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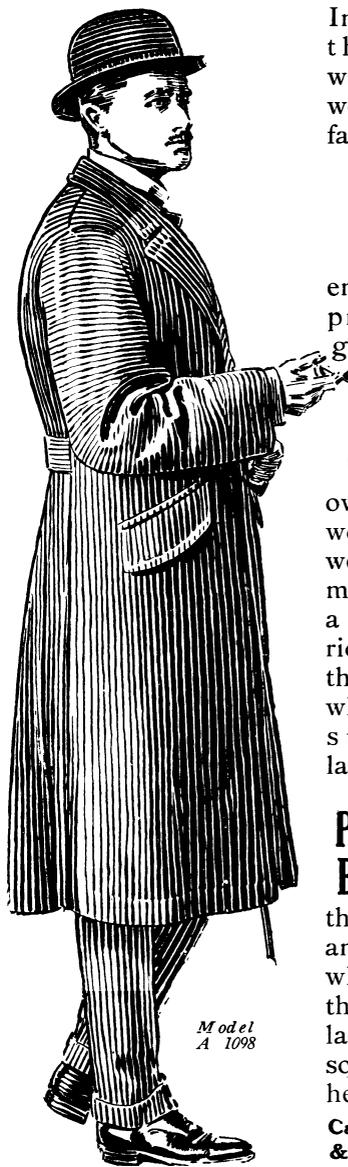
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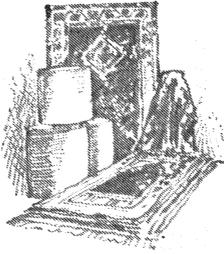
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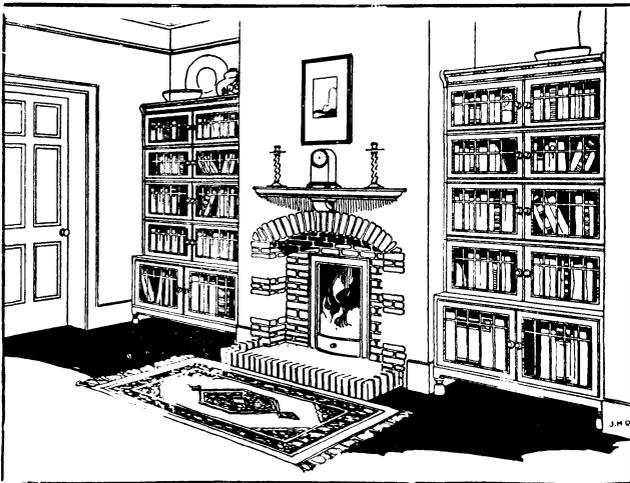
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THE LONDON MERCURY

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Assistant Editor—MILTON WALDMAN

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EDITORIAL NOTES

IT is pleasant to record progress in any department of industrial art, but it is rare for so striking a movement to take place within three or four years as has been witnessed in the sphere of coins and medals. It may be remembered that a few years ago we were loud in our complaints against the designs and execution of most of our coins and medals and the sleepy methods of the Mint. Since then the whole situation has been transformed and the *Annual Report of the Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Royal Mint* (Stationery Office. 6s.), which is admirably illustrated, is as encouraging as it is, in a business way, efficient. A small revolution in the Mint and the Government Departments seems to have accompanied the appointment of the Advisory Committee during Mr. Baldwin's previous term of office. Not only has the Committee come to be consulted about an increasing number of designs, not only are the Departments gradually learning that the medallic art is a matter for experts, but the standard of execution at the Mint has vastly improved, and the whole establishment is now obviously being run with a full consciousness of its wider responsibility towards the public. This was very necessary: we can never hope for much when the Government Departments set an example of scamped, ugly, shoddy and base work.



THE Mint's biggest recent job has been the new coinage for South Africa. The designs, we think, are a little heavy, particularly about the rims; but the execution of specimens we have seen has been admirable. Much has been done besides coinage. The Mint must be the greatest medallic institution in the country; the revival of the art lies largely in its hands; and private and official bodies, which are beginning to realise this, have begun to place orders again with the Mint. City Companies

have ordered medals and plaques ; a series was done for the British Empire Exhibition ; and some exquisitely produced portrait medals, including one of the late Dr. Rivers and one of Mr. M. J. Rendall, have been struck for institutions. This has led, we gather from the report, to protests from " Birmingham and other cities ", manufacturers in which wished the Mint to confine its work within narrow limits. The Deputy-Master makes out a very strong case for the new regime ; he might, had his position allowed it, have made out an equally strong case against most of the people in whose hands this Art has almost died, people (with a few exceptions) who would best be employed, if employed at all, in making brass buttons for negroes. He points out also that " the motives of this Department are directed solely towards the improvement of the art of the medallist, and there is substantial reason to expect that if by improving the standard of the medallic art a more vivid interest in such productions can be awakened in this country, there will be a revived and popular demand which will be of the greatest material benefit to the Trade ". We note also an excellent passage on the methods which are being employed to stimulate individual craftsmen in the Mint, and an interesting page on the alarming new machine which sculpts people from photographs but cannot yet manage hair. We commend the Report to everybody who is contemplating a medal or plaque. What about having a new Great Seal ?



THERE is a natural transition from Mint to Lamb. This March will see the 150th anniversary of Charles Lamb's death and the hundredth of his " Emancipation " from his desk at the India Office. It is an odd thing that there is no Lamb Society, and that except for a few promoted at Cambridge by the late Charles Sayle there have been no Lamb Dinners. For Lamb commands a passionate loyalty in many people ; the slightest of his relics are zealously collected ; and he was of that genial and social class of great authors who can be suitably commemorated by dinners and who would have been glad to know that men would gather convivially to toast their memory. The error this year is to be rectified. The 29th March, " Emancipation Day ", falls on a Sunday ; within a day or two of that a public Lamb Dinner, at which various eminent men will speak, will be held in London. Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. F. A. Downing, at 14, South Square, Gray's Inn, who is hon. secretary to a committee which includes Mr. Chesterton, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. St. John Adcock and others.



THE New English Art Club is to be congratulated on the immense success of its Retrospective Exhibition at the Spring Gardens Gallery, which goes on until February 14. The Exhibition includes works shown between 1886 and 1924 by members of the Club, together with a few new

works. The general level of the exhibits is very high indeed ; it might have been higher still had some of the exhibitors, notably Mr. James Pryde, been better represented. Admirable works are shown by Mr. W. Nicholson, Sir D. Y. Cameron, Messrs. Francis Dodd, Gerald Chowne, G. Spencer, Ginner, Wyndham Tryon, Rothenstein, Steer, Gertler, Clausen, Rich Southall, John and Paul Nash, Cayley Robinson, Schwabe, Ethelbert White, Chesson, Sir Charles Holmes and others. There are a number of magnificent drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone, some Conders, and some unequal Whistlers. The painter who comes out best of all is possibly Sir William Orpen, who is represented by several of the best of his early figure-pictures (we should have liked also such a landscape as *The Hayfield at Johannesburg*) and a wonderful grotesque in colour, *The Kaiser enters Paris*. This picture makes one wonder again why in our age humour should be left so entirely to the black and white artists. There must be potential Steens and Hogarths amongst us as well as Constables and Gainsboroughs. The Academy always gets hold of the best of the New English painters, but far less rapidly than the Club discovers the best of the young men.



AS we go to press we have just visited the latest performance of the Phoenix Society. The play chosen this time for revival was Dryden's *The Assignation or Love in a Nunnery* ; why assignation should be in the singular I don't know. The play is one of Dryden's worst. The dialogue is very obscene in a feeble way ; the broadly comic parts are forced and flat ; the double strands of the plot are never properly interwoven but run parallel ; and the first two acts are the most boring parts of the piece. There are moments of drama and flashes of wit. The garden scenes move ; the scene where the two nuns in their masks find themselves keyless outside the convent gate is spirited : but as a whole what interest it has is purely historical. It might have been brisker than it was had it been better produced. One cannot expect the Phoenix actors to be perfectly rehearsed, or the manipulation of curtains and lights to go " with a click " ; nor can one always expect all star casts on occasions such as these. But this play ought to have been drastically cut ; anybody might have seen that parts of it were not being played at the proper pace ; and at no Phoenix performance have we seen such inadequate acting. The women were good enough. Miss Dorothy Massingham, as Lucretia, gave a really dashing performance, and spoke her words with understanding and charm, though perhaps in her great scene with the Duke she became too convincingly serious from the audience's point of view. Miss Vera Lennox, Miss Hermione Baddeley and Miss Eileen Beldon also gave life to their parts. The men, as a body, were very inadequate. Mr. Charles Carson was vigorous, brisk, audible, efficient, good in fact, as the Duke, and there were one or two other good performances which it would be invidious to specify. But there was, as

a rule, too much mumbling, standing about, feeble movement, inability to seize the possibilities of a situation, failure to appreciate the word and suit the gesture to it, monotonous delivery, and absence of premeditated and concerted action. The Phoenix's next two productions are to be Otway's *The Orphan* and Southerne's *The Fatal Marriage* or *The Innocent Adultery*. The Society, if only again from the historical point of view, is to be congratulated upon giving us something of Southerne's. Specimens of Lee and Rowe might be attempted ; and even perhaps that celebrated play of Mrs. Centlivre's. The best of the Restoration plays by the most notorious Restoration authors have now been attempted, but a little enterprise will reveal many things worthy of one exhibition from the mid-seventeenth century and from the Jacobean age. There are still many things to be done ; we may even have a pleasant surprise and find something that acts better than it reads. But masterpieces, no. There are few masterpieces in the whole history of the British drama since Shakespeare, and the mere fact that a man has been dead two hundred years does not give his compositions merit. We noticed on the Phoenix programme a note explaining that "for reasons now unknown the comedy appears to have failed when first presented." As the Lord said to the sinner in the Scotch story : "Weel, ye ken the noo."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

FOR almost the first time within living memory the New Year's List of Honours appeared to please everybody. Sir Ernest Rutherford, the great physicist, and Sir James Fraser received the O.M. The author of the *Golden Bough*, had he written nothing else, would have belonged as much to letters as to science; he writes admirably. But Sir James has also edited Cowper's letters and written charming essays. Mr. Edmund Gosse's knighthood would have lent distinction to any list. A knighthood was also conferred on Mr. Frank Dicksee. Sir Frank had just previously been elected President of the Royal Academy in succession to Sir Aston Webb, who retired under the age-limit which it was very difficult to believe that he had reached. Several of the most eminent painters in the Academy declined to stand for the Presidency, which makes great calls on its holder's time and involves a good deal of administrative business and public speaking. Sir Frank is represented at the Tate Gallery by two pictures, including *The Two Crowns*, a vast canvas; in an earlier day his *Her Mother's Voice* was very popular.



ON Sunday night, January 18th, a performance was given at the Royal Court Theatre by members of *The Cave of Harmony*. Mr. Harold Scott and Miss Elsa Lanchester, the two chief organisers of the performance, cheerfully overcame a lack of scenery and stage-workers, and most of their programme kept the audience well amused. In the first half of the programme *Box & Cox* was played. Mr. Ernest Milton gave a good performance in Pirandello's *The Man with the Flower in his Mouth*, and the warmest applause of the whole evening was accorded to a *Sicilian Melodrama*; the crude humour of this sketch, though smacking of a seaside concert turn, was engaging. Mr. Reginald Bach and Miss Dorothy Massingham played in it. The most interesting item, Vachel Lindsay's *The Blacksmith's Serenade*, with music composed and performed by Frederick Austin, came in the second half of the programme. Mr. Nigel Playfair recited, Mr. Geoffrey Wincott sang, and Miss Angela Baddeley looked perfectly delightful in a blue dress and broad-brimmed hat. After a play by Aldous Huxley about flowers dropping blood, in which parts were taken by Mr. Frank Vosper and Miss Moyna Macgill, Mr. Guy Lefevre, extremely funny in pyjamas, seemed satisfactorily straightforward, and finally the hardworking Mr. Scott and Miss Lanchester gave some more comic songs. Even in this small theatre, however, it was impossible to sustain the audience's interest as in the more intimate atmosphere of a night club, where the performances have hitherto been given.



MME. ARNA HENI gave a dramatic recital of Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea* at the Aeolian Hall on Monday night, January 19th. Her command of English was good and, except for a curious faltering throughout the play when speaking the lines of one particular character, her voice was well modulated. The enjoyment of such a recital depends, obviously, on the fertility of the listener's imagination, since before the words can be fully appreciated a mental picture must be conjured up of the scene, and the positions and actions of the different characters. Between the acts piano-forte solos were played by Miss Claire James.

A MULTITUDE of friends were saddened by the death, at the age of 68, of William Archer. Archer was the son of Thomas Archer, C.M.G., formerly Agent-General of Queensland in London. He was educated at Edinburgh and began journalism there ; in 1878 he came to London where he was successively dramatic critic of the *Figaro*, the *World*, the *Tribune*, the *Nation* and the *Star*. He was chiefly celebrated for his long propaganda on behalf of Ibsen ; he edited Ibsen's works and translated, with his brother, *Peer Gynt*. His books were numerous and varied. *Play-making*, a practical text-book, was perhaps the most valuable of the works that he wrote as a dramatic critic ; but he was a " publicist " as well as a critic, and devoted himself with equal zest to American problems, to the Ferrer case, to German Imperialism, to India, and to Mr. Wells' theology. Four years before his death he suddenly and surprisingly appeared as a popular playwright. His delightful melodrama *The Green Goddess*, after a vast success in New York, ran for a year in London ; he must have reflected ironically on the comparative rewards of a single play and a lifetime spent in the service of good causes, artistic and other.



MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND, who has died on the Riviera at the age of fifty-six, had been ill for a considerable time. He was a pugnacious man who looked what he was ; he scattered his talents and wasted much of his time in violent controversy. As a critic he was as vehement as he was racy ; as a poet he had gifts of which he never managed to make full use ; the original was mixed with the derivative and journalism was always creeping in. He was prominent in the warfare which raged over the reputation of Wilde ; his satirical poem *The First Stone*, written after reading *De Profundis*, was a very bitter satire, the very title of which shows Crosland's reckless temper. He made a great popular success with *The Unspeakable Scot*, which he attempted to repeat in little books on women and teetotalers ; his best volume is undoubtedly his excellent book *The English Sonnet*. Everything he wrote had a rough vigour ; his leading articles in popular newspapers were unique for their vividness of phrase, liveliness of wit, and utter extravagance of opinion.



THE deaths of Sir Francis Carruthers Gould at eighty, and Mr. Harry Furniss, at seventy, remove two of the most celebrated of late Victorian caricaturists. " F.C.G. " was a Devonian who for many years combined his art with the Stock Exchange. The present generation remembers him chiefly for his almost daily caricatures in the old evening *Westminster Gazette*, the height of his achievement in which was reached during the Tariff Reform controversy, when he presented his favourite Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in a thousand foxy or inane roles. Before that he had worked for the *Pall Mall* and, with much more elaboration, on the famous Christmas Supplement of *Truth*. He was never a masterly draughtsman, but he made full use of his hard stiff line, caught likenesses wonderfully, and was fertile of witty conceptions. He was a keen Johnsonian and bird-lover. Harry Furniss was an Irishman whose production was immense. For many years he drew for *Punch* ; he illustrated for many authors, including Dickens ; and his most celebrated achievement was his *Pears' Soap* drawing " Two years ago I used your soap, since when I have used no other. " At one time it was impossible to avoid his bold little signature " Hy. F. " and his sketches of his own head with the little jutting beard. Recently he had been writing reminiscences of nineteenth century social notabilities.



HYLAS AMONG THE NYMPHS

Woodcut by Douglas Percy Bliss

P O E T R Y

THREE POEMS

Horses

“*Newmarket or St. Leger*” . . .

WHO, in the garden pony carrying skeps
Of grass or fallen leaves, his knees gone² slack.
Round belly, hollow back,
Sees the Mongolian Tarpan of the steppes ?
Or, in the Shire, with plaits and feathered feet,
The war-horse like the wind the Tartar knew ?
Or in the Suffolk Punch spells out anew
The wild grey asses fleet
With stripe from head to tail, and moderate ears ?

Or, in cross donkeys sheltering from sea-weather,
The mountain zebra maned upon the withers,
With round enormous ears ?

Or, in a thoroughbred in stable garb
Of crested rug, ranged orderly, will mark
The wistful eyelashes so long and dark,
And call to mind the old blood of the Barb,
And that slim island on whose bare campaigns
Galloped with flying manes
For a King's pleasure, churning surf and scud,
A white Arabian stud ?

That stallion, teaser to Hobgoblin, free
And foaled upon a plain of Barbary :
Godolphin Barb, who dragged a cart for hire
In Paris, but became a famous sire,
Covering all lovely mares. And she who threw
Rataplan to the Baron, loveliest shrew ;
King Charles' royal-mares. The Dodsworth Dam ;
And the descendants : Yellow Turk, King Tom ;
And Lath out of Roxana, famous foal ;
Careless ; Eclipse, unbeaten in the race,
With white blaze on his face ;
Prunella who was dam to Parasol.

Blood Arab, pony, pedigree, no name,
 All horses are the same :
 The Shetland stallion stunted by the damp,
 Yet filled with self-importance, stout and small ;
 The Cleveland slow and tall ;
 New Forests that may ramp
 Their lives out, being branded, breeding free
 When bluebells turn the Forest to a sea,
 When mares with foal at foot flee down the glades,
 Sheltering in bramble coverts
 From mobs of screaming, fighting, corn-fed lovers ;
 Or, at the acorn-harvest, in stockades,
 A round-up being afoot, will stand at bay,
 Or, making for the heather clearings, splay
 Wide-spread towards the bogs by gorse and whin,
 Roped as they flounder in
 By foresters.

But hunters as day fails
 Will take the short-cut home across the fields ;
 With slackened rein will stoop through darkening wealds,
 With creaking leathers skirt the swedes and kales.
 Patient, adventuring still,
 A horse's ears bob on the distant hill,
 And he will start to hear
 A pheasant chuck or whirr, having the fear
 In him of ages filled with war and raid,
 Night-gallop, ambushade,
 Remembering adventures of his kin
 With giant winged worms that coiled round mountain bases,
 And Nordic tales of young gods riding races
 Up courses of the rainbow. Here within
 The depth of Hampshire hedges, does he dream
 How Athens woke to hear above its roofs
 The welkin flash and thunder to the hoofs
 Of dawn's tremendous team ?

Walled Garden

ABOVE the walls the west light hangs, until
 The White Tea Roses, staring where deep shade is,
 Ghosts of old lovely ladies,
 Whisper and stir till all the flowers fill
 The living darkness with a sense of sound ;
 The flowers wake and speak, in that walled ground.

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The Lily of the Incas spoke : " I clung
 Among red rocks, where like crustaceans grew
 Giant mosses on the mountains of Peru.
 There, half on earth, and half from heaven hung,
 Aswing in mist and cold,
 I saw below the High Priest set the bourn,
 And the rayed Emperor turn
 The year's first furrow with a plough of gold."

Then cried giant curly lilies slashed with brown :
 " We stood where cloudy torrents thunder down,
 Slender, forever wet
 From falls that carry cannonading trees
 Through riven clefts, and the collapsing screes
 Besiege farm doors on scar sides of Thibet."

Scented Magnolias in the darkness said :
 " Sensuous and pale like a dark woman's skin,
 Sealed, secret, with a core of gold within,
 And anthers tipped with red,
 What is our business here ? "

The Water-lilies there,
 Great cups of lighted sulphur, streaked with green.
 Tugged at their drags, darted like boats about,
 Complainingly cried out :
 " We decked Nilotic barges for a Queen."

Blue lilies, sprung between three oceans, said :
 " Grinding, and half atilt
 The light-swung boulders rock upon the veldt ;
 We bloom by lions dead
 Of old age in the wild."

Windflowers then
 Cried suddenly, as when
 Kites' tails of crackling leaves before a gust
 Sweep over porous cork woods on the hills :
 " We star the sites of lost volcanic vills
 And tufa tombs : we are Etruria's dust ;
 It grew the rustling maize,
 And painted slim-loined panthers on a frieze."

Then cried a voice : “ The scholars know me well,
Shining in verse, or springing from a plinth
By the dark stairway of a labyrinth :
This yellow of the Cretan asphodel.”

White Prickly Poppies sighed : “ We used to know
Warm vales of Mexico.”
The tall Camassias chattered in their sleep :
“ How great the stars above the granite shone
On the Blue Mountains in dim Oregon.”

The Amethyst Sea Holly cried : “ I keep
The sea-coast colour, brine has painted me,
Blustered like tattered shags,
For aeons on the legendary crags,
My stems are stained to the Dalmatian Sea.”

The Persian Pink : “ On painted miniatures
I posed with pretty boy, and gold gazelle,
Petals of Peach that fell,
Fat men in love, all framed in foliatures ;
And with a fine disdain,
Heard water falling on the white laced courts,
And noted, likely, through the sweets and sports
Sweet Sheherazade telling lies again.”

“ I kept love beautiful from hour to hour,”
Venus’s Looking Glass sobbed out, apart :
“ I fed the source of passion, I bred art,
And when love died I splintered to a flower.”

Heathers from highlands of Madeira sighed :
“ Gold gods looked sea-ward from the marble docks ;
In the flint cottages with weathercocks
The children dreamed night terrors of the tide ;
For these same streams and tarns
Ran glancing through Atlantean villages
Where housewives slapped the linen.

Memories

Live on, when runes are blotted from the sarns.”

Silence was heard ; and all the flowers within
The walls were hushed. The wider world awoke,
And in the garden spoke

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Their foreign kin :
 The wild wine-netted Irises that spring
 From the hot silver of the Caspian sand,
 Kindled, a clamouring band,
 With bud and bloom that grow
 In tracts no man can know :
 Those born in heat, with apes and birds, that cling
 Twisted in tendrilled darkness till they die,
 Without a glimpse of sky ;
 Where pyramids and towns
 Under the oozy Orchids sleep obscure,
 In vegetation hostile, sexed, impure,
 And faces jabber in the dark like clowns,
 And snakes sail down the forest ways like ships,
 High prowed, and out to ram
 The lesser craft, and trees go down and jam,
 Leaving the forest lighted up in strips.

Growing, a tumbled rout
 Of sound the flowers sang out ;
 The fiery tongues of Heaven
 Seeking, their souls were given :
 The blooms black convicts bind about the yoke
 Of island elephants, dragging crimson trunks
 To rafts upon the river-race, for junks
 To ship them at the mouth.

All blossom spoke :
 The flower of cotton, and the bloom of tea ;
 Apples of Sodom from shores of the Dead Sea ;
 Singing from hills and waves,
 From desert mounds, where like white window slats
 Dead camel ribs let light through ; rockier flats,
 Where wasted saints, with lions, possessed the caves,
 And mixed with fossil shells in secret grow
 Roses of Jericho ;
 From ships on sunken reefs with mouldered hulls,
 That cake with orange lichen till they glow,
 And where among the heaps of rags below
 The brilliant mosses map the piteous skulls ;
 From bells of Pieris ranged below the ice ;
 From pats of rose on a moist precipice ;
 From those clean plants lighting the slushy dips,
 Starring the wet moraine,
 That swept by avalanches spring again
 Among the limestone chips ;

From flowers on Asian plains, where, chewing corn,
 Preparing for the march, long long ago,
 Dim gathering hordes lashed the humped buffalo,
 Sinister in the hush of Tartar dawn.

“Renewal and renewal,” and once more :
 “Renew our hearts,” they cried, “Who lives receives.”

Outside the walls the wind whipped up the leaves
 And like a thresher drove the dark before.
 Shouting from East to West he came : the waves
 Beating beyond Formosa felt the lash,
 And feathered to their tips ; the hollow swash
 Of water in closed caves,
 Boomed on a deeper tone ; the sleepy ships
 Shuddered in spasm ; all the blind, obscured
 Lives of the nether sea, one second stirred
 Throbbing to guess his whips
 Lashing the world awake.

Snow spirals swirled

On Everest peaks ; and here the Cottage Rose,
 Rude shaken from repose,
 Scattered her petals on the rolling world.

Moths

NOW with a humming from the greening skies,
 Sphinx moths with course set true
 Shoot forth, torpedoes with a spinning screw,
 And bulbous lantern eyes ;

Now hanging round the trumpet of the flowers,
 The Death's head, hairy, squeaking as he comes,
 A squeal of bagpipes and a blur of drums,
 Seeks his black food, the Deadly Nightshade ; scours
 The garden like a vampire after prey,
 And failing fades, an air machine away.

Now those small moths that in their infancy
 Feed on the wild sea spurge,
 Growing above the surge
 That creams the slate slabs of the Cornish sea,
 Come for the honeysuckles swinging loose
 On the brick summer house ;
 And Leopard Moths that feed upon the spindles,

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And lilac bark in spring,
 With dark blue spots upon a wedge-like wing,
 That love the lights, and fly to cottage candles ;
 The Ghost Swift moth that feigns
 Death in the capturer's net, with such deep arts ;
 And Gypsies horned and lean, straight showers of darts ;
 Dark Dagger from the plains ;
 And sweet Peach blossom feeding on the brambles ;
 The small coquettish Puss ;
 And that great blunderbuss,
 That bumps on homing farmers and down drumbles
 On footpaths through the midnight fields of May ;
 And those that seek chalk hills above the leas,
 And scarlet Tigers in the apple-trees ;
 These are the moths that linger on the day.

But others will seek out the darkest hours,
 Drab, stout, like little mice
 That scramble after rice,
 And make their drunkard onslaught on the flowers.
 Fen moths that feed
 On parsley, wild angelica, lucerne,
 Companions of newt and leech and hern,
 And Mottled Rustics that love teazel weed ;
 Waved Umber moth that in the forks of pears
 Spins its soft silk cocoon,
 Breaking to wing in the short nights of June
 To feast upon dog-roses and sweet-briars ;
 The moth named Phoenix, symbol of the rest,
 For all their brood
 Were grubs that bred their beauty in a wood,
 Freedom made manifest :
 A faith assured, hailed glorious in a husk,
 Seen as a whirl of wings, and windy lights
 On hills, in hollows of soft earthly nights ;
 Ardent adventurers across the dusk,
 That fly, fanatics freed, and reach a bed
 Where above tapers tall
 A dead man's shadow dances on a wall,
 And shower their burning faiths about his head.

For they must travel far :
 Out of the spreading south Spring Usher blew ;
 Tattered beside him flew
 The Chinese Character, the Cinnabar ;
 The Brindled Pug, and the small Seraphim

Blew in with butterflies
 Out of the tropic skies :
 Sea-going beauties, that will lightly skim
 Around the crows-nest, or the baking brasses,
 Telling the sailor of the coastal walk,
 Harebells on slopes of chalk,
 Stillness of quaking grasses ;
 That will not rest, but wearily take flight
 Into the ocean night ;
 Or taking passage on an old tea clipper,
 Seek hiding in the sails, and finding this,
 Work round to England as a chrysalis :
 The Painted Lady with the Dingy Skipper.

And many with wide wing and lustrous name
 Blew once, in early times, across the sea :
 Paphia, Silver Washed Fritillary,
 And that imperial dame
 Vanessa Atalanta, who was borne
 In sunny splendour on an off shore gale
 From coasts of Africa, to meet the hail
 Battering the Kentish pebbles in the dawn.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

Foot-farer's Glory

[*On an African Mission*].

IF I'd exulted in rough weather more,
 If heart had been but tenderer, feet more hard,
 My mind less lizard-like, less loth to soar :
 Eyes had I less complacently debarr'd
 From knowing Want, whose path cross'd mine, before
 Hood-down he'd pass'd me !

Then these years of yore
 Had stuff'd as 'twere an Hours-Book (sunn'd and starr'd
 And written close) with wonder and with glee,—
 A Book my fellow-ganger Memory
 Might bear with him, and lend me at my will.

No cumbrous books should then my knapsack fill:
 O'er that one script by camp-fire's light I'd pore,
 And read of rivers forded, winds that warr'd,
 And how eav'd homes would welcome peace afford,
 And sigh—" but that was years since, years a score ! "
 And chant *Itinerarium* wistfully,—

Pater, Ave, Credo, and Doxology
 Set to sweet tunes no jolts of Time have marr'd,
 Minor-keyed part-songs for The Way and me,—
 Who, year by year, have travers'd plain and hill,
 Pilgrims, whose Vows of Homelessness agree,
 Pleas'd each with th' other's restless company,—
 Treader and trodden—travel-greedy still.

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

At the Grave of Henry Vaughan

ABOVE the voiceful windings of a river
 An old green slab of simply graven stone
 Shuns notice, overshadowed by a yew.
 Here Vaughan lies dead, whose name flows on for ever
 Through pastures of the spirit washed with dew
 And starlit with eternities unknown.

Here sleeps the Silurist ; the loved physician ;
 The face that left no portraiture behind ;
 The skull that housed white angels and had vision
 Of daybreak through the gateways of the mind.
 Here faith and mercy, wisdom and humility
 (Whose influence shall prevail for evermore)
 Shine. And this lowly grave tells Heaven's tranquility . . .
 And here stand I, a suppliant at the door.

Z. A.

Harvest and the Childless Woman

SLOW to the cliff-foot, on calm autumn eyes,
 The equinoctial seas swell up the sands.
 The fields lie calm to harvest. Folded hands
 In calmest peace would seem the stookèd sheaves.
 Slow, and their toil done, under thatchèd eaves
 Harvesters linger, late their leisure won.
 Misty for morning, calm in haze, the sun
 Bathes the fulfillèd fields and calm them leaves.
 The quickening summer's gold or rain-grey days
 The rustling oats, hoar barley, stiffening wheat
 Swelled with assurèd fruit ; their ripe wombs beat,
 Calm for the reaper's slow, long-ponderd praise.
 I, alone barren, haunt the impregnate fields,
 One of all Nature, who no increase yields.

J. J.

FOUR POEMS

Sonnet

WHEN the bright sun whereon my soul depended
 Set, and heaven fell from where it used to be,
 I turned to thee, my Muse, I turned to thee
 Whose sheltering breast receives the unbefriended.
 Far off, serene, I saw thee, Mother splendid,
 Robed in the shining night to welcome me,
 The faithless, fleeing from infidelity,
 The sleeper waking when his dream was ended.

So unto thee I turned, and thou didst lean
 Above me from the dark but starry throne
 Of Time ; and the far murmur rose and fell
 Of choirs that ranged thy silence all unseen,
 Muted by distance, softer than the tone
 Of the seven oceans singing in a shell.

Till the hearth darkens . . .

SORROW burns low to-night ;
 The house is still
Wherein we sat, I and the woman
 Who loved me ill.

She never will come again to sit
 Here at my side,
 Nor I lean to her bosom's peace
 Whatever betide.

Others will steal from the dark world
 Into my heart
 While she, unheedful, a life's journey
 Travels apart.

But I must await her till grief no longer
 With me abides
 Till the hearth darkens and us two nothing
 Joins or divides.

The Cry to Death

“**C**OME Death (I cried) and take me ! ” Far away
 I heard the sea break softly down the bay,
 I saw the stars and felt the quiet wind,
 Sound, sight and feeling told me I had sinned.

What if Death heard and set an hour apart
 To answer the cry soon, ere summer's close,
 And then to-morrow my Love should open her heart
 And turn to mine ? “ Aye,” sighed the wind, “ Suppose ! ”

Happy was I

WHEN the dead man opens his eyes
 On bluer rivers and clearer skies,
 On brighter flowers in fields more green
 Than any the sun he loved has seen. . . .

What will he say seeing Beauty there
 Fairer than ever and yet less fair
 Because the hunger and hope no more
 Prey at his heart as they did before ?

“ Happy was I till the perfect tree
 Spread bough and foliage over me
 And shook to the grass beside my foot
 The lovely, pined-for, ideal fruit.

Would there were hope of the grave again
 Whose mystery baffled the minds of men :
 Better the apples my own trees bore . . .
 I would that the worm were at the core ! ”

EDWARD DAVISON

AT DZUMA-MAH

By SAMUEL HOARE

I

WAKING from his afternoon siesta, Venner became suddenly aware that it was hot and that he was bathed in sweat. He lay still under the stifling mosquito-net and rolled his tongue in his mouth, trying to dissolve the acrid taste that told of uneasy broken slumber. The earth-wall beside his bed seemed to radiate heat : the peaked arch of the bivouac sheet above him shone at his left hand as yellow as brass, and on his right, in the shadow of the westering sun, had taken on a deep ochre colour. Now that he was awake it seemed impossible that he should ever have been asleep ; his limbs were melting in the pressure of a solid atmosphere, a warm amber in which black flies skipped languidly. Sounds came trickling like clear streams through the pores of the air, laughter and whistling and the click of rifle-bolts. For a moment he lay still and then as he turned on his side a current of molten metal seemed to run through his veins ; he felt strangely light, and wondered if he were about to have another attack of fever.

