lewis Carroll and C. L. Dodgson, M.A.; the former wrote *Through the Looking Glass* (1871), a sequel to *Alice*, *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876), a fantastic verse allegory, *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883), more poems, and *Sylvie and Bruno* (1889 and 1893), a children's book spoilt by didacticism. the latter wrote *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants* (1867), *Euclid and his Modern Rivals* (1879), and other mathematical works. Dodgson was a competent mathematician but would not be remembered as such had he not written a nursery classic and called into being a whole world of new nursery characters. The two *Alice* books, charmingly illustrated by Tenniel, hold a place of their own in the heart of the nation, owing to their unique blend of sense and nonsense. The original MS. of *Alice* was sold in April, 1928, for £15,400. Dodgson died at Guildford on 14th January, 1898.

[S. D. Collingwood, *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*]

From "Through the Looking-glass"

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gumble in the wabe;
All mumsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand.
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gumble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe

— --

GEORGE MACDONALD

(1824 – 1905)

GEORGE MACDONALD, the son of a farmer, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, on 10th December, 1824. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, where he graduated M.A. in 1845. His parents were Congregationalists, and he entered the ministry of that body after studying at their theological college at Highbury. He became minister of a chapel at Arundel in 1850, but resigned his charge three

years later owing to doctrinal and pecuniary disagreements with his congregation. He then embarked on a literary career. *Within and Without*, a poem, appeared in 1856, and was followed by a volume of poems in 1857, and *Phantastes*, a prose romance, in 1858. MacDonald's first notable success was achieved in 1863 with *David Elginbrod*, a novel, it was followed by *The Portent*, a story of the second sight

(1864), *Alec Forbes* (1865), *Robert Falconer* (1868), *Malcolm* (1875), *The Marquis of Lossie* (1877), *Paul Faber, Surgeon* (1879), *Sir Gibbie* (1879), and *Castle Warlock* (1882). He also wrote several good boys' books, of which *At the Back of the North Wind* (1871) is the best, and much miscellaneous verse and prose, including fairy tales and sermons. His health was not good and he lived mainly at Bordighera from 1881 to 1902. He received a civil list pension in 1877. He died on 18th September, 1905.

MacDonald's writings for children entitle him to rank within measurable distance of Hans Andersen. His poems are unequal, and suffer from a superfluity of gush. His novels are admirable in parts (*Robert Falconer* especially), but are spoilt by incoherent plots and by a lack of artistry. He is at his best as a novelist when his foot is on his native heath, he deserves to rank as the Galt of Aberdeenshire.

[Joseph Johnson, *George MacDonald, a Biographical and Critical Appreciation*]

The Hills

Behind my father's cottage lies
 A gentle grassy height,
 Up which I often ran—to gaze
 Back with a wondering sight,
 For on the chimneys I looked down—
 So high—below me quite!

All round, where'er I turned mine eyes,
 Huge hills closed up the view,
 The town, 'midst their converging roots,
 Was clasped by rivers two,
 From one hill to another sprang
 The sky's great vault of blue

Oh, how I loved to climb their sides,
 And in the heather lie!
 From mighty vantage gazing down
 On the castle grim and high,
 Blue streams below, white clouds above—
 Unmoving in the sky!

And now, wherever I may roam,
 At sight of stranger hill,
 A new sense of the old delight
 Springs in my bosom still,
 And longings for the high unknown
 The ancient channels fill

For I am always climbing hills,
 From the known to the unknown—
 Surely, at last, on some high peak,
 To find my Father's throne,
 Though hitherto I have only found
 His footsteps in the stone

And in my wanderings once I met
 Another searching too,
 The dawning hope, the shared quest
 Our hearts together drew
 She laid her trusting hand in mind,
 Unquestioning and true

She was not born among the hills,
 Yet on every mountain face
 A something known her inward eye
 By inborn light can trace,
 For up all hills must homeward be,
 Though no one knows the place

Clasp my hand close in thine, my child—
 A long way we have come!
 Clasp my hand closer yet, my child,
 We farther yet must roam—
 Climbing and climbing, till we reach
 Our heavenly Father's home

LORD DE TABLEY

(1835 - 1895)

JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER WARREN, third Baron De Tabley, was a son of the second baron and was born at Tabley House, Cheshire, on 26th April, 1835. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B A in 1859 and M A in 1860. After a short period of service at the embassy at Constantinople, he was called to

the bar, but did not practise, occupying himself with many pursuits. He was a yeomanry officer, a bibliophile, an authority on book-plates and coins, and an accomplished botanist. His *Ballads and Metrical Sketches* appeared in 1860, *The Threshold of Atrides* in 1861, *Glimpses of Antiquity* in 1862, *Præterita* in 1863, *Eclogues and*

Monodramas in 1864, and *Studies in Verse* in 1865. His work hitherto had been pseudonymous, but in 1866 *Philoctetes*, a notable poem, was published as being by "M A", it was not unnaturally attributed to Matthew Arnold, and Warren was obliged to declare himself. His other poetical volumes include *Orestes* (1868), *Rehearsals* (1870), *Searching the Net* (1873), and *The Soldier's Fortune* (1876). The complete failure of the last-named volume silenced Warren for some years. In 1887 he succeeded to the title on the death of his father, and in 1893 published a selection of his

poems; another followed in 1895. His work gained greatly by selection, and he won at the end of his life the recognition which he might, with better luck, have gained twenty years earlier. He died on 22nd November, 1895. He is not a poet of the foremost rank, but had considerable poetic gifts, his best work is sonorous and magnificent, and owed not a little to classical models. He was a careful workman, his worst fault is a general diffuseness and he has but few minor imperfections. As a man, he was too sensitive to be quite happy.

Nuptial Song

Sigh, heart, and break not, rest, lark, and wake not!
 Day I hear coming to draw my Love away
 As mere-waves whisper, and clouds grow crisper,
 Ah, like a rose he will waken up with day

In moon-light lonely, he is my Love only,
 I share with none when Luna rides in grey
 As dawn-beams quicken, my rivals thicken,
 The light and deed and turmoil of the day

To watch my sleeper to me is sweeter,
 Than any waking words my Love can say,
 In dream he finds me and closer winds me!
 Let him rest by me a little more and stay

Ah, mine eyes, close not and, tho' he knows not,
 My lips, on his be tender while you may,
 Ere leaves are shaken, and ring-doves waken,
 And infant buds begin to scent new day

Fair Darkness, measure thine hours, as treasure
 Shed each one slowly from thine urn, I pray;
 Hoard in and cover each from my lover;
 I cannot lose him yet, dear night, delay

Each moment dearer, true-love lie nearer,
My hair shall blind thee lest thou see the ray,
My locks encumber thine ears in slumber
Lest any bird dare give thee note of day.

He rests so calmly, we lie so warmly,
Hand within hand, as children after play;
In shafted amber on roof and chamber
Dawn enters, my Love wakens, here is day.

The Study of a Spider

From holy flower to holy flower
Thou weavest thine unhallowed bower
The harmless dewdrops, beaded thin,
Ripple along thy ropes of sin
Thy house a grave, a gulf thy throne,
Affright the faeries every one
Thy winding sheets are grey and fell,
Imprisoning with nets of hell
The lovely births that winnow by,
Winged sisters of the rainbow sky
Elf-darlings, fluffy, bee-bright things,
And owl-white moths with mealy wings,
And tiny flies, as gauzy thin
As e'er were shut electrum in
These are thy death spoils, insect ghoul,
With their dear life thy fangs are foul
Thou felon anchorite of pain,
Who sittest in a world of slain
Hermit, who tunest song unsweet
To heaving wing and writhing feet
A glutton of creation's sighs,
Miser of many miseries
Toper, whose lonely feasting chair
Sways in inhospitable air
The board is bare, the bloated host
Drinks to himself toast after toast
His lip requires no goblet brink
But like a weasel must he drink,
The vintage is as old as time,
And bright as sunset, pressed and prime.

LORD DE TABLEY

Ah, venom mouth and shaggy thighs,
And paunch grown sleek with sacrifice,
Thy dolphin back and shoulders round
Coarse-hairy, as some goblin hound
Whom a hag rides to sabbath on,
While shuddering stars in fear grow wan.
Thou palace priest of treachery,
Thou type of selfish lechery,
I break the toils around thy head
And from their gibbets take thy dead

A Frosty Day

Grass afield wears silver thatch,
Palings all are edged with rime,
Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,
Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime,

When the waves are solid floor,
And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystall'd hoar,
And the red leaf nail'd a-ground

When the fieldfare's flight is slow,
And a rosy vapour rim,
Now the sun is small and low,
Belts along the region dim

When the ice-crack flies and flaws,
Shore to shore, with thunder shock,
Deeper than the evening daws,
Clearer than the village clock

When the rusty blackbird strips,
Bunch by bunch, the coral thorn,
And the pale day-crescent dips,
New to heaven a slender horn

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN

(1841 - 1901)

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN was born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, on 18th August, 1841. His father was a tailor at Ayr, then an itinerant socialist lecturer, and finally a journalist in London and Glasgow. Buchanan was educated at Glasgow Academy, High School, and University, and went to London to seek his fortune in 1860, accompanied by David Gray (q.v.). Buchanan's literary output was enormous, its quantity impaired its quality, and its variety prevented its complete success. He attempted poetry, drama, the novel, and literary controversy, and is now perhaps best known for his unfortunate essay in the last-named department of literature (if such it be). His pseudonymous article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry" in the *Contemporary Review* of October, 1871, attacked Rossetti and his circle with great virulence, and brought a hornets' nest about its author's ears. Rossetti replied with

"The Stealthy School of Criticism" in the *Athenæum*, and Swinburne extinguished Buchanan in his *Under the Microscope* (1872). Buchanan's poems include *Undertones* (1863), *London Poems* (1866), *North Coast* (1867), *Balder the Beautiful* (1877), *The City of Dreams* (1888), *The Outcast* (1893), and *The Wandering Jew* (1893). Among his plays are *A Nine Days' Queen* (1880), *Alone in London* (1885), and *Sophia*, an adaptation of *Tom Jones* (1886). His novels include *God and the Man* (1881), *The Master of the Mine* (1885), and *Father Anthony* (1898). His novels and plays are of no consequence as literature; his poems are marred by insincerity, though his poetical gifts were not small, and his early promise outran his later performance. Buchanan became bankrupt in 1900, and died on 10th June, 1901. [Harriet Jay (Buchanan's sister-in-law), *Robert Buchanan some Account of his Life*]

The Dead Mother

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
Under the grass as I lay so deep,
As I lay asleep in my cotton serk
Under the shade of Our Lady's Kirk,
I waken'd up in the dead of night,
I waken'd up in my death-serk white,
And I heard a cry from far away,
And I knew the voice of my daughter May:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!"
Mother, mother, come hither and see!

Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here
My body is bruised, and in pain I cry,
On straw in the dark afraid I lie,
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat,
And mother, mother, to sleep were sweet!"
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep!
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red,
And I walk'd along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and enter'd in,
And reach'd the chamber as dark as night,
And though it was dark my face was white
"Mother, mother, I look on thee!
Mother, mother, you frighten me!
For your cheeks are thin and your hair is grey!"
But I smiled, and kiss'd her fears away,
I smooth'd her hair and I sang a song,
And on my knee I rock'd her long
"O mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kiss'd her, but I could not weep,
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,
My May and I, in our grave so deep,
As we lay asleep in the midnight mirk,
Under the shade of Our Lady's Kirk,
I waken'd up in the dead of night
Though May my daughter lay warm and white,
And I heard the cry of a little one,
And I knew 'twas the voice of Hugh my son
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here
My body is bruised and my heart is sad,
But I speak my mind and call them bad,
I thirst and hunger night and day,
And were I strong I would fly away!"

I heard the cry though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep,
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red,
And I walked along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and enter'd in
"Mother, mother, and art thou here?
I know your face, and I feel no fear,
Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,
For oh I am weary and sore and weak "
I smooth'd his hair with a mother's joy,
And he laugh'd aloud, my own brave boy;
I raised and held him on my breast,
Sang him a song, and bade him rest
"Mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kiss'd him, and I could not weep,
As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,
As I lay asleep, I awoke in fear,
Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,
And heard a cry so low and weak
From a tiny voice that could not speak,
I heard the cry of a little one,
My bairn that could neither talk nor run,
My little, little one, uncaress'd,
Starving for lack of the milk of the breast,
And I rose from sleep and enter'd in,
And found my little one pinch'd and thin,
And croon'd a song and hush'd its moan,
And put its lips to my white breast-bone,
And the red, red moon that lit the place
Went white to look at the little face,
And I kiss'd and kiss'd, and I could not weep,
As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,
I set it down in the darkness deep,

Smooth'd its limbs and laid it out,
 And drew the curtains round about,
 Then into the dark, dark room I hied,
 Where he lay awake at the woman's side,
 And though the chamber was black as night,
 He saw my face, for it was so white,
 I gazed into his eyes, and he shriek'd in pain,
 And I knew he would never sleep again,
 And back to my grave went silently,
 And soon my baby was brought to me,
 My son and daughter beside me rest,
 My little baby is on my breast,
 Our bed is warm and our grave is deep,
 But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep!

HENRY KINGSLEY

(1830 - 1876)

HENRY KINGSLEY, younger brother of Charles Kingsley (q v), was born at Barnack, Northamptonshire, on 2nd January, 1830. He was educated at King's College School, London, and at Worcester College, Oxford, where he did not graduate. He was an accomplished oarsman, and won the Diamond Sculls at Henley. In 1853 he went to Australia in search of gold, which he did not find. He spent five years there, and, though he seldom spoke of his experiences there, it appears that he was in the Mounted Police for a time, leaving the service because he had to take part in an execution. He returned home and began to write novels, turning his colonial experiences to account in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* (1859), one of the best of them. Among his other novels are *Ravenshoe* (1862), *Austin Elliott* (1863), *The Hillyars and the*

Burtons (1865), *Mademoiselle Mathilde* (1868), and *Shetton* (1869). As he used up his reminiscences, his novels steadily declined. For eighteen months he edited the *Edinburgh Daily Review* with small success. He was a special correspondent in the Franco-Prussian war, and was present at the battle of Sedan. His health declined, and he died of cancer on 24th May, 1876.

Henry Kingsley was a great *improvisatore* and, in private life, a notable humorist, both these qualities are shown in his novels, which, with very many venial and some serious faults, have the uncommon merit of always being readable and never being dull. He had the gift of story-telling, and could devise a good plot. *Geoffrey Hamlyn* is the least faulty of his novels as a whole, but *Ravenshoe*, although somewhat chaotic, has

more, and more fervent admirers a more humorous, and a more kindly
 His fame has been somewhat un- writer than "Parson Lot"
 justly obscured by the greater fame [S M Ellis, *Henry Kingsley*,
 of his brother He was a more vivid, 1830-1876 *Towards a Vindication*]

From "Ravenshoe"

The weddings took place at St Peter's, Eaton Square. If the ghost of the little shoeblack had been hovering round the wall where he had played fives with the brass button, he might have almost heard the ceremony performed. Mary and Charles were not a handsome couple. The enthusiasm of the population was reserved for William and Jane Evans, who certainly were. It is my nature to be a Jack-of-all-trades, and so I was entrusted with old Master Evans, Jane's father, a magnificent old seaking, whom we have met before. We two preferred to go to church quietly before the others, and he, refusing to go into a pew, found himself a place in the free seats, and made himself comfortable. So I went out into the porch, and waited till they came.

I waited till the procession had gone in, and then I found that the tail of it was composed of poor Lord Charles Herries's children. Gus, Flora, and Archy, with their nurse.

If a bachelor is worth his salt, he will make himself useful. I saw that nurse was in distress and anxious, so I stayed with her.

Archy was really as good as gold till he met with his accident. He walked up the steps with nurse as quiet as possible. But even at first I began to get anxious about Gus and Flora. They were excited. Gus wouldn't walk up the steps, but he put his two heels together, and jumped up them one at a time, and Flora walked backwards, looking at him sarcastically. At the top step but one Gus stumbled, whereupon Flora said, "Goozlemy, goozelemy, goozelemy."

And Gus said, "You wait a minute, my lady, till we get into church," after which awful speech I felt as if I was smoking into a powder magazine.

I was put into a pew with Gus, and Flora, and Archy. Nurse, in her modesty, went into the pew behind us.

I am sorry to say that these dear children, with whom I had had no previous acquaintance, were very naughty. The ceremony began by Archy getting too near the edge of his hassock, falling off, pitching against the pew door, bursting it open, and flying out among the free seats, head foremost. Nurse, a nimble and dexterous woman, dashed out, and caught him up, and actually got him out of the church door before he had time to fetch his breath for a scream. Gus and Flora were left alone with me.

•

Flora had a great scarlet and gold church service. As soon as she opened it, she disconcerted me by saying aloud, to an imaginary female friend, "My dear, there is going to be a collection, and I have left my purse on the piano."

At this time, Gus, seeing that the business was well begun, removed to the farther end of the pew, sat down on the hassock, and took from his trousers pocket a large tin trumpet.

I broke out all over in a cold perspiration as I looked at him. He saw my distress, and putting it to his lips, puffed out his cheeks. Flora administered comfort to me. She said, "You are looking at that foolish boy. Perhaps he won't blow it, after all. He mayn't if you don't look at him. At all events, he probably won't blow it till the organ begins, and then it won't matter so much."

Matters were so hopeless with me that I looked at old Master Evans. He had bent down his head on to the rail of the bench before him. His beautiful daughter had been his only companion at home for many years, for his wife had died when Jane was a little bare-legged thing, who paddled in the surf. It had been a rise in life for her to marry Mr. Charles Ravenshoe's favourite pad-groom. And just now she had walked calmly and quietly up the aisle, and had stopped when she came to where he sat, and had pushed the Honiton-lace veil from her forehead, and kissed his dear old cheek, and she would walk back directly as Mrs. William Ravenshoe. And so the noble old privateer skipper had bent down, and there was nothing to be seen there but a grey head and broad shoulders, which seemed to shake.

And so I looked up to the east end. And I saw the two couples kneeling before the clergyman. And when I, knowing everything as I did, saw Charles kneeling beside Mary Corby, with Lord Ascot, great, burly brutal giant, standing behind him, I said something which is not in the marriage service of the Church of England. After it all, to see him and her kneeling so quietly, there together! We were all happy enough that day. But I don't think that any one was much happier than I. For I knew more than any one. And also, three months from that time, I married my present wife, Eliza Humby. And the affair had only been arranged two days. So I was in good spirits.

At least I should have been, if it had not been for Lord Charles Herries's children. I wish those dear children (not meaning them any harm) had been, to put it mildly, at play on the village green, that blessed day.

When I looked at Gus again, he was still on the hassock, threatening propriety with his trumpet. I hoped for the best. Flora had her prayer-book open, and was playing the piano on each side of it, with her fingers. After a time she looked up at me, and said out aloud:

"I suppose you have heard that Archy's cat has kittened?"

I said "No."

"Oh, yes, it has," she said "Archy harnessed it to his meal cart, which turns a mill, and plays music when the wheels go round, and it ran downstairs with the cart; and we heard the music playing as it went; and it kitteden in the wood-basket immediately afterwards, and Alwright says she don't wonder at it, and no more do I, and the steward's-room boy is going to drown some But you mustn't tell Archy, because, if you do, he won't say his prayers, and if he don't say his prayers, he will, &c. &c." Very emphatically and in a loud tone of voice

This was very charming If I could only answer for Gus, and keep Flora busy, it was wildly possible that we might pull through If I had not been a madman, I should have noticed that Gus had disappeared.

He had And the pew door had never opened, and I was utterly unconscious Gus had crawled up, on all fours, under the seat of the pew, until he was opposite the calves of his sister's legs, against which calves, *horresco referens*, he put his trumpet and blew a long shrill blast Flora behaved very well and courageously She only gave one long, wild shriek, as from a lunatic in a padded cell at Bedlam, and then, hurling her prayer-book at him, she turned round and tried to kick him in the face

This was the culminating point of my misfortunes After this, they behaved better I represented to them that every one was just coming out of the vestry, and that they had better fight it out in the carriage, going home Gus only made an impertinent remark about Flora's garters, and Flora only drew a short, but trenchant, historical parallel between Gus and Judas Iscariot, when the brides and bridegrooms came down the aisle, and we all drove off to Charles's house in Eaton Square.

CHARLES READE

(1814 - 1884)

CHARLES READE, the son of a country squire, was born at Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, on 8th June, 1814 Being the youngest of a family of eleven, he was educated privately, but eventually went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated B A (with a third in *literæ humaniores*) in 1835, M A in 1838, and D C L in 1847 He was vice-president of his college in 1851, and was also Vinerian fellow, but

although he retained his rooms in college and his fellowship all his life, he was not an ordinary don He was called to the bar in 1843, but never practised, having decided on a literary career His plays include *Masks and Faces* (1852), a popular favourite written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, with whom he also wrote *The King's Rival* and *Two Loves and a Life*, *The Lyons Mail* (1854), the curtain-raiser,

Nance Oldfield, originally known as *Art* (1855); and *Drunk*, adapted from Zola's *L'Assommoir* (1879). His novel-writing sprang directly from his first successful play, for *Peg Woffington* (1853) is an adaptation of *Masks and Faces*. This was followed by *Christie Johnstone* (1853), *It is never too late to mend* (1856), one of his novels with a purpose, in which he attacked the English prison system, *The Course of True Love never did run smooth* (1857), *Autobiography of a Thief and Jack of all Trades* (1858), and *Love me Little love me Long* (1859). His masterpiece, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, dealing with the lives of the parents of Erasmus, appeared in 1861. His later novels, with one notable exception, *Griffith Gaunt* (1866), mark a decline. They include *Hard Cash* (1863), an attack on private asylums, *Put Yourself in his Place* (1870), *A Terrible Temptation* (1871), *The Wandering Heir* (1872), inspired by the Tichborne case, *A Woman Hater* (1877), and *The Perilous Secret* (1884). Reade died on 11th April, 1884.

Reade was an undistinguished dramatist, and as a novelist was most unequal. He fancied that drama was his forte, and his love for the stage had a baneful influence upon his novels. All his men and women were merely players, they have their exits and their entrances to slow music or with red fire, as the case may be. Reade's literary Egeria, Mrs Seymour, was an

actress of no great histrionic ability. Even from the pecuniary point of view Reade's plays were disadvantageous to him, he lost on the swings what he had gained on the roundabouts, and consumed the profits of his novels in disastrous theatrical ventures. His novels are at their best in those parts of the novel which the stage cannot touch, especially in their narratives of action. In this respect some passages of Reade are not only unsurpassed but unequalled. In most of his novels there is much that is vulgar, ludicrous, and trivial, he unseasonably obtrudes his own irritating personality. Once and once only he managed to hit the centre of the gold. *The Cloister and the Hearth* challenges *Esmond* for the first place among our historical novels. Reade was a painstaking worker, and accumulated classified facts, ideas, and pictures in a number of colossal ledgers, all elaborately indexed. There was even an index to the indexes. He did not see that truth to fact and truth to art were not the same thing. Had he been ignorant of the artificialities of contemporary drama, he might have ranked among our foremost novelists.

[Charles L. Reade and Compton Reade, *Charles Reade a Memoir* (a deliciously absurd book), J. Coleman, *Charles Reade as I knew him*, W. C. Phillips, *Dickens, Reade, and Collins, Sensation Novelists*, Malcolm Elwin, *Charles Reade*]

From "The Cloister and the Hearth"

It was the afternoon of the next day. Gerard was no longer light-headed, but very irritable and full of fancies, and in one of these he begged Denys to get him a lemon to suck. Denys, who from a rough

soldier had been turned by tender friendship into a kind of grandfather, got up hastily, and bidding him set his mind at ease, "lemons he should have in the twinkling of a quart pot," went and ransacked the shops for them

They were not so common in the North as they are now, and he was absent for a long while, and Gerard getting very impatient, when at last the door opened. But it was not Denys. Entered softly an imposing figure, an old gentleman in a long sober gown trimmed with rich fur, cherry-coloured hose, and pointed shoes, with a sword by his side in a morocco scabbard, a ruff round his neck not only starched severely, but treacherously stiffened in furrows by rebatoes, or a little hidden framework of wood, and on his head a four-cornered cap with a fur border, on his chin and bosom a majestic white beard. Gerard was in no doubt as to the vocation of his visitor, for, the sword excepted, this was familiar to him as the full dress of a physician. Moreover, a boy followed at his heels with a basket, where phials, lint, and surgical tools rather courted than shunned observation. The old gentleman came softly to the bedside, and said mildly and *sotto voce* "How is't with thee, my son?"

Gerard answered gratefully that his wound gave him little pain now, but his throat was parched, and his head heavy.

"A wound! they told me not of that. Let me see it. Ay, ay, a good clean bite. The mastiff had sound teeth that took this out, I warrant me," and the good doctor's sympathy seemed to run off to the quadruped he had conjured, his jackal.

"This must be cauterised forthwith, or we shall have you starting back from water, and turning somersaults in bed under our hands. 'Tis the year for raving curs, and one hath done your business, but we will baffle him yet. Urchin, go heat thine iron."

"But, sir," edged in Gerard, "'twas no dog, but a bear."

"A bear! Young man," remonstrated the senior severely, "think what you say, 'tis ill jesting with the man of art who brings his gray hairs and long study to heal you. A bear, quotha! Had you dissected as many bears as I, or the tithe, and drawn their teeth to keep your hand in, you would know that no bear's jaw ever made this foolish, trifling wound. I tell you, 'twas a dog, and, since you put me to it, I even deny that it was a dog of magnitude, but neither more nor less than one of these little furious curs that are so rife, and run devious, biting each manly leg, and laying its wearer low, but for me and my learned brethren, who still stay the mischief with knife and cautery."

"Alas, sir! when said I 'twas a bear's jaw, I said, 'A bear'. It was his paw, now."

"And why didst not tell me that at once?"

"Because you kept telling me instead."

"Never conceal aught from your leech, young man," continued his

senior, who was a good talker, but one of the worst listeners in Europe. "Well, it is an ill business. All the horny excrescences of animals, to wit, claws of tigers, panthers, badgers, cats, bears, and the like, and horn of deer, and nails of humans, especially children, are imbued with direst poison. Y'had better have been bitten by a cur, *whatever you may say*, than gored by bull or stag, or scratched by bear. However, shalt have a good biting cataplasm for thy leg, meantime keep we the body cool put out thy tongue!—good!—fever. Let me feel thy pulse good!—fever. I ordain flebotomy, and on the instant."

"Flebotomy! that is blood-letting humph! Well, no matter, if 'tis sure to cure me, for I will not lie idle here." The doctor let him know that flebotomy was infallible, especially in this case.

"Hans, go fetch the things needful, and I will entertain the patient meantime with reasons."

The man of art then explained to Gerard that in disease the blood becomes hot and distempered and more or less poisonous, but a portion of this unhealthy liquid removed, nature is fain to create a purer fluid to fill its place. Bleeding, therefore, being both a cooler and a purifier, was a specific in all diseases, for all diseases were febrile, whatever empirics might say.

"But think not," said he warmly, "that it suffices to bleed, any paltry barber can open a vein (though not all can close it again). The art is to know what vein to empty for what disease. T'other day they brought me one tormented with earache. I let him blood in the right thigh, and away flew his earache. By the bye, he has died since then. Another came with the toothache. I bled him behind the ear, and relieved him in a jiffy. He is also since dead as it happens. I bled our bailiff between the thumb and forefinger for rheumatism. Presently he comes to me with a headache a drumming in the ears, and holds out his hand over the basin, but I smiled at his folly, and bled him in the left ankle sore against his will, and made his head as light as nut."

Diverging then from the immediate theme after the manner of enthusiasts, the reverend teacher proceeded thus:

"Know, young man, that two schools of art contend at this moment throughout Europe. The Arabian, whose ancient oracles are Avicenna, Rhazes, Albucasis, and its revivers are Chauliac and Lanfranc, and the Greek school, whose modern champions are Bessarion, Platinus, and Marsilius Ficinus, but whose pristine doctors were medicine's very oracles, Phœbus, Chiron, Æsculapius, and his sons Podalinus and Machaon, Pythagoras, Democritus, Praxagoras, who invented the arteries, and Dioctes, *qui primus urinae animum dedit*. All these taught orally. Then came Hippocrates, the eighteenth from Æsculapius, and of him we have manuscripts, to him we owe "the vital principle." He also invented the bandage, and tapped for water on the chest, and above all

he dissected; yet only quadrupeds, for the brutal prejudices of the pagan vulgar withheld the human body from the knife of science Him followed Aristotle, who gave us the aorta, the largest blood-vessel in the human body ”

“ Surely, sir, the Almighty gave us all that is in our bodies, and not Aristotle, nor any Grecian man,” objected Gerard humbly

“ Child! of course He gave us the thing, but Aristotle did more, he gave us the name of the thing But young men will still be talking The next great light was Galen, he studied at Alexandria, then the home of science He, justly discontented with quadrupeds, dissected apes, as coming nearer to man, and bled like a Trojan Then came Theophilus, who gave us the nerves, the lacteal vessels, and the pia mater ”

This worried Gerard “ I cannot lie still and hear it said that mortal man bestowed the parts which Adam our father took from Him, who made him of the clay, and us his sons ”

“ Was ever such perversity?” said the doctor, his colour rising “ Who is the real donor of a thing to man? he who plants it secretly in the dark recesses of man’s body, or the learned wight who reveals it to his intelligence, and so enriches his mind with the knowledge of it? Comprehension is your only true possession Are you answered?”

“ I am put to silence, sir ”

“ And that is better still, for garrulous patients are ill to cure, especially in fever I say, then, that Eristratus gave us the cerebral nerves and the milk vessels, nay, more, he was the inventor of lithotomy, whatever you may say Then came another whom I forget, you do somewhat perturb me with your petty exceptions Then came Ammonius, the author of lithotritry, and here comes Hans with the basin—to stay your volubility Blow thy chafer, boy, and hand me the basin, ’tis well Arabians, quotha! What are they but a sect of yesterday, who about the year 1000 did fall in with the writings of those very Greeks, and read them awry, having no concurrent light of their own? for their demi-god, and camel-driver, Mahound, impostor in science as in religion, had strictly forbidden them anatomy, even of the lower animals, the which he who severeth from medicine, *tollit solem e mundo*, as Tully quoth Nay, wonder not at my fervour, good youth, where the general weal stands in jeopardy a little warmth is civic, humane, and honourable Now there is settled of late in this town a pestilent Arabist, a mere empiric, who, despising anatomy, and scarce knowing Greek from Hebrew, hath yet spirited away half my patients, and I tremble for the rest Put forth thine ankle, and thou, Hans, breathe on the chafer ”

Whilst matters were in this posture, in came Denys with the lemons, and stood surprised “ What sport is toward?” said he, raising his brows

Gerard coloured a little, and told him the learned doctor was going to flebotomise him and cauterise him, that was all

"Ay! indeed; and yon imp, what bloweth he hot coals for?"

"What should it be for," said the doctor to Gerard, "but to cauterise the vein when opened and the poisonous blood let free? 'Tis the only safe way. Avicenna indeed recommends a ligature of the vein but how 'tis to be done he saith not, nor knew he himself I wot, nor any of the spawn of Ishmael. For me, I have no faith in such tricky expedients, and take this with you for a safe principle. 'Whatever an Arab or Arabist says is right, must be wrong'."

"Oh, I see now what 'tis for," said Denys, "and art thou so simple as to let him put hot iron to thy living flesh? didst ever keep thy little finger but ten moments in a candle? and this will be as many minutes. Art not content to burn in purgatory after thy death? must thou needs buy a foretaste on't here?"

"I never thought of that," said Gerard gravely "the good doctor spake not of burning, but of cautery, to be sure 'tis all one, but cautery sounds not so fearful as burning."

"Imbecile! That is their art, to confound a plain man with dark words, till his hissing flesh lets him know their meaning. Now listen to what I have seen. When a soldier bleeds from a wound in battle, these leeches say, 'Fever Blood him!' and so they burn the wick at t'other end too. They bleed the bled. Now at fever's heels comes desperate weakness, then the man needs all his blood to live, but these prickers and burners, having no fore-thought, recking nought of what is sure to come in a few hours, and seeing like brute beasts only what is under their noses, have meantime robbed him of the very blood his hurt had spared him to battle that weakness withal, and so he dies exhausted. Hundreds have I seen so scratched and pricked out of the world, Gerard, and tall fellows too, but lo! if they have the luck to be wounded where no doctor can be had, then they live, this too have I seen. Had I ever outlived that field in Brabant but for my most lucky mischance, lack of chirurgery? The frost choked all my bleeding wounds, and so I lived. A chirurgeon had pricked yet one more hole in this my body with his lance, and drained my last drop out, and my spirit with it. Seeing them thus distraught in bleeding of the bleeding soldier, I place no trust in them, for what slays a veteran may well lay a milk-and-water bourgeois low."

"This sounds like common sense," sighed Gerard languidly, "but no need to raise your voice so. I was not born deaf, and just now I hear acutely."

"Common sense! very common sense indeed," shouted the bad listener, "why this is a soldier, a brute whose business is to kill men, not cure them." He added in very tolerable French, "Woe be to you, unlearned man, if you come between a physician and his patient, and woe be to you, misguided youth, if you listen to that man of blood."

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

(1825 – 1900)

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE was born on 7th June, 1825, at Longworth, Berkshire, where his father was vicar. He was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and at Exeter College, Oxford, the West-country College, where he graduated B A in 1847, with a Second Class in *literæ humaniores*. He was called to the bar in 1852, and practised for some time as a conveyancer. He was obliged, however, for reasons of health to abandon his practice, and after an interlude of schoolmastering, he settled down at Gomer House, Teddington, to the double career of market-gardener and novelist. He himself set or pretended to set more store by his work in the former capacity, he grew at one time as many as six hundred varieties of pears. He began his literary career as a poet, though he had not a strong vein of poetry in him, *Poems by Melanther* appeared in 1853, *Epulha* in 1854, and *The Bugle of the Black Sea* in 1855. He also published a translation of Virgil's *Georgics* in 1871, and *Fringilla* some *Tales in Verse* in 1885. His first novel, *Clara Vaughan*, appeared

in 1864, and was followed by *Cradock Nowell* (1866), *Lorna Doone* (1869), *The Maid of Sker* (1872), *Alice Lorraine* (1875), *Cripps the Carrier* (1876), *Erema* (1877), *Mary Anerley* (1880), *Christowell* (1882), *The Remarkable History of Tommy Upmore* (1884), *Springhaven* (1887), *Kit and Kitty* (1889), *Perlycross* (1894), *Tales from the Telling-House* (1896), and *Daniel* (1897). He died at Teddington on 20th January, 1900.

Almost all his readers have agreed in considering Blackmore a man of one book—*Lorna Doone*. He demurred against this opinion, *The Maid of Sker* was his own favourite, and there is much merit in *Springhaven*. *Lorna Doone*, however, has justly won the pre-eminence among his works, it is more a prose epic or saga than a novel, and played no small part in the revival of the romance. It has endeared itself and its country to hundreds of thousands of readers. Blackmore's best poem, *Dominus Illuminatio Mea* (the Oxford Motto) appropriately concludes the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, where, however, it is said to be anonymous.

From "Lorna Doone"

Lorna's dress was of pure white, clouded with faint lavender (for the sake of the old Earl Brandir), and as simple as need be, except for perfect loveliness. I was afraid to look at her, as I said before, except when each of us said, "I will"; and then each dwelled upon the other.

It is impossible for any, who have not loved as I have, to conceive my joy and pride, when after ring, and all was done, and the parson had

blessed us, Lorna turned to look at me, with her playful glance subdued, and deepened by this solemn act

Her eyes, which none on earth may ever equal, or compare with, told me such a tale of hope, and faith, and heart's devotion, that I was almost amazed, thoroughly as I knew them. Darling eyes, the clearest eyes, the loveliest, the most loving eyes—the sound of a shot rang through the church, and those eyes were dim with death.

Lorna fell across my knees, when I was going to kiss her, as the bridegroom is allowed to do, and encouraged, if he needs it, a flood of blood came out upon the yellow wood of the altar steps, and at my feet lay Lorna, trying to tell me some last message out of her faithful eyes. I lifted her up, and petted her, and coaxed her, but it was no good, the only sign of life remaining was a drip of bright red blood.

Some men know what things befall them in the supreme time of their life—far above the time of death—but to me comes back as a hazy dream, without any knowledge in it, what I did, or felt or thought, with my wife's arms flagging, flagging, around my neck, as I raised her up, and softly put them there. She sighed a long sigh on my breast, for her last farewell to life, and then she grew so cold, and cold, that I asked the time of year.

It was now Whit-Tuesday, and the lilacs all in blossom, and why I thought of the time of year, with the young death in my arms, God, or His angels, may decide, having so strangely given us. Enough that so I did, and looked, and our white lilacs were beautiful. Then I laid my wife in my mother's arms, and begging that no one would make a noise, went forth for my revenge.

Of course, I knew who had done it. There was but one man upon earth, or under it, where the Devil dwells, who could have done such a thing—such a thing. I used no harsher word about it, while I leaped upon our best horse, with bridle but no saddle, and set the head of Kickums towards the course now pointed out to me. Who showed me the course, I cannot tell. I only know that I took it. And the men fell back before me.

Weapon of no sort had I. Unarmed, and wondering at my strange attire (with a bridal vest, wrought by our Annie, and red with the blood of the bride), I went forth just to find out this, whether in this world there be, or be not, God of justice.

With my vicious horse at a furious speed, I came upon Black Barrow Down, directed by some shout of men, which seemed to me but a whisper. And there, about a furlong before me, rode a man on a great black horse, and I knew that the man was Carver Doone.

"Thy life, or mine," I said to myself, "as the will of God may be. But we two live not upon this earth, one more hour, together."

I knew the strength of this great man, and I knew that he was armed with a gun—if he had time to load again, after shooting my Lorna,—or

at any rate with pistols, and a horseman's sword as well. Nevertheless, I had no more doubt of killing the man before me, than a cook has of spitting a headless fowl.

Sometimes seeing no ground beneath me, and sometimes heeding every leaf, and the crossing of the grass blades, I followed over the long moor, reckless whether seen or not. But only once, the other man turned round, and looked back again, and then I was beside a rock, with a reedy swamp behind me.

Although he was so far before me, and riding as hard as ride he might, I saw that he had something on the horse in front of him, something which needed care, and stopped him from looking backward. In the whirling of my wits, I fancied first that this was Lorna, until the scene I had been through fell across hot brain, and heart, like a drop at the close of a tragedy. Rushing there, through crag and quag, at utmost speed of a maddened horse, I saw, as of another's fate, calmly (as on canvas laid), the brutal deed, the piteous anguish, and the cold despair.

The man turned up the gully leading from the moor to Cloven Rocks, through which John Fry had tracked Uncle Ben, as of old related. But as Carver entered it, he turned round, and beheld me not a hundred yards behind, and I saw that he was bearing his child, little Ensie, before him. Ensie also descried me, and stretched his hands, and cried to me, for the face of his father frightened him.

Carver Doone, with a vile oath, thrust spurs into his flagging horse, and laid one hand on a pistol-stock, whence I knew that his slung carbine had received no bullet, since the one that had pierced Lorna. And a cry of triumph rose from the black depths of my heart. What cared I for pistols? I had no spurs, neither was my horse one to need the rowel, I rather held him in than urged him, for he was fresh as ever, and I knew that the black steed in front, if he breasted the steep ascent, where the track divided, must be in our reach at once.

His rider knew this, and, having no room in the rocky channel to turn and fire, drew rein at the crossways sharply, and plunged into the black ravine leading to the Wizard's Slough. "Is it so?" I said to myself, with brain and head cold as iron. "though the foul fiend come from the slough, to save thee, thou shalt carve it, Carver."

I followed my enemy carefully, steadily, even leisurely, for I had him, as in a pitfall, whence no escape might be. He thought that I feared to approach him, for he knew not where he was, and his low disdainful laugh came back. "Laugh he who wins," thought I.

A gnarled and half-starved oak, as stubborn as my own resolve, and smitten by some storm of old, hung from the crag above me. Rising from my horse's back, although I had no stirrups, I caught a limb and tore it (like a wheat-awn) from the socket. Men show the rent even now with wonder, none with more wonder than myself.

Carver Doone turned the corner suddenly, on the black and bottomless bog; with a start of fear he reined back his horse, and I thought he would have rushed upon me. But instead of that, he again rode on; hoping to find a way round the side.

Now there is a way between cliff and slough, for those who know the ground thoroughly, or have time enough to search it, but for him there was no road, and he lost some time in seeking it. Upon this he made up his mind, and wheeling, fired, and then rode at me.

His bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that. Fearing only his escape, I laid my horse across the way, and with the limb of the oak struck full on the forehead his charging steed. Ere the slash of the sword came nigh me, man and horse rolled over, and well-nigh bore my own horse down, with the power of their onset.

Carver Doone was somewhat stunned, and could not arise for a moment. Meanwhile, I leaped on the ground, and waited, smoothing my hair back, and baring my arms, as though in the ring for wrestling. Then the little boy ran to me, clasped my leg, and looked up at me, and the terror in his eyes made me almost fear myself.

"Ensie, dear," I said quite gently, grieving that he should see his wicked father killed, "run up yonder round the corner, and try to find a bunch of blue-bells for the pretty lady." The child obeyed me, hanging back, and looking back, and then laughing, while I prepared for business. There and then, I might have killed mine enemy, with a single blow, while he lay unconscious, but it would have been foul play.

With a sullen black scowl, the Carver gathered his mighty limbs, and arose, and looked round for his weapons, but I had put them well away. Then he came to me, and gazed, being wont to frighten thus young men.

"I would not harm you, lad," he said, with a lofty style of sneering. "I have punished you enough, for most of your impertinence. For the rest I forgive you, because you have been good, and gracious, to my little son. Go, and be contented."

For answer, I smote him on the cheek, lightly, and not to hurt him, but to make his blood leap up. I would not sully my tongue, by speaking to a man like this.

There was a level space of sward, between us and the slough. With the courtesy derived from London, and the processions I had seen, to this place I led him. And that he might breathe himself, and have every fibre cool, and every muscle ready, my hold upon his coat I loosed, and left him to begin with me, whenever he thought proper.

I think he felt that his time was come. I think he knew from my knitted muscles, and the firm arch of my breast, and the way in which I stood, but most of all from my stern blue eyes, that he had found his master. At any rate a paleness came, an ashy paleness on his cheeks,

and the vast calves of his legs bowed in, as if he were out of training.

Seeing this, villain as he was, I offered him first chance. I stretched forth my left hand, as I do to a weaker antagonist, and let him have the hug of me. But in this I was too generous, having forgotten my pistol-wound, and the cracking of one of my short lower ribs. Carver Doone caught me round the waist, with such a grip as never yet had been laid upon me.

I heard my rib go, I grasped his arm, and tore the muscle out of it (as the string comes out of an orange), then I took him by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling, but he had snatched at mine; and now was no time of dalliance. In vain he tugged, and strained, and writhed, dashed his bleeding fist into my face, and flung himself on me, with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of my strength—for God that day was with me—I had him helpless in two minutes, and his blazing eyes lolled out.

"I will not harm thee any more," I cried, so far as I could for panting, the work being very furious, "Carver Doone, thou art beaten: own it, and thank God for it, and go thy way, and repent thyself."

It was all too late. Even if he had yielded in his ravening frenzy, for his beard was frothy as a mad dog's jowl, even if he would have owned that, for the first time in his life, he had found his master, it was all too late.

The black bog had him by the feet, the sucking of the ground drew on him, like the thirsty lips of death. In our fury, we had heeded neither wet or dry, nor thought of earth beneath us. I myself might scarcely leap, with the last spring of o'er-laboured legs, from the engulfing grave of slime. He fell back, with his swarthy breast (from which my gripe had rent all clothing), like a hummock of bog-oak, standing out the quagmire, and then he tossed his arms to heaven, and they went black to the elbow, and the glare of his eyes was ghastly. I could only gaze and pant. For my strength was no more than an infant's, from the fury and the horror. Scarcely could I turn away, while, joint by joint, he sank from sight.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

(1839 - 1902)

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, the son of a schoolmaster, was born at Albany, New York, on 25th August, 1839. He left school when he was thirteen, and was self-supporting at sixteen. • He went to California about 1854, and worked successively as a teacher, an apothecary's clerk, and a typesetter on the *Golden Era*, in which appeared some of his earliest writ-

ings. He afterwards joined the staff of *The Californian*, to which he contributed the humorous burlesques afterwards published as *Condensed Novels*. From 1864 to 1870 he was secretary of the United States branch mint in San Francisco, and from 1870 to 1871 held the post of professor of recent literature in the University of California. In 1868 he became editor of *The Overland Monthly*, in which appeared *The Luck of Roaring Camp* (1868), *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, two of his best short stories, and *The Idyl of Red Gulch*, also the humorous poem of *The Heathen Chinnee*. In 1878 he became United States Consul at Crefeld, whence he was transferred to Glasgow in 1880, and remained there till 1885, afterwards making London his residence. He died at Camberley on 5th May, 1902.

Bret Harte was a man of exceptional literary talent and versatility, and acquired fame with his short stories, his novels, and his verse. His short stories, mostly dealing with the rough western life of former days, include *Stories of the Sierras* (1872), *Tales of the Argonauts* (1875), *The Twins of Table Mountain* (1879), *An Heness of Red Dog* (1879), *Jeff Briggs's Love-Story* (1880), *Flip* (1882), *A Drift*

from Redwood Camp (1888), and *From Sandhill to Pine* (1900). He was less successful in his novels, among the chief being *Gabriel Conroy* (1876), *In the Carquinez Woods* (1883), *Mariya* (1885), *Snow Bound at Eagle's* (1886), *A Waif of the Plains* (1890), and *Three Partners* (1897). His verse is comprised in the volumes entitled *Poems* (1871), *East and West Poems* (1871), *Echoes of the Foothills* (1874), *Some Later Verses* (1898), and *Under the Redwoods* (1901). Some readers have found Harte's short stories, upon which his fame chiefly depends, too theatrical and not sufficiently true to life; but most lovers of the short story will continue to admire Harte's for their admirable dramatic qualities, their no less admirable succinctness, and their lively pictures of the bad that is in the best of us and the good that is in the worst of us. Harte owes some of his sentimentality to Dickens, some of his crispness to Poe, and some of his high ideals about literature to Irving, but he is, nevertheless, an original writer as well as a master of the short story and a true humorist.

[H. C. Merwin, *Life of Bret Harte*, J. Erskine, *Leading American Novelists*, T. S. Pemberton, *Life of Bret Harte*, H. W. Boynton, *Bret Harte*]

The Man of no Account

His name was Fagg,—David Fagg. He came to California in '52 with us, in the *Sky-scraper*. I don't think he did it in an adventurous way. He probably had no other place to go to. When a knot of us young fellows would recite what splendid opportunities we resigned to go, and how sorry our friends were to have us leave, and show daguerreotypes and locks of hair, and talk of Mary and Susan, the man of no account used to sit by and listen with a pained mortified expression on his plain face,

and say nothing I think he had nothing to say. He had no associates except when we patronized him; and, in point of fact, he was a good deal of sport to us. He was always sea-sick whenever we had a capful of wind. He never got his sea-legs on either. And I never shall forget how we all laughed when Rattler took him the piece of pork on a string, and—But you know that time-honoured joke. And then we had such a splendid lark with him. Miss Fanny Twinkler couldn't bear the sight of him, and we used to make Fagg think she had taken a fancy to him, and send him little delicacies and books from the cabin. You ought to have witnessed the rich scene that took place when he came up, stammering and very sick, to thank her! Didn't she flash up gradually and beautifully and scornfully? So like "Medora", Rattler said,—Rattler knew Byron by heart,—and wasn't old Fagg awfully cut up? But he got over it, and when Rattler fell sick at Valparaiso old Fagg used to nurse him. You see he was a good sort of fellow, but he lacked manliness and spirit.

He had absolutely no idea of poetry. I've seen him sit stolidly by, mending his old clothes, when Rattler delivered that stirring apostrophe of Byron's to the ocean. He asked Rattler once, quite seriously, if he thought Byron was ever sea-sick. I don't remember Rattler's reply, but I know we all laughed very much, and I have no doubt it was something good, for Rattler was smart.

When the *Sky-scraper* arrived at San Francisco we had a grand "feed". We agreed to meet every year and perpetuate the occasion. Of course we didn't invite Fagg. Fagg was a steerage-passenger, and it was necessary, you see, now we were ashore, to exercise a little discretion. But Old Fagg, as we called him,—he was only about twenty-five years old, by the way,—was the source of immense amusement to us that day. It appeared that he had conceived the idea that he could walk to Sacramento, and actually started off afoot. We had a good time, and shook hands with one another all around, and so parted. Ah me! only eight years ago, and yet some of those hands then clasped in amity have been clenched at each other, or have dipped furtively in one another's pockets. I know that we didn't dine together the next year, because young Barker swore he wouldn't put his feet under the same mahogany with such a very contemptible scoundrel as that Mixer, and Nibbles, who borrowed money at Valparaiso of young Stubbs, who was then a waiter in a restaurant, didn't like to meet such people.

When I bought a number of shares in the Coyote Tunnel at Mugginsville, in '54, I thought I'd take a run up there and see it. I stopped at the Empire Hotel, and after dinner I got a horse and rode round the town and out to the claim. One of those individuals whom newspaper correspondents call "our intelligent informant", and to whom in all small communities the right of answering questions is tacitly yielded, was quietly pointed out to me. Habit had enabled him to work and talk at the same

time, and he never pretermitted either. He gave me a history of the claim, and added: "You see, stranger" (he addressed the bank before him), "gold is sure to come out 'er that theer claim (he put in a comma with his pick), but the old pro-pri-e-tor (he wriggled out the word and the point of his pick) warn't of much account (a long stroke of the pick for a period). He was green, and let the boys about here jump him,"—and the rest of his sentence was confided to his hat, which he had removed to wipe his manly brow with his red bandanna.

I asked him who was the original proprietor.

"His name war Fagg."

I went to see him. He looked a little older and plainer. He had worked hard he said, and was getting on "so, so." I took quite a liking to him and patronized him to some extent. Whether I did so because I was beginning to have a distrust for such fellows as Rattler and Mixer is not necessary for me to state.

You remember how the Coyote Tunnel went in, and how awfully we shareholders were done! Well, the next thing I heard was that Rattler, who was one of the heaviest shareholders, was up at Mugginsville keeping bar for the proprietor of the Mugginsville Hotel, and that old Fagg had struck it rich, and didn't know what to do with his money. All this was told me by Mixer, who had been there, settling up matters, and likewise that Fagg was sweet upon the daughter of the proprietor of the aforesaid hotel. And so by hearsay and letter I eventually gathered that old Robins, the hotel man, was trying to get up a match between Nellie Robins and Fagg. Nellie was a pretty, plump, and foolish little thing, and would do just as her father wished. I thought it would be a good thing for Fagg if he should marry and settle down, that as a married man he might be of some account. So I ran up to Mugginsville one day to look after things.

It did me an immense deal of good to make Rattler mix my drinks for me—Rattler! the gay, brilliant, and unconquerable Rattler, who had tried to snub me two years ago. I talked to him about old Fagg and Nellie, particularly as I thought the subject was distasteful. He never liked Fagg, and he was sure, he said, that Nellie didn't. Did Nellie like anybody else? He turned around to the mirror behind the bar and brushed up his hair. I understood the concerted wretch. I thought I'd put Fagg on his guard and get him to hurry up matters. I had a long talk with him. You could see by the way the poor fellow acted that he was badly struck. He sighed, and promised to pluck up courage to hurry matters to a crisis. Nellie was a good girl, and I think had a sort of quiet respect for old Fagg's unobtrusiveness. But her fancy was already taken captive by Rattler's superficial qualities, which were obvious and pleasing. I don't think Nellie was any worse than you or I. We are more apt to take acquaintances at their apparent value than their intrinsic worth. It's

less trouble, and, except when we want to trust them, quite as convenient. The difficulty with women is that their feelings are apt to get interested sooner than ours, and then, you know, reasoning is out of the question. This is what old Fagg would have known had he been of any account. But he wasn't. So much the worse for him.

It was a few months afterward, and I was sitting in my office when I walked old Fagg. I was surprised to see him down, but we talked over the current topics in that mechanical manner of people who know that they have something else to say, but are obliged to get at it in that formal way. After an interval Fagg in his natural manner said,—

"I'm going home!"

"Going home?"

"Yes,—that is, I think I'll take a trip to the Atlantic States. I came to see you, as you know I have some little property, and I have executed a power of attorney for you to manage my affairs. I have some papers I'd like to leave with you. Will you take charge of them?"

"Yes," I said. "But what of Nellie?"

His face fell. He tried to smile, and the combination resulted in one of the most startling and grotesque effects I ever beheld. At length he said,—

"I shall not marry Nellie,—that is,"—he seemed to apologize internally for the positive form of expression—"I think that I had better not."

"David Fagg," I said with sudden severity, "you're of no account!"

To my astonishment his face brightened. "Yes," said he, "that's it!—I'm of no account! But I always knew it. You see I thought Rattler loved the girl as well as I did, and I knew she liked him better than she did me, and would be happier I dare say with him. But then I knew that old Robins would have preferred me to him, as I was better off,—and the girl would do as he said,—and, you see, I thought I was kinder in the way,—and so I left. But," he continued, as I was about to interrupt him, "for fear the old man might object to Rattler, I've lent him enough to set him up in business for himself in Dogtown. A pushing, active brilliant fellow, you know, like Rattler can get along, and will soon be in his old position again,—and you needn't be hard on him, you know, if he doesn't. Good bye."

I was too much disgusted with his treatment of that Rattler to be at all amiable, but as his business was profitable, I promised to attend to it, and he left. A few weeks passed. The return steamer arrived, and a terrible incident occupied the papers for days afterwards. People in all parts of the State conned eagerly the details of an awful shipwreck, and those who had friends aboard went away by themselves, and read the long list of the lost under their breath. I read of the gifted, the gallant, the noble, and loved ones who had perished, and among them I think

I was the first to read the name of David Fagg. For the "man of no account" had "gone home!"

The Society upon the Stanislaus

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games,
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare,
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,—
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent,
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age,
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
 For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
 And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
 That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

HERBERT SPENCER

(1820 - 1903)

HERBERT SPENCER, the son of a schoolmaster, was born at Derby on 27th April, 1820. He was educated privately, taught in a school for a time, and from 1837 to 1846 was mainly employed in railway engineering. In 1842 he contributed to *The Nonconformist* a series of articles on *The Proper Sphere of Government*. From 1848 to 1853 he was sub-editor of *The Economist*, and in 1850 published his work *Social Statics*, wherein he expounded the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest", and the view which regards progress as involving continual adjustment to environment. Between 1850 and 1860 he published a number of works, in which he dealt with sociological and political questions, but in 1860 he resolved to extend his survey to the problems of life, mind, and society. From 1860 onwards he elaborated and gave to the world his *System of Synthetic Philosophy* consisting of ten volumes: *First Principles* (1862), *The Principles of Biology* (2 vols., 1864 and 1867), *The Principles of Psychology* (2 vols., 1870 and 1872), *The Principles of Sociology* (3 vols., 1876-96), and *The Principles of Ethics* (2 vols., 1879-93). Spencer's other works include an important little book on *Education* (1861),

The Man versus The State (1884); and a posthumously published *Autobiography*. Spencer, who during the last years of his life suffered much from the results of overwork, died at Brighton on 8th December, 1903.

A review of Spencer's philosophical system would be quite out of place in a book of this kind. He conceived philosophy as completely unified knowledge, as opposed to science, which is partly unified knowledge, and to the ununified fragments of ordinary knowledge. His highest principle, to which all the mutations of phenomena were ultimately reduced, was the Persistence of Force. From it he deduced the principles called by him The Instability of the Homogeneous, The Law of the Multiplication of Effects, and the Law of Segregation. He extended to all phenomena the principle of advance from homogeneity to heterogeneity, or diversity. He called the changes in their totality Evolution, and traced the process of evolution from the primeval undifferentiated mass of the nebular hypothesis to the human soul with its conceptions of right and duty, through the phenomena of life, mind, and society. Accordingly he treated society as an organism, interpreting its changes by the universal laws of evolution. His

subjects did not, perhaps, invite literary grace, which is conspicuously absent from his writings. His style is commonplace and monotonous, though he arranges his vast masses of material with some skill. His influence on philosophic thought extended almost literally "from

China to Peru", though it was, perhaps, greater abroad than at home.

[Duncan, *Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer*; W H Hudson, *Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer*, Sir J A Thomson, *Herbert Spencer*, H S R Elliott, *Herbert Spencer*]

From "Education"

So far from science being irreligious, as many think, it is the neglect of science that is irreligious—it is the refusal to study the surrounding creation that is irreligious. Take a humble simile. Suppose a writer were daily saluted with praises couched in superlative language. Suppose the wisdom, the grandeur, the beauty of his works, were the constant topics of the eulogies addressed to him. Suppose those who unceasingly uttered these eulogies on his works were content with looking at the outsides of them, and had never opened them, much less tried to understand them. What value should we put upon their praises? What should we think of their sincerity? Yet, comparing small things to great, such is the conduct of mankind in general, in reference to the Universe and its Cause. Nay, it is worse. Not only do they pass by without study, these things which they daily proclaim to be so wonderful, but very frequently they condemn as mere triflers those who give time to the observation of Nature—they actually scorn those who show any active interest in these marvels. We repeat, then, that not science but the neglect of science, is irreligious. Devotion to science is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied, and by implication in their Cause. It is not a mere lip-homage, but a homage expressed in actions—not a mere professed respect, but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought, and labour.

Nor is it thus only the true science is essentially religious. It is religious, too, inasmuch as it generates a profound respect for, and an implicit faith in, those uniformities of action which all things disclose. By accumulated experiences the man of science acquires a thorough belief in the unchanging relations of phenomena—in the invariable connection of cause and consequence—in the necessity of good or evil results. Instead of the rewards and punishments of traditional belief, which people vaguely hope they may gain, or escape, spite of their disobedience, he finds that there are rewards and punishments in the ordained constitution of things, and that the evil results of disobedience are inevitable. He sees that the laws to which we must submit are both inexorable and beneficent. He sees that in conforming to them the process of things is ever towards a

greater perfection and a higher happiness. Hence he is led constantly to insist on them, and is indignant when they are disregarded. And thus does he, by asserting the eternal principles of things and the necessity of obeying them, prove himself intrinsically religious.

And lastly, the further religious aspect of science, that it alone can give us true conceptions of ourselves and our relation to the mysteries of existence. At the same time that it shows us all which can be known, it shows us the limits beyond which we can know nothing. Not by dogmatic assertion does it teach the impossibility of comprehending the Ultimate Cause of things, but it leads us clearly to recognize this impossibility by bringing us in every direction to boundaries we cannot cross. It realizes to us in a way which nothing else can, the littleness of human intelligence, in the face of that which transcends human intelligence. While towards the traditions and authorities of men its attitude may be proud, before the impenetrable veil which hides the Absolute its attitude is humble—a true pride and a true humility. Only the sincere man of science (and by this title we do not mean the mere calculator of distances, or analyser of compounds, or labeller of species, but him who through lower truths seeks higher, and eventually the highest)—only the genuine man of science, we say, can truly know how utterly beyond, not only human knowledge but human conception, is the Universal Power of which Nature, and Life, and Thought are manifestations.

