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VOLUME IX.

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

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EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOLUME IX.

1667

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

ASSISTANT MASTER IN MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.

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P R E F A C E

THE series of which this volume is the ninth may be said to have three objects: First, to teach the history of our literature in a rational and orderly manner; second, to illuminate the history of England by exhibiting the thoughts of its men of letters in their own words; and, third, to display, as if in a gallery, some specimens of the inheritance into which every English-reading boy and girl has entered. It has been too long the practice to teach English literature in handbooks which give only the briefest examples, if any, of the works they profess to describe; and our many excellent school anthologies, from their want of a definite historical arrangement, and the absence of prose, fail almost entirely to give a connected view of the development of our language. Now, the history of our literature, falling, as it undoubtedly does, into a series of well-marked periods of excellence, appears to lend itself peculiarly to the historical treatment suggested by the word 'epoch.' In this volume, for reasons given in the Introduction, I have been compelled to include a period which really contains two epochs.

My general principles of selection are three—the intrinsic merit and interest of the piece, its convenience for use in schools, and its ability to stand by itself without great detriment from the absence of context. Also I avoid those works which are likely to be read elsewhere. For this reason Dickens, Thackeray, and the novelists generally, are here omitted. If

I have been inconsistent in admitting an extract from a novel by Mr. George Meredith, the inconsistency is due to a desire to acquaint younger generations of readers with our great living classic. Of omissions occasioned by the law of copyright, there are only two serious cases—Swinburne and Kipling. On the other hand, I have to express the sincerest gratitude to Mr. George Meredith and his publishers, Messrs. Constable, for permission to include the selection from *Evan Harrington*; to Mr. Bertram Dobell and Mr. W. Reeves for the poems by James Thomson; to Mr. Alfred Nutt and Mrs. Henley for the poems by W. E. Henley; to Messrs. Macmillan for permission to use the best edition of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*; and to Mr. Robert Bridges for his two poems. To the latter I am indebted for more than the mere permission—for friendly counsel most generously given.

I have also to express thanks and acknowledgments to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for permission to make the two extracts from Stevenson, and to Mr. Henry Newbolt for his poem *Admirals All*.

Further acknowledgments to various friends—and one more than friend—who have assisted me in the whole course of this long but pleasant task I cannot adequately express.

J. C. S.

July, 1907.

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.. 'Nay he dooth, as if your iourney should lye through a
fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes;
that full of that taste, you may long to passe further.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

INTRODUCTION

The Scope of the Period.—We have now entered upon the latest scene of that long pageant of English literature, which has filled five centuries with unparalleled variety and magnificence. It will be noticed that the dates covered by our present Epoch include a longer period than any since Spenser, and this fact might be held to indicate poverty or decadence in contemporary literature. Such a conclusion would, however, be erroneous. The Epoch of Tennyson is a distinct Epoch, as clearly marked as any of its predecessors, and it covers almost the whole of the long reign of Queen Victoria. But we are not now living in that Epoch, and it is only for practical convenience that works of contemporary writers are included in the present volume. Three facts—the want of that broad perspective which lapse of time alone can give, the law of copyright, and the democratic state of present literature—forbid that we should treat the literature of to-day apart from that of yesterday. But it should be stated at the very outset that the days of Tennyson have passed away for ever. Who will be regarded as the typical genius of our day is one of the secrets of the future, which it is no less unprofitable than it is interesting to conjecture.

In the last Epoch—that of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, and Shelley—we observed as its principal characteristic the

spirit of rebellion against the tyrannies, literary and political, of the past. The French Revolution found its English counterpart in the anarchical speculations of Shelley, the return to Nature of Wordsworth, the mutinous postures of Byron, and the renaissance of the Romantic spirit in Scott and Keats. In the early days of Queen Victoria, England found herself occupying a paramount position in the councils of Europe. The spectre of Napoleon once removed, this country threw herself into the development of commerce, invention, and science. Now, although war has often inspired literature, commerce has generally been inimical to it. Neither ancient Phenicia, nor ancient Carthage, nor medieval Venice, nor modern America, has produced great literature, and all these are States typically commercial. In the last Epoch we found Wordsworth directing some of his most impassioned sonnets against the commercial spirit. Here Tennyson, especially in *Maud*, voices the same protest. The typical products of the Victorian brain are the steam-engine, the telegraph, and Darwin's *Origin of Species*. It is only because literature is so predominantly the natural expression of culture in England that we have any poetry at all in this particular period.

Robert Browning.—In the year 1837 the great generation of poets who filled the thrones of literature in the last Epoch had passed away. Scott, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats were dead. Though Wordsworth had still thirteen years to live, and had not, indeed, as yet succeeded Southey in the Laureateship, his work was done. In poetry (if we may except the brilliant but unfortunate Beddoes) the only unbroken line which covers this interval was the connexion between Landor and Browning. Both were men of great intellect and immensely wide reading, especially in the classics; both had a strong bent towards the drama; both were ardent for liberty. They met in Italy, and the old

"lion" praised the work of the young poet. ROBERT BROWNING was born in 1812 at Camberwell, which was then a favourite dwelling-place for the prosperous city merchant. His genius manifested itself early in life. At the age of two (so we are gravely informed) he painted in lead pencil and black-currant jam-juice a composition of a cottage and rocks, which was thought a masterpiece. He was exceedingly fond of music. He was educated privately and at London University, and having some means of his own, devoted the rest of his life to letters.

His first poem, *Pauline*, was written when he was twenty. Its second title is "A Fragment of a Confession." It contains a remarkable eulogy of Shelley, about whom the poet afterwards modified his enthusiasm. Indeed, he said of this poem at a later date: "Only this crab remains of the shapely Tree of Life in my fool's paradise." But if it is formless, incomplete, and unsatisfactory in design, one may question whether Browning ever excelled the beauty of some of its passages. It is already of that highly condensed blank verse which was always Browning's favourite medium. Partly, no doubt, in its subject and style it is modelled upon Wordsworth's *Prelude*, but in most respects it is as original as is all Browning's work. *Paracelsus* followed two years later. Dealing with a famous alchemist and physician of the Middle Ages, it exemplifies Browning's fondness for recondite subjects, as, in its treatment, it shows his dramatic imagination and his passion for the analysis of thought. The subject of the poem is Knowledge as the end of Life, and the conclusion is that perfect knowledge is unattainable. To know and to love together make up the best of Life. *Paracelsus* is not difficult to understand, and may be recommended to those who wish to study Browning's philosophy in its more attractive form. In 1837 Macready and Helen Faucit produced Browning's greatest tragedy, *Strafford*, at Covent Garden Theatre. It is, in the book, unquestionably one of the glories

of our drama, with its lofty tone of liberal patriotism; but like all Browning's plays, failed to appeal to the public partly through want of incident and stage-craft, as that is generally understood at present, and partly through the depth of thought that makes it somewhat difficult to follow. But it seems probable that when, if ever, theatrical audiences are raised to a higher intellectual level, Browning's *Strafford* will be accepted as the greatest play of the nineteenth century.

It is unfortunate that as Browning grew in intellectual power he began to despise simplicity, and sacrificed his poetic art to his amazing profundity and fertility of ideas. In *Sordello*, his next long poem, the English language seems to have suffered a revolution. Conjunctions, articles, the mark of the infinitive, and all the unconsidered trifles of grammar which go to make language intelligible, are pruned away to make room for the rush of thought. Though there are sometimes haunting glimpses of poetic beauty which serve to show us what might have been, argument and psychological analysis overwhelm everything else. To add to the reader's trouble, Browning assumes an intimate knowledge of the faction fights in obscure Italian princedoms—a knowledge which he possessed above the average specialist. As a result *Sordello*, which is a tale of an Italian troubadour, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and the struggle between Barbarossa and the Pope, is unintelligible, not merely to the general public, but to many a convinced Browningite. The difficulty of *Sordello* he admitted in later life, as many dubious anecdotes relate, and actually attempted to rewrite it in a more intelligible form. It is written in a rugged rhymed couplet, and already Browning begins to show his fondness for queer rhyme which is yet another barrier to our enjoyment of his work.

Sordello was, however, the most obscure of all Browning's productions. *Pippa Passes*, written in 1841, though not intelligible and very beautiful. The idea of the poem, is in form a drama and is written partly in prose, is to show

the song of a young peasant girl, who sings her trust in God as she goes to work, affects the various listeners. The purpose of this poem also is psychological analysis. *King Victor and King Charles* (1842) is another historical tragedy in blank verse, dealing with a curious episode in the history of the House of Savoy. *Dramatic Lyrics*, written at wide intervals of time, contains such well-known poems as *The Lost Leader*, suggested by Wordsworth's "abandonment of Liberalism at an unlucky juncture," *Evelyn Hope*, *Home Thoughts*, and *Saul*, together with rousing songs like the *Cavalier Tunes* and *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*. These poems made even the general public admit, what *Sordello* had caused them to doubt, that Browning was a great poet. *Dramatic Romances*, which followed after two more tragedies, contains other popular poems, such as the *Incident of the French Camp*, *The Boy and the Angel*, *In a Gondola*, *The Last Ride Together*, and that delightful children's tale wherein Browning's fondness for odd rhymes finds legitimate scope, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, which was written to please the young son of Macready. *The Soul's Tragedy* (1846) contains some delightful prose. It also is a story of Italy in the sixteenth century, and the picture of the suave prelate Ogniben makes one wish that Browning had given us a novel. The fantastic title under which this whole series appeared is *Bells and Pomegranates*.

Men and Women (1855) presents a series of studies in out-of-the-way characters of great interest in Browning's noblest manner; two of them, *Bishop Blougram's Apology* and *The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church*, are among the best known. Again, they display the marvellous insight into the springs of character that made Browning at heart a dramatist. It is significant that in one of his lyrics he apostrophizes himself as "Robert Browning, you writer of plays." These two poems also illustrate the bent of his mind towards ecclesiastical subjects. He hated tyranny, but above all tyranny he hated religious intolerance. Another series of

lyrics followed under the title of *Dramatis Personæ* (1864), which contains *Mr. Sludge the Medium*, and that most characteristic poem, *Caliban upon Setebos*. Then after four years' labour came Browning's longest poem, one of the longest in our language, for it runs to 20,000 lines, *The Ring and the Book*. This unquestionably illustrates Browning's peculiar genius more fully than any other of his works. It is in effect a prodigious drama. The theme is an old Italian murder story, and this is treated in ten books with a prologue and epilogue. Whole books are devoted to giving various aspects of the case, thereby revealing the various mental tendencies of the different classes of society, as they variously sympathize with Count Guido, the murderer, or his wife Pompilia, the victim. All Browning's strength and weakness appear in this great work. Nothing could be simpler or more delicately beautiful than Pompilia's dying plea; nothing could be more tiresome or obscure than the Low Latin arguments of the Procurator in the next book. The former begins :

" I am just seventeen years and five months old,
And, if I lived one day more, three full weeks ;
'Tis writ so in the church's register,
Lorenzo in Lucina, all my names
At length, so many names for one poor child.
—Francesca Camilla Vittoria Angela
Pompilia Comparini, laughable !"

The latter :

" Ah, my Giacinto, he's no ruddy rogue,
Is not Cinone ? What, to-day we're eight !
Seven and one's eight, I hope, old curly-pate !
—Branches me out his verb-tree on the slate :
Amo, -as, -avi, -atum, -are, -ans,
Up to *-aturus*, person, tense and mood,
Quies me cum subjunctivo (I could cry)
And chews Corderius with his morning crust !"

Next, in 1871, came a covert satire on Napoleon III. under the title of *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*. In *Fifine at the Fair* (1872) the figure of a dancing-girl gives rise to lengthy musings upon the relations between men and women. *Red*

Cotton Night-Cap Country (1873) tells a rather unpleasant story of contemporary France, with characteristic embroideries. After the *Inn Album* (1875) came another series of dramatic lyrics called *Pacchiarotto, et cetera* (1876), which include some of Browning's more popular work, such as *Hervé Riel*, a simple and touching story of a French patriot. *Dramatic Idyls*, in 1879 and 1880, contains, among other excellent poems, the most charming of his shorter poems, *Phædippides*, a splendid story in a swinging metre of the courageous Athenian runner. Four more collections of lyrics remain to be chronicled under the titles of *Jocoseria*, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, *Parleyings with Certain People*, and *Asolando*. The last was published on the day of Browning's death, December 12, 1889. To this list must be added the tragedies and plays, *In a Balcony*, *The Return of the Druses*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, *Colombe's Birthday*, a translation of Æschylus' *Agamemnon*, and a version of Euripides' *Alcestis* under the title of *Balaustion's Adventure*, and still the catalogue is by no means exhausted. Browning was, in fact, in the mere bulk of his writings, to say nothing of their extraordinary depth and range, one of the most fertile poets who have ever written. His poetry fills 1,500 pages of small type.

Of the poet's somewhat uneventful life it only remains to add that he lived much in Italy—for the most part at Florence and Venice—that he married Elizabeth Moulton Barrett, the poetess, in 1846, and died in 1889.

The commonplace criticism of Browning is to say that he is obscure, and to leave him so, to the admiration of Browning societies and superior people who pretend to consider *Sordello* easy. The bare recital of his works will prove, however, that Browning wrote a great many poems which are perfectly intelligible to the simplest reader, a great many more which require and repay study, and some which the world, unless it grows a great deal cleverer, will have to give up as failures in the art of expression. Modern life and thought have become so complex that the work which endeavours to portray faith-

fully the more intricate workings of the human mind—as in the case of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Henry James—will be beyond the average comprehension. That being granted, while it is the duty of a writer who has a message to convey, to convey it in an intelligible manner, yet we cannot deny his right to speak sometimes to his intellectual equals in his own style. It is, therefore, absurd to label Browning with a condemnatory label on this account. There is, and always will be, a public which delights in intellectual problems, and is prepared to search for truth even at the bottom of the well.

A much more serious criticism from our point of view is that which tasks Browning with having neglected his art. He possessed a power of writing magnificent verse, a gift for metre and rhyme, and a double portion of poetic fire and imagination; this he has proved again and again. Yet he despised these divine gifts of song, used them only in trifles, and preferred to adopt an ungainly style, ugly and far-fetched rhymes, and often to neglect the art of narrative altogether. It is almost incredible that a man of Browning's fine taste and scholarship could have rendered his beloved *Æschylus* in this manner (in that wonderful chorus which tells of the sacrifice of *Iphigeneia*):

“ But when he underwent necessity's
Yoke-trace—from soul blowing unhallowed change,
Unclean, abominable,—thence—another man—
The audacious mind of him began
Its wildest range.”

This phenomenon is probably to be explained as a sort of pride or intellectual self-indulgence to which his foreign residence contributed. One might, perhaps, add that much of Browning's work might have been written in prose to the great advantage of literature, leaving him free to use the vehicle of poetry for his not infrequent moments of real lyrical inspiration.

As for the teaching and tendency of his work, that, in one so versatile and broadly sympathetic, is difficult to define. He preaches, as has been said, tolerance; he is the prince of optimists; he upholds the search for knowledge for its own

The City of Dreadful Night, is the epic of despair, and therefore not to be included in such a work as this ; but it is, judged from the standpoint of literature pure and simple, one of the finest things of nineteenth-century poetry, as it is the most terrible thing in all poetry. But the two poems mentioned by no means exhaust the treasures of his all too slender volume, and the student who is morally strong enough to see the beauty amid the horror may study with pleasure the work of this strange but unfortunate genius. He has faults, of course ; he is sometimes vulgar with that Cockney vulgarity which seems to be a peculiar product of this century, and he sometimes falls into bathos and absurdity. But he was a true poet.

