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A SURVEY OF RECENT POETRY

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FREEDOM

FREEDOM begins in toleration, but it ends in obedience. The vague protest for liberty means nothing unless the individual can define his needs. When he becomes explicit he cries : " I must have leisure to contemplate beauty," or " I must drink a gallon of beer a day," or " I must say everything that comes into my head," or " I must be certain that no man starves "—all of which mean " I must be obedient to myself."

Therefore the ideal Society will have formulated a comprehensive basis for individual liberty. We demand freedom for others, so that we may be more certain they will tolerate it in us. And the everlasting difficulty is for a man to be free himself without infringing the freedom of his neighbour.

At present Society can provide laws, dogmas, rules, formulas and conventions ; and it is erroneously conceived that these may provide happiness. The soul cannot, and will not, be fettered by laws ; it reserves itself the right to select only such as are compatible with its expression. Therefore Society scarcely tolerates those who, before all, are determined to live the life of the soul. The high poets have never submitted to the laws of Society except in so far as was compatible with poetry. In every sense, conventions must be subservient to the life of the soul, for, if this life be not man's purpose, then he has no purpose at all.

Thus, the poets have been called rebels. But poetry is above morals, and, if they are rebels, it is only through the necessity of being poets. No rebellion is implied in verse ; it exists in that which fires verse—the idea, the person, the soul of the person.

Poetry, like Society, has its laws, dogmas, conventions—and its rebels. Reform was never, perhaps, so expedient as now. Moreover, on all sides we find experimenters breaking the old rules. A new diction is demanded, and a return to life. We love the great poetry of the past for ever ; but the life of to-day claims a manner of to-day, and the modern poet will be free, at all hazards, from the conventions of his predecessors.

The lyric is his form, and in an indefinite freedom of the lyric he may find his voice. Let us be tolerant if he shocks us by his first experiments ; at any moment he may discover the real song. Then his voice will draw the world to a new life, for no influence was ever more real to man than speech, and the highest form of speech is poetry.

There is little object in fine phrases about poetry ; when the lyric has become a flight of the spirit in words, we shall consent to abandon them. We love the poets of the past and the older methods of poetry, and so of our reverence we ask the modern world no longer to imitate and repeat them. If the methods of the new poets seem rather startling, yet they serve towards a creation of new values ; and when we have survived the chaos of transition, the lyric will surely emerge in pure beauty, a new and wonderful mode of expression. Therefore to the poets be freedom, and to the soul of man health and all delight !

THE LYRIC

WE have wandered far from the days when simple phrases contained simple meanings. The tendency of Art is always to stretch the borders of an Art form to their utmost limit, to thrust out its margins till they shall overlap with other margins, that shall also be thrust out in their turn, till in the final result it challenges the intellect, not only to be made to respond to its sometime definition, but to be made to respond to any definition at all. There is no fault to be found with the principle. It is one of Life; and therefore compels acceptance. Life is not only a power that drives from simplicity to complexity, but through complexity to a higher form of unity. It is one of the strangest of paradoxes that a man most truly possesses his personality when he is touched by those high waves of nobility that draw him into a mystic union with his fellows. It is when a man loves that he stands upon the high peaks of his life; yet it is when he loves that he most longs for union, spiritual and physical, with another. And it is when he is most attuned to sympathy, when, that is to say, he most seems to lose himself in another, that he feels he is most truly himself.

Far as it may seem, the principle is the same. A lyric most declares itself to be a living thing when it seems most to come near a minor form of epic, as in some narrative poems, or to be most heavily charged with the instinct of drama, as in some of Browning's poems. It is true that Criticism always endeavours to discover categories, and to emphasize their maintenance; but then Criticism, as Criticism, may safely be trusted to go wrong whenever it is proffered the half of an opportunity. Life will not go in the channels we have hewn for it; and poetry, being life at its loveliest and loftiest moments, will laugh at our petty distinctions and go its own great way.

Nevertheless, it is sometimes well to turn and survey the pit from which we have been digged; and for several reasons it should be salutary to see what, in its simpler definition, a lyric is. For it is no infrequent thing to hear it said that the lyric is all of poetry that is to be left to us for the future. Epic poetry, say such critics, is demonstrably dead; dramatic poetry

is no more than a literary exercise; the long poem of any and of every sort is clearly a thing of the past; and all that therefore remains to us is lyric poetry. And in such criticism, though the critics are careful not to define themselves so particularly, the implication is that the lyric in all its simplicity is meant, and not that wider meaning that it imperceptibly has come to assume.

Looking carefully at the matter, however, it is interesting to find that the lyric, as a verse-form, and poetry, as a verse-form, may not only be entirely distinct and separate, but in rigid definition are so. For Poetry is something before it comes into a form of words; it is Life being true to itself and defying the clock-face of Time in a perfection of eternal Being; it is an ecstasy and rapture that catches man away from the sordidness and ugliness of barter and exchange to a perfect realization of himself and his divinity; and it is therefore the secret of power and splendour, couching itself in rites and rhythms as power and splendour must always do. But it is possible that a lyric may be perfect and yet none of this be drawn upon. When Wordsworth sang

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of Man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

he made a perfect lyrical expression, pure in melody, chaste in form, compact of its own impulsion; yet he uttered a profound truth that philosophy may puzzle its wits over for time on times without explaining and without expounding. He, in fact, lay hold on some portion of that body of Poetry that is before and behind all expression, and uttered it in its most appropriate form, which chanced to be the lyrical. But when Shakespeare sang

> It was a lover and his lass,
> With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
> That o'er the green corn-field did pass
> In the Spring time, the only pretty ring time,
> When birds do sing, he ding a ding, ding:
> Sweet lovers love the Spring—

he too made a perfect lyric, pure in melody and compact of its impulsion; but he obviously did not draw on that body of Poetry that continues to exist, even though we never catch some portion of it and cage it in a form of words.

It would be very unfair to judge this particular lyric of Shakespeare's by such a standard. It would be very unfair because it would be simply inappropriate. In fine, it may be said, Shakespeare made a lyric, whereas Wordsworth used the lyric form. And the distinction is more than proper: it is of the essence of the maker. Wordsworth's stanza lives on in memory because of the idea of a new unity in the universe that it has caught and enshrined. Shakespeare's lives on, and will continue to live on, because he has fashioned something for a lyre: those who read it can hear behind it the music for which he wrote it. Lovers of the exquisite Elizabethan song-books, indeed, can almost hear the actual strains, here and there, suggesting themselves in the cadence and rhythm of the words: they can hear, for instance, in the "lovers" of the last line that the strange halt in the cadence is caused by the fact that the two syllables of the word cover three and even more notes of the music. Similarly, in the song from *Twelfth Night*, where the opening lines of the two stanzas are "Come away, come away, Death," and "Not a flower, not a flower sweet," the hand that plucks over the strings of a lyre can very easily be heard, and the more easily since the result in metre is a line that can only with difficulty be scanned.

Giving the simple word its simple meaning, then, this is the lyric: something that was sung on a lyre or fashioned for music. Those who say, therefore, that we are done with all forms of poetry save the lyric must be taken to mean that all exaltation of perfect Being caged in power in a form of words is to be reckoned as finished, save such of it as can be confined in a verse-form meant originally for music. It would certainly be a depressing prospect if true; fortunately it is no more true than that the outgoing tide flows out to return no more. For it should demand only a little thought to see how severe are the limitations of that verse-form—limitations, it is important to notice, that are exacting precisely in so far as the form approaches perfection.

It is clear that any words sung to music should have their meaning so near the surface that one hearing should put the mind in possession. Since in song words are not framed with the customary distinctness of speech it would obviously be a gain if some repetition of the meaning were given in a different form of words, so that the mind might be assured of its possession. Also, as one may not linger between stanza and stanza, or line and line, unfamiliar thoughts and new conceptions may not be dealt with: which is as much as to say that poetry in its perplexed "visitations of Divinity" must

keep aloof from the lyric, or dilute the splendour of those visitations. The melody, too, must be pure, or it will quickly find itself in conflict with the earlier melody for which it was written. In thought and in music it must come and pass like an unruffled wave on the surface of the waters. Complexity of any kind is forbidden to it.

Those are the admitted excellences of the lyric; yet it is easy to see that they are conditioned by the fact of its origin. It has become many things since; that is to say, many other things have been poured into it; so that its borders have become enlarged. But this stands up as the perfect thing; and it is surely interesting to note that Shakespeare's songs, and almost, if not actually, the whole body of Elizabethan lyrical poetry, which have so justly been acclaimed as the great modern exemplars of lyrical poetry, had all of them their origin in the music for which they were written. So was it too with Burns.

It may well be, it has indeed been, that the lyric can rise to an independence of any earlier or accompanying music. Take such lyrics as, for example, those of Shelley, beginning:

> Life of Life! Thy lips enkindle
> With their love the breath between them,

or:

> Swiftly walk over the western wave,
> Spirit of Night!

It would be protested, and very justly protested, that so delicate and exquisite is the music of them, so truly is the music implicit in the choice and cadence of the words, that to introduce the alien music of notes and instruments would be to mar all things. And true it is. Words may ever be trusted to establish their sovereignty over an alien bondage. Words may go forward in their meanings, and in combinations and adjustments of themselves awaken music that shall echo through the mind conveying emotions above and beyond all intellectual meanings: to which all other musics shall be no less than an impertinence. A lyric, thus, can stand up complete, and be the greater because each line of it emphasizes its independence of any accompanying lyre. But, nevertheless, it ever remembers its origin. Even when independent of the lyre, for its perfection it demands those qualities that were stern necessities in the days when it was but a servant.

What then of the wider uses of the lyric? These mean only that the lyric is one thing, but that poetry is another and greater thing. Poetry has taken up and used the lyric; it has out of its very limitations awakened a new and piercing beauty, a beauty that would otherwise have been denied it. But Poetry, even though it widen the borders of the lyric, has many things to deliver that the lyric cannot express.

DARRELL FIGGIS

NOTES ON POETRY

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert.

THESE words—what have they of magic that at its first delicate impact holds us, thrills with its fine seizure ? What is there of some rare essence subtly communicated that wakes at once responsive chords, attunes the mind, and carries us in ravishment through the flight of that wondrous little poem ?

There is a touch there of the poet's inmost quality, as peculiar, as difficult to analyse, as that which we call the power of personality. No doubt part of the secret is sincerity, but that sincerity must be allied to a quality of warm emotion, must be flushed with enthusiasm. Then it becomes infectious.

The opening is a great test of a poem, and lines that have struck the right note surely and deftly have become famous.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lived and sung.