In the doorway his servant, in a brown shirt and shorts, had spread the waterproof sheet and placed a canvas bucket of water and his towel ; little sparks of light glinted from the row of regimental badges fixed along his belt, and his shadow, intensely black, beat the ground by the foot of the bed. Venner watched the leaping shadow, following it as the man moved away across the tawny earth, under the vast green bulk of the oak tree. Already through the green leaves the vine was turning crimson, but high up among the branches clusters of grapes gleamed with a velvety blackness. He wondered if they were really inaccessible. Couldn't they get a ladder out of somewhere ? But anyway they were sick of grapes. How beautiful they looked, half-hidden in the oak-leaves.

Come where the moon is always shining,
Down Ho-onolulu way . . .

Cree was singing from his bivouac further along the bank. Venner listened. He seemed to see the singer splashing his long naked body under the sponge, his mouth wide open, showing his white teeth. Cree had a musical voice ; there was a faint passive pleasure in following its curve along the familiar tune, checking the intonation at every note. A shower of earth pattered against the bivouac sheet. " Venner, ahoy ! Get up, devil."

" Shut up ! " he cried. Was it his own voice ? It seemed somehow alien. Or had he only imagined that he had spoken ?

Where the moonbeams play,
And . . .

He jumped up suddenly, flinging aside the net. Yes, he felt ill, used-up. But you always felt like that after a siesta in this accursed climate. It mightn't really be fever.

The water was tepid. He dipped his sponge in the bucket and squeezed it over his head. Ah! that was better. There was Cree, towelling vigorously, and further down the slope the company camp under the mulberries was astir. Now you could see every detail of the plain below them, lit by the level sunlight, the ravines like jet-black serpents crawling through a chequered ground of tawny mealy-fields and straw-coloured earth and red roofed villages. That clear white minaret was Poroï and just on the right of it was Cestovo. Why was the land just there so vividly green? And the blue smoke-coloured curtain beyond was the Belasica range, hiding with its magnificent drapery the fertile plains on the other side. How high were they? He had forgotten. Four thousand feet? Perhaps. Not the highest in Macedonia. But the most beautiful, the most beautiful of all. The plain was silent, breathless; and to Venner the glow of its rich colours vibrant, slumbering in the light, seemed fixed for a single tense moment, an irrecoverable instant that would never return again, and yet was delaying for his contemplation until he should have printed it on every fibre of his memory.

"Look! Just look!" he cried.

Cree paused, and following the line of his outstretched finger, gazed on the motionless patchwork of the plain. "Dam' fine splendid!" he said.

"Where's Starke?" said Venner.

"The Capting," Cree answered, "has gone to H.Q. He'll likely stay to tea there and then play bridge. We'll see no more of him. Parade by platoons."

The moment had gone; the plain was still steady and the sun still lit its colours with a living flame. But now the minaret seemed less intensely white and the ravines were a vaguer black, their steep banks more dimly defined. It seems cooler already, Venner thought, and putting on his belt went down with Cree to the company parade-ground where the men were drawn up waiting them.

Soon his platoon was busy with the posts and the long coils of wire, fixing over the lines of bivouacs a framework on which leafy branches could be laid to break the force of the sun's rays. The men worked at their familiar task without his supervision, and tired of watching them, Venner gave a hand at last, tightening up the strutted wires with a bit of stick, and driving the loose pegs deeper into the earth. Sergeant France, with his lean dark face obscured under the brim of his sun helmet, moved unobtrusively about the work, lending assistance quietly where it was wanted, his voice seldom raised above a speaking tone. Through a geometrical tracery of wires broken with the triangular outline of bivouacs the men of Cree's platoon were visible, segmented shapes among whom Cree moved with an inexhaustible energy, shouting orders and waving his hands. Venner envied him his absorption in the moment. Cree did not seem

to have the curious faculty of standing outside the activity that included his own, of being aware of the whole scene even while he played a part in it. Faculty? Weakness perhaps.

"It's going on well," said Sergeant France. "It should be finished to-morrow. There'll be a difference when we get it covered too—it was proper hot to-day."

"Yes," Venner said. "But Five Platoon seems to be further ahead than us."

"They've got more men, sir."

"Has anyone else gone sick?"

Yes. Four more were down with malaria. The platoon was about a dozen strong now.

"I believe I've got a touch of it coming myself," France went on. Venner glanced at him. The long nose between the wide-set eyes gave an imperturbable gravity to his face. Sergeant France was a steady man. One felt comfortable with him, and his punctual appearance on each parade was something as predictable, as fixed as the presence of the tall tree opposite them whose branches were stirring lightly in the first puff of the evening air.

"Perhaps it's only an evening temperature you've got," said Venner. Something was glinting in the boughs of the tree.

Sergeant France, following his gaze, observed: "I believe that there's a plum-tree."

"Are there plum-trees here?"

"That's the only one I've seen. But if you look about half way up, sir, you'll see a yellow thing—I think it's a plum."

There it was, golden for an instant, and then engulfed in green. It might be anything—a decayed crab-apple perhaps. What was the line, "lamps", "the orange bright". Oh, yes:

. . . Like gold lamps in a green night.

"I've a good mind to shin up and see."

"Go on, then."

Venner watched for a moment his progress through the boughs and then turned to the work. Wires were being tightened, pegs driven, holes dug to receive the posts; there was an occasional burst of talk. Shafts of ponderous irony came from those engaged on the lighter work at the wire; sweating, bent bodies vented with the downward swing of the mallets a grunting reply. A post had worked loose; Venner held it while one of the men, climbing on his mate's back to reach the top, hammered it home again. Now that the cool of the evening had come, some vital stream that had been ebbing all day seemed to flow back within him; life had returned to the earth and his wakened senses registered every detail with an almost painful intensity. In the mirror of his renewed consciousness everything was transfigured; Cree's voice and the lattice of wires, the waving tree, the little knot of men gathered round a tortoise's

egg turned up from the earth by the first strokes of a pick, and Sergeant France holding in his hand with a grave smile the round golden fruit—all the innumerable points in time and space that composed this life around him seemed gathered up no longer fortuitously but in the mesh of a beautiful pattern, whose contemplation was like an ecstasy. He took the fruit from Sergeant France. "It's an apricot," he said. It was almost ripe—the bloom like thin silk spread over a ball of gold.

"You have it, sir, I don't want it," said France quickly, smiling at him. And that smile on his dark face was beautiful with the same living beauty. 'Thank you,' said Venner, and put the fruit in his pocket. The sergeant moved away, his sturdy figure stepping firm and unhurried, along the line of bivouacs to the other end. In a little the work stopped, the men were dismissed, and Venner walked back again to his quarters to change before dinner.

II

Starke returned after all, and brought with him a new officer just arrived with a boatload of others from England.

"Fancy having been in England three weeks ago," said Cree. "I've been eighteen months out here now."

The new arrival swallowed his vermouth with relish. He was tall and dark, with a black moustache and a mottled complexion that made his face look dirty. He was soldierly-looking too, in a way, but his narrow meanly-shaped head and the protuberant pouch of a sensual mouth gave him a certain coarseness, and Venner thought the ranker in him a little too obvious. His grating, assured voice rasped through the little space of the room in a native house which had been made their mess; he dropped his aitches liberally. But one could put up with an unprepossessing officer as long as he *was* an officer; there would be three subalterns now to run the company. His name was Peaker.

Starke, seated at the head of the table, smoked a cigarette, turning over the bundle of orders and messages sent down from Battalion Headquarters. "The Company's for fatigue to-morrow," he said. "The adjutant wants them for digging up at H.Q. Digging a cable-trench."

"All the officers?" said Cree.

"One officer will do."

"Venner, it's your turn. You're for it."

"All right," said Venner. The sense of elation that the evening had brought had not left him. The candles threw a yellow radiance over the dirty tablecloth and the battered crockery of the mess, and set fantastic shadows patterning on the whitewashed walls. Through the open doorway the autumn night hung like a dark blue veil, that grew thinner as one gazed upon it so that in a little one could discern the darker shape of a tree and beyond that the pinpoints of lights in the company lines. A faint breath of air was stirring—chilly, as if threatening rain. A mosquito whined by

his cheek, breaking the silence of a world that seemed rapt as if contemplating itself.

"I thought dinner was ready, Cree," said Starke. "A rotten mess-president you are."

He resumed his reading. Cree leaned back in his chair so as to get his head in line with the doorway, and putting his hands to his mouth bellowed "Ju-u-u-dy."

A far indistinguishable shout came in answer.

Starke raised his head angrily from the pile of papers. "Shut up, Cree," he said. "What a filthy bloody noise to make!"

"Well, you wanted them stirred up. Only my company parade voice." Sitting up contentedly, Cree executed on the table imaginary piano-pieces of great technical difficulty.

"Judy, did you sye?" asked Peaker. "Is that the mess-wyter? Wot a funny nyme 'e 'as." He reached across for the vermouth-bottle. "Is there any news in the wireless, Starke?"

Of course Starke was a contemptible person, but really it was a little strange for Peaker to be addressing him so familiarly already. But Starke didn't seem to notice. He pushed a bundle of sheets across. "Only some rot about successes on the Aisne—we've seen it in the *Balkan News* long ago."

"The Aisne's an 'orrid part," said Peaker, "Was any of you there? I got a blighty from there the first time I was in France. I wasn't 'arf glad."

But something in the time and place was rich enough to contain even Peaker's vulgarity, he seemed as rightly there as the other things—the things that were not vulgar, and he was as interesting as they, like a discord giving point to their curious harmony.

When the soup arrived, Cree had another candle brought. The blue veil of night was a deeper indigo now and in the bright illumination of the room the peeling whitewash gleamed with a scaly whiteness like leprosy.

"Thank God there's some decent whisky at last," said Starke, helping himself. "I don't know how you always run out of drinks, Cree; they seem to have plenty at H.Q."

"You drink a dam' sight more than most people at H.Q." said Cree. His tone was unnecessarily violent. It was difficult to say why one disliked Starke. His lazy content and his shrewdness in making an impression of the right sort of energy on the proper people were only part of the reason. Now he laughed, smacking his lips.

"Up at H.Q., to-day," he said, "we ragged the padre. He's just back from three days leave in Salonika. First the C.O. and then Preston and then Benham asked him why he'd forgotten to bring up the things they wanted. 'I had so much to do,' says the padre, quite innocently. Yells of laughter from everybody, and then the Doc. started giving a description of the padre's day in Salonika. It was really disgraceful. The Doc. got

more and more eloquent as he went on, and when it came to the padre's evening and the low haunts he went to, I nearly burst myself with laughter."

"What did the padre say?" asked Cree.

"Oh, he sat giggling like an idiot, until at last I suppose it occurred to him that it was scarcely decent to sit there listening to more, and he went out." Starke poured himself out some more whisky. In his mind's eye, Venner saw him at Headquarters tea-table, helpless with simulated glee at every jest of the Colonel's, making use of every opportunity to ingratiate himself even further with the second in command. And somehow there was nothing offensive in that either. That was Starke's nature and that was all—it did not seem to require justification: it was simply included, counted in in one's total impression of this figure at the head of the table, with the handsome, weakish features relaxed in a smile at the recollection of the sport of baiting the padre.

Peaker drank a great deal during dinner, and so did Starke; and every time that Starke reached for the bottle Cree shot a disgusted glance across to Venner. The conversation became animated, and Starke was telling one of his stories of life in the African bush, wonderful tales which must have some foundation in experience but could not all have been true, when a sharp gust of wind blew out one of the candles. Everyone paused.

"There's a change coming," said Cree. He rose and slammed the wooden door to. They were made conscious of their four-walled security, of their presence together in a white cube of space sunk like a diving-bell into the darkness of the night without, in which strange workings of nature were going forward. Starke had taken up the thread of his story, and their new intimacy made credulity too seem natural; they listened now without any of the inward discomfort of disbelief. Judy cleared the dishes away and then Cree from the box in the corner of the room produced a liqueur bottle and cigars.

"How the devil did you get them, Cree?"

"Aha! That's my secret."

Starke helped himself. "I withdraw my accusations against you, anyway. You're a first-rate mess-president. Have a liqueur, Peaker?"

"I'll stick to whisky, thanks," said Peaker. He had already had more than enough, Venner thought, watching his inane fixed smile; a thread of saliva dribbled down his chin but he did not seem to notice it.

"Here's to the mess-president's health," said Starke.

They all drank. The air had become oppressively still, almost stifling. Cree flung the door open again, and with his eyes gleaming in the light of the candles said:

"Let's have a sing-song, you fellows!"

"Shing-shong. Have a shing-shong," echoed Peaker with a peal of laughter.

O-who-will-o'er-the-Do-owns so free

Cree struck up, his eyes closed, his powerful voice reflected strongly from the walls of the little room, while the others joined in, in irregular harmony, Peaker in a time of his own with loud wailing notes of an intense melancholy. Singing seemed to make him thirsty, Venner noticed, and opened his own mouth wide in the chorus.

In the middle of the second song Starke suddenly held up his hand. "Listen! listen!" They were silent, and from far away came a confused rumble, then another, and then echoing all round them the crashing reverberation of thunder. In a moment there was silence again and then the silken whisper of rain rustled in their ears, increased to a sibilant hissing, and settled in a mad uproarious rattle upon the tiled roof, like a bombardment of tiny pebbles.

"We'll be flooded out!" Cree cried.

"Who cares?" said Venner, feeling something within him respond to the swift onrush of the pattering drops. "Who cares?" Cree started another song, louder than ever, and they sang on, while through the gaps in the tiles a quick succession of drops beat the earth floor of the hut, and grew to long, thin-dripping streams of muddy water. Venner felt a splash upon his head and two large drops fell upon the table. Two more followed, and then a quick salvo of drops came spattering noisily among the bottles.

Cree jumped to his feet. "Let's shift to a drier place!" he shouted. But when they moved they encountered further streams of rain and Starke, looking up towards the leaking roof, received a drop of dirty water in his eye. The others laughed at him, slipping among the descending jets as if between the bars of a cage.

When at last the table was stowed away under a watertight part of the roof, the rain had begun to slacken; the drops fell singly, with loud plops, into the pools that lay upon the uneven earthen floor. Scraping little canals with sticks on the softened earth they watched the water drain from pool to pool. Cree was everywhere, directing the drainage operations volubly, and crying out as each pool turned to a spongy puddle: "Dam' fine splendid!" Peaker giggled softly in the background, his laughter interrupted with loud hiccoughs.

"You'll not be able to put up a bivvy to-night, Peaker," said Starke. "You'd better sleep in the Mess."

In a little the storm subsided, and they dispersed for the night. Lying awake, Venner felt intensely happy; after the thunder the air was purified and sweet, and now the whole events of the day seemed beautiful and precious to him, he could not say why. It was not the roseate contentment that alcohol gives—he had drunk next to nothing. And at that, remembering Peaker's fuddled laughter, he laughed softly to himself, joyfully, without a shade of contempt or malice. For some reason life had suddenly come out like this; the image must be there always, like that on an undeveloped plate, but to-day the plate had been developed, and the surface of existence had become beautiful with a beauty almost divine, an unreasonable glory that invested every object with marvellous colours, as

the evening sun had coloured the long expanse of the plain. Sighing with contentment, he turned upon his side and went to sleep.

III

In the morning, although the sun was not yet high enough to have heated the air, the atmosphere was hazy. Venner as he went in to breakfast was certain that the day would be oppressively hot. A pulse was beating gently in his head, and there was a tension in all his bones so that he had to yawn at frequent intervals, stretching every muscle. Each time he did that, he had a slight spasm of shivering followed by a burning heat that ran just underneath his skin, and now he was certain that another attack of malaria had come. Cree and Starke were there already, their breakfast half over. He toyed with the horrible frizzled bacon on his plate—what beastly stuff to eat in this hot weather. “Feeling dicky?” said Cree, pouring out another cup of tea. “I’ll take the parade for you.”

What was the use of Cree talking like that? One could see he didn’t want to do it—he wanted to loaf about the camp and write letters. “No, thanks,” said Venner shortly. Cree seemed relieved and drank his tea noisily.

“Where’s Peaker?” asked Venner, feeling it necessary to stop thinking about the fever in his bones.

“He’s an officer and a gentleman, he is!” said Starke. “A fine acquisition for B Company! We’re going to enjoy Mr. Peaker’s society, I can tell you.”

“What’s he been doing, then?” Venner asked.

“The very first night he’s here he goes and gets tight. You saw him yourself.”

“I thought he was taking a little more than was good for him. What about it?”

“A little more! He was sick all over the mess last night.”

“Filthy beast!” said Cree.

“That sort of thing’s all very well,” said Starke, “but just think what the servants will say. A man like that isn’t fit to be an officer. If he can’t control himself how can he control men?”

Venner said nothing, wondering how much Starke had drunk on the previous night.

“They’re making anybody officers, nowadays,” said Cree. “These ranker fellows aren’t gentlemen and you’ll never make them gentlemen, and you’ve no damned right to give them a job that’s meant for a gentleman. Keep them as sergeants and they’re right enough. A good sergeant’s better than a dud officer. And besides the men hate them.”

“You’ve got to get officers somewhere,” muttered Venner. “And all the decent fellows are dead. Where’s Peaker been put?”

“I got here early,” said Starke, “and flung him out. He’s in a bivvy somewhere. He can go and lie in the open if he likes, the swine.”

Venner stared at him, half amused and half disgusted. Naturally Starke didn't like his comfort disturbed! Now if it had all happened in Peaker's own bivvy, it would have been quite a joke. . . . Yes, Peaker was a beast. But Starke was a beast too, and as for Cree he was worst of all, always noisy, always blatantly cheerful. He got up—it was nearly time for parade.

“ You haven't eaten much,” said Cree. “ If you're feeling seedy, you're a dam' fool to go on parade.”

“ Oh, you needn't worry,” Venner said scornfully, turning in the doorway.

“ Well, if you aren't ill at least you've got a charming temper.”

Already it was beginning to get warm. How many more days of dreary routine under a scorching sun! What was it all for, and why should it all seem so immeasurably desolate? It was not the fever that had given him this vision of an interminable and wearisome futility. No, he had simply come to his senses—he saw clearly now, and he reacted with a sudden rage to the implacable pressure of a universe that had no meaning.

“ Where's Sergeant France?” he asked the sergeant-major. The company was drawn up. He passed down the lines inspecting the rifles.

“ He's gone sick, sir!”

Venner heard it without surprise. All the men looked ill, yellow-faced, weary. One of the rifle-barrels was dirty. He glanced above it; a pasty shapeless face was opposite to him, the eyes fixed glassily on a distant point over his head. “ Take his name,” he said. The face was motionless and then the eyelids flickered a little. And Venner suddenly felt ashamed. Well, if he was well enough to come on parade, he was well enough to do fatigues for having a dirty rifle. Of course. But how stupid it all was! Why was it all so stupid? Clumsily stupid, pitiful. One must go on with it. There was nothing else to be done. He gave the orders, each sound of his voice hurting him, like a sharp wedge thrust into his throbbing head. Rifles were slung and the tools picked up.

“ By the right, quick march!”

The company moved off, past the officers' mess and the signallers' bivouac. Soon they were marching along the sunken road, enveloped as they went in a dense cloud of white dust.

IMMORTAL HOURS

By JOHN GORE

THERE is a rather telling parlour game—of the Pelman type—wherein the performer calls out, one by one, the numbers up to 25, and the audience names against each number a noun, such as tea-pot, Germany, cheese, honesty. The audience then calls any number out haphazard and the performer gives the name of the object chosen for that number. With practice the performer will rarely make a mistake. But to the uninitiated there is something of magic in it. What the performer does is to make a mental picture of every number up to 25. For example, 1 is a dinner-table with one candle still burning on it, 11 is a cricket team leaving the field, 15 a Rugby match in progress, and so on. Into this “picture” he places the named object and there for a few minutes only it will remain with some distinctiveness. It is a trick. But memory itself is a tricky spirit. Why a normal man should remember all his life one trivial incident when he has entirely forgotten a hundred other incidents, perhaps less trivial, is hard to explain. Why in life do certain “little pictures” remain for ever?

My own explanation is that the mind only records indelible impressions when the mind's owner really lives. It is regrettably true that for the greater part of his life the ordinary man is only half awake, and usually I expect those somnolent periods are the happier periods of life. For life is—to be trite—a tragedy for those who feel. If this explanation holds water, it accounts adequately for the fact that most men possess a disproportionate number of vivid impressions of childhood. At no time in life is every fibre of one's being more alert than on the threshold of boyhood. In my own case I am satisfied that I shall never again be more awake, more alert than I was during my first term at my private school. The tremendous adventure of launching out into the unknown, utterly alone, kept every nerve on tiptoe.

And now, after the lapse of God knows how many years, I can repeat by heart and word perfectly (though I have never looked at it from that day to this) the first poem I was ever made to learn there—“The Schooner Hesperus.” All creation hung on my satisfying the under-master. I can repeat, moreover—though I never saw it in writing and heard it perhaps forty times within a period of three months all those years ago—the roll of my private school, forty-two names whose owners, bar two or three, are dead or strangers to me. They were Tritons once. The very scents and sounds of the woods round that school I can conjure up at will, far more clearly than I can recall an impression registered yesterday. I smell the pines and hear the wind and the crickets with senses that pulse fiercely, almost with pain.

And indeed there is always pain in the hungry absorption of some miracle of nature or art, a sunset, a view, a harmony. So Falstaff, when death's cold fingers were pinching close upon that genial heart, "babbled of green fields." So, at any rate, in the face of the mere evidence of print, every poet knows he did. Into his sharp nostrils came the scent of the new-cut grass, to his ears the sound of the scythe, being whetted in the misty coolness of an early summer dawn, and he was away barefoot to the dewy Norfolk meadows, bird's-nesting. But of the roustering nights with that nincompoop Shallow and the ingratitude of princes, no memories came to trouble his death-bed. Lytton Strachey held this view in giving to the dying Queen Victoria the daisies on the lawns of Kensington Palace as her last impression of a long and momentous life. After that first rapture of living, we half-close the eyes again, and even the offer of a crown will leave no deeper imprint than those first appreciations of the miracle of individuality.

Of public-school days hardly anything remains to me, and nothing that pulses. Of four wasted years at Oxford, literally nothing unless it be a jangle of Sunday bells that brings with it an impression of desolating boredom, almost of despair and (mysteriously) of greasy, shiny trousers (attribute, I fancy, of Scouts). Certainly, whenever I hear Sunday bells, that same keen desolation of the heart steals over me and brings to mind those lamentable trousers—and I think Oxford is responsible. Beyond that, and up to the war, memory is but one or two oases in an arid desert of oblivion. Somewhere in a four-wheeler, in the Brompton Road, I woke vitally and lived a brief hour, with a post-card in my hand notifying me of my election to the I Zingari. The postcard, signed by Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, I have still, and every item in the upholstery of that cab is clear as a photograph in my memory.

A yellow flower or weed, whose name I have never learned, growing rank in a clearing outside a dark beech wood, stands, I think, for a juvenile love affair that went amiss, and the noise of a croquet mallet (now rarely heard), the sight of a blue-cotton sunbonnet, or the coo-coo-coo of wood pigeons can paint that scene for me in its original colours.

The evolutions of an army of flies on the ceiling of an "apartment" in a new block of flats in Montreal—where I lay sick—are a last vivid impression before the Great War.

And that mighty printer, what is left of his type-setting? Of four long years in Flanders and France, almost nothing comes back of itself. Only in misty autumn evenings, an unseen finger lightly sweeps the strings of memory and a picture grows.

It is the road from Tournai to Ath in Belgium, wreathed in mist; on the right a stream of British guns and limbers slowly threading forward, horses steaming. A mine crater in the middle of the road and an emergency path, deeply wheeled, around it. A clock striking eleven strokes in the little town of Leuze; hoarse yelling and cheering, the zoom of hovering aeroplanes, and mysteriously through the mist a single beam of ruddy

sunlight gilds the metal wind-vane of the Tower for a moment and then is gone. And by the crater's side, half propped against the hedge, a dead British soldier, curiously wax-like and apathetic, too wise to glory in that victory, sleeps eternally in square boots on which the mud has dried white.

I found the other day, in an old diary of 1919, a list of the billets in order of date occupied by me in France and Belgium during the years 1915 to 1919. One hundred and seven potential "little pictures"—cities, towns, villages, holes in the ground. So short a time ago, such tremendous happenings! Yet, as I read, not one clear picture emerged. "Givenchy-lez-la-Bassée, Fouquereuil, Hohenzollern Redoubt, Sailly-la-Bourse, Béthune. . . ." "Windy corner" at Givenchy and the dumps and mud and dinginess and "evening hate" of Sailly came back, but through a glass darkly. "Metz-en-Couture, Marcoing, Flesquières" Vaguely the battle of Cambrai, the eight smashed tanks on the ridge behind Flesquières and the grisly *château* passed by, a blurred film. "Bois Gurlu, Estrées, Serain, Bertry. . . ." perhaps these names are a "sweet harmony" to others. To me they are nothing clearly defined.

We who live on, tenants in fee of the present age, have perhaps smashed our recording machinery—which may be for the best.

The memory of politicians is surely shorter even than heretofore. The world has forgotten enough to contemplate without apoplexy the possibility of further wars. The word "Armaments" remains in our dictionaries. In memory the big incidents in our past life lie faded on the grass, "brown leaves, grey leaves, grey shadows that pass." From our conscious minds "the tumult and the shouting dies, the Captains and the Kings depart." These, it seems, are after all the trivialities. Only the things that matter stand like stone; we may yet escape now and then from the grey reality of to-day and go bird's-nesting again at the dawn of day and life, in the spring of the year when all the world was clean. These were our immortal hours, thank God for it.

The last word is with Shakespeare, the God-sent optimist :

Be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended, these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep . . .

THE DEVIL'S DYKE

By HUMPHREY BAKER

The great natural Embankment which forms the lower boundary of the lake is clearly the remains of the terminal moraine of the glacier which formerly filled this valley, though it is known locally, with the usual poverty of imagination characteristic of popular nomenclature, as the "Devil's Dyke" (light rfrmts at the cottage at the N. end of the dyke).—Extract from guide book.

THE three were plodding along the track across the lately flooded land in the valley between the two villages on its opposite slopes. The track was never more than mud or dust, and now was simply mire; the men were plastered with mud to the thigh and spattered to the waist—a discordant finish to the gaudy jerkins of blue, yellow and red, and the caps of green with red feathers, of two of them, the thin young men; the third was a grey friar, his greasy and tattered robe kilted high to free his legs for movement, his face long unshaved, his skin dirty yellow, his eyes fixed and shining.

The rain still fell.

No one alive could remember such a flood: the lower huts in the villages on the hillsides even had been carried away. The population was only a few handfuls of peasants, scattered over miles of swamp and forest in small cultivated clearings; but in that one valley a dozen men had been drowned. The travellers had already passed two, lying uncouth under the grey, formless sky as the subsiding water had tumbled them, half covered with mud, gravel, rotting twigs and trailing waterweed, their faces puffy and sodden. They must have been dead for days.

The friar was discoursing of the lake Asphaltus, also called the Dead Sea, which casts up black clots of glue, and on whose shores trees grow, the apples on which are green till they are ripe; and if you cut them when they are ripe, you find ashes within them: and where also grow most fair apples which make men that see them have a liking to eat of them, and if one take them, he fades and falls in ashes and smoke, as though he were burning. Afterwards, he spoke of the raising of the dead; not that great universal climbing from the grave at the world's end, but the raising of divers men and women in the past, of which he cited many notable and undoubted instances, from Lazarus downwards. Both the young men listened, but one of them (that was I) felt uneasy; there was something disquieting in those shining eyes.

One thing he said which I had not heard before, that dead men could be raised by the power of the Devil as well as by the power of God, but that when this happened there were certain things by which one could know that the force which sustained them was diabolical, not heavenly, life—he did not say what things. He spoke, too, of the power of miracles

to influence the heart ; and I wondered if such a work might not be done upon some of those whom the flood had drowned, by which the hearts of the folk of those parts might be changed ; for they were a savage tribe, living only to satisfy their appetites, and those the foulest. But, the friar said, the faith which could do such works was scarcely now to be found.

After this, as we came to the lowest dip of the valley and the mire grew worse, we fell silent, as we put out all our strength to struggle through the slough, which was mid-thigh deep. After a while again we came up on to drier ground, where we could now and then lift our eyes to the hill before us as we ploughed our way towards its foot.

Presently we saw in front two huddled lumps lying in the track, seemingly also drowned men, and by them a loaded sledge, and a horse grazing, having somehow escaped drowning. Two crows flew from the spot as we came near. When we had floundered thus far, we stopped to breathe and look. There was no doubt that the men were dead ; the crows had already begun. They lay close together, sprawling on their backs, their limbs unnaturally twisted ; one, a swarthy, middle-aged, black-haired, scowling man, with thick eyebrows meeting in the middle ; the other younger, with light hair and ruddy flesh, of a full-fed and lustful look ; both little better than animals even in their lives, and now mere corpses of animals. The soul flying from their bodies had left no trace behind. I was not sorry that they were dead.

The horse was cropping the rank, muddy grass within a yard of the bodies, and I watched him, surprised that he did not find it fouled by their nearness, when suddenly I saw the younger of the dead men move ; his head still lay fallen back in a puddle, the eyeballs glistening, but he heavily shifted his trunk and legs so that they lay more naturally, and flung out one sodden arm towards my feet. The friar too saw it, I am sure ; he must have seen it ; he was staring at the bodies. The other lad was watching the hillside.

We did not stay longer, but began again our laborious splashing. I managed to count fifty steps before I looked round—both bodies lay as when we left them. Fifty more, and again I turned my head. The younger man was beginning to heave himself from the ground ; the other seemed to stir. As I watched, the first suddenly rose altogether, and pulled the other to his feet ; then both started to overtake us with great unsteady strides, calling out as they came. I began to wonder if this could be the miracle we had spoken of ; but I knew that it was something horrible that was coming up behind us ; yet I could do nothing but go forward. Neither of the others paid any heed, the young man was humming a tune, and the friar moved straight forward, making no sound, but still staring—at nothing that I could see.

The two behind had ceased calling, but now I could hear the wet clay sucking at their feet. Soon they came alongside, beyond my companions, and broke into speech. I looked sidelong at them, once. Their hair and clothes were matted with mud and rubbish, as before, and their faces were

fixed and had no look of life, though words came from them. I could barely understand what they said, not because of the natural uncouthness of the words—we were all familiar with the gross speech of that region : but with those swollen black lips and those breasts full of gurgling water, how could they make clear sounds ? Yet the friar seemed to understand ; for he broke his silence now, and spoke in a high-pitched, rapid voice, unlike his former speech, though from his eyes (as once for a moment he turned them upon me) still came that fixed staring look. I was glad that they should be taken up with one another, since I could the more easily keep away.

Presently the newcomers became very merry, roaring out lewd gibes, and slapping my companions on the back. Once the red-faced one crossed to my side as though to take my arm ; but before I could gather strength in my legs to run from him, he sheered off and went back to his fellow.

At last I saw in front of us the tavern which stood on the slopes of the further hill, and till now had just escaped the floods. It was a filthy hovel, but at least there would be live men in it, and I ran up the last few yards of drier ground to the door. There *were* folk there ; I heard voices. I stooped my head under the doorway. Through the gloom, thick with smoke and sweat, I saw some score of men and women ; I think they were mostly from homes which the flood had washed away. There were some loudly quarrelling, some rudely embracing, some drunkenly sleeping ; a rough and bestial crew, and such as the two drowned men had been in their lives ; but at least they were not dead. I stood back a little, close to the doorway, and watched the others as they came up the slope and into the hovel. The friar stayed on the threshold, though the rain was now pouring down again ; but the two, still staggering a little, launched themselves into the crowd.

I thought that even those savages would draw back from these bodies of dead men walking ; but they did not. There was a stir in the room, but it was a stir of pleasure rather than dislike : all seemed to take the newcomers into their fellowship as friends, and to grow more boisterous for their company. Men roared obscenities to them, women fondled them and kissed their swollen faces ; drunkards leered gleefully at them. They stood, swaying a little, in the midst, and did not move nor speak much. Once or twice their mouths shouted roughly and harshly, or their legs made a stride this way or that, but I knew that they were dead. The force that fed them was like a baleful fire, rising and falling there in the hut, and inflaming the crowd around.