The Pre-Raphaelites.—The Early Victorian period is now generally associated in our minds with very ugly architecture and fashions in dress. In literature also, though Tennyson and Browning were at work, Martin Tupper—a preposterous writer of proverbial philosophy—was the real favourite. Against all this ugliness there came—about the middle of the century—a remarkable revolt. A band of literary and artistic men in London formed an association called the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Among its members were the painters Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, and Ford Madox Brown. The cardinal point of their doctrine was that art is concerned with beauty only, not with the intellect or the morals, and they set themselves to paint Nature as it was, without reference to custom or convention, but in accordance with the system of direct observation which they assumed to have been in practice before Raphael and the Italian Renaissance. All this was very fine, but it turned out that what they meant was a return to medieval mysticism and symbolism like that of William Blake. It began with a successful assault upon the shams and conventions which bound the art of that day. The result was some beautiful pictures and

poetry—though more of the former than of the latter—and a great deal of absurdity which culminated in the “æsthetic movement” which set society worshipping blue plates, peacocks’ feathers, and Japanese screens. Ruskin and Swinburne supported their cause. Their noblest apostle was WILLIAM MORRIS, who preached and illustrated his gospel of beauty as poet in *The Defence of Guinevere* and *The Earthly Paradise*, with the loom in his beautiful tapestries and hangings, and with the printing-press in his lovely “Kelmescott” editions. William Morris was a really great man. His new and original ideas in handicraft completely changed the taste of his generation for the better. *The Earthly Paradise* is a long poem in a varied metre, very perfect in form, concerned with supernatural stories, Greek and medieval. It appeared at various dates between 1868 and 1870. *The Life and Death of Jason* is a classical poem in rhymed couplets of a new kind. The Romantic spirit breathes throughout. As a practical socialist William Morris also had great political influence. He is undoubtedly one of the most original men of this Epoch.

This Pre-Raphaelite or Romantic movement was also responsible in the literary world for the work of the Rossettis—Dante Gabriel and his sister Christina. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI is chiefly famous in the literary world for *The Blessed Damozel*, a highly romantic mystical ballad of considerable beauty but little meaning. It was written in his early youth. Many other poems appeared in *The Germ*, a short-lived Pre-Raphaelite organ. In his despair at his wife’s death Dante Rossetti had his manuscript poems buried in her coffin, but was subsequently persuaded to disinter and publish them. Painting was his real love, literature rather a pastime, and many of his mystical writings in *The Germ* were the result of the game known as *bouts rimés*, in which one person supplies a set of random rhymes and the other makes what sense he can of them. Rossetti was strongly influenced by the early Italian poets, and published a book of translations. He lived from 1828 to 1882.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, his sister, was certainly his superior in the art of poetry. Her two volumes *Goblin Market* and *The Prince's Progress* contain much that is beautiful in a quiet way. She was a member of the Church of England, and faithful to its teachings. She had a considerable ear for music in poetry. She lived from 1830 to 1894.

This Pre-Raphaelite movement expressed in art what the "Oxford" movement expressed in religion—namely, a sense of discontent with what lay around, and a desire to return to the practices of earlier times. It was an artificial development which, though it did useful service in arousing thought and controversy, had and could have no future. It is not possible to return at will to any arbitrarily selected period.

Of the same period was COVENTRY PATMORE (1823 to 1896), who expressed charmingly the domestic sentiments of the home in his *Angel in the House*. He was also a contributor to *The Germ*. ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841 to 1901), a Scottish poet who showed great promise in *The City of Dreams*, made a violent onslaught on the Pre-Raphaelites, whom he called rather unfairly "the Fleshly School." Unfortunately, he was drawn by need of money into writing poor fiction and drama.

Light Verse.—The growth of humorous writing of all sorts is one of the features of this period. In the novel it made its appearance from the first. We have already seen its introduction to poetry in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Goldsmith's *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, and Cowper's *John Gilpin*. Tom Hood continued it in the last Epoch, and perhaps Byron might be added, for *Don Juan* is full of grim satiric laughter. The REV. RICHARD BARHAM (1788 to 1845), a city rector and an excellent companion, achieved renown with the *Ingoldsby Legends*, rollicking rhymes in which the devil is restored to his ancient rôle of low comedian, and medieval superstition is genially ridiculed. But it is not so much with farcical humour of this

kind that literature is concerned. Light verse and *vers de société* is by now a recognized branch of letters. Matthew Prior, in Queen Anne's day, introduced the style, and it is now become highly popular. In this Epoch we have W. MACKWORTH PRAED and FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON writing the most polished verse. Praed was a barrister, a scholar, and a Member of Parliament, who lived from 1802 to 1839. His *Everyday Characters* show the truest wit and most refined discernment. Frederick Locker's *London Lyrics* possess a charming facility and perfection in their way. His poems are, as the title suggests, chiefly concerned with life in London society. He was skilful in those French forms of verse, the rondeau, triolet, and ballade, which are now seen to perfection in the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Austin Dobson. This school of light verse is principally associated with the University of Cambridge. Both Praed and Locker were Cambridge men, and CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY (1831 to 1884) spent most of his life there. Calverley (whose real name was Blaydes) was an accomplished scholar, who wrote most artistically in the dead languages. He was, however, an inveterate practical joker, and his lawless tricks had already procured his dismissal from Oxford. In *Fly Leaves*, his book of light English verse, he shows remarkable skill in parody, but he is a master of every kind of humour, particularly that kind whose foundation is *bathos*, the sly introduction of blankly prosaic expressions when the ear has been taught to expect something poetical. His *Ode to Tobacco* and his poem in praise of Beer are among the most charming examples of his art. J. K. STEPHEN was a worthy disciple in the same line, and it is difficult to find in present-day journalism anything more perfect in form than the light verse of Mr. Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch*. LEWIS CARROLL was the pseudonym under which C. L. Dodgson, a learned "don" of Oxford, wrote those exquisite fantasies for children—*Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice through the Looking-Glass*. He is mentioned here as one

of the most agreeable of parodists. It is difficult also to believe that the world will ever willingly forget plays which have afforded such great enjoyment to two generations as the light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. SIR W. S. GILBERT is a humorist of the Aristophanic vein, always ready to show up folly or pretension, political or otherwise, and, with the sympathetic collaboration of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who realized to the full the possibilities of humour in music without deserting his natural gift of melody, has produced in *The Mikado*, *The Gondoliers*, and other plays, works which have taken a place in the culture of their day.

Contemporary Poets.—Of the serious poets of this generation it is perhaps too early to speak. The work of MR. ROBERT BRIDGES is full of melody, beauty, and imagination, though generally slight in subject and form. MR. WILLIAM WATSON has written some exquisite lyrics showing taste, art, and a sense of beauty. But while he has produced lyrics worthy of a place in any anthology, he has not yet assured his right to immortality by constructing any work really representing the spirit of our times. For this is the great weakness of modern poetry, that it is content to be minor poetry even in form. Singularly finished workmanship is often seen, as in Mr. A. E. HOUSMAN'S *Shropshire Lad*, but never that fundamental greatness which makes poetry really worth reading as serious literature. Almost without exception the poets of to-day shirk the insistent problems of modern life. We should by this time have poems which would teach us to see the romance of modern life as we see that of medieval life. The most conspicuous and characteristic features of our world are to us matters hopelessly prosaic, rather comic than romantic. Yet there is nothing in the nature of things to make them so. Rightly considered, there is a poetry of speed and a romance of science and discovery which remain for the greater part of ~~the~~ kind unreal ~~and~~—*carent quia vate sacro*.

For this reason two poets alone of our generation seem to take a distinct place in the evolution of poetic style. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (1849 to 1903) bore with unflinching bravery a life of pain, sorrow, and disappointment. A great lover of out-door life, his physical infirmity compelled him to live as a prisoner. With all the instincts and art of a poet he had the mortification to find his work unsaleable, and was compelled to devote himself to mere journalism. Yet for the spirit of the man there was no defeat, and our language has nothing nobler than the poem in which he declares his invincibility. In his little volume of verse called *In Hospital* he produced work which was in every sense great and original. In form he generally adopts unrhymed metres, often new, and always most skilfully managed. Walt Whitman, the American, had declared independence from rhyme and metre as one of the rights of poetry, and was content to throw down lines with the merest hint of rhythm. Though Walt Whitman was a remarkable genius, it is impossible to accept any definition of poetry which will include his work under that title. Henley's rhythms, on the other hand, are not the result of licence, but a real artistic movement which depends, as all poetry must, upon comprehensible laws of music. It is worthy of notice that the greatest of contemporary Italian poets, Giosue Carducci, forsook rhyme altogether. But it is not only in the form that Henley's work is original. He actually condescended to write about modern affairs—nay, the words "tram," "train," and "anæsthetic" are not despised. These Hospital poems are of great power and pathos, but perhaps a little too grim to be popular. His *London Voluntaries* (1888) contain work of a similar form and of a far more agreeable subject. He shows Londoners what they ought and need to be shown—the beauty and the poetry of their great city. Other poems there are of high merit, such as the *Song of the Sword*, the *Song of Speed*, and many a charming ballade, which deserve the highest praise. Had fate been a little kinder to

this great and most admirable soul, he would have been the representative poet of the epoch in which we live.

Of MR. RUDYARD KIPLING (born 1865) we shall have more to say when we come to deal with prose, for the short story is undoubtedly his best medium, but in poetry, though he has not yet written anything indisputably beyond the reach of Time's destruction, he requires mention as a *living* poet in all senses of the word. In his three volumes of verse, *Barrack Room Ballads*, *The Seven Seas*, and *The Five Nations*, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has produced a considerable quantity of lyrics of a remarkable character. A virile, sometimes rather clamorous, patriotism runs through them. Written in swinging metres, as befits their character of soldiers' songs, they are full of life and abounding in interest because they deal with modern things. Mr. Kipling has always, as his great literary virtue, a power of making remote things vivid; and whether it is the Indian soldier and his commissariat camel; or the Scotch engineer seeing

"Predestination in the stride o' yon connecting rod,"

and praying,

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam";

or the deep-sea fishermen, everything lives and breathes for us. The influence of Browning is visible in much of Mr. Kipling's work. Though it is easy to find faults and the ultra-refined taste may be repelled by some of the outward signs of vulgarity—just as Goldsmith's audience thought bailiffs low—yet again it must be said in Homer's words:

"Flickering shadows are those, he alone hath breath in his nostrils."

Other accomplished writers of the present day have written fine verse among their other activities, especially MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, the great novelist. Much of his poetry is difficult to understand, but such a lyric as *Love in the Valley* is one of

the few great poems of recent times. It has a strange and lovely melody :

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

Another great novelist, Mr. Thomas Hardy, is making an interesting experiment by writing a verse drama, called *The Dynasts*, on a really large scale. It deals with the Napoleonic era. It is yet too early to estimate its merits.

Mere considerations of space compel the omission of many others who have done occasional work of merit. One of the most distressing features of the position of poetry to-day is the amount of talent which takes wrong directions, and the amount of promise which is diverted by injudicious praise, or the want of judicious praise, into by-ways from which there can be no return. Especially to be deplored is the attitude of the modern world towards poetry, which is partly the cause and partly the effect of the “minor” note in modern poets. The novel has simply devoured epic and dramatic poetry, and the only part allowed to the modern poets is to express small passions in small lyrics. They do it very well. There are hosts of writers who turn out flawless lyrics apparently vibrating in passion. But this sort of thing can have no permanent duration nor real utility. The world rightly derides the “spring poet.” Is there, then, no place for poetry in modern life? Yes, more than ever. It is especially the function of the poet to uphold the ideal against the growth of materialism, to teach the love of beauty, and to show what things in life are really worth pursuing. This function no one else can perform. Never was it more necessary. Yet those who have the gift of song deliberately prefer to pose in

affected attitudes, or to bury their heads in the sands of antiquity.

Prose—The Novel.—The outstanding feature of literary history during this period is the growth of the novel. Owing no limits and no laws, the novel has become in the hands of some a political or religious tract; in the hands of others a treatise in experimental psychology; with others, again, it is content to amuse an hour or two in exciting adventures. It has grown, until at the present day it provides the only literature for hundreds of thousands. It has overshadowed and almost extinguished poetry and the drama. Observing this wonderful growth, we must not forget how recent a thing it is. Only 167 years have passed since Richardson's *Pamela* started the fashion, and since that time mere thousands could not record the number of novels that have been published. We saw in previous volumes how Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson set the types, the first of the epic novel of character, the second of the novel of humour and rollicking adventures, the third of the revelation of the human heart, especially in relation to the passion of love. In the previous Epoch we saw something of Miss Austen's peculiar and subtle art in domestic narrative, and Sir Walter Scott's abounding fertility in the realm of historical imagination. Now, though this is an epoch of novels, there is nothing to surpass those two, though Dickens and Thackeray are by this time great classics, and Mr. George Meredith is, perhaps, the most brilliant genius who has attempted the novel as a literary form.

Charles Dickens.—CHARLES DICKENS, born in Hampshire in 1812, was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office. His father seems to have been a thriftless person, and indeed "Mr. Micawber," who was always "waiting for something to turn up," was the son's rather unkind sketch of his parent. At the age of ten the young Charles worked in a "blackening"

factory for six shillings a week. The misery of this time he has recorded in *David Copperfield*, which is largely autobiographical; but it certainly went to the making of the man, and taught him some part of his peculiar knowledge of humble life. A much needed legacy somewhat restored the family finances, and Charles went to school. The favourite authors of his youth are said to have been Defoe, Goldsmith, and Smollett. The third was, no doubt, the author who most influenced him, for though Dickens is an infinitely better writer, it is from Smollett that much of his art seems to be derived, and it is greatly to the credit of Dickens that, though he was a humorist, he refrained from using the lower sources of humour which Smollett found so useful. At fifteen Charles Dickens was office-boy to an attorney. But already he had aspirations to literature; he learned to write shorthand, and became a Parliamentary reporter. All this time he was wandering about London studying life from Nature, and in 1836 the fruit of his studies appeared in *Sketches by Boz*, reprinted from *The Evening Chronicle*. They were sufficiently successful to encourage the young author to go further, and two years later the *Pickwick Papers* appeared with quaint illustrations by "Phiz." It was an immediate and great success, nor indeed has it ever receded from its position as first favourite among his works. The genial and fussy Mr. Pickwick, his witty servant Sam Weller, the laconic Mr. Jingle, and the incompetent Mr. Winkle, all provide endless merriment to the simple-hearted, for their humour is of that elemental kind which is shared by nine-tenths of humanity. When we say that a Scotsman cannot see a joke, we mean that his sense of humour is different from ours. Of wit there are a thousand different forms. But there are some things that are of themselves inevitably and universally funny, as when—is it the unexpected or the incongruous?—the vain-glorious skater in the midst of his pirouettes lies suddenly and ingloriously prone. It is this basic humour

that belongs to Dickens. Take a stout, dignified old gentleman with large round spectacles, get him into a wheelbarrow, deposit him asleep in the village pound, and you have all the materials for laughter. Pity the person who is too refined to enjoy it! Though Dickens wrote more ambitious books, and has other merits, it is by his humour that we know him.