And the cry of one of the lyrical outbursts even of Milton's epic:

Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born!

This is but the first intimation of that quality which we call the atmosphere of a poem. That is the most pervasive of all the poet's influences, yet the most difficult of all to define. It has been a feeling with him, and it can only be known by that feeling in ourselves.

Of Milton in his deepest and most characteristic mood one may say that the prevailing tone is that of a sort of flowered pomp, easy flowing but majestic grace, the perfectness of artistry in the grand uplifted style—all this in his lyric moods blended together in glowing warmth and poured forth in fervent stream; of Burns, light spontaneous vigour, passion, riancy and force; of Wordsworth, a profound depth of Nature-worship, rising at times in expression to an ecstasy that breaks its bonds and finds a marvellous music in that new life; of Byron, wit, easy careless touches on the secrets of the heart, tempest, the peculiar rousing quality of interest that seems winged with Fame, and, in his rarer lyric ecstasies, the very soul of that which held his thought; of Shelley, ethereal moods, the purity of poetic imaginings; of Keats, something almost miraculous, the faculty of throwing a picture before the eye like a painter, of waking deep and far associations as if by some strange stroke of wizardry.

The atmosphere is the most characteristic of all qualities, for it is to the poet himself the first intimation of the poem. The poet is an artist, certainly, but the artistry is wrought upon something given to him that lies beyond the reach of merely straining efforts. The old idea of the "afflatus," of "inspiration," of "seizure," of the poet that has come to us from the Greeks, that is the truth of all true poetry. It is as though the intellectual breeze, as Coleridge calls it, struck the poet as a fine instrument, resounding, however, only in his own native tones.

After the atmosphere comes the adumbration, the conception of the whole, the more distinct precipitation into form, then the flaming, salient passages; last of all the words. Then comes artistry.

Yet withal the poet must be an artist especially. Many are the poets sown by Nature, Wordsworth says, yet lacking the accomplishment of verse. Keats affirms something similar; Byron also. The poet is born not made. But the meaning is not that a man may write poetry who thinks so meanly of his art as never to have sought for its secrets, never to have become fascinated in all that is exquisite in the expression of words, in the accord of rhythms, in the movement of harmonious passages.

The question of technique is so important that those who have studied it seriously are apt to throw it into undue proportion and to judge of poems according to their conformity to some selected standard. Moreover, if a poem, and especially a lyrical poem, be thought of as recited or sung to the accompaniment of music, it will be found that the development of

the rhythmical and metrical aspects of our poetry is but rudimentary as compared to the range and aptness of verbal expression.

Tennyson's " Maud " owes its charm greatly to the rhythm which has lent to it the lyric quality of light movement and grace. When once that has become infused into a poem faulty words are swept easily along in the airy flow. For otherwise how could such a phrase be tolerated, in a warm love poem, as " *the black bat night has flown* " ? Nothing seems to me more incongruous than this far-fetched conceit in a fervent lover's cry. A study of the technique reveals that it arises in the necessity of a rhyme with *alone*, for " *I'll meet you at the gate alone* " has atmosphere.

The study of rhythm would lead too far afield; it will suffice to point to the lyrics of Poe, whose very glamour arises from the subtle use of this fine instrument. And yet its undeveloped character is shown by the movement of revolt from its bondage—from Walt Whitman to the young poets of France. But rebellion does not always mean control, and Walt found in the end that he had seldom " caught the final lilt of songs."

The question of metre is still more difficult, for it presents the elusive air of being governed by rules of scansion, by determined quantities. But there are secrets there—the delicate sense of the force of words, their weights, moments, sequences, speeds, pauses, forms of movement of what appears to be the same formal measure. It would be possible to select a well-known metre and to write two verses with meaningless syllables, so chosen that we would find in one a light, bright, rapid touch—a poem of early spring—and in the other a heavy-footed, sorrow-laden dirge—the death of a young wife.

The whole question of lyric poetry might be discussed on the ground of technique, if that were understood in all its varied associations. And in considering one or two examples I will, in order to widen the application, select lines from poems not formally lyrical, for I believe that though a long poem must have a character of its own yet it owes its life to a succession of lyrical movements. A sonnet may be entirely lyrical.

The famous line of " Endymion," " A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," was originally written, " A thing of beauty is a constant joy." Here the expression of the meaning is adequate, the formal metre is better preserved than in the better form; yet Keats was not satisfied, he felt that there was still wanting, something that would give the touch of lightness, the spontaneity and ease of genius. He found it not by tentative searching, but in

seizing the liveliest meaning of his thought, and in a flash of inspiration wrote, "*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.*"

The famous sonnet of Keats on first opening Chapman's Homer was not at first written as we now find it, and there is no exercise in the *métier* of poetry more instructive than to study closely the successive emendations. Yet the poet is born not made. That means that the poet is born with a soul that can be nurtured, and exercised, and refined until his natural expression is poetry.

To one so gifted and so sensitive as Keats the Sonnet came in all its power and glow, already boded forth almost in its very form. The words flowed rapidly. In a jet the sonnet was almost complete.... Then comes the labour of piecing, and of adjustment, and of refining. The poet labours to realize the ideal that has been born from within him.

For, after all, we have to deal with the accidents of language, and if a poet write in rhyme, then if he have the genius of Shakespeare and Sam Johnson rolled in one, there are but a certain number of rhymes to his word. I say his word, for in the building of a verse there are certain lines, inspirational themselves, that are fixed once and for all. The artisan adapts the less essential to these.

It was almost inevitable that Keats, after his joy for ever, should find the corresponding rhyme in *never*. And this is more clearly seen where the poet fails. A friend of mine of some authority in literary matters severely condemned Keats' Ode to a Nightingale for these lines:

> Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
> As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

The verse here is deplorably weak, but already Keats had written the lines of most singular impressiveness:

> Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
> To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

These words struck the inevitable note at that phase of the poem. They must be preserved, and—such is the meagreness of our human lot—the elf must be conjured up to eke out even the moment of genius. There is in this no real fault of Keats; the poem must be read as a whole, and by this test it is immortal. To find one so sensitive to delicate effects in poetry one must go to Milton himself, whom Keats studied most diligently in this

regard. I will cite but two examples, and that partly for their brevity. Note the soft impress of flowery words in the line:

> The pleasant dales of Sibma clad with vines.

And the liquid melody of this:

> From Eléalé to th' asphaltic pool.

Nor is our appreciation lessened if we find part of the secret here in the recurrence of the letter *l*, and recognize the feeling for words of the consummate artist.

It is the felicity of phrasing that constitutes one of the charms of poetry, and that also masks the difficulty of composition. That difficulty can never be solved by tentative trials or by meticulous readjustment of a bad model. The old question of the " form " and the " fund " will be waged for ever, for there will always be poets and poetasters. But the poet must, in the force of his original quality, find the " form " dependent on and adapted to his thoughts; and even if a word in this manner be a little forced from its usual meaning it often gains strength and freshness; but an artist, by dint of mechanical working at the " form," or at the instrument of expressions themselves, cannot, however skilful, produce associations of strength beyond that with which the words have been already endowed.

The poetry of a man should be the essence of a man, the distillation of his soul. There is poetry in strength; there is poetry of bold endeavour, there is a poetry that enters like iron into the soul to fortify and to uphold it. All poetry must be true. I have said this before; it is the gist of all I have to say. If poetry differs from prose it is mainly in this, that poetry pierces to the " white of truth," and gives us truth not in cold and formal terms but alive with the fervour and glow of its meaning, the moving spirit of its reality.

And yet again the poet must be an artist, a fabricant in those most delicate materials ever fashioned to living form—movements of music, words, those frail symbols that have power to awake the finest thoughts or to stir the most powerful emotions that the heart of man conceives. He must feel the sense of artistry to his very finger tips. When the inspiration comes the instrument should then respond to the fullest measure of its power.

It is no light thing to write a little poem, a lyric that will live. For in that narrow compass the poet must feel his very being absorbed in one high mood of passion, and he must stir the souls of others to a quick warm sympathy. No mere training in an art can ever accomplish this. Poetry demands the services of a life: deep communions, high resolves, the independence of the spirit that sounds its own peculiar note.

A feeling, a deep experience, a mood of fiery passion, smites the soul, absorbs its thought, and rings through the being like the vibration of a bell; that mood is projected forth, it finds in the outer world the myriad associations that invest it with its form; the expression of all this in its nascent energy, in its impulse and its music, that is the movement of poetry, that is the thing of genius that breaks forth in the lyric cry.

ARTHUR LYNCH

PROLOGOMENA

TIME was when the poet lay in a green field with his head against a tree and played his diversion on a ha'penny whistle, and Cæsar's predecessors conquered the earth, and the predecessors of golden Crassus embezzled, and fashions had their say, and let him alone. And presumably he was fairly content in this circumstance, for I have small doubt that the occasional passer-by, being attracted by curiosity to know why any one should lie under a tree and blow diversion on a ha'penny whistle, came and conversed with him, and that among these passers-by there was on occasion a person of charm or a young lady who had not read *Man and Superman*, and looking back upon this naïve state of affairs we call it the age of gold.

Metastasio, and he should know if anyone, assures us that this age endures—even though the modern poet is expected to holloa his verses down a speaking tube to the editors of cheap magazines—S. S. McClure, or some one of that sort—even, though hordes of authors meet in dreariness and drink healths to the "Copyright Bill"; even though these things be, the age of gold pertains. Imperceivably, if you like, but pertains. You meet unkempt Amyclas in a Soho restaurant and chant together of dead and forgotten things—it is a manner of speech among poets to chant of dead, half-forgotten things, there seems no special harm in it; it has always been done—and it's rather better to be a clerk in the Post Office than to look after a lot of stinking, verminous sheep—and at another hour of the day one substitutes the drawing-room for the restaurant and tea is probably more palatable than mead and mare's milk, and little cakes than honey. And in this fashion one survives the resignation of Mr Balfour, and the iniquities of the American customs-house, *e quel bufera infernal*, the periodical press. And then the middle of it, there being apparently no other person at once capable and available one is stopped and asked to explain oneself.

I begin on the chord thus querulous, for I would much rather lie on what is left of Catullus' parlour floor and speculate the azure beneath it

and the hills off to Salo and Riva with their forgotten gods moving unhindered amongst them, than discuss any processes and theories of art whatsoever. I would rather play tennis. I shall not argue; besides, my arguments are already spread about in prefaces and in a series of articles now running in *The New Age*.