Presently a frenzy seemed to spring up and grow in the company ; they joined hands and began to swing to and fro, round and round, slowly first, then faster every moment, until they became a raging swirl round the dead men standing upright in the midst, while out of the whirlpool came a high droning sound that made my strength go from me ; and all the while I was aware of the friar close behind me, leaning against the doorpost ; and when I looked sidelong at him, I saw those fixed, shining eyes staring into the crowd.

No one seemed to see me, till suddenly I was aware that the friar moved a little ; and in that instant they stopped dead and turned their faces towards the doorway where I stood. They stood and looked at me. Something I cannot name surged towards me from the darkness, and I cried out, and in the strength of that cry broke away and ran out into the gloom and drenching rain and did not stop till I reached the crest of the hill above the tavern.

I spent that night in a shallow cave in the limestone rocks which jutted out along the brow overlooking the valley. All night the wind blew and the rain streamed down and the sound of rushing water came louder from the valley as the floods rose again. Towards daybreak the rushing once or twice became a roar and the hillside shook, so that pieces of the rock near me broke off and slid and scattered down into the brushwood below. I could not sleep, but watched the desolate grey daylight slowly return, my heavy eyes fixed on the long bare level line of the opposite hill. When the light suddenly grew stronger (I suppose the sun rose then) I glanced down into the valley. Below me, where the tavern had stood, was a great chasm in the hillside ; right across the valley lay a giant dyke of rocks, uprooted trees, and mud, glistening and oozing water in many rivulets ; and above this great dam the floods had already made a lake.

LAMB AND THE TWO G.D.'S*

By G. A. ANDERSON

THERE were, as a matter of fact, *four* G.D.'s. There was George Daniel, the antiquary, who is still remembered because of his first folio Shakespeare, and who wrote a very interesting chapter of reminiscences about Lamb in his *Love's Last Labour not Lost*. One has, however, a vague, dissatisfied feeling about Daniel, because, although by his own account he was on intimate terms with the Lambs, when they were at Colebrooke—helped with the cottage garden, went for walks, had long confidential chats—there is not, so far as I know, a single passing reference to him in any of Lamb's letters. One can understand no letters to Daniel being extant, since they were such near neighbours, but somehow, from the way he writes of Lamb, I get the impression that the intimacy was rather an artificial one, more courted by Daniel than by the other. The following little bit of description does not exactly answer to one's conception of Elia's outward behaviour, however true it may have been in the spirit :

That "pearl of days," the Sabbath, he kept holy. He loved the Temple where the Word of God was spoken and His Praise was sung. . . . He never used an oath, or profaned the HOLY NAME. The Divine permission was a well-understood proviso in every engagement and promise that he made. With him

"A witty sinner was the worst of fools,"

a skull grinning at its own ghastliness ! Charnel-house joviality ! †

For Daniel to have gained such an impression, one feels that Lamb must have been very much on his best behaviour with *this* G.D.

Next there was George Darley, an "old chum of the *London*," as Lamb called him. He and Lamb possessed one infirmity in common—they both stammered, but Darley's stammer was so bad that it made him shy of social intercourse. He was not too shy to visit Lamb, however, and was always a welcome guest at Enfield. Perhaps in Mr. Abbott's promised *Life of George Darley* we shall learn a little more about his friendship with Lamb ; at present we only know that Lamb liked both him and his poetry.

Now come the two G.D.'s about whom there is a little more to say. *The* G.D.—George the 1st—Amicus Redivivus, Cancellarius Magnus—in other words, George Dyer, and George Dawe the artist.

* Owing to the lamented death of Mrs. Anderson the proof of this article was not corrected by its author—*Editor*.

† *Love's Last Labour not Lost*, p. 19. Daniel would probably have taken in all seriousness Lamb's letter to Louisa Holcroft (December 5, 1828): "Who told you we should not be glad to see you on Sundays and all? Tho' we devote that day to its proper duties, as you know, yet you are come of a religious stock [Holcroft being a professed and conscientious unbeliever], and to you it is not irksome to join in our simple forms, where the heart is all."

It was Mr. Augustine Birrell, I think, who recommended as an entertaining employment the hunting of George Dyer up and down the pages of Charles Lamb, whose pen indeed always "warmed in his hand" when he had Dyer for his topic. We see Dyer through Lamb's eyes, that is, we see only the comic side of him, for Lamb, though he loved and respected his friend most sincerely, could never resist making merry over the shifts and mishaps to which he was liable through his scholarly abstraction from worldly matters. But if his autobiography, which Miss Betham says he was dictating during the last seven years of his life to a gentleman who came to read to him three times a week, could be found and published, we might be able to see the man George Dyer in better perspective. A short passage is quoted in the Obituary of the *Christian Reformer*, 1841, p. 371. Speaking of his early life at Emmanuel College, in 1774, Dyer says :

I had but little enjoyment ; for social intercourse is to the mind, what air, and sun, and streams, are to the body ; and in the same manner as the latter enliven the spirits, convey bloom to the cheek and vigour to the limbs, so does society enliven the mind and keep all its operations in repair.

Another piece of autobiography was called forth by Lamb's Elia essay "Oxford in the Vacation,"* which, as originally printed in the *London*, contained statements about Dyer's treatment at the hands of the headmasters of schools at which he taught, after having from conscientious scruples about the Thirty-nine Articles abandoned the thought of taking Orders. Dyer did not then know who Elia was, and was a good deal distressed at having his scholastic experiences very inaccurately described by some unknown witty writer for the amusement of readers of a magazine. So he wrote what Mr. Lucas rightly describes as a "simple and dignified and wholly admirable letter" to his friend William King, giving the true facts ; King communicated with the editor of the *London Magazine*, with the result that in the number for December, 1820, a paragraph was inserted in the *Lion's Head* with the object of soothing G.D.'s ruffled feelings, and when the Elia essays were issued in book form, the offending passage was omitted. The letter to William King is given in full in the chapter on George Dyer in Mr. Lucas's *Life of Charles Lamb*.

In 1792 Dyer came to London, and settled to a life of literary work. I have always seen it stated that he settled at once in Clifford's Inn, and remained there for the rest of his life, but in a letter to Edmund Henry Barker, giving his reminiscences of Dr. Parr, he says :

The first time that I have a distinct recollection of paying my respects to him, was when I resided in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Dr. Parr had taken a lodging for a short time in Portugal Street just by. I think it was at the time when Mr. Joseph Gerrald was under confinement.

This happened in 1794, so it would not be until about 1795 that Dyer settled in Clifford's Inn, where "like a dove in the asp's nest" as Lamb expressed

* *London Magazine*, October, 1820.

it, he dwelt "amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law . . . in calm and sinless peace."

Lamb probably did not know Dyer till after the latter's arrival in London, for though they were both Christ's Hospital boys, Dyer (who was born in 1755) had become senior Grecian and passed on to Cambridge some months before Lamb was born. He is first mentioned in one of Lamb's early letters to Coleridge, and his peculiar notions on the subject of poetry are dwelt on in a letter to Southey of November 28, 1798; but it was not until the Lambs came to Southampton Buildings, in June, 1800, that Lamb had full opportunity to study his Dyer. Southampton Buildings* (the houses are all rebuilt but their position is as it was in Lamb's day) lie off the north-east end of Chancery Lane, Clifford's Inn being off Fleet Street, only about five minutes' walk away. In April, 1800, John Rickman had come to London and taken rooms at 33, Southampton Buildings. Here, armed with a letter of introduction from his friend Southey, he lost no time in making the acquaintance of Dyer, who obtained for him the editorship of the *Commercial and Agricultural Magazine*, as a start towards obtaining a footing in literature. Naturally, when at midsummer the Lambs arrived at No. 27, exactly opposite 33, it was not long before Dyer introduced Rickman to his friends, and Lamb's enthusiastic description to Thomas Manning of his new acquaintance, the "pleasant hand" Rickman, is one of the most quoted of his letters. It was at Rickman's rooms that Lamb met Porson; this I know from an unpublished letter to Southey of September, 1830, sold at Sotheby's a few years ago.

At Lady Day, 1801, the Lambs removed to 16, Mitre Court Buildings, in the Temple, and the following September Rickman left London for Dublin, where he was made Deputy Keeper of the Privy Seal and acted as private secretary to Charles Abbott (afterwards Lord Colchester) who had been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Then began that fine series of letters from Lamb to Rickman which Canon Ainger was fortunate enough to be able to publish in his later edition. Read in their proper order, from September, 1801, to February,

* Southampton Buildings have a good many literary associations. No. 9 was the house of M. Walker, the tailor whose daughter Sarah was the cause of Hazlitt's writing his *Liber Amoris*. No. 21 was the "Southampton Coffee House and Tavern" where Hazlitt spent so much of his time [see Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintance*]. At 27 lived John Matthew Gutch, with whom the Lambs lodged in 1800; Coleridge took a lodging in 1811 at No. 32, in order to be near his work on the *Courier*; Rickman's rooms were at No. 33; and No. 34, a corner house, is associated both with Hazlitt and the Lambs. The former lodged here in 1807, and continued to use it as his address for some time afterwards. The Lambs lodged at No. 34 in 1809, from Lady Day till May 27th, while waiting to move into 4, Inner Temple Lane, and came here again in July, 1830, to try "old natural London" after their solitary life at Enfield. Mary, however, was taken ill immediately, so that Lamb was for the most part alone. They returned to Enfield in November, and continued to use the rooms (which were kept by some ladies named Buffam) on their semi-occasional visits to town.

1802,* they give a full and delightful account of George Dyer (George 1st) and George Burnet (George 2nd) as well as of Lamb's own concerns, his play *John Woodvil* (in which Rickman took a sympathetic interest), and his engagement on the *Morning Post*. (To digress from Dyer a minute, I should like to submit two little paragraphs which, I think, *may* be Lamb's earliest accepted contributions to that paper. In a letter to Rickman which, by internal evidence, was written about December 9, 1801, Lamb says: "I meantime have made some overtures to the Editor of the *Morning Post* thro' Coleridge . . . and hope I am on the point of being engaged." And in a postscript to the same letter he says: "I shall hear from the *Morning Post* this day." Now in the *Morning Post* for December 11, 1801, I found, among a number of would-be facetious tit-bits, this one, which, for all its brevity, contains two words strongly reminiscent of Lamb: "Report gives to the slice of *Single Gloucester a Rib*, nothing less than a *Princess*."

Again, on December 29th, there appeared the following:

"Pray sir, what are the *Stakes*?" said a lady, addressing herself to a gentleman at the card table on Xmas day, in the east end of the town. "Madam," answered the beau, an inconsiderate butcher, "I have not sold any this week under 15d. a pound."

Does not "inconsiderate butcher" bring back to mind the "inconsiderate fingers" which drove their way through the elephant and the camel in that picture of the ark in Stackhouse's *History of the Bible*?

The earliest identified contributions to the *Morning Post* were those of January 4th, 1802, and Mr. Lucas gives a number of small paragraphs, from January 1st onwards, which he thinks may be attributed to Lamb's "playful hand." But I think the two December ones that I have quoted are quite likely to be his, for why should more than a fortnight elapse between his engagement and the appearance of any contribution by him?)

Dyer remained in his rooms at Clifford's Inn through all the migrations of his friends. His absorption in his work was so great that he was absolutely careless of his comfort and personal appearance, and there are many anecdotes extant of his inadequate housekeeping. He was looked after, so Lamb says, by a "little dirty niece," who evidently was not able to make her uncle take his meals regularly, for Dyer arrived at Lamb's door one day in the pouring rain, quite light-headed and feverish, and when he had been put to bed and the doctor summoned, it was found that

* The chronological order and approximate dates of the first six letters, I think, after careful study of Southey's Correspondence and the *Life of Rickman* by Orlo Williams, should be as follows:

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| 1. Ainger (Macmillan's 1913 edition) xcix. | Sept. 16, 1801. |
| 2. " " | ci. Oct. 9, 1801. |
| 3. Lucas (Pocket edition) Letter 93 | Oct. 31, 1801. |
| 4. Ainger | ciii. Nov. 3 or 4, 1801. |
| 5. " " | cii. Nov. 24, 1801. |
| 6. " " | civ. Dec. 9-14, 1801 |

nothing was really wrong with him but lack of proper nourishment. "I all along suspected a vacuum," says Lamb to Rickman. So the Lambs nursed him and fed him up, and when with returning health he grew restive and insisted on going back to his work, an arrangement was made whereby he was to dine at Mitre Court Buildings every day, bringing his shilling, as at an ordinary: "Dyer regularly dines with me and brings his shilling. He has pick'd up amazingly, I never saw him happier." And later :

I have nothing to claim upon Dyer's account (Rickman had evidently offered to subscribe towards the expense of feeding him up). He paid me from the beginning as near as I can calculate, and I solemnly protest it, to a penny for all the expences he put me to, and whenever he dines with us he regularly brings his shilling, which is a fair average for what his gluttony devours. . . . I am afraid he sometimes does not come when he has not got a shilling. I cannot force him, for now his health is come back, he is the most unmanageable of God's creatures.

For another twenty-two years or so Dyer lived in his neglected bachelor condition. That he did not smarten up with the progress of years can be seen from a remark made by Crabb Robinson, who met him on February 27, 1812, at a dinner at Thelwall's. Among those present was "G. Dyer, whose gentlemanly manners were a striking contrast to the more than meanness and slovenliness of his dress." But in 1824 this sad state of things was put an end to by his marriage with a kind, sensible woman, named Honour Mather, the widow of a lawyer in the Inn. The acquaintance began by Dyer's asking permission to look up something in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of which he had heard that Mrs. Mather had a complete set. They quickly became intimate, and with the full approbation of all Dyer's friends, they were married on May 3rd, 1824, at St Dunstan's, Fleet Street.

It proved as happy a union as could well be, the neglected old bachelor was transformed into a fine-looking, well-dressed, elderly man, beaming with kindness and happiness, and sixteen months afterwards Lamb could write : "G. Dyer is in the height of an uxorious paradise. His honeymoon will not wane till he wax cold. Never was a more happy pair, since Acme and Septimius,* and longer."

Happy as Dyer was, however, little things cropped up now and again to worry him. In 1797 he had written a Poetical Dialogue, entitled *The Poet's Fate*, a thin octavo pamphlet of fifty pages, in which the rhymed couplets—"to George nothing is poetry that does not go upon ten feet"—

* A story of two devoted lovers by Catullus (Carm. 45). Lamb probably had in mind, not the original, but Leigh Hunt's bright little translation of the poem, which first appeared in the *Examiner*, September 13, 1812, and is now to be found on p. 418 of the new Oxford edition of his poems. Leigh Hunt's last lines run thus :

"Now who has seen, in Love's subjection,
Two more blest in their connection,
Or a more entire affection?"

[I am indebted for this note to Mr. S. E. Winbolt, of Christ's Hospital.]

occupy on an average one-third of the page, and the explanatory notes the remaining two-thirds. In a P.S. to the preface "The Reader is desired to go over the Poem first, without the Notes, and afterwards to read the Poem and the Notes together." The dialogue is between P. and X., and consists of an argument as to whether it is possible for a poet to live by his poetry alone. X. maintains that all well-to-do poets are so because they have other resources. P. then quotes the names of Sir William Jones, who published a volume of Eastern poems, and of Samuel Rogers, author of *The Pleasure of Memory*. X. retorts :

But whence their wealth ? Was Jones the Muses' drudge ?
 Jones shone in India—was an ermin'd judge :
 Midst circling nabobs liv'd at small expense,
 And though a poet, had some commonsense ;
 And Rogers, if he boast the town's regard,
 Was born a banker, and then rose a bard.

This last couplet, with a footnote enlarging upon it, did not altogether please the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, who preferred the banker part of him to be sunk into oblivion.

In the second edition, published the same year, the offending lines were still there, with slightly different wording, but when Dyer learned of Rogers' disapproval, he was careful to expunge them altogether in his next edition, and hoped thereby to have seen the last of them.

But as the Fates would have it, nearly thirty years later Dyer was requested by Edmund Henry Barker, "a classical scholar of greater industry than judgment," as Mr. W. P. Courtney describes him, to furnish him with some reminiscences of Dr. Parr, for a book of *Parriana* Barker was then preparing.

Dyer accordingly wrote Barker a letter, dated March 16, 1827, which was printed in full in Vol. I of *Parriana*, published in 1828. The letter begins thus :

Dear Sir

I cannot boast of having a very intimate acquaintance with your learned friend ; but I have certainly known, in the various situations in which I have been placed, many of his friends, and it occurs to me that at the end of his *Spital-Sermon* he has done me the honour to call me his "*friend*."

Without more introduction, then, I send you agreeably to your request, a few particulars, very imperfect as they are.

Dr. Parr had, I suppose, either known, or heard of me in very early life at Dr. Askew's. I became acquainted with that gentleman in 1770, or 71, and used to visit him in Queen Square very frequently, particularly during the holiday time of his two eldest sons, one of whom was at the time with Dr. Parr of Stanmore, the other under Dr. Davis at Eton, when I read the classics with them.

Parr was, you know, a native of Stanmore, and was at first a pupil of, and afterwards an assistant to, Dr. Sumner.

Dr. Sumner died in 1771. The flower of Harrow School were Sir William Jones, The Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Parr, and Warburton Lytton, Esq., all of whom were

not only contemporaries, but continued friends for some years afterwards till a disagreement took place between Mr. Lytton and Dr. Parr.

Lytton went to University College, Oxford, during the residence there of Sir William Jones. Great friendship existed between them, which continued till Sir William Jones went to India. He went to India in 1784, with a salary of £8,000, was there 7 or 8 years, and made a fortune of about £70,000. I have alluded to him in my *Poet's Fate* :

" Yet Jones was blest with learning, taste, and sense,
Court'd the Muse without neglecting pence."

Here Dyer, quoting from his first edition, was coming perilously near forbidden ground, and he reaped the penalty of his rashness, for with the second edition before him, Barker must needs cap the William Jones quotation with a footnote, as follows :

Aliquid humani passus est vir doctissimus mihi que amicissimus. The lines, at least in the second edition, run thus :

- P. Yet *Jones* was blest with learning and with pelf ;
Court'd the Muse, without forgetting self ;
And *Rogers* is a bard of fair renown :
See MEMORY fly like lightning through the town.
- X. But whence their wealth ? Was *Jones* the Muses' drudge ?
Jones shone in India—was an ermin'd Judge,

And *Rogers*, if he share the town's regard,
Was born a banker, and grew up a bard.

E.H.B.

Here, then, were these two tiresome lines dragged out from their obscurity for all the world, including the sensitive Rogers, to see. But curiously enough Dyer does not seem to have had his attention called to them for more than two years after their appearance. The fact that he wrote in distress to Lamb about them has long been known through Lamb's published reply and his amused comments to Moxon on the subject of Dyer's letter, and it is owing to the fact of Lamb's having enclosed the letter for Moxon to show to Rogers that it happens to have been preserved, for Lamb destroyed nearly all the letters he received. I was fortunate enough last year to come across this very letter of Dyer's in an Album full of autographs which was sold at Sotheby's, and with it before us, an amusing little episode, highly characteristic both of Lamb and Dyer, can be appreciated to the full. I give the letter here, accompanied with such extracts from Lamb's own letters (all of which are published in full in Mr. Lucas's edition) as seem called for to complete the story.

On December 20, 1830, Lamb had written to Dyer a very fine letter on the subject of incendiarism, which was then rife in the rural districts :

. . . Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever, the tokens are upon her ! and a great fire was blazing last night in the barns and haystacks of a farmer, about half a mile from us. Where will these things end ? There is no doubt of its being the work of some ill-disposed rustic ; but how is he to be discovered ? They go to work in the dark with strange chemical

preparations unknown to our forefathers. There is not even a dark lantern to have a chance of detecting these Guy Fauxes. We are past the iron age, and are got into the fiery age, undream'd of by Ovid. You are lucky in Clifford's Inn where, I think, you have few ricks or stacks worth the burning. Pray keep as little corn by you as you can, for fear of the worst. . . . Seven goodly stacks of hay, with corn-barns proportionable, lie smoking ashes and chaff, which man and beast would sputter out and reject like those apples of Asphaltes and bitumen. The food for the inhabitants of earth will quickly disappear. Hot rolls may say : " Fuimus panes, fuit quartern-loaf, et ingens gloria Apple-pasty-orum."

About four weeks later, Dyer's reply was received at Enfield :

P.S. Mrs. D. and myself unite in kind regards to yrself and Miss Lamb : We shall be glad to hear that you continue in good health. Farewell.
Yrs. &c.

G. DYER.

Dr. Lamb,

I recd. yr serio-comical Letter and return you my thanks. Burning of stacks seems to be the order of the day ; and what will be the result we as yet do not know ; but, if not stopped, the effects, it is apprehended, may be worse in the summer, than even now ; and my wife tells me that very *recently*, Bread, and Flower, and candles have risen.—I shall proceed then to other matters, on wch. I should wish to say a word or two to you, if you were present. I write in a large hand, and very slowly, on account of my dimness of vision : excuse all blunders and infirmities.

We have at length got thro' ye Delphin Classics (in 142 Volumes large 8vo,) the work of more than 12 years ; with respect to my share in it,—the Additamenta to the Bipont account of Editions, and versions, & the entire account of MSS. in the British Libraries,—it has been the means of the obrepens senectus creeping into my eyes sooner, perhaps, than it might otherwise have done. I allude to this matter, for the following reason. In your Elia* I recollect, you described, in your witty way, a certain person so employed, *i.e.*, looking into MSS, in terms *benevolent* and *liberal* : but it *appeared* to him to have in it too much ridicule ; and, therefore, while you possess *so much wit*, and *that person* so many infirmities, it seemed to be calculated to do what you never intended to do—

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius plerumque secat. †

That person is sorry, *very* sorry, that he ever *thought*, or *felt*, and more sorry still that he sd have said anything on that subject : Pray exercise forgiveness and do not suffer yr benevolence to settle into enmity.

I have another word to say to you. I think you have looked into the first vol : of Parriana. Mr. Barker was repeatedly soliciting me to send him any particulars suitable to his work : I did what I could, badly enough. Now pray, mind this, Charles Lamb. Barker *of his own accord*, meaning however no ill to me, quoted 2 lines out of an *early Edition* of the *Poet's Fate*, and they appear to be quoted by *me*, and to convey a *sneer* against Mr. S. Rogers, and so I doubt not they have appeared to *some of Mr. R.'s friends* ; probably they did to you. I accordingly

* " Oxford in the Vacation."

† " A jest is often more efficacious than severity." Horace, Satires I, 10.

I have the actual copy of Horace from which Dyer quoted these lines. On the inside of the cover is written, in neat copy-book hand : " George Dyer, Sept 10, 1802."

wrote to Mr. Rogers explaining the matter to him ; for Mr. Rogers required me some years ago to suppress those lines, if I ever reprinted the Poet's Fate, which I accordingly did in 1801. When I saw these lines brought forward by Mr. Barker I was much disturbed. Mr. Rogers's letter in reply was very friendly and satisfactory. The truth indeed is that neither are the said words in the 2 first editions, properly taken in their connexion a sneer, nor do I speak in my own person. The Poet's Fate is a Dialogue, between two imaginary or fictitious persons. Where I speak (in the notes) in my own person, nothing is said but what is respectful ; and nothing was intended but what was respectful.

P.S. I am glad Mr. Rogers has, and you have been so oblig'd to Mr. Rogers, I am sure by I can be of great use to him. ~~For the sake of the public, I shall have my Kibbling in~~

The 2 first editions, properly taken, in their connexion a sneer, nor do I speak in my own person. The Poet's Fate is a Dialogue, between 2 persons. - Where I speak, (in the notes) in my own person, nothing is said but what is respectful, and nothing

was intended to hurt, but what was not meant. Again: I the other day I read Mr. Taylor's, the Platonick he had read him - self what I had formerly said of him (in the first edition of the Poet's Fate, and I'm - one had printed out to him, that I had omitted it in the 2d ed. of 1801; he was grievously - usually offended, and I was oblig'd to explain the matter to him, that I had my reasons for withdrawing I had made too free with his name, and therefore I left them all out in the edition of 1801, and that therefore my leaving his name out means no slight; besides that what was said of some of them in the first edition could not have been repeated in the second in 1801, when the circumstances and situations were materially altered; as that, how could it have been said of himself; and Taylor sighs, as Sydneyham sigh'd before,

And now depending your translating one, when between the periods of producing the first and the 2d. editions of the Poet's Fate he has published so many translations: Mr. Taylor's too was thus... I wish these were the only ones of corruption and confusion, if you had not done so.

And after all these complaints in the above piece and in others are, I think, some of the very best lines but one... but we stand too near to be cursing, and those who stand at a distance, by not knowing all the circumstances, may form very erroneous judgements on it. I spoke in it for some papers, he put up with better paper without my knowing it. You do not like the gilt edge, nor do I. I have written about it. Rogers, wishing that you and he at least may have correct notions on the subject, - and with my help I think I have taken half a dozen sittings to write this letter. My young friend, I am at present in the country, and you are in London. I have been at present in the country, and you are in London. I have been at present in the country, and you are in London.

Again : I the other day met Mr. Taylor, the Platonist*—he had read himself what I had formerly said of *him* (in the first edition of the *Poet's Fate*): and someone had pointed out to him, that I had *omitted* it in the edition of 1801 ; he was grievously offended, and I was obliged to explain the matter to him, that I had my reasons for believing I had made too free with *living* characters, and *therefore* I left them *all* out in the edition of 1801, and that *therefore* my leaving his name out meant no slight ; besides that what was said of some of them in the first edition could not have been repeated in 1801, when the circumstances and situations of several were materially altered ; as thus, how could it have been said of himself,

And Taylor sighs, as Sydenham sigh'd before,
And now *desponding* gives *translating* o'er.

when between the periods of printing the first and the 2d. editions of the *Poet's Fate* he had published so *many translations* : Mr. Taylor too was thus satisfied. I wish these were my only sins of commission and omission, and after all some of the omissions in the above piece, and in others, are, I think, some of my best lines ; but we stand too near to see ourselves, and those who stand at a distance, by not knowing all the circumstances, may form *very* erroneous judgments on ye spring of our words and actions.

I called on yr friend Mr. Moxon for some paper—he put up *gilt* letter paper without my knowing it. You do not like gilt edges, nor do I. I have written above about S. Rogers, wishing that you and he (Moxon) at least may have correct notions on the subject ;—and with my half blind eyes I have taken half a *dozen sittings* to write this letter. My young scribe up at Yarmouth, Mr. R. Roman (?) told me you seemed to like me. If so, pray *forgive* and *forget*, &c. what I have been alluding to.

Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man.

P.S. I am glad Mr. Rogers's poem, and yrs have been so serviceable to Moxon. I am sorry I can be of so little service to him :—shall have my paper of him.

N.B. Mrs. D and myself hope you will not come to town without favouring us with a call : nor Miss Lamb.

The original letter is on four closely written quarto pages (*gilt-edged*), the handwriting varying in size from large copy-book script to a small, almost illegible scribble, with frequent interlineations, erasures, and sidenotes. If the faintest trace of resentment still lingered in the heart of Samuel Rogers, it must have faded away at the perusal of this pathetic, painfully written screed. So Lamb thought, and accordingly he wrote to Moxon (enclosing Dyer's letter) :

I send you a curiosity of G. Dyer's tender conscience. Between 30 and 40 years since, G. published the *Poet's Fate*, in which were two very harmless lines about Mr. Rogers, but Mr. R. not quite approving of them, they were left out in a subsequent edition 1801. But G. has been worryng about them ever since ; if I have heard him once, I have heard him a hundred times express a remorse proportiond to a consciousness of having been guilty of an atrocious libel. As the devil would have it, a fool they call *Barker* in his *Parriana* has quoted the indentical two lines as they stood in some obscure edition anterior to 1801, and the withers of Poor G. are again wrung. His letter is a gem—with his poor blind eyes it has been laboured

* Thomas Taylor, 1758-1835.

out at six sittings. The history of the couplet is in page 3 of this irregular production, in which every variety of shape and size that Letters can be twisted into, is to be found. Do show *his* part of it to Mr. R. someday. If he has bowels, they must melt at the contrition so queerly charactered of a contrite sinner. G. was, I verily think without original sin, but chuses to have a conscience, as every Christian Gentleman should have. His dear old face is insusceptible of the twist they call a sneer, yet he is apprehensive of being suspected of that ugly appearance. When he makes a compliment, he thinks he has given an affront. A name is personality. But shew (no hurry) this unique recantation to Mr. R. 'Tis like a dirty pocket handkerchief muck'd with tears of some indigent Magdalen. There is the impress of sincerity in every pot-hook and hanger. And then the gilt frame to such a pauper picture ! It should go into the Museum.

Moxon did as Lamb suggested. He probably saw Rogers frequently, since the generous old man had lent him £500 the year before to start him on his own as bookseller and publisher, and he was soon able to assure Lamb that Rogers' friendly feelings towards Dyer were unabated. Lamb passed the good news on to G.D. :

Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Rogers's friends, are perfectly assured, that you never intended any harm by an innocent couplet, and that in the revivification of it by blundering Barker you had no hand whatever. To imagine that, at this time of day. Rogers broods over a fantastic expression of more than thirty years' standing, would be to suppose him indulging his "Pleasures of Memory" with a vengeance. You never penned a line which for its own sake you need (dying) wish to blot. You mistake your heart if you think you *can* write a lampoon. Your whips are rods of roses. Your spleen has ever had for its objects vices, not the vicious—abstract offences, not the concrete sinner. But you are sensitive, and wince as much at the consciousness of having committed a compliment, as another man would at the perpetration of an affront. But do not lug me into the same soreness of conscience with yourself. I maintain, and will to the last hour, that I never writ of you but *con amore*. That if any allusion was made to your near-sightedness, it was not for the purpose of mocking an infirmity, but of connecting it with scholar-like habits : for is it not erudite and scholarly to be somewhat near of sight, before old age naturally brings on the malady ? You could not then plead the *obrepens senectus*. . . . Does it follow that I should have exprest myself exactly in the same way of those dear old eyes of yours *now*—now that Father Time has conspired with a hard taskmaster to put a last extinguisher upon them ? I should as soon have insulted the Answerer of Salmasius, when he awoke up from his ended task, and saw no more with mortal vision. But you are many films removed yet from Milton's calamity. You write perfectly intelligibly. Marry, the letters are not all of the same size or tallness ; but that only shows your proficiency in the *hands*—text, german-hand, court-hand, sometimes law-hand, and affords variety. . . . You have some years' good sight in you yet, if you do not tamper with it. . . . You have vision enough to discern Mrs. Dyer from the other comely gentlewoman who lives up at staircase no. 5 ; or if you should make a blunder in the twilight, Mrs. Dyer has too much good sense to be jealous for a mere effect of imperfect optics. . . . I wonder why you think I dislike gilt edges. They set off a letter marvellously. Yours, for instance, looks for all the world like a tablet of curious *hieroglyphics* in a gold frame. But don't go and lay this to your eyes. You always wrote hieroglyphically, yet

not to come up to the mystical notations and conjuring characters of Dr. Parr. You never wrote what I call a schoolmaster's hand, like Clarke ; nor a woman's hand, like Southey, nor a missal hand, like Porson ; nor an all-of-the-wrong-side-sloping hand, like Miss Hayes ; nor a dogmatic, Mede-and-Persian, peremptory hand, like Rickman ; but you ever wrote what I call a Grecian's hand ; what the Grecians write (or used) at Christ's Hospital. . . . Mine is a sort of deputy Grecian's hand ; a little better, and more of a worldly hand, than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile. I don't know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since school-days. I can never forget I was a deputy Grecian ! And writing to you, or to Coleridge, besides affection, I feel a reverential deference as to Grecians still.

Poor Dyer became totally blind soon after this, but the calamity, coming upon him, as it did, gradually, in no way affected his serenity. Joseph Jekyll, writing to Lamb in 1833, said : " Poor George Dyer, blind, but as usual cheerful and content, often gives, on my Enquiry, good accounts of you." Lamb, probably, seldom went to town without paying a call in Clifford's Inn. Mrs. De Morgan, in her *Reminiscences*, says :

Mr. Dyer would often repeat to us with pleasure what Mr. Charles Lamb or Mr. Joe Jekyll said about her talents in housekeeping, making bread, and other wifely qualifications. I have seen these men, and many others whose company would have been coveted in far prouder places, talking and jesting merrily in the rooms at the top of the old house in Clifford's Inn ; the house next that on which the sundial had shown the time so long, and which looked sideways into the little Inn garden.

The last letter Lamb ever wrote, five days before his death, was to Mrs. Dyer, and theirs was probably one of the last houses he visited, on Thursday, December 18th, 1834. Mrs. Dyer fried tripe for his dinner—one of the few dishes he was still partial to.

George Dyer survived Lamb more than six years, and died suddenly and peacefully on March 2, 1841.

