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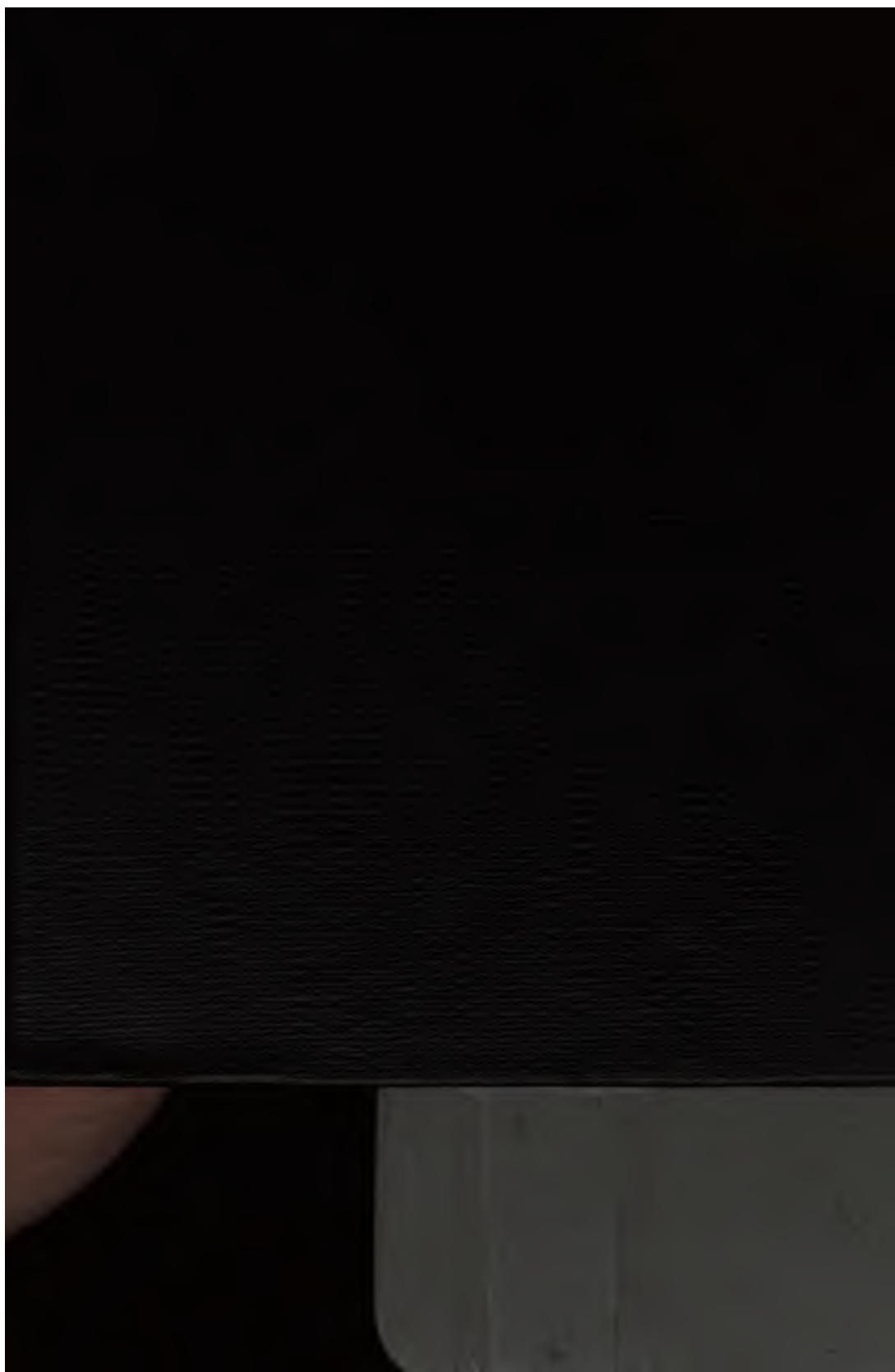
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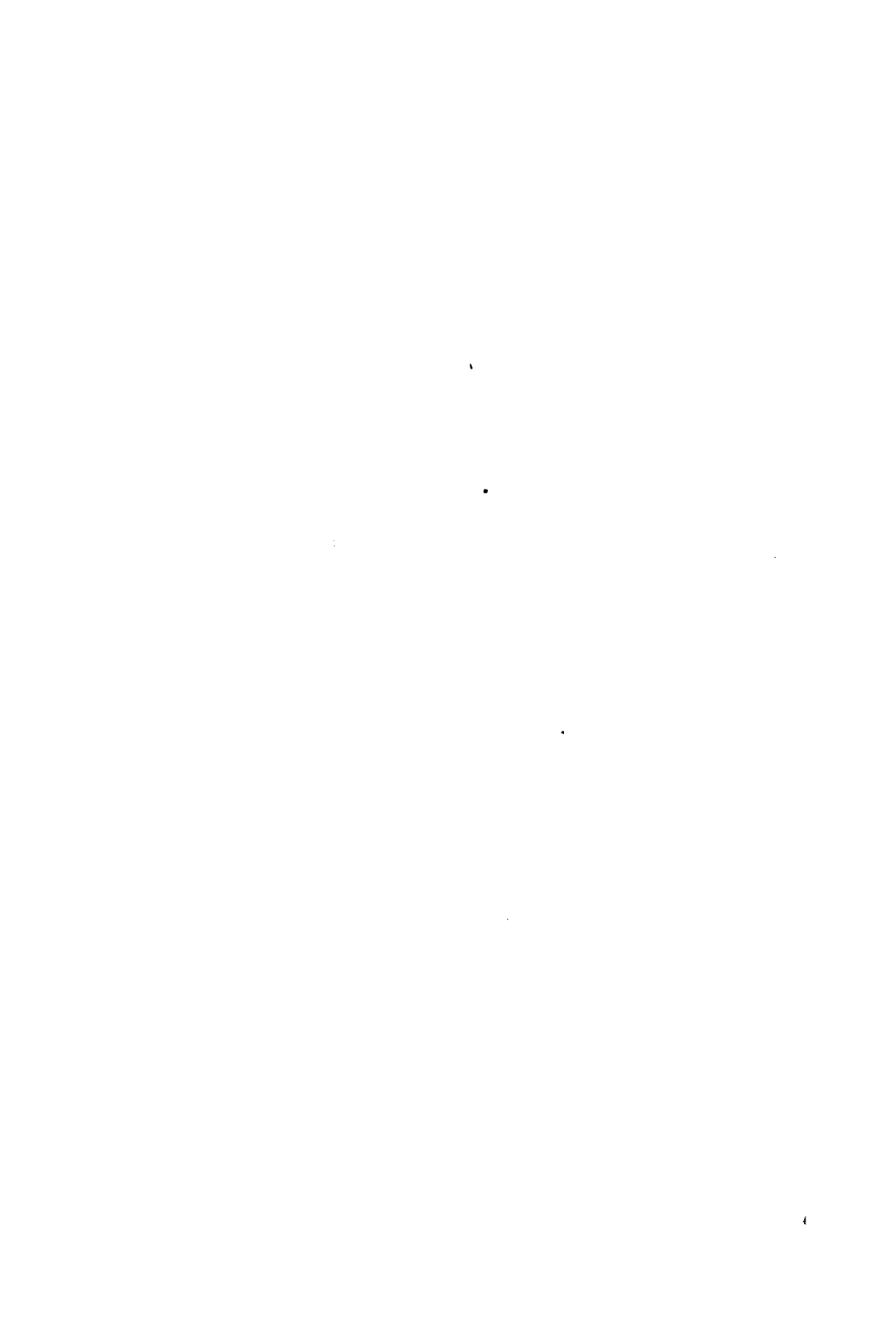


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Poet Lore

A Magazine of Letters

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE PORTER
HELEN A. CLARKE

COMPILED BY

FRANK R. HOLMES

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NUMBER I

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO*

A Pastoral Tragedy

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

*Translated from the Italian by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola
and Alice Henry*

TO THE LAND OF THE ABRUZZI, TO MY MOTHER, TO MY
SISTERS, TO MY BROTHERS, ALSO TO MY FATHER, ENTOMBED,
TO ALL MY DEAD, AND TO ALL MY RACE BETWEEN THE
MOUNTAIN AND THE SEA, THIS SONG OF THE ANTIQUE BLOOD
I CONSECRATE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GAZARO DI ROIO, *Father of Aliigi.*

ANDRIA DELLA LEONESSA, *Mother of Aliigi.*

ALIGI, *The Shepherd-Artist.*

PLENDORE, FAVETTA, ORNELLA, *Aliigi's Sisters.*

GIULIENDA DI GIAVE, *Aliigi's Bride.*

GIULIA DI GIAVE, *Mother of the Bride.*

RODOLFO DI CINZIO, LA CINDERELLA, MONICA DELLA COGNA, ANNA DI

BOVA, FELAVIA, LA CATALANA, MARIA CORA : *The Kindred.*

GIULIA DI CODRA, *the Daughter of Jorio, the Sorcerer dalle Farne.*

GIULIO DI NERFA.