CREDO

Rhythm.—I believe in an "absolute rhythm," a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed. A man's rhythm must be interpretative, it will be, therefore, in the end, his own, uncounterfeiting, uncounterfeitable.

Symbols.—I believe that the proper and perfect symbol is the natural object, that if a man use "symbols" he must so use them that their symbolic function does not obtrude; so that *a* sense, and the poetic quality of the passage, is not lost to those who do not understand the symbol as such, to whom, for instance, a hawk is a hawk.

Technique.—I believe in technique as the test of a man's sincerity; in law when it is ascertainable; in the trampling down of every convention that impedes or obscures the determination of the law, or the precise rendering of the impulse.

Form.—I think there is a "fluid" as well as a "solid" content, that some poems may have form as a tree has form, some as water poured into a vase. That most symmetrical forms have certain uses. That a vast number of subjects cannot be precisely, and therefore not properly rendered in symmetrical forms.

"Thinking that alone worthy wherein the whole art is employed,"* I think the artist should master all known forms and systems of metric, and I have with some persistence set about doing this, searching particularly into those periods wherein the systems came to birth or attained their maturity. It has been complained, with some justice, that I dump my note-books on the public. I think that only after a long struggle will poetry attain such a degree of development, of, if you will, modernity, that it will vitally concern people who are accustomed, in prose, to Henry James and Anatole France, in music to De Bussy. I am constantly contending that it took two centuries of Provence and one of Tuscany to develop the media of Dante's masterwork, that it took the latinists of the

* Dante in, I think, "Il Convito."

Renaissance, and the Pleiade, and his own age of painted speech to prepare Shakespeare his tools. It is tremendously important that great poetry be written, it makes no jot of difference who writes it. The experimental demonstrations of one man may save the time of many—hence my furore over Arnaut Daniel—if a man's experiments try out one new rime, or dispense conclusively with one iota of currently accepted nonsense, he is merely playing fair with his colleagues when he chalks up his result.

No man ever writes very much poetry that "matters." In bulk, that is, no one produces much that is final, and when a man is not doing this highest thing, this saying the thing once for all and perfectly. When he is not matching Ποικιλόθρο', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα, or "Hist—said Kate the Queen," he had much better be making the sort of experiments which may be of use to him in his later work, or to his successors.

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne." It is a foolish thing for a man to begin his work on a too narrow foundation, it is a disgraceful thing for a man's work not to show steady growth and increasing fineness from first to last.

As for "adaptations"; one finds that all the old masters of painting recommend to their pupils that they begin by copying masterwork, and proceed to their own composition.

As for "Every man his own poet." The more every man knows about poetry the better. I believe in every one writing poetry who wants to, most do. I believe in every man knowing enough of music to play "God bless our home" on the harmonicum, but I do not believe in every man giving concerts and printing his sin.

The mastery of any art is the work of a lifetime. I should not discriminate between the "amateur" and the "professional," or rather I should discriminate quite often in favour of the amateur, but I should discriminate between the amateur and the expert. It is certain that the present chaos will endure until the Art of poetry has been preached down the amateur gullet, until there is such a general understanding of the fact that poetry is an art and not a pastime; such a knowledge of technique; of technique of surface and technique of content, that the amateurs will cease to try to drown out the masters.

If a certain thing was said once for all in Atlantis or Arcadia, in 450 Before Christ or in 1290 after, it is not for us moderns to go saying it over,

or to go obscuring the memory of the dead by saying the same thing with less skill and less conviction.

My pawing over the ancients and semi-ancients has been one struggle to find out what has been done, once for all, better than it can ever be done again, and to find out what remains for us to do, and plenty does remain, for if we still feel the same emotions as those which launched the thousand ships, it is quite certain that we come on these feelings differently, through different nuances, by different intellectual gradations. Each age has its own abounding gifts, yet only some ages transmute them into matter of duration. No good poetry is ever written in a manner twenty years old, for to write in such a manner shows conclusively that the writer thinks from books, convention and *cliché*, and not from life, yet a man feeling the divorce of life and his art may naturally try to resurrect a forgotten mode if he find in that mode some leaven, or if he think he see in it some element lacking in contemporary art which might unite that art again to its sustenance, life.

In the art of Daniel and Cavalcant, I have seen that precision which I miss in the Victorians—that explicit rendering, be it of external nature, or of emotion. Their testimony is of the eyewitness, their symptoms are first hand.

As for the nineteenth century, with all respect to its achievements, I think we shall look back upon it as a rather blurry, messy sort of a period, a rather sentimentalistic, mannerish sort of a period. I say this without any self-righteousness, with no self-satisfaction.

As for there being a "movement" or my being of it, the conception of poetry as a "pure art" in the sense in which I use the term, revived with Swinburne. From the puritanical revolt to Swinburne, poetry had been merely the vehicle—yes, definitely, Arthur Symons' scruples and feelings about the word not withholding—the ox-cart and post-chaise for transmitting thoughts poetic or otherwise. And perhaps the "great Victorians," though it is doubtful, and assuredly the "nineties" continued the development of the art, confining their improvements, however, chiefly to sound and to refinements of manner.

Mr Yeats has once and for all stripped English poetry of its perdamnable rhetoric. He has boiled away all that is not poetic—and a good deal that is. He has become a classic in his own lifetime and *nel mezzo del cammin*. He has made our poetic idiom a thing pliable, a speech without inversions.

Robert Bridges, Maurice Hewlett and Frederic Manning are in their different ways seriously concerned with overhauling the metric, in testing the language and its adaptability to certain modes. Ford Hueffer is making some sort of experiments in modernity. The Provost of Oriel continues his translation of the *Divina Commedia.*

As to Twentieth century poetry, and the poetry which I expect to see written during the next decade or so, it will, I think, move against poppycock, it will be harder and saner, it will be what Mr Hewlett calls "nearer the bone." It will be as much like granite as it can be, its force will lie in its truth, its interpretative power (of course, poetic force does always rest there); I mean it will not try to seem forcible by rhetorical din, and luxurious riot. We will have fewer painted adjectives impeding the shock and stroke of it. At least for myself, I want it so, austere, direct, free from emotional slither.

EZRA POUND

POETRY

OBOES.

I.

FOR A BEERY VOICE.

Why should we worry about to-morrow,
When we may all be dead and gone?
Haro! Haro!
            Ha-a-ah-rro!
There'll come better men
Who will do, will they not?
The noble things that we forgot.
If there come worse,
                        what better thing
Than to leave them the curse of our ill-doing!
Haro! Haro!
            Ha-ah-ah-rro!

II.

AFTER HEINE.

And have you thoroughly kissed my lips?
   There was no particular haste,
And are you not ready when evening's come?
   There's no *particular* haste.

You've got the whole night before you,
   Heart's-all-belovèd-my-own;
In an uninterrupted night one can
   Get a good deal of kissing done.

III.

AN IMMORALITY.

Sing we for love and idleness,
Naught else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,
There is naught else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,
Though rose-leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary
To pass all men's believing.

SUB MARE.

It is, and is not, I am sane enough,
Since you have come this place has hovered round me,
This fabrication built of autumn roses,
Then there's a goldish colour, different.

And one gropes in these things as delicate
Algae reach up and out beneath
Pale slow green surgings of the under-wave,
'Mid these things older than the names they have,
These things that are familiars of the god.

L'INVITATION.

Go from me. I am one of those who spoil
And leave fair souls less fair for knowing them;
Go from me, I bring light that blindeth men
So that they stagger.
                It doth ill become me.
Go from me. I am life the tawdry one,
I am the spring and autumn.
                Ah the drear
Hail that hath bent the corn!
                The ruined gold!

SALVE PONTIFEX.

One after one they leave thee,
    High Priest of Iacchus,
Intoning thy melodies as winds intone
The whisperings of leaves on sun-lit days.
And the sands are many
And the seas beyond the sands are one
In ultimate, so we here being many
Are unity, nathless thy compeers,
    Knowing thy melody,
Lulled with the wine of thy music
Go seaward silently, leaving thee sentinel
O'er all the mysteries,
    High Priest of Iacchus.
For the lines of life lie under thy fingers,
And above the vari-coloured strands
Thine eyes look out unto the infinitude
Of the blue waves of heaven,
And even as Triplex Sisterhood
Thou fingerest the threads knowing neither
Cause nor the ending,
    High Priest of Iacchus,

Draw'st forth a multiplicity
Of strands, and, beholding
The colour thereof, raisest thy voice
Towards the sunset,
    O High Priest of Iacchus!
And out of the secrets of the inmost mysteries
Thou chantest strange far-sourcéd canticles:
    O High Priest of Iacchus!
Life and the ways of Death her
Twin born sister, that is life's counterpart,
And of night and the winds of night;
Silent voices ministering to the souls
Of hamadryads that hold council concealèd
In streams and tree-shadowing
Forests on hill slopes,
    O High Priest of Iacchus,
All the manifold mystery
Thou makest a wine of song,
And maddest thy following even
With visions of great deeds,
And their futility,
    O High Priest of Iacchus.
Though thy co-novices are bent to the scythe
Of the magian wind that is voice of Persephone,
Leaving thee solitary, master of initiating
Maenads that come through the
Vine-entangled ways of the forest
Seeking, out of all the world
    Madness of Iacchus,
That being skilled in the secrets of the double cup
They might turn the dead of the world
Into pæans,
    O High Priest of Iacchus,
Wreathed with the glory of thy years of creating
Entangled music
    Breathe!
Now that the evening cometh upon thee,
Breathe upon us that low-bowed and exultant
Drink wine of Iacchus, that since the conquering
Hath been chiefly containèd in the numbers
Of them that, even as thou, have woven
Wicker baskets for grape clusters
Wherein is concealèd the source of the vintage,
    O High Priest of Iacchus,
Breathe thou upon us
        Thy magic in parting!
Even as they thy co-novices,
At being mingled with the sea,
While yet thou madest thy canticles
Serving upright before the altar

That is bound about with shadows
Of dead years wherein thy Iacchus
Looked not upon the hills, that being
Uncared for, praised not him in entirety,
    O High Priest of Iacchus
Being now near to the border of the sands
Where the sapphire girdle of the sea
    Encinctureth the maiden
Persephone, released for the spring.
Look! Breathe upon us
The wonder of the thrice encinctured mystery
Whereby thou being full of years art young,
Loving even this lithe Persephone
That is free for the seasons of plenty;
Whereby thou being young art old
And shalt stand before this Persephone
    Whom thou lovest,
In darkness, even at that time
That she being returned to her husband
Shall be queen and a maiden no longer,
Wherein thou being neither old nor young
Standing on the verge of the sea
Shalt pass from being sand,
    O High Priest of Iacchus,
And becoming wave
    Shalt encircle all sands.
Being transmuted through all
The girdling of the sea.
    O High Priest of Iacchus,
Breathe thou upon us!