We conclude, then, that for discipline, as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value. In all its effects, learning the meaning of things is better than learning the meaning of words. Whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the study of surrounding phenomena is immensely superior to the study of grammars and lexicons.

Thus to the question we set out with—What knowledge is of most worth?—the uniform reply is—Science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is—Science. For that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—Science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in — Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—Science. Alike for the most perfect production and present enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—Science, and for the purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, and religious—the most efficient study is, once more—Science. The question which at first seemed so perplexed, has become, in the course of our inquiry, comparatively simple. We have not to estimate the degrees of importance of different orders of human activity, and different studies as severally fitting us for them, since we find that the study of Science, in its most comprehensive mean-

ing, is the best preparation for all these orders of activity. We have not to decide between the claims of knowledge of great though conventional value, and knowledge of less though intrinsic value, seeing that the knowledge which proves to be of most value in all other respects is intrinsically most valuable, its worth is not dependent upon opinion, but is as fixed as is the relation of man to the surrounding world. Necessary and eternal as are its truths, all Science concerns all mankind for all time. Equally at present and in the remotest future must it be of incalculable importance for the regulation of their conduct, that men should understand the science of life, physical, mental, and social, and that they should understand all other science as a key to the science of life.

And yet this study, immensely transcending all other in importance, is that which, in an age of boasted education, receives the least attention. While what we call civilization could never have risen had it not been for science, science forms scarcely an appreciable element in our so-called civilized training. Though to the progress of science we owe it, that millions find support where once there was food only for thousands, yet of these millions but a few thousands pay any respect to that which has made their existence possible. Though increasing knowledge of the properties and relations of things has not only enabled wandering tribes to grow into populous nations, but has given to the countless members of these populous nations comforts and pleasures which their few naked ancestors never even conceived, or could have believed, yet is this kind of knowledge only now receiving a grudging recognition in our highest educational institutions. To the slowly growing acquaintance with the uniform co-existences and sequences of phenomena—to the establishment of invariable laws, we owe our emancipation from the grossest superstitions. But for science we should be still worshipping fetishes, or, with hecatombs of victims, propitiating diabolical deities. And yet this science, which, in place of the most degrading conceptions of things, has given us some insight into the grandeurs of creation, is written against in our theologies and frowned upon from our pulpits.

Paraphrasing an Eastern fable, we may say that in the family of knowledge, Science is the household drudge, who, in obscurity, hides unrecognized perfections. To her has been committed all the work, by her skill, intelligence, and devotion, have all conveniences and gratifications been obtained, and while ceaselessly ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background, that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world. The parallel holds yet further. For we are fast coming to the *dénouement*, when the positions will be changed, and while these haughty sisters sink into merited neglect, Science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

(1825 - 1895)

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing, where his father was a schoolmaster, on 4th May, 1825. He was educated privately, mainly by himself, and at London University, where he graduated M.B. in 1845. In the following year he entered the Royal Navy as assistant-surgeon, and sailed with H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* on a surveying expedition to Australasia, during which he sent a number of valuable papers to the Royal Society. He was elected a fellow of the Society in 1851, and awarded its gold medal in 1852. He left the navy in 1854, and eventually became professor of natural history at the School of Mines, Fullerian professor of physiology at the Royal Institution, and Hunterian professor at the Royal College of Surgeons. Subsequently he was President of the British Association at Liverpool in 1870, Rector of Aberdeen University in 1872, Secretary of the Royal Society from 1871 to 1880, and its President from 1881 to 1885, and a member of various Royal Commissions on fisheries, vivisection, university education, &c. In 1885, however, he resigned most of his appointments on account of ill-health, he died at Eastbourne on 29th June, 1895.

Amongst his works are *The Oceanic Hydrozoa* (1857); *On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull*, *Man's Place in Nature* (1863), *Elements of Comparative Anatomy* (1864), *Elementary Physiology* (1866), *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* (1870); *Critiques and Addresses* (1873); *American Addresses* (1877), *Science and Culture* (1882), and an admirable little volume on *Hume* in the English Men of Letters Series (1879). Huxley would not have been as great a man of science as he was if he had not been much more. He had read widely, and was master of a lucid and powerful style, so that he was famous not only for his powers of research, but also for his gift of exposition, and his lectures and papers were models of accuracy and clearness. He was "a bonny fighter" and was the leader of the supporters of the theory of evolution in their combats with men such as Wilberforce and Gladstone. He coined the word "agnostic" to describe his own religious attitude.

[Leonard Huxley, *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, P. C. Mitchell, *Thomas Henry Huxley a Sketch of his Life and Work*, E. Clodd, *T. H. Huxley*, J. R. Ainsworth Davis, *T. H. Huxley*]

From "Naturalism and Supernaturalism"

My memory, unfortunately, carries me back to the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, when the evangelical flood had a little abated and the tops of certain mountains were soon to appear, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Oxford, but when, nevertheless, bibliolatry was ram-

pant, when church and chapel alike proclaimed as the oracles of God the crude assumptions of the worst informed and, in natural sequence, the most presumptuously bigoted of all theological schools

In accordance with promises made on my behalf, but certainly without my authorisation, I was very early taken to hear "sermons in the vulgar tongue" And vulgar enough often was the tongue in which some preacher, ignorant alike of literature, of history, of science, and even of theology, outside that patronised by his own narrow school, poured forth, from the safe entrenchment of the pulpit, invectives against those who deviated from his notion of orthodoxy From dark allusions to "sceptics" and "infidels", I became aware of the existence of people who trusted in carnal reason, who audaciously doubted that the world was made in six natural days, or that the deluge was universal, perhaps even went so far as to question the literal accuracy of the story of Eve's temptation, or of Balaam's ass, and from the horror of the tones in which they were mentioned, I should have been justified in drawing the conclusion that these rash men belonged to the criminal classes At the same time, those who were more directly responsible for providing me with the knowledge essential to the right guidance of life (and who sincerely desired to do so), imagined they were discharging that most sacred duty by impressing upon my childish mind the necessity, on pain of reprobation in this world and damnation in the next, of accepting, in the strict and literal sense, every statement contained in the Protestant Bible I was told to believe, and I did believe, that doubt about any of them was a sin, not less reprehensible than a moral delict I suppose that, out of a thousand of my contemporaries, nine hundred at least had their minds systematically warped and poisoned, in the name of the God of truth, by like discipline I am sure that, even a score of years later, those who ventured to question the exact historical accuracy of any part of the Old Testament and *a fortiori* of the Gospels had to expect a pitiless shower of verbal missiles, to say nothing of the other disagreeable consequences which visit those who in any way run counter to that chaos of prejudices called public opinion.

My recollections of this time have recently been revived by the perusal of a remarkable document, signed by as many as thirty-eight out of the twenty odd thousand clergymen of the Established Church It does not appear that the signatories are officially accredited spokesmen of the ecclesiastical corporation to which they belong, but I feel bound to take their word for it that they are "stewards of the Lord, who have received the Holy Ghost", and, therefore, to accept this memorial as evidence that, though the Evangelicism of my early days may be deposed from its place of power, though so many of the colleagues of the thirty-eight even repudiate the title of Protestants, yet the green bay tree of bibliolatry flourishes as it did sixty years ago. And, as in those good old times,

whoso refuses to offer incense to the idol is held to be guilty of "a dishonour to God", imperilling his salvation

It is to the credit of the perspicacity of the memorialists that they discern the real nature of the Controverted Question of the age. They are awake to the unquestionable fact that, if Scripture has been discovered "not to be worthy of unquestioning belief", faith "in the supernatural itself" is, so far, undermined. And I may congratulate myself upon such weighty confirmation of an opinion in which I have had the fortune to anticipate them. But whether it is more to the credit of the courage, than to the intelligence, of the thirty-eight, that they should go on to proclaim that the canonical scriptures of the Old and New Testaments "declare incontrovertibly the actual historical truth in all records, both of past events and of the delivery of predictions to be thereafter fulfilled", must be left to the coming generation to decide.

The interest which attaches to this singular document will, I think, be based by most thinking men, not upon what it is, but upon that of which it is a sign. It is an open secret that the memorial is put forth as a counterblast to a manifestation of opinion of a contrary character on the part of certain members of the same ecclesiastical body, who therefore have, as I suppose, an equal right to declare themselves "stewards of the Lord and recipients of the Holy Ghost". In fact, the stream of tendency towards Naturalism, the course of which I have briefly traced, has of late years flowed so strongly that even the Churches have begun, I dare not say to drift, but at any rate to swing in their moorings. Within the pale of the Anglican establishment, I venture to doubt whether, at this moment, there are as many thoroughgoing defenders of "plenary inspiration" as there were timid questioners of that doctrine half a century ago. Commentaries, sanctioned by the highest authority, give up the "actual historical truth" of the cosmogonical and diluvial narratives. University professors of deservedly high repute accept the critical decision that the *Hexateuch* is a compilation, in which the share of Moses, either as author or as editor, is not quite so clearly demonstrable as it might be, highly placed Divines tell us that the pre-Abrahamic Scripture narratives may be ignored, that the Book of Daniel may be regarded as a patriotic romance of the second century B.C., that the words of the writer of the fourth Gospel are not always to be distinguished from those which he puts into the mouth of Jesus. Conservative, but conscientious, revisers decide that whole passages, some of dogmatic and some of ethical importance, are interpolations. An uneasy sense of the weakness of the dogma of Biblical infallibility seems to be at the bottom of a prevailing tendency once more to substitute the authority of the "Church" for that of the Bible. In my old age, it has happened to me to be taken to task for regarding Christianity as a "religion of a book" as gravely as, in my youth, I should have been reprehended for doubting that pro-

position. It is a no less interesting symptom that the State Church seems more and more anxious to repudiate all complicity with the principles of the Protestant Reformation and to call itself "Anglo-Catholic." Inspiration, deprived of its old intelligible sense, is watered down into a mystification. The Scriptures are, indeed, inspired, but they contain a wholly undefined and indefinable "human element" and this unfortunate intruder is converted into a sort of biblical whipping-boy. Whatsoever scientific investigation, historical or physical, proves to be erroneous, the "human element" bears the blame, while the divine inspiration of such statements as by their nature are out of reach of proof or disproof is still asserted with all the vigour inspired by conscious safety from attack. Though the proposal to treat the Bible "like any other book", which caused so much scandal forty years ago may not yet be generally accepted, and though Bishop Colenso's criticisms may still lie, formally, under ecclesiastical ban, yet the Church has not wholly turned a deaf ear to the voice of the scientific tempter, and many a coy divine, while crying "I will ne'er consent", has consented to the proposals of that scientific criticism which the memorialists renounce and denounce.

A humble layman, to whom it would seem the height of presumption to assume even the unconsidered dignity of a "steward of science", may well find this conflict of apparently equal ecclesiastical authorities perplexing—suggestive, indeed, of the wisdom of postponing attention to either, until the question of precedence between them is settled. And this course will probably appear the more advisable, the more closely the fundamental position of the memorialists is examined.

"No opinion of the fact or form of Divine Revelation, founded on literary criticism (and I suppose I may add historical, or physical, criticism) of the Scriptures themselves, can be admitted to interfere with the traditionary testimony of the Church, when that has been once ascertained and verified by appeal to antiquity."

Grant that it is "the traditionary testimony of the Church" which guarantees the canonicity of each and all of the books of the Old and New Testaments. Grant also that canonicity means infallibility, yet, according to the thirty-eight, this "traditionary testimony" has to be "ascertained and verified by appeal to antiquity". But "ascertainment and verification" are purely intellectual processes, which must be conducted according to the strict rules of scientific investigation, or be self-convicted of worthlessness. Moreover, before we can set about the appeal to "antiquity", the exact sense of that usefully vague term must be defined by similar means. "Antiquity" may include any number of centuries, great or small, and whether "antiquity" is to comprise the Council of Trent, or to stop a little beyond that of Nicæa, or to come to an end in the time of Irenæus, or in that of Justin Martyr, are knotty questions which can be decided, if at all, only by those critical methods

which the signatories treat so cavalierly. And yet the decision of these questions is fundamental, for as the limits of the canonical scriptures vary, so may the dogmas deduced from them require modification. Christianity is one thing, if the fourth Gospel, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the pastoral Epistles, and the Apocalypse are canonical and (by the hypothesis) infallibly true, and another thing if they are not. As I have already said, whoso defines the canon defines the creed.

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

(1838 – 1928)

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, son of Sir Charles Trevelyan and nephew of Lord Macaulay, was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, on 20th July, 1838. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as Second Classic in 1861. He entered the Indian civil service, but returned to England and was a member of Parliament from 1865 to 1897, except for a short interval always following Gladstone's lead. He held the following official appointments: Civil Lord of the Admiralty (1868–1870), Secretary of the Admiralty (1880–1882), Chief Secretary to Ireland, in succession to Lord Frederick Cavendish (1882–1884), Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1884), Secretary for Scotland (1886, and again 1892–1895). He succeeded his father as second baronet in 1886, retired from public life in 1897, and was created O.M. in 1911. His works include some brilliant Aristophanic skits (*Horace at the University of Athens*, 1861, *Ladies in Parliament*, 1866), several writings inspired by his Indian

experiences (*The Dawk Bungalow*, a play, 1863, *The Competition Wallah*, 1864, and *Cawnpore*, 1865), *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876, revised 1923), *The Early History of Charles James Fox* (1880), and *The American Revolution* (1909). Trevelyan died on 16th August, 1928.

Trevelyan would, in all likelihood, have been a literary figure of the first importance had it not been for his devotion to politics and the decline of his health in his latter days, due in part at any rate to the strain of the Irish secretaryship in the dark years which followed the Phoenix Park murders. As it is, his life of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, ranks near to the great biographies by Boswell and Lockhart. His Aristophanic skits, written before he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind", are exceptionally well done. The Savoy Operas are, perhaps, more Aristophanic, but Trevelyan's are the best imitations in our language of one who "stands, like Shakespeare, an unapproachable."

From "Ladies in Parliament"

We much revere our sires, who were a mighty race of men
 For every glass of port we drink they nothing thought of ten
 They dwelt above the foulest drams They breathed the closest air.
 They had their yearly twinge of gout, and little seemed to care
 They set those meddling people down for Jacobins or fools
 Who talked of Public Libraries, and grants to Normal Schools,
 Since common folks who read and write, and like their betters speak,
 Want something more than pipes and beer, and sermons once a week
 And therefore both by land and sea their match they rarely met,
 But made the name of Britain great, and ran her deep in debt
 They seldom stopped to count the foe, nor sum the moneys spent,
 But clenched their teeth and straight ahead with sword and musket went,
 And, though they thought if trade were free that England ne'er would thrive,
 They freely gave their blood for Moore, and Wellington, and Clive,
 And, though they burned their coal at home, nor fetched their ice from
 Wenham,

They played the man before Quebec and stormed the lines at Blenheim
 When sailors lived on mouldy bread, and lumps of rusty pork,
 No Frenchman dared his nose to shew between the Downs and Cork,
 But now that Jack gets beef and greens, and next his skin wears flannel,
 The *Standard* says we've not a ship in plight to keep the Channel

And, while they held their own in war, our fathers showed no stint
 Of fire, and nerve, and vigour rough whene'er they took to print
 They charged at hazard through the crowd, and recked not whom they
 hurt,

And taught their Pegasus to kick and splash about the dirt,
 And every jolly Whig who drank at Brooks's joined to goad
 That poor young Heaven-born Minister with epigram and ode,
 Because he would not call a main, nor shake the midnight box,
 Nor flirt with all the pretty girls like gallant Charley Fox
 But now the press has squeamish grown, and thinks invective rash,
 And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and dash,
 And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,
 Nor dream of calling silly lords "a curd of ass's milk"
 And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on Beales,
 Or snap like angry puppies round a mightier tribune's heels
 Discussing whether he can scan and understand the lines
 About the wooden Horse of Troy, and when and where he dines
 Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they cared a button
 Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice of mutton

Since ever party strife began the world is still the same,
 And Radicals from age to age are held the fairest game
 E'en thus the Prince of Attic drolls, who dearly loved to sup
 With those who gave the fattest eels and choicest Samian cup,
 Expended his immortal fun on that unhappy tanner
 Who twenty centuries ago was waving Gladstone's banner
 And in the troubled days of Rome each curled and scented jackass
 Who lounged along the Sacred Way heehawed at Caius Gracchus.
 So now all paltry jesters run their maiden wit to flesh on
 A block of rugged Saxon oak, that shows no light impression,
 At which whoe'er aspires to chop had better guard his eye,
 And towards the nearest cover bolt, if once the splinters fly
 Then surely it were best to drop an over-worried bone,
 And, if we've nothing new to say, just let the League alone,
 O! work another vein, and quiz those patrons of their race
 Who like the honest working-man, but like him in his place,
 Who, proud of rivalling the pig which started for Dundalk
 Because it thought that Paddy wished towards Carlingford to walk,
 In slavish contradiction all their private judgment smother,
 And blindly take one course because John Bright prefers another.

Let's rather speak of what was felt by us who value "Yeast"
 On learning who had led the choir at that triumphant feast
 Where Hampshire's town and county joined a civic wreath to fling
 O'er him, the great proconsul, whose renown through time shall ring
 In deathless cadence borne along pianoforte wires,
 As memories heroic haunt the chords of Grecian lyres
 That he, who gave our ancient creeds their first and rudest shock,
 Till half the lads for pattern took his Chartist Alton Locke,
 Should tell us that Debrett within his gilded leaves contains
 The virtue of the British Isles, the beauty, and the brains!
 As if all moral folks were peers! As if the sweetest kisses
 Had ceased to lurk between the lips of many a charming missis!
 While Cobden and Carlyle can boast no tall heraldic tree,
 And Tennyson is still Esquire, and Mill a plain M P
 That he, whose brave old English tale set all our veins aglow,
 (How Hawkins, Cavendish, and Drake, went sailing Westward Ho,
 And how they led the Dons a life, and fought them man to man,
 And spared them when they begged for grace, and chased them when they
 ran),
 Should teach that "modern chivalry" has found its noblest egress
 In burning Baptist villages, and stringing up a negress!

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1818 – 1894)

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was born at Dartington, Devonshire, on 23rd April, 1818. His father was Rector of Dartington, and afterwards Arch-deacon of Totnes. He was educated at Westminster, and, after two years of private tuition, at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took a Second Class in *literæ humaniores* and graduated B.A. in 1842, being elected to a fellowship at Exeter College. In 1844 he took deacon's orders, and soon afterwards prepared a life of St. Neot for Newman's *Lives of the English Saints*, but the miracles of hagiology, to which his attention was thus directed, undermined his orthodoxy. He became a Rationalist, renounced his orders, resigned his fellowship, and in 1849 published his *Nemesis of Faith*. He then married and settled down to the career of man-of-letters and historian, becoming at the outset of his altered life the chief disciple of Carlyle. Between the years 1856 and 1870 appeared his great work, *A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, in twelve volumes. The book, in spite of some faults and because of others, was a great popular success, and is its author's most important though not most delightful work. From 1860 to 1874 Froude was editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which, as well as to other periodicals, he contributed many articles. In 1869 he was elected rector of St. Andrews University, he travelled in the United States in 1872, and visited South Africa on a political mission, 1874-5.

He was literary executor to Carlyle, and his *Life of Carlyle*, *Carlyle's Reminiscences*, and *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, as edited by him, provoked an extraordinary amount of controversy. He visited Australia in 1884, and published *Oceana, or England and her Colonies*, in 1886, a visit to the West Indies in 1886-7 inspired him to write *The English in the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses*, in 1888. His one dull book, a romance entitled *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, appeared in 1889. In 1892 Froude had the satisfaction of being appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, after the death of his chief critic and adversary Freeman, who had held the chair. Froude's tenure of the professorship was not long, but his lectures (*Erasmus, English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*, and *The Council of Trent*) are among the best things he ever wrote. He died on 20th October, 1894. Among his other works are *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, and short lives of Julius Cæsar, Bunyan, Luther, and Beaconsfield.

Froude had many defects as a historian, he ranks indeed less as a historian than as a man of letters who wrote history. He was not a believer in history as a science, he considered it as a branch of art akin to drama. He followed Carlyle in being a hero worshipper, and in distorting facts to agree with his own prejudices. He was inaccurate, though not remiss in researching,

he seemed unable even to transcribe his documents correctly. He had an unbecoming love for paradox, and was a partisan of the most unblushing kind. In his literary executorship, he showed himself wanting in the finer feelings and ignorant of the elements of an editor's duties. Yet with all these faults Froude stands high among the men of letters

of his age. His style entitles him to stand almost at the head of prose writers of the nineteenth century, his patriotism is intense and sincere, above all, he had the gift, too often denied to scientific historians, of reanimating the heroes of long ago, and making historic scenes appear vividly before the eyes of his readers.

[H. Paul, *Life of J. A. Froude*]

From "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century"

On that same Sunday afternoon a memorable council of war was held in the *Ark's* main cabin. Howard, Drake, Seymour, Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and two or three others met to consult, knowing that on them at that moment the liberties of England were depending. Their resolution was taken promptly. There was no time for talk. After night-fall a strong flood tide would be setting up along shore to the Spanish anchorage. They would try what could be done with fire-ships, and the excursion of the pinnace, which was taken for bravado, was probably for a survey of the Armada's exact position. Meantime eight useless vessels were coated with pitch—hulls, spars, and rigging. Pitch was poured on the decks and over the sides, and parties were told off to steer them to their destination and then fire and leave them.

The hours stole on, and twilight passed into dark. The night was without a moon. The Duke paced his deck late with uneasy sense of danger. He observed lights moving up and down the English lines, and imagining that the *endemoniada gente*—the infernal devils—might be up to mischief, ordered a sharp look-out. A faint westerly air was curling the water, and towards midnight the watchers on board the galleons made out dimly several ships which seemed to be drifting down upon them. Their experience since the action off Plymouth had been so strange and unlooked for that anything unintelligible which the English did was alarming.

The phantom forms drew nearer, and were almost among them when they broke into a blaze from water-line to truck, and the two fleets were seen by the lurid light of the conflagration, the anchorage, the walls and windows of Calais, and the sea shining red as far as eye could reach, as if the ocean itself was burning. Among the dangers which they might have to encounter, English fireworks had been especially dreaded by the Spaniards. Fire-ships—a fit device of heretics—had worked havoc

among the Spanish troops, when the bridge was blown up, at Antwerp. They imagined that similar infernal machines were approaching the Armada. A capable commander would have sent a few launches to grapple the burning hulks, which of course were now deserted, and tow them out of harm's way. Spanish sailors were not cowards, and would not have flinched from duty because it might be dangerous, but the Duke and Diego Florez lost their heads again. A signal gun from the *San Martin* ordered the whole fleet to slip their cables and stand out to sea.

Orders given in panic are doubly unwise, for they spread the terror in which they originate. The danger from the fire-ships was chiefly from the effect on the imagination, for they appear to have drifted by and done no real injury. And it speaks well for the seamanship and courage of the Spaniards that they were able, crowded together as they were, at midnight and in sudden alarm to set their canvas and clear out without running into one another. They buoyed their cables, expecting to return for them at daylight, and with only a single accident, to be mentioned directly, they executed successfully a really difficult manœuvre.

The Duke was delighted with himself. The fire-ships burnt harmlessly out. He had baffled the inventions of the *endemoniada gente*. He brought up a league outside the harbour, and supposed that the whole Armada had done the same. Unluckily for himself, he found it at daylight divided into two bodies. The *San Martin* with forty of the best appointed of the galleons were riding together at their anchors. The rest, two-thirds of the whole, having no second anchors ready, and inexperienced in Channel tides and currents, had been lying to. The west wind was blowing up. Without seeing where they were going they had drifted to leeward, and were two leagues off, towards Gravelines, dangerously near the shore. The Duke was too ignorant to realize the full peril of his situation. He signalled to them to return and rejoin him. As the wind and tide stood it was impossible. He proposed to follow them. The pilots told him that if he did the whole fleet might be lost on the banks. Towards the land the look of things was not more encouraging.

One accident only had happened the night before. The *Capitana* galleass, with Don Hugo de Monçada and eight hundred men on board, had fouled her helm in a cable in getting under way and had become unmanageable. The galley slaves disobeyed orders, or else Don Hugo was as incompetent as his commander-in-chief. The galleass had gone on the sands, and as the tide ebbed had fallen over on her side. Howard, seeing her condition, had followed her in the *Aik* with four or five other of the Queen's ships, and was furiously attacking her with his boats, careless of neutrality laws. Howard's theory was, as he said, to pluck the feathers one by one from the Spaniard's wing, and here was a feather worth picking up. The galleass was the most splendid vessel of her kind afloat, Don Hugo one of the greatest of Spanish grandees.

Howard was making a double mistake. He took the galleass at last, after three hours' fighting. Don Hugo was killed by a musket ball. The vessel was plundered, and Howard's men took possession, meaning to carry her away when the tide rose. The French authorities ordered him off, threatening to fire upon him, and after wasting the forenoon, he was obliged at last to leave her where she lay. Worse than this, he had lost three precious hours and had lost along with them, in the opinion of the Prince of Parma, the honours of the great day.

Drake and Hawkins knew better than to waste time plucking single feathers. The fire-ships had been more effective than they could have dared to hope. The enemy was broken up. The Duke was shorn of half his strength, and the Lord had delivered him into their hands. He had got under way, still signalling wildly, and uncertain in which direction to turn. His uncertainties were ended for him by seeing Drake bearing down upon him with the whole English fleet, save those which were loitering about the galleass. The English had now the advantage of numbers. The superiority of their guns he knew already, and their greater speed allowed him no hope to escape a battle. Forty ships alone were left to him to defend the banner of the crusade and the honour of Castile, but those forty were the largest and the most powerfully armed and manned that he had, and on board them were Oquendo, De Leyva, Recalde, and Bretandona, the best officers in the Spanish navy next to the lost Don Pedro.

It was now or never for England. The scene of the action which was to decide the future of Europe was between Calais and Dunkirk, a few miles off shore, and within sight of Parma's camp. There was no more manœuvring for the weather-gage, no more fighting at long range. Drake dashed straight upon his prey as the falcon stoops upon its quarry. A chance had fallen to him which might never return, not for the vain distinction of carrying prizes into English ports, not for the ray of honour which would fall on him if he could carry off the sacred banner itself and hang it in the Abbey at Westminster, but a chance so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow on Philip that the Spanish Empire should reel with it. The English ships had the same superiority over the galleons which steamers have now over sailing vessels. They had twice the speed, they could lie two points nearer to the wind. Sweeping round them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot. Short as was the powder supply, there was no sparing it that morning. The hours went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt on one side and the suffering was all on the other. Never on sea or land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing. It was

said afterwards in Spain that the Duke showed the white feather, that he charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way, that he shut himself up in his cabin, buried in woolpacks, and so on. The Duke had faults enough, but poltroonery was not one of them. He, who till he entered the English Channel had never been in action on sea or land, found himself, as he said, in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. As to being out of harm's way, the standard at his masthead drew the hottest of the fire upon him. The *San Martin's* timbers were of oak and a foot thick, but the shot, he said, went through them enough to shatter a rock. Her deck was a slaughter-house, half his company were killed or wounded, and no more would have been heard or seen of the *San Martin* or her commander had not Oquendo and De Leyva pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover. He himself saw nothing more of the action after this. The smoke, he said, was so thick that he could make out nothing, even from his masthead. But all round it was but a repetition of the same scene. The Spanish shot flew high, as before, above the low English hulls, and they were themselves helpless butts to the English guns. And it is noticeable and supremely creditable to them that not a single galleon struck her colours. One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender and save their lives. For answer they cursed the English as cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed over them. Rather death to the soldiers of the Cross than surrender to a heretic.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

(1809 – 1891)

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, the son of a well-to-do banker and solicitor, was born at Taunton, Somerset, on 5th August, 1809. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he knew Tennyson and Thackeray. He graduated B.A. in 1832 and M.A. in 1836. In 1835 he made the tour

in the East which he described in *Eothen* (1844). He was called to the bar in 1837, and practised as a conveyancer for some years. He sat in parliament from 1857 to 1868 as Liberal member for Bridgewater. In 1854 he went out to the Crimea, was present at the battle of the Alma, and became friendly with

Lord Raglan, whose widow asked him in 1856 to undertake a history of the campaign. He gladly consented, abandoned his legal practice, such as it was, and devoted thirty years to his task. *The Invasion of the Crimea its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan*, appeared in eight volumes between 1863 and 1887. Kinglake died on 2nd January, 1891.

Both Kinglake's books have found warm admirers, and both have had no small influence upon English prose style. Yet neither can be praised without many reservations. *Eothen* is marred by flippancy, like Præd's poems, it is clever almost to wearisomeness,

its style is strained, gaudy, and too refined. Its general nature links it with the *Sentimental Journey* and *The Bible in Spain*, rather than with more orthodox books of travel, but it is far below those two masterpieces. *The Invasion of the Crimea* is both incomplete as a history of the war, and inordinately long. It is spoilt by excess of panegyric and vituperation. It contains some fine passages of epic prose, but goes too much into details of events which have now ceased to be important. Imagination boggles at a history of the European War written on this scale.

[W. Tuckwell, *A. W. Kinglake a Biographical and Literary Study*]

From "Eothen"

In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that belonging to the family of the Sultan, and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry, are official personages, and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner and those well-undulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble station by the arts of the courtier, and they keep in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet, unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony, the intervention of the dragoman is fatal to the spirit of the conversation. I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with orientals. A traveller may write and say that "the Pasha of So-and-so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the

Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this

Pasha The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming

Dragoman (to the Traveller) The Pasha pays you his compliments

Traveller Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him

Dragoman (to the Pasha) His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karaghoolookoldour

Traveller (to his Dragoman) What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere Cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say, that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Boughton-Soldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy if my committee had not been bribed. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth!

Dragoman (is silent)

Pasha What says the friendly Lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karaghoolookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal) This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head purveyor of Boughton-Soldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire—is recounting his achievements and the number of his titles

Pasha The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller) The Pasha congratulates your Excellency

Traveller About Boughton-Soldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman empire. Tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the Throne pledging England to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's dominions

Dragoman (to the Pasha) This branch of Mudcombe, this possible

policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever by a speech from the velvet chair

Pasha Wonderful chair!—Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman) What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam

Traveller That's an exaggeration, but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection Tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand to the scene of action in a few hours

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech) His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers and brigades of artillery are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and, in the biting of a cartridge, they rise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth

Pasha I know it—I know all, the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling caldrons, and their horses are flaming coals! whirr!—whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to his Dragoman) I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures, just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman) The ships of the English swarm like flies, their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company

Traveller The Pasha's right about the cutlery I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel Well (*to the Dragoman*), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high

opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships and railways, and East India Companies, do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well just say, at the end, that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman) It is true, it is true, through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best, for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks are the weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews

Dragoman The Pasha compliments the English

Traveller (rising) Well, I've had enough of this Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his divan) Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses, that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise! May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey

So ends the visit

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819 – 1900)

JOHN RUSKIN was born at 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, on the 8th February, 1819. His father, a wealthy wine-merchant, had married his first cousin, both were of Scottish descent. Ruskin was an only child, and was brought up by his parents strictly but injudiciously. Toys were banned, and he was not allowed to mix with other children. He received little formal education until he went to Oxford, but read and re-read the Bible with his mother, and was encouraged by his father to read Scott's novels and Pope's *Homer* at an early age. The monotony of his home life was varied by his accompanying his parents on many long carriage journeys, undertaken by his father for business as well as for pleasure, in England, Scotland, and on the Continent. To these journeys he owed his precocious acquaintance with mediæval art. Ruskin was forty-five when his father died and fifty-two when he lost his mother, during the lifetime of his parents he was always more or less *in statu pupillari*. In 1837 he went into residence at Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. His mother accompanied him to Oxford, as his health, owing to a disappointment in love, was not good. He won the Newdigate prize in 1839, after two unsuccessful attempts, but in 1840 was threatened with consumption and obliged to travel in search of health. He returned to Oxford in 1842 more or less restored to health, took

his B.A. with a fourth class in classics and mathematics in that year, and graduated M.A. in 1843. In 1843 appeared the first volume of his great book *Modern Painters then superiority in the art of landscape painting to all the Ancient masters proved by example of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the works of modern artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.*, it was completed in five volumes in 1860, an additional volume appearing in 1888. This book began by being a passionate defence of 'Turner's art, but became more and more discursive in its later volumes, and ended by being a kind of encyclopedia of art criticism. It was received with great enthusiasm, mainly owing to the beauty of its descriptive passages. In 1848 Ruskin married, but the marriage, hastily arranged by his parents, was a failure and was annulled a few years later. Ruskin's wife subsequently married Sir John Millais, afterwards President of the Royal Academy. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* was published in 1849, and what must rank as on the whole Ruskin's greatest book, *The Stones of Venice*, appeared in three volumes between 1851 and 1853, with numerous illustrations by the author. A small book with the deceptive title *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* appeared in 1851. It is a plea for union among Protestants. Ruskin had always a liking for fanciful titles, which those to whom he addressed him-

self could not always understand, or even pronounce correctly. In the same year he defended the pre-Raphaelites in a pamphlet. Two small manuals, *The Elements of Drawing* and *The Elements of Perspective* appeared in 1856 and 1859 respectively. In 1858 he was made an honorary student of Christ Church. The conclusion of *Modern Painters* marked an era in Ruskin's life. From about 1857 his interests extended from art to what he considered a kindred subject, economics. *The Political Economy of Art*, two lectures delivered at Manchester, was printed in 1857, and in 1859 appeared *The Two Paths*, lectures on art and its application to decoration and manufacture. Carlyle's influence, for better or worse, made itself more and more apparent in his writings. *Unto this Last* (1862) began to appear in the *Cornhill*, but the papers caused such an uproar that they were discontinued by order of the editor, Thackeray. *Munera Pulveris* (1862) suffered the same fate in *Fraser's*. A wave of unpopularity seemed likely to submerge Ruskin, but in 1865 he issued one of his most popular books, *Sesame and Lilies*, lectures on books and on the sphere of women; *The Ethics of the Dust*, lectures on crystals, and *The Crown of Wild Olive*, lectures on work, traffic, and war, both appeared in 1866. *Time and Tide*, by Weare and Tyne, twenty-five letters to a working man of Sunderland on the laws of work, was published in 1868. A somewhat fanciful study of Greek myths, *The Queen of the Air*, was published in 1869. In 1870 Ruskin was appointed to the newly-founded Slade professorship of fine art at Oxford, and threw himself into the

work with his usual enthusiasm, to the detriment of his health. Many schemes—mostly Utopian—for the amelioration of mankind occupied his leisure hours, and won him many admirers, though not a few scoffed at him. In 1871 he removed to Brantwood, Coniston Lake, which was his home until his death. One of the most interesting and influential of his writings, *Fors Clavigera*, a monthly letter to workmen and labourers of Great Britain, appeared at intervals between 1871 and 1884. Overwork had a serious effect upon his health, which was further impaired by the death, in 1875, of a lady whom he had hoped to marry but who was estranged from him by religious and other differences. In 1878 he had an attack of brain fever, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He resigned his professorship in 1879, but felt well enough to allow himself to be re-appointed in 1883. He quarrelled with the Oxford authorities, however, over the question of vivisection and other matters, and resigned his chair in 1884. From then onwards his life was one of great seclusion at Brantwood, his mental eclipse gradually deepening. His extremely interesting though incomplete autobiography *Praeterita* outlines of *Scenes and Thoughts perhaps worthy of Memory in my past Life* appeared at intervals between 1885 and 1889. It was the last of his writings. He died after a short attack of influenza on the 20th January, 1900. His executors, acting in accordance with his wishes, declined a funeral in Westminster Abbey, and he was buried in the churchyard at Coniston.

Ruskin was one of the greatest teachers of his generation. He taught men to see what was beautiful, and was a force making for righteousness in a drab and utilitarian age. His teaching performed miracles, he made the blind see and the deaf hear. It is not to be wondered at that his contemporaries regarded him as one of the prophets, nor is it extraordinary that nowadays, when many of his most daring utterances on art and economics have become commonplace, he has lost much of his authority. He wrote too much and attempted too many kinds of writing. He is diffuse, and, in the opinion of some, too gorgeous in his style. It should, however, be remembered that much of his writing was intended to be ephemeral. Ruskin was, perhaps, throughout his life the victim of parental suppression, if he had seen more of normal life, with its give and take, he might have been

less crotchety and more virile. His style entitles him to rank among the great masters of English prose. He learnt to write by means of studying the Bible and the judicious Hooker, but his style is entirely his own. Eloquence, force, and subtle analysis are its prevailing characteristics, while his works are permeated with a lofty enthusiasm for truth and beauty, and with a generous sympathy for the poor and weak. He has given the impulse to a not unimportant renaissance in British art, though the new birth is, in many respects, very different from the ideal he held up. Scarcely less may be said of his work in political and social economy.

[Sir E. T. Cook, *Life of John Ruskin*, J. A. Hobson, *John Ruskin Social Reformer*, A. C. Benson, *Ruskin a Study in Personality*, A. C. Meynell, *John Ruskin*, W. G. Collingwood, *The Life and Work of John Ruskin*, A. Williams Ellis, *The Tragedy of John Ruskin*]

From "The Stones of Venice"

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL AND ST MARK'S

I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side, and so forward

till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nursery-maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed portholes and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments here and there of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven, and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons, and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold, and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and the sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock, and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Luna San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-

tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors, intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door, the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print, the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves, but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "*Vendita Frittole e Liquori*", where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "*Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28 32*", the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps, and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side, and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St Mark's Place, called the *Bocca di Piazza* (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mungling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "*Bocca di Piazza*", and then we forget them all, for between these pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as

we advance slowly, the vast tower of St Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones, and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light, a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory sculpture, fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless net-work of buds and plumes, and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, “their bluest veins to kiss”—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand, their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross, and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth, and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breast of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that gum cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them, for, instead of the restless crows, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak

upper air, the St Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters, nay, the foundations of their pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church, there is almost a continuous line of cafés where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals, in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards, and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually

JAMES THOMSON ("B.V.")

(1834 – 1882)

JAMES THOMSON, to whose name his pseudonym "B V" is often appended to distinguish him from the author of *The Seasons*, was born at Port-Glasgow, Renfrewshire, on 23rd November, 1834. His father, a mate in the merchant service, became paralysed when the poet was a child of six. He was educated at the Royal Caledonian Orphan Asylum, and at the Military Asylum, Chelsea. He became a

schoolmaster in the army, and went in that capacity to Ballincollig, near Cork, where he fell under the influence of the freethinker Bradlaugh, and, at the age of only nineteen, was reduced to despair by the death of the girl he loved. From that moment "melancholy marked him for her own." In 1862 he was dismissed from the army for a trivial breach of discipline, and became a solicitor's

clerk, drifting from this occupation to various others, and devoting much of his time to journalism. His melancholy and his inherited nervous instability made him become a victim of dipsomania and narcomania. In 1860 he became a contributor to *The National Reformer*, in which was published *The Dead Year, To our Ladies of Death*, and the poem by which he is best known, *The City of Dreadful Night* (1874). Among his other works are *Tasso and Leonora* (1856), *The Doom of a City* (1857), *Sunday at Hampstead* (1863), *Sunday up the River* (1868), *A Voice from the Nile* (1881), and *Insomnia* (1882). Thomson died in distress-

ing circumstances on 3rd June, 1882. His verse, though sometimes slovenly, is characterized by much brilliance and traits of graceful humour, but its prevailing tone is one of despair. Despair in poetry is too often merely pose, like that of Mr Cypress in *Nightmare Abbey*, in Thomson it is the real thing, the offspring of insomnia and disease. It is this which gives his principal poem its unique flavour. He has too often been spoken of as a man of a single poem, much of his minor verse is as good as the poem with which his name is usually linked.

[H. S. Salt, *The Life of James Thomson*]

From "The City of Dreadful Night"

The City is of Night, perchance of Death,
 But certainly of Night, for never there
 Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
 After the dewy dawning's cold grey air,
 The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity,
 The sun has never visited that city,
 For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away,
 Though present in distempered gloom of thought,
 And deadly weariness of heart all day
 But when a dream night after night is brought
 Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
 Recur each year for several years, can any
 Discern that dream from real life in aught?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return,
 Some frequently, some seldom, some by night
 And some by day, some night and day we learn,
 The while all change and many vanish quite,
 In their recurrence with recurrent changes
 A certain seeming order, where this ranges
 We count things real; such is memory's night.

A river girds the city west and south,
The main north channel of a broad lagoon,
Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth,
Waste marshes shine and glister to the moon
For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges,
Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,
Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,
And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest
Which swell out two leagues from the river marge
A trackless wilderness rolls north and west,
Savannahs, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines, with torrent fountains,
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast
The street-lamps always burn, but scarce a casement
In house or palace front from roof to basement
Doth glow or gleam athwart the murky air cast

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense
Of ranged mansions dark and still as tombs
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfills with awe the soul's despair unweeping
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there, worn faces that look deaf and blind
Like tragic masks of stone With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head

Mature men chiefly, few in age or youth,
A woman rarely, now and then a child
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,

JAMES THOMSON ("B V")

Or lame or blind, as preordained to languish
 Thro' youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish
 To meet one erring on that homeless wild

They often murmur to themselves, they speak
 To one another seldom, for their woe
 Broods maddening inwardly and scorns to wreak
 Itself abroad, and if at whiles it grow
 To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamour,
 Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
 To rave in turn, who lends attentive show

The City is of Night, but not of sleep,
 There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain,
 The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
 A night seems termless hell This dreadful strain
 Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
 Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
 This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane

They leave all hope behind who enter there
 One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
 One anodyne for torture and despair,
 The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
 Can put off long, and which, divinely tender,
 But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
 That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave

From "Sunday up the River"

Give a man a horse he can ride,
 Give a man a boat he can sail,
 And his rank and wealth, his strength and health
 Or sea nor shore shall fail

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
 Give a man a book he can read,
 And his home is bright with a calm delight,
 Though the rooms be poor indeed

Give a man a girl he can love,
 As I, O my love, love thee,
 And his hand is great with the pulse of Fate,
 At home, on land, on sea

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

(1844 – 1881)

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY was born in London on 14th March, 1844. He was educated privately, and at the age of seventeen was appointed a junior assistant in the library of the British Museum. Two years later he was transferred to the zoological department, where, though his natural bent lay in the direction of literature and criticism, he perseveringly made himself an expert herpetologist. His *Epic of Women and other Poems* appeared in 1870, and was followed by *Lays of France* (1872), mainly a collection of adaptations from Marie de France, and not so notable a book as his first. *Music and Moonlight* (1874) marks a return to his earlier manner. He married in 1873 and lost his wife in 1879. He himself died on 30th January, 1881, on the eve of his second marriage. A posthumous volume, *Songs of a*

Worker, was, thanks to the misguided zeal of his friends, published in 1881. It adds little to his reputation, and might well have been left unpublished. O'Shaughnessy's stream of inspiration was genuine but small, it gradually dried up as he grew older. His later poems therefore tend to be repetitions of his earlier ones. He had a gift for writing melodious verse, which has a music, a mystery, and a magic of its own. His strange and undefinable talent was mainly original, though at times he follows Swinburne afar off. The chief defects of his poetry, besides its thinness, are its diffuseness and its gorgeousness. A few of his poems are found in most anthologies, and constitute his chief claim to remembrance. A selection of his poems was edited by W. A. Percy in 1923.

The Fountain of Tears

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying

Alike from their hopes and their fears,
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears,
You shall surely---without a word spoken---
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking,
And even its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears,
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your tears,
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you,
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
O perhaps the mere silences round you,
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting
May soothe you somewhat through your tears

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed you,
Or think at least some one who missed you

Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years,
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no Past and no morrow,
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather,
The sound of them all grows like thunder,
—O into what bosom, I wonder
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping
May God then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

I made another Garden

I made another garden, yea,
For my new love,
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above
Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste

She entered with her weary smile,
Just as of old,
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight,
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turned the red rose white

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
 Seemed like a snake
 That bit the grass and ground, alas!
 And a sad trail did make
 She went up slowly to the gate,
 And there, just as of yore,
 She turned back at the last to wait
 And say farewell once more

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

(1851 - 1877)

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON was born at Banbury in 1851, and was educated at Marlborough and St John's College, Cambridge. He was clever, but not in an academic fashion, and his health only permitted him to take a poll-degree. He edited and wrote most of *The Light Green*, a burlesque university magazine which expired after the appearance of its second number, one number appeared just before and the other just after he took his degree in 1872. This magazine was intended to ridicule a somewhat ambitious periodical entitled *The Dark Blue*, which was enjoying an ephemeral existence at the sister University. Hilton also wrote an admirable skit on *Hamlet*, entitled *Hamlet or not such a Fool as he looks*. He was ordained in 1874 and became curate at Sandwich,

where he died three years later, mainly owing to the self-sacrificing zeal with which he overworked himself.

Hilton was a parodist of genius, and only stands below Calverley on account of the smallness of his output. His *Vulture and the Husbandman* is as good as *The Walrus and the Carpenter*, and his *Heathen Pass-ee* is if anything better than Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinnee*. To parody, as he does, a piece of light or comic verse requires a peculiar dexterity, and is a much harder task than to parody a bombastic or a dignified poem. *Octopus*, his parody of Swinburne's *Dolores*, catches extremely happily the swing and sensuousness of the Swinburnian muse. Hilton's *Works, together with his Life and Letters*, were edited by R P Edgcombe in 1904.

The Heathen Pass-ee

Which I wish to remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for plots that are dark,
 And not always in vain,

The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain

I would also premise
That the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The "ordinary B A degree"

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his face it was trustful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye

Upon April the First
The Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell

The candidates came
And Tom Crib soon appeared,
It was Euclid The same
Was "the subject he feared"
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after
As he walked down the Trumpington Road

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U——
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchae .
A subject Tom " partially knew ".

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen pass-ee,
And the answers he made
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three

Then I looked up at U——
And he gazed upon me
I observed, " This won't do " .
He replied, " Goodness me!
We are fooled by this artful young person,"
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few
Of the " tips " that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the " subject he partially knew "

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,

And a delicate map
 Of the Dorian States,
 And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
 What are frequent in palms,—that is dates

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for plots that are dark
 And not always in vain,
 The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
 Which the same I am free to maintain

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(1832 – 1904)

EDWIN ARNOLD was born at Gravesend on 10th June, 1832. His father was Robert Coles Arnold, J.P., of Whartons, Framfield, Sussex. He was educated at King's School, Rochester, King's College, London, and University College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize with a poem on *Belshazzar's Feast* in 1852, and graduated B.A. with a third class in *literæ humaniores* in 1854. He then became a master at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and in 1856 was appointed principal of Deccan College, Poona. In 1861 he returned to England and became leader-writer on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. Most of the rest of his working life was devoted to this paper, he became chief editor in 1873, and from 1888 onwards was a travelling commissioner, writing several books of travel of some liveness but of no permanent literary value. He was created C.S.I. in 1877 and K.C.I.E. in 1888. His principal poem, *The Light of Asia*, appeared in 1879,

and the companion poem, *The Light of the World*, in 1891. His other works include *The Wreck of the Northern Belle* (1857), *Pearls of the Faith* (1883), *Lotus and Jewel* (1887), and *Potiphar's Wife* (1892). Arnold died on 24th March, 1904.

The Light of Asia is an ambitious attempt to render in verse an account of the life and teaching of Buddha. It was attacked on all sides, scholars declared that it misrepresented Buddhism, critics pronounced it (not unjustly) to be weak as poetry, the orthodox bitterly resented its popularizing a rival faith. Yet the public in Britain and America, liking some definite doctrine in its poetry, bought up some one hundred and forty editions, and claimed that the poem should be treated seriously. Its exotic charms have now exhausted themselves. In *The Light of the World* Arnold attempted to do for Christ what the earlier poem had done for Buddha, with conspicuous ill-success.

From "The Light of Asia", Book I

Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind
But on another day the King said, "Come,
Sweet son! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,
And how fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper, how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time " So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs, the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth long waves back from the plough, who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep, among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow,
And all the jungle laughed with nesting songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed, alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith, bee-eaters hawked,
Chasing the purple butterflies, beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air,
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast,
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,

Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
 The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
 Goading their velvet flanks then marked he, too,
 How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
 And kite on both, and how the fish-hawk robbed
 The fish-tiger of that which it had seized,
 The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did hunt
 The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
 Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
 Life living upon death So the fair show
 Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
 Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
 Who himself kills his fellow, seeing which—
 The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
 Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
 The rage to live which makes all living strife—
 The Prince Siddartha sighed “Is this,” he said,
 “That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
 How salt with sweat the peasant’s bread! how hard
 The oxen’s service! in the brake how fierce
 The war of weak and strong! I’ th’ air with plots!
 No refuge e’en in water Go aside
 A space, and let me muse on what ye show”

So saying the good Lord Buddha seated him
 Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
 As holy statues sit—and first began
 To meditate this deep disease of life,
 What its far source and whence its remedy
 So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
 For living things, such passion to heal pain,
 That by their stress his princely spirit passed
 To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
 Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
 Dhyâna, first step of “the path”

There flew
 High overhead that hour five holy ones,
 Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree
 “What power superior draws us from our flight?”
 They asked,—for spirits feel all force divine,
 And know the sacred presence of the pure
 Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
 Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent

On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
 Cried, " Rishis! this is He shall help the world,
 Descend and worship " So the Bright Ones came
 And sang a song of praise, folding their wings,
 Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
 Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
 And the sun hastened to the western hills
 Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-trees
 Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
 Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head,
 And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
 Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,
 " Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes
 Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift "

SIR LEWIS MORRIS

(1833 - 1907)

LEWIS MORRIS, the son of a solicitor, was born at Carmarthen on 23rd January, 1833. He was educated at Cowbridge, Sherborne, and Jesus College, Oxford, where he took firsts in classical moderations and *literæ humaniores*, and won the chancellor's prize for an English essay. He graduated B.A. in 1856 and M.A. in 1858. He was called to the bar from Lincoln's Inn in 1861, and practised as a conveyancer for twenty years. His *Songs of Two Worlds* appeared anonymously in 1871, it was popular and was followed by a second series in 1874 and a third in 1875. His principal poem, *The Epic of Hades*, which was inspired by Tennyson's monologues, was published in 1866 and 1867. Its popularity was very great, it

appealed to those who did not as a rule care for poetry. Morris's other works include *Gwen* (1879), *The Ode of Life* (1880), *Songs Unsung* (1883), *Gycia* (1886), *A Vision of Saints* (1890), *Songs without Notes* (1894), and *Harvest Tide* (1901). Morris had two ambitions, both of which he failed to realize—to succeed Tennyson as poet-laureate, and to sit in Parliament. His services to Welsh education, however, won him a knighthood in 1895. He died on 12th November, 1907.

Morris was the delight (for a season) of the public, and the despised of the critics. He has been called "the Tupper of the later nineteenth century", but he does not deserve this sobriquet. He expressed a large number of

truisms, tinged with modern liberalism, in verse whose chief defect is its excess of smoothness. He is extremely like what Tennyson is in the imagination of certain modern critics. To the real Tennyson he is "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

At Last

Let me at last be laid
 On that hillside I know which scans the vale,
 Beneath the thick yews' shade,
 For shelter when the rains and winds prevail.
 It cannot be the eye
 Is blinded when we die,
 So that we know no more at all
 The dawns increase, the evenings fall,
 Shut up within a mouldering chest of wood
 Asleep, and careless of our children's good

Shall I not feel the spring,
 The yearly resurrection of the earth,
 Stir thro' each sleeping thing
 With the fair throbbing and alarms of birth,
 Calling at its own hour
 On folded leaf and flower,
 Calling the lamb, the lark, the bee,
 Calling the crocus and anemone,
 Calling new lustre to the maiden's eye,
 And to the youth love and ambition high?

Shall I no more admire
 The winding river kiss the daisied plain?
 Nor see the dawn's cold fire
 Steal downward from the rosy hills again?
 Nor watch the frowning cloud,
 Sublime with mutterings loud,
 Burst on the vale, nor eves of gold,
 Nor crescent moons, nor starlights cold,
 Nor the red casements glimmer on the hill
 At Yule-tides, when the frozen leas are still?

Or should my children's tread
 Through Sabbath twilights, when the hymns are done,
 Come softly overhead,
 Shall no sweet quickening through my bosom run.

Till all my soul exhale
Into the primrose pale,
And every flower which springs above
Breathes a new perfume from my love,
And I shall throb, and stir, and thrill beneath
With a pure passion stronger far than death?

Sweet thought! fair, gracious dream,
Too fair and fleeting for our clearer view!
How should our reason deem
That those dear souls, who sleep beneath the blue
In rayless caverns dim,
'Mid ocean monsters grim,
Or whitening on the trackless sand,
Or with strange corpses on each hand
In battle-trench or city graveyard lie,
Break not their prison-bonds till time shall die?

Nay, 'tis not so indeed
With the last fluttering of the failing breath
The clay-cold form doth breed
A viewless essence, far too fine for death,
And ere one voice can mourn,
On upward pinions borne,
They are hidden, they are hidden, in some thin air,
Far from corruption, far from care,
Where through a veil they view their former scene,
Only a little touched by what has been

Touched but a little, and yet,
Conscious of every change that doth befall,
By constant change beset,
The creatures of this tiny whirling ball,
Filled with a higher being,
Dowered with a clearer seeing,
Risen to a vaster scheme of life,
To wider joys and nobler strife,
Viewing our little human hopes and fears
As we our children's fleeting smiles and tears

Then, whether with fire they burn
This dwelling-house of mine when I am fled,
And in a marble urn
My ashes rest by my beloved dead,
Or in the sweet cold earth

I pass from death to birth,
 And pay kind Nature's life-long debt
 In heart's-ease and in violet—
 In charnel-yard or hidden ocean wave,
 Where'er I lie, I shall not scorn my grave.

ALFRED AUSTIN

(1835 – 1913)

ALFRED AUSTIN, the son of a wool-stapler, was born at Headingley, Leeds, on 30th May, 1835. He was educated at Stonyhurst and Oscott College, and graduated B A at London University in 1853. He was called to the bar in 1857, but did not practise. He began his literary career with a verse-tale and a novel, and then tried his hand at satire, producing *The Season* (1861), a rather cheap specimen of his wit. *The Human Tragedy* (1862) was not well received, and Austin turned his attention to political journalism. From 1866 to 1896 he was leader-writer to the *Standard*, and he was editor of the *National Review* from 1883 to 1895. On 1st January, 1896, Lord Salisbury made him poet-laureate, the office having been vacant since the death of Tennyson on 6th October, 1892. The appointment was as unexpected as the elevation of Ko-Ko to be Lord High Executioner, and provoked much humorous comment,

which was all the more caustic because Austin had as a critic been no respecter of persons. His official poems maintain the high standard of badness customary among such effusions. He died at Swinford Old Manor, Kent, on 2nd June, 1913. His poems include *Interludes* (1872), *At the Gate of the Convent* (1885), *England's Darling* (a dramatic poem on King Alfred, 1896), and *Flodden Field* (a tragedy, unsuccessfully acted in 1903). He was no mean writer of prose, his best works being *The Garden that I love* (1894), *In Veronica's Garden* (1895), and *Lamia's Winter Quarters* (1898). His novels and his critical and political writings and indeed most of his poetry can safely be neglected. Austin was a decent working-man-of-letters, who drew upon himself, not undeservedly, much ridicule by his acceptance of the laureateship. Tennyson's singing-robes, indeed, hung "loose about him, like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief."

Let the Weary World go Round

Let the weary world go round!
 What care I?
 Life's a surfeiting of sound
 I would die .

It would be so sweet to lie
 Under waving grasses,
 Where a maiden's footstep sly,
Tremulous for a lover nigh,
 Sometimes passes.

Why, why remain?
 Graves are the sovereign simples
 Against life's pain,
 Graves are the sheltering wimples
 Against life's rain,
 Graves are a mother's dimples
 When we complain

O Death! beautiful Death!
 Why do they thee disfigure?
 To me thy touch, thy breath,
 Hath nor alarm nor rigour
 Thee do I long await,
 I think thee very late,
 I pine much to be going
 Others have gone before,
 I hunger more and more
 To know what they are knowing

Heart, heart! be thou content!
 Accept thy banishment,
 Like other sorrows, life will end for thee
 Yet for a little while
 Bear with this harsh exile,
 And Death will soften and will send for thee

To Arms!

World! to arms!
 Do you shrink?
 What! shrink when the hoofs of the Cossack are crushing
 The bosom of mother, the tonsure of priest,
 And the youth of a nation, pain-maddened, is rushing
 On visible doom, as to tourney or feast?
 When the savagest hell-hounds that ever existed
 Are hunting the tender and brave of our race,
 And the lash of the insolent Tartar is twisted
 With mock of defiance, and cracked in your face—
 Do you shrink?

World! to arms!

Do *you* shrink, gallant France, when the blood of a nation,
 Ne'er stunted for *you*, for itself flows in vain?
 Aroused by the might of a grand inspiration,
 Avenge with your war-clang the souls of the slain
 If you shrink, may you never know ending or respite
 To strife internecine and factional hate,
 Except when the hand of liberticide despot
 Imposes on all one opprobrious fate!
 France! to arms!

Do you shrink?

You! politic Austria! now that you only,
 If feebly you hesitate, hasten your doom—
 Have you yet not discovered that, selfish and lonely,
 An Empire but marches blindfold to the tomb?
 Let a penitent sword in sublime vindication
 Of Freedom its manifold mischiefs undo
 If you shrink, may the multiplied wrongs of each nation
 You ever have outraged be hurled back on you!
 Do you shrink?

World! to arms!

O my beautiful Italy! nought of misgiving
 Doth trouble the summons that touches your pride,
 The graves of your slaughtered are fresh, but your living
 Are throbbing to conquer, or sleep at their side
 By your maidens equipped, in whose beauty exult you,
 Your sons must make ready with pennon and sheen
 To go straight If you shrink—but I will not insult you,
 Who, often unfortunate, never were mean
 Then, to arms!

World! to arms!

Do you shrink?

Shrink! England! what! shrink when intoxicate Tartar,
 Deriding your wrath, rides in blood to the waist?
 When the flesh of the virgin, the bones of the martyr,
 The breast of the matron, are bared and defaced?
 Do you deem diplomatic frivolities ample
 To save you your title of moral and just,
 When a horde of ensanguined barbarians trample
 Mankind and remonstrance alike in the dust?
 England shrink?
 No! to arms!

All! to arms!
 Will you wait till behind the impassable rampart
 Of winter they laugh at your impotent rage,
 And your war-nostrils frozen, your ironclads hampered,
 Destruction—then “ Order ”—shall swoop on the stage?
 Yes! the spring will come back, and unbar you the ocean,
 But will not the sinews relax of the slain
 Swift! to arms! Set the vengeance-charged tumbrils in motion,
 As dread as God’s thunder, as blest as His rain!