* * * *

GEORGE DAWE was six years younger than Lamb, and since the latter says, in his *Recollections of a Late Royal Academician*, that his acquaintance with Dawe began " when the engraving tools, rather than the pencil, administered to his humble wants," they must have known each other at least as early as 1802, as it was in the following year that Dawe gained the Royal Academy gold medal, and " boldly dashed into the beaten road of commonplace portraiture in oil." Portrait painting though, I think, was a later step, Dawe's first essays in painting being pictures of mythological and biblical subjects, and Lamb gives an amusing description of his " Samson and Delilah "—Samson " with a thin yellow wig " !—to Hazlitt in November, 1805. It is interesting to contrast the published accounts of

Dawe's pictures and the premiums awarded for them, and of his vogue as a portrait painter, with Lamb's opinion of his productions :

He struggled on through laborious nights and days, till he reached the eminence he aimed at—of mediocrity. Having gained that summit, he sate down contented. If the features were cognoscible, no matter whether the flesh resembled flesh, or oilskin.

The truth is, I think, that Dawe must have had a knack of catching likenesses, which would outweigh, in the opinion of his sitters, his lack of training and skill in the reproduction of flesh tints. A chalk drawing he did of Coleridge was considered a most characteristic likeness. Now Lamb had a very critical eye for colouring ; he had trained it by frequent visits to the Angerstein Collection and to the Dulwich Gallery, and he revelled in the old masters. His criticisms on bad flesh colouring were not reserved for Dawe alone, for in a note to B. R. Haydon (March, 1827) about the latter's picture of Alexander and Bucephalus, Lamb says : " I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus-tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnosus." In Lamb's opinion Dawe's pictures were not only poor in colouring, but also totally devoid of imagination, though, to be sure, this was a defect shared, according to Elia, by nearly all the exponents of modern art.

There are several references to Dawe in the letters both of Charles and Mary, showing that, for the first fifteen years or so of his career as a painter, he saw them pretty frequently. For instance, Lamb tells Manning, in a long chatty epistle written a few months after his friend's departure for China

Mr. Dawe is turned author : he has been in such a way lately—Dawe the painter, I mean—he sits and stands about at Holcroft's and says nothing, then sighs and leans his head on his hand. I took him to be in love, but it seems he was only meditating a work—*The Life of Morland*—the young man is not used to composition.

Then Mary tells Sarah Hazlitt in 1809 : " Great news ! I have just been interrupted by Mr. Daw [*sic*], who comes to tell me he was yesterday elected a Royal Academician. . . . Though a very cold day, Daw was in a prodigious sweat, for joy at his good fortune." (Mary was a little inaccurate ; Dawe was only elected an Associate in 1809, and did not become an Academician until 1814). Again in 1817 Lamb tells the Kenneys (who were living in France) that " Dawe is knighted. He has been painting the Princess of Coborg [Princess Charlotte, who died that same year] and her husband." The latter part of this sentence was true, but the news about the knighthood was probably one of the little mystifications with which Lamb loved to regale his " distant correspondents." He made the same joke about the knighthood in an unpublished letter some eight years earlier. The idea of Dawe with a title evidently tickled Lamb.

In 1819 Dawe went off to St. Petersburg, at the invitation of the Emperor Alexander, to begin his terrific task of painting the portraits of

400 Russian officers, and as he was only home for a very short time before his death in 1829, Lamb probably did not see him again. I don't think he had any real regard for Dawe. His witty comments on him are very different in tone from the tender humour with which he writes of George Dyer. And when, in August, 1831, Moxon became editor and publisher of *the Englishman's Magazine*, Lamb sent as his first contribution to *Peter's Net* his *Recollections of a late Royal Academician*, accompanied by a letter in which he says :

The R.A. here memorised was George Dawe, whom I knew well and heard many anecdotes of, from Daniels and Westall, at H. Rogers's—to *each of them* it will be well to send a Mag. in my name. It will fly like wildfire among the R. Academicians and Artists.

Now I think it must be admitted that this essay, though it makes most entertaining reading, was really not very kind. Lamb describes Dawe as dirty :*

By an ingrained economy in soap—if it was not for pictorial effect rather—he would wash (on Sundays) the inner oval, or portrait, as it may be termed, of his countenance, leaving the unwashed temples to form a natural black frame around a picture in which a dead white was the predominant colour.

He has not a good word to say for his pictures ; gives various anecdotes illustrative of his manners,† of which the one about the goose being used to pose for a swan, with an eye to its subsequent appearance at the dinner table, is the most good-natured ; and finally, of Dawe's election as R.A., he says :

By what arts, with *his* pretensions, D. contrived to wriggle himself into a seat in the Academy, I am not enough acquainted with the intrigues of that body . . . to pronounce. It is certain, that neither for love to him, nor for any respect to his talents, did they elect him. Individually he was obnoxious to them all. I have heard that, in his passion for attaining this object, he went so far as to go down upon his knees to some of the members, whom he thought least favourable, and beg their suffrage with many tears.

It is not altogether surprising that this by no means eulogistic account of Dawe, written but a year or two after his death, should have called forth some protest, but I believe the following letter, which appeared in the *Library of the Fine Arts*, October, 1831, will be new to most readers, as it was to me : ‡

* Lamb was not alone in this ; Coleridge's nickname for Dawe was " the Grub."

† P. G. Patmore, in *My Friends and Acquaintance* says that Hazlitt spoke of Dawe as having " a soul like the sole of a shoe"—that he used to " lend out every farthing of his own money at usurious interest, and then borrow money from his friends at no interest at all to get on with ; and almost quarrelled with John Lamb, who used to lend him money, because on one occasion, John asked him for an acknowledgment of it in case of death. John wanted a stamped receipt, which would have cost a few pence, and Dawe thought this an enormity."

‡ I am indebted for its discovery to Mrs. Esdaile, who came across it while searching Arnold's *Library of the Fine Arts* for information about the work of the later English sculptors, and being herself a Lamb lover, noted it for future reference. As pressure of other work prevented her from making use of it, however, she kindly drew my attention to the passage.

Sir,—I observed with great pleasure in your last no. Mr. Uwin's Vindication of the English Students at Rome, from the charges made against them in Mr. Williams's *Life of Sir T. Lawrence*. Though I am not chivalrous enough, like him, to give my name, I would beg to follow his example by troubling you with some remarks on an attack made upon the character of a late artist, Mr. G. Dawe, in a periodical called the *Englishman*, but which in the present instance is anything but English in fairness and manliness of conduct to one who was entitled to more respect, both on account of former obligations, and because he was no longer living to maintain his reputation in those little particulars. Mr. C. Lambe [*sic*], I know, was often indebted to Dawe for a dinner; and now that he is dead, I suppose he intends to get another or two out of him by libelling him in his grave. But such conduct might be expected from one who avows the maxim that "a good joke is well worth the loss of a friend." Unfortunately, however, the jokes I refer to are not good, they are only pitiful attempts to excite a laugh against an artist whom it was much the fashion with certain persons to cry down, though Mr. C. Lamb is the only one to follow this conduct after his death. In case you should wish to know the nature of the attacks, I acknowledge there is no charge of a serious character, but such as that he was remarkably dirty in his person, that he once invited two Academicians to dine with him, and presented them with a dish of his own marketing from the dogs' meat shop; and that in his cringeing to obtain the rank of Academician, he had proceeded even to tears and supplications on his knees! With regard to these assertions,—I say, and appeal to hundreds who knew him as well as ever did Mr. C. Lamb, that Dawe was remarkably cleanly in his personal habits and appearance; that he never marketed himself; and, though I may appear a strange vindicator, must add a doubt whether he ever brought home two Academicians to dinner. If he owed his elevation to such unworthy means, what are we to think of the members who could be biased by such conduct, and who elected him by a majority of 17? But in fact I should assert that the whole charge is ridiculous, and that the rank was due to his merits. . . . The *article* concludes with a story of Dawe's painting a transparency for a fête given to the Allied Sovereigns, when he was found painting a swan with a goose for his model, which he significantly observed could be roasted after having been made so useful. What is there in this story, but what the most liberal-minded man might have done? Not that I claim this character for Dawe; I only claim for him, that he never would have attempted to have raised a silly or ill-natured laugh at the expense of either a friend or of the dead. The old saying is in every one's mouth, of certain persons' geese being all swans; but I would hint to the conductors of the *Englishman* as regards more even than their much puffed "Peter," that the world may pronounce their swans to be only geese.—VINDEK.

I am unable to penetrate into the anonymity of "Vindex", but I should think the name of the champion who immediately took up the gauntlet in defence of Lamb would be Edward Moxon, and no other. His reply begins:

Sir,—I rely on your acknowledged liberality and candour for the insertion of this letter in your pages. I read with pain and regret a letter signed "Vindex" in your last number,—not so much a defence of Mr. Dawe, as an attack on Mr. Lamb; and while I give your correspondent credit for the best motives, I must be allowed to question the propriety of his manner, and to doubt the sufficiency of his vindication.

“Vindex” commences by designating the anecdotes of Dawe related by Mr. Lamb in the *Englishman’s Magazine*, “an attack upon his character.” If true, they are no attack, and “Vindex” does not assert that they are false; because, had he done so, he would have been bound to prove them so. I am inclined to believe them true, for two reasons; one of which is, that they are not improbable; [One of them we think *is* improbable, and another we *know* not to be correct.—Edit.] the other is, that I have faith in Mr. Lamb’s veracity.

As regards the “charges” brought against Dawe, which “Vindex” admits are not of a serious character, I am not more able to prove than he is to disprove their truth. I can only say, that as regards the circumstance of “tears and supplications” being employed to obtain a diploma of the R.A., I have heard it currently related as an undisputed fact, without however any name being appended to it: and I confess that I am not so much disposed as “Vindex” to “assert that the whole charge is ridiculous, as far as Dawe is concerned”; and I distinctly deny that “the rank was due to his merits.” . . . As to Dawe being occasionally neglectful of personal cleanliness, it is a defect not uncommon in the habits of men abstracted by one pursuit; and as Mr. Lamb speaks in this anecdote as an eye-witness, I am not disposed to doubt his veracity; though the incident in question *may* have been an isolated circumstance, and an exception to the general rule of Dawe’s habits.

As far as regards the story of the “dogs’ meat,” the remark of “Vindex,” that Dawe never marketed himself, is rather corroborative of its truth, when connected with the penurious habits of Dawe, which “Vindex” will not venture to disprove; for to the inexperienced eye of one who was looking only to the cheapness of the viand, the dainties of the tripe shop may have been confounded, and the edibility of the article in question have been assumed without consideration. The story of the Frenchman who boasted of the cheap dinners he enjoyed by purchasing of a man who cried “Ca—meat—Doo—meat!” is a still stronger case in point, and the “Roman cuttings” of Nollekens rise in the memory—or in the throat rather. The doubt expressed by “Vindex” of the fact of Dawe’s having ever brought home two R.A.’s to dine with him, is reasonable enough; but the story may hold good without the accompaniment of the R.A.’s.

Concerning the goose that was sitting for a swan,—I ask with “Vindex,” “What is there in it” but a joke? and a harmless one, more true than good; though it is not quite so bad as “Vindex” would have us think it, and it tells in illustration of the character of Dawe. The “laugh” excited by the anecdote is neither “silly” nor “illnatured”; and if it is raised at Dawe’s expense he would not have grudged perhaps this kind of outlay. As to its being the “fashion to cry down” Dawe’s works; since it was once the “fashion” to cry them up, even truth may be said to cry them down in comparison. But no one, I believe, ever accused Dawe of rising far above mediocrity; and the patronage of the Czar does not prove much in favour of their excellence.

But to come to the attack of “Vindex” on Mr. Lamb,—to repel which is my principal object in troubling you with this letter. No one will so readily forgive it as the amiable object of that attack: yet no one who has the happiness of knowing the kindly and sensitive nature of Mr. Lamb—sensitive for others in a far greater and higher degree than for himself—but will feel that it comes from one who is quite ignorant of the feelings and disposition of him to whom he is doing such an injustice.

By the acknowledgment of “Vindex”, Mr. Lamb is not likely to have been “often indebted to Dawe for a dinner”; and happily he has never needed to

seek one—nor is he now reduced to the necessity of “ libelling ” in order to dine. He has earned by the exercise of his fine talents a sufficient independence for his modest wants.

The meanness of this sordid insinuation is unworthy of a generous nature, and the imputation sticks not on the independent character of Mr. Lamb,—who, however numerous his guests may have been, has himself never bestowed the rare enjoyment of his company so often as he has been solicited at the tables of others ; much less has he ever thrust himself on the company of anyone,—he is by constitution incapable of so doing.

I am not surprised that one who knows nothing of Charles Lamb should so gravely bring against him as a serious charge, an avowal, the irony of which must be apparent to all who can appreciate the exquisite subtilty of the point intended by this self-directed sarcasm, by which the sensitive “ Elia ” rebukes confessionally the resistless provocation which “ a good joke ” offers to the wit, who would fain suppress what is uncontrollable. Mr. Lamb’s sallies are as brilliant as electric sparkles—and as harmless ; for

Though against Vice and Folly it should knock,
Naught but the evil suffers by the shock.*

Your constant reader
Philo-Elia.

* I shall be grateful to any one who can place this quotation, and also to any Lamb student who can tell me where Lamb avows the maxim that “ a good joke is well worth the loss of a friend.” That he did say so, somewhere, Philo-Elia seems tacitly to admit by his last paragraph, but I don’t remember coming across it.

LAURELS AND RHODODENDRONS

By VIOLA GARVIN

“ And here and there among the oak leaves the dark-leaved rhododendrons lit their innumerable rosy lamps.”—*Aldous Huxley*.

WHILE he bids us keep, with other valuable things, the booming of the North Sea, “ Let us forget,” says Mr. Nicolson in his most just summary of Tennyson, “ let us forget the laurels and the rhododendrons.” Evening was over Marble Arch when I shut that evocative book on his advice and instead of forgetting, I started to remember, and am remembering still.

All that night and all next day I recalled, as I had not done for years, the hot, spicy smell from the rhododendrons, the thin stream running to the sea, the bells ringing to Evensong—or was it Vespers?—over the pine trees in Bournemouth Pleasure Gardens below my grandfather’s house. I recalled how, in the Spring, to one’s eternal surprise, the rhododendrons broke into colour.

When I was first brought to the Roost my grandfather must have been alive, but he was dead before I begin to remember the red curtains, and Mrs. Cameron’s photographs of prophetic old gentlemen in shawls, and wooden-profiled women with loosened, contradictory hair. I washed my hands under “ When I consider how my light is spent,” in an Oxford frame, and I brushed my hair under “ Does the road wind up-hill all the way ? ” in an Oxford frame, and I drank out of a silver christening-mug and was told “ Tennyson drank out of that mug ” ; I was given a Tennyson bound in red leather, but I was instructed how Tennyson never should have touched Malory, which I was educated to read only in the original. My grandmother gave me a thimble and I was taught to recite :

A fair little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see.

and somebody read to me out of *The Back of the North Wind* and another treasurable book called *Mopsa the Fairy*. When the first chill doubt as to the existence of fairies trembled in my mind, I discovered in the library a book by some professor that proved to my entire satisfaction how mermaids had been found, and there was a picture of the long monstrosity sitting on a rock. Imagination was disappointed but faith was saved.

Somebody sent me to meet my aunt at Lady Shelley’s, and I managed to go in my oldest frock because I felt the family wished me to make a favourable impression. Controlling my horror of snakes I threaded my way through the sandy woods of Boscombe Manor to a clear lawn with lily pools, and in a torn holland smock burst into the presence of an old lady with short grey hair, cut in a fringe, nodding to me under a terrifying background of spirit pictures and relics of the poet. I looked in vain for

the poet's heart which I knew had not been burned ; I wondered if it was in the cupboard.

I heard selections of Victorian humour. How Lord Houghton was called The Cool of the Evening, how, anxious to know the distinguished authoress of *Misunderstood*, he went up to her without further introduction than his own : " Miss Understood ? " and she replied nimbly, in the words of his famous lyric : " But Strangers yet." How Tennyson, irritated by the number of photographs Mrs. Cameron took of my grandfather, said, " Do you not think there is something rather fishy about Henry Taylor's mouth ? " and how that lady replied : " Then it must have been when the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters." I went to Freshwater Bay with the rest. More Cameron photographs in the waiting room at Brockenhurst station.

A dark, flapping, sinister figure, one of the Tennysons, thundered poetry in our garden while I swung in the pear tree, and Aubrey de Vere, mildly wrapped in a conspirator's cloak, came to dinner every night. I heard how, in spite of his age, he still had " two raptures a day ", and I noted one Friday, when the fish was bad, how he refused to touch anything else, as he was such a good Catholic.

Back to Bournemouth and the rows of green poets on the library shelves and Rossetti in a blue cover with gold spirals and something cut out of it, a mutilation that caused me the liveliest curiosity till I discovered in somebody else's unexpurgated edition the missing poem to be " Jenny."

Lord Minto, dropping in unannounced by the open French window and the startled, apologetic parlourmaid explaining her very natural alarm : " Oh, I am so sorry, I mistook his Lordship for a man."

* * * *

Times have changed. In these days, on those rare occasions when we see a man, we are pardonably apt to mistake him for his lordship. Mr. Nicolson need have no kind of fear : " Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés."

And a good thing too.

The shrubbery has been done away with for ever and, ignoring tortuous approaches, this generation, like his lordship, falls in without knocking.

It was Alice Meynell who told a friend : " At four years of age I was tired of Tennyson." It was not till I was in the schoolroom, still drinking out of the legendary mug, that I heard, unmoved, how young men at Oxford would not come to Bournemouth because, on fine days, they might look across the water and see the Isle of Wight and think of Tennyson ; and a very few years later I was to say I could not face the English Lakes as they made me think of Wordsworth. Yet, talking the other day to a contemporary who had emerged from precisely the same milieu, the same influences, the same tradition as I had, indeed a descendant of one of the

Guests at the Roost, we agreed we were glad we had been in time to remember the last of this people folded in shawls ; we agreed how, though they had contributed no assistance whatsoever to our battle with realities we could never completely get away from them, that something of their austerity followed one through every impertinent experience, just as the aromatic smell of the rhododendrons and the bell of St. Peter's pursued one amongst the flowery borders of those brighter walks in what were rather ominously called the Lower Pleasure Gardens.

Nothing has happened as we count happenings now. There was a family in Bournemouth who, in all their existence, only made what remains with me as the most devastating removal I have ever heard of ; it was from Woodville to Woodcote.

" Alice is making a bridge from the staircase window to the bank behind the house," writes Henry Taylor, " which task she is adorning as best she can and traversing it with a terrace which is to be my pacing place when I can go no further afield." To me this suspension over the yard was an enchantment and an adventure. I desired to go no further afield ; it was not till later that I began to want water under the bridge.

Life is not all reality, and if the Victorians did not bring any practical help to the struggles with facts they contributed very lavishly to one's escape from them. Somewhere—in those days—Bournemouth still broke into sundew and heather and dry hills crested with pine. On leisurely evenings, at that age when the whole confident hand, thumb and all, rests in that of the grown-up companion, I walked to the tune of some ancient history, The Heroes of Asgard, The Deliverance of Orleans, The City of Sarras. Later, on the moors I heard about Parnell, a hero in my family, and since he was a lover and a prisoner, I wove him in with the rest. Filled with arrogant charity, I felt if I might visit him in his dungeon, he would be the better for my presence. Under my aunt, Una Taylor's fingers, from coloured reels of shining silk in an old tea caddy, I saw the little black rose blossom and the sun rise over Ireland on the Home Rule banner.

I do not believe I have ever gone back to Bournemouth without seeking for that place and wondering where it was. The red villas are everywhere and I grope blindly between Mon Repos and Avalon for the sundew full of flies and the bell heather. Impossible to recapture the magic of those evenings beyond the town. If the laurels and the rhododendrons have been successfully shorn, something that we would have preserved has been stamped out with them. It grows harder and harder to find that patch of freedom above the shrubs. That liberation that must have come to Tennyson when the lock gates in his mind parted, and he emerged from Caunterets with *All Along the Valley* foaming in his brain :

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

* * * *

*Guests and Memories** then, is a posthumous record of laurels and rhododendrons and of much else.

All that now remains of Henry Taylor, the host, is an academic memory of *Philip Van Artevelde* amongst literary people ; the song *Quoth Tongue of neither Wife nor Maid* in almost every anthology ; and Watts' portrait in the National Portrait Gallery of a head that was a legend. Hampshire can have a strong hold on the heart, and this book was written some twelve miles from Bournemouth and some two or three miles from where, on a clear day, one can look across quite calmly to the Isle of Wight and think of Tennyson writing *The Lord of Burleigh*. The removal, though a romantic one, was not further than from Woodville to Woodcote.

The ghosts had a very little way to come to this white cottage covered with fuchsias, transplanted from the banks of the Shannon to this edge of a clearing in the New Forest where the "travellers" pitch their casual tents within a stone's throw from the writer's door. The voice of the dead was a living voice to her, and no wonder she wrote :

As shadows amid shadows we should watch the hour-glass,
And at the dawn no ear shall hear the sound of souls that pass ;
And silent as the shadows, as dreams in a lost night
We shall go hence returning to the endless, endless light.

A light that was always distasteful to one who preferred the shadow in which these dusty letters were sorted—letters from those tranquil days when people wrote letters and read them, when it was the custom to say in three volumes what could easily have been said in one.

I think the writer knew this book would demand some patience from an agitated age which she well understood. She did not belong to her generation any more—though some of her closest friends were young—than she belonged to the new one. Her wide excursions into ancient and modern literature had broken down many hedges. "I am fond of the Past, but I am afraid of it ; it is so full of ghosts," says Henry Taylor, and, from the same affection, but without the concomitant fear, she wrote this book. Because she wanted to write it, because, as she states in her preface, "it wrote itself." She did not care if it was given to the public or not ; she was not certain if they would or would not interest that public, those *Guests and Memories* of hers ; from the first one

until the feet of the last guest trod the stairway, and Death unseen, unheard, silent and serene entered the sleeping poet's home.

In these days Henry Taylor has been called an arid Civil Servant. It is indeed difficult to imagine a Civil Servant otherwise than arid, but Alice Spring-Rice, the eighteen-year-old daughter of his chief and anything but arid, writes to the younger friend from whom she is inseparable, the spirited girl Lucie Austen, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon :

They are very gay in town, even Papa going to a ball. At which, guess who they saw dancing a cotillion, no, you never will guess, Mr. Henry Taylor.

* *Guests and Memories*. By Una Taylor. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

and there is an earlier story of a wardrobe bulging with extravagant sprigged waistcoats.

To look like the deity has its disadvantages, to be treated as such by a circle who considered themselves, and were, "the blue blood of the brains", a greater. Yet he writes humanly enough to his imperilled love :

Good-bye, my love, my long loved, my best loved and twice lost and now, thro' these vicissitudes how deeply rooted in my heart. I have loved you when you were good to me and when you were not, with hope and without hope.

and so, on to the Vita Nuova with the young wife he gathered at last for his maturity "in the pleasant little house in Blandford Square."

How far will these somewhat personal ghosts interest the world of to-day? this slight preoccupation with family and domestic memories? for not only the host, but Aubrey de Vere, the first guest, was that as well as a poet. Anyway it will make us feel a hundred to think how we were trundling hoops while such a people were passing from a new world, and that in itself is a sensation if not always a pleasant one. But in the procession are other ghosts, less forgotten, more popular and historic, so that if this family record begins at home, as the book proceeds, it spreads bringing more than possible interest, both personal and impersonal, to many English hearths. "Six feet by two, allowing two inches for the woodwork, is as much as I shall want, and as I shall occupy it all myself, shall have no trouble about furnishing or receiving rent," writes James Spedding, historian of Bacon, and the second guest at the Roost, of whom we hear rather too much. Of Jenny Lind, of whom we hear too little, Alice Taylor writes :

She came last night and sang as gladly and freely as you could desire. . . . As for me, I felt as if the world and all its cares, little and big, had rolled back and given me breath and hope and youth again and I could have followed her away, and away, anywhere, and yet was it her or "Not her but a voice"?

We hear of Carlyle bringing a bottle of medicine for the poet's asthma, because it had cured Mrs. Carlyle of some widely different malady; of Henry Taylor in agreement with Esmond "that the angels were not all in heaven," as far as Mrs. Brookfield was concerned; of Swinburne reading Victor Hugo's *Gastibelza* out loud in Watts' studio. Of the Cameron household at Freshwater where Mrs. Cameron, another hostess, entertained Sir John Herschel, Carlyle, Tennyson, Henry Taylor, Watts, Jowett, Darwin, using them all as models, making them all doubtless slightly ridiculous, travestied as Kings or Fishermen, for those photographs that to this day are unfaded and keep a distinction that makes them recognisable at a glance.

"They came to see a Lion and they found a Bear," writes Mrs. Cameron irreverently of her neighbour the Laureate and his inquisitive admirers forever peering over the hedges of Farringford, and Henry Taylor writes with unstinted appreciation of *In Memoriam* : "His fame is very dear to him, but he cannot enjoy it." Mrs. Cameron resplendent, untidy, human,

lives and glows for us, her fingers stained with chemicals, her extravagant heart pouring forth generousities, her friendship for "Philip dear", as she called Henry Taylor, most evidently an impassioned one.

Back once more from the Isle of Wight to a rapidly spreading Bournemouth and that wonderful and temperate atmosphere of literary villadom "enclosed in bowers of pink flowering rhododendrons" which the writer has known how to sustain without a break. "The place is in great beauty, pines and rhododendrons everywhere round that house, Victorian, comfortable but never for one moment luxurious," in those days when the emotional life was still a private affair, before irregularity had become a sort of social passport, though people were probably more ardent and very nearly as hazarding, if less vulgar, than now. "Lancelots and Guineveres might indeed cross the threshold, but the Celtic instinct relegated such to mental regions of medieval sinners."

Back to Henry Taylor's long hours of official work with intervals for "reading Shakespeare with Una," and to Lucie Duff Gordon "who comes here a good deal and looks very handsome and rather grand in her Arab wraps with her great gleaming eyes."

The death of the eldest son Aubrey, of the same malady that was to take the younger later, cemented the friendship with Jowett, who had been consulted as to the boy's future which had been full of promise, and henceforth the Master of Balliol's visit to the Roost was an annual one of which Una Taylor gives a personal account. Which brings us to The Descent of the Hill, that period when the ageing poet, under no illusion, saw himself going down towards the shadow. Of Manning he says :

He looked as if he had come down from a remote period . . . meagre, ascetic, austere, tho' not altogether ungentle—I never saw an apparition of a more medieval aspect.

Another friendly household that exchanged interesting and interested guests with the Roost, was that of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, Boscombe Manor, given over to theatricals, spiritualism, and Shelley relics, and it was Lady Shelley who gave Henry Taylor access to the annotated Shelley letters intended for private perusal. And now come sons and daughters of the old friends, "the younger generation," Mrs. Earl, Lady Loch, Lady Lytton, Lord Minto's son and the cousin, Cecil Spring-Rice, of whom Jowett thought so much, and with them Lady Georgiana Fullerton, shabby as a beggar, Caroline Norton fighting splendidly for her own sex and the custody of the child.

Then there loomed on the horizon of the Bournemouth sky, in quest of health, the nomadic figure of Robert Louis Stevenson that the wave of popularity has almost hidden from the acute eye; and with him that necessary and magnanimous lady whom he first found at the Inn at Grez and whom I am told he called the critic on the hearth. Between Alice Taylor and the younger man sprang up a friendship like love: "my wife had never more cause to be jealous than in the case of my friend Alice."

The Last Guest, to whom no generation shall be able to say Not At Home, came almost imperceptibly to the old poet in 1886. "Next year," he had said to Jowett that morning. His coffee had been taken to him in his study after luncheon and as was his wont, he fell into a little sleep. When the maid came for the empty cup, without any disturbance, there was no next year.

These last pages are full of ghostly beauties, of psychic sensibilities, of, I think, shadowy premonitions of a like visitation near at hand. The writer's deep personality, hitherto in the background, emerges from that twilight in which it finds its comfort, in which it prefers to move and have its being. It dominates what has been all along like a dream; it says the whole of life is a dream and he who chooses the best dream is in the strongest position. Many excellent writers have but a lean knowledge of literature. It is impossible at the last, not to know and feel her enormous literary heritage, the still richer harvest of her own patient austerities. Her mind was packed with emotional literary experience, but not surcharged. She was ordinate. Like a person with a large fortune who has thought it wise to be economical, she suddenly feels it permissible to be lavish.

"I came upon little grey Una walking over the moor with gaunt Wilberforce already half on the other side," said to me one of the younger ones who had worked with her for years and for whom her disappearance was an irreparable desolation. If the man born with the century sat in his study at Bournemouth knowing that most of his contemporaries had crossed the river, she, decades younger, must have sat in the clear room in the Forest looking out on the oak leaves with much the same considerations.

The City of Sarras, the spiritual place, was overpopulated. Death had unnaturally devastated her temple of friendship till, in spite of the many and welcome newcomers, it had been almost impossible to keep it in repair. The French have a wider word than we have when they speak of *les revenants*; she had come to live largely with those who return, and the melancholy of her Celtic origin was over her. What she has to say about the most formidable and dignified of experiences is so absolutely right that the Psalmist has not said it better.

"What should we do without fire and death?" she quoted a hundred times. She says it again; but this book she has thought well to save from the flames for the children of the children of the people she remembers, those whom to her were the young, though the men she called boys have grey hairs, the women she called girls, tall sons and daughters.

What will they think of their progenitors, the people drifting through the Roost and the undesecrated pine woods of Bournemouth? They were often pompous, long-winded, and humour, which is the great safety, was regarded by that set as a peril. They had conventional morality, but less moral courage than the people of to-day and their intellectual ambitions were higher than their spiritual ones. They were of the blue blood of the brains, but the blue blood of the soul is more often met with now.

Life does not allow anyone to escape ; if they could not face the truth we may be certain they had to suffer and when called upon to do so, often enough did it with silent courage. Disillusion was not the fairy god-mother at their cradle. They did not set out prepared, equipped, for life to let them down, nor, that process over, did they know what a very great deal remains. It was not easy for the Victorians ; they bore their shocks well and they had illuminating serenities that left us music if not bread.

Let us forget the laurels and the rhododendrons. Let us not forget the rhododendrons blossomed.

“ They are out of the wood and the trouble where we are all going,” writes Stevenson, when my grandmother followed my grandfather three years later : “ The stream runs ; the river is near at hand. These things and all our things are the things of a moment. Well, we have so much the more cause having these noble minded friends gone a step before us, to behave handsomely and liberally and with essential kindness in the moments that remain.”

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

By SCHUYLER JACKSON

I

IN some Elizabethan play an allegorical Vice wears a garment embroidered with half-moons and the device *Crescit Eundo*. I am sure that old iniquitous Vice filched the garment from the allegorical Imagination ; for Vice goes faltering in such a garb, Imagination triumphantly. So triumphantly, indeed, that she often outdistances her priests—their cries (or what should be their cries) are heard in *Paradise Regained*, *The Excursion*, and other poems.

In our own times the poets have tried to keep up with their imaginations by coralling them within more or less narrow horizons. Mr. Housman has fossilised his nutshell. Mr. Masefield peers over his collar, but forgets his feet are where they have been. How many of our modern poets have had the heroic endurance to follow, through smooth and through rough, their imaginations to the end ? I can think of only one.

Mr. Yeats has followed his imagination, in youth, in maturity, and now (may we say ?) in old age. He has followed it at times in the sense that he has pushed it before him ; but always followed it. He once wrote : “Our thoughts and emotions are often but spray flung up from tides that follow a moon no eye can see.” His own life, to borrow his image, has been a gathering of that spray and a search for that moon. When the search has outstripped the gathering, and of late that has been often, he has pushed his imagination before him : that is, he has used his imagination to articulate his thoughts rather than his thoughts to articulate his imagination. But this is no barren ingenuity or putting of the cart before the horse. He has always laboured to merge thought and imagination into a kind of vision ; and if his vision has developed into an esoteric phantasmagoria it is our business, as we love beauty and honour truth, to trace this development and inspect this phantasmagoria. For it has been said rightly : “When one man has reduced a fact of the imagination to be a fact to his understanding, I foresee that all men will establish their lives on that basis.”