DIEU! QU'IL LA FAIT.

From Charles D'Orleans
For music.

God! that mad'st her well regard her
How she is so fair and bonny;
For the great charms that are upon her
Ready are all folk to reward her.

Who could part him from her borders
When spells are alway renewed on her.
God! that mad'st her well regard her,
How she is so fair and bonny.

From here to there to the sea's border
Dame nor damsel there's not any
Hath of perfect charms so many.
Thoughts of her are of dream's order,
God! that mad'st her well regard her.

Δ'ΩΡΙΑ.

Be in me as the eternal moods
of the bleak wind, and not
As transient things are—
gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.
Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter,
The shadowy flowers of Orcus
Remember Thee.

EZRA POUND

REVIEWS

EMBLEMS OF LOVE: DESIGNED IN SEVERAL DISCOURSES. By Lascelles Abercrombie. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

SINCE the issue of his first book, *Poems and Interludes*, in 1908, there has been no doubt in the hearts of those who most care for poetry, and who are ever on the alert for fresh manifestations of her power and glory, that Mr Abercrombie's is the most significant voice of our time. From the outset, his work has pealed the authentic challenge to our highest faculties of apprehension and appreciation. If Mr Abercrombie ever indulged in the writing of poetical exercises, he has refrained from publishing them. He would seem to have been doing his own work from the beginning, creating in his own image, with a profound originality of conception and expression. Consumed by an insatiable spiritual curiosity, gifted with an extraordinary grip and range of fresh, vivid and resonant speech, controlled by a virile, intense and complete imagination, and fulfilled of the inspiration of vast and vehement rhythms—

> Like great wings forcefully smiting air
> And driving it along in rushing rivers—

he is able to embody with emotional life the supreme ecstasies of the soul.

Never facile in invention, or obvious in expression, his verse is seldom easy reading. At first it may leave the reader, incapable of such giant-strides, and unused to the rarefied atmosphere of such intellectual altitudes, a little breathless and bewildered. Yet, with all his range of vocabulary, Mr Abercrombie is never turgid or verbose. If the sense of the reader be somewhat stunned at times, it is not by the hollow thunders of bombastic rhetoric, but by the potent impact of impetuous and astounding thought. Mr Abercrombie's verse is strenuous with thought. Concrete, sensuous, nervous, it has sinew, fibre, texture, and a sense of resistance, "shaped

In the January Issue of

The POETRY REVIEW

the following *errata* occurred on pages 29 & 30 in a review of Mr John Bailey's *Poets and Poetry*.

Page 29 line 10: for *walks* read *walk*.
,, 29 ,, 21: ,, *notes* read *note*.
,, 29 ,, 26: ,, *tribute* read *rebuke*.
,, 29 ,, 26: ,, *imprudently* read *impudently*.
,, 30 ,, 11: ,, *of serious hearts everywhere* read *of seeing beauty everywhere*.
,, 30 ,, 21: ,, *early mementoes* read *lovely mementoes*.

by stress that it have a grain." Sometimes it may seem overcharged with matter; but usually the intellectual substance burns, a lucent core, in the lustral fire of emotion. Mr Abercrombie does not write for the indolent reader, who only cares for verse which he can turn over in his mouth, like a lollipop. His poems are always meat for men—"fires of thought outspoken" —and his new book, *Emblems of Love*, glowing as it does with spiritual ardours, is, at the same time, the most full-bodied, lucid and trenchant work that he has done, his noblest achievement so far.

Though Mr Abercrombie's poetry is essentially dramatic, being concerned for the most part with spiritual and intellectual action, the physical action in his plays is apt to seem almost an intrusion and interruption, even when it springs directly from the emotion. Ideas are his real protagonists. Each poem is a conflict between Spirit and Flesh, Consciousness and Unconsciousness, Indulgence and Renunciation: and yet he is able to give his abstractions so absolute and vigorous a body, such radiant and commanding presence, and such a full-blooded and incisive speech, that they are more intimately real to us than our closest friends. In the finest of his new poems, the physical and spiritual are fused in a white-heat of emotional vision, and we "meet the Lord in the air."

To appreciate such work adequately, I should need to have the mental scope and grasp, the ardent, searching and pregnant speech of the author; and the compass of his volume in which to express myself. At the utmost, I can only indicate the contents of his book. The first part, "Discovery and Prophecy," opening with a "Hymn to Love," contains "Prelude," an intensely and vividly imagined presentation of the primeval discovery of love in the heart of wolf-beleaguered humanity; and "Vashti" (surely the most nobly significant dramatic poem of the age!), a spiritual realization of the danger in the dominance of physical beauty over man's heart, wherein Vashti stands for the revolt of the soul of woman against her subjection to him who is, himself, but the thrall of her bodily attractions. "Imperfections," the second, and, to my mind, the least convincingly-presented, section of the book, is concerned with ineffectual adventures of impotent affections. The last part, " Virginity and Perfection," contains the terrible and beautiful drama of "Judith"; "The Eternal Wedding," the most gravely exultant pæan of love in our language, wherein love is a real mating of comrade-souls; and closes with two tender and intimate lyrics, "The Marriage Day" and "Epilogue."

Throughout the work, the "marshalled images" move in a sonorous orchestral harmony

Like a bronze-harnesst soldiery that goes
Sounding and sunlit over marble roads—

No other book, so golden and glowing with the exaltation and the exuberant energy of life—"the spiritual joy that goes in stress"—has been published in our time. W. W. G.

SONGS OF JOY. By W. H. Davies. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net).

ALL those who care for modern poetry will have hoped for another volume from the pen of Mr W. H. Davies, in spite of the fact that in 1910 he published a volume with the title *Farewell to Poesy*. That volume contained these lines of which every one who has passed his first youth will feel the pathos.

Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb!
* * * * *
Nor dreamt thou would'st turn false and cold
When needed most, by men grown old.
* * * * *
I fear thy singing days are gone;
The poet in my soul is dying,
And every charm in life is gone;
In vain birds scold and flowers do plead—
The poet dies, his heart doth bleed.

We rejoice, therefore, that Mr Davies can give his new volume the title which is very appropriate to his work, *Songs of Joy*. He tells us that he is forty—that is, he has passed through the melancholy of youth and entered rather early into the cheerfulness of middle age. We find here all the qualities and the charm of his earlier work, the artistic simplicity, the life of nature and the love of simple folk, and throughout we feel a somewhat deeper note, which, however, in no way takes away from the simplicity.

We have said elsewhere "that we hope in the future Mr Davies will write a little more on the 'mystery of human life'"; and we discover in this volume a new and more human note which gives it an added interest amongst the works of its author. Mr Davies has often talked about the little worth of material wealth, he has always praised nature with a loving intimate

THE WORK OF HENRY OSPOVAT

With an Appreciation by

OLIVER ONIONS

HENRY OSPOVAT during his short career became widely known for his book illustrations and caricatures, but his art had another side, on which his fame will ultimately rest. In addition to the work with which his name is generally associated, the volume contains a number of drawings hitherto unpublished, as well as some of his portraits and studies for portraits.

An attempt has been made also to do justice to that aspect of his work which is least known, his colour. Such of the black and white drawings as were committed to the stone either by the artist himself or under his supervision are printed direct from the lithographic stones; the others have been reproduced by collotype.

The letterpress is finely printed in red and black.

The frontispiece is a portrait of Ospovat. In all there are over sixty reproductions of Ospovat's work.

The volume is now issued to the public. The edition, in royal quarto, is limited to five hundred copies, and it will not be reprinted; it is bound in buckram and published at One Guinea net. An édition de luxe, limited to seventy-five copies, in vellum, price Two Guineas net.

LONDON: THE SAINT CATHERINE PRESS

34 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

OSPOVAT

PAINTER, ILLUSTRATOR AND CARICATURIST

WHETHER we live in a period of Renaissance or not, the widespread modern tendency to Humanism in our schools of thought cannot pass unremarked by the student of the life of his own time. In the twentieth, as in the fifteenth, century, interest in the affairs of man predominates over that in abstract phenomena. This is most readily to be seen in the European literature of yesterday and to-day, and if we look for the same sign of the times in painting, nowhere do we find it more conspicuously displayed than in the work of an artist a volume of whose drawings and studies has just been issued by the St Catherine Press: HENRY OSPOVAT.

The volume, it is felt, displays clearly an interesting association not lacking in any period of change and re-birth: the association of the passion for mankind with the phase of activity that seems at first blush to be merely destructive. The work of HENRY OSPOVAT is now widely known; but the sixty drawings here presented bring these opposites for the first time into the same field. As the edition is limited and cannot be reprinted, no better opportunity will be found of studying an interaction that is among the most interesting phenomena of the revolution in modern art.

knowledge; but lines such as these, "To a Working Man," find no place in his earlier volumes:

> You working men, of what avail!
> Are these fine teachings of the great,
> To raise you to a better state;
> When you forget in pots of ale
> That slavery's not your common fate!
>
> You victim to all fraud and greed,
> Shun now that mind-destroying state:
> Go, meet your masters in debate:
> Go home from work and think and read—
> To make our laws is your true fate.

These lines are not, perhaps, very poetical, but they are interesting as expressing the opinion of a man who hates "mere respectable morality," and in another place can write of ale with all the enthusiasm of a Gilbert Chesterton:

> The landlord draws to suit my taste,
> I never knew his wife to fail;
> But somehow, what the daughter draws
> Is—by my soul and body—Ale!

We still feel that his love poems are nurtured by his study of other poets, rather than an actual expression of personal feeling.

Most genuine artists, because they are fully alive, are anxious to express either directly or through the medium of their art their thoughts on every aspect of human life. Mr Davies writes as a poet rather than a theologian, on Love, Immortality and Jesus Christ; he writes of the poor from actual personal knowledge and with an increasing tenderness and affection, he shows himself and them how they *may* possess the real riches of the world, and yet he stirs our pity by painting the actual misery that accompanies poverty. He sees through the pomp of glorious war its squalid wastefulness. The poem "War," though full of indignation, merely leaves a nasty taste in the mouth; we think it should be suppressed in future issues. In our opinion we have in this volume some of Mr Davies' best work, and we close with a new desire to read anything further he may write. A. H. J.