GIULIENNE DELL'ETA.

GIULIANA DI MIDIA.

THE OLD HERBWOMAN.

THE SAINT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

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THE TREASURE DIVINER.
 THE DEVIL-POSSESSED YOUTH.
 A SHEPHERD.
 ANOTHER SHEPHERD.
 A REAPER.
 THE CROWD OF PEOPLE.
 THE CHORUS OF THE KINDRED.
 THE CHORUS OF REAPERS.
 THE CHORUS OF WAILERS.

SCENE : The land of the Abruzzi.

TIME : Many years ago. (Placed about the sixteenth century by the Painter Michetti, who designed the scenes and costumes for the initial production in Milan.)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

THIS English translation of D'Annunzio's greatest work, notable among his dramas for purity, we have set neither in blank verse, Alexandrines, nor rhyme, because none of these modes would be true to D'Annunzio's poetic effects, nor be, at once, both sufficiently simple and melodious for suitable dramatic speech on our stage.

We have sought to reproduce in English rhythm the impression of the Italian rhythm, and the Italian line-ending—which is not rhyme (in the English sense) but has a falling cadence akin to it in recurrent value. This cadence is usually best rendered in English by the feminine metrical ending here usually employed. We have made the lines vary in length and in stress, as they do in the original. Both end-rhyme and internal rhyme we have used where they were used by D'Annunzio.

Yet, while seeking to give something of the poetic effect of the Italian, we have also sought to depart little, if any, from the fidelity of a prose translation, and we have been enabled to follow with some intimacy (thanks to Mr. Isola's familiar knowledge of Italian life and lore) the rich allusions to pagan and Christian folk-custom, and the significant turns of phrase and figure peculiar to the poet. These are in this play especially important because it is both simple in its primitive emotional quality and exalted in its poetic symbolism. D'Annunzio, in this play, has indeed gone far toward proving his title to belong to those super-poets whose ideals illum-

the path to the next realm in human evolution. This realm is instinct with a new progressive force. And this new force is begotten of a synthetic fusion of pagan and Christian ideals. It is a reconciliation of æm, embracing both, yet distinct from either, with a nature of its own brating peculiarly to the spiritual needs of to-day.

To convey the spirit and vitality of the play, as a whole, has been the master-aim of this translation, and all attempts to reproduce the artistic impression and adhere to the text with fidelity we have regarded but as means toward this master-aim.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

ACT I

A ROOM on the ground floor of a rustic house. The large entrance door opens on a large sun-lit yard. Across the door is stretched, to prevent entrance, a scarlet woolen scarf, held in place at each end by a forked hoe and a distaff. At one side of the door jamb is a waxen cross to keep off evil spirits. A smaller closed door, with its architrave adorned with box-wood green, is on the wall at the right, and close against the same wall are three ancient wooden chests. At the left, and set in the depth of the wall, is a chimney and fire-place with a prominent hood; and a little at one side, a small door and near this an ancient loom. In the room are to be seen such utensils and articles of furniture as tables, benches, basps, a swift, and hanks of flax and wool hanging from light ropes drawn between nails or hooks. Also to be seen are jugs, dishes, plates, bottles and flasks of various sizes and materials, with many gourds, dried and emptied. Also an ancient bread and flour chest, the cover of it having a carved panel representing the image of the Madonna. Beside this the water basin and a rude old table. Suspended from the ceiling by ropes is a wide, broad board laden with cheeses. Two windows, iron-grated and high up from the ground, give light, one at each side of the large door, and in each of the gratings a bunch of red buckwheat is stuck to ward off evil.

SPLENDORE, FAVETTA, ORNELLA, the three young sisters, are kneeling each in front of one of the three chests containing the wedding dresses. They are bending over them and picking out suitable dresses and ornaments for the bride. Their gay, fresh tones are like the chanting of morning songs.

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

- SPLENDORE. What's your will, our own Vienda?
 FAVETTA. What's your will, our dear new sister?
 SPLENDORE. Will you choose the gown of woolen,
 Would you sooner have the silken,
 Sprayed with flowrets red and yellow?
 ORNELLA [*Singing*]. Only of green shall be my arraying.
 Only of green for San Giovanni,
 For mid the green meadows he came to seek me,
 Oili, Oili, Oila !
 SPLENDORE. Look ! Here is the bodice of wondrous embroid
 And the yoke with the gleaming thread of silver
 Petticoat rich of a dozen breadths' fullness,
 Necklace strung with hundred beaded coral,—
 All these given you by your new mother.
 ORNELLA [*Singing*]. Only of green be or gown or bridal chamber !
 Oili, oili, oila.
 FAVETTA. What's your will, our own Vienda?
 SPLENDORE. What's your will, our dear new sister?
 ORNELLA. Pendant earrings, clinging necklace,
 Blushing ribbons, cherry red?
 Hear the ringing bells of noon-day,
 Hear the bells ring out high noon !
 SPLENDORE. See the kindred hither coming,
 On their heads the hampers bearing,
 Hampers laden with wheat all golden,
 And you, yet not dressed and ready !
 ORNELLA. Bounding, rebounding,
 Sheep pass, the hills rounding.
 The wolf, through valleys winding,
 The nut he seeks is finding,—
 The pistachio nut is finding.
 See, the Bride of the Morning !
 Matinal as the field-mouse
 Going forth at the dawning
 As the woodchuck and squirrel.
 Hear, O hear, the bells' whirl !
- [*All these words are spoken very swiftly, and at the close ORNELLA lau-
 joyously, her two sisters joining with her.*]
 THE THREE SISTERS. Oh ! Aligi, why then don't you come?
 SPLENDORE. Oh ! in velvet then must you dress?

- ETTA. Seven centuries quite, must you rest
 With your beautiful, magical Spouse?
- INDORE. O, your father stays at the harvesting,
 Brother mine, and the star of the dawning
 In his sickle-blade is showing,—
 In his sickle, no rest knowing.
- ETTA. And your mother has flavored the wine-cup
 And anis-seed mixed with the water,
 Sticking cloves in the roast meat
 And sweet thyme in the cheeses.
- INDORE. And a lamb of the flock we have slaughtered,
 Yea, a yearling, but fattened one season,
 With head markings and spottings of sable
 For the Bride and the Bridegroom.
- ETTA. And the mantle, long sleeved, and cowl-hooded,
 For Astorgio we chose it and kept it—
 For the long-lived gray man of the mountain,
 So our fate upon that he foretell us.
- ELLA. And to-morrow will be San Giovanni,
 Dear, my brother ! with dawn, San Giovanni !
 Up the Plaia hill then shall I hie me,
 To behold once again the head severed—
 In the sun's disc, the holy head severed,
 On the platter all gleaming and golden,
 Where again the blood runs, flows and babbles.
- ETTA. Up, Vienda ! head all golden,
 Keeping long vigil ; O, golden sweet tresses !
 Now they harvest in the grain-fields
 Wheat as golden as your tresses.
- INDORE. Our mother was saying : Now heed me !
 Three olives I nurtured here with me ;
 Unto these now a plum have I added.
 Ay ! three daughters, and, also, a daughter.
- ELLA. Come Vienda, golden-plum girl !
 Why delay you ? Are you writing
 To the sun a fair blue letter
 That to-night it know no setting ?

*[She laughs and the other sisters join in with her. From the small door
 's their mother, CANDIA DELLA LEONESSA.]*

CANDIA [*Playfully chiding*].

Ah ! you magpies, sweet cicales !
 Once for over-joy of singing
 One was burst up on the poplar.
 Now the cock's no longer crowing
 To awaken tardy sleepers.
 Only sing on these cicales,—
 These cicales of high noon-day.
 These three magpies take my roof-tree—
 Take my door's wood for a tree-branch.
 Still the new child does not heed them.
 Oh ! Aligi, Aligi, dear fellow !

[*The door opens. The beardless bridegroom appears. He greets them with a grave voice, fixed eyes, and in an almost religious manner.*]

ALIGI.

All praise to Jesus and to Mary !
 You, too, my mother, who this mortal
 Christian flesh to me have given,
 Be you blesséd, my dear mother !
 Blessèd be ye, also, sisters,
 Blossoms of my blood !
 For you, for me, I cross my forehead
 That never there come before us to thwart us
 The enemy subtle, in death, in life,
 In heat of sun, or flame of fire,
 Or poison, or any enchantment,
 Or sweat unholy the forehead moist'ning.
 Father, and Saviour and Holy Spirit !

[*The sisters cross themselves and go out by the small door carrying the bridal dresses. ALIGI approaches his mother as if in a dream.*]

CANDIA.

Flesh of my flesh, thus touch I your forehead
 With bread, with this fair wheaten loaf of white flour.
 Prepared in this bowl of a hundred years old,
 Born long before thee, born long before me,
 Kneaded long on the board of a hundred years old
 By these hands that have tended and held you.
 On the brow, thus, I touch : Be it sunny and clear !
 I touch thus the breast : Be it free from all sighing !
 I touch this shoulder, and that : Be it strong !
 Let them bear up your arms for long labor !
 Let her rest there her head gray or golden !
 And may Christ to you speak and you heed him !