A Last Request

Let not the roses lie
 Too thickly tangled round my tomb,
 Lest fleecy clouds that skim the summer sky,
 Flinging their faint soft shadows, pass it by,
 And know not over whom

And let not footsteps come
 Too frequent round that nook of rest,
 Should I—who knoweth?—not be deaf, though dumb,
 Bird’s idle pipe, or bee’s laborious hum,
 Would suit me, listening, best

And, pray you, do not hew
 Words to provoke a smile or sneer,
 But only carve—at least if they be true—
 These simple words, or some such, and as few,
 “ He whom we loved lies here ”

And if you only could
 Find out some quite sequestered slope
 That, girt behind with undeciduous wood,
 In front o’erlooks the ocean—then I should
 Die with a calmer hope

And if you will but so
 This last request of mine fulfil,
 I rest your debtor for the final throw,
 And if I can but help you where I go,
 Be sure, fond friends, I will

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1835 - 1902)

SAMUEL BUTLER was born at Langar Rectory, Nottinghamshire, on 4th December, 1835. His father was subsequently canon of Lincoln, and his grandfather was headmaster of Shrewsbury and bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. Butler was educated at Shrewsbury under Benjamin Hall Kennedy (of whom there is an unflattering portrait in *The Way of all Flesh*), and at St John's College, Cambridge. He was bracketed twelfth classic in 1858, took his BA degree, and began to prepare himself to follow his father's and grandfather's footsteps in the Church. He began, however, to entertain doubts on the efficacy of infant baptism, and in 1859 sailed for New Zealand and started a sheep-farm. He wrote much for the *Press* of Christchurch, and his letters home were made into a book (edited by his father) and published in 1863 under the title of *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*. In 1864 he sold his sheep-run, having managed to double his capital and provide himself with sufficient money to live upon in a modest way. He then returned to England and settled at Clifford's Inn, studying painting and occasionally exhibiting at the Royal Academy. In 1872 he published what was to be, rather to his chagrin, the most popular of his books, *Erewhon, or Over the Range The Fair Haven*, an ironical defence of Christ's miracles, purporting to be by John Pickard Owen, and accompanied by a satirical life of the author, appeared in 1873. The irony of the book was, strangely enough, misinterpreted by certain orthodox reviewers. *Life and Habit*, the first of his books on evolution, appeared in 1877, it was followed by *Evolution Old and New* (1879), *Unconscious Memory* (1880), and *Luck or Cunning?* (1887). Butler also wrote several pleasant travel-books such as *Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino* (1881), and *Ex Voto* (1888), an account of the Sacro Monte or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesia. He also wrote a life of his grandfather (1896), the bishop of Lichfield, intending it to illustrate the scholastic, religious, and social life of England from 1790 to 1840. He also composed music, and wrote in 1888 *Narcissus*, a Stock Exchange cantata, in commemoration of some monetary losses which he had suffered twelve years previously. Handel, whom he loved to idolatry, was his model. In 1899 he edited Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, producing about them a theory of his own (that last infirmity of noble mind). His last years were devoted in the main to a study of Homer. He translated the *Iliad* (1898) and the *Odyssey* (1900) into colloquial prose for the benefit of the working-classes, and he endeavoured to prove in his *Authoress of the Odyssey* (1897) that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman, who depicted herself as Nausicaa and who lived at Trapani in Sicily. In 1901 he published *Erewhon*.

Revisited, a sequel to his solitary success of almost thirty years previously, it is a better book than its forerunner, contrary to custom. Butler died on the 18th June, 1902. His powerful if somewhat disagreeable novel, *The Way of all Flesh*, was written between 1872 and 1885, but was posthumously published in 1903. Some very entertaining selections from his note-books were published in 1912.

Butler was comparatively neglected during his lifetime, after his death, admiration of his works became a kind of cult. They have attracted, without doubt, an undue amount of attention, but the apathy with which they were received was unjustifiable. For this neglect Butler was largely responsible himself, not only was his matter highly controversial, but his manner was often ill-bred. Though the grandson of a bishop, there was always something of the *novus homo* about him. He belittled Christ, he belittled Homer, he belittled Shakespeare, and he belittled Darwin, small wonder that he roused the antipathies of those divines, scholars, book-lovers, and scientists who noticed his books at all. He is, no doubt, a stimulating writer, iconoclasm has its uses as a corrective, but he was not the great man he thought himself to be. He showed too little deference when arguing with experts about their special subjects. He was, indeed, a man of colossal vanity, as may be seen by the way he distributed his MSS over the various parts of Europe, as though they were destined to be of importance. He thought that his Homeric heresies should have been treated,

seriously by Jebb, and that he was Darwin's compeer in biological speculations. He was always in the frame of mind in which Shakespeare was when he wrote *Troilus and Cressida*, and profaned the sacred shrines of art and religion like a Yahoo or a soldier commencing a campaign of "frightfulness." His translation of Homer is a vulgarization of the great poet. Translation has been compared to changing the money of one country into the currency of another, Butler gives his change in Wood's halfpence. A good deal of Butler's humour is based upon impudence. He described himself as "the *enfant terrible* of literature and science", but "the *gamin*" would have been a truer description.

Of his works (if we except the rather delightful *Note-books*) there is no doubt that his two satirical romances and his novel are the most popular and will live the longest. *Erewhon*, though patchy as a whole (it was reassembled from certain magazine articles), is freshly and vivaciously written, its purely narrative passages are good. Its sequel is a little drier in its satire, but is much better constructed. Both books suggest, to their detriment, a comparison with Swift. *The Way of All Flesh* is a somewhat unseemly autobiography in disguise, it suggests that Butler had small respect for the Fifth Commandment. The truth of its autobiographical element may be corrected by a perusal of Mrs. R. S. Garnett's *Samuel Butler and his Family Relations*. Butler's novel is highly original, and has been sedulously quarried by certain authors who wished to appear smart without

an inconvenient expenditure of trouble.

[H F. Jones, *Samuel Butler, author of Erewhon A Memoir* (admirable but perhaps unduly ample), C. E M Joad, *Samuel*

Butler, G. Cannan, Samuel Butler, a Critical Study; R A Streatfield, *Samuel Butler a Critical Study*; John F Harris, *Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon", the Man and his Work*]

From "Erewhon"

But I shall perhaps best convey to the reader an idea of the entire perversion of thought which exists among this extraordinary people, by describing the public trial of a man who was accused of pulmonary consumption—an offence which was punished with death until quite recently. It did not occur till I had been some months in the country, and I am deviating from chronological order in giving it here, but I had perhaps better do so in order that I may exhaust this subject before proceeding to others. Moreover I should never come to an end were I to keep to a strictly narrative form, and detail the infinite absurdities with which I daily came in contact.

The prisoner was placed in the dock, and the jury were sworn much as in Europe, almost all our own modes of procedure were reproduced, even to the requiring the prisoner to plead guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty, and the case proceeded. The evidence for the prosecution was very strong, but I must do the court the justice to observe that the trial was absolutely impartial. Counsel for the prisoner was allowed to urge everything that could be said in his defence: the line taken was that the prisoner was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company, from which he was about to buy an annuity, and that he hoped thus to obtain it on more advantageous terms. If this could have been shown to be the case he would have escaped a criminal prosecution, and been sent to a hospital as for a moral ailment. The view, however, was one which could not be reasonably sustained, in spite of all the ingenuity and eloquence of one of the most celebrated advocates of the country. The case was only too clear, for the prisoner was almost at the point of death, and it was astonishing that he had not been tried and convicted long previously. His coughing was incessant during the whole trial, and it was all that the two jailors in charge of him could do to keep him on his legs until it was over.

The summing up of the judge was admirable. He dwelt upon every point that could be construed in favour of the prisoner, but as he proceeded it became clear that the evidence was too convincing to admit of doubt, and there was but one opinion in the court as to the impending verdict when the jury retired from the box. They were absent for about

ten minutes, and on their return the foreman pronounced the prisoner guilty. There was a faint murmur of applause, but it was instantly repressed. The judge then proceeded to pronounce sentence in words which I can never forget, and which I copied out into a note-book next day from the report that was published in the leading newspaper. I must condense it somewhat, and nothing which I could say would give more than a faint idea of the solemn, not to say majestic, severity with which it was delivered. The sentence was as follows:

"Prisoner, at the bar, you have been accused of the great crime of labouring under pulmonary consumption, and after an impartial trial before a jury of your countrymen, you have been found guilty. Against the justice of the verdict I can say nothing: the evidence against you was conclusive, and it only remains for me to pass such a sentence upon you, as shall satisfy the ends of the law. That sentence must be a very severe one. It pains me much to see one who is yet so young, and whose prospects in life were otherwise so excellent, brought to this distressing condition by a constitution which I can only regard as radically vicious, but yours is no case for compassion: this is not your first offence: you have led a career of crime, and have only profited by the leniency shown you upon past occasions, to offend yet more seriously against the laws and institutions of your country. You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year, and I find that though you are now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned on no less than fourteen occasions for illnesses of a more or less hateful character, in fact, it is not too much to say that you have spent the greater part of your life in a jail.

"It is all very well for you to say that you came of unhealthy parents, and had a severe accident in your childhood which permanently undermined your constitution, excuses such as these are the ordinary refuge of the criminal, but they cannot for one moment be listened to by the ear of justice. I am not here to enter upon curious metaphysical questions as to the origin of this or that—questions to which there would be no end were their introduction once tolerated, and which would result in throwing the only guilt on the tissues of the primordial cell, or on the elementary gases. There is no question of how you came to be wicked, but only this—namely, are you wicked or not? This has been decided in the affirmative, neither can I hesitate for a single moment to say that it has been decided justly. You are a bad and dangerous person, and stand branded in the eyes of your fellow-countrymen with one of the most heinous known offences.

"It is not my business to justify the law: the law may in some cases have its inevitable hardships, and I may feel regret at times that I have not the option of passing a less severe sentence than I am compelled to do. But yours is no such case, on the contrary, had not the capital punishment for consumption been abolished, I should certainly inflict it now.

"It is intolerable that an example of such terrible enormity should be allowed to go at large unpunished. Your presence in the society of respectable people would lead the less able-bodied to think more lightly of all forms of illness, neither can it be permitted that you should have the chance of corrupting unborn beings who might hereafter pester you. The unborn must not be allowed to come near you and this not so much for their protection (for they are our natural enemies), as for our own, for since they will not be utterly gainsaid, it must be seen to that they shall be quartered upon those who are least likely to corrupt them.

"But independently of this consideration, and independently of the physical guilt which attaches itself to a crime so great as yours, there is yet another reason why we should be unable to show you mercy, even if we were inclined to do so. I refer to the existence of a class of men who lie hidden among us, and who are called physicians. Were the severity of the law or the current feeling of the country to be relaxed never so slightly, these abandoned persons, who are now compelled to practise secretly and who can be consulted only at the greatest risk, would become frequent visitors in every household, their organisation and their intimate acquaintance with all family secrets would give them a power, both social and political, which nothing could resist. The head of the household would become subordinate to the family doctor, who would interfere between man and wife, between master and servant, until the doctors should be the only depositaries of power in the nation, and have all that we hold precious at their mercy. A time of universal dephysicalisation would ensue, medicine-vendors of all kinds would abound in our streets and advertise in all our newspapers. There is one remedy for this, and one only. It is that which the laws of this country have long received and acted upon, and consists in the sternest repression of all diseases whatsoever, as soon as their existence is made manifest to the eye of the law. Would that that eye were far more piercing than it is.

"But I will enlarge no further upon things that are themselves so obvious. You may say that it is not your fault. The answer is ready enough at hand, and it amounts to this—that if you had been born of healthy and well-to-do parents, and been well taken care of when you were a child, you would never have offended against the laws of your country, nor found yourself in your present disgraceful position. If you tell me that you had no hand in your parentage and education, and that it is therefore unjust to lay these things to your charge, I answer that whether your being in a consumption is your fault or no, it is a fault in you, and it is my duty to see that against such faults as this the commonwealth shall be protected. You may say that it is your misfortune to be criminal, I answer that it is your crime to be unfortunate.

"Lastly, I should point out that even though the jury had acquitted you—a supposition that I cannot seriously entertain—I should have

felt it my duty to inflict a sentence hardly less severe than that which I must pass at present, for the more you had been found guiltless of the crime imputed to you, the more you would have been found guilty of one hardly less heinous—I mean the crime of having been maligned unjustly

“I do not hesitate therefore to sentence you to imprisonment, with hard labour, for the rest of your miserable existence. During that period I would earnestly entreat you to repent of the wrongs you have done already, and to entirely reform the constitution of your whole body. I entertain but little hope that you will pay attention to my advice; you are already far too abandoned. Did it rest with myself, I should add nothing in mitigation of the sentence which I have passed, but it is the merciful provision of the law that even the most hardened criminal shall be allowed some one of the three official remedies, which is to be prescribed at the time of his conviction. I shall therefore order that you receive two tablespoonfuls of castor oil daily, until the pleasure of the court be further known.”

When the sentence was concluded the prisoner acknowledged in a few scarcely audible words that he was justly punished, and that he had had a fair trial. He was then removed to the prison from which he was never to return. There was a second attempt at applause when the judge had finished speaking, but as before it was at once repressed, and though the feeling of the court was strongly against the prisoner, there was no show of any violence against him, if one may except a little hooting from the bystanders when he was being removed in the prisoners’ van. Indeed, nothing struck me more during my whole sojourn in the country, than the general respect for law and order.

A Psalm of Montreal

The City of Montreal is one of the most rising, and, in many respects, most agreeable on the American continent, but its inhabitants are as yet too busy with commerce to care greatly about the masterpieces of old Greek Art. In the Montreal Museum of Natural History I came upon two plaster casts, one of the Antinous and the other of the Discobolus—not the good one, but in my poem, of course, I intend the good one—banished from public view to a room where were all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, &c., and, in the middle of these, an old man stuffing an owl.

“Ah,” said I, “so you have some antiques here, why don’t you put them where people can see them?”

“Well, sir,” answered the custodian, “you see they are rather vulgar.”

He then talked a great deal and said his brother did all Mr. Spurgeon's printing

The dialogue—perhaps true, perhaps imaginary, perhaps a little of the one and a little of the other—between the writer and this old man gave rise to the lines that follow

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall,
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught
Beauty crieth in an attic and no man regardeth
O God! O Montreal!

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful—
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skin of owls
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls
O God! O Montreal!

When I saw him I was wroth and I said, "O Discobolus!
Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among gods and men!
What doest thou here, how camest thou hither, Discobolus,
Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?"
O God! O Montreal!

And I turned to the man of skins and said unto him, "O thou man of
skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?"
But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins
And he answered, "My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr Spurgeon "
O God! O Montreal!

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar—
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs,
I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections—
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr Spurgeon "
O God! O Montreal!

'Then I said, "O brother-in-law to Mr Spurgeon's haberdasher,
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest trousers 'pants', whereas I call them 'trousers',
Therefore thou art in hell-fire and may the Lord pity thee!"
O God! O Montreal!

"Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas,
The gospel of thy connection with Mr Spurgeon's haberdashery to the
gospel of the Discobolus?"

Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty saying, "The Discobolus hath
no gospel,

But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr Spurgeon "

O God! O Montreal!

THOMAS HARDY

(1840 - 1928)

THOMAS HARDY was born at Upper Bockhampton, Dorsetshire, on 2nd June, 1840. He was educated at local schools, privately, and afterwards at King's College, London. He began life as an architect, from 1856 to 1861 he was articled to John Hicks, an ecclesiastical architect, and from 1862 to 1867 he studied Gothic architecture under Sir Arthur Blomfield in London, winning two prizes in 1863. Between 1863 and 1868 he wrote much verse, but began to write prose about 1865, and wrote little else for many years. His first published novel (he suppressed an earlier one) was *Desperate Remedies* (1871), a not very characteristic novel, in which plot takes precedence over all other features. In 1872 he published *Under the Greenwood Tree*, a novel which, in the opinion of some of his admirers, he never surpassed, and which won him straight away a place in the van of living novelists. It was followed by *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), published in the *Cornhill* and winning for him widespread appreciation, *The Hand of Ethelberta* (1876); *The Return*

of the Native (1878), a gloomy but powerful novel, *The Trumpet-Major* (1879), *A Laodicean* (1881), *Two on a Tower* (1882), *The Life and Death of the Mayor of Casterbridge* (1884-1885), *The Woodlanders* (1886-1887), *Wessex Tales* (collected, 1888), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), *Life's Little Ironies* (collected, 1894), *Jude the Obscure* (1895), and *The Well-Beloved* (1897, it had appeared serially in 1892). After the publication of *Jude*, Hardy felt that he could say what he had to say better in verse than in prose. His *Wessex Poems*, written from 1865 onwards, was published in 1898, *Poems of the Past and the Present* in 1901, *The Dynasts*, an epic-drama, was in three parts, which appeared respectively in 1903, 1906, and 1908. *The Dynasts* is a colossal poem on the Napoleonic war, in nineteen acts and a hundred and thirty scenes. Hardy's later poems are all lyrical, and were published as follows: *Time's Laughing-Stocks* (1909), *Satires of Circumstance* (1914), *Moments of Vision* (1917), *Late Lyrics* (1922), *Human Shows* (1925), and *Winter Words*, pos-

thumously published in 1928. In 1923 his poetic play *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse* was produced at the Dorchester Corn Exchange. There is little to record in Hardy's long life save the publication of his works in verse and prose. He jealously guarded his privacy and did not play a prominent part in the public eye, but after the death of Meredith in 1909 he was universally recognized as our greatest man-of-letters, as well as the sole survivor of a great literary period. He was awarded the Order of Merit in 1910, held honorary degrees from five British Universities, and was honorary fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and of Queen's College, Oxford. Hardy died on 11th January, 1928. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, but his heart was interred at Dorchester. [Hardy is "of earth's first blood" as novelist and as dramatic and lyric poet. Some admire his novels chiefly for the philosophy they expound, for his vivid pictures of individuals struggling vainly with Fate, which is too strong for them. His art in this respect has been compared, not wholly absurdly, to that of Æschylus. Others, perhaps more wisely (for his outlook on life is too pessimistic) admire his novels for their extraordinarily life-like rustic characters, and their unsurpassed delineation

of the country. No other novelist is so racy of the soil, his peasants are as alive as Shakespeare's peasants. *The Dynasts*, in spite of certain flat passages, almost inevitable in a work planned on that scale, is probably the most grandly-conceived and titanic dramatic poem of recent years. As a lyric poet Hardy is not always musical, and appears at times not to be master of his medium. He improved greatly in this respect in his later poems, though his technique is sometimes more original than pleasing. The thoughts embodied in his poems are very similar to those found in his novels, irony and tragic power are their strongest features. Hardy was not merely a novelist who wrote poetry in his later years, he is at least as good as a poet as he is as a novelist. His work has strength rather than charm, but its strength is so great that it is undoubtedly assured of immortality.)

[Lascelles Abercrombie, *Thomas Hardy, a Critical Study*, H. C. Duffin, *Thomas Hardy, A Study of the Wessex Novels*, Annie Macdonell, *Thomas Hardy*, P. Braybrooke, *Thomas Hardy and his Philosophy*, S. C. Chew, *Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist*, R. E. Zachrisson, *Thomas Hardy as Man, Writer, and Philosopher*, Arthur M'Dowall, *Thomas Hardy, a Critical Study*, Mrs. Hardy, *Life of Thomas Hardy*]

From "Under the Greenwood Tree"

THE TRANTER'S

It was a small low cottage with a thatched pyramidal roof, and having dormer windows breaking up into the eaves, a single chimney standing

in the very midst. The window-shutters were not yet closed, and the fire- and candle-light within radiated forth upon the bushes of variegated box and thick laurestinus growing in a throng outside, and upon the bare boughs of several codlin-trees hanging about in various distorted shapes, the result of early training as espaliers, combined with careless climbing into their boughs in later years. The walls of the dwelling were for the most part covered with creepers, though these were rather beaten back from the doorway—a feature which was worn and scratched by much passing in and out, giving it by day the appearance of an old keyhole. Light streamed through the cracks and joints of a wooden shed at the end of the cottage, a sight which nourished a fancy that the purpose of the erection must be rather to veil bright attractions than to shelter unsightly necessities. The noise of a beetle and wedges and the splintering of wood was periodically heard from this direction, and at the other end of the house a steady regular munching and the occasional scurr of a rope betokened a stable, and horses feeding within it.

The choir stamped severally on the door-stone to shake from their boots any fragment of dirt or leaf adhering thereto, then entered the house, and looked around to survey the condition of things. Through the open doorway of a small inner room on the left hand, of a character between pantry and cellar, was Dick Dewy's father, Reuben, by vocation a "tranter", or irregular carrier. He was a stout florid man about forty years of age, who surveyed people up and down when first making their acquaintance, and generally smiled at the horizon or other distant object during conversations with friends, walking about with a steady sway, and turning out his toes very considerably. Being now occupied in bending over a hogshead, that stood in the pantry ready horsed for the process of broaching, he did not take the trouble to turn or raise his eyes at the entry of his visitors, well knowing by their footsteps that they were the expected old acquaintance.

The main room, on the right, was decked with bunches of holly and other evergreens, and from the middle of the huge beam bisecting the ceiling hung the mistletoe, of a size out of all proportion to the room, and extending so low that it became necessary for a full-grown person to walk round it in passing, or run the risk of entangling his hair. This apartment contained Mrs. Dewy the tranter's wife, and the four remaining children, Susan, Jim, Bessy, and Charley, graduating uniformly though at wide stages from the age of sixteen to that of four years—the eldest of the series being separated from Dick the firstborn by a nearly equal interval.

Some circumstance having apparently caused much grief to Charley just previous to the entry of the choir, he had absently taken down a looking-glass, and was holding it before his face to see how the human countenance appeared when engaged in crying, which survey led him

to pause at the various points in each wail that were more than ordinarily striking, for a more thorough appreciation of the general effect Bessy was leaning against a chair, and glancing under the plaits about the waist of the plaid frock she wore, to notice the original unfaded pattern of the material as there preserved, her face bearing an expression of regret that the brightness had passed away from the visible portions Mrs Dewy sat in a brown settle by the side of the glowing wood fire—so glowing that with a doubting compression of the lips she would now and then rise and put her hand upon the hams and flitches of bacon lining the chimney, to reassure herself that they were not being broiled instead of smoked—a misfortune that had been known to happen at Christmas-time

"Hullo, my sonnies, here you be, then!" said Reuben Dewy at length, standing up and blowing forth a vehement gust of breath "How the blood do puff up in anybody's head, to be sure, stooping like that! I was just coming athwart to hunt ye out" He then carefully began to wind a strip of brown paper round a brass tap he held in his hand "This in the cask here is a drop o' the right sort" (tapping the cask), "'tis a real drop o' cordial from the best picked apples—Horner's and Cadbury's—you d'mind the sort, Michael?" (Michael nodded) "And there's a sprinkling of they that grow down by the orchard-rails—streaked ones—rail apples we d'call 'em, as 'tis by the rails they grow, and not knowing the right name. The water-cider from 'em is as good as most people's best cider is"

"Ay, and of the same make too," said Bowman "It rained when we wrung it out, and the water got into it, folk will say But 'tis on'y an excuse Watered cider is too common among us"

"Yes, yes, too common it is!" said Spinks with an inward sigh, whilst his eyes seemed to be looking at the world in an abstract form rather than at the scene before him "Such poor liquor makes a man's throat feel very melancholy—and is a disgrace to the name of stimulant"

"Come in, come in, and draw up to the fire, never mind your shoes," said Mrs Dewy, seeing that all except Dick had paused to wipe them upon the door-mat "I be glad that you've stepped up-along at last, and, Susan, you run across to Gammer Caytes's and see if you can borrow some larger candles than these fourteens Tommy Leaf, don't ye be afeard! Come and sit here in the settle"

This was addressed to the young man before mentioned, consisting chiefly of a human skeleton and a smock-frock, and who was very awkward in his movements, apparently on account of having grown so very fast, that before he had had time to get used to his height he was higher

"Hee-hee-ay!" replied Leaf, letting his mouth continue to smile for some time after his mind had done smiling, so that his teeth remained in view as the most conspicuous members of his body

"Here, Mr. Penny," continued Mrs. Dewy, "you sit in this chair. And how's your daughter, Mrs. Brownjohn?"

"Well, I suppose I must say pretty fair," adjusting his spectacles a quarter of an inch to the right "But she'll be worse before she's better, 'a b'lieve"

"Indeed—pore soul! And how many will that make in all, four or five?"

"Five, they've buried three Yes, five, and she no more than a maid yet However, 'twas to be, and none can gainsay it"

Mrs Dewy resigned Mr Penny "Wonder where your grandfather James is?" she inquired of one of the children. "He said he'd drop in to-night"

"Out in fuel-house with grandfather William," said Jimmy

"Now let's see what we can do," was heard spoken about this time by the tranter in a private voice to the barrel, beside which he had again established himself, and was stooping to cut away the cork

"Reuben, don't make such a mess o' tapping that barrel as is mostly made in this house," Mrs Dewy cried from the fireplace "I'd tap a hundred without wasting more than you do in one Such a squizzling and squirting job as 'tis in your hands There, he always was such a clumsy man indoors"

"Ay, ay, I know you'd tap a hundred, Ann—I know you would, two hundred, perhaps But I can't promise This is a old cask, and the wood's rotted away about the tap-hole The husbird of a feller Sam Lawson—that ever I should call'n such, now he's dead and gone, pore old heart!—took me in completely upon the feat of buying this cask 'Reub,' says he—'a always used to call me plain Reub, pore old heart! —'Reub,' he said, says he, 'that there cask, Reub, is as good as new, yes, good as new 'Tis a wine-hogshead, the best port-wine in the commonwealth have been in that there cask, and you shall have en for ten shillens, Reub,'—'a said, says he—'he's worth twenty, ay, five-and-twenty, if he's worth one, and an iron hoop or two put round en among the wood ones will make en worth thirty shillens of any man's money, if——'"

"I think I should have used the eyes that Providence gave me to use afore I paid any ten shillens for a jimcrack wine-barrel, a saint is sinner enough not to be cheated But 'tis like all your family were, so easy to be deceived"

"That's as true as gospel of this member," said Reuben

Mrs Dewy began a smile at the answer, then altering her lips and re-folding them so that it was not a smile, commenced smoothing little Bessy's hair, the tranter having meanwhile suddenly become oblivious to conversation, occupying himself in a deliberate cutting and arrangement of some more brown paper for the broaching operation.

"Ah, who can believe sellers!" said old Michael Mail in a carefully-cautious voice, by way of tiding-over this critical point of affairs

"No one at all," said Joseph Bowman, in the tone of a man fully agreeing with everybody

"Ay," said Mail, in the tone of a man who did not agree with everybody as a rule, though he did now, "I knowed an auctioneering feller once—a very friendly feller 'a was too. And so one day as I was walking down the front street of Casterbridge, I passed a shop-door and see him inside, stuck upon his perch, a-selling off. I jest nodded to en in a friendly way as I passed, and went my way, and thought no more about it. Well, next day, as I was oilen my boots by fuel-house door, if a letter didn't come wi' a bill in en, charging me with a feather-bed, bolster, and pillers, that I had bid for at Mr Taylor's sale. The slim-faced martel had knocked 'em down to me because I nodded to en in my friendly way, and I had to pay for 'em too. Now, I hold that that was cutting it very close, Reuben?"

"'Twas close, there's no denying," said the general voice.

"Too close, 'twas," said Reuben, in the rear of the rest. "And as to Sam Lawson—pore heart! now he's dead and gone too!—I'll warrant, that if so be I've spent one hour in making hoops for that barrel, I've spent fifty, first and last. That's one of my hoops"—touching it with his elbow—"that's one of mine, and that, and that, and all these."

"Ah, Sam was a man!" said Mr Penny, looking contemplatively at a small stool.

"Sam was!" said Bowman, shaking his head twice.

"Especially for a drap o' drink," said the tranter.

"Good, but not religious-good," suggested Mr Penny.

The tranter nodded. Having at last made the tap and hole quite ready, "Now then, Suze, bring a mug," he said. "Here's luck to us, my sonnies!"

Great Things

Sweet cyder is a great thing,
 A great thing to me,
 Spinning down to Weymouth town
 By Ridgway thirstily,
 And maid and mistress summoning
 Who tend the hostelry
 O cyder is a great thing,
 A great thing to me!

The dance it is a great thing,
 A great thing to me,
 With candles lit and partners fit
 For night-long revelry,
 And going home when day-dawning
 Peeps pale upon the lea
 O dancing is a great thing,
 A great thing to me!

Love is, yea, a great thing,
 A great thing to me,
 When, having drawn across the lawn
 In darkness silently,
 A figure flits like one a-wing
 Out from the nearest tree,
 O love is, yes, a great thing,
 A great thing to me!

Will these be always great things,
 Great things to me?
 Let it befall that One will call,
 "Soul, I have need of thee"
 What then? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings
 Love, and its ecstasy,
 Will always have been great things,
 Great things to me!

In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"

Only a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass,
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

The Oxen

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.

“ Now they are all on their knees,”

An elder said as we sat in a flock

By the embers in hearthside ease

We pictured the meek mild creatures where

They dwelt in their strawy pen,

Nor did it occur to one of us there

To doubt they were kneeling then

So fair a fancy few would weave

In these years! Yet I feel,

If some one said on Christmas Eve,

“ Come, see the oxen kneel

“ In the lonely barton by yonder coomb

Our childhood used to know,”

I should go with him in the gloom,

Hoping it might be so

BENJAMIN BICKLEY ROGERS

(1828 – 1919)

BENJAMIN BICKLEY ROGERS was born at Shepton Montagu, Somerset, on 11th December, 1828. His father was Francis Rogers, of Yarnington Lodge, Wincanton. He was educated at Bruton School, Somerset, Sir Roger Cholmley's School, Highgate, and Wadham College, Oxford, graduating B.A. with a first class in *literæ humaniores* in 1851. He was President of the Union, and held a fellowship at Wadham from 1852 until his marriage in 1861. He was called to the bar in 1856, and built up a

sound practice, but was obliged to retire, owing to deafness, about 1878. He then devoted himself to literature, and produced an edition of Aristophanes, with verse translation, which is the best English edition of the great comic poet. He began his work on Aristophanes with an edition and translation of the *Clouds*, written while he was still an undergraduate and published in 1852, and concluded his labours with an elaborate edition of the same play, published in 1915. Seldom have

author and translator been better matched than were Aristophanes and Rogers. Rogers's legal attainments were of great use in his edition of the *Wasps*, and his knowledge of ornithology helped him considerably in his commentary on the *Birds*. His most excellent gift, however, was his mastery of English and of English light-verse forms, his translations read like original poems by a master-hand. His edition is a monument of sound scholarship of the best kind, scholarship which is reinforced by a knowledge of men and of general literature. His introductions and notes are models of thoroughness and soundness,

and he is so thoroughly steeped in the spirit of Aristophanes that there is wit and humour even in his critical apparatus. His verse translation is at once spirited and faithful, and in his renderings of the lyrics he is masterly. Plato said that "the Graces, seeking a shrine which should not fall, found the soul of Aristophanes", and the "sweete wittie soule" of Aristophanes lives in his English translator and interpreter. Rogers was elected an honorary fellow of Wadham in 1902, and was made an honorary D Litt of Oxford in 1909. He died on 22nd September, 1919. His translation of Aristophanes is now available in the Loeb Library.

From the Translation of "The Birds"

Ye men who are dimly existing below, who perish and fade as the leaf,
Pale, woebegone, shadowlike, spiritless folk, life feeble and wingless and
brief,
Frail castings in clay, who are gone in a day, like a dream full of sorrow
and sighing,
Come listen with care to the Birds of the air, the ageless, the deathless,
who flying
In the joy and the freshness of Ether, are wont to muse upon wisdom
undying
We will tell you of things transcendental, of Springs and of Rivers the
mighty upheaval,
The nature of Birds, and the birth of the Gods and of Chaos and Dark-
ness primeval
When this he shall know, let old Prodicus go, and be hanged without hope
of reprieve
There was Chaos at first, and Darkness, and Night, and Tartarus vasty
and dismal,
But the Earth was not there, nor the Sky, nor the Air, till at length in the
bosom abysmal
Of Darkness an egg, from the whirlwind conceived, was laid by the sable-
plumed Night
And out of that egg, as the Seasons revolved, sprang Love, the entrancing,
the bright,

Love brilliant and bold with his pinions of gold, like a whirlwind, refulgent
and sparkling!
Love hatched us, commingling in Tartarus wide, with Chaos, the murky,
the darkling,
And brought us above, as the firstlings of Love, and first to the light we
ascended
There was never a race of Immortals at all till Love had the universe
blended,
Then all things commingling together in love, there arose the fair Earth,
and the Sky,
And the limitless Sea, and the race of the Gods, the Blessed, who never
shall die
So we than the Blessed are older by far, and abundance of proof is
existing
That we are the children of Love, for we fly, unfortunate lovers
assisting
And many a man who has found, to his cost, that his powers of persuasion
have failed,
And his loves had abjured him for ever, again by the power of the Birds
has prevailed,
For the gift of a quail, or a Porphyry rail, or a Persian, or goose, will
regain them
And the chiefest of blessings ye mortals enjoy, by the help of the Birds ye
obtain them
'Tis from us that the signs of the Seasons in turn, Spring, Winter, and
Autumn are known.
When to Libya the crane flies clanging again, it is time for the seed to
be sown,
And the skipper may hang up his rudder awhile, and sleep after all his
exertions,
And Orestes may weave him a wrap to be warm when he's out on his
thievish excursions
Then cometh the kite, with its hovering flight, of the advent of Spring
to tell,
And the Spring sheep-shearing begins, and next, your woollen attire you
sell,
And buy you a lighter and daintier garb when you note the return of the
swallow
Thus your Ammon, Dodona, and Delphi are we, we are also your Phæbus
Apollo
For whatever you do, if a trade you pursue, or goods in the market are
buying,
Or the wedding attend of a neighbour and friend, first you look to the
Birds and their flying

And whene'er you of omen or augury speak, *'tis a bird* you are always repeating,

A Rumour's a bird, and a sneeze is a bird, and so is a word or a meeting,
A servant's a bird, and an ass is a bird It must therefore assuredly follow

That the birds are to you (I protest it is true) your prophetic divining Apollo.

Then take us for Gods, as is proper and fit,
And Muses Prophetic ye'll have at your call
Spring, winter, and summer, and autumn and all
And we won't run away from your worship, and sit
Up above in the clouds, very stately and grand,
Like Zeus in his tempers but always at hand
Health and wealth we'll bestow, as the formula runs,
ON YOURSELVES, AND YOUR SONS, AND THE SONS OF YOUR SONS,
And happiness, plenty, and peace shall belong
To you all, and the revel, the dance, and the song,
And laughter, and youth, and the milk of the birds
We'll supply, and we'll never forsake you
Ye'll be quite overburdened with pleasures and joys,
So happy and blest we will make you

O woodland Muse,
tio, tio, tio, tiotinx,
Of varied plume, with whose dear aid
On the mountain top, and the sylvan glade,
tio, tio, tio, tiotinx,
I, sitting up aloft on a leafy ash, full oft,
tio, tio, tio, tiotinx,
Pour forth a warbling note from my little tawny throat,
Pour festive choral dances to the mountain mother's praise,
And to Pan the holy music of his own immortal lays,
tototototototototinx,
Whence Phrynichus of old,
Sipping the fruit of our ambrosial lay,
Bore, like a bee, the honied store away,
His own sweet songs to mould
tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx

Is there any one amongst you, O spectators, who would lead
With the birds a life of pleasure, let him come to us with speed
All that here is reckoned shameful, all that here the laws condemn,
With the birds is right and proper, you may do it all with them

Is it here by law forbidden for a son to beat his sire?
 That a chick should strike his father, strutting up with youthful ire
 Crowing *Raise your spur and fight me*, that is what the birds admire.
 Come you runaway deserter, spotted o'er with marks of shame,
 Spotted Francolin we'll call you, that, with us, shall be your name.
 You who style yourself a tribesman, Phrygian pure as Spintharus,
 Come and be a Phrygian linnet, of Philemon's breed, with us.
 Come along, you slave and Carian, Execestides to wit,
 Breed with us your Cuckoo-rearers, they'll be guildsmen apt and fit.
 Son of Peisias, who to outlaws would the city gates betray,
 Come to us, and be a partridge (*cockerel like the cock*, they say),
 We esteem it no dishonour knavish partridge-tricks to play

Even thus the Swans,

tio, tio, tio, tiotinix,

Their clamorous cry were erst up-raising,

With clatter of wings Apollo praising,

tio, tio, tio, tiotinix,

As they sat in serried ranks on the river Hebrus' banks,

tio, tio, tio, tiotinix,

Right upward went the cry through the cloud and through the sky
 Quailed the wild-beast in his covert, and the bird within her nest,
 And the still and windless Ether lulled the ocean-waves to rest

tototototototototinx

Loudly Olympus rang!

Amazement seized the kings, and every Grace

And every Muse within that heavenly place

Took up the strain, and sang

tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinix

Truly to be clad in feather is the very best of things,
 Only fancy, dear spectators, had you each a brace of wings,
 Never need you, tired and hungry, at a Tragic Chorus stay,
 You would lightly, when it bored you, spread your wings and fly away,
 Back returning, after luncheon, to enjoy our Comic Play
 If a gallant should the husband on the Council-bench behold
 Of a gay and charming lady, one whom he had loved of old,
 Off at once he'd fly to greet her, have a little converse sweet,
 Then be back, or e'er ye missed him, calm and smiling in his seat.
 Is not then a suit of feathers quite the very best of things?
 Why, Dutrephes was chosen, though he had but wicker wings,
 First, a Captain, then a Colonel, till from nothing he of late
 Has become a tawny cock-horse, yea a pillar of the State!

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

(1836-1911)

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT was born at 17 Southampton Street, Strand, London, on 18th November, 1836. His father was William Gilbert (1804-90), who was for a short time an assistant-surgeon in the navy, and in his riper years a novelist of some note, his best-known books being *Shirley Hall Asylum* (1863), *Doctor Austin's Guests* (1866), and *The Wizard of the Mountain* (1867). Gilbert was educated at Boulogne, at the Western Grammar School, Brompton, and at the Great Ealing School. He entered King's College, London, in October, 1855, and graduated B.A. at London University in 1857. In 1856, when the Crimean War was at its height, he entertained the idea of competing for a commission in the Royal Artillery, but the declaration of peace put an end to this project. Gilbert, however, was interested in soldiering, and obtained a commission in the militia in the 3rd battalion Gordon Highlanders in 1857, becoming a captain in 1867, and retiring with the rank of major in 1883. His military knowledge proved of some value to him subsequently when drilling the choruses of his operas.

In 1857 Gilbert entered the education department of the Privy Council office, where he spent four unhappy years. In 1861 a small legacy enabled him to leave this uncongenial work and read for the bar. He was called in November, 1863, and joined the northern circuit, but only earned £75 in two

years. Meanwhile he was supporting himself by means of journalism, writing for *Fun*, a comic paper then edited by H. J. Byron (q.v.). To this paper he contributed the famous series of comic poems known as *The Bab Ballads*. Gilbert was a talented illustrator, and drew admirable illustrations for these ballads, as well as for some of his father's novels.

Gilbert commenced his career as a dramatist in 1866 with a burlesque on *L'Elixir d'Amore* entitled *Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack*. This was followed by several other burlesques including *La Vivandière* and *Robert the Devil*. He then tried his hand at more serious plays, and wrote *The Palace of Truth* (1870), *The Wicked World* (1873), and *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871). The last-named play was highly successful, and brought Gilbert in £40,000. *Charity*, a serious play, was produced in 1874, and enjoyed only a moderate success. *Sweethearts*, a pleasantly sentimental dramatic contrast, appeared in the same year. *Dan'l Druce*, a serious play founded in part on *Silas Marner*, was produced in 1876, and *Engaged*, a cynical farce based upon the Scottish marriage laws, in 1877. Gilbert's other plays include *Gretchen* (1879), a version of the Faust legend, *Comedy and Tragedy*, a sketch (1884), *The Ne'er-do-Weel* (1878), *Brantingham Hall* (1888), and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* (1891), a burlesque on *Hamlet*.

In 1871 Gilbert was introduced

to Sullivan, and the immediate result was a comic opera, *Thespis, or the Gods grown Old*. In 1875 they collaborated in *Trial by Jury*, a brilliantly humorous dramatic cantata, satirizing the procedure in a breach-of-promise case. The great series of operas, however, may be said to have begun with *The Sorcerer* in 1877. The others are *H.M.S. Pinafore, or The Lass that Loved a Sailor* (1878), *The Pirates of Penzance, or The Slave of Duty* (1880), *Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride* (1881), *Iolanthe, or the Peer and the Peri* (1882), *Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant* (1884), *The Mikado, or the Town of Titipu* (1885), *Ruddigore, or the Witch's Curse* (1887), *The Yeomen of the Guard, or the Merryman and his Maid* (1888), *The Gondoliers, or the King of Barataria* (1889), *Utopia, Limited, or the Flowers of Progress* (1893), and *The Grand Duke, or the Statutory Duel* (1896). A more perfect partnership than that of Gilbert and Sullivan never existed, and the Savoy operas are unique in every way. Indeed, they may all be said to be virtually flawless, and none of them has strong claims to pre-eminence over the others. For dainty whimsicality *Iolanthe* is hard to beat, and for deft construction and urbane satire *Patience* is unsurpassed. Gilbert had a marvellous mastery over comic metre, and, in point of fact, invented many new metrical forms. His words set themselves to music. His plots, though fantastic, are always coherent, and a curious strain of inverted logic runs through all his work. The operas brought Gilbert fame and wealth. *The Mikado*, perhaps the most popular of the series, brought him in

£30,000, and *Ruddigore*, one of the less successful, £7000.

Gilbert wrote one or two librettos for other composers. Alfred Cellier wrote the music of *The Mountebanks* (1892), and Dr Osmond Carr that of *His Excellency* (1894). Sir Edward German composed the score of *Fallen Fairies* (1909), an operatic version of *The Wicked World*. Gilbert's last play was a realistic sketch called *The Hooligan* (1911). He died on 29th May, 1911, of heart failure while saving a lady from drowning in his swimming-lake. Gilbert was a JP and DL for Middlesex, and was knighted in 1907.

Gilbert had no predecessors in opera-writing, he invented his own methods and left no successor. He was a highly original genius, and left the mark of his originality on everything he wrote. He was a master of stage-craft, and thought no trouble too great to take to secure the effect he desired. Probably no dramatist ever had his own intentions so exactly carried out, as he was his own stage manager, and something of a martinet at rehearsals. In all his work there is literary grace and finish, and a logical absurdity to which the epithet "Gilbertian" is applied. The peculiarity of his humour is most aptly summed up in a phrase of Lucretius: "*medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*". His works are full of quotations which have become part of the language. The Clown in *Twelfth Night* informs us that "Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere". Few but the greatest have proclaimed this lesson. Gilbert has taught it in a pleasant way. Too

many people in Gilbert's time were impressed by the saying that "Life is real, life is earnest", as the wise Greek epigrammatist said.

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος καὶ παίγνιον ἡ μάθη
παλῶειν
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἢ φέρε τὰς
ὁδύνας

There are times when, confronted with the riddle of the universe, it is best to confess that the answer is a lemon, there are times when the foolishness of this world is wisdom with God. Shakespeare is not more supreme in his empire than Gilbert is in his principality (comparable perhaps to

Monaco) of light opera. The inscription on Sir George Frampton's bronze medallion of Gilbert on the Victoria Embankment is extraordinarily apt: "His foe was folly and his weapon wit"

[E A Browne, *W S Gilbert*, P Fitzgerald, *The Savoy Opera and the Savoyards*, Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey, *W S Gilbert his Life and Letters*, S J Adair Fitzgerald, *The Story of the Savoy Opera*, A H Godwin, *Gilbert and Sullivan*, Henry A Lytton, *The Secrets of a Savoyard*, Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower, *Sir Arthur Sullivan, his Life, Letters, and Diaries*, I Goldberg, *Gilbert and Sullivan*]

Gentle Alice Brown

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town,
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing,
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way,
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten,
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road,
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode)

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes,
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed—
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you, would it not?
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot!"

Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear—
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear,—
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece,
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind,
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find,
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six "

"Oh father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget,
But oh, there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!"

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes—
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies,
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"

"For shame," said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!"

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know,
For many many years they've kept starvation from my doors,
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!"

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good,
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
 And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown,
 To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
 Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well,
 He said, " I have a notion, and that notion I will tell,
 I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
 And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits

" I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two,
 Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do,
 A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
 When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small "

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square,
 He watched his opportunity and seized him unaware,
 He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
 And Mrs Brown dissected him before she went to bed

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
 She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
 Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
 On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band

(From *The Bab Ballads*)

The Humane Mikado

A more humane Mikado never
 Did in Japan exist,
 To nobody second,
 I'm certainly reckoned
 A true philanthropist
 It is my very humane endeavour
 To make, to some extent,
 Each evil liver
 A running river
 Of harmless merriment

My object all sublime
 I shall achieve in time—
 To let the punishment fit the crime—
 The punishment fit the crime;

And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment—
Of innocent merriment!

All prosy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork,
The lady who dyes a chemical yellow,
Or stains her grey hair puce,
Or pinches her figger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliamentary trains

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime,
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment—
Of innocent merriment!

The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall all be extracted
By terrified amateurs
The music-hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "ops"

By Bach, interwoven
 With Spohr and Beethoven,
 At classical Monday Pops.
 The billiard sharp whom anyone catches,
 His doom's extremely hard—
 He's made to dwell
 In a dungeon cell
 On a spot that's always barred,
 And there he plays extravagant matches,
 In fitless finger-stalls,
 On a cloth untrue
 With a twisted cue,
 And elliptical billiard balls!

My object all sublime
 I shall achieve in time—
 To let the punishment fit the crime—
 The punishment fit the crime,
 And make each prisoner pent
 Unwillingly represent
 A source of innocent merriment—
 Of innocent merriment

(From *The Mikado*)

The Darned Mounseer

I shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop,
 And, off Cape Finisteere,
 A merchantman we see,
 A Frenchman, going free,
 So we made for the bold Mounseer,
 D'ye see?
 We made for the bold Mounseer!
 But she proved to be a Frigate—and she up with her ports,
 And fires with a thirty-two!
 It come uncommon near,
 But we answered with a cheer,
 Which paralysed the Parley-voo,
 D'ye see?
 Which paralysed the Parley-voo!

Then our Captain he up and he says, says he,
 " That chap we need not fear,—
 We can take her, if we like,
 She is sartain for to strike,
 For she's only a darned Mounseer,
 D'ye see?
 She's only a darned Mounseer!
 But to fight a French fal-lal—it's like hittin' of a gal—
 It's a lubberly thing for to do,
 For we, with all our faults,
 Why, we're sturdy British salts,
 While she's but a Parley-voo,
 D'ye see?
 A miserable Parley-vool!"

So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze,
 As we gives a compassionating cheer,
 Froggee answers with a shout
 As he sees us go about,
 Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,
 D'ye see?
 Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!
 And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
 (Which is what them furriners do),
 And they blessed their lucky stars,
 We were hardy British tars
 Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo,
 D'ye see?
 Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo!

(From *Ruddigore*)

Anglicised Utopia

Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses,
 Which empties our police courts, and abolishes divorces
 (Divorce is nearly obsolete in England)
 No toleriance we show to undeserving rank and splendour,
 For the higher his position is, the greater the offender
 (That's a maxim that is prevalent in England)
 No Peeress at our Drawing-Room before the Presence passes
 Who wouldn't be accepted by the lower-middle classes
 Each shady dame, whatever be her rank, is bowed out neatly
 In short, this happy country has been Anglicised completely!

It really is surprising
 What a thorough Anglicising
 We've brought about—Utopia's quite another land;
 In her enterprising movements,
 She is England—with improvements,
 Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

Our city we have beautified—we've done it willy-nilly—
 And all that isn't Belgrave Square is Strand and Piccadilly
 (They haven't any slummeries in England)
 We have solved the labour question with discrimination polished,
 So poverty is obsolete and hunger is abolished—
 (They are going to abolish it in England)
 The Chamberlain our native stage has purged, beyond a question,
 Of " risky " situation and indelicate suggestion,
 No piece is tolerated if it's costumed indiscreetly—
 In short, this happy country has been Anglicised completely!

It really is surprising
 What a thorough Anglicising
 We've brought about—Utopia's quite another land,
 In her enterprising movements,
 She is England—with improvements,
 Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

Our Peerage we've remodelled on an intellectual basis,
 Which certainly is rough on our hereditary races—
 (They are going to remodel it in England)
 The Brewers and the Cotton Lords no longer seek admission,
 And Literary Merit meets with proper recognition—
 (As Literary Merit does in England!)
 Who knows but we may count among our intellectual chickens
 Like them an Earl of Thackeray and p'raps a Duke of Dickens—
 Lord Fildes and Viscount Millais (when they come) we'll welcome
 sweetly—

And then, this happy country will be Anglicised completely!
 It really is surprising
 What a thorough Anglicising
 We've brought about—Utopia's quite another land,
 In her enterprising movements,
 She is England—with improvements,
 Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

(From *Utopia, Limited*)

WALTER HORATIO PATER

(1839 - 1894)

WALTER HORATIO PATER, the son of a medical man, was born at Shadwell, London, on 4th August, 1839. He was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. with a second class in *literæ humaniores* in 1862. In 1864 he was elected a fellow of Brasenose, and in the following year proceeded M.A. He had at one time intended to take orders in the Church of England, but, after also abandoning the idea of becoming a Unitarian minister, he settled down to tutorial work at Oxford. Pater was a slow and fastidious writer, and his first book, *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, did not appear until 1873, though many of the essays which it contains had been previously published in periodicals. In 1885, twelve years after the publication of his first book, his second book, *Marius the Epicurean*, appeared. It is a philosophical romance of the time of Marcus Aurelius, and is on the whole his best work. *Imaginary Portraits*, four short romances,

appeared in 1887, *Appreciations, with an Essay on Style*, in 1889 (it deals with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Rossetti, and others), and *Plato and Platonism*, a series of college lectures, in 1893. Pater died suddenly on 30th July, 1894. *Greek Studies*, *Miscellaneous Studies*, and *Gaston de Latour*, an unfinished romance, were posthumously published. Pater lived a life somewhat apart from that of other men, and his style, though beautiful, is somewhat precious and overlaboured. He had art in abundance, but not the art which conceals art. He was much imitated by several of his younger contemporaries, and founded a new but short-lived form of euphuism. Even in his own hands this style is not always a success; in those of his imitators it is almost invariably a failure.

[A. C. Benson, *Walter Pater* (English Men of Letters Series), P. E. Thomas, *Walter Pater a Critical Study*, T. Wright, *The Life of Walter Pater*, F. Greenslet, *Walter Pater*]

From "The Renaissance"

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it, and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which

invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays all over Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams, and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had the dream and the person grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's brain, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come", and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits, like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave, and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her, and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary, and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one, and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand

as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea

During these years at Florence Leonardo's history is the history of his art, for himself, he is lost in the bright cloud of it. The outward history begins again in 1502, with a wild journey through central Italy, which he makes as the chief engineer of Cæsar Borgia. The biographer, putting together the stray jottings of his manuscripts, may follow him through every day of it, up the strange tower of Siena, elastic like a bent bow, down to the seashore at Piombino, each place appearing as fitfully as in a fever dream.

One other great work was left for him to do, a work all trace of which soon vanished, *The Battle of the Standard*, in which he had Michelangelo for his rival. The citizens of Florence, desiring to decorate the walls of the great council-chamber, had offered the work for competition, and any subject might be chosen from the Florentine wars of the fifteenth century. Michelangelo chose for his cartoon an incident of the war with Pisa, in which the Florentine soldiers, bathing in the Arno, are surprised by the sound of trumpets, and run to arms. His design has reached us only in an old engraving, which helps us less perhaps than our remembrance of the back-ground of his *Holy Family* in the *Uffizi* to imagine in what superhuman form, such as might have beguiled the heart of an earlier world, these figures ascended out of the water. Leonardo chose an incident from the battle of Anghiari, in which two parties of soldiers fight for a standard. Like Michelangelo's, his cartoon is lost, and has come to us only in sketches, and in a fragment of Rubens. Through the accounts given we may discern some lust of terrible things in it, so that even the horses tore each other with their teeth. And yet one fragment of it, in a drawing of his at Florence, is far different—a waving field of lovely armour, the chased edgings running like lines of sunlight from side to side. Michelangelo was twenty-seven years old, Leonardo more than fifty, and Raphael, then nineteen years of age, visiting Florence for the first time, came and watched them as they worked.

We catch a glimpse of Leonardo again, at Rome in 1514, surrounded by his mirrors and vials and furnaces, making strange toys that seemed alive of wax and quicksilver. The hesitation which had haunted him all through life, and made him like one under a spell, was upon him now with double force. No one had ever carried political indifferentism farther, it had always been his philosophy to "fly before the storm", he is for the Sforzas, or against them, as the tide of their fortune turns. Yet now, in the political society of Rome, he came to be suspected of secret French sympathies. It paralysed him to find himself among enemies, and he turned wholly to France, which had long courted him.

France was about to become an Italy more Italian than Italy itself. Francis the First, like Lewis the Twelfth before him, was attracted by the *finesse* of Leonardo's work, *La Gioconda* was already in his cabinet,

and he offered Leonardo the little *Château de Glou*, with its vineyards and meadows, in the pleasant valley of the Masse, just outside the walls of the town of Amboise, where, especially in the hunting season, the court then frequently resided. *A Monsieur Lyonard, peinteur du Roy pour Amboyse*—so the letter of Francis the First is headed. It opens a prospect, one of the most interesting in the history of art, where, in a peculiarly blent atmosphere, Italian art dies away as a French exotic.

Two questions remain, after much busy antiquarianism, concerning Leonardo's death—the question of the exact form of his religion, and the question whether Francis the First was present at the time. They are of about equally little importance in the estimate of Leonardo's genius. The directions in his will concerning the thirty masses and the great candles for the church of Saint Florentin are things of course, their real purpose being immediate and practical, and on no theory of religion could these hurried offices be of much consequence. We forget them in speculating how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such precise and definite forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity.

(From the essay on *Leonardo da Vinci*)

From "Marius the Epicurean"

A nature like that of Marius, composed, in about equal parts, of instincts almost physical, and of slowly accumulated intellectual judgments, was perhaps even less susceptible than other men's characters of essential change. And yet the experience of that fortunate hour, seeming to gather into one central act of vision all the deeper impressions his mind had ever received upon it, did not leave him quite as he had been. For his mental view, at least, it changed measurably the world about him, of which he was still indeed a curious spectator, but which looked further off, was weaker in its hold, and, in a sense, less real to him, than ever. It was as if he viewed it, mentally, through a diminishing glass. And the permanency of this change he could note, some years later, when it happened that he was a guest at a feast, in which the various exciting elements of Roman life, its physical and intellectual accomplishments, its frivolity and far-fetched elegances, its strange, mystic essays after the unseen, were elaborately combined. The great Apuleius, the poetic ideal of his boyhood, had come to Rome—was now visiting Tusculum, at the house of their common friend, a certain aristocratic poet who loved every sort of superiorities—and it was to a supper-party given in his honour that Marius had been invited.

It was with a feeling of half-humorous concession to his own early boyish hero-worship, and with some sense of superiority in himself, as he saw his old curiosity grown now almost to indifference, with a truer measure of its object when it was on the point of being satisfied at last, that he mounted to the little town on the hillside, the streets of which were broad flights of easy steps, gathered round a single great house below Cicero's villa on the heights, now in ruins and "haunted." There was a touch of weirdness in the circumstances that it was in this romantic place he had been bidden to meet the writer who had come to seem almost like one of the personages in his own fiction. Through the tall openings of the staircased streets, up which, here and there, the cattle were going home slowly from the pastures below, the Alban heights, between the great walls of the ancient houses, seemed close upon him—a vaporous screen of dun violet against the setting sun, with those waves of surpassing grace in their boundary line, characteristic of volcanic hills. The coolness of the little brown market-place, for the sake of which even the working people were leaving the plain, in long file through the olive-gardens, to pass the night, was grateful, after the heats of Rome. Those wild country figures, clad in every kind of fantastic patchwork, stained by wind and weather fortunately enough for the eye, under that significant light, inclined him to poetry. And it was a very delicate poetry of its kind, which seemed to enfold him, as passing into the poet's house he turned to glance for a moment towards the height above, whereupon, the numerous cascades of the precipitous garden of the villa, framed in the doorway of the hall, fell into a harmless picture, in its place among the pictures within, and hardly more real than they, a landscape-piece, in which the power of water—plunging into what unseen depths!—done to the life, was pleasant, and without its natural terrors.

At the further end of this bland apartment, fragrant with the rare woods of the old inlaid panelling, the falling of aromatic oil from the ready-lighted lamps, the iris-root clinging to the dresses of the guests, as with the odours of the altars of the gods, the supper-table was spread, in all the daintiness characteristic of the agreeable *petit-maitre*, who entertained. He was already most carefully dressed, but, like Martial's Stella, perhaps consciously, meant to change his attire once and again during the banquet, in the last instance, for an ancient vesture (object of much rivalry among the young men of fashion, at that great sale of the imperial wardrobes), a toga, of altogether lost hue and texture. He wore it with the grace becoming the leader of a thrilling movement then on foot for the restoration of that disused garment, in which, laying aside the customary evening dress, all the visitors were requested to appear, setting off the dainty sinuosities and well-disposed "golden ways" of its folds, with harmoniously tinted flowers. The opulent sunset, blending pleasantly with artificial light, fell past the quiet ancestral

effigies of old consular dignitaries, across the wide floor strewn with sawdust of sandal-wood, and lost itself in the heap of cool coronals, lying ready for the foreheads of the guests on a side-board of old citron-wood. The crystal cups darkened with old wine, the hues of the early autumn fruit—mulberries, pomegranates, and grapes that had long been hanging under careful protection upon the vines, were almost as much a feast for the eye, as the dusky fires of the rare twelve-petalled roses. A favourite animal, white as snow, brought by one of the visitors, purred its way gracefully among the wine-cups, coaxed onward from place to place by those at table, as they reclined easily on their cushions of German eider-down, spread over the long-legged carved couches.

A highly refined modification of the *acroama*—a musical performance during a meal for the diversion of guests,—came presently, hovering round the place soothingly, and so unobtrusively, that the company could not guess, and did not like to ask, whether or not it had been designed by their entertainer, inclining on the whole to think it some wonderful peasant-music peculiar to that wild neighbourhood, turning, as it did now and again, to a solitary reed-note, like a bird's, while it wandered into the distance. It wandered quite away at last, as darkness with a bolder lamplight came on, and made way for another sort of entertainment. An odd rapid, phantasmal glitter, advancing from the garden by torchlight, defined itself, as it came nearer, into a dance of young men in armour. Arrived at length in a portico, open to the supper-chamber, they contrived that their mechanical march-movement should fall out into a kind of highly expressive dramatic action, and with the utmost possible emphasis of dumb motion, their long swords weaving a silvery network in the air, they danced the *Death of Paris*. The young Commodus, already an adept in these matters, who had condescended to welcome the eminent Apuleius at the banquet, had mysteriously dropped from his place to take his share in the performance, and at its conclusion reappeared, still wearing the dainty accoutrements of Paris, including a breastplate, composed entirely of over-lapping tigers' claws, skilfully gilt. The youthful prince had lately assumed the dress of manhood, on the return of the emperor, for a brief visit from the North, putting up his hair, in imitation of Nero, in a golden box dedicated to Capitoline Jupiter. His likeness to Aurelius, his father, had become, in consequence, more striking than ever, and he had one source of genuine interest in the great literary guest of the occasion, in that the latter was the fortunate holder of the monopoly of exhibiting wild beasts and gladiatorial shows, in the province of Carthage, where he resided.