PSYCHE. By Francis Coutts. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

MR FRANCIS COUTTS is a living instance of the survival of the undaunted and the persevering. His new book of poetry (*Psyche*. John Lane) has been acclaimed by all the critics, if we mistake not, and this acclamation proves him a conqueror against odds in the past which would have downed many a less robust servant of the Muses. It is now some fourteen years ago that the present writer had the honour of being reviewed concurrently with Mr Coutts, then Mr Money Coutts. The title of the review in the *Westminster* was formidable. It was to this effect: "A Pleasant Poet and a Bore Well-Meaning." The pleasant poet may record this little piece of literary history without vanity, for he is now beautifully forgotten, whereas the well-meaning bard is established high up on the Parnassian slope. Indeed, it is a pleasure to the erewhile pleasant one to congratulate the erewhile tedious one on his vitality, and to place on record the fact that the *Westminster* critique was a bad prophecy and a shockingly untrue estimate of merit. Both of us were accused of things we certainly were guiltless of, and futures were foretold for us which the present roundly belies. Shortly after Mr Money Coutts had been half-smothered by an epigrammatic title, which looks like a quotation, I was present at a remarkable meeting between him and the late Edgar Fawcett, when the latter, fine critic and poet as he was, simply overflowed with praise of Mr Coutts's first blank verse poem, "An Essay in a Brief Model." Mr Fawcett was certainly quite innocent of the fact that he was addressing the author, for the two met in a crowded assembly where everybody was talking to his neighbour without introduction. It was a graceful episode, since there was no trace in it of *arrière pensée*, and it set one thinking of Mr Coutts's possibilities as a singer, whom others had been suggestively damning! Since that long-ago time Mr Coutts has advanced with great sureness and steadiness, and his latest production places him high among a generation which contains such masters of blank verse as Mr Binyon and Mr Stephen Phillips. His account of the loves of Cupid and Psyche is marked by many of the graces of the two last-named singers. It is beautiful in its simplicity, its colour, and its handling of a rather familiar theme. It is high poetry. V. G. P.

POEMS IN WILTSHIRE. By Alfred Williams. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net).

THIS is a disappointing book, not quite for the usual reasons. Most modern poets have little to say and say it prettily: Mr Williams has much to say, but he seldom says it prettily, and his metre often invites him to say something else. Briefly, he is a great deal better than his book.

His fine qualities, courage, sincerity, optimism, love of humanity, and love of nature do, indeed, appear, but they fail signally to make for fine poetry. He never, or very rarely, finds the inevitable and perfect words that will make his thought live and sing for others with that keen emotion which is sensibly stirred in his own being. There is lacking to his work the indefinable magic that, with authentic poets, makes speech transcend its limitations, and kindle in the beholder also the divine fire. Too many times the thought recurs that we are reading Wordsworth when, as often, he has come down from the mountain. The illusion would be happier had Mr Williams the same capricious access to magnificence, and could exalt us with a sudden, irresistible phrase. His nearest approach is in the "Lines on an accomplished blind lady," a poem which is dignified, sincere and prosaic until this passage lifts it to a higher plane:

Thy universe was locked and sealed;
Thy life a motion in the dark.

Mr Williams' sonnets show no such gleams, and the one to Lord Fitzmaurice has the line:

Blind to those privileges thy birth might claim,

the one to Hinton Parva this kindly exhortation,

Guard well thine innocence and ever be
Intact from sickness, famine, plague and fire.

"Music in Salisbury Cathedral" is a much better poem, notably in this impression of sacred and ghostly footfalls hinted in the cloister:

like the wind murmuring
O'er deeply slumbering woods, ruffling the leaves
To lyrical protest, lapsing again to silence,
And all so dimly and so vague conceived
As is a shadowy, unembodied thought
Yearning toward existence.

Fine also, if a little too evocative of Whitman, is much of "Natural Thoughts and Surmises."

> Why should I tremble and mourn for the terrible towns and the cities;
> A measure of dust for my head, a dress and a habit,
> And lay myself out in sorrowful black for a funeral?

Mr Williams is more at his ease in this freer rhythm; his rhyming verse has a tendency to fall into sing-song, after this fashion:

> How pleasant 'tis to cast aside one's sufferings for a while,
> Forget his own tormentous life and cultivate a smile.

or this:

> But I still fondly think of the flower of my eye
> That blooms in the hedgerow so slender and shy.

The opening verses "About Wilts" sing, not without eloquence, the passion of a man for his native soil. While not a great poem, it will make its appeal to those who share that particular enthusiasm. Indeed, the book might well be summed up in the saying: "Man made the town, but God made the country." It has an open-air simplicity and kindliness that are certainly refreshing, but none of the awe-compelling splendour that can touch us to larger issues. Mr Williams is better worth reading than many more pretentious versifiers. The disappointment to us lies in his being denied the distinction of genius who would assuredly have put it to a noble use. J. G. F.

VERSES. By H. Belloc. (Duckworth. 5s.)

MR HILAIRE BELLOC'S new *Verses* cannot be described in a phrase and given a definite place in any school of song. They are clearly the work of a stylist and critic to whom art and the manner of it appeal in the abstract; the way in which he speaks his mind seems almost more important than what he expresses. Yet he chooses but few laboured forms in his verse. He is a taster and experimenter in modes. His artifice is the artifice of simplicity. He uses the old ballad form with evident relish, often in novel and effective fashion, sometimes with perceptible effort. Like all literary connoisseurs, he is thinking of critics as he writes: it is only when he forgets that there are critics looking over his shoulder that

he gives us a true burst of lyric music, made the sweeter by his nice sense of literary adjustment. Thus he rebukes a critic :

> A critic said large margins did not please him,
> I therefore printed just two lines, to tease him.
> And if he still complains of what I've done,
> In my next book I'll fill a page with *one*.

And he fills the very next page with two— as follows :

> ON BENECIA, WHO WISHED HIM WELL.
> Benecia wished me well; I wish her well.
> And what I wish her more I may not tell.

No one objects to the slenderness of the meandering rivulet, if it be of value. But Mr Belloc ought to do better for us than that. He might, too, have avoided such a stanza as this :

> They say (and I am glad they say)
> It is so; and it may be so:
> It may be just the other way,
> I cannot tell. But this I know

in a *Dedicatory Ode* which prances along for the most part with all the scholarly lightness of Calverley and a humour that is entirely Belloc's. In spite of obvious polish, the elegance of this verse is often spoilt by such redundant banality as the above, or, on the other hand, by an obscurity that is caviare to the vulgar.

How happily and melodiously, apart from his lighter verses, Mr Belloc can sing is shown by the true poetry of the lines entitled *Homage*:

> There is a light around your head
> Which only Saints of God may wear,
> And all the flowers on which you tread
> In pleasaunce more than ours have fed,
> And supped the essential air
> Whose summer is a-pulse with music everywhere.
>
> For you are younger than the mornings are
> That in the mountains break. . . .

B. H. W.

MR CHARLES CAYZER has published his collected works in two volumes. His voice sounds through a strange darkness. He seems so far away that we can hardly hear him. " Ad Astra " fills the first hundred pages of Volume I. It was published in 1900, when Mr Cayzer wrote as C. Witworth Wynne, and we remember sandwich-men advertising it in Bond Street as " The Poem of the Century." But " In Memoriam " is better than " Ad Astra," and a metaphysical poem to be any good must be better, at least, than " In Memoriam."

" The Skaith of Guillardun " follows. It is a long narrative poem of decidedly better quality; yet we cannot resist comparing it with other poems in the same style, and the test is fatal. Mr Cayzer discusses his hero like this:

> Deem not our erstwhile trust in him misplaced!
> A "stainless" saint to-morrow stained may be!
> Ah, judge not this true knight in soulless haste,
> For who of mortal men is passion-free?

The next piece, " Amy Robsart," contains these lines:

> Thy Amy pines for thee—to her be true,
> Else wilt thou make sure misery for two.

This was written as far back as 1893: it should not have been reprinted.

Among the shorter lyrics that complete the volume, there are very few good lines. We are constantly distressed by such verses as the following:

> Now the golden morning shines
> Let us each be up and doing,
> And when daylight swift declines,
> May it find us still pursuing!

or

> Is Bigotry the order of the day?
> Must we, of larger faith, submit our views
> To a minority—whose least excuse
> Is threatened violence of our right of way?

The utterance of these poems is stifled. They have neither freedom nor speed. We cannot take Mr Cayzer unseriously, yet we cannot restrain the questions: " What is it all for ? " and " Who will read it ? " The second volume contains three dramas, which we shall discuss next month.

The poetry of Mr Lysaght should be read: though less pretentious it is much more vital. Like Mr Cayzer, he uses quite the old measures, and experiments scarcely at all in metre or rhythm ; but the thought in his new volume (*Horizons and Landmarks.*

Macmillan) is so tense and real, and the feeling for beauty so keen, that almost every page of it is interesting. It is poetry that means something; he has a voice of his own; his hatred of ugliness is most stimulating. He suggests something of this kind:

> Come! 'tis for those who have not sold their dreams
> To stand together . . . .

The love poems of Alfred Austin have been added to John Lane's "Lovers' Library." The Poet Laureate has not many readers; perhaps the public will sample him now in this charming edition. His verses are sometimes very pretty, and they are wonderfully simple to understand; yet they do not stimulate us to re-read Mr Austin's other work.

Mr C. Kennett Burrow is quite unambitious. His new book (*Carmina Varia.* Secker) he himself describes as chiefly "simple songs of summer and quiet things," and the description is correct. Some of these lyrics have appeared already, but most are above the ordinary standard of papers and magazines. Such delicate finished verses should be quite extensively read, if only the public could become conscious of its own taste in poetry.

The public is not altogether to blame: so much trash has been circulated as poetry that it has naturally somewhat lost its faith. If minor poets would only read instead of writing so much, they might learn to be ashamed of printing all their tame exercises in verse. Everything in Mr William A. C. Lloyd's flaccid imitations of Browning (*The Return from the Masque*) has been done before, done better, done ten times better. Has he not observed that? Why does he take the trouble to divide such sentences as the following into blank verse? It does not alter the fact that they are prose. "There are some things that haunt the memory, though we have not that gift of clear expression which giveth life unto their passing charms, and those may wonder why who have not seen, and marvel that we linger so enthralled."

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THE POETICAL GAZETTE

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No. 17, *February* 1912.

AN ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

To celebrate the third anniversary of the inauguration of the Society, an illustrated lecture on the romantic story of Camoens, Portugal's contribution to the great poets of the world, will be given on February 24 by Senhor D'Almeida Carvalho, M.V.O., Secretary to the Portuguese Legation. Full details are given on page 99.

CENTRAL LONDON.