[*With the loaf she makes the sign of the cross above her son, who has fallen
s knees before her.*]

i. I lay down and meseemed of Jesus I dreamed,
He came to me saying : " Be not fearful."
San Giovanni said to me : " Rest in safety.
Without holy candles thou shalt not die."
Said he : " Thou shalt not die the death accursèd."
And you, you have cast my lot in life, mother,
Allotted the bride you have chosen for me,—
Your son, and here, within your own house, mother,
You have brought her to couple with me,
That she slumber with me on my pillow,
That she eat with me out of my platter. . . .
Then I was pasturing flocks on the mountain.
Now back to the mountain I must be turning.

[*His mother touches his head with the palm of her hand as if to chase
evil thoughts.*]

MA. Rise up, my son ! You are strangely talking.
All your words are now changing in color
As the olive tree changes pressed by the breezes.

[*He rises, as if in a daze.*]

ii. But where is my father? Still nowhere I see him.
MA. Gone to the harvesting, out with the reapers,
The good grain reaping, by grace of our Saviour.
ii. Once I reaped, too, by his body shaded,
Ere I was signed with the cross on my forehead,
When my brow scarcely reached up to his haunches.
But on my first day a vein here I severed,—
Here where the scar stays. Then with leaves he was
bruising

The while he stanchèd the red blood from flowing,
" Son Aligi," said he unto me, " Son Aligi,
Give up the sickle and take up the sheep-crook :
Be you a shepherd and go to the mountain." . . .
This his command was kept in obedience.
MA. Son of mine, what is this pain the heart of you
hurting?

What dream like an incubus over you hovers,
That these your words are like a wayfarer,
Sitting down on his road at night's coming,

- Who is halting his footsteps for knowing,
 Beyond attaining is his heart's desiring,
 Past his ears' hearing the Ave Maria.
- ALIGI. Now to the mountain must I be returning.
 Mother, where is my stout shepherd's sheep-hook
 Used to the pasture paths, daily or nightly?
 Let me have that, so the kindred arriving,
 May see thereupon all the carving I've carved.
- [*His mother takes the shepherd's crook from the corner of the fire-place.*]
- CANDIA. Lo! here it is, son of mine, take it: your sisters
 Have hung it with garlands for San Giovanni,
 With pinks red and fragrant festooned it.
- ALIGI [*Pointing out the carving on it*].
 And I have them here on the bloodwood all with me
 As if by the hand I were leading my sisters.
 So, along they go with me threading green pathways
 Guarding them, mother,—these three virgin damsels—
 See! three bright angels here over them hover,
 And three starry comets, and three meek doves also
 And a flower for each one I have carved here,
 The growing half-moon and the sun I have carved
 here;
 This is the priestly stole; and this is the cup sacra-
 mental,
 And this is the belfry of San Biagio.
 And this is the river, and this my own cabin; [*wit
 mystery, as if with second sight*]
 But who, who is this one who stands in my doorway
- CANDIA. Aligi, why is it you set me to weeping!
- ALIGI. And see at the end here that in the ground enters,
 Here are the sheep, and here also their shepherd,
 And here is the mountain where I must be going,
 Though you weep, though I weep, my mother!
- [*He leans on the crook with both hands, resting his head upon them, lost in his thoughts.*]
- CANDIA. But where then is Hope? What have you made of
 her, Son?
- ALIGI. Her face has shone on me seldom;
 Carve her, I could not, sooth! Mother.
- [*From the distance a savage clamor rises.*]

- Mother, who shouts out so loud there?
 The harvesters heated and frenzied,
 From the craze of their passions defend them,
 From sins of their blood San Giovanni restrain them !
- Ah ! Who then has drawn but that scarf there,
 Athwart the wide door of our dwelling,
 Leaning on it the forked hoe and distaff,
 That nought enter in that is evil?
 Ah ! Lay there the plough-share, the wain, and the
 oxen,
 Pile stones there against both the door-posts,
 With slaked lime from all of the lime-kilns,
 The boulder with footprints of Samson,
 And Maella Hill with its snow-drifts !
- What is coming to birth in your heart, son of mine?
 Did not Christ say to you,—“ Be not fearful ”?
 Are you awake? Heed the waxen cross there,
 That was blessed on the Day of Ascension,
 The door-hinges, too, with holy water sprinkled,
 No evil spirit can enter our doorway,
 Your sisters have drawn the scarlet scarf 'cross it,—
 The scarlet scarf you won in the field-match
 Long before you ever became a shepherd,
 In the match that you ran for the straightest furrow—
 (You still remember it, son of mine?) There have
 they stretched it
 So that the kindred who must pass through there
 Offer what gifts they choose when they enter.
 Why do you ask, for you well know our custom?
- Mother ! Mother ! I have slept years seven hundred—
 Years seven hundred ! I come from afar off.
 I remember no longer the days of my cradle.
- What ails you, son? Like one in a dazement you
 answer.
 Black wine was it your bride poured out for you?
 And perhaps you drank it while yet you were fasting,
 So that your mind is far off on a journey?
 O Mary, blest Virgin ! do thou grant me blessing !
- The voice of ORNELLA singing the nuptial song.*
 Only of green shall be my arraying,

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Only of green for Santo Giovanni.
Oili, oili, oila !

[*The BRIDE appears dressed in green and is brought forward joyous by the sisters.*]

SPLENDORE.

Lo ! the bride comes whom we have apparelled
With all the joy of the spring-time season.

FAVETTA.

Of gold and silver the yoke is fashioned
But all the rest like the quiet verdure.

ORNELLA.

You, mother, take her ! in your arms take her !
O dear my mother, take and console her !

SPLENDORE.

Shedding tears at the bedside we found her,
Thus lamenting for thinking so sorely
Of the gray head at home left so lonely.

ORNELLA.

Of the jar full of pinks in the window
Her dear face not again shall lean over.

CANDIA.

You, mother, take her ! in your arms take her !
Daughter, daughter, with this loaf in blessing
I have touched my own son. Lo ! now I divide it,
And over your fair shining head I now break it.
May our house have increase of abundance !
Be thou unto the dough as good leaven
That may swell it out over the bread-board !
Bring unto me peace and ah ! do not bring strife !
me !

THE THREE SISTERS. So be it ! We kiss the earth, Mother !

[*They kiss the ground by leaning over and touching it with forefinger and middle finger, and then touching their lips. ALIGI is kneeling on one side as if in deep prayer.*]

CANDIA.

O now daughter mine to my house be
As the spindle is unto the distaff ;
As unto the skein is the spindle ;
And as unto the loom is the shuttle !

THE THREE SISTERS.

So be it ! We kiss the earth, mother !

CANDIA.

O Vienda ! new daughter, child blessèd !
Lo ! midst home and pure food thus I place you.
Lo ! The walls of this house—the four corners !
God willing, the sun rises there ; sinks there, God
willing !

This is the northward, this is the southward.

The ridgepole this, the eaves with nests hanging,

And the chain and the crane with the andirons;
 There the mortar the white salt is crushed in,
 And there, too, the crock it is kept in.
 O new daughter ! I call you to witness
 How midst home things and pure food I place you
 Both for this life and life everlasting.

THREE SISTERS. So be it ! We kiss the earth, Mother !

[VIENDA rests her head, weeping, on the shoulder of the mother. CANDIA
 aces her, still holding a half-loaf in each hand. The cry of the reapers is
 ! nearer. ALIGI rises like one suddenly wakened and goes toward the
 The sisters follow him.]

ETTA. Now by the great heat are the reapers all maddened,
 They are barking and snapping like dogs at each
 passer.

NDORE. Now the last of the rows they are reaching,
 With the red wine they never mix water.

ELLA. At the end of each row, they are drinking,
 In the shade of the stack the jug lying.

ETTA. Lord of heaven ! The heat is infernal,
 At her tail bites the old gammer serpent.

ELLA [*chanting*]. Oh, for mercy ! Wheat and wheat, and stubble,
 stubble,
 First in sun burn the sickles, then wounds they
 trouble.

NDORE. Oh mercy for father ! for his arms tired,
 And all his veins with labor swollen.

ELLA. O Aligi ! you saddest of grooms
 Keeping yet in your nostrils sleep's fumes !

ETTA. O, you know very well the rhyme turned about.
 You have placed the good loaf in the jug,
 You have poured the red wine in the sack.

NDORE. Lo ! now the kindred ! Lo ! now the women ! they
 are coming.

Up, up ! Vienda ! and cease your weeping.
 Mother ! How now ! They are coming. Set her free
 then.

Up ! Golden tresses, cease your weeping !
 You have wept too long. Your fine eyes are red-
 dened !

[VIENDA dries her tears on her apron and taking the apron up by the two

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Corners receives in it the two pieces of the loaf from the mother.]

CANDIA.

In blood and in milk return it to me !
 Goldenhair, come now, sit on the settle.
 Oh ! Aligi, you too, come sit here ! and wake up !
 One of you here, one of you there, thus stay ye,
 Children, thus, at each side of the door.
 Be it wide open for all to see in there
 The wide bed so wide that in order to fill it—
 The mattress to fill—I used up the straw-stack.
 Ay ! the whole of the stack to the bare pole,
 With the crock sticking up on the tiptop !