Still, after all complaisance to the perhaps somewhat crude tastes of the great man's son, it was felt that with a guest like Apuleius whom they had come prepared to entertain as veritable *connoisseurs*, the conversation should be learned and superior, and the host at last deftly led

his company round to literature, by the way of bindings. Elegant rolls of manuscript from his fine library of ancient Greek books passed from hand to hand round the table. It was a sign for the visitors themselves to draw their own choicest literary curiosities from their bags, as their contribution to the banquet: and one of them, a famous reader, choosing his lucky moment, delivered in tenor voice the piece which follows, with a preliminary query as to whether it could indeed be the composition of Lucian of Samosata, understood to be the great mocker of that day—

“What sound was that, Socrates?” asked Chaerephon. “It came from the beach under the cliff yonder, and seemed a long way off. And how melodious it was! Was it a bird, I wonder. I thought all sea-birds were songless.”

“It was a sea-bird,” answered Socrates, “a bird called the Halcyon, and has a note full of plaining and tears. There is an old story people tell of it. It was a mortal woman once, daughter of Æolus, god of the winds. Ceyx, the son of the morning-star, wedded her in early maidenhood. The son was not less fair than the father, and when it came to pass that he died, the crying of the girl as she lamented his sweet usage, was—Just, that! And some while after, as Heaven willed it, she was changed into a bird. Floating now on bird’s wings over the sea, she seeks her lost Ceyx, there, since she was not able to find him after long wandering over the land.”

“That then is the Halcyon—the kingfisher,” said Chaerephon. “I never heard a bird like it before. It has truly a plaintive note. What kind of a bird is it, Socrates?”

“Not a large bird, though she has received large honour from the gods on account of her singular conjugal affection. For whensoever she makes her nest, a law of nature brings round what is called Halcyon’s weather—days distinguishable among all others for their serenity, though they come sometimes amid the storms of winter—Days like To-day! See how transparent is the sky above us, and how motionless the sea!—like a smooth mirror.”

RICHARD JEFFERIES

(1848–1887)

RICHARD JEFFERIES, the son of a farmer, was born at Coate Farm, Swindon, Wiltshire, on 6th November, 1848. He was educated at Sydenham, Surrey, and locally, and began to write for Wiltshire

and Gloucestershire papers. He wrote several more or less ordinary novels, which were unsuccessful, he scored his first success in 1877 with *The Gamekeeper at Home*, a series of sketches of natural history

and rural life which had originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He had by this time left the country and begun to reside in London. He followed up his success by producing several works on country life. *Wild Life in a Southern County* (1879) is one of his best books, his other works include *The Amateur Poacher* (1880), *The Story of my Heart*, a quasi-autobiography (1883); *The Life of the Fields* (1884), *Bevis* (1882), *The Open Air* (1885), and *After London, or Wild England* (1885). Jefferies died after a long and painful illness on 14th August, 1887. His novels have no claim to be remembered, but his books of country life, desultory as they are

in places, entitle him to rank not far below Gilbert White as a naturalist. The minuteness of his observations detracts from the purely literary merit of his books, however much it may increase their scientific merit, his descriptions at times tend to degenerate into mere catalogues. At other times he writes a very fine type of poetic prose, which has found many enthusiastic admirers.

[C. J. Maseek, *Richard Jefferies Étude d'une personnalité*, P. E. Thomas, *Richard Jefferies his Life and Work*, Sir Walter Besant, *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*, H. S. Salt, *Richard Jefferies a Study*]

From "The Gamekeeper at Home"

There is a part of the wood where the bushes grow but thinly and the ash-stoles are scattered at some distance from each other. It is on a steep slope—almost cliff—where the white chalk comes to the surface. On the edge above rise tall beech trees with smooth round trunks, whose roots push and project through the wall of chalk, and bend downwards, sometimes dislodging lumps of rubble to roll headlong among the bushes below. A few small firs cling, halfway up, and a tangled, matted mass of briar and bramble climbs nearly to them with many a stout thistle flourishing vigorously.

To get up this cliff is a work of some little difficulty. It is done by planting the foot on the ledges of rubble, or in the holes which the rabbits have made, holding tight to roots which curl and twist in fantastic shapes, or to the woodbine hanging in festoons from branch to branch. The rubble under foot crumbles and slips, the roots tear up bodily from the thin soil, the branches bend, and the woodbine "gives", and the wayfarer may readily descend much more rapidly than he desires. Not that serious consequences would ensue from a roll down forty feet of slope, but the bed of briar and bramble at the bottom is not so soft as it might be. The rabbits seem quite at home upon the steepest spot, they may be found upon much higher and more precipitous chalk cliffs than this, darting from point to point with ease.

Once at the summit under the beeches, and there a comfortable seat

may be found upon the moss. The wood stretches away beneath for more than a mile in breadth, and beyond it winds the narrow mere glittering in the rays of the early spring sunshine. The bloom is on the black-thorn, but not yet on the may, the hedges are just awakening from their long winter sleep, and the trees have hardly put forth a sign. But the rooks are busily engaged in the trees of the park, and away yonder at the distant colony in the elms of the meadows

The wood is restless with life every minute a pigeon rises, clattering his wings, and after him another, and so there is a constant fluttering and motion above the ash-poles. The number of wood-pigeons breeding here must be immense. Later on, if you walk among the ash, you may find a nest every half-dozen yards. It is formed of a few twigs making a slender platform, on which the glossy white egg is laid, and where the bird will sit till you literally thrust her off her nest with your walking-stick. Such slender platforms, if built in the hedgerow, so soon as the breeze comes would assuredly be dashed to pieces, but here the wind only touches the tops of the poles, and causes them to sway gently with a rattling noise and the frail nest is not injured. When the pigeon or dove builds in the more exposed hedgerows the nest is stronger, and more twigs seem to be used, so that it is heavier.

Boys steal these eggs by scores, yet it makes no difference apparently to the endless numbers of these birds, who fill the wood with their peculiar hoarse notes, which some country people say resemble the words "Take two cows, Taffy." The same good folk will have it that when the weather threatens rain the pigeon's note changes to "Joe's toe bleeds, Betty." The boys who steal the eggs have to swarm up the ash-poles for the purpose, and in so doing often stain their clothes with red marks. Upon the bark of the ash are innumerable little excrescences which when rubbed exude a small quantity of red juice.

The keeper detests this bird's-nesting, not that he cares much about the pigeons, but because his pheasants are frequently disturbed just at the season when he wishes them to enjoy perfect quiet. It is easy to tell from this post of vantage if any one be passing through the section of the wood within view, though they may be hidden by the boughs. The blackbirds utter a loud cry and scatter, the pigeons rise and wheel about, a pheasant gets up with a scream audible for a long distance, and goes with swift flight skimming away just above the ash-poles, a pair of jays jabber round the summit of a tall fir tree, and thus the intruder's course is made known. But the wind, though light, is still too cold and chilly as it sweeps between the beech trunks to remain at this elevation, it is warmer below in the wood.

At the foot of the cliff a natural hollow has been further scooped out by labour of man, and shaped into a small cave large enough for three or four to sit in. It is partly supported by strong wooden pillars, and at

the mouth a hut of slabs, thickly covered by furze-faggots, has been constructed, with a door, and with roof thatched with reeds from the lake. A rude bench runs round three sides, against the fourth some digging tools recline—strong spades and grub-axes for rooting out a lost ferret, left here temporarily for convenience. The place, rough as it is, gives shelter, and, throwing the door open, there is a vista among the ash-poles and the hazel bushes over-topped with great fir trees and more distant oaks. In the later spring this is a lovely spot, the ground all tinted with the shimmering colour of the blue-bells, and the hazel musical with the voice of the nightingale.

Outside the wood, where the downland begins to rise gradually, there stretches a broad expanse of furze growing luxuriantly on the thin barren soil, and a mile or more in width. It has a beauty of its own when in full yellow blossom—a yellow sea of flower, scenting the air with an almost overpowering odour as of a coarser pineapple, and full of the drowsy hum of the bees busy in the interspersed thyme. It has another beauty later on when the thick undergrowth of heath is in bloom, and a pale purple carpet spreads around. Here rabbits breed and sport, and hares hide and the curious furze-chats fly to and fro, and lastly, but not leastly, my lord Reynard the Fox loves to take his ease, till he finally meets his fate in the jaws of clamouring hounds, or is assassinated with the aid of “villainous saltpetre.” He is not easily shot, and will stand a charge fired broadside at a short distance without the slightest injury or apparent notice, beyond a slight quickening of his pace. His thick fur and tough skin turn the pellets. Even when mortally wounded, life will linger for hours.

The ordinary idea of the fox is that of a flying frightened creature tearing away for a bare existence, he is really a bold and desperate animal. The keeper will tell you that once when for some purpose he was walking up a deep dry ditch his spaniel and retriever suddenly “chopped” a fox, and got him at bay in a corner, when he turned, and in an instant laid the spaniel helpless and dying and severely handled the retriever. Seeing his dogs so injured and the fox as it were under his feet, the keeper imprudently attempted to seize him, but could not retain his hold, and got the sharp white teeth clean through his hand.

Though but once actually bitten, he recollects being snapped at viciously by another fox, whom he found in broad daylight asleep in the hollow of a double mound with scarcely any shelter and within sixty yards of a house. Reynard was curled up on the ivy which in the hedges trails along the ground. The keeper crawled up on the bank and stopped, admiring the symmetry of the creature, when, purposely breaking a twig, the fox was up in a second, and snarled and snapped at his face, then slipped into the ditch and away. The fox is, in fact, quite as remarkable for boldness as for cunning. Last summer I met a fine fox on

the turnpike road and close to a tollgate, in the middle of the day. He came at full speed with a young rabbit in his jaws, evidently but just captured, and did not perceive that he was observed till within twenty yards, when with a single bound he cleared the sward beside the road, alighting with a crash in the bushes, carrying his prey with him

Hares will sometimes, in like manner, come as it were to meet people on country roads. Is it that the eyes, being placed towards the side of the head, do not so readily catch sight of dangers in front as on the flanks, especially when the animal is absorbed in its purpose? Hares are peculiarly fond of limping at dusk along lonely roads

Foxes, when they roam from the woods into the meadow-land, prefer to sleep during the day in those osier beds which are found in the narrow corners formed by the meanderings of the brooks. Between the willow-wands there shoots up a thick undergrowth of sedges, long coarse grass, and reeds, and in these the fox makes his bed, turning round and round till he has smoothed a place and trampled down the grass, then reclining well sheltered from the wind. A dog will turn round and round in the same way before he lies down on the hearthrug

These reeds sometimes grow to a great height, as much as ten or twelve feet. Along the Thames they are used, bound in bundles, to pitch the barges, when the hull has been roughly coated with pitch, one end of the bundle of reeds (thickest end preferred) is set on fire and passed over it to make it melt and run into the chinks. So, mayhap, the Saxon and Danish rovers may have used them to pitch the bottoms of their "ceols" when worn from constantly grounding on the shallows and eyots

Here in the furze too is the haunt of the badger. This animal becomes rarer year after year—the disuse of the great rabbit-warrens being one cause, still he lingers, and may be traced in the rabbit "buries", where he enlarges a hole for his habitation, sleeps during the day, and comes forth in the gloaming. In summer he digs up the wasps' nests, not, as has been supposed, for the honey, but for the white larvæ they contain: the wasp secretes no honey at all, and her nest is simply a series of shells in which the grubs mature. Some credit the fox with a fondness for the same food, and even the hornets' nest is said to be similarly ravaged. It is the nest of the humble-bee which the badger roots up for the honey. The humble-bee uses a tiny hole in a dry bank, sometimes a crack made by the heat in the earth, and really deposits true honey in the comb. It is very sweet, like that of the hive-bee, but a little darker in colour and much less in quantity. The haymakers search for these nests along the hedgerows in their dinner-hour, and eat the honey. There seem to be several sub-species of humble-bee, differing in size and habit. One has its nest as deep as possible in a hole, another makes a nest with scarcely any protection beyond the thick moss of the bank, almost on the surface

of the ground The badger's hole has before it a huge quantity of sand, which he has thrown out, and upon which the imprint of his foot will be found, a mark, perhaps, more like the spoor of the large game of tropical forests than that left by any other English animal When seen it can ever afterwards be instantly identified by the most careless observer

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

(1859 - 1892)

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN, the son of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen who became a judge in 1879, was born in London on 25th February, 1859 He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. with a first class in history in 1881, winning the Whewell Scholarship for international law in the same year In 1882 he was president of the Union and was placed in the second class of the Law Tripos In 1884 he was called to the bar, and in 1885 was elected a fellow of his college He did not practise much at the bar, though for a short time (1888-1890) he was clerk of assize on the South Wales circuit In 1888 he founded a weekly paper, *The Reflector*, almost half of which he wrote himself It was an admirable paper from the literary point of view, but was not run on sound business lines, and expired after its seventeenth number Stephen returned to Cambridge

in 1890, his health was much impaired by an accidental injury to his head which had been neglected when sustained His two small books of light verse, to which he chiefly owes his fame, *Quo Musa Tendis* and *Lapsus Calami*, both appeared in 1891 His health became worse, he was obliged to leave Cambridge, and died on 3rd February, 1892

"J K S" was an acknowledged follower of "C S C" (see *C S Calverley*), and is sometimes almost as good, though his work lacks the classical finish which characterizes that of his model His sonnet to Wordsworth contains a just criticism on the dual nature of the work of that poet, and his parodies of Browning and Walt Whitman are felicitous If less of a humanist than Calverley, he was more human, and is tender and touching as well as humorous Had he kept his health, he might have risen to great heights in letters or in life

The Dawn of the Year

Once in the year, if you get up early,
 You may get—just once—what you can't but praise.
 Not a sky that's blue, or a lawn that's pearly,
 Though these may be there as on other days,

But a bright cool still delicious thrill,
Which tells you October is come or near —
The Dawn of the Year!

For I take it the end of the Long Vacation
Which re-peoples the Temple and Lincoln's Inn,
And quickens the pulse of civilisation
And ends the hush of our daily din,
Is really the season, by light of reason,
Which ought to and does to the wise appear
The Dawn of the Year

Years die in July and are dead till September
By the first of October the New Year's born
It's a sturdy infant in mid December,
And reaches its prime some April morn
Hot and weary in June, it must perish soon,
It is working too hard it will break but *here*
Is the Dawn of the Year

And this is the time for good resolutions
He's a laggard who waits till, Christmas past,
In obedience to meaningless institutions
He starts on a year which can but last
Six months or so while we, who know,
Find in golden autumn, not winter drear,
The Dawn of the Year

You surely remember the feeling I mean?
It's a misty morning, portending heat
Scarce a leaf has fallen, the trees are green
And the last late flowers are bright and sweet,
By the sight and scent summer's not yet spent,
But there's something new in the atmosphere,
The Dawn of the Year

Just a touch of healthy autumnal cold,
Not the dismal shiver of rainy summers,
And a sun no longer a blaze of gold
To light the frolic of idle mummings,
But a genial guide for the busy tide
Of men who have work to do, shows clear
The Dawn of the Year

So back to work in the London streets,
 Or College courts, or clamorous Schools,
 We have tasted and dwelt on the passing sweets
 Of sunlit leisure resume your tools,
 Get back to your labours, my excellent neighbours,
 And greet with a spirit that work can cheer,
 The Dawn of the Year

The Littlego

When I was young and wholly free
 From any vice, however nice,
 And did not yet aspire to be
 Where men of beer and skittle go,
 My young idea used to shoot,
 Secure and gay, from day to day,
 Until I met that hideous brute
 The fiend-descended Littlego

Chorus

Oh! the Littlego, the Littlego, the Littlego!
 Oh! the Littlego, the daughter of the Devil!

Alas, poor victims that we are,
 Who sport beside the Cam's clear tide,
 Before we get us to the Bar,
 To Church or to Hospital go,
 We study Mr Paley's views,
 We have to deal with yards of steel,
 We likewise woo the tragic muse,
 And all to pass the Littlego

(Chorus)

I too, like other men, was coached,
 Was duly packed with fact on fact,
 And then that awful hall approached
 Where all who live by victual go
 They ploughed me once, they ploughed me twice,
 I won't say when those cruel men
 Desisted, but let this suffice
 I *did* get through the Littlego

(Chorus)

I feel inclined to prophesy
 That this effete and obsolete
 And hydra-headed pest will die
 And to perdition it'll go
 They'll substitute for complex plans
 Incontinent abolishment,
 And only antiquarians
 Will care about the Littlego

(Chorus)

But still at that appalling hour
 When churchyards gape, a hideous shape
 Behind me, moved by unseen power,
 Like some debauched bandit, 'll go
 Enveloped in a Paley sheet,
 It waves on high an $v + y$,
 And dogs me down each dismal street—
 The spectre of the Littlego

(Chorus)

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

(1830 – 1897)

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN was born at Douglas, Isle of Man, on 5th May, 1830. His father was vicar of Kirk Braddan. He was educated at King William's College, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was a servitor and therefore was held to be unfitted for a senior studentship. He graduated B.A. in 1853, with a first class in *literæ humaniores*, and another in law and history. He was elected a fellow of Oriel in 1854, was ordained in 1855, and graduated M.A. in 1856. He was vice-principal of King William's College from 1858 to 1861, from 1861 to 1863 he was headmaster of the Crypt School, Gloucester, and from 1864 to 1892 he was second

master and head of the modern side at Clifton College. He retired to the Isle of Man in 1892, and died on 30th October, 1897, while addressing the boys at Clifton. His works include *Fo'c'sle Yarns* (1881), *The Doctor* (1887), *The Manx Witch* (1889), and *Old John* (1893), a collective edition of his poems appeared in 1900, and his letters have also been published, with a memoir. Brown was a man of singularly beautiful character, and left a deep impression upon the many generations of boys whom he taught during his thirty years at Clifton. Brown had sometimes difficulty in expressing himself in verse, had he had the powers of

expression possessed by most minor poets, he would have ceased to be a minor poet. His thoughts are deep, far deeper than those of most writers of verse, he is a mystic, and appeals to those to whom the other mystics appeal. His chief poems are

narrative, but he had also a decided lyric gift. His use of the Manx dialect is something of a stumbling-block to non-Manx readers.

[S. G. Simpson, *Thomas Edward Brown, the Manx-poet: an appreciation*]

Clifton

I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod;
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,
I step, and square my shoulders with the squad,
But there are blaeberries on old Barrule,
And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

There is no silence here the truculent quack
Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod,
And, if I stop them, fumes, but there's no lack
Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God!

Pragmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it
With measured phrase, that asks the assenting nod,
I rise, and say the bitter thing, and hate it—
But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—thank God!

O broken life! O wretched bits of being,
Unrhythmic, patched, the even and the odd!
But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,
And thunder in her caves—thank God! thank God!

My Garden

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace, and yet the fool

Contends that God is not—
 Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine

The Intercepted Salute

A little maiden met me in the lane,
 And smiled a smile so very fain,
 So full of trust and happiness,
 I could not choose but bless
 The child, that she should have such grace
 To laugh into my face

She never could have known me, but I thought
 It was the common joy that wrought
 Within the little creature's heart,
 As who should say—"Thou art
 As I, the heaven is bright above us,
 And there is God to love us
 And I am but a little gleeful maid,
 And thou art big, and old, and staid,
 But the blue hills have made thee mild
 As is a little child

"Wherefore I laugh that thou mayst see—
 O, laugh! O, laugh with me!"
 A pretty challenge! Then I turned me round,
 And straight the sober truth I found,
 For I was not alone, behind me stood,
 Beneath his load of wood,
 He that of right the smile possessed—
 Her father manifest

O, blest be God! that such an overplus
 Of joy is given to us
 That that sweet innocent
 Gave me the gift she never meant,
 A gift secure and permanent!
 For, howsoe'er the smile had birth,
 It is an added glory on the earth

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840 - 1921)

AUSTIN DOBSON, the son of a civil engineer, was born at Plymouth on 18th January, 1840. He was educated at Beaumaris grammar school, a private school at Coventry, and Strasbourg gymnase. In 1856 he obtained a clerkship in the marine department of the Board of Trade, where in 1884 he rose to be one of the officials known as principals. He retired in 1901. His earliest verses, many of which first appeared in *St Paul's Magazine*, were published in book form in 1873, under the title *Vignettes in Rhyme*. His other volumes of verse include *Proverbs in Porcelain* (1877), *Old World Idylls* (1883), and *At the Sign of the Lyre* (1885), which the *Athenæum* pronounced to be "of its kind as nearly as possibly perfect". Among his prose works may be mentioned his lives of *Hogarth*, *Fielding*, *Steele*, *Goldsmith*, *Horace Walpole*, *Richardson*, and *Fanny Burney*, *Thomas Bewick and his Pupils*, *Four Frenchwomen*, a study on Charlotte Corday, the *Princesse de Lamballe*,

and *Mesdames Roland and de Genlis*, three series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, *Side-Walk Studies*, *De Libris*, *Old Kensington Palace*, *At Prior Park*, *Rosalba's Journal*, and *A Bookman's Budget*, besides editions of several standard works. His collected poems were published in one volume in 1897. He died on 2nd September, 1921.

Dobson was a pioneer in the resuscitation of various French forms of verse, such as the *rondeau* and *ballade*, and all his verses, whether in these or in native metres, are marked by gracefulness and ease. There is, of course, no great depth in his work, and he is chiefly admired by those who prefer verse to poetry. He had an unrivalled knowledge of the eighteenth century, and his prose volumes do not merely increase considerably our knowledge of that period but are as charming and entertaining as the authors of whom they treat.

[Alban Dobson, *Austin Dobson, Some Notes*]

The Poet and the Critics

If those who wield the Rod forget,
'Tis truly—*Quis custodiet?*

A certain Bard (as Bards will do)
Dressed up his Poems for Review
His Type was plain, his Title clear,
His Frontispiece by FOURDRINIER
Moreover, he had on the Back
A sort of sheepskin Zodiac,—

A Mask, a Harp, an Owl,—in fine,
 A neat and "classical" Design
 But the *in-Side*?—Well, good or bad,
 The Inside was the best he had
 Much Memory,—more Imitation,—
 Some Accidents of Inspiration,—
 Some Essays in that finer Fashion
 Where Fancy takes the place of Passion,—
 And some (of course) more roughly wrought
 To catch the Advocates of Thought

In the less-crowded Age of ANNE,
 Our Bard had been a favoured Man,
 Fortune, more chary with the Sickle,
 Had ranked him next to GARTH or 'TICKELL,—
 He might have even dared to hope
 A line's malignity from POPE!
 But now, when Folks are hard to please,
 And Poets are as thick as—Peas,
 'The Fates are not so prone to flatter,
 Unless, indeed, a Friend No Matter

The Book, then, had a minor Credit
 The Critics took, and doubtless read it
 Said A — *These little Songs display*
No lyric Gift but still a Ray,—
A Promise They will do no Harm
 'Twas kindly, if not *very* warm
 Said B — *The Author may, in time,*
Acquire the Rudiments of Rhyme
His efforts now are scarcely verse
 This, certainly, could not be worse

Sorely discomfited, our Bard
 Worked for another ten Years—hard
 Meanwhile the World, unmoved, went on,
 New Stars shot up, shone out, were gone;
 Before his second Volume came
 His Critics had forgot his Name
 And who, forsooth, is bound to know
 Each Laureate *in embryo*?
 They tried and tested him no less,
 'The pure Assayers of the Press
 Said A — *The Author, may in Time*

Or much what B had said of Rhyme.
 Then B — *These little Songs display* . .
 And so forth, in the sense of A
 Over the Bard I throw a veil.

There is no MORAL to this Tale

A Ballad of Prose and Rhyme

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
 In November fogs, in December snows,
 When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose,
 But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
 And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
 And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
 When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
 When the mind (like a beard) has a “ formal cut ”—
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose
 But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
 And the young year draws to the “ golden prime ”,
 And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
 In a changing quarrel of “ Ayes ” and “ Noes ”,
 In a starched procession of “ If ” and “ But ”,—
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose
 But whenever a soft glance softer grows
 And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
 And the secret is told “ that no one knows ”,—
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Envoy

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose,
 But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

A Gentleman of the Old School

He lived in that past Georgian day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "Time is Gold", and overlay
 With toil their pleasure,
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,—
Where, I forget,—the house is gone,
His Christian name, I think, was John,—
 His surname, Leisure

Reynolds has painted him,—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace
 Of trouble shaded,
The eyes are blue, the hair is dressed
In plainest way,—one hand is pressed
Deep in a flapped canary vest,
 With buds brocaded

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat
With silver buttons,—round his throat
A soft cravat,—in all you note
 An elder fashion,—
A strangeness, which, to us who shine
In shapely hats,—whose coats combine
All harmonies of hue and line,
 Inspires compassion

He lived so long ago, you see!
Men were untravelled then, but we,
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
 With careless parting,
He found it quite enough for him,
To smoke his pipe in "garden trim",
And watch, about the fish tank's brim,
 The swallows darting

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—
He liked the thrush that fed her young,—
He liked the drone of flies among
 His netted peaches,

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

He liked to watch the sunlight fall
 Athwart his ivied orchard wall;
 Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
 Beyond the beeches

His were the times of Paint and Patch,
 And yet no Ranelagh could match
 The sober doves that round his thatch
 Spread tails and sidled,
 He liked their ruffling, puffed content,
 For him their drowsy wheelings meant
 More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
 Or Belles that bridled

Not that, in truth, when life began
 He shunned the flutter of the fan,
 He too had maybe "pinked his man"
 In Beauty's quarrel,
 But now his "fervent youth" had flown
 Where lost things go, and he was grown
 As staid and slow-paced as his own
 Old hunter, Sorrel

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
 That no composer's score excelled
 The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
 Its jovial riot,
 But most his measured words of praise
 Caressed the angler's easy ways—
 His idly meditative days,—
 His rustic diet

Not that his "meditating" rose
 Beyond a sunny summer doze,
 He never troubled his repose
 With fruitless prying,
 But held, as law for high and low,
 What God withholds no man can know,
 And smiled away enquiry so,
 Without replying

We read,—alas, how much we read!—
 The jumbled strifes of creed and creed

With endless controversies feed
Our groaning tables;
His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's *Montagne*, *The Grave* of Blair,
A "Walton"—much the worse for wear,
And *Æsop's Fables*

One more—*The Bible* Not that he
Had searched its page as deep as we,
No sophistries could make him see
Its slender credit;
It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount—
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount",
And more, he read it

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
A red-checked lass who long was dead,
His ways were far too slow, he said,
To quite forget her,
And still when time had turned him grey,
The earliest hawthorn buds in May
Would find his lingering feet astray,
Where first he met her

"*In Cælo Quies*" heads the stone
On Leisure's grave,—now little known,
A tangle of wild-rose has grown
So thick across it,
'The "Benefactions" still declare
He left the clerk an elbow-chair,
And "12 pence Yearly to Prepare
A Christmas Posset"

Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you,
With too serene a conscience drew
Your easy breath, and slumbered through
The gravest issue,
But we, to whom our age allows
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
Look down upon your narrow house,
Old friend, and miss you!

Urceus Exit

I intended an Ode,
 And it turned to a Sonnet.
 It began *à la mode*,
 I intended an Ode,
 But Rose crossed the road
 In her latest new bonnet,
 I intended an Ode,
 And it turned to a Sonnet.

ANDREW LANG

(1844 - 1912)

ANDREW LANG, the son of the sheriff-clerk of Selkirkshire, was born at Selkirk on the 31st March, 1844. He was educated at Selkirk Grammar School, Edinburgh Academy, St Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford. He took a first class in *literæ humaniores* in 1868, and was elected to a fellowship at Merton in the same year, seven years later he vacated it by marrying, and settled down as a journalist in London. He was a man of astonishing versatility, and shone as poet, folk-lorist, historian, and scholar. He was also an enthusiastic angler, cricketer, and golfer. His volumes of verse include *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* (1872), *Ballades in Blue China* (1880), *Helen of Troy* (1882), a more ambitious and less successful effort, *Rhymes à la Mode* (1884), *Grass of Parnassus* (1888), and *Ban and Arrière Ban* (1894). He made valuable contributions to the literature of mythology in *Custom and Myth* (1884) and *Myth, Ritual*

and Religion (1887). In collaboration with Professor Butcher he translated the *Odyssey* (1879), with Ernest Myers and Walter Leaf the *Iliad* (1883), and he contributed three books to the Homeric controversy — *Homer and the Epic*, *Homer and his Age*, and *The World of Homer*. He was a firm believer in a personal Homer, and his wide knowledge gave him some advantage in his disputes with specialists who were deeper but narrower scholars. Some of his light journalistic essays were collected in *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886), *Books and Bookmen* (1886), and elsewhere. His *History of Scotland* (1900-1907) is a valuable piece of work, as are his biographies of Prince Charles Edward, Knox, Mackenzie, and Lockhart. In all his writings there is a wit and a lightness of touch, he might have gone far as a poet had he not dissipated his energies by polymathy. He died on 20th July, 1912.

The Odyssey

As one that for a weary space has lain
 Lulled by the song of Circe and her Wine
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
 Where that Ææcan isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
 And through the music of the languid hours,
 They hear like ocean on a western beach
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey

Ballade of the Book-hunter

In torrid heats of late July,
 In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
 He book-hunts, while the loungers fly,—
 He book-hunts, though December freeze,
 In breeches baggy at the knees,
 And heedless of the public jeers,
 For these, for these, he hoards his fees,—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs

No dismal stall escapes the eye,
 He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
 There soiled romanticists may lie,
 Or Restoration comedies,
 Each tract that flutters in the breeze
 For him is charged with hopes and fears,
 In mouldy novels fancy sees
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
 Sad eyes that heed not skies or trees,
 In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
 Whose motto evermore is *Spes!*

But ah! the fabled treasure flees,
 Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
 In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

Envoy

Prince, all the things that tease and please,—
 Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers and tears,
 What are they but such toys as these—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

Pen and Ink

Ye wanderers that were my sires,
 Who read men's fortunes in the hand,
 Who voyaged with your smithy fires
 From waste to waste across the land,
 Why did you leave for garth and town
 Your life by heath and river's brink,
 Why lay your gipsy freedom down
 And doom your child to Pen and Ink?

You wearied of the wild-wood meal
 That crowned, or failed to crown, the day,
 Too honest or too tame to steal,
 You broke into the beaten way
 Plied loom or awl like other men,
 And learned to love the guineas' chink—
 Oh, recreant sires, who doomed me then
 To earn so few—with Pen and Ink!

Where it hath fallen the tree must lie,
 'Tis over late for *me* to roam,
 Yet the caged bird who hears the cry
 Of his wild fellows fleeing home
 May feel no sharper pang than mine,
 Who seem to hear, whene'er I think,
 Spate in the stream, and wind in pine,
 Call me to quit dull Pen and Ink

For then the spirit wandering,
 That slept within the blood, awakes,

For then the summer and the spring
I fain would meet by streams and lakes;
But ah! my birthright long is sold,
But custom chains me, link on link,
And I must get me, as of old,
Back to my tools, to Pen and Ink

Romance

My Love dwelt in a Northern land
A grey tower in a forest green
Was hers, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,
And leagues and leagues of yellow sand,
'The woven forest boughs between'

And through the silver Northern night
'The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
Stole forth among the branches grey,
About the coming of the light
They fled like ghosts before the day'

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle grey,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day,
Above my Love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay'

Homeric Unity

The sacred keep of Ilion is rent
With trench and shaft, foiled waters wander slow
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went
To war with Gods and heroes long ago
Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low
In rich Mycenae, do the Fates relent
The bones of Agamemnon are a show,
And ruined is his royal monument
The dust and awful treasures of the Dead,
Hath Learning scattered wide, but vainly thee,

Homer, she meteth with her tool of lead,
 And strives to rend thy songs, too blind to see
 The crown that burns on thine immortal head
 Of indivisible supremacy!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849 – 1903)

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, the son of a bookseller, was born at Gloucester on 23rd August, 1849. He was educated at the Crypt School, Gloucester, under the poet T. E. Brown (q.v.). He developed symptoms of tuberculous disease when he was eleven years old, some years later one foot had to be amputated, and he saved the other by putting himself under the care of Lister at Edinburgh Infirmary, where he was a resident patient for almost two years (1873–1875). There he met R. L. Stevenson (q.v.), the two became and for long remained firm friends, and collaborated in four plays, *Deacon Brodie*, *Beau Austin*, *Admiral Guinea*, and *Macaire* (all printed between 1880 and 1885). These plays are all well written, but have enjoyed no more than a fair success on the stage. Henley followed the career of journalist in London for some years, and edited the magazines *London*, *Magazine of Art*, *Scots Observer* (later *National Observer*), and

last the *New Review* (1893–1897). His first book of poems, *A Book of Verse* (1888), contained his *In Hospital*, inspired by his own experiences, *The Song of the Sword* appeared in 1892, *Hawthorn and Lavender* in 1899, and *For England's Sake* in 1900. He did much editorial work on earlier writers, and wrote a sensible if slightly unsympathetic estimate of Burns as a poet and as a man for the *Centenary Burns*. He died on 11th June, 1903. As a critic, Henley was a virile and original iconoclast, though at times he championed the cause of unknown authors as vigorously as he denounced established reputations. As a poet he was sometimes rough and unmelodious, but has written a few poems which have secured him immortality, despite the violence of much of his work, and the ill-success of his rhymeless verse.

[L. C. Cornford, *William Ernest Henley*]

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

As Like the Woman as You can

- "As like the Woman as you can"—
(*Thus the New Adam was beguiled*)
"So shall you touch the Perfect Man"—
(*God in the Garden heard and smiled*)
"Your father perished with his day
A clot of passions fierce and blind,
He fought, he hacked, he crushed his way
Your muscles, Child, must be of mind
- "The Brute that lurks and irks within,
How, till you have him gagged and bound,
Escape the foulest form of Sin?"
(*God in the Garden laughed and frowned*),
"So vile, so rank, the bestial mood,
In which the race is bid to be,
It wrecks the Rarer Womanhood,
Live, therefore, you, for Purity!
- "Take for your mate no gallant croup,
No girl all grace and natural will
To work her mission were to stoop,
Maybe to lapse, from Well to Ill
Choose one of whom your grosser make"—
(*God in the Garden laughed outright*)—
"The true refining touch may take,
Till both attain to Life's last height

" There, equal, purged of soul and sense,
 Beneficent, high-thinking, just,
 Beyond the appeal of Violence,
 Incapable of common Lust,
 In mental Marriage still prevail "—
 (*God in the Garden hid His face*)—
 " 'Till you achieve that Female-Male
 In which shall culminate the race "

" England, my England "

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
 When shall he rejoice agen
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England —
 " Take and break us we are yours,
 England, my own!
 Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky,
 Death is death, but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

Or ever the Knightly Years were gone

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon,
And you were a Christian Slave

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his Slave.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
 For it tramples me again
 The old resentment lasts like death,
 For you love, yet you refrain
 I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
 And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
 The deed beyond the grave,
 When I was a King in Babylon
 And you were a Virgin Slave

ROBERT BRIDGES

(1844 - 1930)

ROBERT BRIDGES, the son of a Kentish squire, was born at Walmer, Kent, on 23rd October, 1844. He was educated at Eton, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took a second class in *literæ humaniores* in 1867. He then travelled widely in Egypt, Syria, and Germany, on his return he studied medicine at St Bartholomew's, London, where he became Casualty Physician, he was also Assistant Physician at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, and Physician at the G N Hospital. In 1882, after an illness, he retired to the manor-house of Yattendon in Berkshire, where he lived for twenty years. In 1906 he removed to Chilswell, near Oxford. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1913, and was awarded the Order of Merit in 1929. He died on 21st April, 1930. His writings include seven plays (*Nero*, *Palcio*, *The Return of Ulysses*, *The Christian Captives*, *Achilles in Scyros*, *The Humours of the Court*, and *The*

Feast of Bacchus), *The Growth of Love* (1876 and 1890), *Prometheus the Firegiver*, *Eros and Psyche*, *Demeter, a Masque*, *October and other Poems* (1920), *New Verse* (1925), and *The Testament of Beauty* (1929). He also wrote an important essay on Keats and a valuable treatise on the prosody of Milton. Dr Bridges was an expert prosodist, and had to face the prejudice which the British nation feels against an artist who works by any rule other than rule of thumb. He was a mild heretic on the question of spelling, and had a weakness for classical metres, which he used at times with success, but which are naturally alien to the genius of our tongue. He never ceased to experiment with new metrical forms, and the loose Alexandrines in which *The Testament of Beauty* is written are in his hands wonderfully effective and display the art which conceals art. This poem, published on his eighty-fifth birthday, is the best of his long poems, and demon-

strated that his mind, in which letters and science blended harmoniously, had lost none of its freshness. It is, however, by some of his shorter lyrics that Bridges won his greatest fame. He always had a lofty conception of the art of poetry, and did much by precept and example to raise the standard of poetry among his contemporaries. In all his work there is the quality of high seriousness, in *The Testa-*

ment of Beauty, though its form debars it from being among the great poems of the world and its austerity will probably prevent it from becoming widely popular, the nobility of thought places Bridges near the greatest and wisest of writers—not far from Plato, Lucretius, and Dante.

[F. Brett Young, *Robert Bridges: a Critical Study*, T. M. Kelshall, *Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate*]

I love all Beauteous Things

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them,
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making,
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking

On a Dead Child

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
'Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou,—alas! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy, to be
Thy father's pride,—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond,
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it
 But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff;
 Yet feels to my hand as if
 'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
 Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
 Propping thy wise, sad head,
 Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither hath he taken
 thee?
 To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
 The vision of which I miss,
 Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
 To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
 Unwilling, alone we embark,
 And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

Awake, my Heart

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
 The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
 It leaps in the sky unrisen lustres slake
 The o'ertaken moon Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee
 Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
 Already they watch the path thy feet shall take
 Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
 She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee
 For thee would unashamed herself forsake
 Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
 Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree
 And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake,
 Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved awake, awake!"

My Delight and Thy Delight

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher,

Thro' the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strewn,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
'Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day

So sweet Love seemed

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
 That love will change in growing old,
 Though day by day is nought to see,
 So delicate his motions be

And in the end 'twill come to pass
 Quite to forget what once he was,
 Nor even in fancy to recall
 The pleasure that was all in all

His little spring, that sweet we found,
 So deep in summer floods is drowned,
 I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
 How love so young could be so sweet

Nightingales

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
 Ye learn your song
 Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
 Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
 A throe of the heart,
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
 For all our art

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
 We pour our dark nocturnal secret, and then,
 As night is withdrawn
 From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
 Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
 Welcome the dawn

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING

(1857 - 1903)

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING, the son of a pharmaceutical chemist, was born at Wakefield on 22nd November, 1857. He was educated locally, at a Quaker boarding-school at Alderley Edge, and at Owens College, Manchester, which he left under a cloud, with no degree but with considerable attainments in classical scholarship. He went to America for a time, his occupations varying from teaching to gasfitting, in 1877 he returned to Europe and studied German metaphysics at Jena. For years he supported himself by teaching and writing under very adverse circumstances, continually suffering from poverty, and too proud of his art to earn a livelihood by journalism, as he undoubtedly could have done. His first novel, *Workers in the Dawn*, was published at his own expense in 1880. Lower middle class life, the monotony of the lives of workers and of the shabby genteel, the suffering of souls in sordid environment, were the subjects which Gissing depicted in his subsequent novels, *The Unclassed* (1884), *Demos* (1886), *Thyrza* (1887), *The Nether World* (1889), *New Grub Street* (1891), and *The Odd Women* (1893), all gloomy and joyless, but all poignantly realistic and inspired by a moral ideal. A brighter mood is revealed in *By the Ionian Sea*

(1901), which was inspired by an Italian tour upon which Mr H G Wells accompanied him, and in the semi-autobiographical *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903), which was named *An Author at Grass* when it appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. Gissing wrote in all over twenty novels as well as short stories, but his most notable volumes have been named above. An incomplete historical novel, *Veranilda*, dealing with the times of Theodoric the Goth, was posthumously published in 1904. Gissing was an enthusiastic and wise admirer of Dickens, his monograph on Dickens (1898) is an unpretentious but masterly study of a great novelist by an accomplished one. There is no better book on the subject.

Dickens and Meredith were Gissing's favourite novelists, and both influenced his work to some extent, but he was on the whole a highly original writer. His realistic work is also reminiscent of some of his French contemporaries. His novels are at once depressing and stimulating, he was master of a fine style, and there are indications that, if he had lived longer, he might have written a completely satisfactory masterpiece. He died on 28th December, 1903.

[F Swinnerton, *George Gissing*.]

From "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"

ENGLISH COOKERY

One has heard much condemnation of the English kitchen. Our typical cook is spoken of as a gross, unimaginative creature, capable only of roasting or seething. Our table is said to be such as would weary or revolt any but gobbet-bolting carnivores. We are told that our bread is the worst in Europe, an indigestible paste, that our vegetables are diet rather for the hungry animal than for discriminative man, that our warm beverages, called coffee and tea, are so carelessly or ignorantly brewed that they preserve no simple virtue of the drink as it is known in other lands. To be sure, there is no lack of evidence to explain such censure. The class which provides our servants is undeniably coarse and stupid, and its handiwork of every kind too often bears the native stamp. For all that, English victuals are, in quality, the best in the world, and English cookery is the wholesomest and the most appetizing known to any temperate clime.

As in so many other of our good points, we have achieved this thing unconsciously. Your ordinary Englishwoman engaged in cooking probably has no other thought than to make the food masticable, but reflect on the results, when the thing is well done, and there appears a culinary principle. Nothing could be simpler, yet nothing more right and reasonable. The aim of English cooking is so to deal with the raw material of man's nourishment as to bring out, for the healthy palate, all its natural juices and savours. And in this, when the cook has any measure of natural or acquired skill, we most notably succeed. Our beef is veritably beef, at its best, such beef as can be eaten in no other country under the sun, our mutton is mutton in its purest essence—think of a shoulder of South-down at the moment when the first jet of gravy starts under the carving knife! Each of our vegetables yields its separate and characteristic sweetness. It never occurs to us to disguise the genuine flavour of food, if such a process be necessary, then something is wrong with the food itself. Some wiseacre scoffed at us as the people with only one sauce. The fact is, we have as many sauces as we have kinds of meat, each, in the process of cookery, yields its native sap, and this is the best of all sauces conceivable. Only English folk know what is meant by *gravy*, consequently, the English alone are competent to speak on the question of sauce.

To be sure, this culinary principle presupposes food of the finest quality. If your beef and your mutton have flavours scarcely distinguishable, whilst both this and that might conceivably be veal, you will go to work in quite a different way, your object must then be to disguise, to

counterfeit, to add an alien relish—in short, to do anything *except* insist upon the natural quality of the viand. Happily, the English have never been driven to these expedients. Be it flesh, fowl, or fish, each comes to table so distinctly and eminently itself that by no possibility could it be confused with anything else. Give your average cook a bit of cod, and tell her to dress it in her own way. The good creature will carefully boil it, and there an end of the matter, and by no exercise of art could she have so treated the fish as to make more manifest and enjoyable that special savour which heaven has bestowed upon cod. Think of our array of joints, how royal is each in its own way, and how utterly unlike any of the others. Picture a boiled leg of mutton. It is mutton, yes, and mutton of the best, nature has bestowed upon man no sweeter morsel, but the same joint roasted is mutton too, and how divinely different! The point is that these differences are natural, that, in eliciting them, we obey the eternal law of things, and no human caprice. Your artificial relish is here not only needless, but offensive.

In the case of veal, we demand “stuffing.” Yes, for veal is a somewhat insipid meat, and by experience we have discovered the best method of throwing into relief such inherent goodness as it has. The stuffing does not disguise, nor seek to disguise, it accentuates. Good veal stuffing—reflect!—is in itself a triumph of culinary instinct, so bland it is, and yet so powerful upon the gastric juices.

Did I call veal insipid? I must add that it is only so in comparison with English beef and mutton. When I think of the “brown” on the edge of a really fine cut of veal——!

As so often when my thought has gone forth in praise of things English, I find myself tormented by an after-thought—the reflection that I have praised a time gone by. Now, in this matter of English meat. A newspaper tells me that English beef is non-existent, that the best meat bearing that name has merely been fed up in England for a short time before killing. Well, well, we can only be thankful that the quality is still so good. Real English mutton still exists, I suppose. It would surprise me if any other country could produce the shoulder I had yesterday.

Who knows? Perhaps even our own cookery has seen its best days. It is a lamentable fact that the multitude of English people nowadays never taste roasted meat, what they call by that name is baked in the oven—a totally different thing, though it may, I admit, be inferior only to the right roast. Oh, the sirloin of old times, the sirloin which I can remember, thirty or forty years ago! That was English, and no mistake, and all the history of civilization could show nothing on the table of mankind to equal it. To clap that joint into a steamy oven would have been a crime unpardonable by gods and man. Have I not with my own eyes seen it turning, turning on the spit? The scent it diffused was in itself a cure for dyspepsia.

It is very long since I tasted a slice of boiled beef; I have a suspicion that the thing is becoming rare. In a household such as mine, the "round" is impracticable, of necessity it must be large, altogether too large for our requirements. But what exquisite memories does my mind preserve! The very colouring of a round, how rich it is, yet how delicate, and how subtly varied! The odour is totally distinct from that of roast beef, and yet it is beef incontestable. Hot, of course with carrots, it is a dish for a king, but cold it is nobler. Oh, the thin broad slice, with just its fringe of consistent fat!

We are sparing of condiments, but such as we use are the best that man has invented. And we know *how* to use them. I have heard an impatient innovator scoff at the English law on the subject of mustard, and demand why, in the nature of things, mustard should not be eaten with mutton. The answer is very simple, this law has been made by the English palate—which is impeccable. I maintain it is impeccable: your educated Englishman is an infallible guide in all that relates to the table. "The man of superior intellect", said Tennyson—justifying his love of boiled beef and new potatoes—"knows what is good to eat", and I would extend it to all civilized natives of our country. We are content with nothing but the finest savours, the truest combinations, our wealth, and happy natural circumstances, have allowed us an education of the palate of which our natural aptitude was worthy. Think, by the by, of those new potatoes, just mentioned. Our cook, when dressing them, put into the saucepan a sprig of mint. This is genius. Not otherwise could the flavour of the vegetable be so perfectly, yet so delicately emphasized. The mint is there, and we know it, yet our palate knows only the young potato.

There is to me an odd pathos in the literature of vegetarianism. I remember the day when I read these periodicals and pamphlets with all the zest of hunger and poverty, vigorously seeking to persuade myself that flesh was an altogether superfluous, and even a repulsive, food. If ever such things fall under my eyes nowadays, I am touched with a half-humorous compassion for the people whose necessity, not their will, consents to this chemical view of diet. There comes before me a vision of certain vegetarian restaurants, where, at a minimum outlay, I have often enough made believe to satisfy my craving stomach, where I have swallowed "savory cutlet", "vegetable steak", and I know not what windy insufficiencies tricked up under specious names. One place do I recall where you had a complete dinner for sixpence—I dare not try to remember the items. But well indeed do I see the faces of the guests—poor clerks and shopboys, bloodless girls and women of many sorts—all endeavouring to find a relish in lentil soup and haricot something-or-other. It was a grotesquely heart-breaking sight.

I hate with a bitter hatred the names of lentils and haricots—those

pretentious cheats of the appetite, those tabulated humbugs, those certificated aridities calling themselves human food¹ An ounce of either, we are told, is equivalent to—how many pounds²—of the best rump-steak. There are not many ounces of common sense in the brain of him who proves it, or of him who believes it In some countries, this stuff is eaten by choice, in England only dire need can compel to its consumption Lentils and haricots are not merely insipid, frequent use of them causes something like nausea Preach and tabulate as you will, the English palate—which is the supreme judge—rejects this farinaceous makeshift Even as it rejects vegetables without the natural concomitant of meat, as it rejects oatmeal-porridge and griddle-cakes for a midday meal, as it rejects lemonade and ginger-ale offered as substitutes for honest beer

What is the intellectual and moral state of that man who really believes that chemical analysis can be an equivalent for natural gusto³ I will get more nourishment out of an inch of right Cambridge sausage, aye, out of a couple of ounces of honest tripe, than can be yielded me by half a hundredweight of the best lentils ever grown

HENRY JAMES

(1843 – 1916)

HENRY JAMES, the son of a writer on theological matters, was born at New York on 15th April, 1843 He was educated in a cosmopolitan but desultory fashion at New York, London, Paris, and Geneva, and at a most impressionable age was imbued with a love for Europe which almost amounted to a passion He attended the law-classes at Harvard, but devoted himself to literature rather than law In 1875 he finally settled in Europe, for a year he lived in Paris, from 1876 to 1898 he lived in London, and from 1898 onwards Lamb House, Rye, was his head-quarters His life, apart from the publication of his books, was uneventful In July, 1915, owing to his strong sympathy with the cause of the Allies in the European War,

he became naturalized as a British subject On 1st January, 1916, he was awarded the Order of Merit, but died a few weeks later, on 28th February James was a prolific author, writing in all some twenty novels, almost a hundred short stories, several volumes of sketches of travel and literary criticism, and a few quite unsuccessful plays. His principal novels are *Roderick Hudson* (1876), the book which first made him widely known, *The American* (1877), *Daisy Miller* (1879), *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881), *The Tragic Muse* (1890), *The Spoils of Poynton* (1897), *What Maisie Knew* (1897), *The Awkward Age* (1899), *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), *The Ambassadors* (1903), and *The Golden Bowl* (1904)

The novel has without doubt

advanced far since Johnson defined it as "a small tale generally of love", and in some respects James's novels mark the limit of this advance. It should always be remembered that James's father was a Swedenborgian controversialist and his elder brother William the celebrated philosopher who originated pragmatism. He was an acute and untiring psychologist who carried the analytical novel as far as it could decently go, perhaps somewhat farther. His earlier novels suffer from thinness, and all of them suffer from a lack of action and a plethora of casuistry. Many of his novels and short stories turn on the contrast between Americans visiting Europe and the natives of the countries they are visiting.

James was a literary artist and was master of a finished and delicate style, but his thought is often perplexing and expressed too allusively. He had not the cleverness which conceals cleverness. His work has not in it the qualities which gain widespread popularity, but has been widely admired by those who are interested in psychology and by novelists especially. The prefaces which he wrote for the collected edition of his novels and tales (1907 onwards) throw valuable light not only on his own writings but on the craft of fiction in general.

[E. L. Cary, *The Novels of Henry James*, H. F. M. Hueffer, *Henry James, a Critical Study*, Rebecca West, *Henry James*, Pelham Edgar, *Henry James Man and Author*]

From "Four Meetings"

My sister, as it proved, was not sufficiently restored to leave Havre by the afternoon train, so that, as the autumn dusk began to fall, I found myself at liberty to call at the sign of the Fair Norman. I must confess that I had spent much of the interval in wondering what the disagreeable thing was that my charming friend's disagreeable cousin had been telling her. The "Belle Normande" was a modest inn in a shady by-street, where it gave me satisfaction to think Miss Spencer must have encountered local colour in abundance. There was a crooked little court, where much of the hospitality of the house was carried on, there was a staircase climbing to bed-rooms on the outer side of the wall, there was a small trickling fountain with a stucco statuette in the midst of it, there was a little boy in a white cap and apron cleaning copper vessels at a conspicuous kitchen door, there was a chattering landlady, neatly laced, arranging apricots and grapes into an artistic pyramid upon a pink plate. I looked about, and on a green bench outside of an open door labelled *Salle à Manger*, I perceived Caroline Spencer. No sooner had I looked at her than I saw something had happened since the morning. She was leaning back on her bench, her hands were clasped in her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon the landlady, at the other side of the court, manipulating her apricots.

But I saw that she was not thinking of apricots. She was staring absently, thoughtfully; as I came near her I perceived that she had been crying. I sat down on the bench beside her before she saw me, then, when she had done so, she simply turned round, without surprise, and rested her sad eyes upon me. Something very bad indeed had happened, she was completely changed.

I immediately charged her with it. "Your cousin has been giving you bad news, you are in great distress."

For a moment she said nothing, and I supposed that she was afraid to speak, lest her tears should come back. But presently I perceived that in the short time that had elapsed since my leaving her in the morning she had shed them all, and that she was now softly stoical—intensely composed.

"My poor cousin is in distress," she said at last. "His news was bad." Then, after a brief hesitation—"He was in terrible want of money."

"In want of yours, you mean?"

"Of any that he could get—honestly. Mine was the only money."

"And he has taken yours?"

She hesitated again a moment, but her glance, meanwhile, was pleading. "I gave him what I had."

I have always remembered the accent of those words as the most angelic bit of human utterance I had ever listened to, but then, almost with a sense of personal outrage, I jumped up. "Good heavens!" I said, "do you call that getting it honestly?"

I had gone too far, she blushed deeply. "We will not speak of it," she said.

"We *must* speak of it," I answered, sitting down again. "I am your friend, it seems to me you need one. What is the matter with your cousin?"

"He is in debt."

"No doubt! But what is the special fitness of your paying his debts?"

"He has told me all his story, I am very sorry for him."

"So am I! But I hope he will give you back your money."

"Certainly he will, as soon as he can."

"When will that be?"

"When he has finished his great picture."

"My dear young lady, confound his great picture! Where is this desperate cousin?"

She certainly hesitated now. Then—"At his dinner," she answered.

I turned about and looked through the open door into the *salle à manger*. There, alone at the end of a long table, I perceived the object of Miss Spencer's compassion—the bright young art-student. He was dining

too attentively to notice me at first; but in the act of setting down a well-emptied wine-glass he caught sight of my observant attitude. He paused in his repast, and, with his head on one side and his meagre jaws slowly moving, fixedly returned my gaze. Then the landlady came lightly brushing by with her pyramid of apricots.

"And that nice little plate of fruit is for him?" I exclaimed.

Miss Spencer glanced at it tenderly. "They do that so prettily!" she murmured.

I felt helpless and irritated. "Come now, really," I said, "Do you approve of that long strong fellow accepting your funds?" She looked away from me, I was evidently giving her pain. The case was hopeless, the long strong fellow had "interested" her.

"Excuse me if I speak of him so unceremoniously," I said. "But you are really too generous, and he is not quite delicate enough. He made his debts himself—he ought to pay them himself."

"He has been foolish," she answered, "I know that. He has told me everything. We had a long talk this morning, the poor fellow threw himself upon my charity. He has signed notes to a large amount."

"The more fool he!"

"He is in extreme distress, and it is not only himself. It is his poor wife."

"Ah, he has a poor wife?"

"I didn't know it—but he confessed everything. He married two years since, secretly."

"Why secretly?"

Caroline Spencer glanced about her, as if she feared listeners. Then softly, in a little impressive tone—"She was a Countess!"

"Are you very sure of that?"

"She has written me a most beautiful letter."

"Asking for money, eh?"

"Asking me for confidence and sympathy," said Miss Spencer. "She has been disinherited by her father. My cousin told me the story and she tells it in her own way, in the letter. It is like an old romance. Her father opposed the marriage, and when he discovered that she had secretly disobeyed him he cruelly cast her off. It is really most romantic. They are the oldest family in Provence."

I looked and listened, in wonder. It really seemed that the poor woman was enjoying the "romance" of having a discarded Countess-cousin, out of Provence, so deeply as almost to lose the sense of what the forfeiture of her money meant for her.

"My dear young lady," I said, "you don't want to be ruined for picturesqueness' sake?"

"I shall not be ruined. I shall come back before long to stay with them. The Countess insists upon that."

"Come back! You are going home, then?"

She sat for a moment with her eyes lowered, then with an heroic suppression of a faint tremor of the voice—"I have no money for travelling!" she answered

"You gave it *all* up?"

"I have kept enough to take me home"

I gave an angry groan, and at this juncture Miss Spencer's cousin, the fortunate possessor of her sacred savings and of the hand of the Provençal Countess, emerged from the little dining-room. He stood on the threshold for an instant, removing the stone from a plump apricot which he had brought away from the table, then he put the apricot into his mouth, and while he let it sojourn there, gratefully, stood looking at us, with his long legs apart and his hands dropped into the pockets of his velvet jacket. My companion got up, giving him a thin glance which I caught in its passage, and which expressed a strange commixture of resignation and fascination—a sort of perverted exaltation. Ugly, vulgar, pretentious, dishonest as I thought the creature, he had appealed successfully to her eager and tender imagination. I was deeply disgusted, but I had no warrant to interfere, and at any rate I felt that it would be vain.

The young man waved his hand with a pictorial gesture. "Nice old court," he observed. "Nice mellow old place. Good tone in that brick. Nice crooked old stair-case."

Decidedly, I couldn't stand it, without responding I gave my hand to Caroline Spencer. She looked at me an instant with her little white face and expanded eyes, and as she showed her pretty teeth I suppose she meant to smile.

"Don't be sorry for me," she said, "I am very sure I shall see something of this dear old Europe yet."

I told her that I would not bid her good-bye—I should find a moment to come back the next morning. Her cousin, who had put on his sombrero again, flourished it off at me by way of a bow—upon which I took my departure.

The next morning I came back to the inn, where I met in the court the landlady, more loosely laced than in the evening. On my asking for Miss Spencer—"Partie, monsieur," said the hostess. "She went away last night at ten o'clock, with her—her—not her husband, eh?—in fine her *Monsieur*. They went down to the American ship." I turned away; the poor girl had been about thirteen hours in Europe.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

(1835 - 1910)

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, better known by his pseudonym "Mark Twain", was born at Florida, Missouri, on 30th November, 1835. His father, who died in 1848, was a storekeeper and lawyer. He had practically no formal education, for some time he worked as a compositor in Philadelphia and New York, and then in 1855 learned the business of pilot on the Mississippi (His pen-name is derived from a call used by river-pilots when taking soundings). Thence he went to the Nevada mines, became in 1862 local editor of a newspaper in Virginia City, went to San Francisco, was for some time a reporter, and worked in the Calaveras gold-diggings. In 1866 he went to the Sandwich Islands, and on his return commenced his lecturing career. He edited for a time a paper in Buffalo, and finally married and settled in Hartford, Conn. He died of angina pectoris on 21st April, 1910. His chief books are: *The Jumping Frog*, &c (1867), *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), *Roughing it* (1872), *Tom Sawyer*

(1875), *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882), *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), *Huckleberry Finn* (1885), *The American Claimant* (1892), *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), *The Man that corrupted Hadleyburg* (1900), and *Christian Science* (1907). Mark Twain ranks as the first of American humorists, though his humour is sometimes mechanical, it is based upon a thorough knowledge of humanity, and springs from a kind and sympathetic heart, where the complementary quality of pity was allowed to grow. In the opinion of many *Tom Sawyer* is his best book, in the opinion of the present writer it is surpassed by its sequel *Huckleberry Finn*, which has been called, with pardonable hyperbole, "the Odyssey of the Mississippi." Some of Clemens' later books, were, like Scott's, written to pay off the debts incurred by the failure of a publishing firm.