FOR the convenience of members who prefer to attend meetings in the centre of London, a new centre, to meet at Miss Bagley's studio, 15 Mortimer Street, Regent Street, W., is being formed, and the first meeting will be held on February 21, at 8 p.m., when Mr Harold Monro will speak on "Modern Poetry," and illustrations will be read. Any member of the Society may attend, but a postcard should be sent to headquarters notifying intention of being present. New members, to be definitely attached to this Centre, are invited to join. It will be managed from Headquarters.

KENSINGTON.

MEMBERSHIP cards should be returned, with subscription for current year (*7s.6d.*), to Headquarters or the local Treasurer, Miss E. Lang, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

On Saturday, February 10, Miss McGavin has kindly invited this Centre to meet at her house, 28 Bina Gardens, South Kensington. Miss Crosby Heath will read a paper on "Little Poems," and the subject for readings will be short lyrics.

On Monday, February 26, 5 p.m., Mrs. and Miss Rayson will kindly lend their drawing-room at 38 Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, for the meeting. Subject: The lyrical poems of R. Browning. Mrs Dunstan will read an introductory paper.

HAMPSTEAD.

President: Lady STRACHEY.

Secretary: Miss VAUGHAN-JENKINS, 31 Antrim Mansions, N.W.

THE attention of members and their friends is particularly directed to the open meeting on Tuesday, February 6, to be held at No. 5 Wychcombe Studios, England's Lane, Haverstock Hill, N.W. (five minutes from Belsize Park Tube Station), at 7.45, for 8 p.m., when the Rev. J. Todd Ferrier will give an address on "The Poet: his Vocation, Inspiration and Message." Members of other Centres are cordially invited to attend this meeting, and cards of invitation to non-members can be obtained for *6d.* each on application to the Hon. Secretary, Miss E. Vaughan-Jenkins, 31 Antrim Mansions, South Hampstead, N.W.

The meeting on Tuesday, February 20, will be held as usual at 150 Finchley Road, at 8 p.m., the subject being "Swinburne's Poems." It is hoped that Mr W. R. Rawnsley, M.A., will give the Hampstead Centre the privilege of hearing his lecture on Tennyson at one of the meetings in March. Members will be notified as soon as arrangements are completed.

PUTNEY.

The meeting on January 8 was held at Oak House, Carlton Road, by the kindness of Lady Jelf. Mr Henry Barker read an interesting account of the various forms of sonnet, illustrated by classical and original examples. Sonnets of Milton, Wordsworth, Mrs Browning, Watts Dunton, Rossetti, Swinburne, Blanco White, etc., were read by the members.

There was a well-attended meeting at Mrs Bramsden Bransbury's, 20 Woodboro Road, on January 22, to hear Mr Sturge Moore's thoughtful and illuminating address on "The Best Poetry." Mr Sturge Moore impressed on his audience the necessity for cultivating true taste, in order to recognize and to appreciate the beautiful in poetry, instead of being led away by erroneous judgements or vulgar prejudices. He read several fine extracts from Wordsworth, Keats and Lawrence Binyon in illustration of what fine poetry should be, in combined excellence of thought and form.

As announced last month, the first meeting in February will be on Saturday, February 10, 5.30 p.m., at the Y.W.C.A. Room, 12 Ravenna Road, when Dr H. H. Hulbert will lecture on "The Use of the Voice." Non-members will be admitted at a charge of *6d.*, or *1s.* for front seats. Members are asked to make the lecture as widely known as they can. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs Noel, 10 Carlton Road, or Miss Snowden, 25 Carlton Road.

Monday, Feb. 26, will be devoted to study of work of some contemporary poets —Alfred Noyes, W. B. Yeats, W. Gibson and Stephen Phillips. The meeting will be held at 25 Carlton Road, at 5.30 p.m.

SALISBURY.

Mr Henry Newbolt has expressed his willingness to co-operate with the Dean of Salisbury, another Vice-President, in the formation of a local Centre. Readers desiring to be attached to this Centre are requested to communicate with Headquarters.

EASTBOURNE.

At the last meeting for the session in the committee room of the Technical Institute the gathering took the form of a social evening. In welcoming those present the President (Councillor J. C. Wright) said the Centre had now been formed over a year and had already justified its existence. Numbers had been well maintained, considerable enthusiasm had been exhibited by the members, and the work done had been eminently satisfactory. A scene from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" was given by Miss Copleston, Miss A. Cox, Miss Mead, Mr F. Allen, Mr Hardcastle and Mr Langford, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to recitations rendered by other members of the society, including the President, Miss Eleanor M. Shelton, Miss Rodda, Miss Seeley, Miss Mead, Mr Allen and Mr Millington.

S. HAMPSTEAD.

The next meeting will be held at 157 King Henry's Road, Swiss Cottage, on March 2, at 3 p.m., when a part reading of Prof. Gilbert Murray's version in English verse of the Hippolytus of Euripides will be introduced by Mr Galloway Kyle. Several members of the Hippolytus company will take part. Other members desiring to participate should notify Miss Rousby, 44 Belsize Road, to whom also subscriptions for the current year (*7s. 6d.*) should be paid. A full attendance of members, whether as readers or listeners, is desired.

QUANDO ULLUM?

Tennyson and His Friends. (Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.) Macmillan and Co. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

I

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

This is a fragrant volume, precious for the homage it pays to the memory of our great Anglican poet and for the clear white light it sheds on his noble life. But it is more precious and more significant than its contents. Bitter-sweet are the memories roused by the familiar green cover of the days when a new Tennyson volume was a national event, eagerly anticipated, eagerly talked about in city and hamlet, when the green-bound complete edition was the prized possession of thousands whose hearts remain unstirred by any literary emotion of the present day. Poetry was not then a secret enjoyment or the mere sport of cynical criticism.

In our time we shall not experience again the thrill of ecstasy which a new poem by Tennyson sent through the land; we shall not feel again the sense of profound sorrow and national loss which impressed the country when Tennyson died. In a remote North Country village, to art and fame unknown, the passing of that heroic personality was a personal event to many to whom all other poets were but faint names. "Tennyson is dead!" was whispered in tones of awesome grief, and one added, "The spirit of Poetry has fled the earth." The feeling was accentuated on the following Sunday, when, ignoring all precedent, the curate substituted for the usual mild homily which he or the vicar delivered to dull bucolic ears an address on the poet who "being dead yet speaketh," and quoted poem after poem that seemed as grand, as simple, as beautiful as the most melodious and sonorous chapters of the Englishman's Bible. For whom else could such a tribute have been possible? Many more personal memories are awakened by this new Tennyson volume, in which are gathered together the tributes and recollections of many friends—contributions and material not included in the Memoir.

II

Where all is so pertinent and so deeply interesting, it is difficult to select and quote. Perhaps to me, fresh from the reverent commemoration celebrations at Somersby and the High Hall garden at Harrington, Mr Willingham Franklin Rawnsley's two chapters on "Tennyson and Lincolnshire" are the most engrossing. Those who had the privilege of hearing Mr Rawnsley's address at a more recent meeting of the Poetry Society in London will recall many details here printed, and will know what a devoted Tennysonian he is and how intimately acquainted with the Lincolnshire associations. Mr Rawnsley traces the local influences which found illustration and reference in the poems of Tennyson—"the ridged wolds," the brook so frequently described in the poems, the rich marsh or pasture land that runs right up to "the sandbuilt ridge of heaped hills that mound the sea"; the "interminable rollers" breaking on the slope sands between Mablethorpe and Skegness, where the young poet loved to wander "lonely as a cloud"; the characteristic charm of wold and marsh and sea by which, as Arthur Hallam said, "Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of of Nature."

Dr Tennyson, "a very tall dark man, very strict with his boys," had many friends about the wolds, but the house he most loved to visit was Halton Rectory, where the Rev. T. H. Rawnsley lived. The friendship between the families, which was further cemented when the old Rector's son, Drummond, married Kate Franklin, niece of the Arctic explorer and cousin to Emily Sellwood, afterwards the Poet's wife, has been maintained for three generations, hence Mr Rawnsley is most competent to gossip about Tennyson's Lincolnshire friends and to act as guide to Tennyson land, where I am afraid the contemporary gleaner of Tennyson reminiscences will gather little to encourage or reward his search. The people who knew the poet are dead; the present generation remember him as a peer whom Queen Victoria honoured, greatly to their surprise. Even the old folks, as Mr Rawnsley mentions, all seemed to think that to "hev owt to do wi' boöks" was a sign of a weak intellect. A few years ago there was still one old woman in Somersby who remembered going seventy-one years before, when she was eleven years old, for her first place to the Tennysons. What she thought most of was "the young laädies." She was blind, but she said, "I can see 'em all now plaän as plaän, and I would have liked to hear Mr Halfred's voice agean—sich a voice it wer."

III

Mr Charles Tennyson contributes a chapter on "Tennyson and His Brothers Frederick and Charles," who of all the brothers were closest akin. They were born in successive years; they slept together in a little attic under the roof of Somersby's old white Rectory; they played together, read together, studied together under the guidance of their father, and all three left home together to go to the school at Louth, which Alfred and Charles at least held in detestation until their latest years. Frederick showed himself too impetuous and intractable to be turned into a clergyman. Soon after leaving Cambridge he settled in Italy, marrying the daughter of the chief magistrate of Siena. He wrote verse which Fitzgerald urged him to publish, but music was his passion. "It was said among his friends that when he settled in Florence he lived in a vast hall designed by Michael Angelo, surrounded by forty fiddlers, and he used to improvise on a small organ until he was over 80 years of age." In 1853 he wrote:

"The Brownings I have but recently become acquainted with. They really are the very best people in the world, and a real treasure to that Hermit, a Poet. Browning is a wonderful man, with inexhaustible memory, animal spirits and bonhomie. He is always ready with the most apropos anecdote and the happiest bon mot, and his vast acquaintance with out-of-the-way knowledge and the quaint Curiosity Shops of Literature make him a walking encyclopædia of marvels. Mrs B., who never goes out, being troubled like other inspired ladies with a chest, is a little unpretending woman, yet full of power and, what is far better, loving-kindness. . . ."

Browning's poetry, however, in spite of his affection for the author, he could never appreciate. Of *The Ring and the Book* he wrote:

"I confess I have never had the courage to read the book. He is a great friend of mine. . . . But it does not follow that I should put up with obsolete horrors and unrhythmical composition. What has come upon the world that it should take any metrical (?) arrangement of fact for holy Poesy? It has been my weakness to believe that the Fine Arts and Imagina-

tive Literature should do something more than astonish us by *tours de force*, black and white contrasts, outrageous inhumanities, or anything criminally sensational or merely intellectually potent. As you say, a good heart is better than a clever head, so I say better a page of feeling than a volume of spasms."