Oliver Twist, his next production, is a more ambitious effort, for it has plot, and, indeed, a variety of plots. It is, in fact, an excellent story with murder in it. The thieves' school of old Fagin is universally recognized as masterly description, and Nancy is one of Dickens's rare successes in drawing a woman. Another feature of the book is the satiric sketch of Mr. Bumble and the workhouse authorities. We must not fail to remark how many good causes were served by laughter in the hands of Dickens. This book helped to reform the workhouses. *Little Dorrit* helped to abolish imprisonment for debt, *Bleak House* did something to quicken the procedure of the Chancery Courts, and *Nicholas Nickleby* drew attention to the character of some of the schools of that day.

Considerations of space forbid us to examine his other great works individually. The book over which he expended most trouble, and which he confessed to be his favourite child, was *David Copperfield*. Many readers agree with his preference, but for some, at least, it is spoiled by the author's failure to create a living heroine. Dickens—and, it must be added, most of the novelists of his day—invariably failed when it came to depicting an amiable young woman. Also it is with the poor that Dickens is at his best. He had no sympathy with the rich. The best story of all—and it is false to say that Dickens lacked the power of constructing a good story—is *Great Expectations*, where the convicts loose in the marshes form a scene full of very real terror. *A Tale of Two Cities* was an excursion into the field of historical romance, not wholly successful. But the historical scenes of *Barnaby Rudge* are more convincing and more true to history. The former

describes the French Revolution, the latter the Gordon Riots. Of all Dickens's great novels, perhaps *Martin Chuzzlewit* shows the various sides of the writer's craft to the best advantage, for there is the humour of the immortal Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp standing in contrast to scenes of real dramatic power. Dickens was a successful editor of *Household Words*, and founded another periodical called *All the Year Round*. He also edited *The Daily News* for a time. His *Christmas Annuals*, which included successively *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, are said, with some truth, to have invented the modern Christmas.

The limitations of his art have already been indicated. He could not draw a heroine, nor a gentleman, and his pathos often misses fire. The death scene of *Little Dorrit* is a lamentable failure, and the style, which actually runs into blank verse, is pitiful; yet we know from his letters that this scene cost the author real labour and tears. The favourite charge against Dickens is that of grotesque exaggeration and caricature. This is not fair criticism. Dramatic literature may either, with Ben Jonson and Sheridan, seek to create types, or with Shakespeare to delineate realistic characters, though such was Shakespeare's consummate skill that his characters are types as well as realities. Yet in the main this distinction holds good. The object of Dickens was to create types, and he succeeded wonderfully, so that we say of a hypocrite that he is a Stiggins, we call a burglar Bill Sikes, a sneak Uriah Heep. That fact is the measure of his success. Moreover, exaggeration is the essence of humour, and it must be asserted again that Dickens was essentially a humorist. He died, leaving *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* unsolved, in 1870.

✓ **William Makepeace Thackeray.**—If the limitations of Dickens may be ascribed to the want of a proper education and to the struggles of his youth, his merits, or the greatest of them, are to be ascribed to the same cause. In Thackeray

we have a man of almost equal powers, who had the advantages of a good education. Educated at the Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Cambridge, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY had a good start in life. His father had died in his early youth, and when Thackeray grew to manhood he found himself, through the failure of an Indian bank, forced to earn a livelihood by his wits. In 1836, being twenty-five years old, he offered to illustrate *Pickwick* for Dickens, who was just rising into fame. The offer was not accepted, for though Thackeray was proud of his powers as a draughtsman, he really possessed little skill. He had, however, studied art in Paris after an unsuccessful attempt at editing. He started his literary career with *The Yellowplush Papers* in *Fraser's Magazine*, and the character of "Jeames Yellowplush," the flunkey, is the earliest evidence of his satiric powers. For if Dickens was essentially a humorist, Thackeray was fundamentally a satirist, and his satires were principally directed against snobs in society. Indeed, it may be said that Thackeray had snobbery "on the brain," and this particular vein of social satire becomes tiresome. After producing *Barry Lyndon* he joined the staff of *The Times* and *Punch*. It was in *Punch* that the materials of *The Book of Snobs* gradually appeared.

Vanity Fair, his masterpiece, was begun in 1847 as a serial, and after a doubtful start gradually won popularity. This is primarily a satire, and it has often been observed that Becky Sharp is at once the villain and the heroine of the story. It shows the hollowness and artificiality of fashionable life. The Waterloo scenes are especially famous. The book is on a grand scale, like the novels of Fielding, and every one of its many characters is carefully portrayed. After *Vanity Fair* came *Pendennis*, which deals with Bohemian and literary life in London, and then Thackeray became prominent as a lecturer both in England and America. His lectures on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, and on *The Four Georges*, are among his best work. *Henry Esmond* and its

sequel, *The Virginians*, are historical novels on the model of Scott's romances, but in truth to history they greatly excel, though the romantic spirit is replaced by the satiric. *The Newcomes* appeared in the interval between these two books, and is perhaps the most popular of all his work. An obvious criticism upon it and upon *Pendennis* is that virtue—as often in Thackeray—is too nearly allied to stupidity to be really attractive. In 1860 Thackeray became editor of *The Cornhill*, which he conducted for some time with remarkable success. He died at the age of fifty-two, in 1863.

✓ **George Eliot.**—From different sides, Dickens as a humorist and Thackeray as a satirist, both contrived to extract infinite entertainment from life. "GEORGE ELIOT," on the other hand, was content to portray life and analyse character in its less obvious phases. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Evans; she was born in 1819, and her father was a land-agent in Warwickshire, who had raised himself in life. She was very well educated, and the philosopher Herbert Spencer directed her scientific studies. She was associated for many years with the critic George Henry Lewes, and after his death married Mr. John Cross in 1880, in which year she died. Her first literary work was a translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, a book which created much excitement in orthodox circles. It was *Scenes of Clerical Life*, published serially in *Blackwood's*, which first made her name famous. In three successive years from 1859 she issued her three greatest novels: *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner*. All these novels deal with peasant life in Warwickshire, a life which she knew intimately, and described faithfully. Powerful stories, characters faithfully portrayed rather than originally created, and a certain vein of humour, render these books her most successful. Deeply interested in religious questions, upon which she held unconventional views, she shows a slight tendency to preach. But in this great trio she gave the deciding turn to the course which the English novel was

thenceforward to follow. For her next novel she tried a new departure, and after immense labour produced *Romola*, a story which deals with Italian medieval life, and especially with Florence and Savonarola. Although the Italian setting is attractive to many, this novel is one of her least artistic creations. Realism rather than romance was her strength; her hero is anything but admirable, and though great pains were taken with the history, the result is not historically true. After this brief excursion George Eliot returned to her earlier themes; but her later books show less vitality, and the tendency to preach is growing. *Felix Holt* (1866) is the best of them; *Middlemarch* is ambitious, but wanting in interest; and *Daniel Deronda* is a failure. George Eliot fell into a mistake which many novelists since—especially some of her own sex—have committed. The freedom of the novel as a literary form often leads a writer to believe that anything can be done with it, and that a public which has enjoyed a good story will listen to a dull sermon by the same writer provided it is still called a novel.

Charlotte Brontë.—Though more limited in her ambitions, CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816 to 1855) was a finer artist, and produced work of a more consistent standard. Like Jane Austen before her, she realized that a woman writer is strongest when she is dealing with domestic incidents and content with faithful portraiture of the life she knows. Charlotte Brontë had one advantage over Jane Austen in that her life afforded her more materials for dramatic descriptions. She and her two gifted sisters, Emily and Anne, were brought up in a remote Yorkshire rectory, and partly through their father's poverty, but more through her own desire for independence, she went out as a governess. She experienced to the full all the humiliation which a poor governess endures at the hands of arrogance and stupidity. At home there was an element of tragedy in her brother, who was addicted to opium and violence. The first publication of

the sisters was a book of poems by "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," which created very little interest, but contains work of a high character, the religious poems being especially fine. In 1847—Charlotte's thirty-first year—she startled the reading public with her great novel *Jane Eyre*. She had already written a story called *The Professor*, but had had great difficulty in finding a publisher. The publishers told her that the public of the circulating libraries required thrilling incidents, and *Jane Eyre* was written under this command. In her own home there was, as she says in a letter, "a skeleton in the cupboard," and accordingly the plot of *Jane Eyre* turns upon a family "skeleton." She had been a governess, and the position of a governess is the central theme of the book. Thus it will be seen that Charlotte Brontë, though her works are not wanting in melodramatic incidents, relies, as the best women writers do rely, upon faithful portraiture rather than imagination. *Shirley* (1849) deals with Yorkshire society, *Villette* (1853) is the story of a governess. Thus autobiography enters into all her work. She succeeded for a long time in concealing the secret of her identity and sex under the name of "Currer Bell," and was very indignant with the critic Lewes (George Eliot's friend) when he persisted in calling her a woman. Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* was as good as anything by Charlotte, and has a distinctive fascination of its own. Anne Brontë wrote *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* and *Agnes Grey*. Charlotte outlived them both.

MRS. GASKELL (1810 to 1865) was an intimate friend of Charlotte Brontë, whose life she charmingly related. Her own story of *Cranford* is one of the best examples of the species of literature which we have been describing.

George Borrow.—GEORGE BORROW (1803 to 1881) was a wayward and original genius of the same type as T. L. Peacock. He had an extraordinary gift of languages, and in his youth roamed about Europe picking up a wonderful amount of

miscellaneous learning. Unfortunately, he found it difficult to make any use of these acquirements until, in 1832, he was employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society to undertake the dangerous task of distributing Bibles in Catholic countries. The fruit of that task was a delightful book describing his experiences, called *The Bible in Spain*. His other works are *Wild Wales*, *Lavengro*, and *The Roman Rye*. The last two deal principally with gipsy life, and are largely autobiographical. Their quaint style, a mixture of slang and Biblical phraseology, their eccentric construction, and the extraordinary diversity of knowledge revealed in them, render these books, and especially *Lavengro*, some of the most fascinating of the by-products of fiction.

Minor Novelists.—First among the lesser novelists of the male sex must come CHARLES READE (1814 to 1884), a man of immense power and vigour. He was a good scholar, by turns an Oxford “don” and a theatrical manager, and had the instincts of a philanthropist. His greatest novel, and certainly one of the greatest of all historical novels, is *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which was designed to present a historical picture of the Middle Ages. If the style is rather aggressively medieval, the characters are beautiful creations, the plot is magnificent, and the story abounds with enthralling adventures. His other novels, also of great force, *Hard Cash* and *It is Never too Late to Mend*, are spoiled as artistic creations by the fact that they are devoted to various crusades, such as prison reform and the treatment of lunatics. But there is always a power and vigour in this writer’s work which carries sympathy and excites the attention. *Peg Woffington*, his first story, is also dramatic and interesting. He wrote many inferior plays. *Masks and Faces*, in which he collaborated with Tom Taylor, is the best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819 to 1875) was associated with F. D. Maurice and Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown’s*

Schooldays, in the propagation of Christian Socialism. He was also a strong opponent of Cardinal Newman, and the eloquent *Apologia* of Newman is largely an answer to his criticisms. He subsequently became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. His most famous works are the classical tales, called *The Heroes*; *Water-Babies*, a pretty story for children which includes some beautiful songs; *Hypatia*, a romance of ancient Rome; and, above all, *Hereward the Wake* and *Westward Ho!* which will always stand with Scott's *Ivanhoe* as the three stirring romances of adventure dearest to the heart of youth.

There is one other novel worthy to stand among these epics of story-telling, and that is R. D. BLACKMORE'S *Lorna Doone* (1869). Probably there is no story in which the romantic background is more clearly conceived or consistently portrayed. No heroine of romance can equal the charm and the mystery of Lorna; no hero so well combines heroic strength and courage with amiable modesty as does great John Ridd. The whole plot is brilliantly devised and leads to the most enthralling conclusion. When we read such stories as Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, half a dozen of the best *Waverleys*, Dickens's *Great Expectations*, Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*, or Dumas's *Three Musketeers*, are we not justified in declaring that this is the true function of the novel after all—to tell a good story well? May we not imprecate the vanity which has persuaded so many competent story-tellers to set themselves up as preachers and psychological analysts?

Another master of the art of story-telling is WILKIE COLLINS (1824 to 1889). *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* are models in the art of construction, and this author's trick of allowing the plot of his story to be unfolded gradually by the various characters in it is artistically true to nature. They are, moreover, admirable stories.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815 to 1882) wrote a great number of novels, chiefly concerning clerical life, with a good deal of Thackeray's satiric power. *Barchester Towers* is a great novel.

BULWER LYTTON or LORD LYTTON (1805 to 1873) will always be famous for his stories, though much of their rhetorical adornment is now seen to be tinsel. But *Rienzi* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*, with many others, will remain as favourites in the circulating libraries. Lord Lytton also wrote a good deal of melancholy sentimental verse under the pseudonym of Owen Meredith.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD (1802 to 1881), among the other outlets of his brilliant genius, found novel-writing a profitable amusement. His books are satires upon society; well-known people walk through his pages under slight disguises. The dialogues are often extremely clever, and many of the writer's opinions—political, religious, and otherwise—are expressed with his usual self-confidence. The best known are *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*. *Lothair*, perhaps, beat all record for rapid rise and fall to and from popularity.

R. L. Stevenson.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1849 to 1894) was a most interesting character alike in his life and writings. He was born in Edinburgh and educated at the University. He was intended for the engineering profession, but early developed symptoms of consumption, and his life was one long struggle bravely borne against pain and disease. *Treasure Island*, his first great success, was written in a sanatorium in Switzerland. He wrote it in high spirits to please the youngsters, and it is full of buccaneers, buried treasure, and fighting, all set to the tune of

“Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest.
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!”

It is, in short, Captain Marryat with a difference, and that difference is a conscious style of prose-writing. One of the distinguishing features of the novel's history in the last fifty

years has been an increased attention to style. Stevenson aimed at an extreme lucidity by the careful choice of words, and he is largely influenced by the English of the Bible. He is one of the best masters of this style of English, and well deserves study on that account. One might complain, however, that his mannerisms sometimes become a little too obvious. *Kidnapped*, and *Catriona* its sequel, are two grand novels in Scott's manner, and *The Master of Ballantrae* is perhaps the best of all. *The Wrecker* and *The Ebb-Tide*, written in collaboration with Lloyd-Osbourne, are admirable stories also. Stevenson left behind him two fine unfinished novels—*St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*, the latter of which promised to be his best. Towards the close of his life Stevenson retired for his health to the island of Samoa, whence he wrote the delightful correspondence known as *The Vailima Letters*. In addition to his fine novels, Stevenson was pre-eminent as an essayist, and his volumes *Men and Books* and *Virginibus Puerisque* are only second to the *Essays of Elia* in this department. His *Inland Voyage*, a record of a canoeing trip, and *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*, are full of charm. He wrote also some very beautiful poetry. All Stevenson's work breathes the grace and fascination of a singularly graceful and fascinating personality.