II

There was a time when I thought Mr. Yeats would never grow old. Had he not the purest imagination of our time, and was not the imagination a fountain too busy with the beautiful delight of existence to leave off recreating itself fresh in the morning, fresh in the evening ? Yet now that I read his later works I am convinced that this poet who, among us that have grown mechanical under the cog of modern science and modern

sophistry, has been like Paddy Flynn, "asleep under a hedge, smiling in his sleep," or like a lover grown passionate because of the stars, has changed, has grown old. In his youth he wrote :

—" dream thou,
For fair are poppies on the brow
Dream, dream, for this is also sooth ! "

and to-day he writes :

Oh, but we dreamed to mend
Whatever mischief seemed
To afflict mankind, but now
That winds of winter blow
Learn that we were crack-pated when we dreamed.

The (perhaps unconsciously) ambiguous implication of the last line reveals an utter change in the poet. We are familiar with the melancholy, the self-centredness, the deliberate charm of what he has lately called "the lying days of my youth"; but here are sadness, perhaps a bitterness, an austerity, that are profound, difficult, and, beyond every quality, old.

Certain critics have diagnosed his sadness as the consciousness of failure, and his ageing as the decomposition of his genius. But the critics, logical men, trusting in analysis, are blind to the illogical and organic growth of genius. They can discourse on the beauties of the consummate flower; but they will reiterate, world without end, that flower-seed is so much dust. Thus they have appreciated the germinal periods of his artistic development about as much as a prima-donna would appreciate a bunch of Dutch bulbs. But the facts are against them. Mr. Yeats has claimed that he remakes himself; and his work bears him out. His repeated revising, a vanity in some poets, is for him a spiritual necessity. For the growth of his art has been more than a mere maturing. He is, perhaps, the one poet living who has discerned that, in art as in life, to lose one's soul is to find it. And during periods of spiritual and artistic rebirth it is inevitable that the poet's work should become uncertain, experimental—what else are *Descriptive Sketches*, *Measure for Measure*, *A Defence of The English People*? At times Mr. Yeats' art has been certainly questionable; but it has always had the honesty to keep growing. We shall see that in all its developments—lyrical, dramatic, patriotic, philosophical—it has been the sincere expression of himself, the passionate expression of an exalted poet.

III

Time drops in decay,
Like a candle burnt out,
And the mountains and woods
Have their day, have their day;
What one in the rout
Of the fire-born moods
Has fallen away?

In a preface to an anthology of Irish verse (1895) he wrote: "it is pleasant to dream, even though the dream perish before the rain-drop has fallen from the eaves, that it [Irish poetry] will some day be great enough to lead a world sick with theories to those sweet well-waters of primeval poetry, upon whose edge still linger the brotherhoods of wisdom, the immortal moods." There he speaks as both patriot and philosopher; and his early work, though mainly lyrical, accords with what is there implied. He filled almost all his early poems with Irish legend or with Irish atmosphere. He excluded all abstract rational rhetoric; not because (as much naive criticism has pre-supposed) he was not able to command it, but because it induces opinions without moods; and because, as he wrote in an essay on Blake, "the reason binds us to mortality because it binds us to the senses, and divides us from each other by showing us our clashing interests; but imagination divides us from mortality by the immortality of beauty, and binds us to each other by opening the secret doors of all hearts." Yet he was no mere mood-ridden man of dreams. He always, even in dream or vision, sought the concrete images of actual experience. And when, applying his theory, he set about to express his thought as one might dream a symbolic dream, it was a matter of heroic discipline, and not the obsession of "poetic temperament."

There is an account of this early discipline in *The Trembling of the Veil*: "I was full of thought, often very abstract thought, longing all the time to be full of images—I refused to read books and even to meet people who excited me to generalisation, all to no purpose.—For ten or twelve years more I suffered continual remorse, and only became content when my abstractions had composed themselves into picture or dramatisation." It was the strain of this struggle, I think, that made him so eager to assimilate the ready-made sensuous symbology of the Cabbalists and the Magi; and it certainly was victory in this struggle that gave form to the imaginative glamour of *The Wanderings of Oisín* (1889), and many early poems. If we want reason we can find it in his prose; but in these poems, full of a kind of charming inaccuracy, the æsthetic faculty does the work of the intelligence:

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings—

It is useless to criticise such work—we make a hash of nightingales' tongues. When reading it the mind quivers as a branch quivers when a bird lights upon it. Who can say that this experience, requiring as it does an innocent receptivity, is not a way of truth? But Mr. Yeats, searching for an absolute truth, could not remain satisfied with so indefinite a way. Influenced by the philosophy of Blake (and his philosophy was not derived from, but corroborated by Blake) and of the French Symbolists, but using his old method still, he attempted to make his poetry a medium both for the moods themselves and for the supernal truths that inspired the moods. This purpose and this method are apparent in almost every poem in *The Wind Among the Reeds* (1899):

O sweet everlasting Voices, be still ;
 Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
 And bid them wander obeying your will
 Flame under flame, till Time be no more ;
 Have you not heard that our hearts are old,
 That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,
 In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore ?
 O sweet everlasting Voices, be still.

The love poems in this volume, which, some would have it, compass his greatest span of lyrical expression, reveal the divine love through human love, always seen "in some moment of intensity when the ecstasy of the lover and of the saint are alike, and desire becomes wisdom without ceasing to be desire." They have the "integrity of fire"—and perhaps the fire's desolation ; for where there is flame ash surely follows. Had Mr. Yeats burned this torch only, he would have died from the company of poets long ago. But he gathered, perhaps a little indiscriminately, more faggots ; until, his vision of reality becoming more multiple, his method, so simple at first, became fatally intricate ; and at last, moved, I think, by a certain arrogance in his character, the method ceased to be a medium of truth and became an end in itself :

Do you hear me calling, white deer with no horns !
 I have been changed to a hound with one red ear.

In these lines the symbols are mere labels, they reveal nothing. Here was a crisis, death to most poets, where technique overdevelops, and thus strangles itself. The critics gave up hope.

Mr. George Moore in his *Ave* records his opinion of the poet's work before 1900 : "Yeats is thinner in his writings than in his talk ; very little of himself goes into his literature—very little can get into it, owing to the restrictions of his style ; and these seemed to me to have crept closer in *Rosa Alchemica* (1897), inspiring me to prophesy one day to Symons that Yeats would end by losing himself in Mallarmé, whom he had never read." But this pat "prophecy" was the guess-work of a critical mind. Though Mr. Yeats did elaborate Symbolist technique to its perfection in *The Shadowy Waters* (1900), he did not "end by losing himself in Mallarmé." He recognised the dangers of the Symbolists' pursuit and cultivation of "states of mind, lyrical moments, intellectual essences" ; and knew that further elaboration of their technique would be for him an artistic insincerity, the futile exercise of personality in a void. He had the courage to abandon the paraphernalia, got with ten years' labour, that enabled him to create that petrified land of heart's desire.

Where time is drowned in odour-laden winds
 And druid moons, and murmuring of boughs,
 And sleepy boughs, and boughs where apples made
 Of opal and ruby and pale chrysolite
 Awake unsleeping fires——.

From such a labyrinth of subjective mummification there was but one escape ; and he took it. Thus we have the Irish theatre, with its¹ Synge-Lady Gregory repertory ; and, what is of more present importance, his own plays “ written for an Irish theatre.”

IV

Mr. Yeats knew what he was doing when he turned to the theatre. *The Countess Cathleen* (1892) and *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894) had already given him experience in dramatic composition. His Irish plays gave his patriotic impulse a broad and disseminating channel ; they demanded, more or less, a salutary objectivity ; while personal expression was not denied him, for to go to Irish heroic legend for his subject was but to retreat into the corners of his own mind. Thus, with a circumspection that was almost inspiration, he adopted an artistic form that enabled him to remake himself and yet, in a deeper sense, to remain himself—as the phoenix is consumed into ash from which rises another bird, and yet a phoenix.

He has recorded his early struggle with this new form in a note to *On Baile's Strand* (1903) : “ The first shape of it came to me in a dream, but it changed much in the making, foreshadowing, it may be, a change that may bring a less dream-burdened will into my verses. I never rewrote anything so many times ; for at first I could not make these wills that stream into mere life poetical.” It is evident that he was then struggling with incongruities not at all inherent in the drama, but inherent in his own genius. He could no more reproduce the multitudinous music of life, its discords and saving harmonies, than one could reproduce a symphonic concert on a violin.

Many critics have ascribed what they call Mr. Yeats' failure as a dramatist to his lack of sufficient characterisation. But even if he has failed, and I think he has not, it has not been because of this lack. Indeed, he has, for his own purposes, justified it. He writes : “ when we go back a few centuries and enter the great periods of drama, character grows less and sometimes disappears—. Suddenly it strikes us that character is continuously present in comedy alone, and that there is much tragedy—that of Greece and Rome, where its place is taken by passions and motives, one person being jealous, another full of love or remorse or pride or anger. In writers of tragi-comedy (and Shakespeare is always a writer of tragi-comedy) there is indeed character, but we notice that it is in the moments of comedy that character is defined—while amid the great moments—all is lyricism—” and that “ tragedy must always be a drowning and breaking of the dykes that separate man from man,” but “ it is upon these dykes comedy keeps house.” That is true enough—for Greece or Rome. But great drama is always, either in fact or in imaginative illusion, contemporary. Mr. Yeats' dramas are beyond time or times, in the mysterious eternity of the intellect. Being conceived beyond space and time (for space and time are but stage

properties to him) his plays lack the atmosphere of life—that subtle element upon which every great dramatist must throw his sail—the daily brotherliness of man. Surely it is in this atmosphere, this element, that the great characters of drama, however passionate, move and are alive. Mr. Yeats, for all his labour, has never circumstantiated this fundamental dramatic illusion. He gives his characters an intellectual unity, but also an intellectual isolation—does he not praise the mask designed for the Fool in *The Hour-Glass* because it “ makes him seem less a human being than a principle of the mind ” ? Cuchulain, Seanchan, Naisi, all come on the stage like snatches of music, and are gone. They leave no off-stage illusion : when they cease speaking they cease to exist. We care for them as we care for beautiful harmonies, not because of what they are in themselves, but because of the effect their presence works upon us. Thus his lyric impulse, though much constrained and even modified, still prevailed. He composed his plays, as he has composed all his poems, to a set of “ sorrowful, austere, sweet, lofty pipe tunes.”

But, within these obvious limitations, certain of his plays have great beauty and power, and do not at all merit the hard-fisted criticism that has been aimed rather at their limitations than at their positive virtue. I am thinking of *On Baile's Strand*, *The Hour-Glass* (1903), and that altogether magnificent *Deirdre* (1907), which was the climax of his dramatic labours, the most objectively conceived of any of his plays. Here he at last succeeded in bringing “ a less dream-burdened will ” into his verses. *Deirdre* is speaking to Naisi, death waiting outside the door :

Do you remember that first night in the woods
We lay all night on leaves, and looking up,
When the first grey of the dawn awoke the birds,
Saw leaves above us ? You thought that I still slept,
And bending down to kiss me on the eyes,
Found they were open. Bend and kiss me now,
For it may be the last before our death.
And when that's over, we'll be different ;
Imperishable things, a cloud or a fire.
And I know nothing but this body, nothing
But that old vehement, bewildering kiss.

That seems to be a consummate dramatic realisation. *Deirdre* is a star, a wild flower, a bird, as some women are ; but never a ghost—her throat is musical with human passion. *Deirdre* (if we accept the exceptionable *Green Helmet*) was Mr. Yeats' last heroic play ; it was also, significantly enough, his first drama of love. He could push his heroic imagination no further—that discipline was complete. And he was soon to write to the woman who had inspired so much of his earlier verse :

Some may have blamed you that you took away
The verses that they have cared for on the day
When, the ears being deafened, the sight of the eyes blind
With lightning you went from me, and I could find

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Nothing to make a song about but kings,
 Helmets, and swords, and half-forgotten things
 That were like memories of you—but now
 We'll out, for the world lives as long ago ;
 And while we're in our laughing, weeping fit,
 Hurl helmets, crowns, and swords into the pit.
 But, dear, cling close to me ; since you were gone,
 My barren thoughts have chilled me to the bone.

Already in the first exhaustion of a new birth, he longed to return to the subjects that had inspired his youth. But these subjects, mere metaphors of early spiritual conflicts and desires, could no longer embody his more mature development of those conflicts and desires ; and his returning led but to the retrogression that is also defeat.

V

The immediate consequence of this return was an imaginative sterility that gave persuasiveness to the gossip-mongers' rumouring that Mr. Yeats, having published his collected works (1908), had wound up his charm. Certainly his next volume of poems, *The Green Helmet* (1910), contained little to silence that rumour. It is full of bitterness, against his work in the theatre, against his own art :

The fascination of what's difficult
 Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent
 Spontaneous joy and natural content
 Out of my heart.—

My curse on plays
 They have to be set up in fifty ways,
 On the day's war with every knave and dolt—.

The love-poems in this volume are heavy with sophisticated wearinesses. Not satisfied with titling them simply, "The Lover to His Beloved," he headed them with the symbolic caption "Nicholas Flamel and His Wife Pernella." Through this false and unnecessary mask he sings of lost love with pride and hate rather than with regret. For once he lost his dignity. He had made a false return to his old subject matter before he had found method or philosophy for a new. And further to alienate him from his spontaneous self his thought came under the influence of Synge, Nietzsche, and (God save the mark) Ezra Pound. He adopted this new dogma for his art—"To speak of one's emotions without fear or moral ambition, to come out from under the shadow of other men's minds, to forget their needs, to be utterly oneself, that is all the Muses care for" ; and for a time his work was to be full of "thoughts that tighten the muscles, or quiver and tingle in the flesh" and of the praise of the salt and savour of life. But this philosophy turned out to be unexpectedly barren. He could write about it enthusiastically and even with conviction ; but live it, make poetry

of it, never. Indeed, whatever may have been the value of such a philosophy to the violent genius of Synge, it was largely an arrogance with Mr. Yeats ; for where Synge in his isolation was content and companioned with charity, Mr. Yeats in his was disturbed and bitter. Apparently he thought that to praise the imaginative self-sufficiency of another man's mind was to share it. But Mr. Yeats' imaginative self-sufficiency has a way of coming upon him only when he can be talking about it. Plainly he had nothing much to write about. And out of the rage of this emptiness he built a house for his despair :

When I was young,
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet sing it with such airs
That one believed he had a sword upstairs ;
Yet would be now, could I but have my wish,
Colder and dumber and deafer than a fish.

VI

In dreams begins responsibility.

About this time the business of the Abbey Theatre, perhaps the exigencies of private life, and the disturbances that had begun to manifest themselves throughout Irish national life, all that welter of external events to which Mr. Yeats had committed himself when he turned to the theatre, began to drive the smoke of dreams from his eyes. The responsibility begun in his dreams, as in all dreams, was for the creation either of thought or of action. His days of long self-delighted dreaming, restrained and disciplined for many years, were finally over. In their place were to come the increasing preoccupation with public affairs that prepared for his entering the Free State Senate ; and the esoteric philosophy preluded in *Per Amica Silentia Lunae* and in certain recent poems. Henceforward his poetry was to show less of mood and more of intellect. It may be very sharply divided between occasional verses born in action or in political thought, and those poems which, in his own advertisement, " take their place in a phantasmagoria in which I endeavour to explain my philosophy of life and death." Surely these are strange words from the poet of the Celtic twilight, the poet of impossible love. Yet, if I understand him at all, this final development of his genius is but the retwisting of a rope that, throughout his life, has held his imagination suspended, as it were, between the tides of life and death, of day and night, of the rejoicing heart and the sleep of the right hand.

Before turning, however, to this final development I must give some specific psychological account of what is the latent subject of this essay—Mr. Yeats' organic development of his poetic personality. And if I lean somewhat heavily on Mr. Robert Graves' theory of poetry, here is my acknowledgment.

Mr. Yeats' mind has always been divided between two modes of consciousness—the sense of living and the sense of life. These have been, respectively, the negative and the positive poles of his genius. His sense of living (in so far as he is a poet) is the perception of an irrational pageant of vivid concrete images ; his sense of life the ecstasy of the dancer at the climax of her dancing, of the wave at its crest, of the star that holds its breath to burn. And as this ecstasy is scarcely supportable by the bodily life, he has been led often to call this life a death, and to place the true life, where such a joy would be possible, beyond the grave. This ecstasy, incompatible with his sense of living, and hostile to it, aroused in his mind an emotional conflict and a spiritual tension which he has, happily for his art, never resolved. But some escape from such deadly racking has been necessary. He has made his escape through three great metaphors : the Celtic twilight, impossible love, and now this phantasmagoria-philosophy. Although within these metaphors his sense of living and his sense of life remain incompatible and hostile, by being objectified in the poet's imagination their conflict, becoming an ideal intensity, loses its deadliness.

Anyone can distinguish in these metaphors the two combatants, and find evidence of their struggle in the dramatic intensity of the style. O'Driscoll, in *The Host of the Air* dreaming his dream of love, hears a piper piping of the ecstatic life ; and immediately the happy pageant of images, the perception of which had been the cause and the food of his love, is tumbled into a crazy arrangement wherein Bridget becomes the bride of another. O'Driscoll wakes again to the reality of living, but—

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

Whoever would discover on which side of the conflict lies Mr. Yeats' innermost heart, let him consider that last word, and perpend. The same conflict informs the style. The most concrete images express his most abstract intuitions. And as style is merely the harsh voice of the opinionated man, the stammering of the philanthropist, the masterful voice of the lover, so this style of Mr. Yeats is but the voice of his spirit, grown vehement with the conflict between his sense of living and his sense of life.

Those people who indulge in a sophisticated, condescending enthusiasm for his writings about the fairies, and are both ignorant and censorious of his later work, will find it hard to believe that the poet, who now is elaborating a philosophy, is thereby trying to escape and explain the same conflict that once forced him to fill hill and hollow with the gentle folk. Their disbelief is a polite "poetical" stupidity. That first dreamy escape is the escape natural to youth. All young poets imagine a more or less fantastic land where their heart's desire can wander an unearthly pavement. Their poetry is popular ; like the majority of people they never grow up ; they corroborate and make beautiful an experience almost universal among the

leisured classes. "Away, come away!" calls Niamh, at the hosting of the Sidhe. In reality Niamh and the whole muster of fairies are but allegorical images of that ecstasy which is the positive quality in Mr. Yeats' genius; a much more serious matter than mere discontent with one's environment. He never took his fairies, so to speak, with a grain of salt. The fact that, for very existence, his imagination was forced to accept what his intelligence must have questioned, has given to his fairy people a passionate seriousness not to be found in any literature of the sort. He likewise made the negative quality of his genius consistent and significant by taking his images almost wholly from Irish folk-lore and Irish peasant life. It may be that he saw the Irish peasant through the haze of a London (or was it a Paris?) fog. But among a confusion of half-known appearances he chose, like an honest man, what he knew best; and gave to Irish life a glamour that even the most rabid realist will find it hard to argue away. This Celtic twilight has the beauty of an inspired hope. Though he soon outgrew this first hope it was long before he forgot its beauty and its unsuspected truths.

The conflict in his spirit, growing more mature, now required a more comprehensive allegory. He found this in impossible love. In his new allegory the host of the Sidhe are replaced by the beloved woman, who is, to his imagination, little more substantial than her predecessors, and no more human. His ecstasy, for all its embodiment in dark hair and red lips, remains a cry and a despair. But his world of images, this changes. At first it remained much the same as in the Celtic twilight; but gradually it came to include the whole bodily life, and was absorbed, or, to speak more accurately, was impregnated by it. The images ceased to be merely æsthetic perceptions, and became symbols and at times straightforward records of the bodily life of a man driven by a masterful love. One can discover this "impregnation" in all the best poems of this second period:

O, curlew, cry no more in the air,
 Or only to the water in the West;
 Because your crying brings to my mind
 Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
 That was shaken out over my breast:
 There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

He had learned the secret, known to Dante among a few others, of writing out of his whole body. This is the period of his maturity. He had achieved a balancing of his sense of living and his sense of life—a tragically strenuous equilibrium that soon broke his health. After his recovery, under the care of Lady Gregory, he turned to the drama, therein forgetting the old sickness of his subjective life, while he won a new objectivity, a new ability to criticise his own development. He was to take himself or his moods for granted no longer. His personality, always self-conscious, now became self-critical; he began that discipline of his personality according to the laws of itself which in the Renaissance was called Unity of Being; and has become a philosopher.

VII

For some cause, a flaw perhaps in his spiritual fibre, or perhaps the sundering wheels of the age against which he protests, Mr. Yeats has not yet achieved Unity of Being, which is like "a perfectly proportioned human body." The several elements of his genius remain isolated from one another, without organic fusion. To express himself completely, he has been forced to speak through four different masks.

His sense of living, through these late advancing years, has gradually receded into the past—the times of youth and early manhood. Of the former he has made a delicate, subtle history in *Dreams and Reveries* (1916). This book is of one piece, a gentle remembering, not much troubled by the strenuous thought of later years. His second autobiographical work, *The Trembling of the Veil* (1922), a much more considerable book, is a somewhat scattered mosaic record of those influences that went to the making of the present Mr. Yeats. In it literary friendships, Irish politics, occultism, and his new philosophy are disposed in a carefully proportioned panorama; but the mosaic picture lacks just that unity of which it was supposed to be the background. The book is written towards a philosophy of life rather than from one. It is, both in its composition and in its relation to Mr. Yeats' genius, fragmentary. With these autobiographies may be classed two volumes of essays, *The Cutting of an Agate* (1919) and *Plays and Controversies* (1923), which are critical *resumés* of his æsthetic and controversial adventures. All these books are part of that meticulous self-explanation through which he is seeking his individual Unity. Written in an elaborate prose, whose movement is like the slow tracing with one's finger the outlines on some ancient tapestry, they are fitting memorials of those years when, the lust of the body being strong upon him, he saw in literary æstheticism the high road towards his holy land.

But the "fire-born moods" will assert their eternity, and he has not been able altogether to forget his old yearning, after a world where every sword shall be beaten into a psaltery. Out of this mood have come his recent experiments with the delicate dramatic form of the Japanese Noh play. He has turned this form to his own use in *Four Plays for Dancers* (1921). These plays, though three of them are thoroughly philosophised with notes and learned comment, are more purely æsthetic in composition than any of his other later work. Their beauty hides little mystery other than itself. For all that, these plays are flowers of disappointment, growing out of the ruins of his hopes for an Irish national drama. He has confessed "the dream of my early manhood, that a modern nation can return to Unity of Culture, is false; though it may be we can achieve it for some small circle of men and women." Within such a narrow horizon his dream has shrunk. And where were the victory in thus achieving Unity of Culture for "some small circle of men and women" who presupposedly have already attained it?—this were but pope proselytising priest. Mr. Yeats' aristocratic disillusionment has followed the recession of his sense of living

into the past : his world of sense is now but an exclusive phantasmagoria projected out of his philosophy. But to live in such a world, one must be a god—blood cannot endure it. In the utter aloneness of his fictitious world, spun out of his own bowels, he cries :

Come to me, human faces,
Familiar memories ;
I have found hateful eyes
Among the desolate places,
Unfaltering, unmoistened eyes.

Folly alone I cherish,
I choose it for my share ;
Being but a mouthful of air,
I am content to perish ;
I am but a mouthful of sweet air.

His sense of living, receding into the past, no longer yields the æsthetic pabulum that was as mother milk to his early lyrics. *Responsibilities* (1916) and *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1919) are in most part made up of poems which, in the best sense of the word, may be called occasional. They have their roots in some passing aspect of things, personalities, politics. He abjures his old method :

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat ;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

In this new kind his poems are as perfect as those of his youth. Without ornamentation, they are beautiful with the pure outline of ivory, and the glint of steel. Thus clothed, old memories and the fantasies of a moment grow deathless. They stand, like little white shrines in a waste where eternal cold winds blow, a frozen beauty.

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky ;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth Autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count ;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

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I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
 And now my heart is sore.
 All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
 The first time on this shore,
 The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
 Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
 They paddle in the cold,
 Companionable streams or climb the air ;
 Their hearts have not grown old ;
 Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
 Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water
 Mysterious, beautiful ;
 Among what rushes will they build,
 By what lake's edge or pool
 Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
 To find they have flown away ?

But along with these occasional poems, and gradually supplanting them as they have supplanted the old lyrics, he is writing poems frankly expository of his new philosophy. If modelling, compression, and intellectual austerity alone could make good poems, these would be among his best. But their stony burden of thought lacks the flow and ripple of experience, they are of but a still-born beauty. To those familiar with this thought these poems are brilliant exercises and mnemonics ; to the general reader they are dough from the other side of the moon.

Until Mr. Yeats has published some more detailed exposition than is contained in *Per Amica Silentia Lunae* (1918) and in the scattered poems and references throughout his later books, his philosophy will remain incomprehensible. When I visited him in Dublin I found him writing a book which, completed, will make all plain. The secret thought of this book (whose key is a series of mathematical figures) came to him, he told me, through revelation. The book is an attempt to analyse the mystery of personality, to trace the order of the fluent fixity and the fixed fluency of man's spirit. It is a new attempt at reconciling the old dualism that lay hidden in his other allegories—the fixed eternity of life opposed to the irrational flux of living. But the book is not theoretical merely. It contains an account of the twenty-eight "typical incarnations", a "complete classification and analysis of every possible type of human intellect." He has written it to be of serviceable information to those who live with enough intensity to make any misunderstanding of their personalities dangerous. This is in remembrance of the eighteen-nineties, the tragic generation, among whom, because of this very misunderstanding, there died so many of his nearest friends. He said to me: "Some have kindled their philosophy like a lamp or candle in their own dark rooms, but I would go out into the world" (he swung his arm) "carrying mine like a lantern." He has come by

strange paths—the anti-self and the Mask, the daemonic ego and Spiritus Mundi, wheel of change and the Beatific Vision—to his tinder and match ; and there is something of a wild-fire light in that lantern, which even he seems to recognise. But may not also a will-of-the-wisp be an angel of God ?

I turn away and shut the door, and on the stair
 Wonder how many times I could have proved my worth
 In something that all others understand or share ;
 But oh, ambitious heart, had such a proof drawn forth
 A company of friends, a conscience set at ease,
 It had but made us pine the more. The abstract joy,
 The half read wisdom of daemonic images,
 Suffice the ageing man as once the growing boy.

In this book lie the fruits of his mature thought. It will be bitter pippins to those who still think of him as a romanticist. But those who have recognised in him a subtle and passionate intellect will see in his new vision of truth the record of all his findings in the great adventure of poetry.

VIII

Thus Mr. Yeats, in his effort to attain Unity of Being, has more and more isolated the different qualities of his genius. That this isolation results from any failing of the central flame I cannot believe. Doubtless he would claim that he has encouraged it, in preparation for a fresh synthesis under his new star. But whether he will have the strength to gather together all these qualities—sensuousness, æstheticism, practical and political sagacity, and philosophic profundity—for some great final effort, as an athlete gathers together all his muscles towards the goal, that is the question. On some such final effort will rest his claim to poetic greatness. He understands his problem : as he writes of other men of a similar genius—“ We gaze at such men in awe, because we gaze not at a work of art, but at the re-creation of a man through that art, the birth of a new species of man, and, it may even seem that the hairs of our heads stand up, because that birth, that re-creation, is from terror. Had not Dante and Villon understood that their fate wrecked what life could not rebuild, had they lacked their Vision of Evil, had they cherished any species of optimism, they could but have found a false beauty, or some momentary instinctive beauty, and suffered no change at all—.” There is dangerously too much self-consciousness in this tragic wisdom ; perhaps (considering Mr. Yeats’ present fortunes) some of that most literary and unheroic mood in which

We get what little misery we can
 Out of not having cause for misery.

This experimenting with one’s personality is a dangerous, deadly business. Its only justification is a complete self-mastery. Unless Mr. Yeats wins peace out of this quarrel between himself and himself, unless he can face

the tragic world in the perfect armour of a completed personality, his life will be a self-satisfied mystery, and his literature grow old with his grave.

But whatever the future may bring, and there is reason for good hope, let us, who have cooled our throats at this fountain, be mindful of our good luck. What poet has sown more pure beauty along the secret paths of life? What poet has more consistently wrestled with his angel? Mr. Yeats has used poetry as a method of life. To him it has been both goad and pilgrimage. If he has offered us no conclusions, do we not know that life itself offers us no conclusion but death, which is still a hazard? Better a fiddler than a teller of inconsequential truths! This poet has caught his tunes from the wandering air and wind: how should it be that he should not wander, that he should not be wind-driven? Yet with his wavering bow he has drawn sweet music even out of the impersonal deeps. To that music he has set many songs, with burdens ever the same—"Seek on earth that which you have found in heaven." And that wise, sweet singing we shall never forget.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S PORTRAITS

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I am editing for publication a catalogue raisonné of portrait drawings by my father William Rothenstein, of which a number will be reproduced in collotype. I should be most grateful therefore if anyone owning portrait drawings, especially early ones, which I find difficulty in tracing, will supply me with the necessary details.—Yours, etc.

13, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, W.8.

JOHN ROTHENSTEIN.

THE JAMES TAIT BLACK PRIZE

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—There are errors in your reference to the James Tait Black Book Prizes which you will, I am sure, allow me to correct. There is not one prize, there are two—one for a novel, the other for a biography. The value of each is—it has varied somewhat—about £140. The novel prize was awarded a year or two ago to Mr. D. H. Lawrence, not for *Women in Love* but for *A Lost Girl*.—Yours, etc.

The University, Edinburgh.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

SCHOOLMASTERS IN LITERATURE

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In the interesting article on “The Schoolmaster in Literature” (p. 175-186 of December number), we read “that the Bible has nothing whatever to say about Schoolmasters.” Acts xix, 9, reads: “disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus”; Galatians iii, 25 runs: “But after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster.” I suppose that Ascham, tutor of Lady Jane Grey and author of *The Schoolmaster*, is too real a person to be included. I have long thought that Lorenzo in Shakespeare’s *Merchant of Venice* had the essential qualities:—

Jessica : I am never merry when I hear sweet music.*Lorenzo* : The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd, . . .

and so on to “. . . . Mark the music.” Act V, Scene 1.

Yours, etc.

F. B. SANDFORD.

THE NEW POEMS BY POPE

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I have received a copy of the October issue which you sent me. I am sorry that I had not the opportunity of reading proofs of my article on Pope, as a number of errors escaped the press. Three of these were verbal errors in the text, and I fear that I am responsible for at least one of them. In the fifth poem, line 17, “blooming” should be altered to “bloomy”: in the eighth poem, stanza 5, line 1, “rest” should be “test,” and in the second line following “while” should be “When.” The other faults are merely matters of punctuation and are not serious. I am chiefly sorry for the misprints in the collation of the miscellany, of which I note the following corrections: insert a bar

after *Duke* : alter the colon after *Higgons, Esq* to a semi-colon : alter *Roww* to *Rowe* : *Gates* in the imprint should be in roman type : 8* should be 8°.

The most serious error of all, however, is one which you may have discovered—the omission of the last three stanzas of the final poem :

IV

Those lips, those balmy lips impart ;
 Dove-like, thy closest kisses give ;
 Thou suck'st my spirits from my heart,
 Thou draw'st my blood, and yet I live.

V

Oh hide that breast, that milky breast,
 Whose charms my ravish'd soul confound ;
 Thy bosom breathes a spicy nest,
 And rising beauties veil thee round.

VI

Ah ! dost thou go ? while here I lye
 Love-sick, and dying with thy charms ?
 O fair physician, do not fly,
 But raise thy patient in thy arms !

Yours, etc.

ARTHUR E. CASE

MISPRINTS

(*To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY*)

SIR,—In your exceedingly kind notice of my little book of poems you quoted one poem at length. Lest readers of this poem should think me but a blunderer I desire to record that what you printed contains three important variations from what I wrote, no one of which, in my opinion, is an improvement on the version published by me. The trouble is that they make some kind of sense, and so can hardly be called misprints.—Yours, etc.

The Royal Institution,

21, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

IT is seldom that a reviewer of bibliographical books receives for review so noble a tome as the *Catalogue of Books Printed in the XVth Century now in the British Museum, Part V, Venice*, which has recently been published, at the price of three and a half guineas, by the Trustees of the British Museum and by Messrs. Quaritch. The present part of this Catalogue is the second dealing with Italian books, part IV., Subiaco and Rome, having been published in 1916. Mr. Victor Scholderer is the editor and he contributes a long introduction in which he describes the history and succession of the various presses in fifteenth century Venice, beginning with that of Johannes de Spira who in 1469 issued the first Venetian printed book, a folio edition of the *Epistolae ad familiares* of Cicero. This edition consisted of one hundred copies, and it is an example of the great wealth of the British Museum collection that it possesses no fewer than four of these hundred. Johannes de Spira died in 1470, and his press was carried on by his brother Vindelinius de Spira. With the second Venetian press, that of Nicholas Jenson, who began work in 1470 by printing a folio edition of Cicero's *Epistolae ad Atticum*, we come to one of the two most famous of Venetian printers; though for the second, the great Aldus, we have to wait until 1495. To give, in a short note, an adequate summary of this magnificent catalogue would be impossible; and for me to pass either stricture or encomium upon Mr. Scholderer's work would be impertinent. I therefore content myself with mentioning, by way of conclusion, that this part of the *Catalogue* ends with a series of facsimiles of the more important types of the fifteenth century Venetian presses.