In 1885 he wrote:

"The Public, it would seem, is beginning to rouse itself to a perception of the unreliability of the Browningian school. How is it that it has never struck his partisans that the probability of one man being so infinitely superior to his contemporaries as to be totally unintelligible to them is infinitely small? One thing appears to me certain in Browning, that all his performances are pure brain work—whatever that may be worth—but as for 'the divine heat of temperament,' where is it?"

Charles, who had a close physical and intellectual resemblance to Alfred, lacked, however, the fire and energy of the other two brothers, while possessing Alfred's sensitiveness and shrinking from society in an accentuated degree. Consequently his life as a Lincolnshire clergyman was quiet and uneventful—a devoted parish priest in a black village, the loving friend of children, animals and birds, the desultory poet of whose sonnets Alfred said that many of them had all the tenderness of the Greek epigram, while a few were among the finest in our language.

IV

DR WARREN deals with the Fitzgerald friendship at length, quoting many of "E.F.'s" whimsical letters to "Dear Old Alfred." Incidentally we get a vivid synopsis of the genesis and development of the Omar paraphrases, and have more than a glimpse of the crotchets, the critical acumen, the sincerity of "Old Fitz."

Dr Warren mentions that Meredith received some of his earliest encouragement from Tennyson, and quotes a hitherto unpublished letter written in 1851 by Meredith from Southend in reply to an "exceedingly kind and pretty letter" that Tennyson had sent in acknowledgment of Meredith's first volume of poems, in which the former said there was one poem in the book he could have wished he had written, and inviting Meredith to visit him. Carlyle, like Fitzgerald, "felt the pulse of a real man's heart" in Tennyson's work, and, like Fitz too, found and liked in the Poet "the universality of his mind," the simplicity of his good sense, the childlike sincerity of his spirit.

Mrs Margaret L. Woods tells of the intimate friendship which existed between her father, the late Dean of Westminster, and the poet. When the former was at Marlborough, Tennyson sent his son Hallam there. "I am not sending my son to Marlborough, I am sending him to Bradley," he said in reply to the Queen. During one of his visits they had poetry evenings at the school, "when Tennyson read aloud his own poetry or Hood's comic verses. I remember well being allowed to stay up to hear him read 'Guinevere' to the Upper Sixth Form. He had a great deep voice like the booming of waves in a sea-cave, and although the situation in the poem was not one to appeal to a child, yet his reading of the farewell of Arthur to Guinevere affected me so much that I crawled into a corner and wept two pocket-handkerchiefs' full of tears. During this visit Tennyson, who suffered sometimes from nervous depression, said more than once that he envied my father's life of active and incessant goodness. In the man who at the

height of his fame could experience and express such a feeling, there was still something of the heart of a good child—its simplicity, its humility, its 'wanting to be good.'"

A devout Tennysonian, I would that space permitted a fuller digest of the many entertaining chapters in this delightful volume—of quotation from Prof. Jowett's and Arthur Coleridge's characteristic notes; from Prof. Butcher's and Arthur Sidgwick's incisive appreciations; from the analyses of Tennyson's attitude towards religion, science, and nature by Dr Boyd Carpenter, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir Norman Lockyer respectively. But the reader must go to the book itself. Only one thing irritates, certain disparaging references, not directly concerned with Tennyson, to "the Camberwell-born Cockney," the centenary of whose birth we celebrate this year. G.K.

GLASGOW.

This Centre is being diligently organized by Miss May Lindsay, Barnfield Cottage, Hamilton (the local Secretary). On January 25 a well-attended meeting was held at 15 Blythswood Drive, when Mr Joseph Moore gave his lecture-recital on "Burns." Dr Fyfe presided.

CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. G. Williamson, of the Perse School, Cambridge, and Mr Austin Johnson, of the Squire Law Library, Cambridge, are interested in forming a local group, and potential members, are invited to communicate with them or with Headquarters.

The Poetry Review is supplied post free to all members of the Society who have paid the minimum membership fee of 7*s*. 6*d*. for the current year. The journal is published on or about the 1st of the month, and any delay in the receipt of copies or change of address should be notified to Headquarters. Announcements for the forthcoming issue should be sent in not later than the 20th of the month.

Co-operation in the formation of local Centres and the development of the Society's organization and work is earnestly desired, and members and others able to help are requested to communicate with the Hon. Director.

Special donations towards the cost of propaganda work and for other expenses mentioned in the Annual Report (a copy of which may be obtained on application) are urgently needed, and would be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer.

The Writers' Centre.—Members wishing to make use of this Centre, for the serious discussion of the art of versification and the consideration of original work (see the October, 1911, Gazette) are requested to communicate with the Hon. Director. The Editor of the Review will act as President.

Criticism of Original Work: At the request of several members, it is announced that authoritative critical opinion and criticism of original work may be obtained at the following rate, from one to six short poems, 10*s*. 6*d*.; from six to twenty, one guinea. The criticism will be impartial, impersonal, thorough and confidential. Non-members may avail themselves of this service on payment of 12*s*. 6*d*. and 25*s*. MSS. and fees should be addressed to The Poetry Society.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On February 24 (being the third anniversary of the inauguration of the Poetry Society)

A LECTURE ON "CAMOENS."

(The great Poet's romantic life and works) will be given at the University of London, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, at 8 p.m.

By Senhor D'ALMEIDA CARVALHO, M.V.O., L.L.B.

(Coimbra University), Secretary to the Portuguese Legation in London.

(Illustrated by lantern slides kindly lent to the Lecturer by The Booth Steamship Co., Ltd., and others.)

Synopsis:

Camoens' birth in Lisbon and education at Coimbra. His stay at the Court of Lisbon and tragic love for a Maid of Honour, the cause of his exile and also of his best love poems. Death of his lover, which news inspired him, when in prison, his chef-d'œuvre sonnet. His progress in Africa, India and China, "having always in one hand the sword and in the other the pen," where he composed the greater part of his Epic "Os Lusiadas," the rhymed history and discoveries of Portugal. The poet's shipwreck, saving heroically the manuscript of his Epic, phase of misery, his returning home, short-lived glory in the Court, and, after the King's death when fighting in Morocco, his expiring in poverty. His statue and tomb in Lisbon and all Portuguese historic monuments in Coimbra, Alcobaca, Belem, Cintra, and Lisbon, connected with his life and works, all of which are translated in every language.

Tickets of admission, 2*s.* 6*d.* each (members are entitled to two tickets at half price), from the Secretary, The Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.

POETRY AND YOUTH.

To the Director of The Poetry Society.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to welcome the coming amongst us of THE POETRY REVIEW. Its advent is a sign of the times and a promise for the future; for it is the expression of a widespread desire to go back to poetry for the inspiration to live which it can give and which we English people have been trying to do without, and it will provide help to direct and steady the feet of many who are unused to the paths which seek such return.

Just as in moments of unusual insight and exalted feeling the utterances of the great are compelled into rhythmic flow and poetic form, so as an age shakes itself free from the shackles of conventionality and the fetters of avarice, it turns to the poetry its seers have left, as to the free air of the mountain from an escaped dungeon.

May you have the largest success, because you become a voice in whose tones shall become articulate the often unconscious need for poetry amongst us.

I have had some experience in the use of poetry in the development of boys. In our school here it has been our custom for twenty years to give half an hour of a Sunday evening service to the consideration of some poetry, such being treated as introducing us into the realm of things serious and religious. In this way we have considered the writings of Tennyson, the Brownings, Spenser, Wordsworth, Dante (translated), Longfellow, Lowell and others. Shakespeare, Milton and Scott form part of our literature work in weekday class. I find the words of these masters prove natural vehicles by which the great truths of life —which know no age nor race—can be conveyed to the consciousness of these Englishmen-in-the-making.

Now and then—in holiday time—I am invited to the afternoon gatherings of working men which are multiplying over the land. It is my practice to take here, as well, some poetry for their consideration; and the response from these unlettered but generally thoughtful brothers-of-toil makes me aware of their perception of their inherent right to share in the great heritage which English poets have bequeathed to them and to us. Last Sunday afternoon I talked about that marvellous poem, Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, to one of these afternoon meetings. R. M. GRACE,
Headmaster.

Lindisfarne College.

THE SOCIETY'S MANIFESTO.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of the revived interest in poetry (writes Mr Bernard Lintot in *T.P.'s Weekly*) is the vigorous activity of the Poetry Society, which boldly sets out to carry on a propaganda in favour of a wider and deeper appreciation of poetry. The latest manifesto of the society is before me, and I am amazed to find that there is at last a body of people in this country who are capable of looking at poetry from a practical and common-sense point of view, and one which, in the end, must be very beneficial to the imagination and the emotional life of the British people. Particularly does the society deserve encouragement for the attitude it has taken up in reference to poetry and its relation to education, and they have issued certain hints to educational authorities which I make no apologies for printing, as they demand from the very soundness of their attitude the widest publicity. . . . But the Poetry Society is most valuable because it takes no mere academic view of the value of poetry, it bases its argument finally in the idea that poetry should not be divorced from life. . . . It is by carrying out a propaganda based upon such an idea as this that not only poetry but every other art might come into its own.

THE *Newcastle Daily Journal*, in a leading article on the society on January 3, declared: "An encouraging response to the manifesto of the Poetry Society is much to be wished, for the influence of noble verse, the work of philosophers, reformers and patriots cannot be over-estimated. There must, however, be discretion in the teaching, or the end will be defeated. Parrot-like memorizing of poetry is, if scarcely useless, at any rate not what is aimed at. There must be understanding, a regard for the spiritual side of verse, and a realization that, so far from being divorced from life, poetry is an inspirer, a consoler, an interpreter. The manifesto of the society has much that will enlighten the curious as to the meaning and value of the habit of reading the poets. . . . When Darwin is ranged on the side of the Poetry Society, whose members would have the reading and study of poetry take its place in the curriculum of our schools and colleges, the council may be said to be within reasonable range of achieving their high aims."

THE article on the Junior Order published in our January issue has been reprinted as a special leaflet (P. S. 1-12), and copies will be sent to any member able to make use of them.

THE February *Cornhill* contains the paper on "The Tennysons at Somersby," read by Canon Rawnsley, at the Centenary Memorial Meeting in August last.

"HIPPOLYTUS."