[CANDIA and SPLENDORE place a small bench each side of the door, where the couple sit composed and silent, looking at each other, ORNELLA and FAVETTA looking out toward the road at the large door. The yard is in dazzling sunlight.]

FAVETTA.

See ! They are coming up the road slowly
 In single file, all : Teodula di Cinzio
 And Cinerella, Monica, Felavia,
 And Catalana delle Tre Bisacce,
 Anna di Bova, Maria Cora . . . but who is the last one?

CANDIA.

Come on then, Splendore, do help me spread out now
 The bedspread I wove of silk doubled,
 Woven for you, Vienda, dear green bud,
 As green as the grass of the meadow,
 The sweet grass, early bee, where you hover.

ORNELLA.

Who is last? Can you tell us, Vienda?
 Oh ! I see yellow grain in the hampers,
 And it glitters like gold. Who can she be?
 Gray at the temple, beneath the white linen,
 Gray as the feathery bryony branches.

FAVETTA.

Your mommy ! dear child, is she your mommy?

[VIENDA rises suddenly as if to rush to her mother. In so doing she lets the bread fall from her apron. She stops, shocked. ALIGI rises and stands so as to prevent the mother from seeing.]

ORNELLA *[greatly concerned, in a frightened voice]*.

O Lord save us ! Pick it up again.

Pick it up, kiss it, ere mamma see it.

[VIENDA, terrified and overwhelmed by frightful superstition, is stricken immovable, rigid, staring at the two half-loaves with glassy eyes.]

FAVETTA.

Pick it up, kiss it, sad is the angel.

Make a vow silently, promise greatly,
Call on San Sisto, lest Death should appear.

[From within are heard the blows given with the hand on mattress and pillows and the wind carries to the ear the clamor of the reapers.]

ORNELLA.

San Sisto ! San Sisto !
Oh ! hear ye, and list, oh !
Black death, evil sprite,
By day, by night,
Chase from our walls !
Drive from our souls !
Oh ! crumble and tear
The evil eye's snare,
As the sign of the cross I make !

[While murmuring the conjuring words she rapidly gathers up the two half-loaves, pressing each to VIENDA's lips, kissing them herself, and then placing each in the apron, making the sign of the cross over them. She then leads the bridal couple to their benches, as the first of the women kindred appears at the door with the offerings, stopping in front of the scarlet scarf. The women each carry on the head a hamper of wheat adorned with flowing ribbons of various colors. On each basket rests a loaf of bread and on top of each loaf a wild flower. ORNELLA and FAVETTA take each one end of the scarf while still leaving hoe and distaff in place against the wall, but so posed as to bar entrance.]

FIRST WOMAN, TEODULA DI CINZIO.

Ohè ! Who watches the bridges?

FAVETTA AND ORNELLA [*in unison*].

Love open-eyed and Love blind.

TEODULA.

To cross over there I desire.

FAVETTA.

To desire is not to acquire.

TEODULA.

I clambered the mountain ridges,
Now down through the valley I'll wind.

ORNELLA.

The torrent has taken the bridges,
Too swift runs the river you'll find.

TEODULA.

Set me over in your boat.

FAVETTA.

She leaks too fast to keep afloat.

TEODULA.

I'll calk her with tow and resin.

ORNELLA.

Leaks full seven split and stove her.

TEODULA.

Then I'll give you pieces seven.

On your shoulder bear me over.

FAVETTA.

Oh, no ! Help of mine you must lack.

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

TEODULA. The wild water fills me with fright.
Lend me a lift on your back.
I'll give you this silver piece bright.

ORNELLA. Too little ! Your eight bits, indeed,
Would not keep my ribbons new.

TEODULA. Tuck up your skirt. Plunge in bare-kneed.
A ducat of gold I'll give to you.

[*The first woman, TEODULA, gives ORNELLA a piece of money. She receives it in her left hand, while the other women come closer to the door. The bridal pair remain seated and silent. CANDIA and SPLENDORE enter from the small door.*]

ORNELLA AND FAVETTA [*in unison*].
Pass on then, O you fair Lady !
And all these in your company !

[*ORNELLA puts the money in her bosom and takes away the distaff, FAVETTA the hoe, they then leave both leaning against the wall. ORNELLA, with a quick movement, withdraws the scarf making it wave like a slender pennant. The women then enter one by one, in line, still holding their baskets balanced on their heads.*]

TEODULA. Peace be with you, Candia della Leonessa !
And peace, too, with you, son of Lazaro di Roio !
And peace to the bride whom Christ has given !

[*She places her basket at the bride's feet and, taking out of it a handful of wheat, she scatters it over VIENDA's head. She then takes another handful and scatters it over ALIGI's.*]

This is the peace that is sent you from Heaven :
That on the same pillow your hair may whiten,
On the same pillow to old age ending.
Nor sin nor vengeance be between you,
Falsehood nor wrath, but love, love only,
Daily, till time for the long, long journey.

[*The next woman repeats the same ceremony and action, the others meanwhile remaining in line awaiting their turn, with the hampers on their heads. The last one, the mother of the bride, remains motionless near the threshold, and dries her face of tears and perspiration. The noise of the riotous reapers increases and seems to come nearer. Besides this noise from time to time, in pauses, now and again the ringing of bells is heard.*]

CINERELLA. For this is peace and this is plenty.
[*Suddenly a woman's cry is heard outside coming from the yard.*]

VOICE OF THE UNKNOWN WOMAN.

Help ! Help ! For Jesus' sake, our Saviour !

People of God, O people of God, save ye me !

[*Running, panting from fright and exertion, covered with dust and briars, a hart run down by a pack of hunting dogs, a woman enters. Her face is hid by a mantle. She looks about bewildered, and withdraws to the corner of the fire-place, opposite to the bridal pair.*

UNKNOWN

People of God ! O save ye me !

IAN.

The door there ! O shut tight the door there.

Put ye up all the bars ! Securely.—

They are many, and all have their sickles.

They are crazed,—crazed with heat and strong drinking.

They are brutal with lust and with cursing.

Me would they hunt,—they would seize me ;

They would hunt me, they would seize me, me,—

The creature of Christ, ay, me,—

The unhappy one, doing no evil !

Passing I was—alone—by the roadside.—

They saw me.—They cried.—They insulted.

They hurled sods and stones.—They chased me.—

Ay ! like unto hounds that are hungry,

They would seize me and tear me and torture.

They are following me, O most wretched !

They are hunting me down, people of God !

Help ye ! Save me ! The door, O shut it to !

The door !—They are maddened—will enter !

They will take me from here,—from your hearthstone—

(The deed even God cannot pardon) !—

From your hearthstone that blest is and sacred

(And aught else but that deed God pardons)—

And my soul is baptized,—I am Christian—

Oh ! help ! O for San Giovanni's sake help me !

For Mary's sake, her of the seven dolours !

For the sake of my soul.—For your own soul !

[*She stays by the hearth, all the women gathering at the side opposite her. ALI close to her mother and godmother. ALI GI stands outside the circle bowed, leaning on his crook. Suddenly ORNELLA rushes to the door, closes and bars it. A somewhat inimical murmur arises from the circle of women.*]

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Ah ! tell me your name,—how they call you,—
 Your name, that wherever I wander,
 Over mountains, in valleys I bless it,
 You, who in pity are first here,
 Though in years yours are least in the counting !

[*Overcome she lets herself drop on the hearth, bowed over upon hers with her head resting on her knees. The women are huddled together like frightened sheep. ORNELLA steps forward toward the stranger.*]

ANNA.

Who is this woman? Holy Virgin !

MARIA.

And is this the right way to enter
 The dwelling of God-fearing people?

MONICA.

And Candia, you ! What say you?

LA CENERELLA.

Will you let the door stay bolted?

ANNA.

Is the last to be born of your daughters,
 The first to command in your household?

LA CATALANA.

She will bring down upon you bad fortune,
 The wandering she-dog, for certain !

FELAVIA.

Did you mark? How she entered that instant
 While yet Cinerella was pouring
 On Vienda her handful of wheat flour
 Ere Aligi had got his share fully?

[*ORNELLA goes a step nearer the wretched fugitive. FAVETTA leaves circle and joins her.*]

MONICA.

How now ! Are we, then, to remain here,
 With our baskets still on our heads loaded?

MARIA.

Sure it would be a terrible omen
 To put down on the ground here our baskets
 Before giving our offerings to them.

MARIA DI GIAVE.

My daughter, may Saint Luke defend you !
 Saint Mark and Saint Matthew attend you !
 Grope for your scapulary round your neck hangin'
 Hold it closely and offer your prayer.

[*SPLENDORE, too, comes forward and joins the sisters. The three stand before the fugitive, who is still prostrate, panting and trembling with fear.*]

ORNELLA.

You are over sore-pressed, sister,
 And dusty and tired, you tremble.
 Weep no more, since now you are safe here.
 You are thirsty. Your drink is your tears.
 Will you drink of our water and wine? Your face
 bathe?