[A Henderson, *Mark Twain*, W D Howells, *My Mark Twain*, Van Wyck Brooks, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, A B Paine, *A Short Life of Mark Twain*]

From "Huckleberry Finn"

About twelve o'clock we turned out and went along up the bank. The river was coming up pretty fast, and lots of driftwood going by on the rise. By-and-by, along comes part of a log raft—nine logs fast together. We went out with the skiff and towed it ashore. Then we had dinner. Anybody but pap would a waited and seen the day through, so as to catch more stuff, but that warn't pap's style. Nine logs was enough for one time, he must shove right over to town and sell. So he locked me

in and took the skiff and started off towing the raft about half-past three. I judged he wouldn't come back that night. I waited till I reckoned he had got a good start, then I out with my saw and went to work on that log again. Before he was t'other side of the river I was out of the hole, him and his raft was just a speck on the water away off yonder.

I took the sack of corn meal and took it to where the canoe was hid, and shoved the vines and branches apart and put it in, then I done the same with the side of bacon, then the whisky jug, I took all the coffee and sugar there was, and all the ammunition, I took the wadding; I took the bucket and gourd, I took the dipper and a tin cup, and my old saw and two blankets, and the skillet and the coffee-pot. I took fish-lines and matches, and other things—everything that was worth a cent. I cleaned out the place. I wanted an axe, but there wasn't any, only the one out at the wood pile, and I knowed why I was going to leave that. I fetched out the gun, and now I was done.

I had wore the ground a good deal, crawling out of the hole and dragging out so many things. So I fixed that as good as I could from the outside by scattering dust on the place, which covered up the smoothness and the sawdust. Then I fixed the piece of log back into its place, and put two rocks under it and one against it to hold it there,—for it was bent up at that place, and didn't quite touch ground. If you stood four or five foot away and didn't know it was sawed, you wouldn't ever notice it, and besides, this was the back of the cabin, and it warn't likely anybody would go fooling around there.

It was all grass clear to the canoe, so I hadn't left a track. I followed around to see. I stood on the bank and looked out over the river. All safe. So I took the gun and went up a piece into the woods and was hunting around for some birds, when I see a wild pig, hogs soon went wild in them bottoms after they had got away from the prairie farms. I shot this fellow and took him into camp.

I took the axe and smashed in the door. I beat it and hacked it considerably, a-doing it. I fetched the pig in and took him back nearly to the table and hacked into his throat with the axe, and laid him down on the ground to bleed—I say ground, because it *was* ground—hard packed, and no boards. Well, next I took an old sack and put a lot of big rocks in it,—all I could drag—and I started it from the pig and dragged it to the door and through the woods down to the river and dumped it in, and down it sunk, out of sight. You could easy see that something had been dragged over the ground. I did wish Tom Sawyer was there, I knowed he would take an interest in this kind of business, and throw in the fancy touches. Nobody could spread himself like Tom Sawyer in such a thing as that.

Well, last I pulled out some of my hair, and bloodied the axe good, and stuck it on the back side, and slung the axe in the corner. Then I

took up the pig and held him to my breast with my jacket (so he couldn't drip) till I got a good piece below the house and then dumped him into the river. Now I thought of something else. So I went out and got the bag of meal and my old saw out of the canoe and fetched them to the house. I took the bag to where it used to stand, and ripped a hole in the bottom of it with the saw, for there warn't no knives and forks in the place—pap done everything with his clasp-knife, about the cooking. Then I carried the sack about a hundred yards across the grass and through the willows east of the house, to a shallow lake that was five miles wide and full of rushes,—and ducks too, you might say, in the season. There was a slough or a creek leading out of it on the other side, that went miles away, I don't know where, but it didn't go to the river. The meal sifted out and made a little track all the way to the lake. I dropped pap's whetstone there too, so as to look like it had been done by accident. Then I tied up the rip in the meal sack with a string, so it wouldn't leak no more, and took it and my saw to the canoe again.

It was about dark, now, so I dropped the canoe down the river under some willows that hung over the bank, and waited for the moon to rise. I made fast to a willow, then I took a bite to eat, and by-and-by laid down in the canoe to smoke a pipe and lay out a plan. I says to myself, they'll follow the track of that sackful of rocks to the shore and then drag the river for me. And they'll follow that meal track to the lake and go browsing down the creek that leads out of it to find the robbers that killed me and took the things. They won't ever hunt the river for anything but my dead carcass. They'll soon get tired of that, and won't bother no more about me. All right, I can stop anywhere I want to. Jackson's Island is good enough for me, I know that island pretty well, and nobody ever comes there. And then I can paddle over to town, nights, and slink around and pick up things I want. Jackson's Island's the place.

I was pretty tired, and the first thing I knowed, I was asleep. When I woke up I didn't know where I was for a minute. I set up and looked around, a little scared. Then I remembered. The river looked miles and miles across. The moon was so bright I could a counted the drift logs that went a slipping along, black and still, hundreds of yards out from shore. Everything was dead quiet, and it looked late, and *smelt* late. You know what I mean—I don't know the words to put it in.

I took a good gap and a stretch, and was just going to unhitch and start, when I heard a sound away over the water. I listened. Pretty soon I made it out. It was that dull kind of regular sound that comes from oars working in rowlocks when it's a still night. I peeped out through the willow branches, and there it was—a skiff, away across the water. I couldn't tell how many was in it. It kept a-coming, and when it was abreast of me I see there warn't but one man in it. 'Thinks I, maybe it's pap, though I warn't expecting him. He dropped below me, with the

current, and by-and-by he come a-swinging up shore in the easy water, and he went by so close I could a reached out the gun and touched him. Well, it *was* pap, sure enough,—and sober, too, by the way he laid to his oars

I didn't lose no time The next minute I was a-spinning down stream soft but quick in the shade of the bank I made two mile and a half, and then struck out a quarter of a mile or more towards the middle of the river, because pretty soon I would be passing the ferry landing and people might see me and hail me I got out amongst the drift-wood and then laid down in the bottom of the canoc and let her float I laid there and had a good rest and a smoke out of my pipe, looking away into the sky, not a cloud in it The sky looks ever so deep when you lay down on your back in the moonshine; I never knowed it before And how far a body can hear on the water on such nights! I heard people talking at the ferry landing I heard what they said, too, every word of it One man said it was getting towards the long days and the short nights, now T'other one said *this* warn't one of the short ones, he reckoned—and then they laughed, and he said it over again, and they laughed again, then they waked up another fellow and told him, and laughed, but he didn't laugh, he ripped out something brisk and said let him alone The first fellow said he 'lowed to tell it to his old woman—she would think it was pretty good, but he said that warn't nothing to some things he had said in his time I heard one man say it was nearly three o'clock, and he hoped daylight wouldn't wait more than about a week longer After that, the talk got further and further away, and I couldn't make out the words any more, but I could hear the mumble, and now and then a laugh, too, but it seemed a long ways off

I was away below the ferry now I rose up and there was Jackson's Island, about two mile and a half down stream, heavy-timbered and standing up out of the middle of the river, big and dark and solid, like a steamboat without any lights There warn't any signs of the bar at the head—it was all under water now

It didn't take me long to get there I shot past the head at a ripping rate, the current was so swift, and then I got into the dead water and landed on the side towards the Illinois shore I run the canoe into a deep dent in the bank that I knowed about, I had to part the willow branches to get in, and when I made fast nobody could a seen the canoe from the outside

I went up and set down on a log at the head of the island and looked out on the big river and the black driftwood, and away over on to the town, three mile away, where there was three or four lights twinkling A monstrous big lumber raft was about a mile up stream, coming along down with a lantern in the middle of it I watched it come creeping down, and when it was most abreast of where I stood I heard a man say, "Stern

oars, there! heave her head to starboard!" I heard that just as plain as if the man was by my side.

There was a little gray in the sky, now, so I stepped into the woods and laid down for a nap before breakfast.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850 - 1894)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, on 13th November, 1850. He was christened "Robert Lewis Balfour", but at the age of about eighteen he dropped the use of "Balfour" and changed the spelling though not the pronunciation of "Lewis". His grandfather was Robert Stevenson (1772-1850), engineer to the Scottish Lighthouse Board, who designed and constructed no fewer than twenty lighthouses, including the famous Bell Rock tower. His father, Thomas Stevenson (1818-1887), was also a celebrated engineer, as were his uncles Alan (1807-1865) and David (1815-1886). Robert Louis Stevenson was an only child, and from his earliest days was feeble and sickly. When eight years old, he almost died of gastric fever. He suffered from bronchial trouble, and was in addition very highly strung. His health interfered with his education to a great extent, but he attended Edinburgh Academy fitfully for some time, and went to several private schools, as well as having tutors. It is impossible here to give a detailed account of his juvenile travels, much less of those of his maturity. They were almost all undertaken in

pursuit of health, which he never found. In 1867 he matriculated at Edinburgh University, and attended engineering classes. It was taken for granted that he would enter the family profession, and he spent part of his summer vacations in superintending certain engineering works. His heart was not in this work, and it was too much for him physically, so in 1871 he began to read for the Bar, intending, however, to adopt literature as a profession. He was called to the Bar in 1875, but never practised. Meanwhile he was serving a strenuous apprenticeship to literature. He had dictated a *History of Moses* at the age of six, and published a pamphlet on *The Pentland Rising of 1666* before he was sixteen. He was an exacting self-critic, and destroyed many of his youthful productions. In 1878 his first book appeared, *An Inland Voyage*, an account of a canoe tour in Belgium and France; *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* appeared in 1879. Stevenson also began to contribute to various periodicals, such as the *Cornhill* and *Temple Bar*. Some of his contributions were subsequently published in book form as *Virginibus Puerisque* and *Familiar Studies of Men and*

and we had not been long at this when my lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share, not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another, yet from the influence of custom, and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters, and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the Master anyway affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely, and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practised one of his transitions, and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued "it is a very strange thing how, even in so small matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'hébété qui me fait rager*, it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Square-toes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperilled, but the dreariness of a game with you I positively lack language to depict."

Mr Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play, but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the Master. "*Quel lourdeau!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdeau*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole—a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness, any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy, such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you—and besides, Square-toes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn) "it is one of my diversions in this very dreary spot to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognise in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me—nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think,—who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the Master in the mouth.

The Master sprang to his feet like one transfigured; I had never seen the man so beautiful "A blow!" he cried "I would not take a blow from God Almighty!"

"Lower your voice," said Mr Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The Master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother "Do you know what this means?" said he

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr Henry

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the Master

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr Henry, and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked These he presented to the Master by the points "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr Henry, "I think it very needful"

"You need insult me no more," said the Master, taking one of the swords at random "I have hated you all my life"

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr Henry "We must go somewhere forth of the house"

"There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery," said the Master

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner that he had shown throughout

"It is what I will prevent," said I

And now here is a blot upon my life At these words of mine the Master turned his blade against my bosom, I saw the light run along the steel, and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor "No, no," I cried, like a baby

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the Master "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house"

"We must have light," said Mr Henry, as though there had been no interruption

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the Master

To my shame be it said, I was still so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," says the Master, mocking me "There is no breath of air Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before I am close behind with this,"—making the blade glitter as he spoke

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall, but a coward is a slave at the best, and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth It was as he had said there was no breath stirring, a windless stricture of frost had bound the air, and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was

like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water, I shook as I went with more than terror, but my companions, bare-headed like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the Master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bid me, and presently the flames went up, as steady as in a chamber, in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the Master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the Master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil, you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father—your wife—who is in love with me, as you very well know—your child even, who prefers me to yourself—how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile, then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, my head, besides, was gone with cold and fear and horror, but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till of a sudden the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath, and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground, but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in, but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes, the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr Henry!" said I "He is dead"

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly, and then with a rising tone, "Dead, dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

From "Weir of Hermiston"

KIRSTIE

Kirstie was now over fifty, and might have sat to a sculptor. Long of limb, and still light of foot, deep-breasted, robust-loined, her golden hair not yet mingled with any trace of silver, the years had but caressed and embellished her. By the lines of a rich and vigorous maternity, she seemed destined to be the bride of heroes and the mother of their children, and behold, by the iniquity of fate, she had passed through her youth alone, and drew near to the confines of age, a childless woman. The tender ambitions that she had received at birth had been, by time and disappointment, diverted into a certain barren zeal of industry and fury of interference. She carried her thwarted ardours into housework, she washed floors with her empty heart. If she could not win the love of one with love, she must dominate all by her temper. Hasty, wordy, and wrathful, she had a drawn quarrel with most of her neighbours, and with the others not much more than armed neutrality. The grievance's wife had been "sneisty", the sister of the gardener who kept house for him had shown herself "upsitten", and she wrote to Lord Hermiston about once a year demanding the discharge of the offenders, and justifying the demand by much wealth of detail. For it must not be supposed that the quarrel rested with the wife and did not take in the husband also—or with the gardener's sister, and did not speedily include the gardener himself. As the upshot of all this petty quarrelling and intemperate speech, she was practically excluded (like a lightkeeper on his tower) from the comforts of human association, except with her own indoor drudge, who, being but a lassie and entirely at her mercy, must submit to the shifty weather of "the mistress's" moods without complaint, and be willing to take buffets or caresses according to the temper of the hour. To Kirstie, thus situate and in the Indian summer of her heart, which was slow to submit to age, the gods sent this equivocal good thing of Archie's presence. She had known him in the cradle and paddled him when he

misbehaved, and yet, as she had not so much as set eyes on him since he was eleven and had his last serious illness, the tall, slender, refined, and rather melancholy young gentleman of twenty came upon her with the shock of a new acquaintance. He was "Young Hermiston", "the laird himself"—he had an air of distinctive superiority, a cold straight glance of his black eyes, that abashed the woman's tantrums in the beginning, and therefore the possibility of any quarrel was excluded. He was new, and therefore immediately aroused her curiosity, he was reticent, and kept it awake. And lastly he was dark and she fair, and he was male and she female, the everlasting fountains of interest.

Her feeling partook of the loyalty of a clanswoman, the hero-worship of a maiden aunt, and the idolatry due to a god. No matter what he had asked of her, ridiculous or tragic, she would have done it and joyed to do it. Her passion, for it was nothing less, entirely filled her. It was a rich physical pleasure to make his bed or light his lamp for him when he was absent, to pull off his wet boots or wait on him at dinner when he returned. A young man who should have so doted on the idea, moral and physical, of any woman, might be properly described as being in love, head and heels, and would have behaved himself accordingly. But Kirstie—though her heart leaped at his coming footsteps—though, when he patted her shoulder, her face brightened for the day—had not a hope or thought beyond the present moment and its perpetuation to the end of time. Till the end of time she would have had nothing altered, but still continue delightedly to serve her idol, and be repaid (say twice in the month) with a clap on the shoulder.

I have said her heart leaped—it is the accepted phrase. But rather, when she was alone in any chamber of the house, and heard his foot passing on the corridors, something in her bosom rose slowly until her breath was suspended, and as slowly fell again with a deep sigh, when the steps had passed and she was disappointed of her eyes' desire. This perpetual hunger and thirst of his presence kept her all day on the alert. When he went forth at morning, she would stand and follow him with admiring looks. As it grew late and drew to the time of his return, she would steal forth to a corner of the policy wall and be seen standing there sometimes by the hour together, gazing with shaded eyes, waiting the exquisite and barren pleasure of his view a mile off on the mountains. When at night she had trimmed and gathered the fire, turned down his bed, and laid out his night-gear—when there was no more to be done for the king's pleasure, but to remember him fervently in her usually very tepid prayers, and go to bed brooding upon his perfections, his future career, and what she should give him the next day for dinner—there still remained before her one more opportunity, she was still to take in the tray and say good-night. Sometimes Archie would glance up from his book with a preoccupied nod and a perfunctory salutation which was in

truth a dismissal; sometimes—and by degrees more often—the volume would be laid aside, he would meet her coming with a look of relief, and the conversation would be engaged, last out the supper, and be prolonged till the small hours by the waning fire. It was no wonder that Archie was fond of company after his solitary days; and Kirstie, upon her side, exerted all the arts of her vigorous nature to ensnare his attention. She would keep back some piece of news during dinner to be fired off with the entrance of the supper tray and form as it were the *lever de rideau* of the evening's entertainment. Once he had heard her tongue wag, she made sure of the result. From one subject to another she moved by insidious transitions, fearing the least silence, fearing almost to give him time for an answer lest it should slip into a hint of separation. Like so many people of her class, she was a brave narrator, her place was on the hearth-rug and she made it a rostrum, miming her stories as she told them, fitting them with vital detail, spinning them out with endless "quo' he's" and "quo' she's", her voice sinking into a whisper over the supernatural or the horrific, until she would suddenly spring up in affected surprise, and pointing to the clock, "Mercy, Mr Archie!" she would say, "whatten a time o' night is this of it! God forgive me for a daft wife!" So it befell, by good management, that she was not only the first to begin these nocturnal conversations, but invariably the first to break them off, so she managed to retire and not to be dismissed.

From "Virginibus Puerisque"

FROM "WALKING TOURS"

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march, the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog, at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious, words take a new meaning, single sentences possess the ear for half-an-hour together, and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favour. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the new *Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like

Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey, so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought, and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night beside the fire, with folded hands, and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek, and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken

with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco-pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content, when suddenly the mood changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply, but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite

I will make you Brooches

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will,

This be the verse you grave for me
*Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill*

III

The Deek and the Huntkeeper

Once upon a time the deek stayed at an inn, where no one knew him, for they were people whose education had been neglected. He was ^{kept} ^{body} ^{by} ~~not~~ in his chief, and for a long time, every ~~one~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ the same. But at last the innkeeper, ~~beginning to grow~~ ~~that~~ ~~there was something in~~, set a watch upon the deek and told him in the first

The innkeeper got a rope's end

"Now I am going to thrash you," said the innkeeper

"You be no right to be angry with me," said the deek "I am only the deek, and it is my nature to do wrong."

"Is that so?" said the innkeeper

"Fact," answer you" said the deek

"You really cannot escape doing ill," asked the innkeeper

"Not on the smallest," said the deek, "it would be useless cruelty to thrash a thing like me."

"It would indeed," said the innkeeper

and he made a severe and hungry the deek

"Here," said the innkeeper

JOHN DAVIDSON

(1857 - 1909)

JOHN DAVIDSON, the son of a minister of the Evangelical Union, was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, on 11th April, 1857. He was educated at the Highlanders' Academy, Greenock, as pupil and as pupil teacher, and at Edinburgh University, and between 1877 and 1889 taught at various schools in Glasgow, Perth, Paisley, and Greenock. In 1889 he abandoned teaching and went to London to embark on a literary career. He was a prolific writer of novels, plays, and poems, and without much delay won a considerable reputation as man-of-letters and poet. He was, however, in embarrassed circumstances, which were not greatly alleviated by the award of a civil list pension in 1906, and on 23rd March, 1909, he disappeared from Penzance, the circumstances suggesting that he had drowned himself. His body was only recovered six months later. Davidson's *Bruce*, a chronicle-play, appeared in 1886, and was

followed by *Smith* (1888), *A Romantic Farce* (1889), and *Scaramouch in Naxos* (1889). His first volume of verse, *In a Music Hall and other Poems*, appeared in 1891. His other works include *Fleet Street Eclogues* (1893), *Ballads and Songs* (1894), *New Ballads* (1897), *The Testament of a Vivisector* (1901), *The Testament of a Man Forbid* (1901), *The Testament of an Empire Builder* (1902), *Holiday and other Poems* (1906), *Mammon and his Message* (1908), and *The Testament of John Davidson* (1908). Davidson was a considerable but very unequal poet, and much of his work is marred by bathetic lines or phrases. Much of it is too frankly didactic, especially when it expounds the unexhilarating philosophy of Schopenhauer. But Davidson has his moments of inspiration, when he sings and does not philosophize, in these moments he rises to high poetry.

A Ballad of Heaven

He wrought at one great work for years,
 The world passed by with lofty look
 Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears,
 Sometimes his lips with laughter shook

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
 And in a windy garret starved,
 He trod his measures on the flags,
 And high in heaven his music carved

JOHN DAVIDSON

Wistful he grew, but never feared;
 For always on the midnight skies
 His rich orchestral score appeared
 In stars and zones and galaxies.

He thought to copy down his score,
 The moonlight was his lamp, he said,
 "Listen, my love," but on the floor
 His wife and child were lying dead

Her hollow eyes were open wide,
 He deemed she heard with special zest:
 Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
 The desert of her shrunken breast

"Listen, my love my work is done,
 I tremble as I touch the page
 To sign the sentence of the sun,
 And crown the great eternal age

"The slow *adagio* begins;
 The winding-sheets are ravelled out
 That swathe the minds of men, the sins
 That wrap their rotting souls about

"The dead are heralded along
 With silver trumps and golden drums,
 And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
 My brave *andante* singing comes

"Then like a python's sumptuous dress
 The frame of things is cast away,
 And out of Time's obscure distress,
 The thundering *scherzo* crashes Day

"For three great orchestras I hope
 My mighty music shall be scored
 On three high hills they shall have scope
 With heaven's vault for a sounding-board.

"Sleep well, love, let your eyelids fall,
 Cover the child, good-night, and if
 What? Speak the traitorous end of all
 Both cold and hungry cold and stuff!

“ But no, God means us well, I trust:
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh
We are too young to fall to dust,
And too unsatisfied to die ”

He lifted up against his breast
The woman's body, stark and wan;
And to her withered bosom pressed
The little skin-clad skeleton

“ You see you are alive,” he cried
He rocked them gently to and fro
“ No, no, my love, you have not died,
Nor you, my little fellow, no ”

Long in his arms he strained his dead,
And crooned an antique lullaby,
Then laid them on the lowly bed,
And broke down with a doleful cry

“ The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,
Of her and me, the budding life,
And my great music—all in vain!
My unscored work, my child, my wife!

“ We drop into oblivion,
And nourish some suburban sod,
My work, this woman, this my son
Are now no more there is no God

“ The world's a dustbin, we are due,
And death's cart waits be life accurst ”
He stumbled down beside the two,
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven's gate,
Abashed and trembling for his sin
I trow he had not long to wait,
For God came out and led him in

And then there ran a radiant pair,
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed,
To meet him first upon the stair—
His wife and child beatified.

JOHN DAVIDSON

They clad him in a robe of light,
 And gave him heavenly food to eat;
 Great Seraphs praised him to the height,
 Archangels sat about his feet

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
 And led him to the brink of heaven,
 He saw where systems whirling stand,
 Where galaxies like snow are driven

Dead silence reigned, a shudder ran
 Through space, Time furled his wearied wings,
 A slow *adagio* then began,
 Sweetly resolving troubled things

The dead were heralded along
 As if with drums and trumps of flame,
 And flutes and oboes keen and strong,
 A brave *andante* singing came

Then like a python's sumptuous dress,
 The frame of things was cast away,
 And out of Time's obscure distress,
 The conquering *scherzo* thundered Day

He doubted, but God said, " Even so,
 Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears,
 The music that you made below
 Is now the music of the spheres "

Butterflies

At sixteen years she knew no care,
 How could she, sweet and pure as light?
 And there pursued her everywhere
 Butterflies all white

A lover looked She dropped her eyes
 That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
 And lo, there came from out the skies
 Butterflies all blue

Before she guessed her heart was gone;
 The tale of love was swiftly told;
 And all about her wheeled and shone
 Butterflies all gold

Then he forsook her one sad morn,
 She wept and sobbed, "Oh, love, come back!"
 There only came to her forlorn
 Butterflies all black

FRANCIS THOMPSON

(1859 – 1907)

FRANCIS THOMPSON, the son of a homœopathic doctor, was born at Preston on 18th December, 1859. He was originally intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and was sent to Ushaw College, but afterwards studied medicine with little enthusiasm at Owens College, Manchester. At the age of twenty-six he went to London to seek his fortune. After several years of obscurity and great privation, owing to which and to an unlucky perusal of De Quincey he acquired the habit of opium-eating, some of his poems were published in *Merry England* in 1888. He was induced to enter a hospital and to abandon opium. His first volume of *Poems* appeared in 1893, by far the most magnificent of these poems was *The Hound of Heaven*. *Sister Songs* followed in 1895, and *New Poems* in 1897. Thompson also wrote much prose and contributed frequently to the *Athenæum*. *Health*

and *Holiness* appeared in 1905, and after his death, which took place on 13th November, 1907, appeared a notable *Essay on Shelley*. Thompson was always an ardent Roman Catholic, and much of his work is inspired by a mystical religious fervour which makes it resemble the work of Crashaw and the other seventeenth century mystics. Thompson at his best wrote noble poetry, but his work is not infrequently marred by neologisms and abstruse, sometimes even incomprehensible, phrases. Such unfortunate lapses make some of his poems appear frigid, when he avoided them his lines are glowing and fervid. He was an extremely able and sympathetic literary critic.

[Everard Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, J. Thomson, *Francis Thompson, Poet and Mystic*; R. L. Mégroz, *Francis Thompson, the Poet of Earth in Heaven*]

The Hound of Heaven

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter
 Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
 And shot, precipitated
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasméd fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after,
 But with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbéd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat—and a Voice beat
 More instant than the Feet—
 “ All things betray thee, who betrayest Me ”

 I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
 By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
 Trellised with intertwining charities,
 (For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
 Yet was I sore adread
 Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)
 But, if one little casement parted wide,
 The gust of His approach would clash it to,
 Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue
 Across the margent of the world I fled,
 And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
 Smiting for shelter on their clangéd bars,
 Fretted to dulcet jars
 And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon
 I said to dawn Be sudden—to eve Be soon,
 With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
 From this tremendous Lover!
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
 I tempted all His servitors, but to find
 My own betrayal in their constancy,
 In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
 Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind
 But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,

The long savannahs of the blue;
 Or whether, Thunder-driven,
 They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven,
 Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
 Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
 Still with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 Came on the following Feet,
 And a Voice above their beat—
 “Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that, after which I strayed,
 In face of man or maid,
 But still within the little children's eyes
 Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
 I turned me to them very wistfully,
 But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
 With dawning answers there,
 Their angel plucked them from me by the hair
 “Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
 With me” (I said) “your delicate fellowship,
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine you with caresses,
 Wantoning,
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azure dais,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring ”
 So it was done
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies
 I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies,
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spum'd of the wild sea-snortings,
 All that's born or dies
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven

I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day's dead sanctities
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat.
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek
 For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I, in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth,
 Let her, if she would owe me,
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 And past those Noised Feet
 A voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee,
 I am defenceless utterly,
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me, grimed with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
 My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream
 Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist,
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?

Ah! must—
 Designer infinite!
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower I' the dust,
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is, what is to be?
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity,
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpstéd turrets slowly wash again;

But not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, enwound
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned,
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
 Be dunged with rotten death?
 Now of that long pursuit
 Comes on at hand the bruit,

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea,
 "And is thy earth so marred,

Shattered in shard on shard?
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fleest Me!

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said)

"And human love needs human meriting
 How hast thou merited—

Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
 Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art!

Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
 Save Me, save only Me?
 All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home.
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come "

Halts by me that footfall,
 Is my gloom, after all,
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
 " Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
 I am He Whom thou seekest!
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me "

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

(1865 -)

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the son of the well-known artist J B Yeats (1839-1922), was born in Dublin on 13th June, 1865. He was educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and Erasmus Smith School, Dublin. For three years he was an art student, but in 1886 abandoned art for literature. His first book of poems, *The Wanderings of Oisín*, appeared in 1889, his principal volumes of verse have been *The Wind among the Reeds* (1899), *Responsibilities* (1914), *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1917), *Later Poems* (1922), and *The Tower* (1927). His prose writings include *The Celtic Twilight* (1893), *The Secret Rose* (1897), *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), *The Cutting of an Agate* (1912), *Per Amica Silentia Lunae* (1918), and *A Vision* (1925). His plays include *The Countess Cathleen* (1892), *The Land of Heart's*

Desire (1894), *Kathleen ni Houlihan* (1902), *The Pot of Broth* (1902), *The Hour Glass* (1903), *The King's Threshold* (1904), *Deirdre* (1907), *The Green Helmet* (1910), *Plays for Dancers* (1921), *The Cat and the Moon* (1924), and *Fighting the Waves* (1929).

Mr Yeats is a severe critic of his own work, and in later editions has revised many of his earlier poems, his second thoughts, however, are not always best. His later poems are decidedly less ornate than his earlier ones, a change which is on the whole for the better. He is a champion of the Neo-Celtic movement in literature, his services to poetry and literature generally were recognized by the award of the Nobel Prize in 1923. In 1922 he became a senator in the parliament of the Irish Free State.

The Stolen Child

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats,
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries,
And of reddest stolen cherries.
*Come away, O human child'
To the waters and the wild,
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim gray sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight,
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep
*Come away, O human child'
To the waters and the wild,
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand*

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout,
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams,
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams
*Come away, O human child'
To the waters and the wild,*

*With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed;
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside,
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest
*For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild,
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can understand*

The Fiddler of Dooney

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea,
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Mocharabuiee

I passed my brother and cousin
They read in their books of prayer,
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate,

For the good are always merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea

The Heart of the Woman

O what to me the little room
That was brimmed up with prayer and rest;
He bade me out into the gloom,
And my breast lies upon his breast.

O what to me my mother's care,
The house where I was safe and warm;
The shadowy blossom of my hair
Will hide us from the bitter storm

O hiding hair and dewy eyes,
I am no more with life and death,
My heart upon his warm heart lies,
My breath is mixed into his breath

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made,
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore,
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core

“Down by the Salley Gardens”

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
 And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
 She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
 But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

“When you are Old”

When you are old and grey, and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep,

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

(1858 –)

WILLIAM WATSON was born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, on 2nd August, 1858. His father, originally a farmer, became a merchant in Liverpool. Watson was educated locally, and began to write poetry at an early age. His first volume, *The Prince's Quest and other Poems*, was published in 1880. Four years later he issued his *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*, but it was not till the publication of *Wordsworth's Grave and other Poems* (1890) that he gained adequate recognition from

the public. His later volumes include *Lacrimae Musarum* (1892), *The Eloping Angels* (1893), *Odes and other Poems* (1894), *The Father of the Forest* (1895), *The Purple East* (1896), *The Hope of the World* (1897), *For England* (1903), *New Poems* (1909), and *Poems, Brief and New* (1925). In 1928 he published a selection of his poems, with notes by himself. He was knighted in 1917. His early poems were Tennysonian, like most verse of the 'eighties, in his more mature work he resembles Matthew Arnold,

for whom he has expressed his deep admiration His work is not passionate, but is well-wrought, dignified, and easy to understand In some of his poems he expresses his political views with a fervent patriotism to which "liberal shepherds give a grosser name".

Song

April, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter,
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears!
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears!

Lacrimae Musarum

[ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892]

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head
 The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er,
 Carry the last great bard to his last bed
 Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute
 Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
 Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
 Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
 Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
 The master's feet shall tread
 Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute
 The singer of undying songs is dead

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
 While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
 From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
 With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
 Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
 For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall
 He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers;

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
 And soon the winter silence shall be ours.
 Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
 Crowns with no mortal flowers.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,
 To save from visitation of decay?
 Not in this temporal light alone, that bay
 Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
 Sings he with lips of transitory clay
 Rapt though he be from us,
 Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus,
 Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
 Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach,
 Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach,
 Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home,
 Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,
 Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth
 A kinsman's love beseech,
 Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,
 Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,
 His equal friendship crave,
 And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
 Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome

Nay, he returns to regions whence he came
 Him doth the spirit divine
 Of universal loveliness reclaim
 All nature is his shrine,
 Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,
 In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
 In every star's august serenity,
 And in the rapture of the flaming rose
 There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,
 There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole,
 Yea, and for ever in the human soul
 Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
 And what is nature's order but the rhyme
 Whereto in holiest unanimity
 All things with all things move unfalteringly,
 Infolded and communal from their prime?
 Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?

In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
Save the enigma of herself, she knows
The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped
Even as the linnet sings, so I, he said
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail!
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence swells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he sets his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard for ever and is seen no more

No more, O never now,
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow,
Shall men behold those wizard locks where Time
Let fall no wintry rime
Once, in his youth obscure,
The weaver of this verse, that shall endure
By splendour of its theme which cannot die,
Beheld thee eye to eye,
And touched through thee the hand
Of every hero of thy race divine,
Even to the sire of all the laurelled line,
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?
Are not thy words all goldenly impressed
On memory's palimpsest?
I hear the utterance of thy sovereign tongue,
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod,
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
 The grass of yesteryear
 Is dead, the birds depart, the groves decay:
 Empires dissolve and peoples disappear
 Song passes not away
 Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
 And kings a dubious legend of their reign,
 The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust
 The poet doth remain
 Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive,
 And thou, the Mantuan of this age and soil,
 With Virgil shalt survive
 Enriching Time with no less honeyed spoil,
 The yielded sweet of every Muse's hive,
 Heeding no more the sound of idle praise
 In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,—
 Master who crown'st our immelodious days
 With flower of perfect speech

OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE

(1854 – 1900)

OSCAR WILDE was born at 21 Westland Row, Dublin, on 16th October, 1854. His father, Sir William Wilde, was a celebrated oculist, and his mother an erratic literary woman who had a literary *salon* and wrote under the name of "Speranza." Wilde was educated at Portora Royal School, Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Berkley gold medal, and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took a first class both in moderations and *literæ humaniores*, and won the Newdigate prize. He soon became a leader in the æsthetic movement, and was caricatured by *Punch*, and ridiculed by Gilbert as Archibald Grosvenor in *Patience*. He lectured

in America on the æsthetic movement, but was engaged to do so in order to make *Patience* intelligible rather than to propagate his own gospel of art. His first volume of poems appeared in 1881. He wrote for several magazines and reviews, and for two years edited *The Woman's World*. In 1887 he published *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime* and *The Canterville Ghost*. In 1888 he published *The Happy Prince and other Tales*. His other works include *The Portrait of Mr W H* (see *Shakespeare*), *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1890), a repellent novel, and his plays *Salomé*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of no Importance*, *An*

Ideal Husband, and *The Importance of being Earnest* In 1895 Wilde, with fatal insolence, brought an action for criminal libel against the eighth Marquess of Queensberry. He lost his case, and was himself charged with offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. After his release he lived in France, broken in health and reputation. He died on 30th November, 1900. Part of his *apologia* was published in 1905 under the title of *De Profundis*. The rest is not to be published until 1960. The tragedy of Wilde's life was a matter for the pathologist rather than for the judge, and should arouse pity rather than disgust. His writings are all superficially clever, over-

laden with paradox and epigram, and of little permanent merit. His comedies, however, were almost the first since those of Goldsmith and Sheridan to have literary as well as dramatic merit. Wilde said that he put his genius into his life and only his talent into his books, it is to be feared he overestimated his own abilities, which were much more commonplace than he supposed. His opinion of himself was shared by a small coterie of contemporaries, and is still held by a few critics, mostly foreign.

[A Ransome, *Oscar Wilde*, F. Harris, *Oscar Wilde, his Life and Confessions*, R. T. Hopkins, *Oscar Wilde, a Study of the Man and his Work*, R. H. Sherard, *The Life of Oscar Wilde*]

From "Lady Windermere's Fan", Act III

Lord Windermere What is the difference between scandal and gossip?

Cecil Graham Oh! gossip is charming! History is merely gossip. But scandal is gossip made tedious by morality. Now, I never moralize. A man who moralizes is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralizes is invariably plain. There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience. And most women know it, I'm glad to say.

Lord Augustus Just my sentiments, dear boy, just my sentiments.

Cecil Graham Sorry to hear it, Tuppy, whenever people agree with me, I always feel I must be wrong.

Lord Augustus My dear boy, when I was your age——

Cecil Graham But you never were, Tuppy, and you never will be. I say, Darlington, let us have some cards. You'll play, Arthur, won't you?

Lord Windermere No, thanks, Cecil.

Dumby (with a sigh) Good heavens! how marriage ruins a man! It's as demoralizing as cigarettes, and far more expensive.

Cecil Graham You'll play, of course, Tuppy?

Lord Augustus (pouring himself out a brandy and soda at table). Can't, dear boy. Promised Mrs. Erlynne never to play or drink again.

Cecil Graham. Now, my dear Tuppy, don't be led astray into the paths of virtue. Reformed, you would be perfectly tedious. That is the worst of women. They always want one to be good. And if we are good, when they meet us, they don't love us at all. They like to find us quite irretrievably bad, and to leave us quite unattractively good.

Lord Darlington (*rising from table, where he has been writing letters*) They always do find us bad!

Dumby. I don't think we are bad. I think we are all good, except Tuppy.

Lord Darlington. No, we are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars. (*Sits down at table*)

Dumby. We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars? Upon my word, you are very romantic to-night, Darlington.

Cecil Graham. Too romantic! You must be in love. Who is the girl?

Lord Darlington. The woman I love is not free, or thinks she isn't. (*Glances instinctively at Lord Windermere while he speaks*)

Cecil Graham. A married woman, then? Well! there's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing no married man knows anything about.

Lord Darlington. Oh! she doesn't love me. She is a good woman. She is the only good woman I have ever met in my life.

Cecil Graham. The only good woman you have ever met in your life?

Lord Darlington. Yes!

Cecil Graham (*lighting a cigarette*) Well, you are a lucky fellow! Why, I have met hundreds of good women. I never seem to meet any but good women. The world is perfectly packed with good women. To know them is a middle-class education.

Lord Darlington. This woman has purity and innocence. She has everything we men have lost.

Cecil Graham. My dear fellow, what on earth should we men do going about with purity and innocence? A carefully thought-out buttonhole is much more effective.

Dumby. She doesn't really love you then?

Lord Darlington. No, she does not!

Dumby. I congratulate you, my dear fellow. In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst, the last is a real tragedy! But I am interested to hear she does not love you. How long could you love a woman who didn't love you, Cecil?

Cecil Graham. A woman who didn't love me? Oh, all my life!

Dumby. So could I. But it's so difficult to meet one.

Lord Darlington. How can you be so concerted, Dumby?

Dumby. I didn't say it as a matter of concert. I said it as a matter of regret. I have been wildly, madly adored. I am sorry I have. It has

been an immense nuisance. I should like to be allowed a little time to myself now and then

Lord Augustus (looking round) Time to educate yourself, I suppose

Dumby No, time to forget all I have learned That is much more important, dear Tuppy (*Lord Augustus moves uneasily in his chair*)

Lord Darlington What cynics you fellows are!

Cecil Graham What is a cynic? (*Sitting on the back of the sofa*)

Lord Darlington A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing

Cecil Graham And a sentimentalist, my dear Darlington, is a man who sees an absurd value in everything, and doesn't know the market price of any single thing

Lord Darlington You always amuse me, Cecil. You talk as if you were a man of experience

Cecil Graham I am. (*Moves up to front of fireplace*)

Lord Darlington You are far too young!

Cecil Graham That is a great error Experience is a question of instinct about life I have got it Tuppy hasn't Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes That is all. (*Lord Augustus looks round indignantly*)

Dumby Experience is the name every one gives to their mistakes.

Cecil Graham (standing with his back to the fireplace) One shouldn't commit any (*Sees Lady Windermere's fan on sofa*)

Dumby Life would be very dull without them

From "The Decay of Lying"

The true disciples of the great artist are not his studio-imitators, but those who become like his works of art, be they plastic as in Greek days, or pictorial as in modern times, in a word, Life is Art's best, Art's only pupil.

As it is with the visible arts, so it is with literature The most obvious and the vulgarest form in which this is shown is in the case of the silly boys, who, after reading the adventures of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, pillage the stalls of unfortunate apple-women, break into sweet-shops at night, and alarm old gentlemen who are returning home from the city by leaping out on them in suburban lanes, with black masks and unloaded revolvers This interesting phenomenon, which always occurs after the appearance of a new edition of either of the books I have alluded to, is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination. But this is a mistake The imagination is essentially creative, and always seeks for a new form The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct He is Fact, occupied as Fact usually is, with

trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale throughout the whole of life. Schopenhauer has analysed the pessimism that characterizes modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy. The Nihilist, that strange martyr who has no faith, who goes to the stake without enthusiasm, and dies for what he does not believe in, is a purely literary product. He was invented by Tourgénéïeff, and completed by Dostoïeffski. Robespierre came out of the pages of Rousseau as surely as the People's Palace rose out of the *débris* of a novel. Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. The nineteenth century, as we know it, is largely an invention of Balzac. Our Luciens de Rubempré, our Rastignacs and De Marsays made their first appearance on the stage of the *Comédie Humaine*. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy or creative vision of a great novelist. I once asked a lady, who knew Thackeray intimately, whether he had had any model for Becky Sharp. She told me that Becky was an invention, but that the idea of the character had been partly suggested by a governess who lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very selfish and rich old woman. I inquired what became of the governess, and she replied that, oddly enough, some years after the appearance of *Vanity Fair*, she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a short time made a great splash in society, quite in Mrs Rawdon Crawley's style, and entirely by Mrs Rawdon Crawley's methods. Ultimately she came to grief, disappeared to the Continent, and used to be occasionally seen at Monte Carlo and other gambling places. The noble gentleman from whom the same great sentimentalist drew Colonel Newcome died, a few months after *The Newcomes* had reached a fourth edition, with the word "Adsum" on his lips. Shortly after Mr Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious to get to a railway station, took what he thought would be a short cut, lost his way, and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous he began to walk extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. It fell on the pavement, he tripped over it, and trampled upon it. Being of course very much frightened and a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who came pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him, and asked him his name. He was just about to give it when he suddenly remembered the opening incident in Mr Stevenson's story. He was so filled with horror at having realized in his own person that terrible and well-written scene, and at having done accidentally, though in fact, what the Mr Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as hard as he could.

go He was, however, very closely followed, and finally he took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The humanitarian crowd were induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was "Jekyll" At least it should have been

Here the imitation, as far as it went, was of course accidental In the following case the imitation was self-conscious In the year 1879, just after I had left Oxford, I met at a reception at the house of one of the Foreign Ministers a woman of very curious exotic beauty We became great friends, and were constantly together And yet what interested me most in her was not her beauty, but her character, her entire vagueness of character She seemed to have no personality at all, but simply the possibility of many types Sometimes she would give herself up entirely to art, turn her drawing-room into a studio, and spend two or three days a week at picture galleries or museums Then she would take to attending race-meetings, wear the most horsey clothes, and talk about nothing but betting She abandoned religion for mesmerism, mesmerism for politics, and politics for the melodramatic excitements of philanthropy In fact, she was a kind of Proteus, and as much a failure in all her transformations as was that wondrous sea-god when Odysseus laid hold of him One day a serial began in one of the French magazines. At that time I used to read serial stories, and I well remember the shock of surprise I felt when I came to the description of the heroine She was so like my friend that I brought her the magazine, and she recognized herself in it immediately, and seemed fascinated by the resemblance. I should tell you, by the way, that the story was translated from some dead Russian writer, so that the author had not taken his type from my friend Well, to put the matter briefly, some months afterwards I was in Venice, and finding the magazine in the reading-room of the hotel, I took it up casually to see what had become of the heroine It was a most piteous tale, as the girl had ended by running away with a man absolutely inferior to her, not merely in social station, but in character and intellect also I wrote to my friend that evening about my views on John Bellini, and the admirable ices at Florian's, and the artistic value of gondolas, but added a postscript to the effect that her double in the story had behaved in a very silly manner I don't know why I added that, but I remember I had a sort of dread over me that she might do the same thing Before my letter had reached her, she had run away with a man who deserted her in six months I saw her in 1884 in Paris, where she was living with her mother, and I asked her whether the story had had anything to do with her action She told me that she had felt an absolutely irresistible impulse to follow the heroine step by step

in her strange and fatal progress, and that it was with a feeling of real terror that she had looked forward to the last few chapters of the story. When they appeared, it seemed to her that she was compelled to reproduce them in life, and she did so. It was a most clear example of this imitative instinct of which I was speaking, and an extremely tragic one.

However, I do not wish to dwell any further upon individual instances. Personal experience is a most vicious and limited circle. All that I desire to point out is the general principle that life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life, and I feel sure that if you think seriously about it you will find that it is true. Life holds the mirror up to Art, and either reproduces some strange type imagined by painter or sculptor, or realizes in fact what has been dreamed in fiction. Scientifically speaking, the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and Art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died by their own hand because by his own hand Werther died. Think of what we owe to the imitation of Christ, of what we owe to the imitation of Cæsar.

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE

(1871 – 1909)

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE, the son of a barrister, was born at Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin, on 16th April, 1871. He was educated at private schools, by a tutor, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1892. He thought of adopting music as a profession, but abandoned it for literature in 1894, and spent much of his time in Paris. For some years it seemed likely that he would devote his powers to critical instead of creative writing, but in 1899 Mr W. B. Yeats (q.v.) persuaded him to turn his attention to Ireland, especially to the Aran Islands, and it was not long before he began to write plays. *The Shadow of the Glen* was acted in

1903, and the very beautiful and touching *Riders to the Sea* in 1904. *The Tinker's Wedding*, though begun in 1902, was not published until 1907. *The Well of the Saints* was published in 1905, after having been acted in the same year at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, to which Synge acted as literary adviser. His most famous play, *The Playboy of the Western World*, was produced in 1907, and in spite of organized opposition, was generally recognized as a play of capital importance. No sooner had Synge attained fame than his health began to fail, and he died on 24th March, 1909. His not quite finished three-act poetical play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, in the opinion of some his

highest achievement, was acted and published in 1910. He also wrote in prose on the Aran Islands, and on Wicklow and Kerry. Synge was a great master of style, writing in most of his plays an idealization of the dialect of the Irish peasantry—a perilous form, of which, however, he was the complete master.

The mixture of tragedy, comedy, and irony in his plays is unique. It is difficult to say how much the stage lost by his early death.

[*M. Bourgeois, John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre*, P. P. Howe, *J. M. Synge, a Critical Study*, J. Thorning, *J. M. Synge*]

From "Riders to the Sea"

(MAURYA, an old woman, CATHLEEN and NORA, her daughters)

Nora Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God won't leave her destitute with no son living?

Maurya (in a low voice, but clearly) It's little the like of him knows of the sea. Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world—and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now the lot of them. There were Stephen and Shawn were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on one plank, and in by that door.

She pauses for a moment, the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.

Nora (in a whisper) Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the north-east?

Cathleen (in a whisper) There's someone after crying out by the sea-shore.

Maurya (continues without hearing anything) There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a tuing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it—it was a dry day, Nora—and leaving a track to the door.

She pauses again with her hand stretched out towards the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves

on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads

Maurya (half in a dream, to Cathleen) Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

Cathleen Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

Maurya There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was in it

Cathleen It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north

She reaches out and hands Maurya the clothes that belonged to Michael

Maurya stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands *Nora looks out*

Nora They're carrying a thing among them, and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

Cathleen (in a whisper to the women who have come in) Is it Bartley it is?

One of the Women It is, surely, God rest his soul

Two younger women come in and pull out the table *Then men carry in the body of Bartley, laid on a plank, with a bit of a sail over it, and lay it on the table*

Cathleen (to the women as they are doing so) What way was he drowned?

One of the Women The grey pony knocked him over into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks

Maurya has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table *The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement* *Cathleen and Nora kneel at the other end of the table*

The men kneel near the door

Maurya (raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her) They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me.

I'll have no call now to be up and crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening *(To Nora)* Give me the Holy Water, Nora, there's a small sup still on the dresser

Nora gives it to her

Maurya (drops Michael's clothes across Bartley's feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him) It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night

till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking

She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath

Cathleen (to an old man) Maybe yourself and Earmon would make a coffin when the sun rises We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working

The Old Man (looking at the boards) Are there nails with them?

Cathleen There are not, Colum, we didn't think of the nails

Another Man It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already

Cathleen It's getting old she is, and broken

Mawya stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of Michael's clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the Holy Water

Nora (in a whisper to Cathleen) She's quiet now and easy, but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring well It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

Cathleen (slowly and clearly) An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house

Mawya (puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on Bartley's feet) They're all together this time, and the end is come May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn (*bending her head*), and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world

She pauses, and the keening rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away

Mawya (continuing) Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied

She kneels down again and the curtain falls slowly

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

(1864 - 1915)

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, the son of the precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, was born at Summertown, near Oxford, and educated at Trinity College School, Stratford-on-Avon, King's School, Peterborough, and Oundle School. For a short time he was at Queens' College, Cambridge, but left it to join his cousin (Sir) Frank R. Benson's dramatic company, with which he stayed six years. After being an army tutor for a time, he adopted literature as a profession. His principal volumes of poetry are *Eremus* (1894), *Christ in Hades* (1896), and *Poems* (1898). As a poet he is extremely unequal, but at his best deserved the high reputation which he won, less deservedly, as a dramatist. In response to a certain demand

for a poetic drama, Phillips wrote *Paolo and Francesca* (1900), which was produced at the St James's Theatre in 1901. It was extremely successful, owing its success, however, not so much to its literary merits as to the total absence of such merits in contemporary dramas. His other plays include *Herod* (1900), *Ulysses* (1903), *The Sin of David* (1904), and *Nero* (1906). None of these was as popular as *Paolo and Francesca*. They are all somewhat florid and declamatory, but have some values as stage plays owing to their author's practical knowledge of the stage. Phillips was hailed as the successor of Sophocles and Shakespeare, but outlived his reputation.

The Woman with the Dead Soul

Allured by the disastrous tavern-light
 Unhappy things flew in out of the night,
 And ever the sad human swarm returned,
 Some crazy-fluttering, and some half-burned
 Among the labourers, gnarled, and splashed with mire,
 The disillusioned women sipping fire,
 Slow tasting bargainers amid the flare,
 And lurid ruminators,—I was 'ware
 Of that cold face from which I may not run,
 Which even now doth stab me in the sun
 That face was of a woman that alone
 Sat sewing, a white liquor by her shone,
 From which at moments warily and slow
 She sipped, then bent above her sewing low.
 A sober dress of decent serge she wore
 Uplifted nicely from the smirching floor,

And with a bunch of grapes her hat was crowned,
Which trembled together if she glanced around.
Speckless, arranged, and with no braid awry,
All smoothed and combed she sewed incessantly.
She turned her eyes on me, they had no ray,
But stared like windows in the peer of day
So cold her gaze that I bowed down my head
Trembling, it seemed to me that she was dead;
And that those hands mechanically went,
As though the original force not yet was spent.
You that have wailed above the quiet clay,
That on the pillow without stirring lay,
Yet think how I stood mourning by the side
Of her who sat, but seemed as she had died,
Cold, yet so busy, though so nimble, dead,
Whose fingers ever at the sewing sped
I spoke to her, and in slow terror guessed
How she, so ready for perpetual rest,
So smoothly combed and for the ground prepared,
Whose eyes already fixed beyond me stared,
Could sidle unobserved and safely glide
Amid the crowd that wist not she had died
Gently she spoke, not once her cheek grew pale,
And I translate the dreadful placid tale
She with a soul was born she felt it leap
Within her it could wonder, laugh, and weep
But dismally as rain on ocean blear,
The days upon that human spirit dear
Fell, and existence lean, in sky dead-grey,
Withholding steadily, starved it away
London ignored it with deliberate stare,
Until the delicate thing began to wear,
She felt it ailing for she knew not what,
Feebly she wept, but she could aid it not
Ah, not the stirring child within the womb
Hath such an urgent need of light and room!
Then hungry grew her soul, she looked around,
But nothing to allay that famine found,
She felt it die a little every day,
Flutter less wildly, and more feebly pray
Stiller it grew, at times she felt it pull
Imploring thinly something beautiful,
And in the night was painfully awake,
And struggled in the darkness till day-break.

For not at once; not without any strife,
It died, at times it started back to life,
Now at some angel evening after rain,
Built like early Paradise again,
Now at some flower, or human face, or sky
With silent tremble of infinity,
Or at some waft of fields in midnight sweet,
Or soul of summer dawn in the dark street
Slowly she was aware her soul had died
Within her body for no more it cried,
Vexed her no more, and now monotonous life
Easily passed, she was exempt from strife,
And from her soul was willing to be freed,
She could not keep what she could never feed;
And she was well, above or bliss or care,
Hunger and thirst were her emotions bare
For the great stars consented, and withdrew,
And music, and the moon, greenness and dew.
Yet for a time more heavily and slow
She walked, and indolently worked, as though
About with her she could not help but bring
Within her busy body the dead thing
When I had heard her tell without one tear
What now I have translated, in great fear
Toward her I leaned, and "O my sister!" cried,
"My sister!" but my hand she put aside,
Lest I her decent dress might disarray,
And so smiled on me that I might not stay
And I remembered that to one long dead
I spoke "No sound shall rouse her now," I said,
"Not Orpheus touching in that gloom his chord,
Nor even the special whisper that restored
Pale Lazarus, yet will she seem to run,
And hurry eager in the noonday sun,
Industrious, timed, and kempt, till she at last,
Run down, inaccurate, aside is cast"
While thus I whispered and in wonder wild
Could not unfix my gaze from her, a child
Plucked at her dress, and the dead woman rose;
On to the mirror silently she goes,
Lightly a loose tress touches at her ear,
She gazes in her own eyes without fear
Deliberately then with fingers light
She smoothed her dress, and stole into the night.

To Milton,—Blind

He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"
To thee the dark deliberately gave,
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance, that so lures us from the Truth;
He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang
O blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark! and when
The pleasant flowery sight, which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn, then burst upon thy view
The elder glory, space again in pangs,
And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That heaving watery plain that was the world,
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds
Or rather a special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of God
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

A Poet's Prayer

That I have felt the rushing wind of Thee,
That I have run before Thy blast to sea,
That my one moment of transcendent strife
Is more than many years of listless life,
Beautiful Power, I praise Thee yet I send
A prayer that sudden strength be not the end.
Desert me not when from my flagging sails
Thy breathing dies away, and virtue fails
When Thou hast spent the glory of that gust,
Remember still the body of this dust

Not then when I am boundless, without bars,
When I am rapt in hurry to the stars;
When I anticipate an endless bliss,
And feel before my time the final kiss,
Not then I need Thee for delight is wise,
I err not in the freedom of the skies,
I fear not joy, so joy might ever be,
And rapture finish in felicity
But when Thy joy is past, comes in the test,
To front the life that lingers after zest
To live in mere negation of Thy light,
A more than blindness after more than sight
'Tis not in flesh so swiftly to descend,
And sudden from the spheres with earth to blend,
And I, from splendour thrown, and dashed from dream,
Into the flare pursue the former gleam
Sustain me in that hour with Thy left hand,
And aid me, when I cease to soar, to stand,
Make me Thy athlete even in my bed,
Thy girded runner though the course be sped,
Still to refrain that I may more bestow,
From sternness to a larger sweetness grow
I ask not that false calm which many feign,
And call that peace which is a dearth of pain
True calm doth quiver like the calmest star,
It is that white where all the colours are,
And for its very vestibule doth own
The tree of Jesus and the pyre of Joan
Thither I press but O do Thou meanwhile
Support me in privations of Thy smile
Spaces Thou hast ordained the stars between
And silences where melody hath been
Teach me those absences of fire to face,
And Thee no less in silence to embrace,
Else shall Thy dreadful gift still people Hell,
And men not measure from what height I fell.

SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

(1860—)

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE was born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, on 9th May, 1860. He was educated at Dumfries Academy, and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.A. in 1882. After working on a Nottingham journal he became a journalist in London. His first book, *Better Dead* (1887), a satire on London life, was followed by the highly successful *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888), with its sequel *A Window in Thums* (1889). Among his other non-dramatic works are *My Lady Nicotine* (1890), *The Little Minister* (1891), *Sentimental Tommy* (1895), *Margaret Ogilvy* (1896), a tribute to his mother, and *Tommy and Grizel* (1900). His plays include *Walker, London* (1893), *The Professor's Love-Story* (1895), *Quality Street* (1903), *The Admirable Crichton* (1903), *Little Mary* (1903), *Peter Pan* (1904), *What Every Woman Knows* (1908), *The Will* (1913), *The Adored One* (1913), *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916), *Dear Brutus* (1917), *Mary Rose* (1920), and

Shall we join the Ladies? (1922). Barrie was created a baronet in 1913, and was awarded the Order of Merit in 1922, he was rector of St Andrews University from 1919 to 1922, and has been President of the Society of Authors since 1928. Barrie's novels are merely the best extant specimens of that school of fiction which received the appropriate nickname of "Kailyard". In the theatre he found his true medium, and his plays all have the knack of getting across the footlights and appealing to every section in the audience. *Peter Pan* has proved as popular in nursery circles as *Alice* was forty years earlier. Barrie is at his best when he is fantastic, and at his best his art is as delicate as that of Hans Andersen. He is a master of humour and pathos; the former quality endears him to the judicious, but to the latter he owes his immense popularity.

[T. Moulton, *Barrie: a Critical Estimate*, Sir John Hammerton, *Barrie: the Story of a Genius*]

From "Dear Brutus"

Margaret (unexpectedly) Daddy, what is a "might-have-been"?

Dearest. A might-have-been? They are ghosts, Margaret. I dare say I "might-have-been" a great swell of a painter, instead of just this uncommonly happy nobody. Or again, I "might-have-been" a worthless idle waster of a fellow.

Margaret (laughing) You!

Dearest. Who knows? Some little kink in me might have set me off on the wrong road. And that poor soul I might so easily have been might have had no Margaret. My word, I'm sorry for him.

Margaret So am I (*She conceives a funny picture*) The poor old Daddy, wandering about the world without me!

Dearth And there are other "might-have-beens"—lovely ones, but intangible Shades, Margaret, made of sad folks' thoughts.

Margaret (*jigging about*) I am so glad I am not a shade How awful it would be, Daddy, to wake up and find one wasn't alive

Dearth It would, dear

Margaret Daddy, wouldn't it be awful! I think men need daughters

Dearth They do

Margaret Especially artists

Dearth Yes, especially artists

Margaret Especially artists

Dearth Especially artists

Margaret (*covering herself with leaves and kicking them off*) Fame is not everything

Dearth Fame is rot; daughters are the thing

Margaret Daughters are the thing

Dearth Daughters are the thing

Margaret I wonder if sons would be even nicer?

Dearth Not a patch on daughters The awful thing about a son is that never, never—at least, from the day he goes to school—can you tell him that you rather like him By the time he is ten you can't even take him on your knee Sons are not worth having, Margaret Signed, W Dearth

Margaret But if you were a mother, Dad, I dare say he would let you do it

Dearth Think so?

Margaret I mean when no one was looking Sons are not so bad Signed, M Dearth But I'm glad you prefer daughters (*She works her way towards him on her knees, making the tear larger*) At what age are we nicest, Daddy? (*She has constantly to repeat her questions, he is so engaged with his moon*) Hie, Daddy, at what age are we nicest? Daddy, hie, hie, at what age are we nicest?

Dearth Eh? That's a poser I think you were nicest when you were two and knew your alphabet up to G but fell over at H No, you were best when you were half-past three, or just before you struck six, or in the mumps year, when I asked you in the early morning how you were and you said solemnly "I haven't tried yet"

Margaret (*awestruck*) Did I?