Professor Gilbert Murray, whose renderings in English verse of Euripides and Sophocles have brought about a revival in the production of Greek tragedy, has consented to meet the company now rehearsing "Hippolytus" for the purpose of a talk on Greek tragedy and Euripides. Owing to the illness of Professor Murray the date of his visit cannot be announced yet.

Arrangements are being made for two performances of "Hippolytus" on March 16. Further details will be given next month.

Miss Efga Myers, Miss Muriel Hutchinson, Miss M. Patricchio, Mrs W. E. Scott, Mr Philip Stedman, Mr Gilbert Hudson, Miss Lee-Roberts, Miss M. Attewell, Miss D. Rousby, Miss E. Sykes, and Mr W. Freeman have joined the cast.

Further to the advice on reading given last month, we may add The Cambridge University Press publish Dr A. W. Verrall's much-discussed study of *Euripides the Rationalist* (7*s*. 6*d*.), also the same author's translation into English verse of *Ion* and his essays on four of the plays and the Bacchants (two vols. 7*s*. 6*d*.). A clear and informing little volume on *Greek Tragedy* in the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature (1*s*. net) aims to help modern readers to enjoy Greek plays, and we hope will be largely used by members, although the presentment of Euripides should not be accepted without qualification. By way of comparison, Mr E. S. Way's prose translations might be read, and Mr J. W. Mackail's "Lectures on Greek Poetry" would be found helpful.

THE POETRY BOOKSHELF.

With a view to providing books suitable for private and centre reading, and to encourage members to build up a poetry library, the Council have approved of an arrangement with certain publishers whereby the Society is able to offer to members a number of suitable volumes (clean new copies, and not secondhand or soiled copies) at a special rate, generally round about half the net published price. All orders must be sent through headquarters and postage must be added to the price of orders under 5*s*. in value. Orders may be sent through centre secretaries. The ordinary retail price is given with the publisher's name within brackets, and the Society's price at the end of the line. Previous lists cancelled.

Mr J. R. Tutin has published a series of Anthologies of Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Carolian poets, not easily accessible in any form, either cheap or expensive, but with which all poetry readers should be acquainted. Well printed, each 64 pages, with portraits, these Pembroke Booklets are remarkable value at the original price of 4*d*. and 6*d*. each, but they are offered to members of the society for 1*s*. the set of six (by post 3*d*. extra). This attractive series comprises:—

1. Sir Philip Sidney: Sonnets and Lyrics. Mary Sidney: Hymn to Astræa, etc. Matthew Roydon: Friend's Passion for his Astrophel.
2. Thomas Traherne: Selected Poems. Thomas Vaughan: English Verse-Remains. John Norris: Selected Poems, Appendix of Illustrative Poems.
3. Nicholas Breton: Pastoral Poems. George Wither: Selected Poetry. William Browne: Pastoral Poetry.
4. Sir John Suckling: Ballads, etc. Sir Charles Sedley: Lyrics. Earl of Rochester: Poems and Songs.
5. Robert Southwell: Selected Poems.

Henry Constable: Pastorals and Sonnets. William Drummond: Songs, Sonnets, etc.

6. Thomas Lodge: Songs and Sonnets. Robert Greene: Lyrics from Romances, etc. Samuel Daniel: Selected Verse.

The Orinda Extra Booklets: The best work of a few lesser-known old English poets, published *2s. 6d.* net the set of six, offered at *1s. 6d.* in box, postage *3d.*:—

1. Katherine Philips. (A selection from her holograph MS. book in the possession of the publisher.)

2. Robert Heath: Poems and Songs.

3. Henry Reynolds: The Tale of Narcissus

4. Thomas Flatman: Poems and Songs.

5. Anne, Countess of Winchilsea: Selected Poems.

6. Poor Robin's Almanack: Selected Poems from; and A Calendar of British Poets.

The Hull Booklets, *2d.* each, or *1s.* the set of eight, post free.

1. Ruskin, John: A Walk in Chamouni, and other Poems.

2. Coleridge, S. T.: Criticism on English Poets.

3. Landor, W. S.: Prose Sayings and Verse.

4. Keats, John: Sayings [chiefly from his Letters].

5. Browning, Robert: Essay on Shelley.

6. Anacreon: Selected Odes. Translated by Thomas Stanley.

7. Four Early English Poetesses (Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle; Katherine Philips; Aphra Behn; Anne, Countess of Winchilsea): Selected Poetry.

8. Early English Elegies. By Donne, Quarles, Carew, Strode, Thos. Vaughan, etc.

Austin (Alfred): *Haunts of Ancient Peace.* Illustrated by 20 full-page coloured plates by Agnes Locke, sq. demy 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top. (A. and C. Black. *7s. 6d.* net.) *3s. 9d.**

Austin (Alfred): *Lamia's Winter Quarters.* Illustrated by George Elgood, R.I., in 16 full-page coloured plates, and by Wm. Scott in 13 dainty head and tail pieces from pen and ink drawings, sq. demy 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top. (A. and C. Black. *7s. 6d.* net.) *3s. 9d.**

Shakespeare Symphony (The): An Introduction to the Ethics of the Elizabethan Drama. By Harold Bayley. (Chapman and Hall. *12s. 6d.* net.) *2s. 6d.**

Petrarch: His Life, Work and Times. By H. C. Hollway-Calthrop, late of Balliol College, Oxford. With 24 plates after celebrated paintings, etc., demy 8vo, cloth. (Methuen. *12s. 6d.* net.) *4s. 3d.**

Hogg (James): *The Suicide's Grave, being the Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner.* Written by Himself. With a detail of curious traditionary facts and other evidence by the Editor. (*3s. 6d.*) *1s. 3d.*

The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden, Edited, with a Memoir, by Wm C. Ward. Gilt tops, 2 vols, fcap 8vo. (Lawrence and Bullen. *10s.* net.) *4s. 3d.* *

The Poems of John Keats. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd. *3s. 6d.* net.) This charming edition of Keats is tastefully bound and clearly printed, with 24 beautiful illustrations in colour by Averil Burleigh, who, however, makes "La Belle Dame sans Merci" very like a pretty Gaiety Girl.

Poems and Ballads. A. G. Hales (war correspondent and novelist). (Cloth gilt, *5s.* net.) *1s. 6d.*

In reply to several inquiries, we would point out that a general idea of modern poetry may be obtained from Mr Alfred Miles' *Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century* (Routledge, *1s. 6d.* per vol. of about 500 pages). The final volume contains notices of a number of poets still living—Bridges to Kipling—with selections of their work.

*Postage on any single copy, *5d.*

MEMBERS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

R. Charles Moir: *Survivals.* (Elkin Mathews.)*

Dr. Alfred Smythe: *The Bells of the New Year.* (*Westminster Review.*)

Herbert Trench: *Lyric and Narrative Poems.* (Hodder and Stoughton.)*

W. F. Stead: *Windflowers.* (Elliot Stock.)*

Ethel Clifford: *Love's Journey.* (The Bodley Head.)

Desmond Mountjoy: *The Hills of Hell.* (St Catherine Press.)

G. Hunt Jackson: *The Demon of the Wind.* (Long.)*

William Kiddier: *Sonnets* and *A Song.* A Nature lover, Mr Kiddier gives us six pages of verse, expressive of keen feeling for natural beauty, in an elaborate cloth-bound setting. Better a gem lovingly presented than a hundred unedited pages.

Alfred Williams: *Poems in Wiltshire.* (Erskine MacDonald.)* It is pleasing to note the success achieved by Mr Williams. *The Times*, paying him "the compliment, which he deserves, of judging him by the highest standards," says: "Wonder and astonishment are great words with great associations. But there are few men living in England to-day of whom they can be more fairly used, in their most exact and literal sense, than of Mr Alfred Williams."

Rev. Marcus S. C. Rickards: *Reflected Radiance.* (Baker, Bristol.)

Henry J. Barker: *King Edmund the Martyr* (Jarrold).*

Florence J. Cobley: *Songs of Love and Loyalty.*

Entries for the above record and contributions of books, old or new, to the Society's Library, should be addressed: "The Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C."

* Added to the Society's Reference Library.

MR LOUIS N. PARKER, dramatist and pageant maker, will lecture on "The Play 's the Thing," at the Guildhall School of Music, Victoria Embankment, E.C., on Tuesday, February 27, at 8 p.m. The Lecture has been arranged by the London Schools Musical and Dramatic Association, for particulars of which, and tickets for the Lecture, please apply to the Hon. Secretary, 42 Hampstead Way, N.W.

MISS DUFFIELD, St. Oswalds, Shortlands, has succeeded Miss Punch as Secretary of the Shortlands Centre, the latter lady becoming President.

Mr C. W. Shurrock, Cartref, Hillfield Avenue, Hornsey, N., would welcome help in working up the N. London Centre, of which he is Secretary. Members wishing to be attached to this Centre should communicate with him or with Headquarters.

ALL correspondence relating to the Poetry Society should be addressed to Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed "Barclay & Co., Fleet Street Branch, Poetry Society Ac."

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The following stanzas are from "Mystery of Mysteries":

O love-illumin'd eyes, an April moon
Crisping the dew-bright apple-leaves:
O harvest-hair, O ample August noon,
A glory fallen on golden sheaves.

Pale hands of peace, O lily-bells afloat
On a placid water crystalline:
O Delphic lips, O words as airs remote
On holy heights of the mountain pine.

O throat empearl'd, a Calif's ivory tower
In the gold and blue noon whitely seen:
O heart, O warmest rose-enclosèd bower
In all Love's rose-entwin'd demesne.

In graver and more reflective vein are these lines from "At Even-Song":

Now peals thy bell down the long aisles of night
Calling to evening prayers of gratitude
For labour well rewarded, harvests won,
Sheaves garnered, and replenished barn and bin.
Will no man hearken to the sad appeal?
Or is thy mission ended, and thy bell
Tolling at last for its own funeral?

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"'Ad Astra' is a poem of undoubted and sustained power. Mr Cayzer knows how to wed lofty thoughts to adequate words set in stately verse. 'David and Bathshua' is a remarkable effort. Those familiar with the simple old Bible story will be strangely moved by the way in which our poet has expanded the theme. He has done it with a grace and a delicacy and a dignity that leave nothing to be desired. He has made of Bathshua an exquisite figure. Mr Cayzer is a poet whose work may not be appreciated fully at this hour, but it will live!"—*Western Mail.*

"Here is the hand of a poet, tender and delicate in its craftsmanship. 'Undine' presents almost every phase of Mr Cayzer's art. As a dramatic lyrist he is at his best. There is musical cadence all through his verses. Imagination, power, and refinement are apparent on every page of these poems."—*The World.*

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