She takes a small bowl, draws water from the earthen receptacle and pours it into it.]

TA.

Are you of the valleys or elsewhere?
Do you come from afar? And whither
Do you now bend your steps, O Woman!
All desolate thus by the road-side!
Some malady ails you, unlucky one?
A vow then of penitence made you?
To the Incoronata were travelling?
May the Virgin answer your prayers!

DORE.

The fugitive lifts her head slowly and cautiously, with her face still in the mantle.]

LLA [*offering the bowl*].

Will you drink, now, daughter of Jesus?
From outside a noise is heard as of bare feet shuffling in the yard and murmuring. The stranger, again stricken with fear, does not drink from the offered bowl but places it on the hearth and retires trembling to the further of the chimney.]

UNKNOWN ONE. They are here, O they come! They are seeking
For me! They will seize me and take me.
For mercy's sake, answer not, speak not.
They will go if they think the house empty,
And do nothing evil; but if you
Are heard, if you speak or you answer
They will certainly know I have entered.
They will open the door, force it open. . . .
With the heat and the wine they are frenzied,
Mad dogs! and here is but one man,
And many are they and all have their sickles,
Their scythes.—Oh! for dear pity's sake,
For the sake of these innocent maidens,
For your sake, dear daughter of kindness! You,
women holy!

BAND OF REAPERS [*in chorus outside at the door*]

The dwelling of Lazaro! Surely
Into this house entered the woman.
—They have closed the door, they have barred it!
—Look out for her there in the stubble.
—Search well in the hay there, Gonzelvo.
—Hah! Hah! In the dwelling of Lazaro,

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Right into the maw of the wolf. Hah ! Hah !

—O ! Candia della Leonessa !

Ho ! all of you there ! Are you dead ?

[They knock at the door.]

O ! Candia della Leonessa !

Do you offer a shelter to harlots ?

—Do you find that you need such temptation

To still the fain flesh of your husband ?

—If the woman be there, I say, open !

Open the door, good folks, give her to us

And on a soft bed we will lay her.

—Bring her out to us ! Bring her out to us,

For we only want to know her better.

To the hay-cock, the hay-cock, the hay-cock !

[They knock and clamor. ALIGI moves toward the door.]

THE UNKNOWN ONE *[whisperingly imploring].*

Young man, O young man, pray have mercy !

O have mercy ! Do not open !

Not for my sake, not mine, but for others,

Since they will not seize now on me, only,

Since imbruted are they. You must hear it !—

In their voices?—How now the fiend holds them ?

The bestial mad fiend of high noon-day,

The sweltering dog-days' infection.

If they gain entry here, what can you do ?

[The greatest excitement prevails among the women, but they restrain themselves.]

CATALANA.

Ye see now to what shame we all are submitted,

We women of peace here, for this woman,

She who dares not show her face to us !

ANNA.

Open, Aligi, open the door there,

But wide enough to let her pass out.

Grip hold of her and toss her out there,

Then close and bar the entrance, giving praises

To Lord Jesus our salvation.

And perdition overtake all wretches !

[The shepherd turns toward the woman, hesitating, ORNELLA, steps forward, stops his way; making a sign of silence, she goes to the door.]

ORNELLA.

Who is there ? Who knocks at the door there ?

VOICES OF THE REAPERS [*outside, all confusedly*].

—Silence there ! Hush up ! Hush—sh ! Hush—sh !

—Within there is some one who is speaking,

—O Candia della Leonessa,

Is it you who are speaking? Open ! Open !

—We are the reapers here of Norca,

All the company are we of Cataldo.

ORNELLA.

I am not Candia. For Candia is busied now.

Abroad is she since early morning.

VOICE.

And you? Say who are you then?

ORNELLA.

I belong to Lazaro, Ornella,

My father is Lazaro di Roio.

But ye, say ye, why ye have come here?

VOICE.

Open, we but want to look inside there.

ORNELLA.

Open, that I cannot. For my mother

Locked me in here, with her kindred

Going out, for we are marrying.

The betrothal we are having of my brother,

Aligi, the shepherd, who is taking

To wife here, Vienda di Giave.

VOICE.

Did you then not let in a woman,

But a short while ago, a woman frightened?

ORNELLA.

A woman? Then in peace go away.

Seek ye elsewhere to find her.

O reapers of Norca ! I return to my loom here,

For each cast that is lost by my shuttle

Will be lost and can never be gathered.

God be with you to keep you from evil,

O ye reapers of Norca ! May he give you

Strength for your work in the grain fields

Till by evening you reach the end of labor,

And I, also, poor woman, the ending

Of the breadth of cloth I am weaving.

[*Suddenly at the side window two muscular hands seize the iron bars and a rusted face peers in.*]

THE REAPER. [*shouting in a loud voice*].

Ho ! Captain ! the woman is in there !

She's inside ! She's inside ! The youngster

Was fooling us here, yes, the youngster !

The woman is in there ! See, inside there,

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

In the corner. I see her, I see her !
 And there too is the bride and the bridegroom,
 And the kindred who brought them their presents.
 This is the feast of the grain-pouring spousal.
 Ah, ho ! Captain ! A fine lot of girls there !

CHORUS OF REAPERS [*outside*]

—If the woman's within, we say, open !

For you it is shame to protect her.

—Send her out here ! Send her out here !

And we will give her some honey.

—Ho ! open there, open, you, and give her to us.

—To the hay-cock with her, to the hay-cock.

[*They clamor and shout. The women inside are all confused and agitated. The unknown one keeps in the shadow, shrinking close to the wall, as if she sought to sink herself in it.*]

CHORUS OF KINDRED.—O help us, O holy Virgin !

Is this what the vigil gives us,

The eve of Santo Giovanni?

—What disgrace is this you give us,—what sorrow

This that you give us, Beheaded one !—

Just today of all days.

—Candia, have you lost your reason?

—O Candia, have you lost your senses?

—Ornella, and all your sisters with you?

—She was always a bit of a madcap.

—Give her up to them, give her, give her

To these hungry, ravening wolves !

THE REAPER [*still holding the bars*].

Shepherd Aligi, Oho ! shepherd Aligi,

Will you give, at your feast of espousal,

A place to a sheep that is rotten,—

A sheep that is mangy and lousy?

Take care she infect not your sheep-fold,

Or give to your wife her contagion.

O Candia della Leonessa,

Know you whom in your home there you harbor,

In your home there with your new-found daughter

The daughter of Jorio, the daughter

Of the Sorcerer of Codra !

She-dog roamer o'er mountains and valleys,

A haunter of stables and straw-stacks,
 Mila the shameless? Mila di Codra.
 The woman of stables and straw-heaps,
 Very well known of all companies;
 And now it has come to be our turn,—
 The turn of the reapers of Norca.
 Send her out here, send her out here !
 We must have her, have her, have her !

[ALIGI, *pale and trembling, advances toward the wretched woman who sits persistently in the shadow; and pulling off her mantle he uncovers her face.*]

DI CODRA.

No ! No ! It is not true ! A cruel lie !
 A cruel lie ! Do not believe him,
 Do not believe what such a dog says !
 It is but the cursèd wine speaking
 And out of his mouth bubbling evil.
 If God heard it, may He to poison
 Turn his black words, and he drown in't !
 No ! It is not true. A cruel lie !

[*The three sisters stop their ears while the reaper renews his vituperations.*]

REAPER.

You shameless one ! well-known are you
 Well-known are you as the ditches,
 The field-grass to dry straw turning,
 Under your body's sins burning,
 Men for your body have gambled
 And fought with pitch-forks and sickles.
 Only wait just a bit for your man, Candia,
 And you'll see ! He'll come back to you bandaged,
 For sure ! From a fight with Rainero,
 A fight in the grain-field of Mispa,—
 For whom but for Jorio's daughter?
 And now you keep her in your home, here,
 To give her to your man Lazaro,
 To have him find her here all ready.
 Aligi ! Vienda di Giave !
 Give up to her your bridal bedstead !
 And all ye women, go and scatter wheat-grains,—
 Upon her head the golden wheat-grains !
 We'll come back ourselves here with music,
 A little later and ask for the wine-jug.

[The reaper jumps down and disappears mid an outbreak of coarse laughter from the others.]

CHORUS OF REAPERS *[outside]*.

—Hand us out the wine-jug. That's the custom,

—The wine-jug, the wine-jug and the woman!

[ALIGI stands rigid, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, perplexed, still holding in his hand the mantle he has taken.]

MILA.

O innocence, O innocence of all these
Young maidens here, you have heard not
The filthiness, you have heard not,
Oh! Tell me you have heard not, heard not!—
At least not you, Ornella, O, no, not
You who have wished to save me!

ANNA.

Do not go near her, Ornella! Or would you
Have her ruin you? She the daughter of the So-
cerer

MILA.

Must to every one bring ruin.
She comes to me because behind me
She sees here weeping the silent angel—
The guardian over my soul keeping vigil.

[ALIGI turns quickly toward MILA at these words, and gazes at her fixedly]

MARIA CORA.

Oh! Oh! it is sacrilege! Sacrilege!

CINERELLA.

Ha! She has blasphemed, she has blasphemed,
Against the heavenly angel.