THE second part of the twenty-first volume of *Book-Auction Records* has been sent me by the publishers, Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, of 39, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Over 4,400 records of books sold by auction are given, and the period covered is from January to March of last year. A somewhat unusual feature is the inclusion of a sale of Philatelic books on February 18th and 19th by Messrs. H. R. Harmer, of London. Among the preliminary matter are *Some Notes on the Bibliography of British Aeronautics*, by Mr. J. G. Hodgson (of the well-known firm of book-auctioneers), the author of the recently published *History of Aeronautics in Great Britain from the Earliest Period to the latter half of the Nineteenth Century*, a work which has a great interest for book-collectors as well as for students of aeronautics as a science. *Book-Auction Records* is, as most of my readers already know, a most useful publication.

THE most recent number, to reach this office, of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library* is that for November, 1924. It contains the first half of a particularly valuable list of books, etc., concerning *The Folk Music of the Western Hemisphere* which has been compiled by Mr. Julius Mattfield. The sub-divisions of the present instalment are *Canadian, Cowboy, Creole, Eskimo, Indian (North American not including Mexican), Indian (Central and South American, including Mexican), and Latin American*. The concluding part is to include Negro Folk Music, among other things.

The compilation of this list, which should be known to all students of Folk Music, is a most praiseworthy thing, upon which Mr. Mattfield and the publishers of the *Bulletin* are to be congratulated.

MR. SAMUEL W. LAMBERT (who has, I suppose, a *nominal* interest in stout gentlemen) has written, and the Brick Row Book Shop, of 19, East 47th Street, New York, has published, an essay entitled *When Mr. Pickwick Went Fishing*, which deals anew with the old controversy as to what, if any, share in the conception of the *Pickwick Papers* is to be credited to their first illustrator, Robert Seymour. Seymour, it will be remembered, drew the first seven plates, which appeared in the first two parts of *Pickwick*. He then committed suicide and was succeeded by Buss, who was, after one number, in his turn succeeded by the immortal "Phiz." This controversy is not, strictly speaking, bibliographical, but Mr. Lambert's essay is perhaps suitable for review in these notes since his contribution to the discussion takes the form of evidence from earlier books illustrated by Seymour. It is, of course, curious that the cover drawn by Seymour, and retained by the publishers for all the parts of *Pickwick*, should be decorated with fishing rods and tackle, and should bear a picture of Mr. Pickwick sound asleep in a punt, with a fish tugging at his line—an incident that does not occur in the book. There is, I suppose, little doubt that Seymour originally suggested a book to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and that Dickens, upon this suggestion, was commissioned to write it. There is also, I presume, little doubt that the book Seymour had in mind, and the book Dickens wrote, were vastly different. But I do not feel that the earlier plates of Seymour's, which Mr. Lambert reproduces from other books, do much to make us feel that our conception of Mr. Pickwick, even in matters of mere appearance, existed at all clearly in Seymour's mind before it did in the mind of Charles Dickens. The plate called *The Silent System*, for example, contains the figure of a gaoler, but he seems to me not to be in the least like Mr. Pickwick, but more like the popular conception of John Bull—he does not even wear spectacles, such as Mr. Pickwick wore and such as are seen in the other plates which Mr. Lambert adduces as evidence for his thesis. And these other plates seem to me to have little in common, and to show little more than that Seymour drew caricatures of a certain number of stout elderly gentlemen, who wore spectacles. They vary, moreover, in size, in the shapes of their noses, in the absence or presence of side-whiskers, and in other respects. I suspect that a diligent search in the works of other comic draughtsmen of the time would find figures, as like to Mr. Pickwick as are these, yet having no possible claim to represent Mr. Pickwick.

I MUST now proceed to the second instalment of the series of collations of the first editions of Christopher Anstey's various publications, which was begun in these notes last month.

VI

1772.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Anstey in this year published *A Serious Alarm to the People of Bath*. I have not, however, yet been able to trace a copy of this poem. Should I be able to do so, a collation will be inserted in these pages at some later date.

VII

1774.

The/Priest Dissected :/A Poem,/Addressed to the Rev. Mr. —,/Author of/Regulus, Toby, Cæsar,/And other Satirical Pieces in the public Papers./[Oval engraving at the bottom of which are the words " Spiritus teter saniesque manat/Ore trilingui."]/

Calm and serene amid the scorching Flame/The Hero tug'd—and out the Monster came. Page 26./[Double rule]/Bath : Printed by S. Hazard ;/And sold by Dodsley, *Pall-Mall*, and Wilkie, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, London ;/Fletcher and Hodson, at Cambridge ; and by Frederick, Tennent,/and Hazard, at Bath./Short rule]/M.DCC.LXXIV./

Some copies, which are apparently otherwise identical with the issue at present being described, omit the short rule and date on the title page. I do not know which is the earlier issue.

Quarto in half-sheets. One of the two copies in the British Museum measures $9\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{5}{8}$ inches (cut).

Signatures :—[A] and B-K in twos. Pagination :—p.[i] half-title “[Ornament]/The/Priest Dissected :/A Poem,/Addressed to the Rev. Mr. —./ By the Author of the New Bath Guide./Canto 1.—/Quid me mihi detrahis, inquit,/Ah ! piget, ah ! non est, clamabat, Tibia tanti !/Ovid. Metam./[Ornament]/Price *Two Shillings and Sixpence.*” p.[ii] blank. p.[iii] title. p.[iv] blank. pp.[v] and vi “Advertisement to the Reader,” with double rule at head. pp.[7] and 8-11 “Stanzas Occasioned By Reading a very Satirical Copy of Verses ” etc., with double rule at head and ornament at end. p.[12] blank. pp. 13-20 “Prologue,” with double rule at head. pp. 21-37 “Reply To The Reverend Mr. —,” with double rule at head and “*End of the First Canto* ” at end. p.[38] Announcement (facetious) of the Second Canto. p.[39] letter (facetious) “To Mr. Henry Baldwin,” subscribed “Crescent, Bath, May 23, 1774.” p.[40] blank.

So far as I am aware, no second canto ever appeared, and, possibly, it was never intended to appear.

This pamphlet was called forth by some pseudonymous attacks (in local papers) upon Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Miller's once-famous “poetical assembly ” at Bath-Easton. I do not know who the offending clergyman was. Anstey was one of the contributors to Lady's Miller's “Bath-Easton Vase ”—the receptacle in which were placed the poems entered for this lady's periodical competitions in versification. The *Stanzas* at the beginning of this pamphlet are addressed to Mrs. Miller. The last three of them run thus :—

Thrice happy bards, your lays prolong ;
By your fond aid I deem,
Old Avon shall contend in song
With fair Castalia's stream ;
While sweeter than the notes that thrill
When dying swans complain,
He hears each wood, each echoing hill
Resound your warbling strain,
And starting from his dark abodes
In majesty of mud
Views songs, rhymes, epigrams, and odes
Come tumbling down his flood.

The main part of this book is, it is greatly to be feared, dull ; but the following lines have a point which will be appreciated by anyone who has done much reviewing :—

'Twere better, first, a vomit to promote,
And cram his own d—d verses down his throat,
For oft' the nonsense which from verse distils
Creates a qualm like oxymel of squills ;
Which makes it strange that learned men should choose
To work so much in critical reviews.

Almost alone, in this book, those lines are possessed of a touch of the real Ansteian vigour.

VIII

1776.

An/Election Ball/In/Poetical Letters,/In The/Zomerzeshire Dialect,/From/Mr Inkle, a *Freeman* of Bath,/To/His Wife at Gloucester :/With A/Poetical Address/To John Miller, Esq./At Batheaston Villa./[Rule]/By the Author of the New Bath Guide./[Double rule]/Printed for the Author,/By S. Hazard, Bath ;/And sold by Dodsley, *Pall-Mall*, and Wilkie, St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, London ;/Fletcher and Hodson, at Cambridge ; and by S. Hazard, and all the other/Booksellers at Bath./[Short double rule]/M.DCC.LXXVI./

Folio. A copy (very lightly trimmed) in the British Museum measures $13\frac{7}{8}$ by $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Signatures :—[A] and B-L in twos. M one leaf. Possibly leaf M2 should be present. Pagination :—p.[i] half-title “[Ornament]/An/Election Ball/In/Poetical Letters,/In The/Zomerzeshire Dialect./By the Author of the New Bath Guide./[Ornament].” p.[ii] a notice as to the gift of certain profits to Charity and the words “Enter’d at Stationer’s Hall.” p.[1] title. p.[2] blank. p.[3] half-title to “The First Ode of the First Book of Horace Imitated” with two ornaments. pp.[4], [5] and 6-17 text of “The First Ode” etc. addressed “To John Miller, Esq.” There are ornaments on pp.[4], [5] and 16. Latin and English texts are on opposite pages. p.[18] blank. p.[19] half-title of “An Election Ball,” with two ornaments. p.[20] “To the Reader” with ornament at head. pp.[21] and 22-30 text of “Letter I” with ornaments at head and end. pp.[31] and 32-44, text of “Letter II,” with ornaments at head and end. The two letters are subscribed “Bath Dec. 4, 1775” and Bath, Dec. 5, 1775 respectively. Page 22 is misnumbered 21.

IX

1776.

An/Election Ball,/In/Poetical Letters/From/Mr. Inkle, at Bath,/To/His Wife at Gloucester :/With A/Poetical Address/To John Miller, Esq. at *Batheaston Villa.*/[Rule]/The Second Edition, with considerable Additions./[Rule]/By the Author of the New Bath Guide./[Double rule]/Printed for the Author, by S. Hazard, Bath ;/And sold by Dodsley, *Pall-Mall*, and Wilkie, St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, London ;/Fletcher and Hodson, at *Cambridge* ; and by S. Hazard, and all the other/Booksellers at Bath./[Ornament]/M.DCC.LXXVI./Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence./

Quarto. An uncut copy in my possession measures 10 by $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Signatures. Two single (separate) leaves unsigned. B-E in fours. F and G in twos. H and I in fours. K two leaves. Pagination. p.[1] blank. p.[2] frontispiece signed “C.W. Bampfylde 28 March 1776.” p.[3] title. p.[4] blank. p.[5] half title of “The First Ode” etc. with two ornaments. pp.[6], [7] and 8-21 text of “The First Ode” etc., Latin and English on opposite pages, with ornaments on pp.[6], [7], 20 and 21. p.[22] blank. p.[23] half-title of “An Election Ball” etc., with two ornaments. p.[24] “To the Reader.” pp.[25] and 26-43 text of “Letter I” with ornament on p.[25]. pp.[44] and 45-56 text of “Letter II” with ornament on p.[44]. pp.[57] and 58-64, text of “Letter III” with ornaments on pp.[57] and 64.

This second edition almost amounts to a new poem, for the Somersetshire dialect of the first edition has been discarded in favour of ordinary English, and several long passages, necessitating the division of the poem into three letters, have been written in. In *An Election Ball* (which enjoyed great popularity in its day) Anstey very

nearly succeeds in recapturing the vigour and metrical fluency of *The New Bath Guide*. Much of the fun of this Somersetshire tradesman's account of his and his daughter's visit to a Ball at Bath is very boisterous. The poem is not concise enough to supply quotations easily, but here are just a few lines from the first edition :—

And now I must tell thee, dear Wife, how thy Daughter
 Makes a Progress in all the vine Things thou hast taught her ;
 Not like thy old Grand-Mother Dorothy Distoff,
 Who'd spin Half a Day without taking her Vist off ;
 She'll dance a Cotillion—make Verses—draw Vaces—
 Read Novels—zing Catches—and study the Graces.
 She've a great many pretty Vrench Words at Command,
 That zound vastly sweet, yet I can't understand,
 Vor Vrench is a Language zo very genteel,
 That a vew little Words will imply a great deal,
 Zo very concise, and zo given to vary,
 'Tis in vain to apply to your Vocabulary—
Zavee veaver, Bong Tong,—that's as much as to zay
 We grow more polite and improve ev'ry Day,
 That vor eating and drinking we know the best Rules,
 And our Vathers and Mothers were Blockheads and Vools,
 That Dress, Cards, and Dancing, alone should engage
 This var more enlighten'd and delicate Age.

As the reader will see by these lines, the Somersetshire dialect did not amount to very much, and the poem lost nothing of its flavour by being rewritten in the ordinary tongue. Bampfylde's frontispiece (which did not appear in the first edition) is curious and amusing, and shows Mr. Inkle's daughter Madge dressing her hair with the feathers from the cock's tail. These collations will be continued next month.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

THE KELMSCOTT PRESS AND WILLIAM MORRIS, MASTER-CRAFTSMAN. By H. H. HALLIDAY SPARLING. 8vo. Macmillan. 18s.

IN THE DAY'S WORK. By DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE. 8vo. Cambridge [Mass.]: Harvard University Press. London: Milford. 10s. 6d.

THE KELMSCOTT PRESS

IN one of those Introductions to the volumes of her father's Collected Works which, taken together, rank as one of the most intimate and most sympathetic biographies which we have, Miss Morris describes the lecture, given by Mr. Emery Walker before the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which was Morris's immediate inspiration in setting up the Kelmscott Press :

After the lecture Father was very much excited. The sight of the finely proportioned letters so enormously enlarged, and gaining rather than losing by the process, the enlarging emphasising all the qualities of the type ; his feeling, so characteristic of him, that if such a result had once been obtained, it could be done again, stirred in him an overwhelming desire to hazard the experiment at least. Talking to Emery Walker on the way home from the lecture he said to him, " Let's make a new fount of type." And that is the way the Kelmscott Press came into being.

Miss Morris gives us many other pleasant pictures of the work of the Press ; yet there was room for the monograph to which Mr. Halliday Sparling gave the finishing touches before his death last year. In his preface he presents his credentials :

Assistant-editor and then co-editor [with Morris] of the *Commonweal* ; aiding him in dealing with his correspondence ; his companion upon many journeys ; proof-reader, secretary and general handyman of the Kelmscott Press from its foundation until 1894 ; editing the *Historyes of Troye*, *Raynard the Foxe*, *Godefrey of Boloyne* under his direction ; . . . An adoring and eager disciple throughout, I may claim to be especially qualified as an interpreter of his teaching.

Emery Walker's lecture was given on November 15, 1888, " the first certain date " in the history of the Press. Morris proposed first of all merely to design his own types and set and impose the pages, sending the formes to Emery Walker's offices at Clifford's Inn for printing. Although Morris only took up printing late in life, Mr. Sparling shows how

he had been prepared by his long working experience in the printing of wallpapers and fabrics. . . . Then the penman's eye was his, as well as that of the designer and skilled craftsman . . . He went to the very root of the matter, giving as much assiduity and care to examining and considering the first manuscripts as he gave to the incunabula and their types.

It was not till January, 1891—more than two years after the lecture—that Morris was able to pull the first trial page of *The Glittering Plain*, set in up his new " Golden " type. In the interval he applied himself to the designing of the type and to a study of the conditions and details of good book-making as he found them in fine manuscripts and in the best early printed books. Nevertheless, as Mr. Sparling shows, in his own practice as a printer he never did anything or used anything simply because it had been done or used in the early work. Whatever he took from the early printers, he took because it was good, and not because it was Schoeffer's way or Jenson's. He would

have been content to print his books by machinery, if he had judged that the printing machine would have printed them as well as a hand-press. Had he been able to get screw-presses, such as were used by all printers in the first three and a half centuries after the invention of printing, he would not have used them in preference to his three Albion presses, which gave a much firmer and heavier impression than any press of the older type would have done, and were just what he needed for his formes of heavy black type and borders, and his stiff printing ink. If he had wished to adopt old ways simply because they were old, he would doubtless have inked his formes with pelt balls instead of a modern composition roller. Where he followed the old printers he generally improved on them. The paper which he got Batchelor to make for him was better than most of theirs ; so were his setting and his press-work. He was not quite successful with his roman type and found its designing rather difficult and irksome. His gothic type was much more congenial : he found it easier to design, and it pleased him better than the " Golden " type. It was not excellence in one or more details that made his printing so supremely good, but the excellence and happy combination of all of them together—type, composition, " make-up ", imposition, press-work, paper and ink ; and with all these his own borders and initial letters and the woodcuts from Burne-Jones's drawings.

It is no depreciation of Mr. Sparling's own narrative to say that the most valuable thing in his book is Morris's own " Note on his Aims in Founding the Kelmscott Press ", which is printed in an appendix with Mr. Sydney Cockerell's " Short Description of the Press " and the list of the books printed thereat. These were printed at the Kelmscott Press after Morris's death, just before it was closed ; and the " Note " is also found in the collected edition of Morris's works. It is well that it should be printed again in a book within ready reach of all who would either print well themselves or would like to learn what fine printing is, for in these three or four octavo pages Morris states his own views and practice as regards those things which he found that he had chiefly to consider in carrying out his adventure : " the paper, the form of the type, the relative spacing of the letters, the words and the lines, and lastly the position of the printed matter on the page."

" IN THE DAY'S WORK "

AS Morris in his " Note ", so Mr. Updike in the three papers which he has published under a single title, shows us " how it's done ". It is both interesting and helpful to learn how so good a printer as Mr. Updike sets about his work and to be told the guiding principles and practice which give what he prints its own special note of excellence. In the first paper he discusses the " Planning of Printing " under the three heads of the types and other materials with which a printer works, the customer whom he works for—that is sometimes the toughest problem of all—and some of the principles on which he plans his work. The second paper considers " Style in the Use of Type ". Under a fanciful title—" The Seven Champions of Typography "—he discusses in his third paper Spacing, Leading, Indentation, Ink, Paper, and Imposition. These are six ; the " Seventh Champion, dear Reader, is You "—on the Scholastic principle that *quidquid recipitur, recipitur secundum modum recipientis*.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

CHRONICLES

THE DRAMA

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Drury Lane Theatre.

RICHARD II. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The Old Vic.

THE ARTS LEAGUE OF SERVICE TRAVELLING THEATRE. King George's Hall.

MR. BASIL DEAN'S production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has been rather unkindly criticised in some quarters. He has been rebuked for his cuts, which are few, and which after all are commonly made. He has been told that his very expensive scenery is all wrong ; that he ought not to employ wires and trap-doors ; and that he has swamped Shakespeare with Mendelssohn. An abnormally good production his is certainly not, but I confess that I enjoyed it and that the music greatly contributed to my enjoyment. I was not seriously hurt by the wires, and I did not mind the swarms of dancing fairies, though they certainly moved on a low plane of imagination. Such a poetic production of this play as is possible I never expect to see : Mr. Dean makes the insubstantial very concrete. My chief complaints are that the theatre is too big for the play, that the women's voices are not strong enough for the theatre, that the cast, though " all-star " on paper, was patchy, and that the principal scene was hopelessly out of tone. Apparently it occurred to Mr. Dean that Athens was in Greece and that Oberon's wood must have been a Greek wood. Instead therefore of Shakespeare's haunted glades he gave us a rocky height sparsely sprinkled with hardy trees, a grassless place where the sleeping lovers had to lay their heads (having, like Jacob, no alternative pillows) on large boulders. Titania's bower might have been Caliban's cave ; or perhaps it would be fairer to say a lair in the Venusberg. Most of the magic was dispersed by this treatment. Mr. Dean's Hall of Theseus on the other hand, with its warriors copied from Greek vases, was an extremely fine scene, and suffered not at all from the Hellenic derivation. The two actors who stood out were Bottom (Mr. Wilfred Walter) and Puck (Mr. Hay Petrie), both newly come from the Old Vic ; these and the players of the lamentable tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, among whom Mr. Miles Malleson shone as a perfectly imbecile Snout Wall. Mr. Robert Harris, as Oberon, also gave a good performance. It wasn't a visit to an enchanted wood quite ; and some of the expense might have been spared without loss ; but one spent an enjoyable evening, and Mr. Dean certainly must have taken immense pains to do what he thought justice to the play.

Two nights after seeing this production, I went to the Old Vic and saw *Richard II* put on with the greatest economy of means and a cast composed almost entirely of young and comparatively unknown actors. Here there was no mitigation of one's enjoyment and no qualification of one's praise. The play was produced without a single cut. It is a long play with very little action in it, and its success depends very largely on two things. The first and most important is that the central characters should be perfectly played, with a complete understanding of the verse, and the second that the most should be made of the host of minor parts. At the Old Vic these conditions were fulfilled. *Richard II*, though he does little but talk until at the last he lays about him

in the cell, has some of the liveliest verse in the language to speak, verse full of that supreme melody which comes into Shakespeare with the mood of self-pity, with the picture of desolation, with the thought of man's slight hold on life in a vast dark universe. It is sprinkled with those phrases of perfect music and poignancy :

And my large kingdom for a little grave
A little, little grave, an obscure grave.
The worst is death, and death will have his day
Tell them the tale of lamentable me.

Richard has speech after speech full of subtle shades of feeling, and requiring a perfect flow of delivery. No character in Shakespeare gives such opportunities for dramatic recitation : speeches such as " What must the King do now. . . . ", " No matter where, of comfort no man speak ", " Give me the glass ", " A King of beasts indeed ", are nowhere else found in such numbers. Mr. George Hayes gave them all with an admirable appreciation both of their rhythm and of their turns of thought and feeling. He was at his best in the abdication scene :

Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself :
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous rites :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees and statutes I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee ! . . .
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?

This last breaking off was done beautifully ; so also the sudden explosion against Northumberland's interruption, " No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man " ; so also that most pathetic remark, " Forgiveness, horse ", made after the imprisoned man has been unreasonably reproaching his charger Barbary for having proudly borne his successor to coronation. There are few opportunities for contrast in a part so even in tone throughout most of the play. Mr. Hayes did all that could be done. His was a memorable and living performance and I am sorry I missed the chance of seeing another which is said to have been given by Mr. Ronald Nicholson, his understudy. Mr. Ion Swinley was, of course, excellent as Gaunt ; Mr. Neil Porter acted well, though he was not very suitably made up, as Bolingbroke ; Miss Marie Ney as the Queen was very good in the garden scene ; Mr. John Laurie was a brisk and manly Norfolk ; Mr. John Garside excellent as the doddering York, who has a touch of Polonius in him ; and the rest were equal to what they had to do. The dresses were very good, and the scene on the Welsh coast, with a far landscape glimpsed through a square of light cut in dark hangings, really beautiful. Mr. Atkins may be congratulated on having achieved one of his greatest successes with one of Shakespeare's most difficult plays.

I went to the Arts League of Service show partly in the hope of seeing Mr. Gordon Bottomley's *Midsummer Eve* (I wish by the way somebody would do his *The Riding to Lithend*) but was disappointed. This company has a long list of plays and "turns" on its programme, and gives the audience a selection not previously announced. I have never spent so delightful an evening in so thin a house, and I wish that these lines were going to appear in time to persuade some of those who have not heard of this company, or have been prejudiced against it by its formidably philanthropic name, to go and see it. The two one-acters given were certainly not good ; in *Emily's Excuse* by A. J. Talbot, the tap of sentiment was turned on freely and not quite convincingly ; in Gertrude Robins's *Loving as We Do* we were given, and not very freshly, the ancient story of the married woman who is let down by the young lover to whom, sick of pretence, etc., she flies. Everything else was delicious, a kind of Chauve-Souris show for the most part, with simultaneous singing and miming. Mr. Hugh Mackay sang Hebridean folk-songs exquisitely ; Messrs. Geoffrey Wincott, Mack Ward, Alan Trotter sang and danced sea-chanteys, and these and Misses Kathleen Dillon, Norah Balfour, Judith Wogan and Eleanor Elder performed a number of folk songs. Miss Dillon did solo dances, and the evening finished with a charming pastoral in verse, *May-Day*, by Hester Sainsbury. Curtain scenery was used ; the dresses were simple and very effective ; the music, the singing, the dancing, the acting, were all equally agreeable : it was like an evening in an Arcadian music-hall. The show should have been crowded every evening.

J. C. SQUIRE

ARCHITECTURE

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK BUILDINGS

THERE is little need to describe the skyscrapers on the point of Manhattan Island. So many photographs, so many posters give the stay-at-home Englishman an exact impression of these monuments of the exuberant energy of a race, stimulated to a sort of crazy exaltation by newly-realised powers. They are exciting, fantastic, wild—like Gargantuan savages clothed in raiment taken at chance from the wardrobes of the world, yet showing in unexpected places the traces of a primitive dress. They stand gaunt, awkward and weird, met together to confront an old and polished civilisation. They stand thus clothed as though they thought to show that they also could assume the manners and culture which centuries alone can give a people. And the visitor, soaked in the traditions of his ancient race, observes with polite silence the parade of graces superficially assumed while he is astonished by the muscular vigour and physical energy displayed by this gigantic group. But the size of buildings does not represent the architecture of a people. It is necessary to look closer for this, closer at small things as well as at great.

For convenience it may be said that there are three types of building in New York. There is scholarly work, there is the architecture of the large stores and offices, and there is the "vernacular" type of building. And it is the last of these three that deserves our keenest attention. The same groups may be found in England, but the first and last are not so markedly distinct as they are in New York, nor are they so logically carried through. In England it would be more difficult to place a number of well-known buildings under any one of these heads, so often do they express in separate parts the quality attributed to each.

With regard to scholarly buildings, it will be sufficient for our purpose to consider alone the Great Hall of the Pennsylvania Railway Station. Though this building may not be an exact "restoration" of any one of the great halls of the Roman *Thermae*, it has certainly caught exactly the spirit and manner of that imperial city. I have no doubt there is precedent for each feature. The Baths of Caracalla, the Arch of Titus, the Basilica of Constantine, have lent their forms to the finishing of this work. In England we have nothing like it. We have never attempted to lift whole a huge building from Rome or Greece and place it as a central feature in some congested commercial centre.

This building is a fine barrel-vaulted hall with three vaulted cross bays. At each corner and at every point where the vaults spring from the side walls there stand, to carry the haunches of the roof, richly designed Corinthian columns, each with a complete entablature. The vaults are coffered as in the flat dome of the Pantheon. From the wide floor of the hall stone stairs lead to the entrances, corridors and waiting rooms, stairs that recall the mystery of Piranesi's imagination.

No effort has been spared to make the hall Roman—Roman in grandeur of scale, Roman in richness of detail, and Roman in the very stones which form the walls and columns. The stress laid on ancient Rome suggests that the architect had deliberately intended the hall to be a perpetual reminder to the citizens of New York that however great their city is, however wealthy they may become, however vigorous their civilisation may be, great nations, great architecture, great power, have been and now are not. And while the Hall of Pennsylvania Station still tells of the death

of Empires it cannot fail to remind those who walk the floor that America as yet has no national architecture. Does it not show an unexpected innocence that when a citizen of New York desires to show a stranger the finest architecture of his city he should at once lead him to a hall, the spirit of which is not native to his country, a hall which has been brought many miles through many centuries to grace his city and to support its claims to magnificence, art and power ?

But when all has been said, it must be remembered that nowhere in Europe has Roman architecture been so fully studied, so thoroughly understood, so ably reproduced, as has been done here. America carries her intentions through ; she accepts no indifferent copies, she is in fact satisfied with nothing but the complete and highly finished whole. In a word, when the architect of New York wishes to show himself a scholar, the European need expect no careless display of learning.

Commercial building in New York is marked as it is in England by a lack of determination and conviction. The frame-work and outer shell of these structures are of this age. They are designed for rapid construction ; hand-work is eliminated, the parts are standardised. In New York particularly they are crude, careless of anything but economic efficiency ; and to such buildings architects half-heartedly add doors from Italy, dormered roofs from France, and windows, it may be, from Gothic churches ; or they elaborate these features with designs in the manner taught to the Beaux-Arts students. This is as it is in our own land, but we are specially disappointed to find vibrant New York content with an applied architecture that is enervating and lifeless.

It is with greater pleasure that I turn to what I have called the " vernacular " architecture of New York. By this term I mean the manner of building which has grown up in the builders' yards and which is born of the economic conditions of the time while it is nurtured by the human impulse to fitness and beauty. Just as the Norman conquerors of England adopted the language of a subject people, so are the architects of New York beginning to design in accordance with the trade conditions of the country in which they work. I call this new manner the " vernacular " for it seems to me that the case of architecture in New York is similar to that of the national literatures of the European countries. Before the Renaissance few works of importance were written in any other language but Latin. Literature was for the learned, and the universal but dying language of Europe was regarded as the only fit medium for monumental writing. But the stories of the people and the poems of the masses claimed recognition by reason of their vigour and reality and, moved by the ferment of the Renaissance, Dante and Rabelais and Shakespeare created the beginning of those literatures which are still to-day living traditions, changing, growing and vital and never returning with pedantic pride to the sources from which they sprang for a self-conscious form of expression. Just as Latin gave way before the vernacular languages of Europe as the proper means of literary expression, so do I believe will the scholarly architecture of the world break before the habits and ways of the building-yards of the nations.

The apartment hotels of Park Avenue, indeed the new blocks of chambers in Greenwich village, indicate the nature of this change. For the most part the material chosen for the external walls is commercial brick with one or two storeys of stone to form both a base to the plain walls above and a sense of well-being to those who pass upon the pavements. It is a manner of building that is as suitable for the home of a single family as it is for monumental work or for commercial undertakings of vast proportions. Among the buildings of this kind in New York are the palaces of Park Avenue. On either side of this avenue they rise four-square, immense blocks of

buildings, yet not so tall that their height outrages the proportions which a European traditionally expects. Seen from outside, these buildings suggest the formidable palaces of Florence. The powerful force of their style is comparable to the language of Edward Gibbon ; it is maintained with grandeur and without apparent artifice. The severe brick faces of these fronts are made articulate by the restrained use of cartouches carved in stone and by the placing of stone balconies before windows chosen deliberately to be so marked in response to an æsthetic demand for emphasis, shadow and weight at just those points.

But these forceful buildings are not the fullest development in this manner to be seen in New York. We must reserve this claim for the Shelton Hotel in Lexington Avenue. Here we have the vernacular spoken clearly with rhythmic flow of balanced phrase. The Shelton Hotel is a very tall building, but it has nothing of the rasping crudity of the " Down Town " skyscraper. It is one of the essential merits of this structure that, unlike others of this class, it would appear unfinished if it did not soar up above the streets. Roughly described, the plan is that of a nearly square parallelogram at the corners of which are set other squares of less area, and at one side between these subsidiary squares stands a projecting wing. The angle blocks rise to about two-thirds the height of the central " keep ", while the projecting wing is slightly higher than they are. Standing well back within the parapet of the central keep rises a mass of brick-work larger than, though in some vague way not unlike, the Norman castle at Rochester. In fact the whole building constantly reminded me of the Norman castles, not because of any reproduction of architectural details used by those early builders, but because of the unity of conception and because of the austerity of form. The whole of the towers have a batter, possibly with entasis, that is so slight that it is hard to detect. Only the bottom two storeys are of stone ; the rest are faced with a commercial brick which is not unlike an imagined cross between the Fletton and the London Stock. Except for the stone base and for a few other pieces of stone high up on the building, and of the same colour as the brick, there is no stone. The windows are sash windows, each division of each window being filled with a single sheet of glass as is the custom of the jerry-builder in England. There is little elaboration of detail to relieve the severity of the whole ; at some point on the central keep near the top of the angle towers there are rounding brick balconies enriched by arched panels of the same material. Near the top of the topmost tower and set on each angle there project great birds carved in stone on a scale sufficient to " tell " even at that height. The angles of all the towers are marked with wide plain surfaces of brick work projecting two or three inches from the general face of the vertical lines so formed, and are at the same time emphasised by a regular variation in the plane of each brick that adds its inches to the total height.

The architect of this building has attempted by powdering the whole wall face with slightly projecting bricks to give it texture. Had he done this in some thought-out pattern the device would have been admirable ; but as it is, though it successfully gives texture to the walling, it teases the mind as do certain affectations in an otherwise noble person. The building as it stands is most inspiring, it gives a thrill of wonder and pleasure. As a skyscraper it has lost none of the vigour and adventurous bigness of those which are so well known, but it carries itself with the ease and grace of those who are accustomed to fine dressing. When I am asked which building in New York is essentially American and at the same time of a quality worthy to stand among the great works of the world, I answer that the Shelton Hotel designed by A. L. Harmon is that building.