George Meredith.—It has been asserted that prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error, but it is with confidence that one foresees the future acknowledgment of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S supremacy as one of the greatest of English novelists, in that he combines the merits of the other great ones. The humour of Dickens in a more refined form appears in *Evan Harrington*, for example; the satire of Thackeray lurks everywhere; the faithfulness of domestic portraiture in *Rhoda Fleming* equals anything in the Brontës or George Eliot; the new art of psychological analysis appears to perfection in *Diana of the Crossways* and *The Egoist*. In construction few novels can excel *Harry Richmond*. No love-story is more tender or

tragic than that told in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. The only virtue that is sometimes to seek is that of simplicity, for Mr. Meredith is the Browning of prose fiction. The style, which bears obvious traces of the influence of Carlyle, is so packed with thought and charged with brilliant metaphor, while the matter is so largely concerned with the delineation of the less obvious phases of character and emotion, that clearness is often sacrificed, but the meaning is always worth seeking. Mr. George Meredith has waited long for popularity, but as the intelligence of the reading public increases—and it does visibly increase—so his popularity grows. It should be added that the last two novels, *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* and *The Amazing Marriage*, have lost something in strength, while the mannerisms of the style have increased to excess. The style of Mr. Meredith's greatest works is emphatically great, individual in the extreme, and not to be imitated, but the expression of a great mind. Mention has already been made of his poetry. Born in 1828, and still issuing forth when a public cause is to be served in the interests of liberty, Mr. George Meredith is the great veteran of literature to-day.

Contemporary Fiction.—The scope of this work, with its severe limits of space, is compelled to exclude American authors as such. MR. HENRY JAMES, now for a long time resident in England, has shown extraordinary powers as a novelist in his earlier works, but has latterly devoted himself to pure psychological analysis without incident.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, born 1840, is placed by many on a level with the greatest novelists. As a delineator of Dorsetshire life and scenery, he has written much of supreme excellence, and there are few stories more beautiful than *Under the Greenwood Tree*. There is in all his work a sensuous charm and a feeling for beauty which raises his prose almost to the level of poetry.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is in many ways the typical writer

of our generation. Beginning his career as a journalist in India, he soon attracted attention by the extraordinary powers which he displayed in the vivid portraiture of the things he saw. Technical skill is the mark of our generation in literature, and this Rudyard Kipling possesses to a marvellous degree. He seems to have come into the field equipped with all the art of the French short-story writers, the power to suggest an "atmosphere" with a few deft touches, the art of allowing character to reveal itself in a word, and the knowledge where to seek for the scenes of the short story—namely, in the odd corners of life. The short story is really a branch of letters distinct from the novel. The novel presents the broad stage of life in all the glare of the footlights. The short story is a peepshow in which the whole science of the showman depends upon his knowledge of when and where to lift the curtain. He shows his skill more in his silences than in his speech. All this art Mr. Kipling possesses, and has revealed in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *Many Inventions*, *The Day's Work*, and *Wee Willie Winkie*. When he comes to write long stories, such as *Kim*, the art is still that of the short story with the dimensions slightly increased. The two *Jungle Books* and *Just-So Stories* are of the same craft, though they are written ostensibly for children. It is no small feat in these days to have been able to lend new life to so wearisome a subject as the imaginary conversations of animals. In his verse, which we have already described, Kipling displays precisely the same qualities of vivid portraiture, technical skill, and the showman's craft. The note of patriotism with its realization of the duties and burdens of empire is a characteristic feature of this age, when the British Empire has become self-conscious.

Further we dare not plunge into the vortex of contemporary fiction. Of its vast output the greater part is exceedingly short-lived. The success of three years ago is already forgotten by the readers of to-day. It is true that the standard of work-

Lord Macaulay.—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800 to 1859) applied the arts of oratory to the writing of history. Jeffrey, who gladly accepted his articles for the *Edinburgh*, wondered where he managed to pick up that style. One would answer that it was acquired by a study of Cicero and Demosthenes, and, above all, Edmund Burke. Macaulay, who was the son of Zachary Macaulay, a protagonist in the struggle for the emancipation of slaves, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a fine scholar of the old school, with a marvellous memory and great appetite for reading, about which Sir G. O. Trevelyan, his biographer and nephew, relates some stories that, coming from a less credible source, would be regarded as mythical. Macaulay gained a fellowship at Trinity, and during this period wrote some of his best poetry, *Ivy* and *The Armada*, unfortunately incomplete. At the age of twenty-five his father's fortune suddenly went to pieces, and the family now relied entirely upon the efforts of the brilliant son. His first important literary success was the *Essay on Milton*, which appeared in the *Edinburgh*. This and succeeding essays are the greatest part of Macaulay's work, and are models of their kind. Wide reading went to their making, and all the force of his majestic style, which is always clear as crystal. As a historian modern ideas condemn him, because he always wrote from a definite point of view, and was in all that he wrote a Whig politician, the result being that what we gain in picturesqueness we lose in accuracy. Although Macaulay often took the greatest trouble in ascertaining minute facts, the bias of a rhetorical politician constantly impairs their value. Thus he is unjust to Walpole, to Boswell, and to Steele. His *magnum opus*, the *History of England*, which started from the accession of James II., and was never carried beyond the reign of William III., though it fills five volumes, must be pronounced as a piece of history a failure, though it abounds in descriptive passages of extreme brilliance. From 1830 to 1834 he sat in Parliament, and

advocated the cause of Reform. In the latter year the urgent need of money to support his family caused him to accept the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Court of India at a salary of £10,000 a year. The fruit of that period were the great essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. He also wrote in India his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which are so familiar in our schools as to need no further comment. They are, of course, closely modelled upon the style of Scott, whose *Lay* he knew by heart at the age of six.

Returning home in 1838, he re-entered Parliament, and joined the Cabinet as Secretary for War. His literary labours at this time were chiefly devoted to his *History*. In 1857 he was raised to the Peerage, and died two years later, unmarried.

Ruskin and Pater.—It is also as a master of prose that posterity will recognize JOHN RUSKIN (1819 to 1900). The son of a rich wine-merchant, he was abundantly supplied with tutors, and then went to Oxford, accompanied by his mother, and entered at Christ Church. At the age of twenty-four he published the first volume of *Modern Painters*, his best-known work. Art criticism was the principal function of Ruskin's life—a criticism founded upon moral grounds, for with him morality and art were one. This doctrine, which is in itself somewhat dubious, he preached with all the earnestness of a fanatic, condemning great artists like Rembrandt and Titian because his principles came into conflict with their practice. Renaissance architecture was to him worse than ugly, immoral. All these strong opinions were expressed in beautiful English most carefully chosen, always musical and often eloquent. *Modern Painters* was originally a defence of the fame of Turner, whose genius he finally compelled the world to realize. He also supported the Pre-Raphaelite movement by vigorous letters to *The Times*, and eventually by a book on that subject. He made excursions into the fields of literary criticism in *Sesame and Lilies*, into geology in *Ethics of the Dust*, into

political economy in *Unto this Last*. The *Stones of Venice* deals with architecture, *Aratra Pentelici* with sculpture. *Præterita*, his last work, contains autobiographical reminiscences. Speaking as a teacher *ex cathedra*, he is allowed to dogmatize and exaggerate in order to instil his principles, and since his principles are wholly devoted to the encouragement of honesty in art and life, we must not complain if his enthusiasms sometimes carry him into contradictions and the condemnation of what we know and feel to be good. For over ten years he held the Chair of Fine Arts at Oxford. The latter part of Ruskin's long life was spent in the Lake District, where he died in 1900.

A saner and more scholarly critic and philosopher was WALTER PATER (1839 to 1894), also closely connected throughout his life with Oxford, where he was a "don" at Brasenose, and also the possessor of a singularly careful and beautiful prose-style. His principal works are *Plato and Platonism*, *Marius the Epicurean*, and *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*.

Criticism, Philosophy, and Theology.—This age has rightly been called an Age of Criticism. If the production of literature is at an ebb, the interest in it has grown remarkably, and if no new poets are born the old ones are studied, edited, and rescued from oblivion. Scientific methods begotten in Germany are applied to literature in such works as PROFESSOR MASSON'S great *Life of Milton* or MR. SIDNEY LEE'S *Life of Shakespeare*. The *Dictionary of National Biography* is an enduring monument of our times. Such critics as LESLIE STEPHEN and FREDERICK MYERS and MR. ANDREW LANG have done much to raise the intellectual interests of their generation, and to popularize the results of modern scholarship. MR. SWINBURNE and MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON are two poets great also in criticism. Philosophy requires the mention of CHARLES DARWIN, whose *Origin of Species* (1859) and *Natural Selection* are among the scientific works really epoch-

making in character. T. H. HUXLEY served the cause of Darwinism in many brilliant essays and papers. The synthetic philosophy of HERBERT SPENCER is the typical exposition of modern thought. In theology the Oxford Movement has been productive of far-reaching results, including one great prose work, the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, which may be taken as the best type of modern eloquence. History, owing to the change of standpoint, has almost passed from the realm of literature into that of science. A. W. KINGLAKE'S *History of the Crimean War* is, however, graphic writing of the best sort, and the travel-pictures in his *Eothen* are most fascinating. J. R. GREEN'S *History of the English People* contains many passages of eloquent description. J. A. FROUDE was a historian whose chief claim to renown is literary rather than historical, for his accuracy has been seriously impeached, but his *Short Studies on Great Subjects* and other essays will always be popular for their very lucid and interesting manner. The principal historians of the present and immediate past, such as Seeley, Gardiner, Stubbs, Freeman, and Lord Acton, do not claim a prominent place in literature in the restricted sense. Many biographies written in the last half-century are, however, among the most important literary productions of the age. Such are Sir G. O. Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, Dean Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, and Lord Rosebery's *Life of Pitt*. As a sign that literature holds as high a place as ever in our national life, reference should be made to the number of literary men who hold prominent positions in the government of the country. It is sufficient to mention Mr. Bryce, whose work on the American Republic is of great importance; Mr. John Morley, whose *Life of Gladstone* is one of the best of modern biographies; and Mr. Birrell, who has written charmingly in the manner of Charles Lamb.

Journalism and the Drama.—No description of twentieth-century literature could be complete without some reference

to its most remarkable development—the growth of journalism. Journalism, on the one hand, has carried away a large part of the public, and supplied the place of literature; and, on the other hand, has diverted a large amount of literary talent from its natural course. In both senses it is an enemy to literature, though it is easy to exaggerate its detrimental effect. Neither are the men who now write for the papers the men who in previous ages would have written epics, nor are the people who now read the magazines the people who would formerly have read masterpieces. The fact is merely that, owing to the growth of elementary education, reading has now become the one universal pastime in an age very much given to pastimes. On the other hand, the popularity of this vast mass of ephemeral and hasty writing serves to produce a state of culture inimical both to the production and the enjoyment of real literature. A craving for sensation is fostered which cannot but have a detrimental influence in the future.

Precisely as literature has largely been diverted into journalism, so has the drama developed into a form of sensational entertainment, and has become a loss to literature. Another cause of its displacement has been mentioned already: the novel acts in some degree as a substitute. The earlier part of our Epoch produced no great plays. Such melodramas as Robertson's *Caste* and Lytton's *Lady of Lyons* are its most characteristic productions. Of late, however, under the influence of the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, there has been some revival of the literary drama, and the work of Mr. A. W. Pinero has real claims to literary value. Of more recent developments in the treatment of Shakespeare, the revival of ancient Greek drama, and the anti-romantic movement of Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is yet too early to speak.

Summary.—To review so vast a field is no easy task. It is clear that the conditions of modern life have entirely altered since the beginning of our Epoch, and that this profound

alteration has inevitably affected the character of literature. It is evident also that literature is in a transition stage from the Victorian Age to one whose conditions it is impossible to foresee, but which will be different in many respects from all that has preceded it.

1. One of the characteristics of the immediate present, and doubtless of the near future, is *Cosmopolitanism*. Already the barriers of nationality seem to be breaking down—at any rate, for literature and art. The fashionable bookshelf of to-day contains the works of Russian novelists, Tolstoy and Gorki; the Belgian Maeterlinck represents poetry by the side of the Italian Carducci. On the stage the Norwegian Ibsen is followed by the German Sudermann; the latest Parisian success of Rostand is succeeded by the latest farce from the United States. Nor is this so in England alone. Culture is now cosmopolitan, and the literature of the future will be neither English nor French, but European, if even that limited description may be permitted to apply.

2. The second noticeable feature of contemporary literature is the growth of the scientific spirit which has transformed history, theology, and philosophy, and even has its effect on poetry in directing more attention to form, rhyme, and metre. It has diverted literature from original production to criticism and scholarship.

3. The battles for freedom of thought which were raging in the last Epoch and continued through the greater part of this period are now almost entirely won, and with the cessation of the struggle there has come a reaction against the materialism of Early Victorian philosophy. The love of romance which appears to be ingrained in our national character has reasserted itself and shows no signs of diminution.

4. A long period of peace and commercial prosperity has produced the usual effects of luxury in the literary world—a tendency to eccentricity, a love of sensation, a disinclination for sustained effort, shown, for example, in preference for the

epigrammatic style in rhetoric, and for the lyric rather than the epic in poetry.

5. The introduction of a large new class of readers, by changing the demand, has also changed the supply. We have now to recognize the existence of a large number of books which make no claim to permanence. At the same time the existence of this public, with the large prizes which it offers to ephemeral success, undoubtedly militates against the production of serious work.

I.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(i.) SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE is the grandest thing we (English) have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give-up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give-up our Shakspeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse,

helping one another? This is justly regarded as the 25
 greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of
 sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish :
 what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parlia-
 ment, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America
 is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. 30
 Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it :
 Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or
 chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can
 dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine,
 in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, 35
 gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; *indestructible* ;
 really more valuable in that point of view than any
 other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy
 him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen
 a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New 40
 York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable
 soever, English men and women are, they will say to
 one another: "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we pro-
 duced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one
 blood and kind with him." The most common-sense 45
 politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

* * * * *

It is in what I call Portrait painting, delineating
 of men and things, especially of men, that Shakspeare
 is great. All the greatness of the man comes out
 decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm 50
 creative perspicacity of Shakspeare. The thing he looks
 at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost
 heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light
 before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of
 it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too 55
 but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will
 describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear
 intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakspeare's

morality, his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness ;
 his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can 60
 triumph over such obstructions, visible there too ?
 Great as the world ! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave
 mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities
 and concavities ; a perfectly *level* mirror ;—that is to
 say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly re- 65
 lated to all things and men, a good man. It is truly
 a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds
 of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a .
 Coriolanus ; sets them all forth to us in their round
 completeness ; loving, just, the equal brother of all. 70
Novum Organum, and all the intellect you will find in
 Bacon, is of a quite secondary order ; earthy, material,
 poor in comparison with this. Among modern men,
 one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank.
 Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me 75
 of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object ; you
 may say what he himself says of Shakspeare : “ His
 characters are like watches with dial-plates of trans-
 parent crystal ; they show you the hour like others, and
 the inward mechanism also is all visible.” 80

At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's,
 that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he
 have : a Poet in word ; or failing that, perhaps still
 better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all ; and if
 so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents. 85
 But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner
 heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for
 whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or
 it would not hold together and exist), is not the result
 of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself ; 90
 the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever.
 To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See*.
 If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep string-

ing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. 95

(ii.) FAIR WAGES.