FELAVIA.

She will desecrate your hearth-stone,
Candia, unless hence you chase her.

ANNA.

Out with her, out, in good time, Aligi,
Seize her, and out to the dogs toss her!

LA CATALANA.

Well I know you, Mila di Codra,
Well at Farne do they fear you,
And well I know your doings.
You brought death to Giovanna Cametra,
And death to the son of Panfilo.
You turned the head of poor Alfonso,
Gave Tillura the evil sickness,
Caused the death of your father, even,
Who now in damnation damns you!

MILA.

May thou, God, protect his spirit
And unto peace his soul gather!
Ah! You it is who have blasphemed

Against a soul that is departed
 And may your blaspheming speeches
 Fall on you, whenever death fronts you !

CANDIA, seated on one of the chests, is sad and silent. Now she rises, through the restless circle of women, and advances toward the persecuted slowly, without anger.]

OF REAPERS. Ahey ! Ahey ! How long to wait?
 Have you come to an agreement?
 —O I say, shepherd, ho ! you shepherd,
 For yourself, then, do you keep her?
 —Candia, what if Lazaro come back now?
 —Is she then unwilling ? But open,
 Open ! A hand we will lend her.
 And meanwhile give us the wine-jug,
 The wine-jug, the wine-jug's the custom !

Another reaper peers in through the grating.]

REAPER.
 Mila di Codra, come out here !
 For you that will be much the better.
 To try to escape us is useless,
 We'll seek now the oak-tree shady,
 And throw dice for the one to have you,
 That the chance for us all be equal,
 Now, we will not quarrel for you,
 As Lazaro did with Rainero,
 No, we'll have no useless bloodshed.
 But, now, if you don't come out here,
 Ere the last one turns up his dice-box,
 Then this door we all shall break open
 And carry things here with a free hand.
 You are warned now ; best heed this your warning,
 Candia della Leonessa !

She jumps down and the clamor is much abated. The ringing of the church bells can be heard in the distance.]

Woman, hear me. Lo, I am the mother
 Of these three innocent maidens,
 Also of this youth, the bridegroom.
 We were in peace in our home here,
 In peace and in rest with God's favor,
 And blessing with home rites the marriage,
 You may see the wheat still in the baskets

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

And in the blessed loaf the fresh flower !
 You have entered in here and brought us
 Suddenly conflict and sorrow,
 Interrupted the kindred's giving,
 In our hearts sowing thoughts of dark omen,
 That have set my children weeping,
 And my bowels yearn and weep with them.
 All to chaff our good wheat grain is turning,
 And a worse thing still may follow.
 It is best for you to go now.
 Go thou with God, knowing surely
 He will help you, if you trust Him.
 Oh ! There is cause for all this our sorrow.
 We would fain have desired your safety.
 Yet now, turn your steps hence, swiftly,
 So that none of this house need harm you.
 The door, this my son will now open.

[The victim listens in humility with bent head, pale and trembling. ALIGI steps toward the door and listens. His face shows great sorrow.]
 MILA.

Christian Mother, lo ! the earth here
 I kiss where your feet have trodden,
 And I ask of you forgiveness,
 With my heart in my hand lying,
 In the palm of my hand, grieving,
 For this sorrow of my bringing.
 But I did not seek your dwelling :
 I was blinded, with fear blinded,
 And the Father, He, all-seeing,
 Led me here thus to your fireside,
 So that I the persecuted
 Might find mercy by your fire-place,
 Mercy making this day sacred.
 O, have mercy, Christian Mother.
 O have mercy ! and each wheat grain
 Resting here within these hampers
 God will return a hundred-fold.

CATALANA *[whispering]*.

Listen not. Whoever listens
 Will be lost. The false one is she.
 Oh ! I know ! Her father gave her

To make her voice so sweet and gentle
 Evil roots of secret magic.

NA.
 RIA CORA. Just see now how Aligi's spellbound !
 Beware ! beware ! lest she give him
 Fatal illness. O Lord save us !
 Have you not heard what all the reapers
 Have been saying about Lazaro ?

NICA. Shall we stay here then till vespers
 With these baskets on our heads thus ?
 I shall put mine on the ground soon.

[CANDIA gazes intently upon her son who is fastened upon MILA. Suddenly fear and rage seize her and she cries aloud.]

EDIA. Begone, begone, you sorcerer's
 Daughter ! Go to the dogs ! Begone !
 In my house remain no longer !
 Fling open the door, Aligi !

A. Mother of Ornella,—Love's own Mother !
 All, but not this God forgiveth.
 Trample on me, God forgiveth,
 Cut off my hands, yet God forgiveth,
 Gouge out my eyes, pluck my tongue out,
 Tear me to shreds, yet God forgiveth,
 Strangle me, yet God forgiveth,
 But if you now (heed me, oh heed me !
 While the bells are ringing for Santo Giovanni),
 If now you seize upon this body,—
 This poor tortured flesh signed in Christ's name,
 And toss it out there in that court-yard,
 In sight of these your spotless daughters,
 Abandoning it to sin of that rabble,
 To hatred and to brutal lusting,
 Then, O mother of Ornella,
 Mother of Innocence, in so doing,
 Doing that thing, God condemns you !

ANA. She was never christened, never,
 Her father was never buried
 In consecrated ground ; under
 A thorn-bush he lies. I swear it.
 Demons are behind you, woman.
 Black and foul and false your mouth is !

- CATALANA. O Candia, hear her, hear her,
Curses heaping! But a little,
And she'll drive you from your dwelling,
And then all the reapers threatened
Will most surely fall upon us.
- ANNA DI BOVA. Up, Aligi! Drag her out there!
MARIA CORA. See you not how your Vienda,
Your young bride, looks like one dying?
- CINERELLA. What kind of a man are you? Forsaken
Thus of all force in your muscles?
Is the tongue within your mouth, then,
Dried and shrivelled that you speak not?
- FELAVIA. You seem lost. How then? Did your senses
Go astray afar off in the mountain?—
Did you lose your wits down in the valley?
- MONICA. Look! He hasn't let go of her mantle,
Since the time he took it from her.
To his fingers it seems rooted.
- CATALANA. Do you think your son Aligi's
Mind is going? Heaven help us!
- CANDIA. Aligi, Aligi! You hear me?
What ails you? Where are you? Gone are y
senses?
What is coming to birth in your heart, Son?
- [*Taking the mantle out of his hand she throws it to the woman.*]
I myself will open the door; take her
And push her out of here straightway.
Aligi, to you I speak. You hear me?
Ah! verily you have been sleeping
For seven hundred hundred years,
And all of us are long forgotten.
Kindred! God wills my undoing.
I hoped these last days would bring solace
And that God would now give me repose,
That less bitterness now need I swallow;
But bitterness overpowers me.
My daughters! Take ye my black mantle
From out of the ancient chest there,
And cover my head and my sorrows,
Within my own soul be my wailing!

[*The son shakes his head, his face showing perplexity and sorrow, and weeps as one in a dream.*]

I.

What is your will of me, Mother?
Unto you said I: "Ah! lay there
Against both of the door-posts the ploughshare,
The wain and the oxen, put sods there and stones
there

Yea, the mountain with all of its snow-drifts."

What did I say then? And how answered you?

"Heed the waxen cross that is holy

That was blest on the Day of Ascension,

And the hinges with holy water sprinkled."

O, what is your will that I do? It was night still

When she took the road that comes hither.

Profound, then, profound was my slumber,

O, Mother! although you had not mingled for me,

The wine with the seed of the poppy.

Now that slumber of Christ falls and fails me:

And though well I know whence this proceedeth,

My lips are yet stricken with dumbness.

O, woman! what then is your bidding?

That I seize her here now by her tresses,—

That I drag her out there in the court-yard,—

That I toss her for these dogs to raven?

Well! So be it! So be it!—I do so.

[*ALIGI advances toward MILA but she shrinks within the fire-place, clinging for refuge.*]

A.

Touch me not! Oh! you, you are sinning,

Against the old laws of the hearth-stone—

You are sinning the great sin that's mortal

Against your own blood and the sanction

Of your race, of your own ancient kinfolk.

Lo! over the stone of the fire-place,

I pour out the wine that was given

To me by your sister, in blood bound,

So now if you touch me, molest me,

All the dead in your land, in your country,

All those of the long years forgotten,

Generation to past generation,

That lie underground fourscore fathoms

Will abhor you with horror eternal.

[Taking the bowl of wine MILA pours it over the inviolate hearth. 7 women utter fierce and frantic cries.]

THE CHORUS
OF KINDRED.

O woe! She bewitches—bewitches the fire-place
—She poured with the wine there a mixture.
I saw it, I saw her. 'Twas stealthy!
—O take her, O take her, Aligi,
And force her away from the hearth-stone.
—By the hair, oh, seize her, seize her!
—Aligi, fear you naught, fear nothing,
All her conjuring yet will be nothing.
—Take her away and shiver the wine-bowl!
Shiver it there against the andirons.
—Break the chain loose and engirdle
Her neck with it, three times twist it.
—She has surely bewitched the hearth-stone.
—Woe! Woe, for the house that totters!
Ah! What lamenting will here be lamented!
Oho there! All quarrelling, are you?
We are waiting here and we're watching.
We have cast the dice, we know the winner.
Bring her out to us, you shepherd!
Yes, yes! Or the door we'll break down.