Dearth Such was your answer (*Struggling with the momentous question*) But I am not sure that chicken-pox doesn't beat mumps Oh Lord, I'm all wrong The nicest time in a father's life is the year before she puts up her hair

Margaret (*top-heavy with pride in herself*) I suppose that is a splendid

time But there's a nicer year coming to you, Daddy, there is a nicer year coming to you

Dearth. Is there, darling?

Margaret Daddy, the year she does put up her hair!

Death (with arrested brush) Puts it up for ever! You know, I am afraid that when the day for that comes I shan't be able to stand it It will be too exciting My poor heart, Margaret.

Margaret (rushing at him). No, no, it will be lucky you, for it isn't to be a bit like that I am to be a girl and woman day about for the first year You will never know which I am till you look at my hair. And even then you won't know, for if it is down I shall put it up, and if it is up I shall put it down And so my Daddy will gradually get used to the idea

Death (wryly) I see you have been thinking it out

Margaret (gleaming) I have been doing more than that Shut your eyes, Daddy, and I shall give you a glimpse into the future

Dearth I don't know that I want that the present is so good.

Margaret Shut your eyes, please

Dearth No, Margaret

Margaret Please, Daddy

Dearth Oh, all right They are shut

Margaret Don't open them till I tell you What finger is that?"

Dearth The dirty one

Margaret (on her knees among the leaves) Daddy, now I am putting up my hair I have got such a darling of a mirror It is such a darling mirror I've got, Dad Dad, don't look I shall tell you about it It is a little pool of water I wish we could take it home and hang it up Of course the moment my hair is up there will be other changes also, for instance, I shall talk quite differently

Dearth Pooh! Where are my matches, dear?

Margaret Top pocket, waistcoat

Dearth (trying to light his pipe without opening his eyes) You were meaning to frighten me just now

Margaret No, I am just preparing you You see, darling, I can't call you Dad when my hair is up I think I shall call you Parent (*He growls*) Parent dear, do you remember the days when your Margaret was a slip of a girl, and sat on your knee? How foolish we were, Parent, in those distant days

Dearth Shut up, Margaret

Margaret Now I must be more distant to you, more like a boy who could not sit on your knee any more

Dearth See here, I want to go on painting Shall I look now?

Margaret I am not quite sure whether I want you to. It makes such a difference Perhaps you won't know me Even the pool is looking

a little scared. (*The change in her voice makes him open his eyes quickly. She confronts him shyly*) What do you think? Will I do?

Dearth Stand still, dear, and let me look my fill. The Margaret that is to be!

Margaret (*the change in his voice falling clammy on her*) You'll see me often enough, Daddy, like this, so you don't need to look your fill. You are looking as long as if this were to be the only time.

Dearth (*with an odd tremor*) Was I? Surely it isn't to be that

Margaret Be gay, Dad (*Bumping into him and round him and over him*) You will be sick of Margaret with her hair up before you are done with her

Dearth I expect so

Margaret Shut up, Daddy (*She waggles her head, and down comes her hair*) Daddy, I know what you are thinking of. You are thinking what a handful she is going to be

Dearth Well, I guess she is

Margaret (*surveying him from another angle*) Now you are thinking about—about my being in love some day

Dearth (*with unnecessary warmth*) Rot!

Margaret (*reassuringly*). I won't, you know, no, never. Oh, I have quite decided, so don't be afraid (*Disordering his hair*) Will you hate him at first, Daddy? Daddy, will you hate him? Will you hate him, Daddy?

Dearth (*at work*) Whom?

Margaret Well, if there was

Dearth If there was what, darling?

Margaret You know the kind of thing I mean, quite well. Would you hate him at first?

Dearth I hope not. I should want to strangle him, but I wouldn't hate him

Margaret I would. That is to say, if I liked him

Dearth If you liked him how could you hate him?

Margaret For daring!

Dearth Daring what?

Margaret You know (*Sighing*) But of course I shall have no say in the matter. You will do it all. You do everything for me

Dearth (*with a groan*) I can't help it

Margaret You will even write my love-letters, if I ever have any to write, which I won't

Dearth (*ashamed*) Surely to goodness, Margaret, I will leave you alone to do that!

Margaret Not you; you will try to, but you won't be able

Dearth (*in a hopeless attempt at self-defence*) I want you, you see, to do everything exquisitely. I do wish I could leave you to do things a

little more for yourself I suppose it's owing to my having had to be father and mother both I knew nothing practically about the bringing up of children, and of course I couldn't trust you to a nurse

Margaret (severely) Not you, so sure you could do it better yourself. That's you all over Daddy, do you remember how you taught me to balance a biscuit on my nose, like a puppy?

Dearth (sadly) Did I?

Margaret You called me Rover.

Dearth I deny that

Margaret And when you said "snap" I caught the biscuit in my mouth

Dearth Horrible

Margaret (gleaming) Daddy, I can do it still! (*Putting a biscuit on her nose*) Here is the last of my supper Say "snap", Daddy

Dearth Not I

Margaret Say "snap", please

Dearth I refuse

Margaret Daddy!

Dearth Snap! (*She catches the biscuit in her mouth*) Let that be the last time, Margaret

Margaret Except just once more I don't mean now, but when my hair is really up If I should ever have a—a Margaret of my own, come in and see me, Daddy, in my white bed, and say "snap"—and I'll have the biscuit ready

Dearth (turning away his head) Right-o!

Margaret Dad, if I ever should marry—not that I will, but if I should—at the marriage ceremony will you let me be the one who says "I do"?

Dearth I suppose I deserve this

Margaret (coaxingly) You think I'm pretty, don't you, Dad, whatever other people say?

Dearth Not so bad

Margaret I know I have nice ears

Dearth They are all right now, but I had to work on them for months.

Margaret You don't mean to say that you did my ears?

Dearth Rather!

Margaret (grown humble) My dimple is my own

Dearth I am glad you think so I wore out the point of my little finger over that dimple

Margaret Even my dimple! Have I anything that is really mine? A bit of my nose or anything?

Dearth When you were a babe you had a laugh that was all your own.

Margaret Haven't I got it now?

Dearth It's gone (*He looks ruefully at her*) I'll tell you how it went. We were fishing in a stream—that is to say, I was wading and you were

sitting on my shoulders holding the rod. We didn't catch anything. Somehow or another—I can't think how I did it—you irritated me, and I answered you sharply.

Margaret (gasping) I can't believe that.

Dearith Yes, it sounds extraordinary, but I did. It gave you a shock, and, for the moment, the world no longer seemed a safe place to you; your faith in me had always made it safe till then. You were suddenly not even sure of your bread and butter, and a frightened tear came to your eyes. I was in a nice state about it, I can tell you (*He is in a nice state about it still*).

Margaret Silly! (*Bewildered*) But what has that to do with my laugh, Daddy?

Dearith The laugh that children are born with lasts just so long as they have perfect faith. To think that it was I who robbed you of yours!

Margaret Don't, dear. I am sure the laugh just went off with the tear to comfort it, and they have been playing about that stream ever since. They have quite forgotten us, so why should we remember them. Cheeky little beasts! Shall I tell you my farthest-back recollection? (*In some awe*) I remember the first time I saw the stars. I had never seen night, and then I saw it and the stars together. Crack-in-my-eye-Tommy, it isn't every one who can boast of such a lovely, lovely recollection for their earliest, is it?

Dearith I was determined your earliest should be a good one.

Margaret (blankly) Do you mean to say you planned it?

Dearith Rather! Most people's earliest recollection is of some trivial thing, how they cut their finger, or lost a piece of string. I was resolved my Margaret's should be something bigger. I was poor, but I could give her the stars.

Margaret (clutching him round the legs) Oh, how you love me, Daddikins!

Dearith Yes, I do, rather.

(From *Act II*)

NEIL MUNRO

(1864–1930)

NEIL MUNRO was born at Inveraray on 3rd June, 1864. His first published book was *The Lost Pibroch*, a series of *Celtic Tales and Sketches*, which appeared in 1896. It was followed by *John Splendid*, a *High-*

land Romance (1898), a stirring story in the Stevensonian vein. His other romances include *Gilhan the Dreamer* (1899), perhaps his best piece of work, *Doom Castle* (1901), with its admirable portrait

of the Marquess of Argyll, *The Shoes of Fortune* (1901), *Children of Tempest* (1903), and *The New Road* (1914). His later novels were mainly modern in their setting and humorous in their treatment. They include *The Daft Days* (1907), a study of an American child suddenly transplanted to a quiet Highland town, *Fancy Farm* (1910), and *Jaunty Jock* (1918). For some years he edited the *Glasgow Evening News*, and for many years contributed to it light and humorous articles. He was an LL.D. of Glasgow and of Edinburgh. He died at Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, on 22nd December, 1930.

Munro was, perhaps, fortunate in his birthplace, for Inveraray is a meeting-place of Lowlander and Highlander, and he was able to understand and interpret both races equally well. His Highlanders in particular are drawn not merely with skill but with affection; in his portrayal of them he strikes the happy mean between extreme realism and extreme idealism. His style is simple, direct, and unstrained. His later humorous works have merits of their own, but in his Highland romances he showed himself to be a writer of great gifts, and no unworthy upholder of the traditions of Scott and Stevenson.

From "The Daft Days"

"I hope and trust he'll have decent clothes to wear, and none of them American rubbish," broke in Bell, back to her nephew again. "It's all nonsense about the bashed hat, but you can never tell what way an American play-actor will dress a bairn—there's sure to be something daft-like about him—a starry waistcoat or a pair of spats,—and we must make him respectable like other boys in the place."

"I would say Norfolk suits, the same as the banker's boys," suggested Ailie. "I think the banker's boys always look so smart and neat."

"Anything with plenty of pockets in it," said Mr. Dyce. "At the age of ten a boy would prefer his clothes to be all pockets. By George! an entire suit of pockets, with a new penny in every pocket for luck, would be a great treat,"—and he chuckled at the idea, making a mental note of it for a future occasion.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Bell emphatically, for here she was in her own department. "The boy is going to be a Scotch boy. I'll have the kilt on him, or nothing."

"The kilt!" said Mr. Dyce.

"The kilt!" cried Ailie.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

It was a loud knocking at the front door. They stopped the talk to listen, and they heard the maid go along the lobby from the kitchen. When she opened the door, there came in the cheerful discord of the street, the sound of a pounding drum, the fifes still busy, the orange-

hawker's cry, but over all they heard her put her usual interrogation to visitors, no matter what their state or elegance

"Well, what is't?" she asked, and though they could not see her, they knew she would have the door just a trifle open, with her shoulder against it, as if she was there to repel some chieftain of a wild invading clan. They heard her cry, "Mercy on me!" and her footsteps hurrying to the parlour door. She threw it open, and stood with some one behind her.

"What do you think? Here's brother William's wean!" she exclaimed in a gasp

"My God! Where is he?" cried Bell, the first to find her tongue
"He's no' hurt, is he?"

"*It's no' a him at all—it's a her!*" shrieked Kate, throwing up her arms in consternation, and stepping aside she gave admission to a little girl

The orphan child of William and Mary Dyce, dead, the pair of them, in the far-off city of Chicago, stepped quite serenely into an astounded company. There were three Dyces in a row in front of her, and the droll dog Footles at her feet, and behind her, Kate, the servant, wringing her apron as if it had newly come from the washing-boyle, her bosom heaving. Ten eyes (if you could count the dog's, hidden by his tousy fringe) stared at the child a moment, and any ordinary child would have been much put out, but this was no common child, or else she felt at once the fond kind air of home. I will give you her picture in a sentence or two. She was black-haired, dark and quick in the eye, not quite pale but olive in complexion, with a chin she held well up, and a countenance neither shy nor bold, but self-possessed. Fur on her neck and hood (Jim Molyneux's last gift), and a muff that held her arms up to the elbows, gave her an aspect of picture-book cosiness that put the maid in mind at once of the butcher's Christmas calendar

It was the dog that first got over the astonishment. He made a dive at her with little friendly growls, and rolled on his back at her feet, to paddle with his four paws in the air, which was his way of showing he was in the key for fun

With a cry of glee she threw the muff on the floor and plumped beside him, put her arms about his body and buried her face in his fringe. His tail went waving, joyous, like a banner, "Doggie, doggie, you love me," said she in an accent that was anything but American. "Let us pause and consider,—you will not leave this house till I boil you an egg"

"God bless me, what child's this?" cried Bell, coming to herself with a start, and, pouncing on her, she lifted her to her feet. Ailie sank on her hands and knees and stared in the visitor's face. "The kilt, indeed!" said Mr. Dyce to himself. "This must be a warlock wean, for if it has not got the voice and sentiment of Wanton Wully Oliver I'm losing my wits"

"Tell me this, quick, are you Lennox Dyce?" said Bell, all trembling, devouring the little one with her eyes

"Well, I just guess I am," replied the child calmly, with the dog licking her chin. "Say, are you Auntie Bell?" and this time there was no doubt about the American accent. Up went her mouth to them to be kissed, composedly they lost no time, but fell upon her, Ailie half in tears because at once she saw below the childish hood so much of brother William

"Lennox, dear, you should not speak like that, who in all the world taught you to speak like that?" said Bell, unwrapping her

"Why, I thought that was all right here," said the stranger. "That's the way the bell-man speaks."

"Bless me! Do you know the bell-man?" cried Miss Dyce

"I rang his old bell for him this morning—didn't you hear me?" was the surprising answer. "He's a nice man; he likes me. I'd like him too if he wasn't so tired. He was too tired to speak sense, all he would say was, 'I've lost the place, let us pause and consider,' and 'Try another egg.' I said I would give him a quarter if he'd let me ring his bell, and he said he'd let me do it for nothing, and my breakfast besides. 'You'll not leave this house till I boil an egg for you'—that's what he said, and the poor man was so tired and his legs were dre'ffle poorly!" Again her voice was the voice of Wully Oliver, the sentiment, as the Dyces knew, was the slogan of his convivial hospitality

"The kilt indeed!" said Mr. Dyce, feeling extraordinarily foolish, and, walking past them, he went upstairs, and hurriedly put the pea-sling in his pocket

When he came down, Young America was indifferently pecking at her second breakfast with Footles on her knee, an aunt on either side of her, and the maid Kate with a tray in her hand for excuse open-mouthed, half in at the door

"Well, as I was saying, Jim—that's my dear Mr. Molyneux, you know—got busy with a lot of the boys once he landed off that old ship, and so he said, 'Bud, this is the—the—justly cel'brated Great Britain, I know by the boys, they're so lonely when they're by themselves, I was 'prehesive we might have missed it in the dark, but it's all right.' And next day he bought me this muff and things and put me on the cars—say, what funny cars you have!—and said 'Good-bye, Bud, just go right up to Maryfield, and change there. If you're lost anywhere on the island just holler out good and loud and I'll hear.' He pretended he wasn't caring, but he was pretty blinky 'bout the eyes, and I saw he wasn't anyway gay, so I never let on the way I felt myself."

She suggested the tone and manner of the absent Molyneux in a fashion to put him in the flesh before them. Kate almost laughed loud out at the oddity of it, Ailie and her brother were astounded at the clever-

ness of the mimicry; Bell clenched her hands, and said for the second time that day, "Oh! that Molyneux, if I had him!"

"He's a nice man, Jim. I can't tell you how I love him—and he gave me heaps of candy at the depot," proceeded the unabashed newcomer. "'Change at Edinburgh,' he said, 'you'll maybe have time to run into the Castle and see the Duke, give him my love, but not my address. When you get to Maryfield hop out slick and ask for your uncle Dyce.' And then he said, did Jim, 'I hope he ain't a loaded Dyce, seem' he's Scotch, and it's the festive season!'"

"The adorable Jim!" said Ailie. "We might have known."

"I got on all right," proceeded the child, "but I didn't see the Duke of Edinburgh, there wasn't time, and uncle wasn't at Maryfield, but a man put me on his mail carriage and drove me right here. He said I was a caution. My! it was cold. Say, is it always weather like this here?"

"Sometimes it's like this, and sometimes it's just ordinary Scotch weather," said Mr Dyce, twinkling at her through his spectacles.

"I was dre'ffle sleepy in the mail, and the driver wrapped me up, and when I came into this town in the dark he said, 'Walk right down there and rap at the first door you see with a brass man's hand for a knocker, that's Mr Dyce's house.' I came down, and there wasn't any brass man, but I saw the knocker. I couldn't reach up to it, so when I saw a man going into the church with a lantern in his hand, I went up to him and pulled his coat. I knew he'd be all right going into a church. He told me he was going to ring the bell, and I said I'd give him a quarter—oh, I said that before. When the bell was finished he took me to his house for luck—that was what he said—and he and his wife got right up and boiled eggs. They said I was a caution, too, and they went on boiling eggs, and I couldn't eat more than two and a white though I tried *and* tried. I think I slept a good while in their house, I was so fatigued, and they were all right, they loved me, I could see that. And I liked them some myself, though they must be mighty poor, for they haven't any children. Then the bell-man took me to this house, and rapped at the door, and went away pretty quick for him before anybody came to it, because he said he was plain-soled—what's plain-soled anyhow?—and wasn't a lucky first-foot on a New Year's morning."

"It beats all, that's what it does!" cried Bell.

"My poor wee whitterick! Were ye no' frightened on the sea?"

"Whitterick, whitterick," repeated the child to herself, and Ailie, noticing, was glad that this was certainly not a diffy. Diffies never interest themselves in new words, diffies never go inside themselves with a new fact as a dog goes under a table with a bone.

"Were you not frightened when you were on the sea?" repeated Bell.

"No," said the child promptly, "Jim was there all right, you see,

and he knew all about it. He said, 'Trust in Providence, and if it's *very* stormy, trust in Providence *and* the Scotch captain' "

"I declare! the creature must have some kind of sense in him too," said Bell, a little mollified by this compliment to Scotch sea-captains. And all the Dyces fed their eyes upon this wonderful wean that had fallen among them. 'Twas happy in that hour with them, as if in a miracle they had been remitted to their own young years, their dwelling was at long last furnished! She had got into the good graces of Footles as if she had known him all her life.

"Say, uncle, this is a funny dog," was her next remark. "Did God make him?"

"Well—yes, I suppose God did," said Mr Dyce, taken a bit aback.

"Well, isn't He the darnedest! This dog beats Mrs Molyneux's Dodo, and Dodo was a looloo. What sort of a dog is he? Scotch terrier?"

"Mostly not," said her uncle, chuckling. "It's really an improvement on the Scotch terrier. There's later patents in him, you might say. He's a sort of mosaic, indeed, when I think of it you might describe him as a pure mosaic dog."

"A Mosaic dog!" exclaimed Lennox. "Then he must have come down from scriptural parts. Perhaps I'll get playing with him Sundays. Not playing loud out, you know, but just being happy. I love being happy, don't you?"

"It's my only weakness," said Mr Dyce emphatically, blinking through his glasses. "The other business men in the town don't approve of me for it, they call it frivolity. But it comes so easily to me I never charge it in the bills, though a sense of humour should certainly be worth 12s 6d a smile in the Table of Fees. It would save many a costly plea."

"Didn't you play on Sunday in Chicago?" asked Ailie.

"Not out loud. Poppa said he was bound to have me Scotch in one thing at least, even if it took a strap. That was after mother died. He'd just read to me Sundays, and we went to church till we had pins and needles. We had the Reverend Ebenezer Paul Frazer, M A, Presbyterian Church on the Front. He just preached *and* preached till we had pins and needles all over."

"My poor Lennox!" exclaimed Ailie, with feeling.

"Oh, I'm all right!" said young America blithely. "I'm not kicking."

Dan Dyce, with his head to the side, took off his spectacles and rubbed them clean with his handkerchief, put them on again, looked at his niece through them, and then at Ailie, with some emotion struggling in his countenance. Ailie for a moment suppressed some inward convulsion, and turned her gaze, embarrassed, from him to Bell, and Bell catching the eyes of both of them could contain her joy no longer. They laughed till the tears came, and none more heartily than brother William's child. She had so sweet a laugh that there and then the Dyces thought it the loveliest

sound they had ever heard in their house Her aunts would have devoured her with caresses Her uncle stood over her and beamed, rubbing his hands, expectant every moment of another manifestation of the oddest kind of child mind he had ever encountered And Kate swept out and in between the parlour and the kitchen on trivial excuses, generally with something to eat for the child, who had eaten so much in the house of Wanton Wully Oliver that she was indifferent to the rarest delicacies of Bell's celestial grocery

"You're just—a wee witch!" said Bell, fondling the child's hair.
"Do you know, that man Molyneux——"

"Jim," suggested Lennox

"I would Jim him if I had him! That man Molyneux in all his scrimp-ing little letters never said whether you were a boy or a girl, and we thought a Lennox was bound to be a boy, and all this time we have been expecting a boy"

"I declare!" said the little one, with the most amusing drawl, a memory of Molyneux "Why, I always was a girl, far back as I can remember Nobody never gave me the chance to be a boy I suppose I hadn't the clothes for the part, and they just pushed me along anyhow in frocks Would you'd rather I was a boy?"

"Not a bit! We have one in the house already, and he's a fair heart-break," said her aunt, with a look towards Mr Dyce "We had just made up our minds to dress you in the kilt when your rap came to the door At least, I had made up my mind, the others are so thrawn! And bless me! lassie, where's your luggage? You surely did not come all the way from Chicago with no more than what you have on your back?"

"You'll be tickled to death to see my trunks!" said Lennox "I've heaps and heaps of clothes and six dolls They're all coming with the coach They wanted me to wait for the coach too, but the mail-man who called me a caution said he was bound to have a passenger for luck on New Year's day, and I was in a hurry to get home anyway"

"Home!" When she said that, the two aunts swept on her like a billow, and bore her, dog and all, upstairs to her room She was almost blind for want of sleep They hovered over her quick-fingered, airy as bees, stripping her for bed She knelt a moment and in one breath said:

"God - bless - father - and - mother - and - Jim - and - Mrs Molyneux - and - my - aunts - in - Scotland - and - Uncle - Dan - and - everybody - good-night"

And was asleep in the sunlight of the room as soon as her head fell on the pillow

"She prayed for her father and mother," whispered Bell, with Footles in her arms, as they stood beside the bed "It's not—it's not quite Presbyterian to pray for the dead, it's very American, indeed you might call it papist"

Ailie's face reddened, but she said nothing.

"And do you know this?" said Bell shamefacedly, "I do it myself; upon my word, I do it myself. I'm often praying for father and mother and William."

"So am I," confessed Alison, plainly relieved "I'm afraid I'm a poor Presbyterian, for I never knew there was anything wrong in doing so"

Below, in the parlour, Mr Dyce stood looking into the white garden, a contented man, humming—

"Star of Peace, to wanderers weary"

JOSEPH CONRAD

(1857 - 1924)

FYODOR JOSEF KONRAD KORZENIOWSKI was born in the Ukraine on 6th December, 1857. His father was a Polish man of letters of liberal political views. He spent his youth at Cracow, and at the age of seventeen went to Marseille, where he joined the French merchant service. In 1878 he landed at Lowestoft, subsequently became a mate on an English ship, and a master in 1884. His first novel, *Almayer's Folly*, appeared in 1895. It was fairly successful, and not long after its publication he gave up the sea, settled in Kent, and devoted himself to writing. His progress was slow, as he was a fastidious writer and had not a ready pen. His novels include *An Outcast of the Islands* (1896), *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, his own favourite (1897), *Lord Jim* (1900), *Youth* (1902), *Typhoon* (1903), *Nostramo*, his best work in the opinion of many (1904), *The Secret Agent* (1907), *Chance*, his first book to become widely popular (1914), *Victory* (1915), *The Arrow of Gold* (1919), *The Rescue*

(1920), and *The Rover* (1923). He wrote one play, *One Day More* (1905). He died at Bishopbourne, Kent, on 3rd August, 1924. An incomplete novel, *Suspense*, was posthumously published in 1925. Although Conrad was twenty-one before he learned English, he nevertheless acquired a wonderful style, strong and idiomatic, which was improved by his thorough knowledge of several other languages, especially French. He is always at his happiest when dealing with seafaring life, the details of which he knew so intimately. His short stories are no less masterly than his novels. In both he showed himself able to tread the narrow path which lies between excess of realism on the one side and excess of romance on the other.

[F. M. Ford, *Joseph Conrad, a Personal Remembrance*; Hugh Walpole, *Joseph Conrad* (Writers of the Day Series), Jessie Conrad, *Joseph Conrad as I knew him*, G. Jean-Aubry, *Joseph Conrad, Life and Letters*]

From "Typhoon"

Jukes was as ready a man as any half-dozen young mates that may be caught by casting a net upon the waters, and though he had been somewhat taken aback by the startling viciousness of the first squall, he had pulled himself together on the instant, had called out the hands and had rushed them along to secure such openings about the deck as had not been already battened down earlier in the evening. Shouting in his fresh, stentorian voice, "Jump, boys, and bear a hand!" he led in the work, telling himself the while that he had "just expected this."

But at the same time he was growing aware that this was rather more than he had expected. From the first stir of the air felt on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the accumulated impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and instantly in the midst of her regular rolling she began to jerk and plunge as though she had gone mad with fright.

Jukes thought, "This is no joke." While he was exchanging explanatory yells with his captain, a sudden lowering of the darkness came upon the night, falling before their vision like something palpable. It was as if the masked lights of the world had been turned down. Jukes was uncritically glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as though that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken most of the gale's weight upon his shoulders. Such is the prestige, the privilege, and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no relief of that sort from anyone on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. He was trying to see, with that watchful manner of a seaman who stares into the wind's eye as if into the eye of an adversary, to penetrate the hidden intention and guess the aim and force of the thrust. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity, he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not even discern the shadow of her shape. He wished it were not so, and very still he waited, feeling stricken by a blind man's helplessness.

To be silent was natural to him, dark or shine. Jukes, at his elbow, made himself heard yelling cheerily in the gusts, "We must have got the worst of it at once, sir." A faint burst of lightning quivered all round, as it flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge heads forward, as if petrified in the act of

butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind, it isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared—even, for a moment, his power of thinking, but his hand had found one of the rail-stanchions. His distress was by no means alleviated by an inclination to disbelieve the reality of this experience. Though young, he had seen some bad weather, and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst, but this was so much beyond his powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever. He would have been incredulous about himself in the same way, perhaps, had he not been so harassed by the necessity of exerting a wrestling effort against a force trying to tear him away from his hold. Moreover, the conviction of not being utterly destroyed returned to him through the sensations of being half-drowned, bestially shaken, and partly choked.

It seemed to him he remained there precariously alone with the stanchion for a long, long time. The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He breathed in gasps, and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily, he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing sea which put it out. He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched away from his embracing arms. After a crushing thump on his back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne upwards. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, he kept on repeating mentally, with the utmost precipitation, the words "My God! My God! My God! My God!"

All at once, in a revolt of misery and despair, he formed the crazy resolution to get out of that. And he began to thresh about with his

arms and legs. But as soon as he commenced his wretched struggles he discovered that he had become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and finally was himself caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick solid body. He had found his captain.

They tumbled over and over, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang, and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could.

Jukes came out of it rather horrified, as though he had escaped some unparalleled outrage directed at his feelings. It weakened his faith in himself. He started shouting aimlessly to the man he could feel near him in that fiendish blackness, "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" till his temples seemed ready to burst. And he heard in answer a voice, as if crying far away, as if screaming to him fretfully from a very great distance, the one word "Yes!" Other seas swept again over the bridge. He received them defencelessly right over his bare head, with both his hands engaged in holding.

The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness: she pitched as if taking a header into a void, and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. When she rolled she fell on her side headlong, and she would be righted back by such a demolishing blow that Jukes felt her reeling as a clubbed man reels before he collapses. The gale howled and scuffled about gigantically in the darkness, as though the entire world were one black gully. At certain moments the air streamed against the ship as if sucked through a tunnel with a concentrated solid force of impact that seemed to lift her clean out of the water and keep her up for an instant with only a quiver running through her from end to end. And then she would begin her tumbling again as if dropped back into a boiling cauldron. Jukes tried hard to compose his mind and judge things coolly.

The sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm both ends of the *Nan-Shan* in snowy rushes of foam, expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. And on this dazzling sheet, spread under the blackness of the clouds and emitting a bluish glow, Captain MacWhirr could catch a desolate glimpse of a few tiny specks black as ebony, the tops of the hatches, the battened companions, the heads of the covered winches, the foot of a mast. This was all he could see of his ship. Her middle structure, covered by the bridge which bore him, his mate, the closed wheelhouse where a man was steering shut up with the fear of being swept overboard together with the whole thing in one great crash—her middle structure was like a half-tide rock awash upon a coast. It was like an outlying rock with the water boiling

up, streaming over, pouring off, beating round—like a rock in the surf to which shipwrecked people cling before they let go—only it rose, it sank, it rolled continuously, without respite and rest, like a rock that should have miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea

The *Nan-Shan* was being looted by the storm with a senseless, destructive fury, trysails torn out of the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown away, bridge swept clean, weather-cloths burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when upon the white flash of another high sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had a vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block capering in the air, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, “Our boats are going now, sir.”

And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale, again he heard a man’s voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—“All right.”

He thought he had not managed to make himself understood. “Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir! Two gone!”

The same voice, within a foot of him, and yet so remote, yelled sensibly, “Can’t be helped.”

Captain MacWhirr had never turned his face, but Jukes caught some more words on the wind.

“What can—expect—when hammering through—such—Bound to leave—something behind—stands to reason.”

Watchfully Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say, and Jukes could picture to himself rather than see the broad squat back before him. An impenetrable obscurity pressed down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea. A dull conviction seized upon Jukes that there was nothing to be done.

RUDYARD KIPLING

(1865 -)

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Bombay on 30th December, 1865. His father was for many years curator of the Lahore Museum. He was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, a school which he has immortalized in *Stalky and Co*. At the age of seventeen he returned to India, and became assistant editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette and Pioneer*, a Lahore paper. In 1886 he published *Departmental Duties*, a volume of light verse, and in 1887 *Plain Tales from the Hills*, a collection of short stories, appeared. These were followed by *Soldiers Three*, *In Black and White*, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, and other collections of short stories. These stories are told in a masterly and highly original way, and Kipling was at once acknowledged as among the foremost writers of fiction. The soldier stories, and the stories of children and of official life, are especially good. After travelling in China, Japan, and America, he published a collection of sketches of travel under the title of *From Sea to Sea* (not published in book form until 1899). In 1891 he wrote his first long story, *The Light that Failed*, which has never attained the popularity of his short stories. *Barrack Room Ballads*, originally contributed to the *National Observer*, appeared in book form in 1892, and greatly increased Kipling's reputation as

a writer of vigorous verse. A fine collection of stories, *Many Inventions*, appeared in 1893, and in 1894 and 1895 appeared *The Jungle Book* and *The Second Jungle Book*, which are considered by some critics to be Kipling's masterpieces. In 1897 he published *Captains Courageous*, a tale of the Newfoundland fisheries, and in 1899 his realistic if somewhat highly coloured collection of school stories, *Stalky and Co*. His other books include *Kim* (1901), *Just So Stories for Little Children* (1902), *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906), *Rewards and Fancies* (1910), *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917), *The Years Between* (1918), *The Irish Guards in the Great War* (1923), *Debts and Credits* (1926), and *A Book of Words* (1928).

Kipling's work has always been recognized as the work of a master. He is one of the few English writers who excel in the difficult art of short story writing. His verse is vigorous and memorable, his prose is energetic and telling. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907, and the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1926. He has been given honorary degrees by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Durham, McGill, Paris, Strasbourg, and Athens. He has been almost unanimously accepted as one of the most original and powerful writers of his time.

[F. L. Knowles, *A Kipling Primer*, G. F. Monkshood, Rud-

yard Kipling the Man and his of the Works of Rudyard Kipling,
Work, J. Palmer, Rudyard Kipling, R Le Gallienne, *Rudyard Kipling:*
R T Hopkins, Rudyard Kipling, a Criticism]
E W Martindell, A Bibliography

Mandalay

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me,
 For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say
 "Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!"
 Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay
 Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
 Oh, the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
 An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot
 Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
 Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
 Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
 On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
 She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"
 With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,
 We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak
 Elephints a-pilin' teak
 In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
 Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
 On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
 An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay,
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells
 "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else"
 No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells
 An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple bells!
 On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-stones,
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
 Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
 An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot *do* they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
 Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
 For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!

Oh, the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China crost the Bay!

Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old—

Lord of our far-flung battle line—

Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—

The Captains and the Kings depart—

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—

On dune and headland sinks the fire—

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

(1864 – 1926)

ISRAEL ZANGWILL was born in London on 14th February, 1864. He was educated at Red Cross Street Middle Class School, Bristol, and at the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields, where he became a teacher. He took the B.A. degree at London University, but abandoned teaching for journalism, editing *Ariel* for some time. His first novel *The Premier and the Painter* (1888) was written in collaboration with Louis Cowen. The novel which won him wide literary fame was *Children of the Ghetto* (1892). His other novels include *Merely Mary Ann* (1893), *The King of Schnorrers* (1894), *The Master* (1895), *Dreamers of the Ghetto* (1898), *The Mantle of Elijah* (1900), and *Janny the Carrier* (1919). His plays are even better than his novels. They include *The Melting*

Pot (1908), *The War God* (1911), *The Next Religion*, which was banned by the censor (1912), *Plaster Saints* (1914), *The Cockpit* (1921), *The Forcing House* (1922); and *We Moderns* (1923). Zangwill took a prominent part in Jewish affairs of all kinds, he was President of the Jewish Historical Society of England, and of the Jewish Territorial Organization, and in every way did all he could to further the cause of his race and of the humanitarian principles which were so dear to him. He was thus not only a great writer but a great publicist. His novels and plays, especially the latter, show him to have been a master of humour and pathos; he is always at his best when handling Jewish characters and scenes.

From "The Melting Pot"

David It was your Easter, and the air was full of holy bells and the streets of holy processions—priests in black and girls in white waving palms and crucifixes, and everybody exchanging Easter eggs and kissing one another three times on the mouth in token of peace and goodwill, and even the Jew-boy felt the spirit of love brooding over the earth, though he did not then know that this Christ, whom holy chants proclaimed re-risen, was born in the form of a brother Jew. And what added to the peace and holy joy was that our own Passover was shining before us. My mother had already made the raisin wine, and my greedy little brother Solomon had sipped it on the sly that very morning. We were all at home—all except my father—he was away in a little Synagogue at which he was cantor. Ah, such a voice he had—a voice of tears and thunder—when he prayed it was like a wounded soul beating at the gates of Heaven—but he sang even more beautifully in the ritual of home, and how we were looking forward to his hymns at the Passover table——

He breaks down. The Baron has gradually turned round under the spell of David's story and now listens hypnotized

I was playing my cracked little fiddle. Little Miriam was making her doll dance to it. Ah, that decrepit old china doll—the only one the poor child had ever had—I can see it now—one eye, no nose, half an arm. We were all laughing to see it caper to my music. My father flies in through the door, desperately clasping to his breast the Holy Scroll. We cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth of song there is no longer a tongue—only blood. He tries to bar the door—a mob breaks in—we dash out through the back into the street. There are the soldiers—and the Face——

Vera's eyes involuntarily seek the face of her father, who shrinks away as their eyes meet

Vera (in a low sob) O God!

David When I came to myself, with a curious aching in my left shoulder, I saw lying beside me a strange shapeless Something . . .

David points weirdly to the floor, and Vera, hunched forwards, gazes stonily at it, as if seeing the horror

By the crimson doll in what seemed a hand I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of beauty and perfection beside the mutilated mass which was all that remained of my sister, of my mother, of greedy little Solomon— Oh! You Christians can only see that rosy splendour on the horizon of happiness. And the Jew didn't see rosy enough for you, ha! ha! ha! the Jew who gropes in one great crimson mist.

He breaks down in spasmodic, ironic, long-drawn, terrible laughter

Vera (trying vainly to tranquillize him) Hush, David! Your laughter hurts more than tears Let Vera comfort you

She kneels by his chair, tries to put her arms round him

David (shuddering) Take them away! Don't you feel the cold dead pushing between us?

Vera (unfaltering, moving his face toward her lips) Kiss me!

David I should feel the blood on my lips

Vera My love shall wipe it out

David Love! Christian love!

He unwinds her clinging arms, she sinks prostrate on the floor as he rises.
For this I gave up my people—darkened the home that sheltered me—there was always a still, small voice at my heart calling me back, but I heeded nothing—only the voice of the butcher's daughter (*Brokenly*)
Let me go home, let me go home

He looks lingeringly at Vera's prostrate form, but overcoming the instinct to touch and comfort her, begins tottering with uncertain pauses toward the door leading to the hall

Baron (extending his arms in relief and longing) And here is *your* home, Vera!

He raises her gradually from the floor, she is dazed, but suddenly she becomes conscious of whose arms she is in, and utters a cry of repulsion

Vera Those arms reeking from that crimson river!

She falls back

Baron (sullenly) Don't echo that babble You came to these arms often enough when they were fresh from the battlefield

Vera But not from the shambles! You heard what he called you Not soldier—butcher! Oh, I dared to dream of happiness after my nightmare of Siberia, but you—you——

She breaks down for the first time in hysterical sobs

Baron (brokenly) Vera! Little Vera! Don't cry! You stab me!

Vera You thought you were ordering your soldiers to fire at the Jews, but it was my heart they pierced

She sobs on

Baron And my own . . . But we will comfort each other I will go to the Tsar myself—with my forehead to the earth—to beg for your pardon! Come, put your wet face to little father's

Vera (violently pushing his face away) I hate you! I curse the day I was born your daughter!

She staggers toward the door leading to the interior At the same moment David, who has reached the door leading to the hall, now feeling subconsciously that Vera is going and that his last reason for lingering on is removed, turns the door-handle The click attracts the Baron's attention, he veers round

Baron (to David). Halt!

David turns mechanically Vera drifts out through her door, leaving the two men face to face The Baron beckons to David, who as if hypnotized moves nearer The Baron whips out his pistol, slowly crosses to David, who stands as if awaiting his fate The Baron hands the pistol to David

You were right!

He steps back swiftly with a touch of stern heroism into the attitude of the culprit at a military execution, awaiting the bullet

Shoot me!

David

Takes the pistol mechanically, looks long and pensively at it as with a sense of its irrelevance Gradually his arm droops and lets the pistol fall on the table, and there his hand touches a string of his violin, which yields a little note Thus reminded of it, he picks up the violin, and as his fingers draw out the broken string he murmurs

I must get a new string

He resumes his dragging march toward the door, repeating maunderingly

I must get a new string

The curtain falls

(From Act III)

"O. HENRY"

(1862 - 1910)

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, on 11th September, 1862. His education was scanty. For five years he worked as a clerk in a drug-store, he then spent two years on a ranch in Texas, and then settled at Austin, Texas, working as a book-keeper, as a teller in a bank, and as a journalist. In 1898 he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for having embezzled a sum of money (about £230) from the bank, but was released in 1901. Many of his short stories were written in prison, and after his release he settled in New York, and wrote short stories

for the *World*. He soon achieved enormous popularity. He died in New York on 5th June, 1910. His published volumes include the following: *Cabbages and Kings* (1904), *The Four Million* (1909), *The Gentle Grafters* (1908), *The Gift of the Wise Men* (1911), *The Heart of the West* (1907), *Let me Feel your Pulse* (1910), *Options* (1909), *Roads of Destiny* (1909), *Rolling Stones* (1912), *Sixes and Sevens* (1911), *Strictly Business* (1910), *The Trimmed Lamp* (1910), *Two Women* (1910), *The Voice of the City* (1908), and *Whirligigs* (1910). O. Henry's earliest stories

were modelled upon Bret Harte, but he soon showed himself a highly original genius. His stories are distinguished by brilliance, humour, unexpectedness, and sympathy for the "bottom dog", some of them are marred by cheapness and caricature. He can grip

and enchant his readers as only great writers can; but, after all, the short story even at its most admirable is not a suitable form for supreme art, he who is a master of it is, at best, but a "king of shreds and patches".

[C Alphonso Smith, *O Henry*]

The Gift of the Magi

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her

Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflexion in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in that flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket, on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme Sofronie Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie".

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not

by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of *The Watch*. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"*You've cut off your hair?*" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too It's Christmas Eve, boy Be good to me, for it went for you Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake He enfolded his Della For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them This dark assertion will be illuminated later on

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first "

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper And then an ecstatic scream of joy, and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat

For there lay The Combs,—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair They were expensive combs she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat, and cried "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it "

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

(1865 -)

LAURENCE HOUSMAN was born on 18th June, 1865. He studied art at South Kensington, and began his career as an illustrator. He afterwards wrote much verse and prose. *Green Arras*, a volume of verse (1896), was followed by *Spike-nard* (1898), *Rue* (1899), and *Mendicant Rhymes* (1906). His allegorical tales include *All-Fellows* (1896), *The Blue Moon* (1904), and *The Cloak of Friendship* (1905). *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, pub-

lished anonymously in 1900, met with very great success. His other works include *Bethlehem*, a nativity play (1902), *Prunella* (1906), *Lysistrata, a Modern Paraphrase* (1910), *Angels and Ministers* (1921), and *Little Plays of St Francis* (1922). As a poet he is a mystic, and the influence of Rossetti is clearly noticeable in his poems. He is also an admirer of Blake, to whom he has devoted a book.

Harvest

(1914)

It was the time of year
When green leaf turns to gold,
Earth's harvest did appear
More full than hands could hold.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Within her girth, unspent,
The immemorial food
Of Nature's sacrament
Lay stored for all her brood.

Boundless from hill to plain
The harvest-field was white,
Long leagues of living grain
Stood up and drank the light.

Up from uneasy rest
The Reaper raised his form,
He bared his grisly breast,
His heart went knit for storm.

Westward his course he took
A destined goal to gain,
And thrust his reaping-hook
To the fair Flemish plain

By towers of crumbling stone,
Ghosts of an older strife,
Where no fresh trumpets blown
Shall rend the dead to life,—

By time-deserted posts,
Where once loud bugles blew
To rouse the peaceful hosts
Which sleep at Waterloo,—

Where erst his power was known
He smote and smote again
With every stroke lay strown
A hundred miles of men

As back he went or forth
A thousand woes had birth,
Westward, and south, and north,
He trod a shrieking earth.

Of each beleaguered town
He made his threshing-floor,
Smote till dead walls were down,
Where streets had lived before

Struck with his flail and spilled,
Till shocks of shattered grain
In ruined garner filled
Liège, Namur, Louvain

Where the red Reaper reaped
Down fell the living wave,
And quick and dead lay heaped
In one tremendous grave

Armageddon—and After

We fought at Armageddon for the freedom of the world
I fought, and you fought, and here our bones lie mixed
By the master-hands which held us, eastward and westward hurled,
We were shattered, we fell down, for the place and time were fixed.

Tell me, O brother Bone, what here remains to know
Marched we as comrades then, or foemen, ere we died?
Was it my hand or yours which dealt the darkening blow
Was it your hand or mine which turned the blow aside?

Took I my brother's life what better life was mine?
Fought I for freedom,—of freedom so bereft?
Had I the clearer sight to read the Heavenly sign?
Had I the cleaner heart, to keep my hands from theft?

We fought at Armageddon for the freedom of mankind,
And while we fought, behind us freedom was bought and sold!
The light that lit these sockets is out, and we are blind
Now with blind eyes we read, now with dead hands can hold.

Bone to my bone you lie, companion of my pains!
What link of life is this, which binds us wrist to wrist?
These, brother, these are not links but only chains,
Worn by the living, that dying lips have kissed

Millions we marched; and the rattle of the drums
Drowned the rattle of our chains, and the shouting held our ranks
For sweet to our ears was "The conquering hero comes",
And sweet to our hearts "A grateful Country's thanks".

We fought at Armageddon for the brotherhood of Man;
 And safe within their fences the tricksters plied their trade.
 'Twas the old fight we fought, and it ends as it began,
 The gamblers held their hands till the last trump was played.

We fought at Armageddon for the freedom of mankind
 I fought, and you fought, and here our bones lie strewn.
 The flesh is stript from off us, the chains remain behind,
 And the freedom that we fought for is an unremembered tune

The Old Moon

Beautiful old Moon! a sennight ago thou wast young
 Now from west unto east the weight of thy head is hung
 Ah, Moon, Moon! where in the world hast thou been,
 To grow so old in a week? What in the world hast thou seen?

And it seems that I hear her say, "Two lovers lay heart to heart,
 Only a week ago, and now I have watched them part"
 Only a week ago? To me it seems as a year
 Autumn has gone, and winter has come, and the woods are sere

Ah, Moon, Moon! When thy head was turned to the west,
 There, on the heart of my love, surely my heart had rest!
 But now thou hangest thy head to the gleam of the eastern sky;
 And I dream and wish I were dead, so restless of heart am I!

In a Garden

In the twilight carols a bird It is March here still
 The bough hangs bare, and the earth and the air are chill.
 And—had I my will—have I any song to be heard
 Any voice to make other rejoice—not a word?
 Not a word!

His heart, out of gladness within, pours gladness without
 No nook in this garden that hears him—no alley or glade—
 But sounds like the arbours of Eden while he is about.
 His voice in the garden is God's, and has made me afraid

"Where are you? Where are you?" he cries "I am here! I am here!"
 Comes a voice out of cover responding—alas, but not mine!
 I have eaten the bread of the wise, I am drunken with care;
 I know I am mortal But he, that knows not, is divine.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

(1862 –)

HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT was born on 6th June, 1862, at Bilston, Staffordshire, where his father was vicar. He was educated at Clifton College, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated with a second class in *literæ humaniores* in 1885. In 1887 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, and practised for eleven years. From 1900 to 1904 he was editor of the *Monthly Review*. He published a novel and a tragedy, but made his reputation with *Admirals All*, a volume of verse, in 1897.

It was followed by *The Island Race* (1898), *The Sailing of the Longships* (1902), *Songs of the Sea* (1904), *Songs of the Fleet* (1910), and *St George's Day* (1918). He has also written *The Old Country* (1906), *The New June* (1909), *The Twymans* (1911), *Tales of the Great War* (1916), *A New Study of English Poetry* (1917), *A Naval History of the War* (1920), *Studies Green and Gray* (1926), and *New Paths on Helicon* (1927). He was knighted in 1915 and made a Companion of Honour in 1922.

Drake's Drum

Drake he's in his hammock, an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Rovin' though his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe,

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

He Fell among Thieves

"Ye have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said

He laughed, "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready, but let the reckoning stand till day,
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive"
"You shall die at dawn," said they

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows,
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window side,
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below,
Calling him down to ride

He saw the grey little church across the park,
The mounds that hid the loved and honoured dead,
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables and the faces merry and keen,
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the dais serene

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew

And now it was dawn He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood,
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet,
His murderers round him stood

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white;
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height

“ O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee ”
A sword swept
Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept

The Fighting Téméraire

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun

Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

*Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire*

It was noontide ringing
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun
It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
As they loaded every gun

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing,
Of the great days done
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

(1861 -)

OWEN SEAMAN was born on 18th September, 1861. He was educated at Shrewsbury, and at Clare College, Cambridge, where he won the Porson Prize for Greek Iambics, and was placed in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1883. He became an assistant-master at Rossall School in 1884, in 1890 he was appointed Professor of Literature at Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he was called to the bar in 1897, in that year he joined the staff of *Punch*, becoming assistant-editor in 1902, and succeeding Sir F. C.

Burnand as editor in 1906. He was knighted in 1914. His brilliant parodies have won him a place not far below Calverley as a master of humorous verse. His principal volumes of verse are *Horace at Cambridge* (1894), *The Battle of the Bays* (1896), *In Cap and Bells* (1899), *Borrowed Plumes* (1902), *A Harvest of Chaff* (1904), and *Salvage* (1908). His later publications include *War Time* (1915), *Made in England* (1916), *From the Home Front* (1918), and *Interludes of an Editor* (1929). He was created a baronet in 1933.

A Nocturne at Danieli's

[Suggested by Browning's *A Toccata of Galuppi's*]

Caro mio, Pulcinello, kindly hear my wail of woe
Lifted from a noble structure—late Palazzo Dandolo

This is Venice, you will gather, which is full of precious "stones",
Tintoretto's, picture-postcards and remains of Doges' bones.

Not of these am I complaining, they are mostly seen by day,
And they only try your patience in an inoffensive way

But at night, when over Lido rises Dian (that's the Moon),
And the vicious *vaporetti* cease to vex the still lagoon;

When the final *trovatore*, singing something old and cheap,
Hurls his *tremolo crescendo* full against my beauty sleep,

When I hear the Riva's loungers in debate beneath my bower
Summing up (about 1.30) certain questions of the hour,

Then across my nervous system falls the shrill mosquito's boom,
And it's "O, to be in England", where the may is on the bloom.

I admit the power of Music to inflate the savage breast—
There are songs devoid of language which are quite among the best—

But the present orchestration, with its poignant oboe part,
Is, in my obscure opinion, barely fit to rank as Art.

Will it solace me to-morrow, being bit in either eye,
To be told that this is nothing to the season in July?

Shall I go for help to Ruskin? Would it ease my pimply brow
If I found the Doges suffered much as I am suffering now?

If identical probosces pinked the lovers who were bored
By the sentimental tinkling of Galuppi's clavichord?

That's from Browning (Robert Browning)—I have left his works at home,
And the poem I allude to isn't in the Tauchnitz tome,

But, if memory serves me rightly, he was very much concerned
At the thought that in the sequel Venice reaped what Venice earned

Was he thinking of mosquitos? Did he mean *then* poisoned crop?
Was it through ammonia tincture that "the kissing had to stop"?

As for later loves—for Venice never quite mislaid her spell—
Madame Sand and dear de Musset occupied my own hotel!

On the very floor below me, I have heard the patron say,
They were put in No 13 (No 36, to-day)

But they parted—"elle et lui" did—and it now occurs to me
That mosquitos came between them in this "kingdom by the sea"

Poor dead lovers, and such brains, too! What am I that I should swear
When the creatures munch my forehead, taking more than I can spare?

Should I live to meet the morning, should the climate readjust
Any reparable fragments left upon my outer crust,

Why, at least I still am extant, and a dog that sees the sun
Has the pull of Daniel's den of "lions", dead and done

Courage! I will keep my vigil on the balcony till day
Like a knight in full pyjamas who would rather run away.

Courage! let me ope the casement, let the shutters be withdrawn,
 Let scirocco, breathing on me, check a tendency to yawn;
 There's the sea! and—*Ecco l'alba!* Ha! (in other words) the Dawn!

ALFRED NOYES

(1880 –)

ALFRED NOYES was born in Staffordshire on 16th September, 1880, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1913 he gave the Lowell Lectures in America on "The Sea in English Poetry", and in the following year was appointed to the Professorship of Modern English Literature on the Murray Foundation, Princeton University, a post which he resigned in 1923. His volumes of poetry include *The Loom of Years* (1902), *The Flower of Old Japan* (1903), *Drake*, an English epic (1908),

The Enchanted Island (1909), *The Elfin Artist* (1920), *The Torch bearers*, an epic of scientific discovery (Vol I, *The Watchers of the Sky*, 1922, Vol II, *The Book of Earth*, 1925, Vol III, *The Last Voyage*, 1930), and *Ballads and Poems* (1928). He has also written *Rada*, a play (1915), *Robin Hood*, a poetic drama (1927), some volumes of short stories, and *The Return of the Scarecrow*, a novel (1929), and he has contributed to the English Men of Letters Series the volume on William Morris.

A Song of Sherwood

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
 Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
 Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
 Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn

Robin Hood is here again all his merry thieves
 Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
 Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June
 All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon
 Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
 Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
 With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
 For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
 Of wild rose and hawthorn and honey-uckle boughs
 Love is in the greenwood dawn is in the skies,
 And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep
 Marian is waiting is Robin Hood asleep?
 Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
 Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
 Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
 And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together,
 With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-feather
 The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows,
 All the heart of England hid in every rose
 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
 Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,
 And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
 Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen,
 All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men,
 Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day,

Calls them and they answer. from aisles of oak and ash
 Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
 The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
 And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
 Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves:
 Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Creation

In the beginning, there was nought
 But heaven, one Majesty of Light,
 Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,
 Beyond all depth, beyond all height,
 Consummate heaven, the first and last,
 Enfolding in its perfect prime
 No future rushing to the past,
 But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or Time.

Formless it was, being gold on gold,
 And void—but with that complete Life
 Where music could no wings unfold
 Till lo, God smote the strings of strife!
 “Myself unto Myself am Throne,
 Myself unto Myself am Thrall,
 I that am All am all alone,”
 He said, “Yea, I have nothing, having all ”

“And, gathering round His mount of bliss
 The angel-squadrons of His will,
 He said, “One battle yet there is
 To win, one vision to fulfil!
 Since heaven where’er I gaze expands,
 And power that knows no strife or cry,
 Weakness shall bind and pierce My hands
 And make a world for Me wherein to die

“All might, all vastness and all glory
 Being Mine, I must descend and make
 Out of My heart a song, a story
 Of little hearts that burn and break
 Out of My passion without end
 I will make little azure seas,
 And into small sad fields descend
 And make green grass, white daisies, rustling trees ”

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust
 His arms out East and West and gave
 For every little dream of dust
 Part of His Life as to a grave!
 "Enough, O Father, for Thy words
Have pierced Thy hands!" But, low and sweet,
 He said, "Sunsets and streams and birds,
 And drifting clouds!"—The purple stained His feet.

"Enough!" His angels moaned in fear,
 "Father, Thy words have pierced Thy side!"
 He whispered, "Roses shall grow there,
 And there must be a hawthorn-tide,
 And ferns, dewy at dawn," and still
 They moaned—"Enough, the red drops bleed!"
 "And," sweet and low, "on every hill,"
 He said, "I will have flocks and lambs to lead"

His angels bowed their heads beneath
 Their wings till that great pang was gone
 "Pour not Thy soul out unto Death!"
 They moaned, and still His Love flowed on,
 "There shall be small white wings to stray
 From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom,
 And blue flowers in the wheat, and——" "*Stay!*
Speak not," they cried, "*the word that seals Thy tomb!*"

He spake,—“I have thought of a little child
 That I will have there to embark
 On small adventures in the wild,
 And front slight perils in the dark,
 And I will hide from him and lure
 His laughing eyes with suns and moons,
 And rainbows that shall not endure,
 And—when he is weary, sing him drowsy tunes”

His angels fell before Him weeping
 "Enough! Tempt not the Gates of Hell!"
 He said, "His soul is in his keeping
 That we may love each other well,
 And lest the dark too much affright him,
 I will strow countless little stars
 Across his childish skies to light him
 That he may wage in peace his mimic wars;

“ And oft forget Me as he plays
With swords and childish merchandize,
Or with his elfin balance weighs,
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies,
Or builds his castles by the deep,
Or tunnels through the rocks, and then—
Turn to Me as he falls asleep,
And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

“ And when he is older he shall be
My friend and walk here at My side,
Or—when he wills—grow young with Me,
And, to that happy world where once we died,
Descending through the calm blue weather,
Buy life once more with our immortal breath,
And wander through the little fields together,
And taste of Love and Death ”

Mountain Laurel

(The Green Mountain Poet Sings)

I have been wandering in the lonely valleys,
Where mountain laurel grows,
And, in among the rocks, and the tall dark pine-trees,
The foam of the young bloom flows,
In a riot of dawn-coloured stars, all drenched with the dew-fall,
And musical with the bee
Let the fog-bound cities over their dead wreaths quarrel.
Wild laurel for me!

Wild laurel—mountain laurel—
Bright as the breast of a cloud at break of day,
White-flowering laurel, wild mountain laurel,
Rose-dappled snowdrifts, warm with the honey of May!
On the happy hill-sides, in the green valleys of Connecticut,
Where the trout-streams go carolling to the sea,
I have walked with the lovers of song and heard them singing
Wild laurel for me!

Far, far away is the throng that has never known beauty,
Or looked upon unstained skies
Did they think that our songs would scramble for withered bay-leaves
In the streets where the brown fog lies?

They never have seen their wings, then, beating westward,
 To the heights where song is free,
 To the hills where the laurel is drenched with the dawn's own colours,
 Wild laurel for me!

Wild laurel—mountain laurel—
 Where Robert o' Lincoln sings in the dawn and the dew
 White-flowering laurel—wild mountain laurel,
 Where song springs fresh from the heart, and the heart is true!
 They have gathered the sheep to their fold, but where is the eagle?
 They have bridled their steeds, but when have they tamed the sea?
 They have caged the wings, but never the heart of the singer
 Wild laurel for me!

If I never should see you again, O lost companions,
 When the rose-red month begins,
 With the wood-smoke curling blue by the Indian river,
 And the sound of the violins,
 In dreams the breath of your green glens would still haunt me,
 Where night and her stars, drawing down on blossom and tree
 Turn earth to heaven, and whisper their love till day-break
 Wild laurel for me!

Wild laurel—mountain laurel—
 O, mount again, wild wings, to the stainless blue,
 White-flowering laurel, wild mountain laurel,
 And all the glory of song that the young heart knew
 I have lived I have loved I have sung in the happy valleys,
 Where the trout-streams go carolling to the sea
 I have met the lovers of song in the sunset bringing
 Wild laurel for me!

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

(1866 –)

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS was born at Bromley, Kent, on 21st September, 1866. His father was a professional cricketer. He was educated at a private school at Bromley, and at Midhurst Grammar School. For a time he was

employed in a drapery shop, but was able, by means of scholarships he had won, to study at the Royal College of Science, London. In 1888 he graduated B.Sc. with first-class honours at London University, and for several years taught biology.

In 1893 he turned to journalism and literature, contributing to *Nature* and *The Saturday Review*. His first book, *Select Conversations with an Uncle*, appeared in 1895. He is interested in a diversity of subjects, including science, sociology, and theology, and has produced, besides novels dealing with the lower middle classes, works on socialism, politics, history, and theology, and a series of romances which contain sociological and scientific forecasts. His works include *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *Love and Mr Lewisham* (1900), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), *The Food of the Gods* (1904), *A Modern Utopia* (1905), *Kipps* (1905), *Tono-Bungay* (1909), *Ann Veronica* (1909), *The History of Mr Polly* (1910), *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* (1914), *Mr Britling sees it through* (1916), *The Soul of a Bishop* (1917), *Joan and Peter* (1918), *The Outline of History* (1920), *Men like Gods* (1923), *Christina Alberta's Father* (1925), *The World of William*

Chissold (1926), *Meanwhile* (1927), *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island* (1928), *The King who was a King* (1929), and *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* (1930). Mr Wells is not likely to win permanent fame as a philosopher, theologian, sociologist, or even historian, though his *Outline of History*, if imperfect in details, is a noble attempt "to reform history-teaching by replacing narrow nationalist history by a general review of the human record." He will be remembered as a writer of romances, as (in his early days) a master of the short story, and as a witty and accomplished novelist. As novelist and humorist he ranks high, although he has not created any types of humanity. Much of his work, as he himself doubtless knows, is essentially ephemeral, many times he has written what journalists so aptly refer to as "the book of the week." He is not at his best as a teacher and preacher, it is extremely probable that *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and *Mr Polly* will outlive all his latter-day sermons.