Fair day's-wages for fair day's-work! exclaims a sarcastic man. Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realized? The day's-wages of John Milton's day's-work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works*, were Ten Pounds paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that: it is no rhetorical flourish; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact,—emblematic, quietly documentary of a whole world of such, ever since human history began. Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming; undertook a Hercules' Labour and lifelong wrestle with that Lernean Hydra-coil, wide as England, hissing heaven-high through its thousand crowned, coroneted, shovel-hatted, quackheads; and he did wrestle with it, the truest and terriblest wrestle I have heard of; and he wrestled it, and mowed and cut it down a good many stages, so that its hissing is ever since pitiful in comparison, and one can walk abroad in comparative peace from it;—and his wages, as I understand, were burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike, at this hour; and his memory is—**Nay**, what matters what his memory is? His memory, at bottom, is or yet shall be as that of a god: a terror and horror to all quacks and cowards and insincere persons; an everlasting encouragement, new 5 10 15 20 25

memento, battleword, and pledge of victory to all the brave. It is the natural course and history of the God-like, in every place, in every time. What god ever carried it with the Ten-pound Franchisers; in Open Vestry, or with any Sanhedrim of considerable standing? When was a god found "agreeable" to everybody? The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods,—and then take to braying over them, still in a very long-eared manner!—So speaks the sarcastic man, in his wild way, very mournful truths.

Day's-wages for day's-work? continues he: The Progress of Human Society consists even in this same, The better and better apportioning of wages to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved,—to this man broad lands and honours, to that man high gibbets and treadmills: what more have I to ask? Heaven's Kingdom, which we daily pray for, *has* come; God's will is done on Earth even as it is in Heaven! This is the radiance of celestial Justice; in the light or in the fire of which all impediments, vested interests, and iron cannon, are more and more melting like wax, and disappearing from the pathways of men. A thing ever struggling forward: irrepressible, advancing inevitable; perfecting itself, all days, more and more,—never to be *perfect* till that general Doomsday, the ultimate Consummation, and Last of earthly Days.

(iii.) WORK.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually

and earnestly works : in Idleness alone is there perpetual
despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in com- 5
munication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work
done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to
Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work
and do it. "Know thyself : " long enough has that poor 10
"self" of thine tormented thee ; thou wilt never get to
"know" it, I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of
knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual :
know what thou canst work at ; and work at it, like a
Hercules ! That will be thy better plan. 15

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in
Work ;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul
jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and
stately cities ; and withal the man himself first ceases
to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. 20
Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the
whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real
harmony, the instant he sets himself to work ! Doubt,
Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all
these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor 25
dayworker, as of every man : but he bends himself with
free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all
these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The
man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him,
is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, 30
and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed
flame !

* * * * *

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask
no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ;
he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free- 35
flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through
the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-

deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining-off
 the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the
 remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential 40
 swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing
 stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the
 stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is Life:
 from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given
 Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him 45
 by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him
 to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, “self-knowledge”
 and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Know-
 ledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working,
 cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, 50
 says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other know-
 ledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet
 all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in
 schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-
 vortices, till we try it and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever 55
 kind, can be ended by Action alone.”

* * * * *

All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is
 alone noble: be that here said and asserted once more.
 And in like manner too, all dignity is painful; a life
 of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life 60
 of all gods figures itself to us as a Sublime Sadness,—
 earnestness of Infinite Battle against Infinite Labour.
 Our highest religion is named the “Worship of Sorrow.”
 For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn
 or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns!—These 65
 things, in spoken words, or still better, in felt instincts
 alive in every heart, were once well known.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself
 with asking much about was, happiness enough to get
 his work done. Not “I can’t eat!” but “I can’t work!” 70
 that was the burden of all wise complaining among men.

It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, That he cannot work ; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over ; and the night cometh, 75 wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished ; vanished, clean gone ; a thing that has been : “ not of the slightest consequence ” whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with 80 potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart ; as the unmusical Meat-Jack with hard labour and rust ! But our work,—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished : our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains ;—for endless Times 85 and Eternities, remains ; and that is now the sole question with us for evermore ! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone ; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is 90 come ! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness : all that was but the *wages* thou hadst ; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward ; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten : and now thy work, where is thy work ? Swift, out with 95 it ; let us see thy work !

II.

WILLIAM BARNES.

THE SPRING.

WHEN wintry weather's al a-done
 An' brooks da sparkle in the zun,
 An' nâisy builden rooks da vlee
 Wi' sticks toward ther elem tree,

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

And we can hear birds zing, and zee 5
 Upon the boughs the buds o' spring,
 Then I don't envy any king,
 A-vield wi' health an' zunsheen.

Var then the cowslip's hangèn flow'r
 A-wetted in the zunny show'r, 10
 Da grow wi' vi'lets sweet o' smell,
 That mǎidens al da like so well;
 An' drushes' aggs, wi' sky-blue shell,
 Da lie in mossy nests among
 The tharns, while thē da zing ther zong 15
 At evemen in the zunsheen.

An' God da miake his win' to blow
 An' rǎin to val var high an' low,
 An' tell his marnen zun to rise
 Var al alik'; an' groun' an' skies 20
 Ha' colors var the poor man's eyes;
 An' in our trials He is near
 To hear our muoan an' zee our tear,
 An' turn our clouds to zunsheen.

An' many times, when I da vind 25
Things goo awry, an' vo'ke unkind;
 To zee the quiet veedèn herds,
 An' hear the zingen o' the birds,
 Da still my spurrit muore than words.
 Var I da zee that 'tis our sin 30
 Da miake oon's soul so dark 'ithin
 When God wood gi'e us zunsheen.

III.

T. L. BEDDOES.

LYRICS.

(FROM "DEATH'S JEST-BOOK.")

(i.)

To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
 And unseen Mermaids' pearly song 5
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
 To sea, to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! our wide-winged bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way, 10
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Triton's azure day,
 Like mighty eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free, 15
 The sail swells full. To sea, to sea !

(ii.)

The swallow leaves her nest,
 The soul my weary breast ;
 But therefore let the rain
 On my grave 20
 Fall pure ; for why complain ?
 Since both will come again
 O'er the wave.

The wind dead leaves and snow
 Both hurry to and fro ; 15
 And, once, a day shall break
 O'er the wave,
 When a storm of ghosts shall shake
 The dead, until they wake
 In the grave. 30

IV.

GEORGE BORROW:

ON LONDON BRIDGE.

(FROM "LAVENGRO.")

A STRANGE kind of bridge it was ; huge and massive, and
 seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back like
 that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at
 intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but
 open on the other side, and furnished with a semicircular 5
 bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was
 all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of
 human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what
 chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts
 and waggons, the generality drawn by horses as large as 10
 elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction,
 and not unfrequently brought to a standstill.

Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the
 carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous
 stones that formed the pavement ! In fact, there was a 15
 wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened
 me. But if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below
 it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide,
 which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers
 of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of 20

several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid jaws. 25

Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. 30 There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharfs, surmounted with gigantic edifices; 35 and, far away, Cæsar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy— 40 occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Mælstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of 45 horror, fascinated me. Who knows but I should have leapt into its depths?—I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell.

As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch 50 beneath my feet. There were three persons in it; an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What!— 55

a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf! Yes, yes, down through that awful water-way, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that strangling vortex. No! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and the next moment was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne, that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the man hallooing, and the woman—a true Englishwoman, that—waving her shawl. Whether anyone observed them save myself, or whether the feat was a common one, I know not; but nobody appeared to take any notice of them. As for myself, I was so excited that I strove to clamber up the balustrade of the bridge in order to obtain a better view of the daring adventurers. Before I could accomplish my design, however, I felt myself seized by the body, and, turning my head, perceived the old fruit-woman, who was clinging to me.

“Nay, dear! don’t—don’t!” said she. “Don’t fling yourself over—perhaps you may have better luck next time!”

“I was not going to fling myself over,” said I, dropping from the balustrade; “how came you to think of such a thing?”

“Why, seeing you clamber up so fiercely, I thought you might have had ill luck, and that you wished to make away with yourself.”

“Ill luck,” said I, going into the stone bower and sitting down. “What do you mean? ill luck in what?”

“Why, no great harm, dear! cly-faking, perhaps.”

“Are you coming over me with dialects,” said I, “speaking unto me in fashions I wot nothing of?”

"Nay, dear! don't look so strange with those eyes of your'n, nor talk so strangely; I don't understand you."

"Nor I you; what do you mean by cly-faking?"

"Lor, dear! no harm; only taking a handkerchief now and then."

95

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"Nay, dear! don't make use of bad language; we never calls them thieves here, but prigs and fakers: to tell you the truth, dear, seeing you spring at that railing put me in mind of my own dear son, who is now at 100 Bot'ny: when he had bad luck, he always used to talk of flinging himself over the bridge; and, sure enough, when the traps were after him, he did fling himself into the river, but that was off the bank; nevertheless, the traps pulled him out, and he is now suffering his sentence; so 105 you see you may speak out, if you have done anything in the harmless line, for I am my son's own mother, I assure you."

"So you think there's no harm in stealing?"

"No harm in the world, dear! do you think my own 110 child would have been transported for it if there had been any harm in it? and, what's more, would the blessed woman in the book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking?"

115

"What was her name?"

"Her name, blessed Mary Flanders."

"Will you let me look at the book?"

"Yes, dear, that I will, if you promise me not to run away with it."

120

I took the book from her hand; a short, thick volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake! *His* pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line of 125

the uncouth-looking old volume—the air, the style, the spirit of the writer of the book which first taught me to read. I covered my face with my hand, and thought of my childhood——

“This is a singular book,” said I at last; “but it does 130 not appear to have been written to prove that thieving is no harm, but rather to show the terrible consequences of crime: it contains a deep moral.”

“A deep what, dear?”

“A—— But no matter, I will give you a crown for 135 this volume.”

“No, dear, I will not sell the volume for a crown.”

“I am poor,” said I; “but I will give you two silver crowns for your volume.”

“No, dear, I will not sell my volume for two silver 140 crowns; no, nor for the golden one in the King’s Tower down there; without my book I should mope and pine, and perhaps fling myself into the river; but I am glad you like it, which shows that I was right about you, after all; you are one of our party, and you have a flash about 145 that eye of yours which puts me just in mind of my dear son. No, dear, I won’t sell you my book; but, if you like, you may have a peep into it whenever you come this way. I shall be glad to see you; you are one of the right sort, for if you had been a common one you would have 150 run away with the thing; but you scorn such behaviour, and, as you are so flash of your money, though you say you are poor, you may give me a tanner to buy a little baccy with; I love baccy, dear, more by token that it comes from the plantations to which the blessed woman 155 was sent.”

“What’s a tanner?” said I.

“Lor! don’t you know, dear? Why, a tanner is six-pence; and, as you were talking just now about crowns, it will be as well to tell you that those of our trade never 160

calls them crowns, but bulls ; but I am talking nonsense, just as if you did not know all that already as well as myself ; you are only shamming—I'm no trap, dear, nor more was the blessed woman in the book. Thank you, dear—thank you for the tanner ; if I don't spend it, I'll 165 keep it in remembrance of your sweet face. What, are you going ?—well, first let me whisper a word to you. If you have any clies to sell at any time, I'll buy them of you ; all safe with me ; I never peach, and scorns a trap. So now, dear, God bless you ! and give you good luck. 170 Thank you for your pleasant company, and thank you for the tanner."

V.

LORD MACAULAY.

PURITANS AND ROYALISTS.

WE would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them ; nor have there been wanting attentive and 5 malicious observers to point them out.

For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and stage 10 were most licentious. They were not men of letters ; they were as a body unpopular ; they could not defend themselves ; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were, therefore, abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and 15 dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress,

their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were, indeed, fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. 20

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy,—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the spacious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure. 30 35 40

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, 45 50

was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity 55 through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face.

Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest 60 of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised 65 all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers 70 of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns 75 of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier 80 creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, 85 before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity

which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God !

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion ; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker : but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid His face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle.

These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities ; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain ; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach : and we know that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity—that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest and an useful body.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, 160 gamblers, and bravoos, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will 165 select a more favourable specimen.

Thinking, as we do, that the cause of the king was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in com- 170 paring them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every 175 step and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. 180 The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were, indeed, misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; 185 and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress.

In truth, they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king 190 or an intolerant church that they fought; but for the

old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, 195 they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness and respect for women. They had far more 200 both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

VI.

ROBERT BROWNING.

(i.) HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

I.

OH, to be in England,
 Now that April's there!
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
 In England—now.

II.

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows! 10
 Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush. He sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower ! 20

(ii.) HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay.
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
 In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand
and gray ; 5
 " Here and here did England help me : how can I help
 England ? " say,
 Whoso turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Joye's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

(iii.) AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 5
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.
 Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
 That soar to earth may fall, 10
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound,
 Full galloping ; nor bridle drew 15
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect 20
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro')—
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

 " Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace 25
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans, '
 Where I, to heart's desire, 30
 Perched him !" The Chief's eye flashed, his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

 The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye 35
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 " You're wounded !" " Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, sire !" And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead. 40

(iv.) A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL SHORTLY AFTER THE
 REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE.

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
 Singing together.
 Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
 Each in its tether,
 Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain, 5
 Cared-for till cock-crow :

Look out if yonder be not day again
 Rimming the rock-row!
 That's the appropriate country ; there, man's thought,
 Rarer, intenser, 10
 Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
 Chafes in the censer.
 Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
 Seek we the sepulture
 On a tall mountain, citied to the top, 15
 Crowded with culture !
 All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
 Clouds overcome it ;
 No ! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
 Circling its summit. 20
 Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights :
 Wait ye the warning ?
Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
 He's for the morning.
 Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head, 25
 'Ware the beholders !
 This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
 Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
 Safe from the weather ! 30
 He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
 Singing together,
 He was a man born with thy face and throat,
 Lyric Apollo !
 Long he lived nameless : how should spring take note 35
 Winter would follow ?
 Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone !
 Cramped and diminished,
 Moaned he, " New measures, other feet anon !
 " My dance is finished " ? 40

No, that's the world's way : (keep the mountain-side,
 Make for the city !)
 He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
 Over men's pity ;
 Left play for work, and grappled with the world 45
 Bent on escaping :
 "What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled ?
 "Show me their shaping,
 "Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
 "Give !"—So, he gowned him, 50
 Straight got by heart that book to its last page :
 Learned, we found him.
 Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
 Accents uncertain :
 "Time to taste life," another would have said, 55
 "Up with the curtain !"
 This man said rather, "Actual life comes next ?
 "Patience a moment !
 "Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
 "Still there's the comment. 60
 "Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
 "Painful or easy !
 "Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
 "Ay, nor feel queasy."
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, 65
 When he had learned it,
 When he had gathered all books had to give !
 Sooner, he spurned it.
 Image the whole, then execute the parts—
 Fancy the fabric 70
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
 Ere mortar dab brick !

(Here's the town-gate reached : there's the market-place
 Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace	75
(Hearten our chorus !)	
That before living he'd learn how to live—	
No end to learning :	
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive	
Use for our earning.	80
Others mistrust and say, " But time escapes :	
" Live now or never !"	
He said, " What's time ? Leave Now for dogs and apes !	
" Man has Forever."	
Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head :	85
<i>Calculus</i> racked him :	
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead :	
<i>Tussis</i> attacked him.	
" Now, master, take a little rest !" —not he !	
(Caution redoubled,	90
Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly !)	
Not a whit troubled	
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,	
Fierce as a dragon	
He (soul hydroptic with a sacred thirst)	95
Sucked at the flagon.	
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,	
Heedless of far gain,	
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure	
Bad is our bargain !	100
Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,	
(He loves the burthen)—	
God's task to make the heavenly period	
Perfect the earthen ?	
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear	105
Just what it all meant ?	
He would not discount life, as fools do here,	
Paid by instalment.	