A. R. POWYS

POETRY

THE IMMORTAL PURPOSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir LEO CHIOZZA-MONEY. R. Cobden Sanderson. 6s.

THE NORTHERN MUSE. Arranged by JOHN BUCHAN. Nelson. 10s. 6d.

SONGS AND POEMS. By HENRY CAREY. With Decorations by Robert Gibbings. Golden Cockerel Press. 18s. 6d.

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN. Edited by L. RICE-OXLEY. Percy Reprints, No. 8. Blackwell. 6s.

JEAN GILPIN. Par WILLIAM COWPER. Francisée par E. Gutch. Werner Laurie. 2s. 6d.

A JACKDAW IN DUBLIN. By M. J. MACMANUS. Talbot Press, Dublin. 2s. 6d.

SIR LEO CHIOZZA-MONEY is better known to fame as a statistician than as a poet; but he has been hiding something better than a farthing-dip under his bushel. In expression he is slightly over-academic; sonnets beginning with the Shakespearean "O," and phrases such as "I do fear me" and "An this be all—an this be life of men" stand rather between reader and poet. But Sir Leo has the qualities of his defects; he at least never ceases to be scholarly and careful in his expression; and he has always something to say. He has a working philosophy and poetic feeling; he tries to blend the two. He believes in facing facts, whether the supposedly cold facts of science or the repulsive facts of life; he has a vision of knowledge and good purpose working together and in the light of that he sings. His *Lights of Piccadilly* and *The Law of Death*, in which latter he confronts the problem which sombres parts of *In Memoriam*, are poems well worth reading and reflecting upon; and here and there the natural poet breaks out with a sigh into passages like:

O Nature! Would that I might never see
More of thy works than their felicity.
That I might know thee by thine April tears,
Thy smiles of May, thy hoar austerity.
Thy glory of the wave, thy loveliness the red rose wears.

And in his smaller poems there is always a certain gift of phrase, as in:

O what is beauty in a woman's mind
If to be beautiful is but to be
A privileged inferiority?

Colonel Buchan has compiled not an anthology of poems by Scotsmen but an anthology of Scots vernacular poetry. Some of us would rather that it had been arranged from True Thomas to Violet Jacob as it were, in chronological order; Colonel Buchan has preferred to group his poems under such headings as "Plaisir D'Amour," "Friendly Beasts," and "Enchantments." There is no other ground for complaint. The selection is extraordinarily exhaustive and the notes very good. From Dunbar, Henryson and the Ballads to the present day almost every good writer of Scots vernacular is well represented. A little more from James I's *Queen's Quair* might demonstrate how good his feeling and observation were; Lady Nairne is badly

shown ; and one misses the hallowed name of Isobel Pagan. But these are small things. It is a remarkably good book ; it fully bears out what Colonel Buchan says about the peculiar Scotch faculty for combining the everyday with the fantastic ; and it will be even more appreciated north of the Tweed, where they will not need the extensive glossaries, than here where we are so held up by these strange words which stick in our throats like herring-bones.

The Golden Cockerel Press has printed many delicious books during the last few years, but its edition of Carey surpasses all the rest. The binding, paper and printing are admirable ; and the decorations charming. The title page, well designed, is in red and black with the golden cockerel really in gold ; and inside there are a number of jolly woodcuts and many pages, in red and black, of the music to Carey's songs. These are not now as well known as they should be, with the exception of *Sally in Our Alley* and *Bacchus Must now His Power Resign*. Carey, who was alleged to be the natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, died (probably by his own hand) in 1743, at the age of about fifty. The first edition of his *Poems on Several Occasions*, now very rare, appeared in 1713, and subsequent editions in 1723 and 1729. He had a really lyrical note in a lyrical age, lyrical in a bacchanalian or Arcadian way. Many of his lyrics remind me of Gay's songs in the *Beggar's Opera* ; a few are characteristic of himself. The present selection is small ; but the book is so pretty that it is worth while getting for its own sake.

The poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin* deserved thorough editing ; and Mr. Rice-Oxley has done it justice. The *Anti-Jacobin* itself almost deserves resuscitation. It was issued for eight months from November, 1797, in support of Pitt's policy and the war against France and the Revolution. It was lively, quite apart from its verse, from start to finish : and the curious who refer to it will find in it robust appeals for subscriptions to War Loan, fine denunciations of the French atrocities and war against civilisation, stirring accounts of the raid on Zeebrugge, and satirical hints as to the attitude of Lord Lansdowne, " the Hermit of Bowood." Between them Canning, Hookham Frere and George Ellis produced several of the best satirical poems between Pope and Byron. *The Needy Knife Grinder*, after Southey's politics and poetics, is celebrated, so also, but not so widely read, is *The Loves of the Triangles*, in which Erasmus Darwin's poems (also too little read, for he had imagination) are satirised ; and *The Rovers*, their skit on the popular German romantic drama, is as amusing and burlesque as anything in the language. These, and the rest, are here with elaborate notes. There is also an introduction which is marred only by an unnecessary attack on the poems of Charles Churchill, which, though rough at times and tired at times, are full of good things.

Mrs. Gutch's translation opens :

Jean Gilpin était citoyen
De crédit mercantile,
Capitaine aussi de la garde
De Londres, cette fameuse ville.

This may be of assistance to persons acquiring a French vocabulary, but it will hardly help those who wish to understand French prosody. It has to be read as though it were English : with that proviso, it is full of fun, and the new language gives great piquancy to such stanzas as :

Six messieurs passant sur la route
Voyant Gilpin en fuite
Et que le garçon le chassait
" Haro ! " criaient ensuite.

THE LONDON MERCURY

“ Au voleur ! vite ! ” proclamaient tous,
 “ Voleur de grand chemin.”
 Les gens couraient à la poursuite
 De l’innocent Gilpin.

The effect is very much like that of George du Maurier’s French Limericks.

A Jackdaw in Dublin contains a number of parodies on other authors. It opens with a very amusing travesty of Miss Susan Mitchell’s own lampoons. Three poems from Mr. Yeats follow, of which the most effective is *The Dreamer*, which concludes with the unexpected line :

That man will hardly ever sell his cow.

There are excellent parodies of Mr. James Stephens in verse and prose. The author tends rather to yield to the temptation of parodying particular compositions instead of doing the higher kind of parodist’s work and creating new things in the old manner. This takes away some of the force of his effort in Mr. Padraic Colum’s manner :

O to have a little pub !
 To own the cellar, bar and all !
 The tap-room and the little snug,
 The porter-barrels by the wall.

The same thing applies to his poem after Mr. Joseph Campbell. Lady Gregory, Mr. Seumas O’Sullivan, Mr. Austin Clarke and Mr. Brinsley MacNamara are others “ dealt with.” It is pleasant to see some signs of life in the new Dublin.

J. C. S.

FICTION

LEVEL CROSSINGS. By COLERIDGE KENNARD. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

THOSE BARREN LEAVES. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

OLD NEW YORK. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton. 4 vols. 18s.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF. By LOUIS HEMON. Translated by ARTHUR RICHMOND. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD'S *Level Crossings* is puzzling. I cannot decide whether it is a collection of condensed long stories or expanded short ones. Judging by their content alone the former is true ; the first ten or twelve are, in this respect, short-story plots skeletonised in two pages. The rest, about equal in number, contain in twenty or thirty pages matter for full length novels. Their subject is chiefly marital unhappiness, or more precisely, the long, slow growth of friction and irritation between man and woman which is the principal theme of Strindberg and various of his contemporaries. Sir Coleridge Kennard handles these situations with considerable understanding and imagination. The want of background is skilfully obviated by rapid preliminary sketching, and the best of the stories, such as *Out of Life*, *Divorce*, *Woman in the Distance*, move on to a convincing conclusion, irritation smouldering until it blazes into hate and subsides into weariness and futility. It is the Strindbergian formula, employed lightly and with humour.

The explanation of the seeming length of the stories lies in their style. Most of them, at least the more important ones, are laid in Switzerland or Sweden, and the author seems to have come as decidedly under Teutonic influences as have so many of the native authors of these countries. All the favourite devices of the Germans are there—the series of rhetorical or indirect questions, the lengthy abstract meditations, the final summings up, in large, general, and often irrelevant conclusions. At times one might be reading Sudermann or even Ernst von Wildenbruch. In consequence, when one has become adjusted to the idea of a novel boiled down, one must readjust oneself to the reading of a short story filled out with what are no doubt true and valuable reflections. Even the two page bits might be viewed as epigrams to which preliminary matter has been added to give them point ; they end, for the most part, with the pleasant “ pop ! ” of an O. Henry story.

Those Barren Leaves is Mr. Aldous Huxley's most elaborate venture into fiction so far ; it consists of nearly four hundred pages of undersized type. The novel is of loose, episodic construction, in part direct relation, in part the autobiography of Francis Chelifer, one of the characters. The setting is an ancient palace in Italy, formerly the seat of a ducal line, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Aldwinkle, a vain, elderly, sex-ridden Englishwoman. The principal characters are her guests, and the story itself, or rather the various stories, relate the mating agonies of these individuals. The first affair to get under way is that of a young Chelsea novelist who, for the satisfaction of her vanity and the need to convince herself that she possesses emotional depths, desires the attentions and love of a weary Lothario ; she gets the former but not the latter. Chelifer, a young poet, rescued from drowning, is invited to join the party, and is immediately marked out by the chatelaine for her own. He finds her attentions distasteful, but she persists, and is only prevented from attaining her end by the nocturnal death agonies of a poor little half-wit of eighteen, whom another guest, a cultured gentleman of sixty-five, has just betrothed himself to for her

money ; her unreasonable craving for Italian fish in midsummer balks his romance. In contrast there is the comparatively idyllic affair between the hostess' niece and a youthful peer who can express himself only in a rapidly-moving automobile.

Not a promising lot, surely. But Mr. Huxley, astutely aware that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, sets these persons, outside their amorous hours (and even inside them) to the business of intellectual converse. Nearly everyone talks, seriously and at considerable length. Now conversation can serve several purposes in a novel ; it can reveal character, move forward the action, prepare a setting. Outside of these its direct function ceases—when employed extrinsically, as ornament, either by way of humour or to stimulate thought, the humour must be amusing, the thought sufficiently original to be worth the saying, else we have only so much padding. Mr. Huxley passes the first test on occasion—his description of supper in a boarding house is delightfully funny. But the bulk of his novel is actually devoted to the business of discussion, and here I think he falls down. Many things are discussed : life, art, Rome, nature, sex, government, motor cars, morality, the nature of evil, religion and a hundred besides ; I question whether the thoughts expressed are worth the two hundred or more extra pages entailed, particularly in view of the fact that otherwise the type might have been larger. The man of the world, Cardan, says :

For it's obvious there are no moral laws. There are social customs on the one hand and there are individuals with their individual feelings and moral reactions on the other. What's immoral in one may not matter in another.

In another place Chelifer (a long-winded bore, who, bad enough in conversation, is given the unfair advantage of playing part author) writes :

I have never met a man with a really bad heart. And the fact is not surprising ; for a man with a really bad heart is a man with certain instincts developed to an abnormal degree, and certain others more or less completely atrophied. . . .

The lady novelist notes that

We rarely give our own weaknesses their specific names, and are aware of them only in a vague and empirical form.

And finally one of the many symposia elicit from Chelifer :

But morally and spiritually they (the middle classes) suffer from a greater reverence for public opinion, they are tortured by snobbery, they live perpetually in the midst of fear. . . .

I realise that it may be unfair to snatch these sentences from their context. Nevertheless they are sentences for which the author is directly responsible, for which he cannot, except possibly in one case, shift the blame to his characters. Moreover these gems actually gain in value when extracted from their settings ; to my surprise they glisten more brightly when alone.

I do not consider Mr. Huxley either a prophet of the new novel or a perverse and affected "exotic" (which is how his American publishers classify him). Stripping from *Those Barren Leaves* the excrescences of juvenile worldliness, facile philosophy, gratuitous information and unnecessary nastiness, there is still left a definite residuum of literary achievement. The drunken revelation of his sinister purpose by the half-wit's brother has a genuine dramatic quality, and the tenderness with which she is portrayed never falters and is never hollow. Several of the characters, notably Miss Thriplow and Mrs. Aldwinkle, at times sparkle with life. The character of Barbara Masson, in fact the entire episode centering about her, is done in most capable fashion—though why a man pacing a street at midnight to spy on

the fidelity of his mistress should ponder on the proletariat's misuse of its leisure hours is more than I can explain.

Edith Wharton seems to have given up, for the present at least, the tragic passion of *Ethan Frome* and the glittering social portraiture of *The Custom of the Country* to relax in the more comfortable domain she first explored in *The Age of Innocence*. These stories of a bygone age are charming, it is true ; no one in America can bring to the reconstruction of historical and social backgrounds so wide a culture, a more lucid or distinguished style than she ; but so many of her compatriots are cultivating the same field (Hergesheimer's *Balisand* and Beer's *Sandoval* have both appeared within a few months) that one feels that she might have been spared for more vital literature.

Old New York is composed of four stories laid in the past century, each being devoted respectively to a decade beginning with the eighteen-forties and ending with the eighteen-seventies. The best by far is the second, entitled *The Old Maid*. I have tried several synopses of it, but I find it impossible to achieve a brief one that will do this miniature novel justice. It concerns the emotional struggles of two women over the illegitimate daughter of one of them ; the two old ladies share the dreadful secret and a love for the child between them ; they dare not make one false step before the compact, inquisitive, pharisaical society of the young metropolis. A strained and delicate situation grows up in consequence. Mrs. Wharton rises altogether out of her self-imposed limitations in this story ; it ceases to be a costume play and becomes pure drama, impatient of the restrictions of period and place. Compared with it the other three parts, *False Dawn*, *The Spark* and *New Year's Day* seem more historical, more documented than they actually are.

M. Hémon lays his scene in that East End of London which seems recently to have become a fashionable *faubourg* of literary Paris. His hero, a violent and quarrelsome Irishman, who has fled from Dublin to avoid the police, takes up his residence near Whitechapel and is immediately brought into contact with the inflammatory *clichés* of revolution. For a moment they captivate him ; very shortly he sickens of them, impatient of their statistics of injustice and their counsels of moderation. Envy and native pugnacity dispose him to immediate and direct action. Nevertheless he succumbs abruptly to a quite contrary point of view, that of the mission ameliorist, in the person of a beautiful social worker from the West End. Repelled by each successive appeal her institution makes to him, which may be labelled respectively the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and the muscular good fellow, he holds on until the girl leaves to marry the handsome and aristocratic exponent of this last (the athletic) point of view, whereupon the old urge for combat impels him to renew a feud with a publican and he goes down in a murderous brawl.

The author obviously did not intend O'Brady to be a real person nor, as far as I can judge, the book to be a novel. The central character wanders abroad like a sort of Everyman, to call forth and react to lengthy expositions of current and conflicting social theories. The people he meets are devised for the sole purpose of talking to, and if possible converting, him. M. Hémon and his *Colin-Maillard* have been held in France, I am told, as authoritative interpreters of English psychology. There is no more reason why he should not be recognised as an authority on Jewish or Irish psychology—individuals of each of these races appear in the book and all alike are merely composites of so-called racial characteristics. The style and method of presentation might well be that of an English writer, on the other hand, and this illusion is fostered by Mr. Arthur Richmond's capable translation.

MILTON WALDMAN

BELLES-LETTRES

DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS. By JOHN DONNE. Edited by JOHN SPARROW. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

ESSAYS. By W. B. YEATS. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

RECENT PROSE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 6s.

CAMBRIDGE CAMEOS. By Sir ARTHUR SHIPLEY. Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.

THE WEEK-END BOOK. The Nonesuch Press. 6s.

BEAUTY finds strange bedfellows. It is characteristic of Donne that, when he was taken ill of some infectious sickness, he should spend his enforced solitude in deep and terrible meditations, and heart revealing prayers—meditations not of the vague uneasy kind that most of us admit and indulge at such times, but clear cut though fantastic involutions of thought, courageous allegorising about the very pains and weaknesses which tormented his sore body. He must have been very near to death, or at least very afraid that he was near ; but he gave his mind little rest, and there is something terrible in the almost insane way he has of flogging himself for past sins, in the strange joy he takes in bringing himself low that he may be lifted again and again in ecstasy of divine worship. *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* is hardly a pleasant book, it is frantic music, abject and exalted ; the fantasy, the conceits, the very puns are terrible on the lips of a man dying, but Donne never loses hold, never relaxes the mental strain ; the very style sweats sometimes, and yet is beautiful.

The *Heavens* are not the less constant, because they move continually, because they move continually one and the same way. The *Earth* is not the more constant, because it lyes still continually, because continually it changes, and melts in all parts thereof. *Man*, who is the noblest part of the *Earth*, melts so away, as if he were a *statue*, not of *Earth*, but of *Snowe*. We see his owne *Envie* melts him, he growes leane with that ; he will say, another's *beautie* melts him ; but he feesles that a *Fever* doth not melt him like *snow*, but pour him out like *lead*, like *yron*, like *brasse* melted in a furnace. It doth not only *melt* him, but *calcine* him, reduce him to *Atomes*, and to *ashes* ; not to *water*, but to *lime*. And how quickly ? Sooner than thou canst receive an answer, sooner than thou canst conceive the question ; *Earth* is the *center* of my *Bodie*, *Heaven* is the *center* of my *Soule* ; these two are the naturall places of those two ; but those goe not to these two in an equall pace : My *body* falls downe without pushing, my *Soule* does not go up without pulling : *Ascension* is my *Soule's* pace and measure, but *precipitation* my *bodie's* : And, even *Angells*, whose home is *Heaven*, and who are winged too, yet had a *Ladder* to goe to *Heaven*, by steps.

The *Devotions* are characteristic enough to be worth reprinting, though they are a long way from Donne's finest artistic achievement. Historically, psychologically, they are of great interest because they are sometimes cruelly intimate. But it is debatable whether they are worth the trouble of a facsimile, and the reader will find, even from the short quotation above, that the italics add nothing to the sense, and take away a great deal of the comfort of reading.

Here is a far more beautiful passage, a triumph of sustained metaphor, which I will print without the fuss of different types :

All mankind is of one author, and in one volume. When one man dies one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language, and every chapter must be so translated. God employs several translators ; some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice ; but God's hand is in every translation ; and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again, for that Library where every book shall lie open to one another.

Mr. John Sparrow writes an excellent brief understanding of Donne in his introduction, and points out one great truth : that Donne in the love passages of his youth and in the religious fervour of his later days is really one man unchanged. " Indeed the outward change was very great ; but it was not the point of view, it was the object of his outlook, that had altered."

It is impossible to bridge the gulf between John Donne and Mr. W. B. Yeats, even for the purposes of a Chronicle. Both are poets, and though an immediate quotation will leave the reader gasping for a moment or two, the plunge must be taken. Reflections on the manifold miracles of style, that the same language can do things so different, are left to the leisurely.

I wanted to write " popular poetry " like those Irish poets, for I believed that all good literatures were popular . . . and I hated what I called the coteries. I thought that one must write without care, for that was of the coteries, but with a gusty energy that would put all straight if it came out of the right heart. . . And when I found my verses too full of the reds and yellows Shelley gathered in Italy, I thought for two days of setting things right, not as I should now by making my rhythms faint and nervous, and filling my images with a certain coldness, a certain wintry wildness, but by eating little, and sleeping upon a board.

So, in 1904, in this first essay of the volume of variously dated essays, Mr. Yeats wrote the short record of the beginning of disappointment. He tells how he drew near to the conclusion that popular poetry was Longfellow and Mrs. Hemans, and yet, in this essay, and all through the book, he returns again and again to the first faith he held. He dreamed of songs, surely, that his beloved Irish would absorb and adopt as their own, of drama that was exactly fitted for the emotions of the people, of epics that should embody and perpetuate the rich multitude of myths and traditional tales peculiarly Irish. And through every page, late or early, there is a wistful sound of winds of the unrealised, although nobody knows better than Mr. Yeats himself how much he has achieved, how much added in his poems and plays, and in these essays too, to the heritage of the world.

It is one of the articles of his poetic creed that the magic, inexplicable, and therefore the worthiest, power of poetry is due to associations, sometimes even inherited associations. In one very striking moment he proves his point :

" Or go down into the street," he says, " with some thought whose bare meaning must be plain to anybody ; take with you Ben Jonson's ' Beauty like sorrow dwelleth everywhere,' and find out how utterly its enchantment depends on an association of beauty with sorrow which written tradition had from the unwritten, which had it in its turn from ancient religion ; or take with you these lines in whose bare meaning also there is nothing to stumble over, and find out what men lose who are not in love with Helen :

Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye."

Now this desire to uncover the enchantment of poetry, and to nail it down upon the cross of association, inherited symbolism, tradition, might conceivably, if it were wholly successful, end in the death of poetry. Obviously, even in the simple example quoted, there are many other forces at work. For my own part the thrill of those three lines is intensest at the first, whose bare meaning, by the way, is not so simple as the saying of it is. But theorist as he sometimes is, Mr. Yeats' practice as a poet has been one of the age's safeguards against the death of poetry. His essays will be valuable documents available to literary historians. They will be intensely interesting

lights upon the character and habit of mind of a great writer. For themselves, though one cannot help admiring their flashes of surprising beauty and their delicate flavour of simplicity and mystery at once, they are only less valuable. They let us into the secrets of Mr. Yeats, his activities, his often cloudy beauty of thought ; but they do not let us into the secrets of heaven and earth as his poetry does, save now and then, just often enough to make it clear that this is one of his dearest theories, when the poet comes vaulting through the delicate prose in an attack on reason and intellect.

“ Neither painting could move us at all,” he will say, speaking of two that have moved him differently, “ Neither painting could move us at all, if our thought did not rush out to the edges of our flesh, and it is so with all good art, whether the Victory of Samothrace, which reminds the soles of our feet of swiftness ; of the Odyssey that would send us out under the salt wind, or the young horsemen on the Parthenon, that seem happier than ever our boyhood was, and in our boyhood’s way. Art bids us touch and taste and hear and see in the world, and shrinks from what Blake calls mathematic form.”

Mr. Yeats has all the delicious “ faults of enthusiasm ” in the best passages of these essays. Occasionally he beats the bush with great flourishes and no bird or hare is started, and once or twice he is not only unintelligible (for that does not matter) but unsuccessful, and therefore to his reader meaningless.

Mr. Masfield’s book of *Recent Prose*, for which the publishers claim rather extravagantly on the wrapper, is of quite another kind. It consists of various reprinted pieces, the Preface to the American Edition of *Reynard the Fox*, extracts from letters, a memoir of J. M. Synge, remarkable for its triviality when one remembers that Mr. Masfield enjoyed his personal friendship, an *Essay on Play Writing*, which is here, for very insufficient reasons, printed for the first time, and a story called *The Taking of Helen*. Altogether there is nothing of the intensity, nor of the revelation of a striking personality, remarked in Mr. Yeats’ *Essays*. The real excuse for the whole volume is *The Taking of Helen*. Nothing else matters at all, but for this exquisitely told ancient tale I can scarcely find praise enough. It has been published before, in a limited edition last year. It has much of the kind of fairy tale atmosphere which hangs about, say, *The Winter’s Tale*. It is written in strong earthy English, mingling, in Mr. Masfield’s own manner, earth and heaven in styles, and tells how Prince Niræus, who was himself in love with Queen Helen, puts his ships at the disposal of Prince Paris, and helps the lovers through the tangles of a very dangerous chase until they are safely out of the country. The characters are what fairy tale characters always are—broad types ; but that only adds to the ease with which the reader enters into the zest of the tale and follows it to its close.

Cambridge Cameos is the title of a book of papers upon curiosities of Cambridge history. The Master of Christ’s writes entertainingly of scholarly researches into some of the beasts of Cambridge heraldry, he boasts well of a university that can stand it, and of his own college and the archæological discoveries made when the Master’s Lodge was restored during his Mastership. The last chapters are short personal sketches of some of the greater lights in the light blue firmament. He has a pleasant touch, and disguises his learning light-heartedly.

Lastly mention must be made of *The Week-End Book*—a new idea in books—which costs less than a first novel, and is anthology, games encyclopedia, cookery book, song book, and book of first aid, all within two covers, and the cheapest example of good printing which the Nonesuch Press has yet issued. Its simple cure for the hiccups is infallible.

FRANK KENDON

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Man and Writer*. A Critical Biography. By J. A. STEUART. Two volumes. Sampson Low. 32s.

PUNCH AND JUDY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

A. An enormous book.

Z. And as excellent. Romance still has the highest excellences at its command and subdues even realism to itself—realism, a scullery maid running to and fro for the satisfaction of her mature, still-delightful mistress. The bright-cheek'd, firm-lipped face, the steady hips and thighs, these beautiful outwards of romance come clearly enough into the web of this book and compose a living image, caught and fixed by the chemistry of time.

A. I don't understand extravagancies—I dread them. Aspire to a little plainness and tell me, if you can, whether you are speaking of these two enormous volumes, or of some ancient, strangely-remembered love.

Z. Plain? A hammer, surely, isn't plainer in its hitting. I spoke of this—

A. A novel in two volumes?

Z. The term isn't mine—I say romance. Use words as you will, but I shall choose for myself, captiously.

A. A romance, yet not a novel. I will assume then that it isn't true—

Z. Disgorge all assumptions, please. Listen. A certain man was born restless, and an artist. He turned himself into an engine for all tasks but remained hungry for art. He worked like a leaky engine, with the intermittent, uncertain explosion of a gas-plant, and died when he was exhausted thirty years ago.

A. Unpromising material. The romancer who tells the story must needs have had almighty and wide-eyed collaborators, if of these simple elements he produces what you may allow to be romance.

Z. Collaborators? There's one that's a laughing, mocking, hollow-orbed creature, and another that I know very little about, but he's suspected to be by far the more powerful, indelicate and sardonic creature.

A. Yet they're unnamed, and you don't venture?

Z. Don't let us trifle. You asked me for a story and I gave you a stone. Now let me add the romance, the mosses to the stone.

A. When the elements are so clearly distinguishable, and the romantic so easily separated from the realistic, I doubt everything.

Z. Well, maybe it is your business as well as your pleasure to doubt as long as you can. Let me give you the material for your doubt to thrive on, or die of.—The story is of a man born into the straitest of sects, in the starkest of cities. His early days weren't conspicuous for brilliance, and all his accomplishment came rather slowly into recognition; indeed, it was into a few hasty hurried years that he perforce crowded whatsoever of value his art was able to achieve. But no sooner had he died than a legend of charming intelligence and supple grace was kindled, and lit his memory for a whole generation.

A. Was the legend wrong? You may be sure there's always something true at the bottom of popular legends. It is the conclusion of the wise that's wrong, being subtle.

Z. It was the wrong legend, a perversion that attracted most, repelled some, and always stood in the way of the stranger truth. The legend made of the artist a modern St. Francis of Assisi, an apostle of sweetness and artificial light—forgive my speaking

thus. He was idealised out of all endurance, not a human angle left, not a scar visible, not a frown, not a wrinkle of regret or remorse. Victorian idealism, stretching out from its tomb, made a last gigantic effort and transformed the artist that had known something of life and death and anguish and perplexity, into an eternally smiling figure babbling pieties and counsel to cheer the incapable and ennobled noodles.

A. Well, that isn't so singular. But what part is played by your text—the volumes which you try in vain to hold in your hands as you talk?

Z. It brings a healthy frost—the sharpest of several we have known lately—and the plaster cracks. And now anyone, even as dull as ourselves, can see the romantic real that was obscured by the romanticised unreal.

A. Will the author be forgiven, or his romance be believed?

Z. It is by romance that truth is made credible, and it is the unromantic that men cannot believe.—Let me expound my author. His romance takes the form of a critical biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, as a man and writer, and he tells many things of Stevenson that we didn't know, destroys others, solidifies this rumour, dissipates that, paces the outskirts of discretion, and reanimates a figure that, for our sceptical decade, had grown waxen and unacceptable. He is severe—and it is as well that he should be, for when one repents the adulations of youth the extreme of dislike may follow, if there is no one able and willing to state the temperate truth.

A. I see your author claims Stevenson himself as his authority for candour. Listen :

There are two distinct duties incumbent on any man who enters on the business of writing : truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment.

It must always be foul to tell what is false : and it can never be safe to suppress what is true.

I am not afraid of the truth . . . but I am afraid of parts of it impertinently uttered. Partiality is immorality.

Has Mr. Steuart guided himself thus ?

Z. Do not ask me to confirm him. I, who make a practice of believing all that I am told, as I can so easily do, I am delighted at the candour and the not less evident affection of his attitude towards Stevenson. I cannot say if his facts are correctly stated, I can only say they are humanely stated and assist in the drawing of a warm and credible human figure. When Stevenson died I was young and ignorant ; I did not know even *Treasure Island*. I remember Tennyson's death, and Patmore's a little later, and I wondered at the death of these august names ; but the name of Stevenson did not awake me in 1894.

A. I am concerned with Stevenson, not with—Tell me what Mr. Steuart tells you.

Z. He says that Stevenson wasn't universally popular when he was a young man, nor even when he grew older ; he wasn't invincible and that weary quality " charm " wasn't always his. He says more plainly than others have said that Stevenson scandalised Edinburgh by his blasphemies, and he cruelly calls him a blatant " pocket-Voltaire ". He says that this was a horror to Stevenson's parents—as it might be to parents nowadays, but it wasn't this alone that horrified them but other follies of youth, for which a sensual temper may well account. Like St. Augustine, do you say ? So says Mr. Steuart too ; adding by way of distinction, however, that Stevenson never had a capacity for wrestling and suffering in the depth of his soul.

A. I suppose the time has come for saying such things, and that Mr. Steuart is sure of himself in saying them ?

Z. We've already seen his justification, and he gives it in Stevenson's own words. I imagine no man would be so extreme in telling inessential truths as others have

been in disguising them ; but there is a speculative element about some of his remarks, and I naturally distrust the " must have beens " and " probablys " of biography.

A. The sedulous adulators are to blame, if they provoke such answers.

Z. Let that be as it may.—What is at least as interesting is the severity towards Mrs. Stevenson. I needn't go into the extraordinary account of Stevenson's relations with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne ; the Comic Spirit was surfeited of irony and laughter. The story of the unsuccessful young writer's marriage to one " already a grandmother " is amusing—if one can find amusement in disclosures of this sort. Our author has his own very definite view of Mrs. Stevenson's activities. He says that she was an admirable business woman, and that her motives for suppressing " so much valuable biographical matter are not beyond conjecture ". The " genteel art of myth-making " had resulted in an ideal picture of one who rather shrank from women—witness his failure with women ; and so on. Mrs. Stevenson's adroit management extended even to Stevenson's father whom she conciliated because of his practical importance. While Stevenson lived and was growing famous he was subdued to his wife's conception of the popular and profitable ; and when he was dead, says Mr. Steuart, the need of discretion was increased rather than diminished.

A. And all this may be true, and yet, though you will laugh, I don't like such a long-drawn feud between a corpse and its critic. Mrs. Stevenson is dead, and the exposure of her benevolent business is made at the expense of her husband. I'll grant that touches such as you speak of may give a needed veracity to the likeness now redrawn. I'll grant that the Stevenson of 1924, as Mr. Steuart's book presents him, is a credible figure and that the Stevenson of 1894 wasn't. I'll grant even that the disclosure of concealed things may make Stevenson no less attractive—yes, more attractive, if you like ; and no one can complain if he himself is made to contribute to this recovery. But a damage done to others, a black-washing of one who white-washed another—it's an extreme of justice, surely. And how is Stevenson the writer affected, how is the quality of his gift to us affected ?

Z. Even here Mrs. Stevenson is not held quite blameless. From Mr. Steuart's guarded phrases you are taught that she maintained too vigilant a watch, too sharp a domination. Stevenson's exuberant courage was set to desperate tasks—for what ? But of this enough : the courage endured.

A. Yes, enough. But of Stevenson's creative work the world cannot have enough. If criticism and the world speak with different voices and each disregards the other, who shall complain ? Let the critic enjoy his superiority and the world enjoy Robert Louis Stevenson.

Z. The cool rational judgment of Mr. Steuart himself would agree with you.

And now that the room is quiet again and Mr. Steuart's volumes put by, let me add a postscript concerning a book that deserves much more than a postscript. Mr. Baring's *Punch and Judy* is a mixture of essays on authors, books and actors. The first, that gives this book its title, is the best. In it Mr. Baring proceeds from the praise of Punch and Judy to the consideration of what is essential in the theatre ; but in the next, on Sarah Bernhardt, he throws over the theatre and fixes his eyes on the superb actress alone. Mr. Baring has a gift for saying things which are true but forgotten, and can never be said too forcibly ; thus of Gilbert and Sullivan he writes that the whole point of really great art is that while it satisfies the critical it pleases the crowd, and that while children can enjoy it, it fills the accomplished craftsman with despair at being unable to emulate it. There are critics who expound a philosophical basis for criticism—but enjoyment such as Mr. Baring's ? A Punch and Judy show surely excites it more than writing a whole volume of criticism.