From "Tono-Bungay"

NICODEMUS FRAPP

My cousin Nicodemus Frapp was a baker in a back street—a slum rather—just off that miserable narrow mean high-road that threads those exquisite beads, Rochester and Chatham. He was, I admit, a shock to me, much dominated by a young, plump, prolific, malingering wife, a bent, slow-moving, unwilling dark man, with flour in his hair and eyelashes, in the lines of his face and the seams of his coat. I've never had a chance to correct my early impression of him, and he still remains an almost dreadful memory, a sort of caricature of incompetent simplicity. As I remember him, indeed, he presented the servile tradition perfected. He had no pride in his person, fine clothes and dressing up wasn't "for the likes of" him, so that he got his wife, who was no

artist at it, to cut his black hair at irregular intervals, and let his nails become disagreeable to the fastidious eye, he had no pride in his business nor any initiative, his only virtues were not doing certain things and hard work. "Your uncle," said my mother—all grown-up cousins were uncles by courtesy among the Victorian middle class—"isn't much to look at or talk to, but he's a Good Hard-Working Man". There was a sort of base honourableness about toil, however needless, in that system of inversion. Another point of honour was to rise at or before dawn, and then laboriously muddle about. It was very distinctly impressed on my mind that the Good Hard-Working Man would have thought it "fal-lallish" to own a pocket-handkerchief. Poor old Frapp—dirty and crushed by-product of Bladesover's magnificence! He made no fight against the world at all, he was floundering in small debts that were not so small but that finally they overwhelmed him, whenever there was occasion for any exertion his wife fell back upon pains and her "condition", and God sent them many children, most of whom died, and so, by their coming and going, gave a double exercise in the virtues of submission.

Resignation to God's will was the common device of these people in the face of every duty and every emergency. There were no books in the house, I doubt if either of them had retained the capacity for reading consecutively for more than a minute or so, and it was with amazement that day after day, over and above stale bread, one beheld food and again more food amidst the litter that held permanent session on the living-room table.

One might have doubted if either of them felt discomfort in this dusty darkness of existence, if it was not that they did visibly seek consolation. They sought this and found it of a Sunday, not in strong drink and raving, but in imaginary draughts of blood. They met with twenty or thirty other darkened and unclean people, all dressed in dingy colours that would not show the dirt, in a little brick-built chapel equipped with a spavined roarer of a harmonium, and there solaced their minds on the thought that all that was fair and free in life, all that struggled, all that planned and made, all pride and beauty and honour, all fine and enjoyable things, were irrevocably damned to everlasting torments. They were the self-appointed confidants of God's mockery of His own creation. So at any rate they stick in my mind. Vaguer, and yet hardly less agreeable than this cosmic jest, this coming "Yah, clever!" and general serving out and "showing up" of the lucky, the bold, and the cheerful, was their own predestination to Glory.

"There is a Fountain, filled with Blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's Veins",

so they sang. I hear the drone and wheeze of that hymn now. I hated

them with the bitter uncharitable condemnation of boyhood, and a twinge of that hate comes back to me. As I write the words, the sounds and then the scene return, these obscure, undignified people, a fat woman with asthma, an old Welsh milk-seller with a tumour on his bald head, who was the intellectual leader of the sect, a huge-voiced haberdasher with a big black beard, a white-faced, extraordinarily pregnant woman, his wife, a spectacled rate collector with a bent back. I hear the talk about souls, the strange battered old phrases that were coined ages ago in the seaports of the sun-dry Levant, of balm of Gilead and manna in the desert, of gourds that give shade and water in a thirsty land, I recall again the way in which at the conclusion of the service the talk remained pious in form but became medical in substance, and how the women got together for obstetric whisperings. I, as a boy, did not matter, and might overhear.

If Bladesover is my key for the explanation of England, I think my invincible persuasion that I understand Russia was engendered by the circle of Uncle Frapp.

I slept in a dingy-sheeted bed with the two elder survivors of Frapp fecundity, and spent my week days in helping in the laborious disorder of the shop and bakehouse, in incidental deliveries of bread and so forth, and in parrying the probings of my uncle into my relations with the Blood, and his confidential explanations that ten shillings a week—which was what my mother paid him—was not enough to cover my accommodation. He was very anxious to keep that, but also he wanted more. There were neither books nor any seat nor corner in that house where reading was possible, no newspaper ever brought the clash of worldly things into its heavenward seclusion, horror of it all grew in me daily and whenever I could I escaped into the streets and tramped about Chatham. The news shops appealed to me particularly. One saw there smudgy illustrated sheets, the *Police News* in particular, in which vilely drawn pictures brought home to the dullest intelligence an interminable succession of squalid crimes, women murdered and put into boxes, buried under floors, old men bludgeoned at midnight by robbers, people thrust suddenly out of trains, happy lovers shot, vitrioled and so forth by rivals. I got my first glimpse of the life of pleasure in foully drawn pictures of "police raids" on this and that. Interspersed with these sheets were others in which Sloper, the urban John Bull, had his fling with gun bottle and obese umbrella, or the kindly, empty faces of the Royal Family appeared and re-appeared, visiting this, opening that, getting married, getting offspring, lying in state, doing everything but anything, a wonderful, good-meaning, impenetrable race apart.

I have never revisited Chatham, the impression it has left on my mind is one of squalid compression, unlit by any gleam of a maturer charity. All its effects arranged themselves as antithetical to the Bladesover

effects They confirmed and intensified all that Bladesover suggested. Bladesover declared itself to be the land, to be essentially England, I have already told how its airy spaciousness, its wide dignity, seemed to thrust villages, church, and vicarage into corners, into a secondary and conditional significance Here one gathered the corollary of that Since the whole wide country of Kent was made up of contiguous Bladesovers and for the gentlefolk, the surplus of population, all who were not good tenants nor good labourers, Church of England, submissive and respectful, were necessarily thrust together, jostled out of sight, to fester as they might in this place that had the colours and even the smells of a well-packed dustbin They should be grateful even for that, that, one felt, was the theory of it all

(From Book I, Chapter 2)

THE GARDEN PARTY

I look into the jumbled stores of the middle distance of memory, and Beckenham seems to me a quite transitory phase But really they were there several years, through nearly all my married life in fact, and far longer than the year and odd months we lived together at Wimbleshurst But the Wimbleshurst time with them is fuller in my memory by far than the Beckenham period There comes back to me with a quite considerable amount of detail the effect of that garden party of my aunt's and of a little social misbehaviour of which I was guilty on that occasion It's like a scrap from another life It's all set in what is for me a kind of cutaneous feeling, the feeling of rather ill-cut city clothes, frock coat and grey trousers, and of a high collar and tie worn in sunshine among flowers I have still a quite vivid memory of the little trapezoidal lawn, of the gathering and particularly of the hats and feathers of the gathering, of the parlour-maid and the blue tea-cups, and of the magnificent presence of Mrs Hogberry and of her clear resonant voice It was a voice that would have gone with a garden party on a larger scale, it went into adjacent premises, it included the gardener who was far up on the vegetable patch and technically out of play The only other men were my aunt's doctor, two of the clergy, amiable contrasted men, and Mrs Hogberry's imperfectly grown-up son, a youth just bursting into collar The rest were women, except for a young girl or so in a state of speechless good behaviour Marion also was there

Marion and I had arrived a little estranged, and I remember her as a silent presence, a shadow across all that sunlit emptiness of intercourse We had embittered each other with one of those miserable little disputes that seemed so unavoidable between us She had, with the help of Smithie, dressed rather elaborately for the occasion, and when

she saw me prepared to accompany her, in I think it was a grey suit, she protested that silk hat and frock coat were imperative. I was recalcitrant, she quoted an illustrated paper showing a garden party with the King present, and finally I capitulated—but after my evil habit, resentfully. Eh dear! those old quarrels, how pitiful they were, how trivial! And how sorrowful they are to recall! I think they grow more sorrowful as I grow older, and all the small passionate reasons for our mutual anger fade and fade out of memory.

The impression that Beckenham company has left on my mind is one of a modest unreality, they were all maintaining a front of unspecified social pretension, and evading the display of the economic facts of the case. Most of the husbands were "in business" off stage—it would have been outrageous to ask what the business was—and the wives were giving their energies to produce with the assistance of novels and the illustrated magazines, a moralized version of the afternoon life of the aristocratic class. They hadn't the intellectual or moral enterprise of the upper-class woman, they had no political interests, they had no views about anything, and consequently they were, I remember, extremely difficult to talk to. They all sat about in the summer-house and in garden-chairs, and were very hatty and ruffley and sunshadey. Three ladies and the curate played croquet with a general immense gravity broken by occasional loud cries of feigned distress from the curate. "Oh! Whacking me about again! Augh!"

The dominant social fact that afternoon was Mrs Hogberry; she took up a certain position commanding the croquet and went on as my aunt said to me in an incidental aside, "like an old Roundabout". She talked of the way in which Beckenham society was getting mixed, and turned on to a touching letter she had recently received from her former nurse at Little Gossdean. Followed a loud account of Little Gossdean and how much she and her eight sisters had been looked up to there. "My poor mother was quite a little Queen there," she said. "And such *nice* Common People! People say the country labourers are getting disrespectful nowadays. It isn't so—not if they're properly treated. Here of course in Beckenham it's different. I don't call the people we get here a Poor—they're certainly not a proper Poor. They're Masses. I always tell Mr Bugshoot they're Masses, and ought to be treated as such."

Dim memories of Mrs Mackridge floated through my mind as I listened to her.

I was whirled on this roundabout for a bit, and then had the fortune to fall off into a *tête-à-tête* with a lady whom my aunt introduced as Mrs Mumble—but then she introduced everybody to me as Mumble that afternoon, either by way of humour or necessity.

That must have been one of my earliest essays in the art of polite

conversation, and I remember that I began by criticising the local railway service, and that at the third sentence or thereabouts Mrs. Mumble said in a distinctly bright and encouraging way that she feared I was a very "frivolous" person

I wonder now what it was I said that was "frivolous".

I don't know what happened to end that conversation, or if it had an end. I remember talking to one of the clergy for a time rather awkwardly, and being given a sort of topographical history of Beckenham, which he assured me time after time, was "Quite an old place. Quite an old place." As though I had treated it as new and he meant to be very patient but very convincing. Then we hung up in a distinct pause, and my aunt rescued me. "George," she said in a confidential undertone, "keep the pot a-boiling." And then audibly, "I say, will you both old trot about with tea a bit?"

"Only too delighted to *trot* for you, Mrs. Ponderevo," said the clergyman, becoming fearfully expert and in his element, "only too delighted."

I found we were near a rustic table, and that the housemaid was behind us in a suitable position to catch us on the rebound with the tea things.

"Trot!" repeated the clergyman to me, much amused, "excellent expression!" and I just saved him from the tray as he turned about.

We handed tea for a while.

"Give 'em cakes," said my aunt, flushed but well in hand. "Helps 'em to talk, George. Always talk best after a little nushment. Like throwing a bit of turf down an old geyser."

She surveyed the gathering with a predominant blue eye and helped herself to tea.

"They keep on going stiff," she said in an undertone. . . "I've done my best."

"It's been a huge success," I said encouragingly.

"That boy has had his legs crossed in that position and hasn't spoken for ten minutes. Stiffer and stiffer. Brittle. He's beginning a dry cough—always a bad sign, George. . . Walk 'em about, shall I?—rub their noses with snow?"

Happily she didn't. I got myself involved with the gentlewoman from next door, a pensive, languid-looking little woman, with a low voice, and fell talking, our topic, Cats and Dogs, and which it was we liked best.

"I always feel," said the pensive little woman, "that there's something about a dog—A cat hasn't got it."

"Yes," I found myself admitting with great enthusiasm, "there is something. And yet again—"

"Oh! I know there's something about a cat too. But it isn't the same."

"Not quite the same," I admitted; "but still it's something"

"Ah! But such a different something!"

"More sinuous."

"Much more."

"Ever so much more"

"It makes all the difference, don't you think?"

"Yes," I said, "*all*"

She glanced at me gravely and sighed a long, deep-felt "*Yes.*"

A long pause

The thing seemed to me to amount to a stale-mate. Fear came into my heart and much perplexity

"The—er, Roses," I said. I felt like a drowning man. "Those roses—don't you think they are—very beautiful flowers?"

"Aren't they!" she agreed gently. "There seems to be something in roses—something—I don't know how to express it"

"Something," I said helpfully

"Yes," she said, "something. Isn't there?"

"So few people see it," I said, "more's the pity!"

She sighed and said again very softly, "*Yes*"

There was another long pause. I looked at her, and she was thinking dreamily. The drowning sensation returned, the fear and enfeeblement. I perceived by a sort of inspiration that her tea-cup was empty

"Let me take your cup," I said abruptly, and, that secured, made for the table by the summer-house. I had no intention then of deserting my aunt. But close at hand the big French window of the drawing-room yawned inviting and suggestive. I can feel all that temptation now, and particularly the provocation of my collar. In an instant I was lost. I would—— Just for a moment!

I dashed in, put down the cup on the keys of the grand piano, and fled upstairs, softly, swiftly, three steps at a time, to the sanctuary of my uncle's study, his snuggery. I arrived there breathless, convinced there was no return for me. I was very glad and ashamed of myself and desperate. By means of a penknife I contrived to break open his cabinet of cigars, drew a chair to the window, took off my coat, collar, and tie, and remained smoking guiltily and rebelliously, and peeping through the blind at the assembly on the lawn until it was altogether gone.

The clergymen, I thought, were wonderful

(From Book III, Chapter 2)

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

(1839 - 1917)

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN, a son of the mathematician Augustus De Morgan, was born at 69 Gower Street, London, on 16th November, 1839. He was educated at University College School and University College, London, and was for some years a student at the Royal Academy. He adopted art as a profession, and from 1864 to 1870 was chiefly engaged in stained-glass work; in 1870 he turned his attention to ceramic work. He experimented in lustre and recalled the process of the famous Gubbio of the fifteenth century, thus attracting the attention of artists all over England. He was a friend of William Morris, Rossetti, Madox Brown and Burne-Jones. His tile factory, however, was not a commercial success, and he retired from active participation in it in

1905. His retirement gave him ample leisure in which he amused himself by writing a novel *Joseph Vance, an ill-written Autobiography* was published in 1906, when its author was in his sixty-seventh year. It was an immediate success, and was followed by *Alce-for-Short a Dichronism* (1907), *Some-how Good* (1908), *It Never can Happen Again* (1909), *An Affair of Dishonour* (1910), *A Likely Story* (1912), and *When Ghost meets Ghost* (1914). De Morgan died on 15th January, 1917. Two incomplete stories, *The Old Madhouse* and *The Old Man's Youth*, were finished by his wife. His novels are of the leisurely Victorian pattern, such as he might have followed had he begun to write at a more normal age. *Joseph Vance*, the earliest of them, is usually reckoned the best

From "When Ghost meets Ghost"

Gwen was a bad whist-player, sometimes taking a very perverted view of the game. As, for instance, when, after Mr Pellew had dealt, she asked her partner how many trumps she held. "Because, Clo," said she, "I've only got two, and unless you've got at least four, I don't see the use of going on." Public opinion condemned this attitude as unsportsmanlike, and demanded another deal. Gwen welcomed the suggestion, having only a Knave and a Queen in all the rest of her hand.

Her partner expressed disgust. "I think," she said, "you might have held your tongue, Gwen, and played it out. But I shan't tell you why."

"Oh, I know, of course, without your telling me. You're made of trumps. I'm so sorry, dear! There—see!—I've led." She played Knave.

"This," said Mr Pellew, with shocked gravity, "is not whist"

"Well," said Gwen, "I can *not* see why one shouldn't say how many cards one has of any suit Everyone knows, so it must be fair. Everyone sees Dummy's hand"

"I see your point. But it's not whist."

"Am I to play, or not?" said Aunt Constance She looked across at her partner, as a serious player amused at the childish behaviour of their opponents A sympathetic bond was thereby established—solid seriousness against frivolity

"Fire away!" said Gwen "Second player plays lowest" Miss Dickenson played the Queen "That's not whist, aunty," said Gwen triumphantly Her partner played the King "There now, you see," said Gwen She belonged to the class of players who rejoice aloud, or show depression, after success or failure

This time her exultation was premature Mr Pellew, without emotion, pushed the turn-up card, a two, into the trick, saying to his partner—"Your Queen was all right Quite correct!" The story does not vouch for this It may have been wrong

"Do you *mean* to say, Cousin Percy"—thus Gwen, with indignant emphasis—"that you've not got a Club in your hand, at the very first round You *cannot* expect us to believe *that*!" Mr Pellew pointed out that if he revoked he would lose three tricks "Very well," said Gwen. "I shall keep a very sharp look out" But no revoke came, and she had to console herself as a loser with the reflection that it was only the odd trick, after all—one by cards and honours divided

This is a fair sample of the way this game went on establishing a position of moral superiority for Mr Pellew and his partner, who looked down on the irregularities of their opponents from a pinnacle of True Whist Their position as superior beings tended towards mutual understandings A transition state from their relations in that easy-going life at the Towers to the more sober obligations of the metropolis was at least acceptable, and this isolation by a better understanding of tricks and trumps, a higher and holier view of ruffing and finessing, appeared to provide such a state There was partnership of souls in it, over and above mere vulgar scoring

Nothing of interest occurred until, in the course of the second rubber, Gwen made a misdeal Probably she did so because she was trying at the same time to prove that having four by honours was absurd in itself—an affront to natural laws It was the merest accident, she maintained, when all the court-cards were dealt to one side—no merit at all of the players Her objection to whist was that it was a mixture of skill and chance She was inclined to favour games that were either quite the one or quite the other Roulette was a good game So was chess. But whist was neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. . . Misdeal! The

analysis of games stopped with a jerk, the dealer being left without a turn-up card

"But what a shame!" said Gwen "Is it fair I should lose my deal when the last card's an ace? How would any of you like it?" The appeal was too touching to resist, though Mr Pellew again said this wasn't whist A count of the hands showed that Aunt Constance held one card too few and Gwen one too many A question arose If a card were drawn from the dealer's hand, was the trump to remain on the table? Controversy ensued Why should not the drawer have her choice of thirteen cards, as in every analogous case? On the other hand, said Gwen, that ace of hearts was indisputably the last card in the pack, and therefore the trump-card, by predestination

Mr Pellew pointed out that it mattered less than Miss Dickenson thought, as if she pitched on this very ace to make up her own thirteen, its teeth would be drawn It would be no longer a turn-up card, and some new choice of trumps would have to be made, somehow, by *sortes Virgihanae*, or what not Better have another deal Gwen gave up the point, under protest, and Miss Dickenson dealt Spades were trumps, this time

It chanced that Gwen, in this deal, held the Knave and Queen of hearts She led the Knave, and only waiting for the next card, to be sure that it was a low one, said deliberately to her partner—"Don't play your King, Cousin Clo, Percy's got the ace," in defiance of all rule and order

"Can't help it," said Cousin Clo, "Got nothing else!" Out came the King, and down came the ace upon it, naturally

"There now, see what I've done," said Gwen "Got your King squashed!" But she was consoled when Mr Pellew pointed out that if Miss Grahame had played a small card her King would almost certainly have fallen to a trump later "It was quite the right play," said he, "because now your Queen makes You couldn't have made with both "

"I believe you've been cheating, and looking at my hand," said Gwen "How do you know I've got the Queen?"

"How did you know I had got the ace?" said Mr Pellew And really this was a reasonable question

"By the mark on the back I noticed it when I turned it up when hearts were trumps, last deal I don't consider that cheating All the same, I enjoy cheating, and always cheat whenever I can Card games are so very dull, when there's no cheating "

"But, Gwen dear, I don't see any mark " This was Miss Grahame, examining the last trick She put the ace, face down, before this capricious whist-player, who, however, adhered to her statement incorrigibly—"Well, look at it!"

"I only see a shadow," said Mr Pellew. But it wasn't a shadow. A shadow moves.

Explanation came, on revision of the ace's antecedents. It had lain in that drawer five-and-twenty years at least, with another card half-covering it. In the noiseless air-tight darkness where it lay, saying perhaps to itself—"Shall I ever take a trick again?"—there was still dust, dust of thought-baffling fineness! And it had fallen, fallen steadily, with immeasurable slowness and absolute impartiality, on all the card above had left unsheltered. There was the top-card's silhouette, quite recognizable as soon as the shadow was disestablished.

"It will come out with India-rubber," said Miss Grahame.

"I shouldn't mess it about, if I were you," said Gwen. "I know India-rubber. It grimes everything in, and makes black streaks." Which was true enough in those days. The material called bottle-rubber was notable for its power of defiling clean paper, and the sophisticated sort for becoming indurated if not cherished in one's trouser-pockets. The present epoch in the world's history can rub out quite clean for a penny, but then its *dramatis personæ* have to spend their lives dodging motor-cars and biplanes, and holding their ears for fear of gramophones. Still, it's *something*!

Mr Pellew suggested that the best way to deal with the soiled card would be for whoever got it to exhibit it, as one does sometimes when a card's face is seen for a moment, to make sure everyone knows. We were certainly not playing very strictly. This was accepted *nem con*.

But the chance that had left that card half-covered was to have its influence on things, still. Who can say events would have run in the same grooves had it not directed the conversation to dust, and caused Mr Pellew to recollect a story told by one of those Archæological fillahs, at the Towers three days ago? It was that of the tomb which, being opened, showed a forgotten monarch of some prehistoric race, robed, crowned, and sceptred as of old, a little shrunk, perhaps, a bit discoloured, but still to be seen by his own ghost, if earth-bound and at all interested. Still to be seen, even by Cook's tourists, had he but had a little more staying-power. But he was never seen, as a matter of fact, by any man but the desecrator of his tomb. For one whiff of fresh air brought him down, a crumbling heap of dust with a few imperishable ornaments buried in it. His own ghost would not have known him again, and, in less time than it takes to tell, the wind blew him about, and he had to take his chance with the dust of the desert.

"I suppose it isn't true," said Gwen incredulously. "Things of that sort are generally fibs."

"Don't know about this one," said Mr Pellew, sorting his cards. "Funny coincidence! It was in the *Quarterly Review*—very first thing I opened at—Egyptian Researches . . . That's our trick, isn't it?"

"Yes—my ten I'll lead . . . Yes!—I think I'll lead a diamond I always envy you men your Clubs It must be so nice to have all the newspapers and reviews . . ." Aunt Constance said this, of course

"It wasn't at the Club Man left it at my chambers three months ago—readin' it by accident yesterday evening—funny coincidence—talkin' about it same morning! Knave takes No—you can't trump. You haven't got a trump"

"Now, however did you know that?" said Gwen

"Very simple All the trumps are out but two, and I've got them here in my hand See"

"Yes, I see But I prefer real cheating, to taking advantages of things, like that What are you putting your cards down for, Cousin Percy?"

"Because that's game Game and the rubber We only want two by cards, and there they are!"

When rubbers end at past ten o'clock at night, well-bred people wait for their host to suggest beginning another Ill-bred ones, that don't want one, say suddenly that it must be getting late,—as if Time had slapped them—and get at their watches Those that do, say that that clock is fast In the present case no disposition existed, after a good deal of travelling, to play cards till midnight But there was no occasion to hustle the visitor downstairs

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT

(1867 – 1931)

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT was born at Hanley, Staffordshire, on 27th May, 1867, and was educated at Newcastle Middle School After spending a few years in a lawyer's office, he became assistant-editor of *Woman* in 1893, three years later he became editor, but resigned in 1900 in order to devote himself to literature He died 27th March, 1931 He was a prolific writer, much of his work is merely clever journalism, but he has written several novels of real excellence His writings include: *A Man from the North* (1898), *The Grand Baby-*

lon Hotel (1902), *Anna of the Five Towns* (1902), *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns* (1907), *The Old Wives' Tale*, his first masterpiece (1908), his remarkable trilogy *Clayhanger* (1910), *Hilda Lessways* (1911), and *These Twain* (1916), *The Card*, a picaresque novel (1911), *The Regent* (1913), *The Pretty Lady* (1918), *The Roll-Call* (1919), *Riceman Steps* (1923), *Lord Raino* (1926), *The Strange Vanguard* (1928), and *Accident* (1929) His plays, some of which have been extremely popular, include. *What the Public Wants* (1909), *The Honey-*

moon (1911), *Milestones* (with E. Knoblock, 1912), *The Great Adventure* (1913), *Body and Soul* (1922), and *The Return Journey* (1928). He was at his best when indulging his fantastic humour, or when writing about the Five Towns, a part of England which he has made his own as securely as Hardy has appropriated Wessex

From "Clayhanger"

FATHER AND SON AFTER SEVEN YEARS

Darius came heavily, and breathing heavily, into the little office "Now as all this racketing's over," he said crossly—he meant by "racketing" the general election which had just put the Liberal party into power—"I'll thank ye to see as all that red and blue ink is cleaned off the rollers and slabs, and the types cleaned too I've told 'em ten times if I've told 'em once, but as far as I can make out, they've done naught to it yet"

Edwin grunted without looking up

His father was now a fattish man, and he had aged quite as much as Edwin Some of his scanty hair was white, the rest was grey White hair sprouted about his ears, gold gleamed in his mouth, and a pair of spectacles hung insecurely balanced half-way down his nose, his waistcoat seemed to be stretched tightly over a perfectly smooth hemisphere He had an air of somewhat gross and prosperous untidiness. Except for the teeth, his bodily frame appeared to have fallen into disrepair, as though he had ceased to be interested in it, as though he had been using it for a long time as a mere makeshift lodging And this impression was more marked at table, he ate exactly as if throwing food to a wild animal concealed somewhere within the hemisphere, an animal which was never seen, but which rumbled threateningly from time to time in its dark dungeon

Of all this, Edwin had definitely noticed nothing save that his father was "getting stouter" To Edwin, Darius was exactly the same father, and for Darius, Edwin was still aged sixteen. They both of them went on living on the assumption that the world had stood still in those seven years between 1873 and 1880 If they had been asked what had happened during those seven years, they would have answered. "Oh, nothing particular"

But the world had been whizzing ceaselessly from one miracle into another Board schools had been opened in Bursley, wondrous affairs, with ventilation, indeed ventilation had been discovered A Jew had been made Master of the Rolls spectacle at which England shivered, and then, perceiving no sign of disaster, shrugged its shoulders Irish

members had taught the House of Commons how to talk for twenty-four hours without a pause. The wages of the agricultural labourer had sprung into the air and leaped over the twelve shilling bar into regions of opulence. Moody and Sankey had found and conquered England for Christ. Landseer and Livingstone had died, and the provinces could not decide whether "Dignity and Impudence" or the penetration of Africa was the more interesting feat. Herbert Spencer had published his *Study of Sociology*, Matthew Arnold his *Literature and Dogma*; and Frederic Farrar his *Life of his Lord*, but here the provinces had no difficulty in deciding, for they had only heard of the last. Every effort had been made to explain by persuasion and by force to the working man that trade unions were inimical to his true welfare, and none had succeeded, so stupid was he. The British Army had been employed to put reason into the noddle of a town called Northampton which was furious because an atheist had not been elected to Parliament. Pullman cars, *The Pines of Penzance*, Henry Irving's *Hamlet*, spelling-bees, and Captain Webb's channel swim had all proved that there were novelties under the sun. Bishops, archbishops, and dissenting ministers had met at Lambeth to inspect the progress of irreligious thought, with intent to arrest it. Princes and dukes had conspired to inaugurate the most singular scheme that ever was, the Kyrle Society,—for bringing beauty home to the people by means of decorative art, gardening, and music. The Bulgarian Atrocities had served to give new life to all penny gaffs and blood-tubs. *The Eurydice* and the *Princess Alice* had foundered in order to demonstrate the uncertainty of existence and the courage of the island-race. The *Nineteenth Century* had been started, a little late in the day, and the *Referee*. Ireland had all but died of hunger, but had happily been saved to enjoy the benefits of Coercion. The Young Men's Christian Association had been born again in the splendour of Exeter Hall. Bursley itself had entered on a new career as a chartered borough, with Mayor, aldermen, and councillors, all in chains of silver. And among the latest miracles were Northampton's success in sending the atheist to Parliament, the infidelity of the Tay Bridge three days after Christmas, the catastrophe of Majuba Hill, and the discovery that soldiers objected to being flogged into insensibility for a peccadillo.

But, in spite of numerous attempts, nobody had contrived to make England see that her very existence would not be threatened if museums were opened on Sunday, or that Nonconformists might be buried according to their own rites without endangering the constitution.

Darius was possibly a little uneasy in his mind about the world. Possibly there had just now begun to form in his mind the conviction, in which most men die, that all was not quite well with the world, and

that in particular his native country had contracted a fatal malady since he was a boy.

He was a printer, and yet the General Election had not put sunshine in his heart. And this was strange, for a general election is the brief millennium of printers, especially of steam-printers who for dispatch can beat all rivals. During a general election the question put by a customer to a printer is not, "How much will it be?" but "How soon can I have it?" There was no time for haggling about price, and indeed to haggle about price would have been unworthy, seeing that every customer (ordinary business being at a standstill) was engaged in the salvation of England. Darius was a Liberal, but a quiet one, and he was patronized by both political parties—blue and red. As a fact, neither party could have done without him. His printing office had clattered and thundered early and late, and more than once had joined the end of one day's work to the beginning of another, and more than once had Big James with his men and his boy (a regiment increased since 1873) stood like plotters muttering in the yard at five minutes to twelve on Sunday evening, waiting for midnight to sound, and Big James had unlocked the door of the office on the new born Monday, and work had instantly commenced, to continue till Monday was nearly dead of old age.

Once only had work been interrupted, and that was on a day when, a lot of "blue jobs" being about, a squad of red fire-eaters had come up the back alley with intent to answer arguments by thwackings and wreckings, but the obstinacy of an oak door had fatigued them. The staff had enjoyed that episode. Every member of it was well paid for overtime. Darius could afford to pay conscientiously. In the printing trade, prices were steadier then than they are now. But already the discovery of competition was following upon the discovery of ventilation. Perhaps Darius sniffed it from a distance, and was disturbed thereby.

For though he was a Liberal in addition to being a printer, and he had voted Liberal, and his party had won, yet the General Election had not put sunshine in his heart. No! The tendencies of England worried him. When he read in a paper about the heretical tendencies of Robertson Smith's Biblical articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he said to himself that they were of a piece with the rest, and that such things were to be expected in those modern days, and that matters must have come to a pretty pass when even the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was infected (Still, he had sold a copy of the new edition.) He was exceedingly bitter against Ireland, and also, in secret, behind Big James's back, against trade unions. When Edwin came home one night and announced that he had joined the Bursley Liberal Club, Darius lost his temper. Yet he was a member of the club himself. He gave no reason for his fury, except

that it was foolish for a tradesman to mix himself up with politics. Edwin, however, had developed a sudden interest in politics, and had made certain promises of clerical aid, which promises he kept, saying nothing more to his father. Darius's hero was Sir Robert Peel, simply because Sir Robert Peel had done away with the Corn Laws. Darius had known England before and after the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the difference between the two Englands was so strikingly dramatic to him that he desired no further change. He had only one date—1846. His cup had been filled then. Never would he forget the scenes of anguishing joy that occurred at midnight of the day before the new Act became operative. From that moment he had finished with progress. If Edwin could only have seen those memories, shining in layers deep in his father's heart, and hidden now by all sorts of Pliocene deposits, he would have understood his father better. But Edwin did not see into his father's heart at all, nor even into his head. When he looked at his father he saw nothing but an ugly, stertorous old man (old, that is, to Edwin), with a peculiar and incalculable way of regarding things and a temper of growing capriciousness.

Darius was breathing and fidgeting all over him as he sat bent at the desk. His presence overwhelmed every other physical phenomenon.

"What's this?" asked Darius, picking up the bit of paper on which Edwin had written the memorandum about *The Light of Asia*.

Edwin explained, self-consciously, lamely.

When the barometer of Darius's temper was falling rapidly, there was a sign—a small spot midway on the bridge of his nose turned ivory-white. Edwin glanced upwards now to see if the sign was there, and it was. He flushed slightly, and resumed his work.

Then Darius began

"What did I tell ye?" he shouted. "What in the name of God's the use o' me telling ye things? Have I told ye not to take any more orders for books, or haven't I? Haven't I said over and over again that I want this shop to be known for wholesale?" He raved.

Stifford could hear. Any person who might chance to come into the shop would hear. But Darius cared neither for his own dignity nor for that of his son. He was in a passion. The real truth was that this celibate man, who never took alcohol, enjoyed losing his temper; it was his one outlet; he gave himself up almost luxuriously to a passion, he looked forward to it as some men look forward to brandy. And Edwin had never stopped him by some drastic step. At first, years before, Edwin had said to himself, trembling with resentment in his bedroom, "The next time, the very next time, he humiliates me like that in front of other people, I'll walk out of his damned house and shop, and I swear

I won't come back until he's apologized. I'll bring him to his senses. He can't do without me. Once for all I'll stop it. What! He forces me into his business, and then insults me!"

But Edwin had never done it. Always, it was "the very next time"! Edwin was not capable of doing it. His father had a sort of moral brute-force, against which he could not stand firm. He soon recognized this, with his intellectual candour. Then he had tried to argue with Darius, to "make him see"! Worse than futile! Argument simply put Darius beside himself. So that in the end Edwin employed silence and secret scorn, as a weapon and as a defence. And somehow without a word he conveyed to Stifford and to Big James precisely what his attitude in these crises was, so that he retained their respect and avoided their pity. The outbursts still wounded him, but he was wonderfully inured.

As he sat writing under the onslaught, he said to himself, "By God! If ever I get the chance, I'll pay you out for this some day!" And he meant it. A peep into his mind, then, would have startled Janet Orgrave, Mrs. Nixon, and other persons who had a cult for the wistfulness of his appealing eyes.

He steadily maintained silence, and the conflagration burnt itself out.

"Are you going to look after the printing shop, or aren't you?" Darius growled at length.

Edwin rose and went. As he passed through the shop Stifford, who had in him the raw material of fine manners, glanced down, but not too ostentatiously, at a drawer under the counter.

The printing office was more crowded than ever with men and matter. Some of the composing was now done on the ground-floor. The whole organism functioned, but under such difficulties as could not be allowed to continue, even by Darius Clayhanger. Darius had finally recognized that

"Oh!" said Edwin, in a tone of confidential intimacy, to Big James, "I see they're getting on with the cleaning! Good. Father's beginning to get impatient, you know. It's the bigger cases that had better be done first."

"Right it is, Mr. Edwin!" said Big James. The giant was unchanged. No sign of grey in his hair, and his cheek was smooth, apparently his philosophy put him beyond the touch of time.

"I say, Mr. Edwin," he enquired in his majestic voice. "When are we going to rearrange all this?" He gazed around.

Edwin laughed. "Soon," he said.

"Won't be too soon," said Big James.

(Book II, Chapter 2)

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

(1874 -)

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, and educated at St Paul's School. He studied art at the Slade School, and afterwards worked in a publisher's office, reviewing at the same time books for the *Speaker* and the *Bookman*. In 1900 he definitely took up literature as a profession, and has contributed regularly to more than a dozen newspapers and periodicals. His very numerous works include *The Wild Knight* (1900), *Greybeards at Play* (1900), *Browning* (English Men of Letters Series, 1903), *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* (1904), *The Club of Queer Trades* (1905), *Dickens* (1906),

The Man who was Thursday (1908); *The Innocence of Father Brown* (1911), *The Uses of Diversity* (1921), *Tales of the Long Bow* (1925), *R L Stevenson* (1927), and *Catholic Essays* (1929). Unconventional in appearance, style, and ideas, Chesterton is a master of paradox and a brilliant satirist. He early attracted attention by his piquant style, and has gained a high reputation in English letters. His studies of Browning and Dickens are brilliant, he has written some verse of uncommon merit (e.g. *The Ballad of the White Horse*, 1911), and in *Father Brown* he has created a detective of an attractively paradoxical kind.

Lepanto

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold Queen of England is looking in the glass,
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass,
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,

The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing
Giants and the Genu,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be,
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl,
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,—
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.

We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
 Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
 But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
 The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago
 It is he that saith not ' Kismet ', it is he that knows not Fate,
 It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!
 It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
 Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth "
 For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(Don John of Austria is going to the war)
 Sudden and still—hurrah!
 Bolt from Iberia!
 Don John of Austria
 Is gone by Alcalar

St Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north,
(Don John of Austria is girt and going forth)
 Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
 And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift
 He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
 The noise is gone through Normandy, the noise is gone alone,
 The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes
 And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
 And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
 And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
 And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
 But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea
 Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
 Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
 Trumpet that sayeth ha!

Domino Gloria!

Don John of Austria
 Is shouting to the ships

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck,
(Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck)
 The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
 And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in
 He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,
 He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,
 And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey
 Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,
 And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,
 But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—
 Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.
 Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
 Gun upon gun, hurrah!
 Don John of Austria
 Has loosed the cannonade

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke)
 The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
 The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
 He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
 The crescent of the cruel ships whose name is mystery,
 They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,
 They veil the plumed lions on the galleys of St Mark,
 And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
 And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
 Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines
 Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines
 They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning hung
 The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young
 They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
 Before the high King's horses in the granite of Babylon
 And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
 Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
 And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—
(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!)
 Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
 Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
 Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hspama!
Domino Gloria!
 Don John of Austria
 Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath)
 And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spair
 Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,
 And he smiles, but now as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade).

JOHN GALSWORTHY

(1867 - 1933)

JOHN GALSWORTHY was born at Coombe, Surrey, on 14th August, 1867. He was educated at Harrow, and New College, Oxford, where he took a second class in the jurisprudence schools. He was called to the bar in 1890, but did not practise. His first novel, *Jocelyn*, appeared in 1898, and was followed by *Villa Ruben* (1900), *A Man of Devon* (1901), and *The Island Pharisees* (1904). His best-known and best work, known collectively as *The Forsyte Saga*, consists of the following parts: *The Man of Property* (1906), *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte* (1918), *In Chancery* (1920), *Awakening* (1920), and *To Let* (1921). A second series, this time a trilogy (*The White Monkey*, 1924, *The Silver Spoon*, 1926, *Swan Song*, 1928), attempted less successfully to deal with post-war England. His other novels include *The Country House* (1907), *Fraternity* (1909), *The Patrician* (1911), and *The Dark Flower* (1913), and he also wrote some

admirable short stories, collected as *Caravan*. His plays have also enjoyed a notable and deserved success. They include: *The Silver Box* (1906), *Joy* (1907), *Strife* (1909), *Justice* (1910), *The Pigeon* (1912), *The Skin Game* (1920), *Loyalties* (1922), *Escape* (1926), and *Exiled* (1929). Many of his stories and plays deal with the upper middle classes and their attitude towards life. He was intensely interested in social problems, and published two collections of essays, *A Sheaf* (1916) and *Another Sheaf* (1919), dealing with questions of the day. His plays are well constructed and deal in a sincere manner with contemporary problems. He was careful to avoid all theatricality in his dialogue, which, when read or when spoken by an indifferent actor, is apt to seem somewhat bald. He was awarded the Order of Merit in 1929, and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1932. He died on 31st Jan., 1933.

From "In Chancery"

CHAPTER X DEATH OF THE DOG BALTHASAR

Jolyon, who had crossed from Calais by night, arrived at Robin Hill on Sunday morning. He had sent no word beforehand, so walked up from the station, entering his domain by the coppice gate. Coming to the log seat fashioned out of an old fallen trunk, he sat down, first laying his overcoat on it. "Lumbago!" he thought, "that's what love ends in at my time of life!" And suddenly Irene seemed very near, just as she had been that day of rambling at Fontainebleau when they sat on a log to eat their lunch. Hauntingly near! Odour drawn out of

fallen leaves by the pale filtering sunlight soaked his nostrils "I'm glad it isn't spring," he thought With the scent of sap, and the song of birds, and the bursting of the blossoms, it would have been unbearable! "I hope I shall be over it by then, old fool that I am!" and picking up his coat, he walked on into the field He passed the pond and mounted the hill slowly Near the top a hoarse barking greeted him Up on the lawn above the fernery he could see his old dog Balthasar The animal, whose dim eyes took his master for a stranger, was warning the world against him. Jolyon gave his special whistle Even at that distance of a hundred yards and more he could see the dawning recognition in the close brown-white body The old dog got off his haunches, and his tail, close-curved over his back, began a feeble, excited fluttering; he came waddling forward, gathered momentum, and disappeared over the edge of the fernery Jolyon expected to meet him at the wicket gate, but Balthasar was not there, and, rather alarmed, he turned into the fernery. On his fat side, looking up with eyes already glazing, the old dog lay

"What is it, my poor old man?" cried Jolyon Balthasar's curled and fluffy tail just moved; his filming eyes seemed saying "I can't get up, master, but I'm glad to see you"

Jolyon knelt down; his eyes, very dimmed, could hardly see the slowly ceasing heave of the dog's side He raised the head a little—very heavy

"What is it, dear man? Where are you hurt?" The tail fluttered once, the eyes lost the look of life Jolyon passed his hands all over the inert warm bulk There was nothing—the heart had simply failed in that obese body from the emotion of his master's return Jolyon could feel the muzzle, where a few whitish bristles grew, cooling already against his lips He stayed for some minutes kneeling, with his hand beneath the stiffening head The body was very heavy when he bore it to the top of the field, leaves had drifted there, and he strewed it with a covering of them, there was no wind, and they would keep him from curious eyes until the afternoon "I'll bury him myself," he thought. Eighteen years had gone since he first went into the St John's Wood house with that tiny puppy in his pocket Strange that the old dog should die just now! Was it an omen? He turned at the gate to look back at that russet mound, then went slowly towards the house, very choky in the throat

June was at home, she had come down hot-foot on hearing the news of Jolly's enlistment His patriotism had conquered her feeling for the Boers The atmosphere of his house was strange and pocketty when Jolyon came in and told them of the dog Balthasar's death. The news had a unifying effect A link with the past had snapped—the dog Balthasar! Two of them could remember nothing before his day; to June he represented the last years of her grandfather; to Jolyon that life of

domestic stress and æsthetic struggle before he came again into the kingdom of his father's love and wealth! And he was gone!

In the afternoon he and Jolly took picks and spades and went out to the field. They chose a spot close to the russet mound, so that they need not carry him far, and, carefully cutting off the surface turf, began to dig. They dug in silence for ten minutes, and then rested.

"Well, old man," said Jolyon, "so you thought you ought?"

"Yes," answered Jolly, "I don't want to a bit, of course."

How exactly those words represented Jolyon's own state of mind!

"I admire you for it, old boy. I don't believe I should have done it at your age—too much of a Forsyte, I'm afraid. But I suppose the type gets thinner with each generation. Your son, if you have one, may be a pure altruist, who knows?"

"He won't be like me, then, Dad, I'm beastly selfish."

"No, my dear, that you clearly are not." Jolly shook his head, and they dug again.

"Strange life a dog's," said Jolyon suddenly, "the only four-footer with rudiments of altruism, and a sense of God!"

Jolly looked at his father.

"Do you believe in God, Dad? I've never known."

At so searching a question from one to whom it was impossible to make a light reply, Jolyon stood for a moment feeling his back tried by the digging.

"What do you mean by God?" he said, "there are two irreconcilable ideas of God. There's the Unknowable Creative Principle—one believes in That. And there's the Sum of altruism in man—naturally one believes in That."

"I see. That leaves out Christ, doesn't it?"

Jolyon stared. Christ, the link between those two ideas! Out of the mouth of babes! Here was orthodoxy scientifically explained at last! The sublime poem of the Christ life was man's attempt to join those two irreconcilable conceptions of God. And since the Sum of human altruism was as much a part of the Unknowable Creative Principle as anything else in Nature and the Universe, a worse link might have been chosen after all! Funny—how one went through life without seeing it in that sort of way!

"What do you think, old man?" he said.

Jolly frowned. "Of course, my first year we talked a good bit about that sort of thing. But in the second year one gives it up, I don't know why—it's awfully interesting."

Jolyon remembered that he also had talked a good deal about it his first year at Cambridge, and given it up in his second.

"I suppose," said Jolly, "it's the second God, you mean, that old Balthasar had a sense of."

"Yes, or he would never have burst his poor old heart because of something outside himself"

"But wasn't that just selfish emotion, really?"

Jolyon shook his head "No, dogs are not pure Forsytes, they love something outside themselves"

Jolly smiled

"Well, I think I'm one," he said "You know, I only enlisted because I dared Val Dartie to"

"But why?"

"We bar each other," said Jolly shortly

"Ah!" muttered Jolyon "So the feud went on, unto the third generation—this modern feud which had no overt expression"

"Shall I tell the boy about it?" he thought "But to what end—if he had to stop short of his own part?"

And Jolly thought: "It's for Holly to let him know about that chap. If she doesn't, it means she doesn't want him told, and I should be sneaking. Anyway, I've stopped it. I'd better leave well alone!"

So they dug on in silence, till Jolyon said

"Now, old man, I think it's big enough." And, resting on their spades, they gazed down into the hole where a few leaves had drifted already on a sunset wind

"I can't bear this part of it," said Jolyon suddenly

"Let me do it, Dad. He never cared much for me."

Jolyon shook his head

"We'll lift him very gently, leaves and all. I'd rather not see him again. I'll take his head. Now!"

With extreme care they raised the old dog's body, whose faded tan and white showed here and there under the leaves stirred by the wind. They laid it, heavy, cold, and unresponsive, in the grave, and Jolly spread more leaves over it, while Jolyon, deeply afraid to show emotion before his son, began quickly shovelling the earth on to that still shape. There went the past! If only there were a joyful future to look forward to! It was like stamping down earth on one's own life. They replaced the turf carefully on the smooth little mound, and, grateful that they had spared each other's feelings, returned to the house arm-in-arm.

From "Strife"

Roberts You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the Union that's treated you *so fair*, maybe you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! You groan! What for? You love their feet on your

necks, don't you? (*Then as Bulgin elbows his way towards the platform, with calm pathos*) You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. (*Bulgin stands motionless and sullen*) Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor? If only I were, ye'd listen to me, I'm sure (*The murmurings cease, and there is now dead silence*) Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up *eight hundred* pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up—ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle"—(*with biting irony*)—but when Nature says "No further, 'tes going agenst Nature," I tell you if a man cannot say to Nature "Budge me from this if ye can!"—(*with a sort of exaltation*)—his principles are but his belly. "Oh but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" I tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night—don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyn' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what you've got to deal. 'T'es only by that—(*he strikes a blow with his clenched fist*)—in Nature's face that a man can be a man "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees, throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust"

Jago Never!

Evans Curse them!

Thomas I nefer said that

Roberts (*bitingly*) If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there—(*pointing to Rous*)—said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.

Henry Rous (*as George Rous moves forward*) Go for him, George—don't stand his lip!

Roberts (*flung out his finger*). Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters (*Rous stops*) But there was one other spoke to you—Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the Union for. They said to us "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you" An' they did desert us.

Evans They did.

Roberts. Mr Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. (*With intense conviction*) For all that Mr Simon Harness says,

for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say—*We've won the fight!*

The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up. With withering scorn:

You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies You've forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a blood-sucker The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* Nature That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price *Don't I know that? Wasn't the work o' my brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can That's Capital!* A thing that will say—"I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows—you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time *That's Capital!* Tell me, for all their talk is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income-Tax to help the poor? *That's Capital!* A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees, are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there—Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends—a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid*—afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for, and all but one of them afraid—like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men—*(he pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence)*—Give me a free hand to tell them "Go you back to London. The men have nothing for you!" *(A murmuring)* Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

Evans, Jago, and Others A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo—bravo!

Roberts 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting—*(the murmuring dies)*—not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time *(With intense sadness)* Oh! men—for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they—aren't they? if we can shake—*(passionately)*—that white-faced monster with the bloody

lips, that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives and children, since the world began (*Dropping the note of passion, but with the utmost weight and intensity*) If we have not the hearts of men to stand against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life, and we shall stay for ever what we are—(*in almost a whisper*)—less than the very dogs.

An utter stillness, and Roberts stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd

Evans and Jago (suddenly) Roberts! (*The shout is taken up*)

There is a slight movement in the crowd, and Madge, passing below the towing-path, stops by the platform, looking up at Roberts
A sudden doubting silence

Roberts "Nature," says that old man, "give in to Nature" I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face,—an' let it do its worst!"

He catches sight of Madge, his brows contract, he looks away

Madge (in a low voice—close to the platform) You're wife's dying!

Roberts glares at her as if torn from some pinnacle of exaltation

Roberts (trying to stammer on) I say to you—answer them—answer them—

He is drowned by the murmur in the crowd

Thomas (stepping forward) 'Ton't you hear her, then?

Roberts What is it?

[*A dead silence*]

Thomas. Your wife, man!

Roberts hesitates, then with a gesture, he leaps down, and goes away below the towing-path, the men making way for him The standing bargeman opens and prepares to light a lantern Daylight is fast failing

Madge. He needn't have hurried! Annie Roberts is dead (*Then in the silence, passionately*) You pack of blinded hounds! How many more women are you going to let die?

The crowd shrinks back from her, and breaks up in groups, with a confused, uneasy movement Madge goes quickly away below the towing-path There is a hush as they look after her

(*From Act II, Sc 2*)

JOHN MASEFIELD

(1875 -)

JOHN MASEFIELD was born in Liverpool in 1875. His early life he spent in constant travelling, as a seaman before the mast and at many trades in the United States, but, on the publication of his *Salt-Water Ballads* (1902), *A Main-sail Haul* (1905), and his edition of Dampier's *Voyages* (1906), he settled down to literary work in England. His novels *Captain Margaret* (1908), *Multitude and Solitude* (1909), and *Jim Davies* (1911), were good, but his realistic narrative poem *The Everlasting Mercy* (1911) made him widely known and much talked of. It was followed by *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1912), *Dauber* (1913), and

The Daffodil Fields (1913). His plays *The Tragedy of Nan* (1909) and *Pompey the Great* (1910) were successful. During the European War he served both in France and Gallipoli and published books on both. His later writings include *Reynard the Fox*, a narrative poem (1919), *Right Royal* (1920), *Sard Harker*, a novel (1924), *Odtaa* (1926), and *The Midnight Folk* (1927). His play *The Trial of Jesus* (1925) cannot be reckoned as one of his successes. Later plays include *Tristan and Isolde* (1927) and *The Coming of Christ* (1928). He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1930.

Sea-Fever

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied,
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

A Ballad of John Silver

We were schooner-rigged and rakish, with a long and lissome hull,
And we flew the pretty colours of the cross-bones and the skull;
We'd a big black Jolly Roger flapping grimly at the fore,
And we sailed the Spanish Water in the happy days of yore.

We'd a long brass gun amidships, like a well-conducted ship,
We had each a brace of pistols and a cutlass at the hip,
It's a point which tells against us, and a fact to be deplored,
But we chased the goodly merchant-men and laid their ships aboard

Then the dead men fouled the scuppers and the wounded filled the chains,
And the paint-work all was spatter-dashed with other people's brains,
She was boarded, she was looted, she was scuttled till she sank,
And the pale survivors left us by the medium of the plank.

O! then it was (while standing by the taffrail on the poop)
We could hear the drowning folk lament the absent chicken-coop;
Then, having washed the blood away, we'd little else to do
Than to dance a quiet hornpipe as the old salts taught us to.

O! the fiddle on the fo'c's'le, and the slapping naked soles,
And the genial "Down the middle, Jake, and curtsey when she rolls!"
With the silver seas around us and the pale moon overhead,
And the look-out not a-looking and his pipe-bowl glowing red.

Ah! the pig-tailed, quidding pirates and the pretty pranks we played,
All have since been put a stop-to by the naughty Board of Trade;
The schooners and the merry crews are laid away to rest,
A little south the sunset in the Islands of the Blest.

Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

Midnight

The fox came up by Stringer's Pound,
He smelt the south-west warm on the ground,
From west to east a feathery smell
Of blood on the wing-quills tasting well.
A buck's hind-feet thumped on the sod,
The whip-like grass snake went to clod,
The dog-fox put his nose in the air
To taste what food was wandering there.
Under the clover down the hill
A hare in form that knew his will
Up the hill the warren awake
And the badger showing teeth like a rake
Down the hill the two twin thorpes
Where the crying night owl waked the corpse,
And the moon on the stilly windows bright,
Instead of a dead man's waking light
The cock on his perch that shook his wing
When the clock struck for the chimes to ring,
A duck that muttered, a rat that ran,
And a horse that stamped, remembering man.

O Little Self

O little self, within whose smallness lies
All that man was, and is, and will become,
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam;

That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,
 The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,
 And in the hovel can consort with kings,
 Or clothe a God with his own mystery
 O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,
 What dusty folly gather thee for food,
 Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
 The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.
 O living self, O God, O morning star,
 Give us thy light, forgive us what we are

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

(1884 - 1915)

JAMES ELROY FLECKER, son of the headmaster of Dean Close School, Cheltenham, was born at Lewisham and was educated at Dean Close School, Uppingham, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B A in 1906. After teaching for a time, he decided to enter the consular service, and spent two years at Carus College, Cambridge, studying oriental languages. He went to Constantinople in 1910, but his stay was short, as his health broke down. He was at Beirut from 1911 to 1913, when he was compelled to remove to Switzerland, where he died of consumption a year and a half later. His volumes

of verse include *The Bridge of Five* (1907), *Thirty-Six Poems* (1910), *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, his best poetical achievement (1913), and *The Old Ships* (1915). His two plays are *Hassan*, which was produced at the Haymarket in 1923, and *Don Juan*. Flecker was a fluent poet and a follower of the Parnassians, if of anyone, his work was improving steadily at the time of his death, and he might have been a great poet had he lived. *Hassan* undoubtedly owed part of its popularity to its staging, but it is a fascinating if imperfect play to read, a play of great originality and promise.

Gates of Damascus

Four great gates has the city of Damascus,
 And four Grand Wardens, on their spears reclining,
 All day long stand like tall stone men
 And sleep on the towers when the moon is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden
When he locks the great gate and smokes in his garden*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's Cavern, Fort of Fear,
The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of Diarbekir

The Persian Dawn with new desires may net the flushing mountain spires:
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance of those mellow fires

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing Have you heard
That silence where the birds are dead yet something pipeth like a bird?

Pass not beneath! Men say there blows in stony deserts still a rose
But with no scarlet to her leaf—and from whose heart no perfume flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy sister rose? Wilt thou not
fail
When noonday flashes like a flail? Leave, nightingale, the caravan!

Pass then, pass all! "Bagdad!" ye cry, and down the billows of blue sky
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall thrust ye back? Not I.

The Sun who flashes through the head and paints the shadows green and
red,—
The Sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan, O Caravan!

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered eyes shall face in fear
The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his last mirage, O Caravan!

And one—the bird-voiced Singing-man—shall fall behind thee, Caravan!
And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall sing as best he can

And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-stricken on the way,
Go dark and blind, and one shall say—"How lonely is the Caravan!"

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan, Death's Caravan!
I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard your Singing-man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper*

I am the gate toward the sea: O sailor men, pass out from me!
I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea,
The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-and-blue-flower foaming
sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with lions and lily flowers,
And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while away the hours

Beyond the towns an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites the ground
The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back and still no sound

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen shouting in their dreams,
From whose dark issues night and day blood crashes in a thousand streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind breathes or ripple stirs,
And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal mariners

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the Jewish King
Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and guards his magic ring:

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in outraged majesty,
And take the World upon his back, and fling the World beyond the sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate a dawn, a dawn and thou art there·
Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of the beast we hate!

Thou hast not many miles to tread, nor other foes than fleas to dread,
Homs shall behold thy morning meal and Hama see thee safe in bed

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of apricots,
And coffee tables botched with pearl, and little beaten brassware pots.

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the Damascene retailers' price,
And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth odorous and nice.

Some men of noble stock were made· some glory in the murder-blade·
Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honourable Trade!

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe! Their heads are weak: their pockets
burn.

Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum! Safe return!

*This is the song of the South Gate holder,
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall· the Mihrab of Damascus wall,
The bridge of booming Sinai the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim rise the night has grown her single horn.
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart and eyes that
burn.

Ah Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there, when thou art there?

God be thy guide from camp to camp· God be thy shade from well to well;
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge to endure
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee out to Life again

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen thousand Aeons pass,
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew upon the grass

And, son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's end,
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head, and calls thee Friend.

RUPERT CHAWNER BROOKE

(1887 - 1915)

RUPERT CHAWNER BROOKE was born at Rugby, where his father was a housemaster, on 3rd August, 1887. He was educated at Rugby and at King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1909 with a second class in the classical tripos. In the autumn of the same year he won the Charles Oldham (University) Shakespeare Scholarship, and in 1910 he won the Harness Prize with an essay on Puritanism and the Elizabethan drama. He gained a fellowship at

King's in 1912 with an admirable thesis on *John Webster*, afterwards published. His first poems, some of them immature, appeared in 1911. In 1913 he travelled in America, Hawaii, New Zealand and Tahiti, returning home in June, 1914. At the outbreak of war he joined the Royal Naval Division, took part in the Antwerp expedition, and in February, 1915, sailed for the Dardanelles. He fell ill after a sunstroke at Lemnos and died of blood-poisoning at

Scyros on 23rd April, 1915. His posthumous volume of poems, *1914 and Other Poems*, published soon after his death, attained extraordinary popularity, voicing as it did the feelings of the young men of 1914, before disillusionment had set in. These poems showed that he had complete mastery over metres of various kinds, and that he might have been among the major poets had he lived. They reveal both an

epicurean joy in life and an intense passion, as well as a sense of melancholy at the vanity of human pleasures. His *Letters from America* prove him to have been a masterly prose-writer. He was a man of extraordinary charm, and seemed to those who knew him to have every gift which the gods could bestow. Their crowning gift they did not withhold.

ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος

The Dead

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
 These laid the world away, poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
 That men call age, and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage,
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

The Fish

In a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where wavering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,
And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,
Or serene slidings, or March narrows
There slipping wave and shore are one,
And weed and mud No ray of sun,
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);
Shaken translucency illumines
The hyaline of drifting glooms;
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,

RUPERT CHAWNER BROOKE

The unknown unnameable sightless white
 That is the essential flame of night,
 Lustreless purple, hooded green,
 The myriad hues that lie between
 Darkness and darkness! . .

And all's one,
 Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,
 The world he rests in, world he knows,
 Perpetual curving Only—grows
 An eddy in that ordered falling
 A knowledge from the gloom, a calling
 Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
 The dark fire leaps along his blood,
 Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
 The intricate impulse works its will,
 His woven world drops back, and he,
 Sans providence, sans memory,
 Unconscious and directly driven,
 Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
 Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,
 Of lights in the clear night, of cries
 That drift along the wave and rise
 Thin to the glittering stars above,
 You know the hands, the eyes of love!
 The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,
 The infinite distance, and the singing
 Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,
 The gleam, the flowers, and vast around
 The horizon, and the heights above—
 You know the sigh, the song of love!

But there the night is close, and there
 Darkness is cold and strange and bare;
 And the secret deeps are whisperless;
 And rhythm is all deliciousness,
 And joy is in the throbbing tide,
 Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
 In felt bewildering harmonies
 Of trembling touch; and music is
 The exquisite knocking of the blood.
 Space is no more, under the mud;

His bliss is older than the sun.
Silent and straight the waters run.
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him.