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure : 110
 " Wilt thou trust death or not ?" He answered " Yes :
 " Hence with life's pale lure !"
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it :
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue, 115
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit :
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit. 120
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him !
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife, 125
 Ground he at grammar ;
 Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife :
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be !—
 Properly based *Oun*— 130
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place :
 Hail to your purlieus, *hail !*
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race, 135
 Swallows and curlews !
 Here's the top-peak ; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there :
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there ? 140
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go ! Let Joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send !

Lofty designs must close in like effects :

145

Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

VII.

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

'THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrows come with years ?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blooming toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow
Why their tears are falling so ?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago ;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost :

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy ;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak ;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek :
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is very cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

* * * * *

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap ;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground ;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning ;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places :

Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling :
All are turning all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop ! be silent for to-day !'

Ay, be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth !
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth !
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals :
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you or under you, O wheels !
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark ;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray ;
So the blessed One who blesses all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, " Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door :
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more ?

“Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
‘Our Father,’ looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except ‘Our Father,’
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand, which is strong
‘Our Father!’ If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
‘Come and rest with Me, My child.’

“But, no!” say the children, weeping faster,
“He is speechless as a stone :
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!” say the children,—“up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us ; grief has made us unbelieving :
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach ?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you !
They are weary ere they run ;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm ;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm :

Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly,
 Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,
 With eyes turned on Deity.
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path!
 But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
 Than the strong man in his wrath."

VIII.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

STANZAS FROM THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

I.

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
 Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

II.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

III.

~~The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon~~
~~Turns Ashes—or it prospers;~~ and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

IV.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

V.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

VI.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

VII.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen.

VIII.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears :
To-morrow !—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops, 15
Three silent pinnacles of agéd snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charméd sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West : thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seem'd the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore 40
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, " We will return no more " ;
And all at once they sang, " Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; • we will no longer roam." 45

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies, 50
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes,
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies ;
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm !"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,

Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days, 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? 95
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence : ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;

To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change :
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain. 125
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130
 Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)

With half-dropt eyelids still, 135
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak : 145
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is
blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in
the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 155
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and
fiery sands, 160
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song,
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong,
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil, 165
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil ;
 Till they perish, and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down
 in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
 Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

(ii.) MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep, 5
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my broad Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it like a king ;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known : 35
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
“It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”
So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept, 45
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt : 55
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
 This way and that dividing the swift mind 60
 In act to throw ; but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed,
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King. 65
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 " Hast thou performed my mission which I gave ?
 What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 " I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
 " Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight : 75
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought :
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,
 " And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand 95
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept, 100
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake;
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost."
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
 Then spake King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 115
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 120
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all, 125
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence ; 130
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur ;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?" 150
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising, bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, " Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. 185
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,

Beneath them ; and descending they were ware 195
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.
 Then murmur'd Arthur, " Place me in the barge."
 ' to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 ' heir hands, and took the King and wept. 206
 t rose the tallest of them all
 laid his head upon her lap
 the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
 him by his name, complaining loud, 210
 a pping bitter tears against his brow
 ped with dark blood : for all his face was white
 nd colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust ;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips. 220
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225
 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 " Ah ! my lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ; 235
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself ; what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou, 245
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure, cold plume and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

(iii.) OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet :
 Above her shook the starry lights :
 She heard the torrents meet.
 There in her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.
 Then stept she down thro' town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men reveal'd
 The fulness of her face—
 Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
 And, King-like, wears the crown :
 Her open eyes desire the truth. -
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ;
 That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes !

ALFRED TENNYSON

(iv.) STANZAS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

VI.

- One writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.
- That loss is common would not make 5
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
- O father, whereso'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son ; 10
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.
- O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud 15
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.
- Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well ;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought ; 20
- Expecting still his advent home ;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
Or "here to-morrow will he come."
- O somewhere, meek unconscious dove 25
That sittest ranging golden hair
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest ;
And thinking " this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose ;

For he will see them on to-night ;
 And with the thought her colour burns ;
 And having left the glass, she turns
 Once more to set a ringlet right ;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse. 40

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

XI.

Calm is the morn without a sound, 45
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
And on these dews that drench the furze, 50
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its morning bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers, 55
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair : 60

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XXI.

I sing to him that rests below, 65
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak : 70
"This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Another answers, "Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain 75
The praise that comes to constancy."

A third is wroth : "Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power ? 80

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon ?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing : 85
 Ye never knew the sacred dust :
 I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing :
 And one is glad ; her note is gay,
 For now her little ones have ranged ; 90
 And one is sad ; her note is changed,
 Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXVII.

I envy not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage, 95
 That never knew the summer woods :
 I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes ; 100
 Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.
 I hold it true, whate'er befall ; 105
 I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

LIV.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good 110
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

- That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void, 115
When God hath made the pile complete ;
- That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain. 120
- Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
- So runs my dream : but what am I ? 125
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light ;
And with no language but a cry.

CVI.

- Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light : 130
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
- Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ; 135
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind. 140

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife,
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, 145
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, 150
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old, 155
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be. 160

X.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

(i.) QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there !

(ii.) SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(i.) THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY.

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill ;
Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes !
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats
Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head. 5
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, Shepherd, and again renew the quest ! 10

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use— 15
Here will I sit and wait

While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day. 20

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, Shepherd! will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep; 25
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent-grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers. 30

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door, 35
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more. 40

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life inquired;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired 45
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
“And I,” he said, “the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.” 50

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—

But rumours hung about the country-side,

That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,

Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,

In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey, 55

The same the gipsies wore.

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;

At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,

On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors

Had found him seated at their entering, 60

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.

And I myself seem half to know thy looks,

And put the shepherds, wanderer ! on thy trace ;

And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks

I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ; 65

Or in my boat I lie

Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,

'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,

And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumnor hills,

And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats. 70

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !

Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,

Returning home on summer-nights, have met

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,

Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet, 75

As the slow punt swings round ;

And leaning backward in a pensive dream,

And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers

Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,

And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream ; 80

And then they land, and thou art seen no more !—

Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come

To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,

Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way. 85

Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none has words she can report of thee. 90

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass, 95
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown ;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone ! 100

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children who early range these slopes and late 105
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee watching, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away. 110

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly— 115
The blackbird, picking food,

Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall. 120

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
 Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
 Have I not passed thee on the wooden bridge,
 Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
 Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge? 125
 And thou hast climb'd the hill,
 And gain'd the white brow of the Cumnor range;
 Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
 The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
 Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange. 130

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
 Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
 And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
 That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
 To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe; 135
 And thou from earth art gone
 Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
 Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
 Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
 Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade. 140

No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
 For what wears out the life of mortal men?
 'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
 'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
 Exhaust the energy of strongest souls 145
 And numb the elastic powers.

Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
 And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
 To the just-pausing Genius we remit
 Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been. 150

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so ?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;
Else wert thou long since numbered with the dead !
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire !
The generations of thy peers are fled, 155
And we ourselves shall go ;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas ! have not. 160

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
brings. 165
O life unlike to ours !
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives ;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope. 170

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven ! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd ; 175
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah ! do not we, wanderer ! await it too ? 180

Yes, we await it !—but it still delays,
And then we suffer !—and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly

His seat upon the intellectual throne;

And all his store of sad experience he 185

Lays bare of wretched days ;

Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,

And how the dying spark of hope was fed,

And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,

And all his hourly varied anodynes, 190

This for our wisest ! and we others pine,

And wish the long unhappy dream would end,

And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear ;

With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,

Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair— 195

But none has hope like thine !

Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,

Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,

Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,

And every doubt long blown by time away. 200

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,

And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;

Before this strange disease of modern life,

With its sick hurry, its divided aims,

Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife— 205

Fly hence, our contact fear !

Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !

Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern

From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,

Wave us away, and keep thy solitude ! 210

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,

Still clutching the inviolable shade,

With a free, onward impulse brushing through,

By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—

Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue, 215

On some mild pastoral slope

Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
 Freshen thy flowers as in former years
 With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
 From the dark dingles, to the nightingales ! 220

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
 For strong the infection of our mental strife,
 Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
 And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
 Like us distracted, and like us unblest. 225
 Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
 Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
 And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;
 And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
 Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours. 230

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
 —As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow 235
 Among the Ægæan isles ;
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freight~~ed~~ with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home, 240

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail ;
 And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily, 245
 To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
 And on the beach undi~~ck~~ his corded bales. 250

(ii.) REQUIESCAT.

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew.
 In quiet she reposes :
 Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required :
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound.
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty halls of death.

(iii.) SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality ;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so !

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

XII.

JOHN RUSKIN.

(FROM "THE STONES OF VENICE.")

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side ; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care

not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight
 walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking
 up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places
 between their pillars where there were statues once, 30
 and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately
 figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king,
 perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king
 long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the
 great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused 35
 arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of
 dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and
 swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured
 on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen,
 melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak 40
 towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the
 bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and
 strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points,
 now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly
 into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the 45
 crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with
 that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so
 soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast
 between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning 50
 of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity.
 Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and
 its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such
 kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock;
 and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who 55
 have passed through the lonely square at their feet for
 centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away
 over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses
 the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was
 indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And 60
 then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and

land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

65

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Over head an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shop-keeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here

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at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green watermelons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves ; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be 100 seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over 105 certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wineshop of the calle, where we are offered "Vini Nostrani a Soldi 28-32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of 110 three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps ; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier. 115

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side ; and so presently 120 emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, 125 and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we 130 forget them all ; for between those pillars there opens a

great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged 135 symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and 140 fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude 145 of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, 150 clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn 155 forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, 160 when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 165 “their bluest veins to kiss”—the shadow, as it steals back

from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation,
 as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals
 rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage,
 and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical 170
 signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above
 them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of lan-
 guage and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and
 the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the
 earth; and above these, another range of glittering pin- 175
 nacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,
 —a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the
 Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden
 strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field
 covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests 180
 of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves
 far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured
 spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-
 bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid
 them with coral and amethyst. 185

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what
 an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that
 haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-
 voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air,
 the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle 190
 among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence
 of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with
 the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged
 for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass 195
 beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and
 fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not
 see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by
 it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor,
 pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of 200
 the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their

counters ; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not “ of them that sell doves ” for sacrifices, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous 205 line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals ; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,— 210 a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards ; and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their 215 young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble edges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon 220 it continually.

XIII.

JAMES THOMSON.

(i.) WILLIAM BLAKE.

HE came to the desert of London town
 Grey miles long ;
 He wandered up and he wandered down,
 Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,
 Mirk miles broad ;
 He wandered up and he wandered down,
 Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind
 In this desert of brick and stone : 10
 But some were deaf and some were blind,
 And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came ; he died
 As he had lived, alone :
 He was not missed from the desert wide, 15
 Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

(ii.) ROBERT BURNS.

He felt scant need
 Of church or creed,
 He took small share
 In saintly prayer,
 His eyes found food for his love ; 5
 He could pity poor devils condemned to hell,
 But sadly neglected endeavours to dwell
 With the angels in luck above :
 To save one's precious peculiar soul
 He never could understand is the whole 10
 Of a mortal's business in life,
 While all about him his human kin
 With loving and hating and virtue and sin
 Reel overmatched in the strife.
 "The heavens for the heavens, and the earth for the earth !
 I am a Man—I'll be true to my birth— 16
 Man in my joys, in my pains."
 So fearless, stalwart, erect and free,
 He gave to his fellows right royally
 His strength, his heart, his brains ; 20
 For proud and fiery and swift and bold—
 Wine of life from heart of gold,
 The blood of his heathen manhood rolled
 Full-billowed through his veins.

(iii.) THE FIRE THAT FILLED MY HEART OF OLD.

I.

The fire that filled my heart of old
 Gave lustre while it burned ;
 Now only ashes grey and cold
 Are in its silence urned.
 Ah ! better was the furious flame, 5
 The splendour with the smart :
 I never cared for the singer's fame,
 But, oh ! for the singer's heart
 Once more—
 The burning fulgent heart ! 10

II.

No love, no hate, no hope, no fear,
 No anguish and no mirth ;
 Thus life extends from year to year,
 A flat of sullen dearth.
 Ah ! life's blood creepeth cold and tame, 15
 Life's thought plays no new part :
 I never cared for the singer's fame,
 But, oh ! for the singer's heart
 Once more—
 The bleeding passionate heart ! 20

XIV.

CHRISTNAI ROSSETTI.

MAIDEN MAY.

MAIDEN MAY sat in her bower ;
 Her own face was like a flower
 Of the prime,
 Half in sunshine, half in shower,
 In the year's most tender time.

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

Her own thoughts in silent song
Musically flowed along,
 Wise, unwise,
Wistful, wondering, weak or strong,
 As brook shallows sink or rise.

Other thoughts another day,
Maiden May, will surge and sway
 Round your heart ;
Wake, and plead, and turn at bay,
 Wisdom part and folly part.

Time not far remote will borrow
Other joys, another sorrow,
 All for you ;
Not to-day, and yet to-morrow
 Reasoning false and reasoning true.

Wherefore greatest ? Wherefore least ?
Hearts that starve and hearts that feast ?
 You and I ?
Stammering oracles have ceased,
 And the whole earth stands at " why ? "

Underneath all things that be
Lies an unsolved mystery ;
 Over all
Spreads a veil impenetrably,
 Spreads a dense unlifted pall.

Mystery of mysteries :
This creation hears and sees
 High and low—
Vanity of vanities :
 This we test and *this* we know.

Maiden May, the days of flowering
Nurse you now in sweet embowering,
 Sunny days ;
Bright with rainbows all the showering,
 Bright with blossoms all the ways.

Close the inlet of your bower,
Close it close with thorn and flower,
 Maiden May ;
Lengthen out the shortening hour,—
 Morrrows are not as to-day.

Stay to-day which wanes so soon,
Stay the sun and stay the moon,
 Stay your youth ;
Bask you in the actual noon,
 Rest you in the present truth.

Let to-day suffice to-day :
For itself to-morrow may
 Fetch its loss,
Aim and stumble, say its say,
 Watch and pray and bear its cross.

XV.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

VERSES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE the morn the East has crimsoned,
 When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's Hymns, and
 Made him wonder what they were :)

When the forest nymphs are beading 5
 Fern and flower with silvery dew—
 My infallible proceeding
 Is to wake, and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
 Sounds farewell to field and copse, 10
 And I sit before my frugal
 Meal of gravy-soup and chops :
 When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
 Owl doth to the moon complain,"
 And the hour suggests eloping— 15
 Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never ?
 Must I aye endure affliction
 Rarely realized, if ever,
 In our wildest works of fiction ? 20
 Madly Romeo loved his Juliet ;
 Copperfield began to pine
 When he hadn't been to school yet—
 But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest, 25
 Ere I drain the poisoned cup :
 Tell me I may tell the chymist
 Not to make that arsenic up !
 Else the heart must cease to throb in
 This my breast ; and, when in tones 30
 Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin ?"
 They'll be told, "Miss Clara J——s."

XVI.

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY.

HERACLITUS.