THE CHORUS
OF REAPERS.

[They join in blows on the door and in clamoring.]

ANNA DI BOVA.

Hold on! Hold on! and have patience a little,
But a little while longer, good men folk.
Aligi is taking her. Soon you will have her.

[ALIGI, like one demented, takes her by the wrists, but she resists and tries to free herself.]

MILA.

No! No! You are sinning, are sinning.
Crush under your foot my forehead
Or stun it with blows of your sheep-hook,
And when I am dead toss me out there.
No, no! God's punishment on you!
From the womb of your wife serpents
To you shall be born and brought forth.
You shall sleep no more, no more,
And rest shall forsake your eyelids,
From your eyes tears of blood shall gush forth.
Ornella, Ornella, defend me,
Aid me, O thou, and have mercy

Ye sisters in Christ, O help ye me !
[She frees herself and goes to the three sisters who surround her. Blind rage and horror ALIGI lifts his hook to strike her on the head. Immediately his three sisters begin to cry and moan. This stops him at once; he lets his hook fall on his knees and with open arms he stares behind her.]

21.

Mercy of God ! O give me forgiveness !
 I saw the angel, silent, weeping.
 He is weeping with you, O my sisters !
 And at me he is gazing and weeping.
 Even thus shall I see him forever,
 Till the hour for my passing, yea ! past it.
 I have sinned thus against my own hearth-stone,
 My own dead and the land of my fathers;
 It will spurn me and scorn me forever,
 Deny rest to my weary dead body !
 For my sins, sisters, purification,
 Seven times, seven times, I do ask it.
 Seven days shall my lips touch the ashes,
 And as many times more as the tears shed
 From your gentle eyes, O my sisters !
 Let the angel count them, my sisters,
 And brand on my heart all their number !
 It is thus that I ask your forgiveness
 Before God thus I ask you, my sisters,
 Oh ! pray you for brother Aligi
 Who must now return to the mountain.
 And she who has suffered such shame here,
 I pray you console her, refresh her
 With drink, wipe the dust from her garments,
 Bathe her feet with water and vinegar.
 Comfort her ! I wished not to harm her.
 Spurred on was I by these voices.
 And those who to this wrong have brought me
 Shall suffer for many days greatly.
 Mila di Codra ! sister in Jesus,
 O give me peace for my offences.
 These flow'rets of Santo Giovanni
 Off from my sheep-hook now do I take them
 And thus at your feet here I place them.
 Look at you I cannot. I'm shamefaced.

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Behind you I see the sad angel.
But this hand which did you offence here,
I burn in that fire with live embers.

[Dragging himself on his knees to the fireplace he bends over and finds a burning ember. Taking it with his left hand he puts the point of it in the palm of the right.]

MILA.

It is forgiven. No, no. Do not wound yourself.
For me, I forgive you, and God shall receive
Your penitent prayer. Rise up from the fire-place
One only, God only may punish
And He that hand hath given to you
To guide your flocks to the pasture.
And how then your sheep can you pasture
If your hand is infirm, O Aligi?
For me, in all humbleness, I forgive you
And your name I shall ever remember
Morn, eve, and midday shall my blessing
Follow you with your flocks in the mountains.

THE CHORUS OF REAPERS *[outside]*.

—Oho, there! Oho, there! How now?
—What is the row? Do you fool us?
—Ho! We'll tear down the door there.
—Yes, yes! Take that timber, the plow-beam.
—Shepherd, we'll not have you fool us.
Now, now, that iron there, take it!
Down with it! Crash down the door there!
—Ho, shepherd Aligi! Now answer!
One, then! Two! Three, and down goes it!

[The heavy breathing of the men lifting the timber and iron is heard.]

ALIGI.

For you, for me, and for all my people,
I make the sign of the cross!

[Rising and going towards the door he continues.]

Reapers of Norca! This door I open.

[The men answer in a unanimous clamor. The wind brings the sound of the bells. ALIGI draws the bars and bolts and silently crosses himself, then he takes down from the wall the cross of wax and kisses it.]

Women, God's servants, cross yourselves praying.

[All the women cross themselves and kneeling murmur the litany.]

WOMEN *[together]*.

Kyrie eleison!

Lord have mercy upon us!

Christe eleison !	Christ have mercy upon us !
Kyrie eleison !	Lord have mercy upon us !
Christe audi nos !	O Christ hear us !
Christe exaudi nos !	O Christ hearken unto us !

The shepherd then lays the cross on the threshold between the hoe and the fl and opens the door. In the yard glittering in the fierce sun the linen-reapers appear.]

I.

Brothers in Christ ! Behold the cross
That was blessed on the Day of Ascension !
I have placed it there on the threshold,
That you may not sin against this gentle
Lamb of Christ who here finds refuge,
Seeking safety in this fire-place.

[The reapers struck silent and deeply impressed uncover their heads.]

I saw there standing behind her
The angel who guards her, silent,
These eyes that shall see life eternal
Saw her angel that stood there weeping.
Look, brothers in Christ, I swear it !
Turn back to your wheat fields and reap them,
Harm you not one who has harmed you never !
Nor let the false enemy beguile you
Any longer with his potions.
Reapers of Norca, heaven bless you !
May the sheaves in your hands be doubled !
And may San Giovanni's head severed
Be shown unto you at the sun-rise,
If, for this, to-night you ascend the hill Plaia.
And wish ye no harm unto me, the shepherd,
To me, Aligi, our Saviour's servant !

[The women kneeling continue the litanies, CANDIA invoking, the others ending.]

IIA AND CHORUS OF THE KINDRED.

Mater purissima,	Mother of Purity,
ora pro nobis.	pray for us.
Mater castissima,	Mother of Chastity,
ora pro nobis..	pray for us.
Mater inviolata,	Mother Inviolata,
ora pro nobis.	pray for us.

The reapers bow themselves, touch the cross with their hands and then

touch their lips and silently withdraw toward the glittering fields outside, ALIGI leaning against the jamb of the door following with his eyes their departure, the silence meanwhile broken only by voices coming from the country pathways outside.]

FIRST VOICE. O ! turn back, Lazaro di Roio.

ANOTHER VOICE. Turn back, turn back, Lazaro !

[The shepherd startled and shading his face with his hands looks toward the path.]

CANDIA AND THE WOMEN.

Virgo veneranda,	Virgin venerated,
Virgo predicanda,	Virgin admonishing,
Virgo potens,	Virgin potential,
ora pro nobis.	pray for us.

ALIGI. Father, father, what is this? Why are you bandaged?
Why are you bleeding, father? Speak out and tell me,

O ye men of the Lord ! Who wounded him?

[LAZARO appears at the door with his head bandaged, two men in white linen supporting him. CANDIA stops praying, rises to her feet and goes to the entrance.]

ALIGI. Father, halt there ! The cross lies there on the door-sill,
You cannot pass through without kneeling down.
If this blood be unjust blood you cannot pass through.

[The two men sustain the tottering man and he falls guiltily on his knees outside the doorway.]

CANDIA. O daughters, my daughters, 'twas true then !

O weep, my daughters ! let mourning enfold us !

[The daughters embrace their mother. The kindred before rising put their hampers down on the ground. MILA takes up her mantle and still kneeling wraps herself up in it, hiding her face. Almost creeping she approaches the door toward the jamb opposite that where ALIGI leans. Silently and swiftly she rises and leans against the wall, and stands there wrapt and motionless, watching her chance to disappear.]

ACT II.

mountain cavern is seen partially protected by rough boards, straw and mud opening wide upon a stony mountain path. From the wide opening in green pastures, snow-clad peaks and passing clouds. In the cavern pellets made of sheep-pelts, small rude, wooden tables, pouches and skins, and empty, a rude bench for wood turning and carving, with an axe upon saw-knife, plane, rasps and other tools, and near them finished pieces; spoons and ladles, mortars and pestles, musical instruments and sticks. A large block of the trunk of a walnut tree has at its base the end above in full relief the figure of an angel hewn into shape to the waist, the two wings almost finished. Before the image of the Virgin in a depression of the cavern like a niche, a lamp is burning. A shepherd's bagpipe close by. The bells of the sheep wandering in the stillness of the mountain may be heard. The day is closing and it is about the time of the autumnal equinox.

the treasure-seeker, MALDE, and ANNA ONNA, the old herb-gatherer, are asleep on the pelts in their rags without covering. COSMA, the saint, in a long friar's frock is also asleep, but in a sitting posture with his hands clasped about his knees and his chin bowed over on them. ALIGI is seated on the wooden bench, intent upon carving with his tools the walnut block. MILA RA is seated opposite, gazing at him.

Bided mute the patron angel
From the walnut woodblock carven,
Deaf the wood staid, secret, sacred,
Saint Onofrio vouchsafed nothing.

Till said one apart, a third one
(O! have pity on us, Patron!)
Till said one apart, the fair one,
Lo! my heart all willing, waiting!