The Great Lover

I have been so great a lover· filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and 'still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The menarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame,—we have beaconed the world's night.
A city—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor—we have taught the world to die
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming . .
These I have loved

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines, and feathery, faery dust,
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight, the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food:
Rainbows, and the blue bitter smoke of wood,
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that soon

Smooth away trouble, and the rough male kiss
 Of blankets; grainy wood, live hair that is
 Shining and free, blue-massing clouds; the keen
 Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
 The benison of hot water, furs to touch,
 The good smell of old clothes, and other such—
 The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
 Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
 About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .

Dear names,

And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames,
 Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring,
 Holes in the ground, and voices that do sing,
 Voices in laughter, too, and body's pain,
 Soon turned to peace, and the deep-panting train,
 Firm sands, the little dulling edge of foam
 That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home,
 And washen stones, gay for an hour, the cold
 Graveness of iron, moist black earthen mould,
 Sleep; and high places, footprints in the dew,
 And oaks, and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new,
 And new-peeled sticks, and shining pools on grass,—
 All these have been my loves And these shall pass,
 Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
 Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
 To hold them with me through the gate of Death
 They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
 Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
 And sacramented covenant to the dust
 —Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
 And give what's left of love again, and make
 New friends, now strangers

But the best I've known,

Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
 About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
 Of living men, and dies

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
 This one last gift I give that after men
 Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
 Praise you, "All these were lovely", say, "He loved"

APPENDIX

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1811-1896), the daughter of Lyman Beecher, a well-known Congregationalist minister, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, and in 1836 married Calvin Stowe, a professor at the Cincinnati Theological Seminary, of which her father was then president. Her husband was not strong, and she spent much of her time in performing domestic drudgery, but managed to write several tales and sketches of no account. In 1851, while nursing her seventh child, she contributed to the *National Era* her great book *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly*. When it appeared in book form in 1852 its success was prodigious both in America and Europe, it sold by the million in its own language and was translated into twenty-three other tongues. It was more than a great book, it was a great deed, it did much to discredit slavery and to strengthen the hands of the abolitionists, both when it appeared and during the Civil War. Its purely literary merits are not outstanding, its plot is loose and rambling and its style has lapses; but it is kept alive by the vivid imagination and fiery righteousness of its author. Her other works include *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Dred: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp* (1856);

The Minister's Wooing, and *Old Town Folks*

[Annie Fields, *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe*]

DINAH MARIA CRAIK (1826-1887) the daughter of an eccentric non-conformist minister, the Rev. Thomas Mulock, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent. When in 1864 she married G. L. Craik, a partner in the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., she was already a well-known novelist. *The Ogilvies* (1849), *Olive* (1850), and *Agatha's Husband* (1853) were all successful, but their success was entirely overshadowed by that of *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1857), by far her best and most popular book. It was and still is a favourite novel, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Greek, and Russian. Her later writings, which were very numerous, include *A Life for a Life* (1859), *Mistress and Maid* (1863), and *Christian's Mistake* (1865). She also wrote much pleasing verse, including the well-known *Rothery Bay*, and a charming fairy story, *Alice Learmont*.

DION BOUCICAULT (1822-1890) was born in Dublin and educated there and at London University. He intended to become an architect,

but the success of a comedy, *London Assurance*, which he wrote when only nineteen years old, made him decide to be a playwright. He was a remarkably facile writer and produced altogether about 140 plays, mostly comedies and melodramas, all of which were more or less successful. His plays are all adaptations to a greater or less extent of other men's work, and they are all singularly lacking in good literary qualities, but are cunningly wrought, act well, and appeal to a popular audience. His best-known plays are his Irish melodramas *The Colleen Bawn* (1860, based upon Gerald Griffin's novel *The Collegians*), *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and *The Shaughraun*.

TOM TAYLOR (1817-1880), the son of a wealthy self-made brewer, was born at Sunderland, and educated at Grange School, Sunderland, Glasgow University, where he won three gold medals, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1840 as fifth classic and a junior optime, winning a Trinity fellowship two years later. From 1845 to 1847 he was professor of English Literature at London University, in 1846 he was called to the bar and went the northern circuit, and in 1854 he was appointed secretary to the Board of Health, retiring in 1871. He wrote or adapted for the stage about a hundred plays, and succeeded Shirley Brooks as editor of *Punch* in 1874. The most popular of his plays were *Masks and Faces* (1854), written in collaboration with Charles Reade; *Our American Cousin* (1858), famous for its character Lord Dundreary, *The Overland Route* (1860), *Still Waters Run Deep* (1855), and *The Ticket-*

of-Leave Man (1863). His plays have good dramatic but commonplace literary qualities.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE (1821-1862), the son of a wealthy London shipowner, was born at Lee, Kent, and received a scanty schooling and no university education, as he was an only son and delicate. At the age of seventeen he entered his father's counting-house, but after his father's death a year later, he devoted himself entirely to study, being of independent means. His one recreation was chess, as a player of which he enjoyed a European reputation. His *magnum opus* at last took shape as a philosophic *History of Civilization*, of which only two volumes (1857 and 1861) were completed. It made him famous, but cannot be said to have worn well. Buckle was an enthusiastic traveller, and died of typhoid fever at Damascus in his forty-first year. He never got over the shock of his mother's death, which had taken place three years previously. The conception of his *History of Civilization* is better than the execution, it was conceived on a grand, not to say grandiose, scale. The three bulky volumes which it fills in most reprints are a mere fragment, the vestibule of the cyclopean building. His generalizations do not bear close examination, but his style is clear and forcible and admirably calculated *ad captandum vulgus*.

SAMUEL SMILES (1812-1904), the son of a paper maker, was born at Haddington and educated at Haddington Grammar School and at Edinburgh University, where he qualified in medicine. He practised for some time in his native town,

but in 1838 became editor of the *Leeds Times*, a radical paper. From 1845 to 1866 he was secretary to various railways. His *Life of George Stephenson* (1857) was his first literary success, *Self-Help* (1859) was an even greater one. It sold by the thousand, and was translated into seventeen languages. He wrote several other books on similar lines, *Character* (1871), *Thrift* (1875), *Duty* (1880), and *Life and Labour* (1887), but never quite repeated his success. His *Lives of the Engineers* are standard biographies, carefully and competently done, his other compilations are mainly a mixture of anecdote and prudential advice, and are not much relished by later generations. Smiles has almost acquired immortality as a type of utilitarian Victorian.

ALEXANDER SMITH (1830-1867), the son of a lace pattern designer, was born at Kilmarnock and educated at schools in Paisley and Glasgow. For a time he followed his father's trade, but wrote poetry for local papers in his spare time. His *Life Drama* (1853) caused a considerable sensation, and he was hailed as a rising poet. His poetry was ridiculed in *Firmilian* by W. E. Aytoun (qv), who dubbed Smith, Dobell, and P. J. Bailey "the spasmodic school", a happy nickname which has stuck to them. In 1854 Smith was appointed secretary to the University of Edinburgh, and the following year produced, in conjunction with Sydney Dobell, a volume of *Sonnets on the War*. This was followed in 1857 by his *City Poems*, a volume which brought upon him an unjust accusation of plagiarism, and in 1861 by *Edwin of Deira*, his longest and best

poetical work. In 1863 he published a collection of essays entitled *Dream-thorp*, his delightful holiday book, *A Summer in Skye*, appeared in 1865. His novel, *Alfred Hagart's Household*, was published in book form in 1866. Smith's verse had occasional strong passages, but it is marred by rant, incoherency, and hysteria. He was, unknowingly, an expert in the art of sinking. His prose is readable but artificial, and too reminiscent of Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS (1813-1875) was born at Streatham and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1835 and M.A. in 1839. He was private secretary to several public men, and for many years lived a life of lettered ease. In 1860 he was appointed clerk of the privy council, an office which he held until his death. He won the confidence of the Queen and Prince Consort, and edited the latter's posthumously published speeches and the former's *Highland Journals*, being duly rewarded with a K.C.B. He attempted many different kinds of writing—history, biography, drama, romance, and the essay—but achieved popularity mainly by his series of essays, *Friends in Council* (1847-1859). Ruskin praised his "beautiful quiet English", but his thought is commonplace and he is not seldom guilty of prolixity.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER (1803-1875), the son of a medical man who afterwards took holy orders, was born at Stoke Damerel, Devonshire, and educated at Cheltenham Grammar School, and at Pembroke College and Magdalen Hall, Oxford. His college career almost

came to an end through lack of funds, but he married his god-mother, a wealthy lady more than twice his age, and graduated B A in 1828. In 1827 he won the Newdigate prize with a poem on *Pompeii*, not hesitating to borrow from the Cambridge prize poem on the same subject, which Macaulay had written a few years previously. He was ordained in 1829 and installed as vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall, in 1834, remaining there for the rest of his life. He did much good, but was as famous for his eccentricities as for his more valuable qualities. He often officiated in a costume which curiously combined sea-boots and semi-oriental vestments, and caused much scandal by being received into the Roman Catholic Church when *in articulo mortis*. His poetical works include *Records of the Western Shore* (1832), *Reeds Shaken with the Wind* (1843), *The Quest of the Sangraal* (1864), and *Cornish Ballads and other Poems* (1869). His best-known ballad is his *Song of the Western Men* ("And shall Trelawny die"), which for a time he successfully passed off as a genuine antique.

JAMES MARTINEAU (1805-1900), the son of a silk manufacturer and younger brother of Harriet Martineau (q v), was born at Norwich, and educated at Norwich Grammar School, Dr Lant Carpenter's School at Bristol, and Manchester College, York. After holding ministerial appointments in Dublin and Liverpool, he became in 1840 professor of mental and moral philosophy in Manchester New College, now in Manchester. In 1857 he removed to London, and was minister of Little Portland Street Chapel from 1859

to 1872. From 1869 to 1885 he held the principalship of Manchester New College (which from 1853 had been in London). Among his works are *The Rationale of Religious Enquiry* (1836), *Types of Ethical Theory* (1885), *A Study of Religion* (1888), and *The Seat of Authority in Religion* (1890). His style is distinguished and vivid, he was the outstanding Unitarian divine of his generation.

[J Drummond and C B. Upton, *Life and Letters of James Martineau*]

THOMAS ASHE (1836-1889), the son of a Manchester manufacturer who took holy orders late in life, was born at Stockport, Cheshire, and educated at Stockport Grammar School and at St John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B A in 1859. He was one of the founders of *The Eagle*, the college magazine. He was ordained soon after he took his degree, and, after experiencing a country curacy, was a master at Leamington College, and later at Queen Elizabeth's School, Ipswich. Finally, he settled in London, doing journalistic work and editing *Coleidge*. His poetical works were published as follows: *Poems* (1859), *Dryope and other Poems* (1861), *Pictures and other Poems* (1865), *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle* (1867), *Edith, or Love and Life in Cheshire* (1873), and *Songs of a Year* (1888). His longer poems would be improved by compression, but many of his shorter poems are graceful and musical.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE (1809-1895) was born at Leeds but belonged to a Devonshire family. He

was educated at Christ's Hospital, and studied medicine at St. George's Hospital and at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, graduating at the latter. He practised as a physician at Brighton, Bury St. Edmunds, Roehampton, and St John's Wood, London. He was a friend of Borrow, Trelawny, and other men of note, but especially of D. G. Rossetti. In 1872 his friendship and his medical skill combined to save Rossetti's life, which was in danger owing to his abuse of laudanum. Hake's poems include *Madeline with other poems and parables* (1871), *New Symbols* (1876), *Legends of the Morrow* (1879), *Maiden Ecstasy* (1880), and *The New Day* (1890). His autobiography, *Memoirs of Eighty Years* (1892), is of considerable interest. His poems are lofty but obscure, they belong to the mystical school. They were written, according to eye-witnesses, with great difficulty, and cost no small amount of labour to read. Hake was never a popular poet, but won golden opinions from a small band of devotees.

JAMES PAYN (1830-1898), the son of the clerk to the Thames commissioners, was born at Cheltenham and educated at Eton, Woolwich Academy, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1852. He entered soon after upon a journalistic career, and in 1859 was appointed editor of *Chambers's Journal*, a post which he held until 1874. In that year he became reader to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and from 1883 until his health broke down in 1896 he edited the *Cornhill Magazine*. He wrote in all some sixty novels, of which the best-known are. *Lost*

Sir Massingberd (1864), *By Proxy* (1878), *The Talk of the Town* (the story of W. H. Ireland, the Shakespearean forger), *The Luck of the Darrells* (1886), and *The Heir of the Ages* (1886). He was also famous for a weekly column of anecdote which he contributed to the *Illustrated London News*. His novels reflect his lively and lovable personality, but are not great works of art.

ELLEN WOOD (1814-1887), whose maiden name was Price, was the daughter of a glove-manufacturer, and was born in Worcester. In 1836 she married Henry Wood, a member of a banking and shipping firm, and for twenty years resided in France. Her first successful novel was *Danesbury House* (1860), which won a prize offered by the Scottish Temperance League. Her immensely popular novel *East Lynne* appeared in 1861 in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and came out in book form later in the same year. It was translated into many languages; pirated versions innumerable appeared on the stage, in more recent times it was reproduced in the cinema with great success. Its literary merits are slight, it affords much unintentional humour to the more sophisticated novel-reader of to-day, but it exactly hit the taste of the time. Her later successes include *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* (1862), *The Channings* (1862), *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* (1863), *Lord Oakburn's Daughters* (1864), *Roland Yorke* (1869), *Within the Maze* (1872), and *Edna* (1876). There is more solid merit in the *Johnny Ludlow Stories*, reprinted from the *Argosy*, of which she was long editor. In them she challenged comparison,

not quite unsuccessfully, with Mrs. Gaskell.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON (1837-1915), the daughter of a solicitor of Cornish extraction, was born in London. Her first novel, *The Trail of the Serpent*, was published in 1861. In the following year, when only twenty-five years old, she scored her most remarkable success with *Lady Audley's Secret*, a novel which sold by the thousand, and which has been dramatized and filmed. Some of her later novels are better pieces of work, but none was ever again so sensationally successful, though all her novels have found many appreciative readers, some of whom were men of sound literary judgment. Her novels, some eighty in all, include *Aurora Floyd* (1863), *Birds of Prey* (1867), *Dead Men's Shoes* (1876), *Ishmael* (1884), *Sons of Fire* (1895); and *The Green Curtain* (1911). In 1874 she married the publisher, John Maxwell, but never ceased to be "Miss Braddon" to her countless admirers. Her novels are sensational and well-plotted; she had no great grasp over her characters, but could write descriptions of landscapes of no mean ability.

MARGARET OLIPHANT OLIPHANT (1828-1897), the daughter of a customs official named Wilson, was born near Musselburgh. Her first novel, *Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland* (1849), won instant attention, and was followed by more than a hundred books in which she maintained a high place as a novelist. She married her cousin, Francis Oliphant, in 1852, he died seven years later and she brought up her own family of three

(none of whom survived her) and the family of a widowed brother entirely on the earnings of her pen. With great imprudence, remarkable in a woman of her common sense and astounding in a woman of her nationality, she sent her sons to Eton and Oxford, and was in consequence always in fear of debt and always writing against time. She was Trollope's female counterpart, and her best novels, like his, are in a series, *The Chronicles of Carlingford* (Salem Chapel, 1863, *The Rector and the Doctor's Family*, 1863; *The Perpetual Curate*, 1864; *Miss Marjoribanks*, 1866, and *Phoebe Jumor*, 1876). Her novels of Scottish life and character and her occult tales are good, and she did much valuable biographical and general journey-work, but haste has marred much of her work, fictional and otherwise.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE (1834-1867), better known as "Artemus Ward", was born at Waterford, Maine. Originally a compositor, he began to contribute to various journals, and in 1858 published in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* the first of the "Artemus Ward" series of letters and papers. He subsequently lectured on California and Utah in the States and in England, where he contributed to *Punch*. He died of consumption at Southampton, England. His writings include *Artemus Ward his Book* (1862), *Artemus Ward his Travels* (1865), *Artemus Ward in London* (1867), and *Artemus Ward's Lecture* (1869). They were appreciated even more in this country than in America. "Artemus Ward" was supposed to be an exhibitor of wax figures and wild beasts; his works are full of

drollery and eccentricity which mask much shrewd satire. Some of his fun depended upon his system of phonetic spelling.

[D. C. Seitz, *Artemus Ward, a Biography and Bibliography.*]

MARIE LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE ("OUIDA") (1839-1908), the daughter of a teacher of French, was born at Bury St Edmunds. She published her first novel, *Held in Bondage*, in 1863, and from then onwards was a very prolific writer. Among her best novels are *Strathmore* (1865); *Under Two Flags* (1867), *Trictrac* (1869), *Two Little Wooden Shoes* (1874), *Moths* (1880), and *The Massarenes* (1897). *Bimbi, Stories for Children* (1882), was also a popular book. From 1874 onwards she lived in Italy, and when her popularity declined fell into a state of acute poverty, which was alleviated in 1906 by a civil list pension. Her novels when they appeared were considered somewhat daring, but now are read principally for the unintentional amusement which they provide. She chose for her heroes dashing guardsmen and brawny athletes, and displayed quite unabashed her ignorance of military and sporting matters. Her style was flamboyant, but she had many readers who were genuinely attracted by her lively narrative gifts.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS (1824-1889), a son of the artist William Collins (1788-1847), was born in London and educated at a private school at Highbury. From 1836 to 1839 he was in Italy with his parents, in 1841 he was articled to a firm of tea-traders, but was entered at Lincoln's Inn in 1846 and was called to the bar in 1851,

though he did not practise. He began his literary career with a life of his father (1848), and in 1850 he published *Antonia*, a novel written some years before. In 1851 he first met Dickens; they became intimate friends and collaborated in several stories (*The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, *No Thoroughfare*, &c.). Collins contributed to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*; indeed his best work appeared in those periodicals. He wrote much, considering that his health was weak, but his best books are *The Woman in White* (1860), *No Name* (1862), and *The Moonstone* (1868). His volume of short stories, *After Dark* (1856), is likewise excellent. His other books are not on the same level and at their worst read like intentional parodies of his best work. His mystery stories are remarkable for their ingenious construction, they are carefully plotted, accurate, orderly, and well-knit. At times, however, the strings which move his puppets are too conspicuous. One of his characters, Count Fosco in *The Woman in White*, has become immortal, but the rest are mere *dramatis personæ*. Perhaps the most interesting thing about Collins is that he influenced Dickens quite as much as Dickens influenced him.

THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1829-1871), who was descended from actors on both sides, was born at Newark-on-Trent. He went on the stage as a child, but was never a success as an actor. In 1853 he settled in London, where for a time he acted as prompter at the Olympic, and struggled to make a livelihood by means of light literature. In 1864 he had considerable success

with *David Garrick*, a play produced by Sothorn; but his fame rests on a series of plays produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, including *Society* (1865); *Ours* (1866), *Caste* (1867), *Play* (1868), *School* (1869); and *M P* (1870). Though sneered at by certain critics on their production, and nicknamed "cup-and-saucer dramas", they were distinctly above the level of contemporary drama, being excellent acting plays. They are less stagey and unnatural than any earlier plays of the nineteenth century. Robertson was a master of stagecraft, and had a hearty and altogether wholesome sense of humour.

WILLIAM STUBBS (1825-1901), the son of a solicitor, was born at Knaresborough and educated at Ripon Grammar School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first class in *literæ humaniores* in 1848. He was elected to a fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, was ordained in 1848, and became vicar of Navestock, Essex, in 1850. In 1862 he was appointed librarian of Lambeth Palace, in 1866 professor of modern history at Oxford, and in 1879 canon residentiary of St Paul's. In 1884 he was consecrated Bishop of Chester, and was translated to Oxford in 1888. He edited many valuable historical works—some nineteen volumes in all—for the very unequal Rolls Series, whose most accomplished editor he undoubtedly was. His chief work is the *Constitutional History of England* (3 vols., 1874-1878). Its subject did not admit, perhaps, of the literary graces, and it is from other sources that we learn that Stubbs was master of a pleasantly sub-acid humour. His work is solid; his

style if dry is clear; and he was an expert at arranging his material to the best advantage. He was the leader and chief ornament of the scientific school of history.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877) was born in Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard in 1831, and studied at Gottingen and Berlin. He qualified as a lawyer but did not practise. After writing one or two unsuccessful novels, he settled down to his proper calling as a historian. He published his *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic* in 1856 (3 vols.), a work which was further developed in the *History of the United Netherlands* (4 vols., 1860-1869). Both works were received with the utmost favour, both in Europe and America, because they combined exhaustive research with much power of pictorial representation. It was not for nothing that Motley had served an apprenticeship to novel-writing. He virtually continued his historical work in the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld* (1874). He was American ambassador at Vienna from 1861 to 1867 and at London from 1869 to 1870.

SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE (1822-1888), the son of a medical practitioner, was educated at Christ's Hospital and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. as senior classic in 1844, winning also the first chancellor's medal, the Craven scholarship and three Browne medals. He was appointed regius professor of civil law at Cambridge in 1847, and reader in jurisprudence at the Middle Temple in 1852. From 1862 to 1869 he was law member

of the Supreme Council of India, and on his return home he was elected Corpus professor of jurisprudence at Oxford. In 1887 he became master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His chief works are. *Ancient Law its Connexion with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas* (1861), *Village Communities* (1871), *Early Law and Custom* (1883), and *Popular Government* (1885). His writings place him in the very front rank of modern philosophical jurists, and their literary merit is as great as their subjects allowed.

GOLDWIN SMITH (1823-1910), the son of a physician, was born at Reading and educated at Eton, and at Christ Church and Magdalen College, Oxford, winning the Hertford and Ireland Scholarships, and graduating with a first class in *literæ humaniores* in 1845. He was regius professor of modern history at Oxford from 1858 to 1866. As a lecturer he attracted great attention both on account of his strongly democratic views and his striking originality. Having during the American Civil War strongly defended the cause of the north, he was at the close of the war invited to visit the United States to deliver a course of lectures, and his visit resulted in his accepting the professorship of history at Cornell University, New York. He resigned the appointment in 1871, and was appointed member of the senate of the University of Toronto, where he resided for the rest of his life. Among his writings are. *Lectures on the Study of History* (1866), *The Empire*, a series of letters (1863), *The United States* (1893), and *The United Kingdom* (1899). Smith was

prevented by his political partisanship from becoming a true historian; he ranks as a first-class pamphleteer and political journalist.

[A Haultain, *Goldwin Smith, his Life and Opinions*]

SIR JOHN ROBERT SEELEY (1834-1895), a son of the publisher R. B. Seeley, was educated at the City of London School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1857. He was bracketed senior classic, and was first chancellor's medallist. In 1863 he was appointed professor of Latin in University College, London, and in 1869 he succeeded Charles Kingsley in the chair of modern history at Cambridge. In 1865 appeared *Ecce Homo, or the Life and Work of Jesus Christ*, published anonymously, but afterwards acknowledged by Seeley. It created a profound sensation at the time of its appearance, mainly because it was written in a reverent and beautiful style and from an unusual point of view. *Natural Religion* (1882), which attempted to please the orthodox and the rationalist alike, succeeded in satisfying neither. Among his other works are *The Life and Times of Stein* (1878), *The Expansion of England* (1883), and *The Growth of British Policy* (1895). He was made a K.C.M.G. in 1894.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY (1838-1903), the son of a landed proprietor, was born at Newtown Park, Co. Dublin, and was educated at Armagh School, Cheltenham College, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1859 and M.A. in 1863. He settled down to a career of study and writing. His first two books, *The*

Religious Tendencies of the Age (1860) and *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland* (1861), made no mark when they first appeared; but in 1865 he scored a notable success with his lucid and impartial, if somewhat discursive, *History of Rationalism*. His other works include *History of European Morals* (1869), his principal work, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (1878-1890), on which he laboured for nineteen years, and *Democracy and Liberty* (1896). Lecky is a luminous and unbiassed historian, but his writings are somewhat colourless, he concentrated his attention on the matter, neglecting the manner of his sentences. He was M.P. for Dublin University from 1896 to 1903, in 1897 he was made a privy-councillor, and in 1902 he was among the first to receive the newly founded Order of Merit.

JAMES BRYCE, VISCOUNT BRYCE (1838-1922), though of Scottish origin, was born in Belfast, and educated at Glasgow High School, Glasgow University, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. with first classes in *literæ humaniores* and in law in 1861. He also won the Gaisford prizes, the Craven Scholarship, the Arnold prize, and various other distinctions. He was called to the bar in 1867, and in 1870 was appointed regius professor of Civil Law at Oxford. He entered parliament in 1880, and became chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1892, president of the Board of Trade in 1894, and chief secretary for Ireland in 1905, and was ambassador extraordinary at Washington from 1907 to 1913. In 1915 he was made chairman of the committee appointed to report on

the alleged German atrocities. He received the Order of Merit in 1907, was created a viscount in 1914, and a G.C.V.O. in 1917. His works include *The Holy Roman Empire* (1864), *The American Commonwealth* (1888), *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903), and *Modern Democracies* (1921). He was a man of great mental vigour, and an omniscient man of letters.

WALTER BAGEHOT (1826-1877), the son of a banker and shipowner, was born at Langport, Somerset, and educated at a school in Bristol, and at University College, London, graduating B.A. of London University in 1846 and M.A. in 1848. He was called to the bar in 1852, but joined his father in the banking business at Langport, and for a number of years acted as London agent for the bank. He was one of the editors of the *National Review* (1855-1864), and from 1860 till his death was editor and part proprietor of the *Economist*. He was a high authority on finance, economics, and banking, and was often consulted by public men. His chief works are *The English Constitution* (1867), *Physics and Politics* (1872), *Lombard Street* (1873); *Economic Studies* (1880), and *Literary Studies* (1879). Bagehot was primarily an economist, but his excursions into literary criticism were uniformly successful, and his crisp and lively style lightened even the gloom of "the dismal science". His *English Constitution* is a textbook of great power and originality.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT (1829-1888), son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, afterwards Chief Justice of Ceylon, was born at Cape Town. He received a

desultory education, and until he was thirty-six, led a life of travel and adventure, interspersed with a little work in the diplomatic service. During these years he saw most of the fighting, in all quarters of the globe, which it was then possible to see. In 1867 he fell under the influence of the religious impostor Thomas Lake Harris, and spent some time in a religious community in the United States. He founded another community in Palestine, near Mount Carmel. His works include, the *Journey to Khatmandu* (1852), *The Transcaucasian Campaign* (1856), *Piccadilly*, a satirical novel (1865); *Masollam* (1886), *Sympneumata* (1885), and *Scientific Religion* (1888). His mystical views were due, probably, to his defective education, and to a blow on the head which he received when in Japan.

JEAN INGELOW (1820-1897), the daughter of a banker, was born at Boston, Lincolnshire. In 1850 she published an unimportant and immature volume of verse, thirteen years later appeared a volume of poems which made her famous. A second series followed in 1876 and a third in 1885. She also wrote several novels, of which the best is *Sarah de Berenger*, and some books for children (*Mopsa the Fairy*, 1869). Many of her poems are marred by gush and diffuseness, but she has written a few memorable poems, the best of them being, perhaps, *Divided*, and *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571*, one of the best of modern ballads. Her vivid descriptions of Lincolnshire scenery gained her Tennyson's admiration, as he was a native of the same county. She was very happily

parodied by Calverley in *Lovers and a Reflection*.

ALFRED DOMETT (1811-1887) was born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, and was educated at St John's College, Cambridge, where, however, he did not graduate. He published a volume of poems in 1833, and wrote much verse for *Blackwood's Magazine*. *Venue* appeared in 1839. In 1841 he was called to the bar, and in the following year emigrated to New Zealand. Browning, who was his chief friend, wrote his poem *Warning* about Domett. In New Zealand Domett held almost as many offices as Pooh-Bah, but held them in succession, not simultaneously. He was prime minister in 1862 and 1863. He returned to England in 1871. His services were rewarded with a C.M.G. in 1880. In 1872 he published *Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Day Dream*, and in 1877 *Flotsam and Jetsam*. His verse has no special merit, and he is remembered mainly on account of his friendship with Browning.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON (1850-1887), son of the almost-forgotten dramatist John Westland Marston, was born in London. The injudicious administration of a drug deprived him partially of his eyesight when he was only three years old, and he gradually became totally blind. His life was most unfortunate, and reads like a chapter from the story of the house of Atreus, or other doomed family of Greek legend. Besides losing his sight, he lost in rapid succession his fiancée, his best friend, two sisters, his brother-in-law, Arthur O'Shaughnessy (q.v.), and his friend James Thomson (q.v.), author of *The City*

of *Dreadful Night*. His poems appeared in three collections, *Song-Tide* (1871), *All in All* (1875), and *Wind Voices* (1883). As is not unnatural, they are somewhat melancholy, morbid, and introspective, though there is much beauty in some of his sonnets. His range was not wide, and he imitated his friend Rossetti too closely at times. His poems were more popular in America than in this country.

WILLIAM BLACK (1841-1898) was born in Glasgow and was educated at private schools there and at the Glasgow school of art. He abandoned art for journalism, and wrote for the *Glasgow Citizen*. In 1864 he went to London, and in the following year joined the staff of the *Morning Star*, for which he was special correspondent during the brief Austro-Prussian War of 1866. His novel *Love or Marriage* (1867) was only moderately successful, but his *In Silk Attire* (1869), *Kilmeny* (1870), and especially *A Daughter of Heth* (1871), gained him an increasingly wide circle of readers. For a few years he was assistant editor of the *Daily News*, but abandoned journalism in 1874 in order to devote all his time to novel-writing. His numerous novels include *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* (1872), *A Princess of Thule* (1873), *Three Feathers* (1875), *Madcap Violet* (1876), *Green Pastures and Pcccadilly* (1877), *Macleod of Dare* (1878), *White Wings* (1880), *Shandon Bells* (1883), *Judith Shakespeare* (1884), *White Heather* (1885), *In Far Lochaber* (1889), and *Wild Eehn* (1898). He excelled in descriptions of landscapes, especially Highland landscapes, his characters are somewhat

theatrical. His work is marred by excess of sentiment and romanticism, but he was a great popular favourite in his day.

SIR WALTER BESANT (1836-1901), the son of a Portsmouth merchant, was born at Portsea and educated at Stockwell Grammar School, King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B A as eighteenth wrangler in 1859, proceeding M A in 1863. From 1861 to 1867 he was a professor at the Royal College, Mauritius. His first book, *Studies in Early French Poetry*, appeared in 1868, and to the field of French literature also belong his *French Humourists* and his *Rabelais* (for the Foreign Classics Series). He was for years secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and published a book on *Jerusalem* in conjunction with Professor Palmer, whose life he wrote. He is best-known by his novels, a number of which were written in partnership with James Rice (q.v.), including *Ready Money Mortiboy* (1872), *The Golden Butterfly* (1876), *The Monks of Thelema* (1877), and *The Seamy Side* (1881). In most of these novels, Rice devised the plot and Besant gave it form. After Rice's death (1882) he wrote many novels single-handed, the best known of them are *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1882), which brought about the founding of the People's Palace, *Dorothy Forster* (1884), *Children of Gibeon* (1886), *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice* (1895), and *The Orange Girl* (1899). Besant was knighted in 1895. He did much to improve the legal status and financial position of authors, and planned and partly executed an immense topographical

work on London. His novels have merit, but have not worn well.

JAMES RICE (1843-1882), Sir Walter Besant's literary partner, was born at Northampton, and educated at Queens' College, Cambridge, where he graduated in law in 1867. In 1868 he bought *Once a Week*, and conducted it with but slight success for four years. He was called to the bar in 1871, but never acquired a large practice. His memorable partnership with Besant began in 1872, the principal novels for which they were jointly responsible are mentioned in the preceding article. Rice's only book of importance not written in collaboration is his *History of the British Turf* (1879), a somewhat desultory and anecdotal work.

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLS (1828-1891) was born in Co. Kilkenny, and educated at Waterford Grammar School and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he did not graduate. For a time he fitfully pursued the career of portrait-painter, but he also wrote novels, plays, songs, and poems. In 1871 he was appointed dramatist to the Lyceum, and between then and his death wrote upwards of thirty plays, several of which were highly successful. The best known are *Charles I* (1872), *Eugene Aram* (1873), *Olivia*, an adaptation of *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1873), *Nell Gwynne* (1878), and *A Royal Divorce* (1891). Wills did not take his dramatic labours very seriously, and cared little for historical accuracy or for anything beyond the immediate effect. He was a useful theatrical journeyman, skilled in fitting actors and actresses with suitable parts. His plays have

no literary merit. One of his songs, *I'll sing thee songs of Araby*, is still a favourite. Wills resembled the Bohemian author of popular imagination, a type which is much commoner in fiction than in fact.

HENRY JAMES BYRON (1834-1884), son of the British consul in Haiti, was born in Manchester. After attempting to begin the study of medicine, and afterwards, the study of law, he became an actor and playwright. He wrote an immense number of pieces, including a great many farces, burlesques, and extravaganzas, besides comedies or domestic dramas, such as *Cyril's Success* (1868), *Uncle Dick's Darling* (1869), and *Our Boys* (1875), which had an extraordinary success. Byron had no conception of the dignity of his art, and his comedies are poor stuff from the literary point of view. His plots are silly, his characters mere stage-puppets, and his humour crude. What Dr Johnson unfairly said of Shakespeare may be fairly said of H. J. Byron: "A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it."

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN (1823-1892) was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, and was educated privately and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1845 with a second class in *literæ humaniores*. He was of independent means, and after vacating his fellowship by his marriage, he eventually settled down to a life of

study in Somerset; he was a zealous magistrate and a constant and combative contributor to the *Saturday Review*. He was twice an unsuccessful candidate for professorial chairs at Oxford, in 1884, however, he succeeded his friend Bishop Stubbs as regius professor of modern history in that university. By that time he was too old to make the mark on the historical schools which he would have made had he been appointed twenty years earlier. His literary output was enormous: his chief works are *History of the Norman Conquest* (5 vols., 1867-1879), *Historical Geography of Europe* (1881-1882), *The Reign of William Rufus* (1882), and *History of Sicily* (1891-1892). He was a prolix writer, and had a habit of "damnable iteration", hence some of his shorter and less ambitious textbooks (not named above) show him at his best, he could compress when he had to, but never did so of his own accord. He was an advanced Liberal, and held peculiar views on the essentially Teutonic nature of modern English, his avoidance of "Latinisms" cramped his style, which was not his strong point. He was an energetic controversialist, his campaign against Froude lasted many years, and he had an amusing minor engagement with Anthony Trollope, who belonged to the same school of literary pugilism.

[W. R. W. Stephens, *Life and Letters of E. A. Freeman*]

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883), the son of an Oxford tradesman, was born in Oxford and educated at Magdalen College School and at Jesus College, Oxford. Being English, he was not at his ease

at that college, and he only took a pass-degree. He was ordained in 1860, and subsequently became vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, and librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. For some time he wrote constantly for *The Saturday Review*, but he was comparatively little known until the publication in 1874 of his *Short History of the English People*, which secured him immediate fame. It was followed by an expansion of the same work entitled *A History of the English People* (4 vols., 1877-1880), a volume of *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, and *The Making of England* (1882). His work was carried on in spite of the lung disease from which he suffered from 1869 onwards, and of which he died. *The Conquest of England* was published posthumously by his wife. Green was the master of a good style, to which he owed part of his popularity; most of it, however, was due to his novel and democratic method of writing about the people rather than about their leaders.

JOHN EMFRICH EDWARD DALBERG ACTON, LORD ACTON (1834-1902), was born at Naples, and succeeded his father as eighth baronet when only three years of age. Being a Roman Catholic, he was educated at Oscott, and afterwards on the Continent, partly under Dollinger, and acquired a special taste for and profound knowledge of history. He conducted the *Home and Foreign Review* from 1862 to 1864, and in doing so showed himself a strong opponent of ultramontane pretensions. He next edited the *North British Review*, which under him was rather overweighted with learning, and soon came to an end. In

1869 he was raised to the peerage. He was a strong opponent of the doctrine of papal infallibility, and expected to be excommunicated, but died in full communion with the Church of Rome, belonging, as he said, to its soul rather than its body. In 1895 he succeeded Seeley as professor of modern history at Cambridge, and planned *The Cambridge Modern History*, though unable to finish his own contributions to it. His vast erudition and his passion for accuracy and completeness made him a barren writer, he wrote little except essays and articles for periodicals. Since his death have been published: *Lectures on Modern History* (1906), *The History of Freedom and Other Essays* (1907), and *Lectures on the French Revolution* (1910). His style is dignified but not exhilarating.

SIR LESLIE STILPHEN (1832-1904), the son of Sir James Stephen, for many years under-secretary for the colonies, was born in London and educated at Eton, King's College, London, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was a fellow and tutor of his college for some time, and took holy orders, but resigned his tutorship and left Cambridge in 1864. He eventually became an agnostic, relinquishing his orders in 1875. He was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* from 1871 to 1882, when he undertook the editing of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Twenty-six volumes of this great undertaking appeared under his editorship, and when in 1891 ill-health compelled him to hand over his duties to (Sir) Sidney Lee, he continued to contribute to the dictionary, writing in all 378 articles, many of them of prime importance.

His works include: *Hours in a Library* (1874-1879), *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876), volumes on *Johnson*, *Pope*, *Swift*, "*George Eliot*", and *Hobbes* in the *English Men of Letters Series*, *An Agnostic's Apology* (1893), and *The English Utilitarians* (1900). Stephen was a good critic and a better biographer, being himself an exceptionally clear thinker, he was intolerant of humbug of all kinds. His style is clear and straightforward, and at times pleasantly tart.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (1840-1893), the son of a well-known physician and man-of-letters of the same names, was born at Bristol and was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in *literæ humaniores*, won the Newdigate prize, and was elected to a fellowship at Magdalen. He injured his health by overwork, and, being of independent means, settled down to a literary life. He was compelled by his health to reside abroad, and from 1878 onwards spent most of his life at Davos Platz. His principal work is his *Renaissance in Italy* (1875-1886), the value of which is impaired by its lack of careful planning. Among his other works are *Study of Dante* (1872), *Studies of the Greek Poets* (1873-1876), *Sketches in Italy and Greece* (1879), *Sketches and Studies in Italy* (1879), translations of the sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella, and of Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography*, *Vagabundus Libellus* (1884), *Wine, Women, and Song* (1884), and a *Life of Michelangelo*. He is an interesting writer, but not very thorough, there is something of the amateur about his florid and prolific style. His prose works suffer from

his inability to use a blue pencil; his verses are highly accomplished, but nothing more.

MARK PATTISON (1813-1884) whose father was rector of Haukswell, Yorkshire, was born at Hornby and educated by his father and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took a second class in *literæ humaniores* in 1836, and became a fellow of Lincoln College in 1839. He was tutor of his college from 1843 to 1855, in 1851 a college cabal prevented him from being elected Rector of Lincoln, but he was appointed to that post ten years later. His learning made him somewhat sterile, and his extant works scarcely maintain the reputation he enjoyed during his lifetime. He was a contributor to the famous *Essays and Reviews*, and published a work on *Isaac Casaubon* (1875), a book on *Milton* in the *English Men of Letters Series*, and numerous articles in reviews. His posthumous *Memoirs* are interesting but somewhat painful, his writings as a whole cannot be called attractive.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (1848-1908) was born near Eatonton, Georgia, and was mainly self-educated. At the age of twelve he became office boy on the staff of the *Countryman*, and devoted the rest of his life to journalism, being for twenty-four years on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He first became widely known in 1880 when he published *Uncle Remus his Songs and his Sayings*. It was followed by *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883), *Uncle Remus and his Friends* (1892), *Mr Rabbit at Home* (1895), *The Tar-Baby Story* (1904), *Told by Uncle Remus* (1905), and

many other books. Harris's knowledge of negro character, negro dialect, and negro folklore was unique, and his books were welcomed not only by children but by folklorists. In his pages he has embalmed a type of negro which was in the 'eighties obsolescent, and which is now extinct.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE (1824-1903), the son of a Quaker chemical manufacturer, was born in Birmingham and educated at local Quaker schools. He entered his father's business, and at the age of twenty-seven was received into the Church of England. His famous philosophical romance, *John Inglesant*, was written very slowly between 1866 and 1876, a hundred copies were privately printed in 1880, but there was difficulty in finding a publisher for it. James Payn (q v) advised Messrs Smith, Elder & Co, to refuse it, but it was accepted in 1881 by Messrs Macmillan. For a somewhat heavy book it had an astonishing success, which was due in part to its merits, in part to its idealization of Anglicanism, and in part to Mr Gladstone's recommendations. It is a badly constructed and humourless book, its descriptions of Italy are wonderfully vivid, considering that Shorthouse had never been there. He never repeated his success, his other novels (*Sir Percival*, 1886, *Blanche*, *Lady Falaise*, 1891, and others) are of little account.

WILLIAM HALE WHITE (1831-1914), the son of a bookseller who afterwards became doorkeeper of the House of Commons, was born at Bedford and educated at Bedford Modern School. Intending to enter

the independent ministry, he went on to the Countess of Huntingdon's college at Cheshunt, and then to New College, St John's Wood; but he developed unorthodox views, gave up the idea of being a minister, and entered the civil service, becoming assistant director of contracts at the Admiralty. His first important literary work, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, appeared in 1881, and was followed by *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* in 1885, and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887). These three novels are his most notable achievements. His other writings include *Miriam's Schooling* (1890), *Catherine Furze* (1893), *Pages from a Journal* (1910), translations of Spinoza, and books on Wordsworth and Bunyan. His novels are virtually autobiographies, and give a most vivid and valuable picture of provincial dissent in the middle of last century.

SIR HENRY RIDER HAGGARD (1856-1925), the son of a Norfolk landed proprietor, was born at Bradenham, Norfolk, and educated at Ipswich Grammar School. In 1875 he became secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, and held various other appointments in South Africa, including the mastership of the high court of the Transvaal, but returned to England in 1879 and was called to the bar in 1884. His first book was *Cetewayo and his White Neighbours* (1882), but he became much better known by his *King Solomon's Mines* (1885), and still more by his romantic *She* (1887). His extremely numerous novels include *Allan Quatermain* (1887), *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.* (1888), *Beatrice* (1890); *The People*

of the Mist (1894); *Ayesha, or the Return of She* (1905), *Queen Sheba's Ring* (1910), and *The Ancient Allan* (1920). The scene of many of his novels is laid in Africa; his tales are strong in incident and adventure, but weak in character-drawing. Their pictures of Africa are more highly coloured than true. Haggard was interested in agriculture and rural industries, and wrote *Rural England* (1902), *The Poor and the Land* (1905), and *Rural Denmark* (1911). He was knighted in 1912, and created K.B.E. in 1919.

MARY AUGUSTA WARD (1851-1920), granddaughter of Dr Arnold of Rugby, was born at Hobart, Tasmania, and in 1872 married Thomas Humphry Ward, fellow and tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. Her first novel, *Miss Bretherton*, appeared in 1884, but the novel which made her reputation was *Robert Elsmere* (1888), a novel of religious doubts and perplexities, which was reviewed by Mr Gladstone. Her other novels include *The History of David Grieve* (1892), *Murcella* (1894), *Sir George Tressady* (1896), *Helbeck of Banmsdale* (1898), *Lady Rose's Daughters* (1903), and *The Marriage of William Ashe* (1905). They are clever and skilfully written, but are too didactic and suffer from a superfluity of high seriousness, the quality which her uncle Matthew found wanting in Chaucer.

OLIVE SCHREINER (1855-1920), the daughter of a German missionary in Basutoland, was born at Wittebergen and came to England in 1881. Her *Story of an African Farm*, a clever but unpleasant story, was published in 1883 under the

pseudonym of "Ralph Iron". It was acclaimed as a masterpiece by George Meredith, and was at once successful. Her later books, *Dreams*, *Dream Life and Real Life*, and *Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland* (this last largely an attack on British settlers in Mashonaland), hardly fulfilled the promise of the first. Her last publication, *Women and Labour* (1911), was a mere fragment of a larger work which was burnt. Her husband, Mr Cronwright, whom she had married in 1894, published a fragmentary novel by her, *From Man to Man*, in 1926.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD (1854-1909), the son of the American sculptor, Thomas Crawford (1814-1857), was born at Bagni di Lucca, Italy, and educated at St Paul's School, Concord, Trinity College, Cambridge, Heidelberg, and Rome. He was for a time a journalist in India, but joined the Roman Catholic Church, and from 1883 onwards resided chiefly in Italy. His first novel, *Mr Isaacs* (1882), was most successful, and was followed by more than thirty others, of which the best are *A Roman Singer* (1884), *Zoroaster* (1885), *Saracinesca* (1887), *Sant' Ilario* (1889), *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* (1890), *Don Orsino* (1892); and *Via Crucis* (1899). His romances are picturesque and vivid, he held strongly to the view that the novel should primarily be a form of entertainment, and exemplified his theory in his writings.

JOHN LUBBOCK, LORD AVEBURY (1834-1913), son of the mathematician and astronomer, Sir J. W. Lubbock (1803-1865), was born in

London and educated at Eton, but entered his father's bank before he was fifteen, becoming a partner at twenty-two. He succeeded his father as fourth baronet in 1865, entered Parliament in 1870 as member for Maidstone, and represented London University from 1880 to 1900, when he was raised to the peerage as Lord Avebury. His interests were varied, he was an expert in finance, an accomplished entomologist, and a learned antiquarian. His works include *Pre-historic Times* (1865), *The Origin of Civilization* (1870), *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* (1882), *The Pleasures of Life* (1887), *The Beauties of Nature* (1892), and *The Use of Life* (1894). His popular books, such as the three last, ran through many editions, as they were considered "improving", but his best work was done in entomology. His list of the *Hundred Best Books* (1891) aroused the interest of seekers after culture and the gentle merriment of scholars. His name is indissolubly connected with the August bank holiday.

SIR HALL CAINE (1853-1931) was born at Runcorn, Cheshire, of Manx and English parents. He was educated in the Isle of Man and at Liverpool, and was trained as an architect, but soon abandoned architecture for journalism and literature. Among his earliest writings were *Recollections of Rossetti*, *Cobwebs of Criticism*, and a *Life of Coleridge*, in the Great Writers Series (1887). His first novels were *The Shadow of a Crime* (1885) and *A Son of Hagar* (1886), but *The Deemster* (1887) first brought him into prominent notice. His other novels include *The Bondsman* (1890), *The Scapegoat* (1891), *The*

Manxman (1894), *The Christian* (1897), *The Eternal City* (1901), *The Prodigal Son* (1904), *The Woman Thou Gavest me* (1913)—all popular, though meeting with severe criticism at the hands of critics. His most successful novels deal with Manx life, with which he had made himself familiar during a long residence in the island. During the European War he devoted himself to British propaganda in the United States. He was created a K B E in 1918, and a Companion of Honour in 1922.

SIR JAMES AUGUSTUS HENRY MURRAY (1837-1915), the son of a clothier, was born near Hawick, Roxburghshire, and educated at local schools. He was engaged in teaching from 1855 to 1885, and was assistant master at Mill Hill School from 1870 to 1885, graduating B A of London University in 1873. From 1879 until his death he was editor of the *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*, the greatest lexicographical undertaking of recent times. The first section of this work appeared in 1884, and the last in 1928, before work was commenced upon it, ten years was fixed upon as the time necessary for its completion. Murray actually edited only about half of the Dictionary, but his high ideals of scholarship pervade the entire book, and his enthusiasm kept the project from turning into a perfunctory performance.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON (1832-1914), the son of a solicitor, was born at St Ives, Huntingdonshire, and educated at a private school at Cambridge. For a time he practised as a solicitor in London, but aban-

doned law for literature, and was leading critic on the *Athenæum* from 1875 to 1898. He was a good critic, but far from the equal of Sainte-Beuve, with whom he was favourably compared by his admirers. In 1897 he collected in *The Coming of Love and Other Poems* some of the more important of his poetical contributions to the *Athenæum* and other periodicals. *Aylwin*, a novel or romance published in 1898 but written many years previously, forms a striking prose counterpart to *The Coming of Love* and shows intimate knowledge of gipsy life. Watts-Dunton, who added the "Dunton" to his name only in 1897, is chiefly remembered, however, on account of his friendship with Rossetti and Swinburne, especially with the latter, who shared his home for almost thirty years, until his death in 1909.

[Thomas St E Hake and A. Compton-Rickett, *Life and Letters of T Watts-Dunton*]

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (1859-), was educated at Bromsgrove School and St John's College, Oxford, where he took a first class in classical moderations. From 1882 to 1892 he was a higher division clerk in the Patent Office, in 1892 he was appointed professor of Latin at University College, London. His small book of poems, *A Shropshire Lad*, was published in 1896, and slowly but steadily won popularity for its author. In 1911 he succeeded J E. B. Mayor as professor of Latin at Cambridge. He is a textual critic, with little admiration for æsthetic divagations, and has produced valuable editions of Manilius, Juvenal, and Lucan. His second and, as he himself announced, last

volume of verse, *Last Poems*, was published in 1922, and was received with an enthusiasm all the more remarkable because Professor Housman has always preferred the *fallentis semita vitae*. His two volumes of poems are both clearly expressed in melodious verse, which is finished with the scrupulous care of a classical scholar. Their finish attracts lovers of literature, their simplicity and sincerity appeal to everyone.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES (1851-1929), the son of a Buckinghamshire farmer, was born at Grandborough, Bucks, and educated at a school at Winslow. After engaging in business, he produced his first play in 1878, though it was not till 1882 that he attracted attention with the melodrama *The Silver King*, written in collaboration with Henry Herman. This play was so successful that it enabled its author to write what pleased himself. Between 1878 and 1917 he wrote close upon forty plays, of which the best known are *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894), *Michael and his Lost Angel* (1896), *The Liars* (1897), *Mrs Dane's Defence* (1900), *White-washing Julia* (1903), *The Hypocrites* (1906), and *The Pacifists* (1917). He held the view that the stage was destined to succeed the pulpit as an instructor in morality, and many of his plays show up the hypocritical side of Puritanism. His plays are effective on the stage and admirably written, his excursions into dramatic criticism are sensible and practical.

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO (1855-), the son of a Jewish solicitor of Portuguese extraction, was born in

London. He was educated at private schools, and became an actor in 1874, remaining on the stage until 1881. He commenced his career as a dramatist by writing *£200 a Year* (1877). His earlier plays were for the most part farces, *The Magistrate* (1885), *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and others. His early serious plays were *The Squire* (1881) and *The Profligate* (1889). The former owed its popularity in part to its rural setting, and the latter secured a masterly third act by means of sacrificing probability and abusing coincidence. *Sweet Lavender*, a sentimental comedy, was extremely successful and has been frequently revived. *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* (1893) is Pinero's masterpiece, and brought him into the front rank of English dramatists. It was written under the influence of Ibsen, but is a powerful and highly original piece of work. Some of its popularity was due to Mrs Patrick Campbell, but the main part was due to its intrinsic merits. Among Pinero's later plays are *The Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith* (1895), *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899), *His House in Order* (1906), *The Thunderbolt* (1908), *The Enchanted Cottage* (1922), and *A Private Room* (1928). He was knighted in 1909.

GEORGE MOORE (1852-1933) whose father was for some time member of Parliament for Mayo, was born at Moore Hall, Ballyglass, Co Mayo, and educated at Oscott. He intended to become a painter, and studied in the art schools at Paris, but gradually discovered that literature was his true bent. His earliest publications were verse, *Flowers of Passion* (1877) and *Pagan*

Poems (1881). His first novel, *A Mummer's Wife* (1884), was a highly original piece of realistic work. His novels include *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888), *Esther Waters* (1894), *Evelyn Innes* (1898), *Sister Teresa* (1901), *Ave* (1911), *Salve* (1912), *Vale* (1914), *The Brook Kerith* (1916), *Heloise and Abelard* (1921), and *Ulick and Soracha* (1926). His play, *The Making of an Immortal* (1927), met with some success. He had a great gift of style and a high sense of artistry. In *The Brook Kerith* he daringly handled the story of Christ and was abundantly justified in his temerity.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856-1950), the son of a retired civil servant and corn-merchant, was born in Dublin and educated at the Wesleyan Connexional School there. He entered a Dublin land-agent's office when he was fifteen, but five years later joined his mother in London and attempted to earn a livelihood by writing. At first he met with scant success, his novels *The Irrational Knot*, *Love among the Artists*, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, and *An Unsocial Socialist* were written between 1880 and 1883, but only appeared later as serials in short-lived magazines. After a time, however, he became art and musical critic to the *Star* and the *World*. From 1884 onwards he was an active member of the Fabian Society, and injured his health by his devotion to street oratory. His first play, *Widowers' Houses*, was produced in 1892, with slight success. It was followed by *The Philanderers* (1893), *Mrs Warren's Profession* (banned until 1925), *Arms and the Man* (1894), *Candida* (1894),

and *You Never can Tell* (1896). From the beginning of the century onwards Shaw's reputation began to grow steadily. His numerous other plays include *Man and Superman* (1903), *John Bull's Other Island* (1904), *The Doctor's Dilemma* (1906), *Pygmalion* (1912), *Heart-break House* (1917), *Back to Methuselah* (cycle of five plays, 1921), *Saint Joan of Arc* (1923), and *The Apple Cart* (1929). He has also written much critical and propagandist prose, including *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism* (1928). His plays are more didactic than dramatic, but are extremely amusing, so is the fact that their "philosophy" is taken seriously by certain British and foreign critics.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (1859-1930), the son of an artist and clerk in the Edinburgh Exchequer Office, was born in Edinburgh and educated at Stonyhurst and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.B. in 1881 and M.D. in 1885. He practised as a doctor at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, but from that time onwards his success as a novelist enabled him to devote himself entirely to literary work. He is best known for his world-famous series of Sherlock Holmes stories—*A Study in Scarlet* (1887), *The Sign of Four* (1889), *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1891), *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* (1893), *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902), *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* (1904), *The Valley of Fear* (1915), *His Last Bow* (1918), and *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes* (1927). His other tales include *Micah Clarke* (1888); *The White Company* (1890), *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* (1896), *Sir Nigel* (1906),

The Lost World (1912), and *The Land of Mist* (1925). He also wrote *The Great Boer War* (1900), *History of the British Campaign in France and Flanders* (1915-1920), and several books on spiritualism. He was a born story-teller and his historical romances are at least as good as his detective stories, though the latter are better known and have given rise to innumerable imitations. He was knighted in 1902.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE (1849-1928), son of the naturalist P. H. Gosse (1810-1888), was born in London and educated privately in Devonshire. He became assistant-librarian in the British Museum in 1867, translator to the Board of Trade in 1875, and librarian to the House of Lords in 1904, retiring in 1914. He wrote several volumes of verse (*On Viol and Flute*, 1873, *Firdausi in Exile*, 1885, *In Russet and Silver*, 1894, *The Autumn Garden*, 1908, &c.), besides many critical studies of great value. He devoted himself mainly to English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and to Scandinavian literature, and played an important part in the introduction of Ibsen into this country. His prose works include *Northern Studies*, 1879, the volumes on *Gray*, *Jeremy Taylor*, and *Sir Thomas Browne* in the *English Men of Letters Series*, lives of Congreve, Swinburne, and P. H. Gosse, *Gossip in a Library* (1891), *Critical Kit-Kats* (1896), *Father and Son* (1907), *Books on the Table* (1921), *Silhouettes* (1925), and *Leaves and Fruit* (1927). He was created C.B. in 1912, and was knighted in 1925.

SIR SIDNEY LEE (1859-1926), the

son of a Jewish merchant, was born in London and educated at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. with a second class in history in 1882. From 1883 to 1890 he was assistant editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Leslie Stephen being editor), joint-editor from 1890 to 1891 and afterwards sole editor, so that vols. XXVII to LXIII, the six supplementary volumes, and the epitome appeared under his editorship. His passion for minute accuracy and his methodical way of working contributed largely to the success of the vast undertaking. He wrote for the *Dictionary* 870 articles, besides revising and rewriting innumerable others. From 1913 to 1924 he was Professor of English at the East London College. His works include *Stratford-on-Avon from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare* (1885), *A Life of William Shakespeare* (1898, several times revised), *A Life of Queen Victoria* (1902), *Principles of Biography* (1911), *Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance* (1915), and *Life of King Edward VII* (Vol. I, 1925). His *Life of Shakespeare* is the standard biography, it contains the result of a large amount of research and will not readily be superseded. As a biographer of royalty Lee was both candid and discreet. He was knighted in 1911.

JOHN MORLEY, VISCOUNT MORLEY (1838-1923), the son of a surgeon, was born at Blackburn, and educated at Cheltenham College and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he took a second class in classical moderations in 1858. He was called to the bar in 1873; was for some time editor of the *Literary*

Gazette, conducted the *Fortnightly Review* from 1867 to 1882, and edited the *Pall Mall Gazette* for three years (1880-1883), and *Macmillan's Magazine* for two years (1883-1885). He also edited the English Men of Letters Series, to which he contributed the volume on Burke. He entered Parliament in 1883, was twice Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary of State for India, 1905-1910, and Lord President of the Council, 1910-1914, when he retired. His works include *Critical Miscellany* (1871), *Voltaire* (1871), *Rousseau* (1873), *The Life of Richard Cobden* (1881), *Oliver Cromwell* (1900), *Life of Gladstone* (1903), one of the best political biographies in the language, and *Recollections* (1917). Morley was one of the original holders of the Order of Merit (1902), and was created a viscount in 1908.

MAURICE HEWLETT (1861-1923), the son of Henry Gay Hewlett of Shaw Hill, Addington, Kent, was educated at London International College, Spring Grove, Isleworth, and was called to the bar in 1891. From 1896 to 1900 he was Keeper of the Land Revenue records and enrolments. He began his career as author by publishing two books on Italy and some poems, but first achieved popularity with his *Forest Lovers* (1898). His other works include *Little Novels of Italy* (1899), a collection of short stories, *Richard-Yea-and-Nay* (1900), a romance of Richard Cœur de Lion;

The Queen's Quair (1904), a romance of Mary Queen of Scots, *The Road in Tuscany* (1904), *The Fool Errant* (1905), and *Restharrow* (1910). His poems include *The Song of the Plow* (1916), *The Village Wife's Lament* (1918), and *Flowers in the Grass* (1920). His prose style was poetical and rich, he had great gifts as a writer of romances, and considerable gifts as a poet. His early popularity perhaps injured the reputation of his later and better work.

LAURENCE BINYON (1869-), son of the Rev F Binyon, was born at Lancaster, and educated at St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize and obtained a second class in *literæ humaniores*. He entered the British Museum in 1893, and eventually rose to be Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings, a subject of which his knowledge is unrivalled. He has written various books on art, besides compiling the great four-volume *Catalogue of English Drawings in the British Museum*. He has also attained distinction as a poet and writer of blank verse dramas. His volumes of verse include *Lyric Poems* (1894), *Porphyryon and Other Poems* (1898), *Odes* (1900), *England and Other Poems* (1909), *Auguries* (1913), and *The New World* (1918). His plays include *Paris and Enone* (1906), *Attila* (1907), *The Young King* (1924), and *Boadicea* (1925). He was made a Companion of Honour in 1932.

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