JOHN FREEMAN.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE LIFE OF LORD WOLSELEY. By Sir F. MAURICE and Sir GEORGE ARTHUR. Heinemann. 25s.

MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES. By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By FORD MADOX FORD (F. M. HUEFFER). Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY. By A. M. W. STIRLING. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

DIVERSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT. By FRANK RATTIGAN, C.M.G. Chapman and Hall. 16s.

MR. ASQUITH not long ago made a timely protest against the inordinate length of modern biographies ; and the authors of the life of Lord Wolseley in a volume of some three hundred pages tell the story of so full and varied a career as that of the great soldier whose record it is. No mean achievement. For those who remember the alert dapper figure only the other day, it seems, in the London streets, it is difficult to realise that his career began in the Crimea, and ended only just before 1914, during the whole of which time he was in incessant and arduous employment. Most of us have a vague idea that, in spite of certain defects of commissariat and transport, the Crimean War was a triumph for the English Army. Lord Wolseley tells a very different story :

The French were able to end the war in triumph and with credit, whereas at the end of the war our battalions carried with them to the remotest provinces of the Empire . . . the sad story of failure.

It was largely the fault of the high command :

I knew the officers who were, as late as the fall of Sebastopol, the quarter-master generals of two of our five divisions. They were not men whom I would have entrusted with a subaltern's picket in the field.

It was this experience which set Wolseley to consider how the British army could be made into an efficient fighting force. The two great obstacles in the way were purchase and promotion by seniority and not by merit.

When he was made Assistant Adjutant-General by Lord Cardwell he helped to abolish the first. It was not an easy task :

Except those who worked with and for Lord Cardwell, few knew the difficulties he had to overcome when all " society " and almost the whole of the Army were against him.

In the course of the book many hard things are said of Mr. Gladstone, but it should never be forgotten that it was his courage in invoking the Royal Prerogative which abolished purchase after the House of Lords had tried to save it, but oddly enough Promotion by Merit was a tougher proposition. Wolseley writes to Lord Hartington :

That system [*i.e.*, Purchase] was abolished at a cost to the nation of some millions, and in my opinion it is but right. That the nation should obtain in return the reform it expected, and had a right to expect, that none but competent and properly educated officers should be selected for the position of Lt. Colonel.

This hardly seems a very revolutionary proposal, but it horrified the Duke of Cambridge, whose view was that reforms should be introduced only at the proper moment, *i.e.*, when it was impossible to resist them any longer. Although Wolseley

did not like politicians he was not badly served by them. Lord Beaconsfield wrote to Lady Bradford after the Zulu War :

Sir Garnet Wolseley has not disappointed me. He is one of those men who not only succeed, but succeed quickly. Nothing can give you any idea of the jealousy, hatred and all uncharitableness of the Horse Guards against our only soldier.

and it required all his adroitness to disarm Royal opposition. He writes to the Queen :

With regard to Sir G. Wolseley, Lord Beaconsfield will write to your Majesty with that complete and unlimited confidence which has always, he trusts, distinguished the remarks he has the honour of submitting to his sovereign—It is quite true Wolseley is an egotist and a braggart. So was Nelson.

Nobody but Dizzy could have done it so well. But even prejudice cannot hold out against unvarying success, the Duke of Cambridge got to like Wolseley personally, and the Queen sent him a generous message after the disastrous affair of General Gordon.

But Wolseley realised his dream. This he accomplished in spite of the Duke of Cambridge and what he calls "Bow and Arrow" generals. The modern army owes its existence to Cardwell, Wolseley and Lord Haldane, but history is full of surprises and we learn that the Duke of York after all deserved his Column, for a number of Cardwell's most useful reforms "were measures inaugurated or projected by the Duke of York".

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells a characteristic story of the Duke. When he was going out to the Boer War on the medical staff in 1900, his company had the honour of a Royal inspection, and there was a painful scene when he was discovered to be wearing buttons without a mark on them. However, with his unvarying good nature the Duke afterwards said some "very kindly things", and at lunch made a speech of more vivacity than discretion in which he complained: "They turned me off because they said I was too old, but old as I am I would not have been such a fool as to—" and then he strung off a number of things which Lord Wolseley, his successor, was supposed to have done.

In the preface which contains a remarkable number of personal pronouns, the readers are told: "I have had a life which for variety and romance could, I think, hardly be exceeded." The 400 pages tell us all about it. Not the least interesting part is his account of whaling in the Arctic Ocean as a ship's doctor. The mate of *The Hope* was a character straight out of Herman Melville. The man who signed on as first mate was a little decrepit fellow, obviously unfit to perform his duties, whereas the cook's assistant was a stalwart giant, red-bearded, with a voice of thunder. Directly the ship got to sea, the decrepit mate retired to the galley and the scullery boy walked aft and assumed the duty of mate. It appeared the one, though past his work, had a mate's certificate, while the other, though a magnificent seaman, could neither read nor write—so what was simpler than such a mutual accommodation?

His first literary success was with the *Cornhill*. James Payn accepted a short story. Sherlock Holmes's methods, he tells, were borrowed from his own medical teacher, Joseph Bell, surgeon at the Edinburgh Infirmary. On one occasion he told an astonished patient that he had been a non-commissioned officer in a Highland regiment, stationed in Barbadoes, recently discharged. It was quite simple:

The man was a respectful man, but did not remove his hat. They do not in the Army, but he would have learnt civilian ways had he been long discharged. He has an air of authority, and he is obviously Scotch. As to Barbadoes, his complaint is elephantiasis, which is West Indian and not British.

The spiritualistic pages are of real value, as showing how completely innocent an able man may be of any comprehension of what constitutes proof.

I confess I like the personal remembrances of Conrad better than the personal remembrances of Ford Madox Ford, by Ford Madox Hueffer. The excellence of his prose style, his occasional flashes of genius and his thesis of the novel may be of substantial interest and yet lack the appeal of his collaborator in *Romance*, of which work the patient reader hears a good deal. Incidentally much interesting matter concerning Conrad emerges. Something almost too good to be true. Can it be a fact that Conrad was in the French navy? It is certainly odd, if it be so, that one should not have heard of it before. The legend is that he made the French navy too hot to hold him!

He painted red the port of Marseilles, intrigued for Napoleon III, hired, since there was nothing else to be hired, an unpainted four-in-hand from a coachbuilder's yard and drove, buried in actresses and the opera chorus, to the races.

Conrad declared that the first English words he ever heard were: "We've fought the Bear before, boys, and while we are Britons true, the Russians shall not have Constantinople," which may well have appealed to the young man fresh from Poland. The Great Macdermott's work was completed by a gentleman in Ratcliffe Highway, who presented him with a pocket copy of the English Bible. Being printed on rice paper, the leaves were very handy for rolling cigarettes, but before doing so he always read the page. "So, he said, he learned English." Although a Pole, he was against revolutions. His ideal was to have been an English country gentleman in the days of Lord Palmerston. It was the stability of England that seems to have attracted him. "An immense power, standing for liberty and hospitality for refugees, vigilant over a *Pax Britannica* that embraced the world." At a time when Captain Marryat appears to be coming into his own once more, it is interesting to learn that the first literary criticism the author heard from Conrad was a eulogy of Marryat, and to the end of his life his opinion remained unchanged:

Marryat was, after Shakespeare, the greatest novelist and delineator of character that England has produced.

It was largely Marryat's novels that turned Conrad's thoughts to England. He found in his pages the tradition of fidelity to an ideal—a service without comfort, without advertisement, and no great certainty of advancement. This, as the writer points out, was the meaning of England to Conrad. He saw the self-sacrifice, the patience and the fidelity, and it was in maintaining that tradition in the British Merchant Service that he learned the lesson of life he has given to the world in such exquisite terms.

Life's Little Day, as one would expect from the author, contains much excellent matter, but it is possible to have too much even of a good thing. The blue pencil is often better than the pen, and the reader might well have been spared such items as that the author's brother was once rude to a French governess, and that her nurse had a large mouth, even with a picture thrown in of that generous feature. Still, the interests of London in the 'eighties and onwards are agreeably recalled, and this book has its full measure of stories, some good and some even new.

The Diversions of a Diplomat is a most entertaining volume, full of first hand stories and incidents. Although, as a boy, the author had disagreeable experiences of German methods when working at Hanover for the Foreign Office during the Boer War, later in Berlin, he frankly liked his surroundings. In the event of war, the Crown Prince told him, the German staff expected to enter Paris on the twenty-seventh day after the declaration, and to smash Russia in three weeks, but always declared that the war party was directed against Russia and not England or France. It may be so, but Frankenstein is always at the mercy of his monster.

CHARTRES BIRON

COLLECTING AND ANTIQUITIES

ENGLISH DECORATION AND FURNITURE OF THE EARLY RENAISSANCE. By M. JOURDAIN. B. T. Batsford. £3.

ENGLISH DECORATION AND FURNITURE OF THE LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By M. JOURDAIN. B. T. Batsford. £3 3s.

THE ART OF THE CHINESE POTTER. By BERNARD RACKHAM and HERBERT READ. Ernest Benn. £6 6s.

OLD DUTCH POTTERY AND TILES. By Dr. ELISABETH NEURDENBERG. Translated by BERNARD RACKHAM. Ernest Benn. £4 4s.

INTEREST in our own country's past, and the ever-growing curiosity as to the houses and furniture of our ancestors has created almost a literature of its own, but the period (from 1500 to 1650) dealt with in Miss M. Jourdain's large and admirably illustrated volume has not had the attention that its immense interest deserves. The richness of this country in sixteenth-century domestic architecture is great, and the number of magnificent old rooms, fire-places, door-ways, staircases and decorated walls which the author has been able to illustrate seems almost endless. There is an instructive Foreword by Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Strange and an Introduction by Miss Jourdain, who goes on to give with much detail under such heads as Woodwork, Carving, Inlay, Decorative Painting, Plasterwork, Glass and Glazing, The Chimney-piece, The Staircase, a great deal of information which will prove invaluable to collectors, students, designers, architects and indeed to all art-loving people.

The influence of the Italian artists and craftsmen patronised by Henry VII, and in the earlier part of his reign by Henry VIII, seems to have been checked by the Reformation and by the quarrels with Rome. Many foreign workmen returned to Italy, and when in the long reign of Elizabeth the tide was again flowing, it came with weaker force from the Low Countries. It became not so much an invasion of men, as of books and patterns, chiefly of details, ornament, mouldings and architectural embellishments, which were used by the native craftsmen as the source of quaint and, to them, novel designs for the enrichment of surfaces, leaving the plan and construction of the buildings comparatively uninfluenced. The history of these changes and the effect of these innovations on the interior design of English houses are accurately traced, clearly set forth and copiously illustrated. The statements advanced are nearly all supported by historical data and the full references to the quotations are admirable. There is one surprising statement on page 41: "It might be supposed that the oak for this wainscoting was English-grown, but according to Harrison 'our wainscot is not made in England'." The above sentence suggests that the panelling on English walls in the sixteenth century was all made of foreign oak, but Harrison's actual words do not bear that interpretation. What he said, writing in 1586, was this:

The wals of our houses on the inner sides in like sort be either hanged with tapisserie . . . or else they are seeled with oke of our owne, or wainescot brought hither out of the east countries, whereby the rooms are not a little commended, made warme, and much more close than otherwise they would be.

Which means that the panelling in the rooms of his time was made of English oak, or alternatively that it was made of foreign "wainscot," a word which, in the days that he was writing about, meant not so much panelling as the raw material of

panelling. The oak from the "eastland" countries was generally brought over in the form of boards which though called "wainscot" were frequently used for comparatively strong work.

The last third of the book gives a detailed account of English furniture of the same period—1500 to 1650. Naturally there are not many examples shown that are earlier than 1550, and the majority are Elizabethan or later. A great many are quite beautiful pieces of furniture, a joy to possess and an education to study. Also they are photographed naturally and picturesquely and give a graphic idea of the actual tables, bedsteads, chairs, etc., in harmonious surroundings. The photographs are supplemented by a considerable number of elevations, plans and sections of mouldings in outline giving exact measurements. One of them shows a bedstead which, if original and unrestored, must have been a peculiar one, as the cord-holes in the head-piece are much higher than those in the foot. Miss Jourdain says tables were termed "dormant" when fixed to the floor, and quotes Ben Jonson to show that they existed early in the seventeenth century. But Chaucer's franklin had one in the fourteenth :—

His table dormant in his hall alway,
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

"History," as Freeman used to insist, "is one." So the period from 1760 to 1820 is as much history as the Norman Conquest or the Spanish Armada, and it is a good thing for the history of the Decorative Arts that writers of such ability as Miss Jourdain should bring to bear so much learned enthusiasm upon even such a late period as this. I always used to look upon the architects of those days as deserving of "something with boiling oil in it", because of their destructive ravages among the beautiful buildings of earlier date. But one ought not to blame them for the crimes which were only a by-product of the activities and ideals of the times in which they lived and worked. Also the more catholic taste of the twentieth century enables us to appreciate the charm and distinction of much of their work. Certainly the interiors illustrated in *English Decoration and Furniture of the later XVIII Century* (which is the last volume of a series of four) are nearly all of them full of interest and a kind of prim, dandified beauty, meet back-grounds for the rich and ornate costumes, the wigs and powdered hair, the lace and patches of the age that created them.

There is a Foreword by Professor A. E. Richardson, F.R.I.B.A., from which the following is an extract, which gives the names of most of the architects who were then fashionable :

As in all developments of art, there was no abrupt change ; before the Adam Brothers took the field, Isaac Ware, Sir Robert Taylor, and the Paines, father and son, had struck out a line of architectural decoration, sharply defined and free from coarse modelling. Chambers in spite of his sympathies for the work of Gabriel and Antoine, as well as his intimacy with Clérisseau, modelled his style upon that of James Gibbs. Henry Holland, who appears at a time when the Wyatts were gaining royal patronage, stands aloof from his contemporaries, although a member of the Architects' Club.

The subject of the book is *Decoration and Furniture* ; there is a great deal about architects in it, but it is only their treatment of wall-surfaces, doors, staircases, etc., that is dealt with. We do not see their work as buildings, but only as rooms, entrance-halls or corridors, and probably in this way we see them at their best. For in the treatment of interiors they were more original, more English, and less fettered by classical precedents and predilections. They could be playful too, at times, as when one of them, Thomas Leverton, used diminutive Doric columns suspended by their capitals from the lowest member of a cornice !

Some of the rooms must have been beautiful in colour, and some had panels, medallions or other spaces filled by classical subjects painted by artists such as Angelica Kauffmann, Biagio Rebecca, Cipriani, or Zucchi. There are a great many photographs (and some architects' measured drawings) of the details of wall-decoration, carvings, marble mantel-pieces, painted ceilings, mouldings, figures and groups, as well as staircase balusters, grates, fenders, chandeliers, and all kinds of other accessories.

The later chapters of the book show the development of the furniture of the same period, from 1760 when it aroused the admiration of the French, through the final years of the eighteenth century, till the latest classic manner came into existence, an archæological revival in which ancient examples were copied and entire suites made in close approximation to the Greek and Roman styles; till the "Empire" style imported from France gave place to a new ideal "Grecian massiveness", and even a "pronounced Egyptian" character. All these phases, good and mediocre, interesting and beautiful or crude and barbaric are excellently illustrated in many beautiful plates.

In these times, lovers of old ceramic wares are fortunate. No longer called "china-manics" and made the prey of the comic journalist as in the days of the "æsthetic movement", they are catered for by the most learned students and with the most sumptuous of books. *The Art of the Chinese Potter* offers the collector in a single big quarto volume nearly two hundred photographic plates, many of them in colours, of typical examples of Oriental china dating from 206 B.C. to 1619 of our era. Each plate is accompanied by descriptive paragraphs giving dates, and full details of colour and decoration, with some indication of the religious or mythological symbolism which has dictated much of their character. All the illustrations are from examples of Chinese pottery or porcelain which are known to exist in collections in this country.

There is a very valuable Introduction, and the whole volume is full of instructive matter which should afford a liberal education in the history of Chinese pottery. The authors frequently refer to the "factories" in which these exotic wares of wonderful technique were made, but do not say anything about the conditions of their production. It would have been interesting to know what a factory of, say 960 A.D., was like.

The words *Old Dutch Pottery and Tiles* call up visions of quaint white jars, plates or bowls, with floral or figure decoration in dark blue. Or they may waken memories of old fire-places or dadoes, lined with blue or dull purple tiles, painted with Biblical subjects, flowers or landscapes, or sometimes with single figures in seventeenth-century costume, or animals. All these are what we have for a long time been accustomed to call "Dutch delft", which always had a core or body of earthy character, brittle and easily scratched, and covered with a layer of tin enamel of opaque whiteness; a ware which had its origin in the efforts of the Dutch potters to copy the mysterious Oriental porcelain of whose composition they were ignorant. But an earlier and much more richly coloured ware was allied to Italian maiolica, and seems to have been made in Holland originally by Italians. This Dutch maiolica had greatly declined at the end of the sixteenth century and was swamped by the great burst of production in the seventeenth century, "which flooded the world with delft." In England delft-ware was extensively copied.

Of the 112 illustrations to this book eight are in colours, and all are excellent reproductions. A specially interesting one is a large hyacinth-vase three feet three and a half inches high, covered with painted decoration in blue and manganese purple. It has a crown-shaped top, and round the lower part the monogram of King William III and Queen Mary alternates with the motto of the Princes of Orange.

OLIVER BAKER

SCIENCE

- TIME MEASUREMENT. By L. BOLTON. G. Bell. 6s.
 TIME AND TIMEKEEPERS. By WILLIS I. MILHAM. Macmillan. 30s.
 EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By MAX BORN. Methuen. 12s.
 SPACE, TIME AND MOTION. By A. V. VASILIEV. Chatto & Windus. 7s.
 SPACE AND TIME. By CARL BENEDICKS. Methuen. 4s.
 CHEMISTRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Various Authors.
 Benn. 15s.
 ATOMS AND RAYS. By OLIVER LODGE. Benn. 21s.
 SCIENTIFIC METHOD. By F. W. WESTAWAY. (Third Edition). Blackie. 10s. 6d.
 THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCIENCES. By Various Authors. Humphrey
 Milford. 16s.
 SCIENCE AND LABOUR. By Various Authors. Benn. 6s.
 PIGMENTORY EFFECTOR SYSTEM. By L. T. HOGGEN. Oliver & Boyd. 10s. 6d.

THE measurement of time lies at the basis not only of astronomy and physics, but also of the regulation of our daily life, and a scientific instrument of precision designed for this measurement stands in every home, although often it is rather a silent symbol than an active mechanism. Familiarity with the domestic clock has long bred an indifference akin to that which the telephone and the listening set have more recently created towards the wonder of electrical transmission of speech with or without wires, yet even the simplest timepiece is an admirable achievement of design, and epitomises a variety of dynamical principles no less than the other instruments just mentioned exemplify a variety of electromagnetic laws. The best astronomical clocks and marine chronometers are marvels which comprise not only the experience and ingenuity of generations of instrument makers but also many devices which demand detailed knowledge of mechanical theory for their full appreciation. The large clock which ultimately sets our time is, of course, the solar system, and even to know what is meant by the mean solar day demands a certain acquaintance with the elements of astronomy. To understand, therefore, something about time measurement as performed by, say, the ordinary chronometer, it is necessary to have some definite, if rudimentary, knowledge of certain departments of astronomy, of physics, and of mechanics. To go into the real nature of time measurement when the observer is considering the motion of bodies travelling relatively to himself, to enter upon that discussion of the interrelation between space and time which modern physics has reluctantly had to undertake, brings us to the theory of relativity. This, however, is not a matter which troubles the compiler of nautical almanacks.

Mr. Bolton, who, it may be remembered, won the prize of five thousand dollars offered a few years ago by an American gentleman for the best essay on relativity, has turned his back on that subject and written a little book on time measurement in the ordinary civil sense, which is just what is required by the reader who wants to start at the beginning. The first three chapters are devoted to the elementary astronomy needed to define correctly what is meant by a year and by a day. They are excellently done; any difficulties which may exist can be easily solved with the help of the home-made model described. The actual treatment of timepieces follows historical lines, a wise method which is becoming increasingly popular. The pendulum clock, which forms a landmark in the history of time-keeping, was not made

practicable until about 1660. The large public clocks which were undoubtedly made as early as the thirteenth century—a timepiece was set up in Canterbury Cathedral in 1292—were controlled by an escapement worked by a swinging crossbar, the so-called foliot, which must have been far from being isochronous. A fine specimen of old clocks of this type is the fourteenth century clock from Wells Cathedral now in the South Kensington Museum, where its striking mechanism gives periodical proof that it is still in going order. The balance spring of watches, invented by our countryman Hooke in the days of Charles II, the achievements of Thomas Tompion and George Graham (one of whose celebrated chronometers, put into going order by that devoted horologist, Commander Gould, was recently illustrated in the daily press), and the essentials of a chronometer are among the other subjects concisely treated by Mr. Bolton, who comes right down to modern times and describes the Hope-Jones type of electric clock. Not only has he managed to include a brief explanation of the more important features of various types of timepieces, but he has answered most of the questions which occur to beginners curious in this subject, such as the way in which Greenwich mean time is determined. The book is very clearly written, and well illustrated, and I have noticed it at some length because I think it will appeal to a large number of readers who like to know a little about the sciences whose results are woven into their daily life.

Dr. Milham's book is a much more ambitious affair, notable for the large number of excellent pictures of all types of clocks and watches. It treats the subject from various points of view, discussing not only the foundations of time measurement, and the history of horology in all its branches, but also describing at some length the watch of to-day, with details of the prevailing tests for watches and chronometers, which in the case of an English Class A certificate, or the equivalent in other countries, constitute an elaborate procedure. There is an interesting chapter on "Some Famous Clocks and Watches", among which figures, of course, the celebrated Strasbourg clock, of which Coryat (not quoted by Dr. Milham) said in his *Crudities* that "it doth excel al other Clocks that ever I saw before . . . as a faire yong Lady of the age of eighteen years, that hath beene very elegantly brought up in the trimming of her beauty, doth a homely and course trull of the Countrie". This book is full of information, and forms not only a reference book, valuable for its bibliography and other details, but also a pleasant work to take up for casual reading. There is a certain amount of matter which is mainly of American interest, which is only natural, as the author is professor at an American college.

Although the measurements made by actual timepieces are never accurate enough to offer any distinction between relativistic and ordinary mechanics, yet observers with ideal clocks play a large part in all expositions of relativity, and one passes naturally from books on time measurement to those on Einstein's theories of space and time, which continue to appear in plentiful supply.

Professor Max Born has written an ordered exposition which starts at the very beginning with the simple laws of mechanics, leading up to Newton's system of the world and his argument for absolute rotation based upon the existence of centrifugal forces which, he claimed, would always show which of bodies rotating relative to one another had the privilege of being at rest. An elementary exposition of the laws governing the passage of electromagnetic waves through space brings him two-thirds through the book without having discussed Einstein's theories at all, but the result of this method is that, when now he does start to discuss them, the reader is in a position to understand the difficulties which stand in the way of the older theories, and to understand this is, perhaps, the harder part of the task of gaining some

comprehension of relativity theory. The actual exposition is very well done, and the whole book is written simply and attractively—simply, that is, in the sense that very little mathematical knowledge is demanded, and the language is free from technicalities. It is, however, futile to pretend that a man who is unused to thinking about the problems of mechanics can learn from any book the elements of Einstein's theories unless he is willing to make an effort and spend some time on the study. Given a willingness on the part of the reader to take the matter gently, and devote the leisure time of a few weeks to the task, this book can be thoroughly recommended.

Professor Vasiliev's book also adopts the historical method and traces the vicissitudes of scientific thought on the problems of space, time and motion from Pythagoras to Einstein. His discussion of the growth of modern views is a closely reasoned piece of work in which the nature of non-Euclidean geometry is particularly well distinguished. The book is graced by an admirably concise introduction by Mr. Bertrand Russell, in the course of which he remarks: "There are therefore ample empirical grounds for accepting both the special and the general theory. If this were not the case it would not be worth while to undertake the overhauling of our fundamental notions which they involve." This is an answer to Professor Benedicks, an eminent metallographer who in his little book argues against the acceptance of the theory of relativity, comparing the revision of our ideas of space and time necessitated by the theory to an alteration of the gauge of all our railway systems made to suit a new design of locomotive. Before leaving a subject so full of philosophic interest as relativity I may draw attention to the new edition of Mr. Westaway's book, which deals simply and well with the philosophy, logic and history of the scientific method.

Less abstruse results of modern science are discussed in *Chemistry in the Twentieth Century*, which is a collection of essays by various authors on recent advances in various selected branches of that science. The term *Chemistry* has been wisely interpreted in a wide sense; besides such essays as the *Chemistry of Carbon Compounds* by Professor Thorpe, *The Sugars*, by Dr. J. C. Irvine, and *Chemistry and Agriculture*, by Sir John Russell and Mr. H. J. Page, there are others on *Crystallography* by Sir Henry Miers and Mr. T. V. Barker, *Alloys* by Professor Desch, and on the *Structure of the Atom* by the present writer. The book was produced in connection with the Wembley Exhibition, to act in some sense as a companion to the exhibits in the Chemical Hall. Since my own essay is only one of twenty-five I may, I suppose, heartily commend the book without being accused of self-glorification. Some of the most famous names in British science are among the contributors, and the essays have been written with the view of appealing to a wide circle of readers.

Sir Oliver Lodge has taken as his task to explain in simple language the meaning, results and implications of modern physical researches that bear on the nature of matter and radiation, that is, which centre round the structure of the atom and the theories of light and X rays. He shows himself to be worthy of that reputation as a master of popular exposition which he has long enjoyed. While there may be certain slips of the brush which orthodox dulness would have avoided, he paints so vivid and arresting a picture of the fascinating enquiries which modern science is pursuing that these trifling blemishes count for nothing. *The Development of the Sciences* is a collection of excellent essays on the history of six important branches of science by as many eminent American professors.

Those who want to discover what is known of the mechanism by which colour changes in the skin of frogs, chameleons and fishes are carried out should read Dr. Hogben's interesting book.

E. N. da C. ANDRADE

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS

WE suppose that his "embellishments" to Mr. de la Mare's *Peacock Pie* (Constable, 12s. 6d.) will be among the last things we shall see of Lovat Fraser's. They are hurried scrabbles in colour : but delicious. Mr. Heath Robinson's illustrations to his book were out of character : Fraser's are neither out nor in : they are merely fresh and charming in themselves and neither help the text nor interfere with it. His friends, as they sadly look over these last slight draughts of that fertile and spontaneous pen, may murmur "Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale." Such a talent does not come twice in a generation.

THE Nonesuch Press has surpassed itself with its limited edition of the *Apocrypha* (£1 7s. 6d.). No more beautiful piece of book production has ever been seen at the price ; and the copper-plates that Mr. Stephen Gooden has done, including a title-page in the finest seventeenth century tradition, are exquisite. The printing is by the Oxford University Press, which deserves its share of our congratulations.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (Hodder & Stoughton, 20s.) contains a selection from the Nights illustrated by Mr. E. J. Detmold, who does not lose as a book-illustrator the characteristics which have made him famous. The colour-plates are remarkable : they are original without being odd, and immense pains have obviously been expended upon them. The cover-design might serve as a model, a staging of the departure for the *Golden Journey*. The publishers deserve compliments on producing so sumptuous and beautiful a book at so low a price.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are issuing a second series of the Tudor Translations Series, most of the former volumes in which went up to a large premium after their first appearance. To the four volumes (5 guineas) of Mabbe's translation of Alcman's *The Rogue* (Guzman d'Alfarache) Mr. Whibley, editor of the series, prefaces a brief memoir of James Fitzmaurice Kelly, who wrote the introduction. A volume which is likely to be more popular is Herodotus' *History*, translated by B. R. in 1854, and now introduced by Leonard Whibley (25s.). The Elizabethan idiom suits Herodotus beautifully : he was naturally of the company of Glorio, an Elizabethan born too early.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S *Avowals* first appeared five years ago in a strictly limited edition in 1919. Messrs. Heinemann have now issued this very amusing series of conversations in a ten-and-sixpenny volume. In a new note on the Vanity of Prefaces Mr. Moore says that his thoughts are now far away from *Avowals* and with "two horsemen riding to a medieval nunnery during the wars of the Bruces in Ireland in the beginning of the fourteenth century." This may be taken as an indication of what we are next to expect from Mr. Moore, whose green old age is proving more fruitful than his youth.

MESSRS. METHUEN have published (15s.) a new and revised edition of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's standard *Life of Byron*. Miss Mayne comments on the Melbourne Letters and the new edition of *Astarte* ; she finds relief in the fact that although the Augusta mystery has grown thicker there is room now for the belief that Byron was not guilty in the Hoppner affair. However, his head was on the Greek stamps in 1924, and "whatever record springs to light" his light will not be dimmed.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have published a second and revised edition (10s. 6d.) of Mr. Geoffrey Scott's *The Architecture of Humanism*, one of the seminal books in the modern history of architecture. The book may not command general assent throughout but it is indispensable to all who are thinking of æsthetics in general and architecture in particular.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S *The Revolt of the Angels* has been issued by John Lane (16s.) with illustrations by Frank C. Papé, who has already tried his hand at M. France. Mr. Papé is an interesting draughtsman with a turn for careful grotesque and something of the engraver in his composition. Somewhat akin to these are Mr. Henry Keen's illustrations to Richard Garnett's *The Twilight of the Gods* (Lane. 21s.). Good as the pictures are it is the text that we most emphatically recommend. It deserves all that Col. T. E. Lawrence says about it in his introduction. Anatole France in the short story did nothing better than Dr. Garnett; yet for a generation the public has obstinately refused to read this book. But we know nobody who has read it only once.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS

AN unusually large number of recent books from the Continent are devoted to studies in English letters. The most elaborate of these is a thousand page biography of Horace Walpole by M. Paul Yvon, published by the *Presses Universitaires de France* and the Oxford University Press. The sub-title of this volume, *La Vie d'un Dilettante*, indicates the author's method of approach; he develops his essay, however, into a comprehensive, as well as sympathetic, consideration of an Englishman whom the French have always believed themselves peculiarly able to understand.

THE first translation into Italian of the *Essays of Elia* has been made by Mario Praz, with whose letters from Italy readers of THE LONDON MERCURY are familiar. Signor Praz has an excellent equipment for such work, and even the flavour of so elusive a writer as Charles Lamb does not escape him. Unfortunately it seems often to escape his mother-tongue, and one is struck by the awkward, over-consonanted words he is forced to use in place of some of Lamb's most graceful ones. It would seem that the famous music of Italian is not unlimited in its resources. One rather regrets in this collection the absence of many of the *Elia* flavour, notably the one on *Roast Pig*, but undoubtedly the translator has his reasons—the introduction is a short but subtle analysis of Lamb and his humour.

THE *Presses Universitaires*-Oxford University Press combination has brought out a three volume edition of Defoe in French. The editor is M. Paul Dottin. The first of these contains Defoe's biography, *La Vie et les Aventures Etrangères et surprenantes de Daniel De Foe, natif de Londres*, the second *Robinson Crusoe*, and the third the other principal works.

SWIFT EN FRANCE is the title of a study of the literary reputation and influence of Dean Swift on the French during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The author is Sybil Goulding and the publisher Edouard Champion.

A LENGTHY critical and biographical study of *Le Comte Arthur de Gobineau* by Professor Maurice Lange, of the University of Strasbourg, discusses the place of that strange medievalist, his relation to the thought of his time, and the reasons for the failure of his mission. The English have never been taken in by Gobineau as have other peoples, the Germans, for instance, and it is curious to note how the author feels impelled to call a French reader's attention to the gaps in the savant's information and the almost perverse errors of the philosopher's conclusions.

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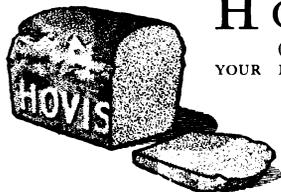
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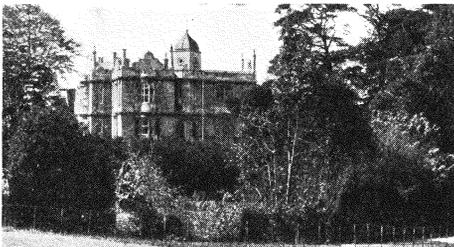
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