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remem'ber'd how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

XVII.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

(FROM "EVAN HARRINGTON.")

THE house was dark and silent when Evan, refreshed by his rest, descended to seek his mother. She was sitting alone in the parlour. With a tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted rather than encouraged, Evan put his arm round her neck, and kissed her many times. One of the symptoms of heavy sorrow, a longing for the signs of love, made Evan fondle his mother, and bend over her yearningly. Mrs. Mel said once : "Dear Van ; good boy !" and quietly sat through his caresses.

"Sitting up for me, mother ?" he whispered.

"Yes, Van ; we may as well have our talk out."

"Ah !" he took a chair close by her side, "tell me my father's last words."

"He said he hoped you would never be a tailor." Evan's

forehead wrinkled up. "There's not much fear of that, then!"

His mother turned her face on him, and examined him with a rigorous placidity; all her features seeming to bear down on him. Evan did not like the look.

"You object to trade, Van?"

"Yes, decidedly, mother—hate it; but that's not what I want to talk to you about. Didn't my father speak of me much?"

"He desired that you should wear his militia sword, if you got a commission."

"I have rather given up hope of the Army," said Evan.

Mrs. Mel requested him to tell her what a colonel's full pay amounted to; and again, the number of years it required, on a rough calculation, to attain that grade. In reply to his statement she observed: "A tailor might realize twice the sum in a quarter of the time."

"What if he does—double, or treble?" cried Evan, impetuously; and to avoid the theme, and cast off the bad impression it produced on him, he rubbed his hands, and said: "I want to talk to you about my prospects, mother."

"What are they?" Mrs. Mel inquired.

The severity of her mien and sceptical coldness of her speech caused him to inspect them suddenly, as if she had lent him eyes. He put them by, till the gold should recover its natural shine, saying: "By the way, mother, I've written the half of a History of Portugal."

"Have you?" said Mrs. Mel. "For Louisa?"

"No, mother, of course not: to sell it. Albuquerque! what a splendid fellow he was!"

Informing him that he knew she abominated foreign names, she said: "And your prospects are, writing Histories of Portugal?"

"No, mother. I was going to tell you, I expect a Government appointment. Mr. Jocelyn likes my work—I think he

likes me. You know, I was his private secretary for ten months."

"You write a good hand," his mother interposed.

"And I'm certain I was born for diplomacy."

"For an easy chair, and an ink-dish before you, and lacqueys behind. What's to be your income, Van?"

Evan carelessly remarked that he must wait and see.

"A very proper thing to do," said Mrs. Mel; for now that she had fixed him to some explanation of his prospects, she could condescend in her stiff way to banter.

Slightly touched by it, Evan pursued, half laughing, as men do who wish to propitiate common sense on behalf of what seems tolerably absurd: "It's not the immediate income, you know, mother: one thinks of one's future. In the diplomatic service, as Louisa says, you come to be known to Ministers—gradually, I mean. That is, they hear of you; and if you show you have some capacity——Louisa wants me to throw it up in time, and stand for Parliament. Andrew, she thinks, would be glad to help me to his seat. Once in Parliament, and known to Ministers, you—your career is open to you."

In justice to Mr. Evan Harrington, it must be said, he built up this extraordinary card-castle to dazzle his mother's mind: he had lost his right grasp of her character for the moment, because of an undefined suspicion of something she intended, and which sent him himself to take refuge in those flimsy structures; while the very altitude he reached beguiled his imagination, and made him hope to impress hers.

Mrs. Mel dealt it one fillip. "And in the meantime how are you to live, and pay the creditors?"

Though Evan answered cheerfully, "Oh, they will wait, and I can live on anything," he was nevertheless floundering on the ground amid the ruins of the superb edifice; and his mother, upright and rigid, continuing, "You can live on anything, and they will wait, and call your father a rogue," he started, grievously bitten by one of the serpents of earth.

"Good heaven, mother ! what are you saying ?"

"That they will call your father a rogue, and will have a right to," said the relentless woman.

"Not while I live !" Evan exclaimed.

"You may stop one mouth with your fist, but you won't stop a dozen, Van."

Evan jumped up and walked the room.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "I will pay everything. I will bind myself to pay every farthing. What more can I possibly do?"

"Make the money," said Mrs. Mel's deep voice.

Evan faced her: "My dear mother, you are very unjust and inconsiderate. I have been working and doing my best. I promise—what do the debts amount to?"

"Something like £5,000 in all, Van."

"Very well." Youth is not alarmed by the sound of big sums. "Very well—I will pay it."

Evan looked as proud as if he had just clapped down the full amount on the table.

"Out of the History of Portugal, half-written, and the prospect of a Government appointment?"

Mrs. Mel raised her eyelids to him.

"In time—in time, mother!"

"Mention your proposal to the creditors when you meet them this day week," she said.

Neither of them spoke for several minutes. Then Evan came close to her, saying:

"What is it you want of me, mother?"

"I want nothing, Van—I can support myself."

"But what would you have me do, mother?"

"Be honest; do your duty, and don't be a fool about it."

"I will try," he rejoined. "You tell me to make the money. Where and how can I make it? I am perfectly willing to work."

"In this house," said Mrs. Mel; and, as this was pretty clear speaking, she stood up to lend her figure to it.

"Here!" faltered Evan. "What! be a——"

"Tailor!" The word did not sting her tongue.

"I? Oh, that's quite impossible!" said Evan. And visions of leprosy, and Rose shrinking her skirts from contact with him, shadowed out and away in his mind.

"Understand your choice!" Mrs. Mel imperiously spoke. "What are brains given you for? To be played the fool with by idiots and women? You have £5,000 to pay to save your father from being called a rogue. You can only make the money in one way, which is open to you. This business might produce a thousand pounds a-year and more. In seven or eight years you may clear your father's name, and live better all the time than many of your bankrupt gentlemen. You have told the creditors you will pay them. Do you think they are gaping fools, to be satisfied by a History of Portugal? If you refuse to take the business at once, they will sell me up, and quite right too. Understand your choice. There's Mr. Goren has promised to have you in London a couple of months, and teach you what he can. He is a kind friend. Would any of your gentlemen acquaintance do the like for you? Understand your choice. You will be a beggar—the son of a rogue—or an honest man who has cleared his father's name!"

During this strenuously uttered allocution, Mrs. Mel, though her chest heaved but faintly against her crossed hands, showed by the dilatation of her eyes, and the light in them, that she felt her words. There is that in the aspect of a fine frame breathing hard facts which, to a youth who has been tumbled headlong from his card-castles and airy fabrics, is masterful, and like the pressure of Fate. Evan dropped his head.

"Now," said Mrs. Mel, "you shall have some supper."

Evan told her he could not eat.

"I insist upon your eating," said Mrs. Mell; "empty stomachs are foul counsellors."

"Mother! do you want to drive me mad?" cried Evan.

She looked at him to see whether the string she held him by would bear the slight additional strain: decided not to press a small point.

"Then go to bed and sleep on it," she said—sure of him—and gave her cheek for his kiss, for she never performed the operation, but kept her mouth, as she remarked, for food and speech, and not for slobbering mummeries.

Evan returned to his solitary room. He sat on the bed and tried to think, oppressed by horrible sensations of self-contempt, that caused whatever he touched to sicken him.

There were the Douglas and the Percy on the wall. It was a happy and a glorious time, was it not, when men lent each other blows that killed outright; when to be brave and cherish noble feelings brought honour; when strength of arm and steadiness of heart won fortune; when the fair stars of earth—sweet women—wakened and warmed the love of squires of low degree. This legacy of the dead man's hand? Evan would have paid it with his blood; but to be in bondage all his days to it; through it to lose all that was dear to him; to wear the length of a loathed existence!—we should pardon a young man's wretchedness at the present, for it was in a time before our joyful era of universal equality. Yet he never cast a shade of blame upon his father.

The hours moved on, and he found himself staring at his small candle, which struggled more and more faintly with the morning light, like his own flickering ambition against the facts of life.

XVIII.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(i.) TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY.

THE bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit
of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill
through the common. As long as I was within sight
of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some
laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with
Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs
with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she
shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under
the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across
the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the
matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other
bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-
woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and
with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine
brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then
relapsed into her former minuet. Another application
had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy
the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my
conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted,
and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor
brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was
distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on
a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalize
this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and
let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough
to describe; it was something as much slower than a
walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging
on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five

"I insist upon your eating," said Mrs. Mell; "empty stomachs are foul counsellors."

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a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalize
this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and
let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough
to describe; it was something as much slower than a
walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging
on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five

minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all 30
 the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at
 hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers ; for if
 I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few
 yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and
 began to browse. The thought that this was to last from 35
 here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable
 journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried
 to tell myself it was a lovely day ; I tried to charm my
 foreboding spirit with tobacco ; but I had a vision ever
 present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down 40
 dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot
 by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted
 in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall
 peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy 45
 countenance, and arrayed in the green tail coat of the
 country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped
 to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old ?"

I told him I believed not. 50

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

"*Et vous marchez comme ça ?*" cried he ; and, throw-
 ing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I
 watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he 55
 had satisfied his mirth ; and then, "You must have no
 pity on these animals," said he ; and, plucking a switch
 out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the
 sternworks, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her
 ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept 60
 up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least
 symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside
 us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret
 to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machina*, before he left me, supplied some 65
 excellent, if inhumane, advice ; presented me with the
 switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly
 than my cane ; and finally taught me the true cry or
 masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot !" All the time,
 he regarded me with a comical, incredulous air, which 70
 was embarrassing to confront ; and smiled over my
 donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his ortho-
 graphy, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn
 for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had 75
 learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine
 did wonders for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a
 breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath ; the
 mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine ; and as
 we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the 80
 church was crowded to the door, there were people
 kneeling without upon the steps, and the sound of the
 priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It
 gave me a home feeling on the spot ; for I am a country-
 man of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observ- 85
 ances, like a Scottish accent, strike in me mixed feelings,
 grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveller, hurrying
 by like a person from another planet, who can rightly
 enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast.
 The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. 90
 There is something better than music in the wide un-
 usual silence ; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts,
 like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

In this pleasant humour I came down the hill to where
 Goudet stands in a green end of a valley, with Château 95
 Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as
 clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them.
 Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the
 stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems

absurd to call the Loire. On all sides, Goudet is shut in 100
by mountains ; rocky footpaths, practicable at best for
donkeys, join it to the outer world of France, and the
men and women drink and swear, in their green corner,
or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the
threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would 105
think, like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so ;
the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag ; the
aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the
railway at Le Puy ; and here in the inn you may find an
engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, 110
"Professor of Fencing and Champion of the Two
Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the
sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New
York, on the 10th of April, 1876.

I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth 115
again. But, alas ! as we climbed the interminable hill
upon the other side, "Proot !" seemed to have lost its
virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like
a sucking-dove ; but Modestine would be neither softened
nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace ; nothing 120
but a blow would move her, and that only for a second.
I must follow at her heels, incessantly belabouring. A
moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into
her own private gait. I think I never heard of anyone
in as mean a situation. I must reach the lake of Bouchet, 125
where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have
even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this un-
complaining animal. The sound of my own blows
wicked me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a
faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who 130
formerly loaded me with kindness ; and this increased
my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another
donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside ; and this

other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and 135
 Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate
 the pair and beat down their young romance with a
 renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey
 had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would
 have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a 140
 kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Mode-
 stine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did
 everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

(ii.) REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me die;
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

XIX.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

(i.) A PASSER-BY.

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
 That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
 Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
 When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country so well thou knowest,
 Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :
 I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
 And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare :
 Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,
 grandest
 Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair
 Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
 That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
 That port assured in a happier land than mine.
 But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
 As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
 From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
 In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

(ii.) NIGHTINGALES.

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
 Ye learn your song :
 Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
 Among the flowers which in that heavenly air
 Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
 A throe of the heart,
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
 For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,
 As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of
 May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
 Welcome the dawn.

XX.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

(i.)

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
 I am the captain of my soul.

(ii.) PASTORAL.

It's the Spring.
Earth has conceived, and her bosom,
Teeming with summer, is glad.

Vistas of change and adventure,
Thro' the green land
The grey roads go beckoning and winding,
Peopled with wains, and melodious
With harness-bells jangling :
Jangling and twangling rough rhythms
To the slow march of the stately, great horses
Whistled and shouted along.

White fleets of cloud,
Argosies heavy with fruitfulness,
Sail the blue peacefully. Green flame the hedgerows,
Blackbirds are bugling, and white in wet winds
Sway the tall poplars.
Pageants of colour and fragrance,
Pass the sweet meadows, and viewless
Walks the mild spirit of May,
Visibly blessing the world.

O, the brilliance of blossoming orchards !
O, the savour and thrill of the woods,
When their leafage is stirred
By the flight of the Angel of Rain !
Loud lows the steer ; in the fallows
Rooks are alert ; and the brooks
Gurgle and tinkle and trill. Thro' the gloamings,
Under the rare, shy stars,
Boy and girl wander,
Dreaming in darkness and dew.

It's the Spring,
A sprightliness feeble and squalid
Wakes in the ward, and I sicken,
Impotent, winter at heart.

XXI.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

ADMIRALS ALL.

A SONG OF SEA KINGS.

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,

Here's to the bold and free !

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,

Hail to the Kings of the Sea !

Admirals all, for England's sake,

5

Honour be yours and fame !

And honour, as long as waves shall break,

To Nelson's peerless name !

Admirals all, for England's sake,

Honour be yours and fame !

10

And honour, as long as waves shall break,

To Nelson's peerless name !

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay

With the galleons fair in sight ,

Howard at last must give him his way,

15

And the word was passed to fight.

Never was schoolboy gayer than he

Since holidays first began :

He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,

And under the guns he ran.

20

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,

Their cities he put to the sack ;

He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,

And harried his ships to wrack.

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls 25

When the great Armada came ;

But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls ;"

And he stooped and finished the game.

NOTES

I.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

(i.) SHAKSPEARE.

FROM *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. See the Introduction.

40. **Paramatta** is near Sydney, New South Wales.

71. '**Novum Organum**,' the great work in which Francis Bacon laid down a scheme for science to follow.

(ii.) FAIR WAGES.

From *Past and Present*. This is Carlyle's characteristic contribution to the new science of economics, with Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill (Carlyle's friend), and Richard Cobden as its exponents.

12. **Lernæan Hydra-coil**. As Hercules destroyed the many-headed Hydra in the marshes of Lerna, so Cromwell destroyed aristocratic tyranny. Cromwell was one of Carlyle's favourite heroes.

14. **quackheads**=quacks.

32. **Ten-pound Franchisers**. The Reform Act of 1832 gave the vote to all householders in towns who paid a rental of £10 per annum.

33. **Sanhedrim**, Jewish name for a council.

(iii.) WORK.

This is also from *Past and Present*.

10. **Know thyself**, the old motto of the Delphic oracle: '*E cælo descendit, γινῶθι σεαυτὸν.*'

79. **Eupeptic Curtis**. 'Eupeptic' means 'having a good digestion.' Carlyle, a martyr to dyspepsia, naturally associates happiness with a good digestion. The reference is probably to Sir William Curtis (1752 to 1829), a Lord Mayor and M.P., a notorious *bon vivant*, friend of George IV., and a butt for all the wits of the town, including Peter Pindar.

79. **Job**, covered with sores on his dunghill, was fain to scrape himself with potsherds.

81. **Byron with Giaours**. One of Byron's earlier poems was called *The Giaour*. The word is the Turkish for a foreigner or infidel.

II.—WILLIAM BARNES.

William Barnes (1801 to 1886) was a true poet, and one of the few learned men who have composed successfully in dialect, after the manner of the Greek Theocritus. His first book, from which this poem is taken, is called *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (1844), and was prefaced by a dissertation on that dialect. His work has a simplicity and sincerity of utterance which is as refreshing as it is rare in this age.

3. *nâisy* = noisy.

16. *evemen* = evening.

26. *Things*. The italics mean that 'th' is to be pronounced soft, as in 'father.'

III.—THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803 to 1849) had unquestionable genius, though his life and work are stamped with the record of failure. His end was suicide. He was one of the first to recognize the genius of Browning, and left his MSS. to him. He studied medicine in Germany. His principal work is a drama called *Death's Jest Book*, the best part of which is the lyrical interludes. A rather unhappy sentimentality mars much of the beauty of his work. *Death's Jest Book* is a tragedy of the deepest dye.

IV.—GEORGE BORROW.

ON LONDON BRIDGE.

This is an extract from the autobiographical tale of *Lavengro* (see the Introduction); the boy-hero of the story has come, in the course of his wanderings, to London Bridge. The Londoner will realize the whimsical exaggerations of this writer.

37. *Cæsar's Castle*, the Tower of London, mythically supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar.

45. *Mælstrom*, a famous whirlpool, also mythical, off the coast of Norway.

65. *boatman of Cockaigne*—i.e., a true Cockney.

100. *Bot'ny*, the penal settlement of Botany Bay, in Australia.

117. *blessed Mary Flanders*. *Moll Flanders*, the autobiography of a female thief, was one of Defoe's realistic tales of low life, written in 1722. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is the book 'which first taught me to read.' *Moll Flanders* was sent to the plantations of Virginia.

153. *tanner* is said to be a word of gipsy origin; if so, it is strange that Borrow did not recognize it.

V.—LORD MACAULAY.

PURITANS AND ROYALISTS.

This eloquent piece of historical writing is from the first of Macaulay's prose works, the *Essay on Milton* (see the Introduction).

40. *like Bassanio in the play*. The allusion is, of course, to the casket scene in *The Merchant of Venice*. *Spacious caskets*, invites criticism.

IX—ALFRED TENNYSON.

(i.) THE LOTOS-EATERS.

The origin of this beautiful poem is to be found in Homer's *Odyssey* (Book IX.). On the coast of Africa lived the tribe of Lotophagoi, and when Odysseus sent some of his crew to them, they were treated kindly by a race of amiable men, and given to eat the flower of the lotus. The result was that they lost all desire to return to their companions, forgot their homes, and had to be carried forcibly on board. Herodotus, in his Fourth Book, tells a similar story. This poem is, perhaps, the best example of Tennyson's subtle craft in verse-writing. Every line speaks in the tones of languorous drowsiness. The student will observe that this effect is largely produced by long *o*-sounds, and a great preponderance of long open vowels and diphthongs.

The introduction is composed of Spenserian stanzas, probably written under the influence of James Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

- 11. **lawn** is fine linen.
- 23. **galingale** (*Cyperus longus*), a kind of flowering grass very rare in England.
- 120. **the island princes** When Ulysses finally returned to his island of Ithaca, he found that the Princes had been wooing Penelope, his wife, and devouring his substance.
- 133. **moly** is a herb of magic properties mentioned in the *Odyssey*.

(ii.) MORTE D'ARTHUR.

The story is drawn from Sir Thomas Malory's chronicles of ancient Britain. King Arthur had returned from an expedition to find that his nephew Modred had turned traitor, and was in league with the forces of heathendom. Then took place a great battle, in which the Knights of the Round Table performed prodigies of valour, but fell one by one, and at the last Arthur himself was mortally wounded. Here Tennyson tells of his death, or, rather, his passing, for men believed that he would come again. In later editions of the collected *Idylls* the poem is called *The Passing of Arthur*. Malory's version will be found in *The Chaucer Epoch*.

The art of Tennyson's blank verse well deserves special study.

- 23. **Merlin** is the great wizard and prophet of the Court at Camelot.
- 31. **samite**, a kind of stuff, perhaps velvet—Malory's word.
- 60. **dividing the swift mind**—*i.e.*, pondering in doubt, a phrase borrowed from Homer and Vergil—*e.g.*, *Æneid*, viii. : *Animus nunc huc celerem nunc dividit illuc*. Note that many phrases here are taken from Latin and Greek—*e.g.*, 'middle mere,' 'the offices of all'—and some are Malory's words—*e.g.*, 'lightly bring thee word,' 'lief and dear.'
- 215. **greaves and cuisses**. The 'greaves' guard the shin of the leg, the 'cuisses' the thighs.
- 259. **the island-valley of Avilion** is supposed to mean Glastonbury the traditional burying-place of Arthur.

(iii.) OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

triple forks, the trident, the emblem of Neptune and Britannia.

(iv.) IN MEMORIAM.

For the subject of this poem see the Introduction.

The metre is, so far as Tennyson is concerned, his own invention, though it was used as early as the seventeenth century by Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

25. In the succeeding stanzas the poet is probably thinking of his sister Emily, who was betrothed to Arthur Hallam.

X.—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Both these lyrics are perfect in their way. Each is devoted to the working out of a simile with a certain tense precision of language. The title of the first is taken from Vergil, *Æn. id.*, iii. 269 :

*Fugimus spumantibus undis
Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabant.*

'We flee over the foaming waves, where wind and pilot directed our course.' And the whole poem is an elaboration of the common phrase: 'They were friends, but they drifted apart.'

XI.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(i.) THE SCHOLAR GIPSY.

There was a tradition that a certain Oxford scholar in bygone days had been forced by poverty to leave the University and wander about the country with a band of gipsies, whose mysterious secrets he professed, like Borrow, to have discovered. On this tradition Matthew Arnold has founded his poem of *The Scholar Gipsy*.

2. **wattled cotes**, sheep cotes, enclosures with fences of wattle-work.
13. **cruse**, jar or flagon, as in the widow's 'cruse of oil.'
29. **bent-grass**, the popular name of a common grass, *Agrostis canina*.
31. **Glanvil's book**—*i.e.*, a small book by Glanvil, called *The Vanity of Dogmatizing*, published in 1661, from which Arnold took his account of the scholar gipsy.
34. **pregnant parts**, fertile wits.
59. **ingle-bench**—*i.e.*, the bench by the fire.
69. **Cumnor** is on the Berkshire side of the Thames. The church contains the tomb of Anthony Foster, and his house, in which Amy Robsart was imprisoned (*vide* Scott's *Kenilworth*), was in the village.
74. **Bablock-hithe**, about ten miles from Oxford up the river.
91. **Godstow Bridge**, over the Thames about two miles from Oxford.
95. **lasher**, the water immediately below a weir.
147. **teen**, sorrow.
- 182 190. A reference to Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.
208. **Dido**, Queen of Carthage, was rejected by Æneas, and took her own life in consequence. When he descended to the infernal regions and saw her there, she shunned him. See Vergil, *Æneid*, vi. 450-474.
239. **tunnies**, large fish of the Mediterranean, eaten salted by the Greeks.

NOTES

Mr. Jocelyn is the British Minister at Lisbon, and **Rose** is his daughter. **Mr. Goren** is a tailor, friend of the Harrington family.

This extract is made, by kind permission of the author and the publishers, from Messrs. Constable's small edition.

XVIII.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(i.)

The Cevennes are a long mountain-range running almost from Lyons to the River Ande, in the South of France. Stevenson's plan for his tour was to take on the back of a donkey all provisions for camping out. One of his motives for the journey was the open-air life necessary to a sufferer from lung disease. Le Monastier is 'in a pleasant highland valley fifteen miles from Le Puy' in the department of Haute Loire. From Le Puy to Alais is nearly 100 miles.

This extract, as well as the epitaph *Requiem*, is printed by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, the publishers.

65. **deus ex machinâ**, a term borrowed from the ancient theatre, expressing the intervention of a supernatural power. According to theatrical convention, the deity entered from above, lowered by a sort of crane, hence the phrase 'the god from the machine.'

69. **masonic word**. The Freemasons have certain secret passwords.

89. **ascetic**, self-denying.

XIX.—ROBERT BRIDGES.

Mr. Robert Bridges was born in 1844, and educated at Eton and Oxford. Besides his charming and scholarly lyrics, he has written eight plays, an oratorio, *Eden*, and a poem, *Eros and Psyche*. Both the lyrics here given are from the little volume of *Shorter Poems*, published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. The first was originally published in 1879, the second in 1893. The student should observe the beauty and originality of the metres no less than of the thought and expression. The language of both is flavoured by classical influence. Such a phrase as 'I know not, if aiming a fancy, I rightly divine,' might be literally translated from the Greek. The permission to reprint these two poems I owe directly to the author's kindness.

XX.—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Thanks are due to Mr. Alfred Nutt for permission to reprint these extracts from the edition *Poems by William Ernest Henley*: David Nutt, 1906.

(i.)

This poem was written *In Memoriam* W. T. Hamilton Bruce.

(ii.) PASTORAL.

This is one of the unrhymed poems of the series called *In Hospital* Henley was himself in hospital at Edinburgh.

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

XXI.—HENRY NEWBOLT.

ADMIRALS ALL.

This stirring patriotic song is typical of the work of Mr Henry Newbolt (born 1862). Besides a drama, he has published *Admiral's All* (1897), *The Island Race*, and *The Sailing of the Long Ships*.

The poem is here printed by kind permission of the author.

1. Lord Howard of **Effingham** (the Howard of l. 15) commanded the English fleet against the Armada in 1588, and in 1596 took part with Raleigh and the Earl of Essex in the sack of Cadiz, described here in the second stanza. **Grenville**, Sir Richard, was Captain rather than Admiral; his gallant fight in the *Revenge* against hopeless Spanish odds in 1591 is well known to us through Tennyson's spirited poem, *The Revenge*.
3. Admiral **Benbow** was William III.'s best Admiral. His most brilliant achievement was a five days' pursuing fight with a single ship, the *Breda*, against a French squadron in the West Indies in 1702. **Collingwood** was Nelson's friend and partner in the glory of Trafalgar. Admiral the Hon. John **Byron** (grandfather of the poet), after taking part in various voyages of discovery, fought the French of Grenada in 1779. He seems scarcely worthy of this distinguished company. Robert **Blake** was Cromwell's great Admiral. Born in 1598, he did not go to sea until he was fifty, but met with the most brilliant successes against Prince Rupert, Van Tromp, and the Portuguese and Spanish fleets.
23. Drake thus sportively described the expedition of 1587, in which he delayed the start of the Armada by visiting the Spanish ports with fireships.
30. **Duncan** blockaded the Dutch fleet in the River Texel with only two ships, the rest having mutinied. In the same year, 1797, he won the Battle of Camperdown, and was made Viscount.
37. This stanza refers to the Battle of Copenhagen, or 'the Baltic', 1801. The Admiral who left to Nelson the responsibility of engaging was Sir Peter Parker.

NOTES

244. the Midland waters—*i.e.*, the Mediterranean.
 246. the Syrtes, sandbanks off the north coast of Africa and south of Sicily.
 249. Iberians, the Greek name for Spaniards.

XII.—JOHN RUSKIN.

ST. MARK'S.

Taking the point of view that Ruskin's chief interest to us is as a writer of beautiful English, I have selected these descriptive pages from *The Stones of Venice*.

62. **Calle Lunga San Moisè**, 'the long lane of St. Moses.'
 77. **cortile**, courtyard.
 103. **Vendita Frittole e Liquori**, 'fried fish and liquor shop.'
 109. **Vini Nostrani**, native wine at 28 *sous* the litre. The **soldo** when this was written was $\frac{1}{10}$ of the Austrian florin, then the standard coin.
 110. **pergola**, an overhead trellis of vines.
 124. **frightful façade**, an ornamental Renaissance church of the seventeenth century. Ruskin always assails Renaissance architecture with ferocity.
 133. The **vast tower**, the Campanile, which stands at a distance from the church, fell down recently, and is now being rebuilt.
 172. **archivolts**, the key or top of the vaults.
 178. **the Greek horses**, four gilded bronze horses, said to have come from Constantinople, stand upon the parapet in front of St. Mark's.
 207. **Austrian bands**. The reader should remember that this was written in 1851, before the unification of Italy. After a brief recovery of her ancient republic, Venice was taken by the Austrians after a long siege in 1849. After the war of 1866 Venice joined the kingdom of Italy. The scenes described by Ruskin are somewhat, but not wholly, altered for the better to-day.
 219. **centesimi**, centimes, a tiny copper coin.

XIII.—JAMES THOMSON.

These three lyrics can scarcely be called typical of the writer's greatest work. His more characteristic poems are unsuitable for insertion here (see the Introduction). But such as they are, these short poems are well worthy of a place in any anthology. I have to thank Mr. B. Dobell and Mr. W. Reeves for permission to reprint them from Mr. Dobell's edition of 1899.

(i.) WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake was a mystical poet and artist, who lived from 1757 to 1827. Like James Thomson, he lived in London, belonged to the poorer classes, and knew the pinch of poverty (see *The Johnson Epoch*).
mirk=dark.

(ii.) ROBERT BURNS.

For Robert Burns (1739 to 1796) see also *The Johnson Epoch*.

THE TENNYSON EPOCH

XIV.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MAIDEN MAY.

This poem is precisely typical of much Pre-Raphaelite work. It contains the forms and symbols of beauty with little that the reason can reduce to order.

XV.—CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

In this degenerate age it may not be wholly superfluous to remark that February 14 is St. Valentine's Day. The humour of Calverley's verse depends partly on ingenious quotations and parodies, partly on quaint rhymes like 'hymns and' 'crimson'd,' and partly on sudden prosaisms like 'my infallible proceeding.'

3. 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a meteor in the sky.

11. Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, l. 10.

XVI.—WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY.

HERACLITUS.

William Johnson was a master at Eton who, in 1858, produced anonymously a book of poems on classical themes called *Ionica*. When he retired from the school to spend his latter days at Hampstead, he took the name of Cory. All his work is exquisitely finished.

This is a fairly close translation of an epigram by Callimachus, which, as it is short and very beautiful, I append:

εἰπέ τις, 'Ἡράκλειτε, τὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσσάκις ἀμφοτέροι
ἥλιον λέσχη κατεδύσαμεν ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πού
ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνασσεύ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή·
αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζῶουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦσιν ὁ πάντων
ἀρπακτήρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

XVII.—GEORGE MEREDITH.

FROM 'EVAN HARRINGTON.'

This selection is given as an example of the way in which a great novelist can produce an effect in dialogue. A brief explanation will introduce the scene sufficiently.

The subject of the whole book is Honesty against Snobbery. Evan Harrington's father was a tailor in the little town of Lymport, a person with manners and tastes above his situation, known half admiringly and half ironically as 'The Great Mel.' Evan himself has cherished ambitions of rising in the world, as his three sisters have done. One of them, *Louisa* is a Portuguese Countess, and Evan has just returned from a visit to find his father dead and deeply in debt. This scene shows how *Mel* Harrington, the tailor's widow, shatters Evan's dream.