Would he quaff a draught of marvel?
Let him take my heart's blood, quaff it!
But of this make no avowal,
But of this make no revealing.

Suddenly the stump budded branches,
Out of the mouth a branch sprang budding,
Every finger budded branches,
Saint Onofrio all grew green again!

She bends over to gather the chips and shavings around the carved block.

- ALIGI. O! Mila, this too is hewn from the stump of a walnut,
Grow green will it, Mila?—Grow green again?
- MILA [*still bent over*]. “Would he quaff a draught of marvel
Let him take my heart’s blood.”—
- ALIGI. Grow green will it, Mila?—Grow green again?
- MILA. “But of this make no avowal,
But of this make no revealing.”
- ALIGI. Mila, Mila, let a miracle now absolve us!
And may the mute patron angel grant us protection
’Tis for him that I work, but not with my chisel,
Ah! for him do I work with my soul in my fingers!
But what are you seeking? What have you lost
there?
- MILA. I but gather the shavings, that in fire we burn them
With each a grain of pure incense being added.
Make haste, then, Aligi, for the time is nearing.
The moonlight of September fleeting, lessening;
All of the shepherds now are leaving, departing,
Some on to Puglia fare, some Romeward faring;—
And whither then will my love his footsteps be
turning?
Wherever he journeys still may his pathway
Go facing fresh pastures and springs, not winds keen
and chilling,
And of me may he think when the night overtakes
him!
- ALIGI. Romeward faring then shall go Aligi,
Onward to Rome whither all roads are leading,
His flock along with him to lofty Rome.
To beg an indulgence of the Vicar,
Of the Holy Vicar of Christ our Saviour,
For he of all shepherds is the Shepherd.
Not to Puglia land will go Aligi
But to our blest Lady of Schiavonia
Sending to her by Alai of Aversa
These two candlesticks of cypress wood, only,
And with them merely two humble tapers
So she forget not a lowly sinner

She, our Lady, who guardeth the sea-shore.
 When then this angel shall be all finished
 Aligi upon a mule's back will load it,
 And step by step will he wend on with it.
 O hasten, O hasten ! for the time is ripening.
 From the girdle downward very nearly
 Sunk in the wood yet and lost is the angel ;
 The feet are held fast in the knots, the hands
 without fingers,
 The eyes with the forehead still level.
 You hastened indeed his wings to give him,
 Feather by feather, yet forth he flies not !
 Gostanzo will aid me in this, the painter,
 Gostanzo di Bisegna ; the painter is he
 Who tells stories on wood in color.
 Unto him I have spoken already.
 And he will give unto me fine colors.
 Perhaps, too, the good monks at the abbey,
 For a yearling, a little fine gold leaf
 For the wings and the bosom will give me.
 O hasten ! Hasten ! The time is rip'ning,
 Longer than day is the night already,
 From the valley the shades rise more quickly,
 And unawares they shut down around us
 Soon the eye will guide the hand no longer,
 And unsuccored of art will grope the blind chisel !

*COSMA stirs in his sleep and moans. From a distance the sacred songs
 grims crossing the mountain are heard.]*

Cosma is dreaming. Who knows what he's dream-
 ing !
 Listen, listen, the songs of the pilgrims
 Who across the mountain go journeying,
 May be to Santa Maria della Potenza,
 Aligi,—towards your own country,—toward
 Your own home, where your mother is sitting.
 And may be they will pass by very near,
 And your mother will hear, and Ornella,
 Mayhap, and they'll say : " These must be pilgrims
 Coming down from the place of the shepherds ;
 And yet no loving token is sent us ! "

[ALIGI is bending over his work carving the lower part of the block. Giving a blow with the axe he leaves the iron in the wood and comes forward anxiously.]

ALIGI.

Ah! Why, why will you touch where the heart is hurting?

Oh! Mila, I will speed on, overtake their cross-bearer

And beg him bear onward my loving thoughts with them.

MILA.

And yet, Mila, yet—Oh! how shall I say it Mila?

You will say: "O good cross-bearer, I prithee,

If ye cross through the valley of San Biagio,

Through the countryside called Acquanova,

Ask ye there for the house of a woman

Who is known as Candia della Leonessa,

And stay ye your steps there, for there most surely

Drink shall ye have to restore you, and may be

Much beside given. Then stay there and say ye:

' Aligi, your son, sends unto you greeting,

And to his sisters, and also the bride, Vienda,

And he promises he will be coming

To receive from your hands soon your blessing

Ere in peace he depart on long travels.

And he says, too, that he is set free now,

From her—the evil one—during these late days;

And he will be cause of dissension no longer,

And he will be cause of lamenting no longer,

To the mother, the bride, and the sisters."

ALIGI.

Mila, Mila, what ill wind strikes you

And stirs up your soul in you thus?—A wind sudden

A wind full of fearing! And on your lips dying

Your voice is, your blood your cheek is draining.

And wherefore, tell me, should I be sending

This message of falsehood to my mother?

MILA.

It is the truth, it is the truth, I tell you,

O brother mine and dear to the sister,

It is true what I say; as true is it

That I have remained by you untainted,

Like a sacred lamp before your faith burning,

With immaculate love before you shining.

It is the truth, it is the truth I tell you.
 And I say : Go, go, speed ye on your pathway
 And meet ye the cross-bearer so that he carry
 Your greetings of peace on to Acquanova.
 Now come is the hour of departure
 For the daughter of Jorio. And let it be so.
 Yea, verily, you have partaken of honey, wild honey
 That your mind is thus troubled !
 And you would go whither? O, whither, Mila?
 Pass on thither where all roads are leading.
 Ah ! Will you come then with me? O, come ye with
 me !

Though full long the journey, you, also, Mila,
 Will I place on the mule's back and travel,
 Cherishing hope toward Rome the eternal !
 Needs be that I go the opposite way,
 With steps hurried, bereft of all hoping.

ring impatiently to the sleeping old herb-woman].

Anna Onna ! Up, arouse you ! Go and find me
 Grains of black hellebore, hellebore ebon,
 To give back to this woman her senses.
 O be not angry, Aligi, for if you are angry—
 For if you are also against me how shall I live through
 This day till the evening? For behold if you trample
 My heart beneath you, I shall gather it never again !
 And I to my home shall be turning never again,
 If not with you, O daughter of Jorio,
 Mila di Codra, my own by the Sacrament !
 Aligi, can I cross the very threshold
 Whereon once the waxen cross was lying,
 Where a man appeared once who was bloody?
 And unto whom said the son of this man :
 " If this blood be unjust blood you cannot pass
 through" ? . . .

High noonday 'twas then, the eve of the day
 Of Santo Giovanni, and harvest day.
 Now in peace on that wall hangs the idle sickle ;
 Now at rest lies the grain in the granary ;
 But of that sorrow's sowing the seeds are still grow-
 ing.

[COSMA moves in his sleep and moans.]

ALIGI. Know you, then, one who shall lead you by the hand
thither !

COSMA [*crying out in his sleep*].

O, do not unbind him ! No, no, do not unbind him

[*The saint, stretching his arms, lifts up his face from his knees.*]

MILA. Cosma, Cosma, what are you dreaming? Tell you
dreaming !

[COSMA awakens and rises.]

ALIGI. What have you been seeing? Tell your seeing !

COSMA. The face of Fear was turned full upon me.
I have beheld it. But I may not tell it.
Every dream that cometh of God must be chasten
From the fire of it first before giving.
I have beheld it. And I shall speak, surely.
Yet not now, lest I speak the name vainly
Of my Lord and my God, lest I judge now
While my darkness is still overpowering.

ALIGI. O Cosma, thou art holy. Many a year
Have you bathed in the melting snow water,
In the water o'erflowing the mountain,
Quenching your thirst in the clear sight of Heave
And this day you have slept in my cavern,
On the sheep-skin that's steamed well in sulphur
So the spirit of evil must shun it.
In your dreaming now you have seen visions,
And the eye of the Lord God is on you.
Help me then with your sure divination !
Now to you I shall speak. You will answer.

COSMA. All unready am I in wisdom,
Nor have I, O youth, understanding
Of so much as the stone in the path of the shepher

ALIGI. O, Cosma, man of God, heed me and listen !
I implore by the angel in that block enfolded,
Who has no ears to hear and yet heareth !

COSMA. Simple words speak ye, O shepherd,
And repose not your trust in me,
But in the holy truth only.

[MALDE and ANNA ONNA awaken and lean upon their elbows listening]

ALIGI. Cosma, this, then, is the holy truth :

I turned from the mountain and Puglia valley
With my flock on the day Corpus Domini,
And after I found for my flock good shelter
I went to my home for my three days' resting.
And I find there in my house my mother
Who says unto me : " Son of mine, a companion
For you have I found." Then say I : " Mother,
I ever obey your commandments." She answered :
" 'Tis well. And lo ! here is the woman."
We were espoused. And the kindred gathered,
Escorting the bride to our threshold.
Aloof I stood like a man on the other
Bank of a river, seeing all things as yonder,
Afar, past the water flowing between,
The water that flows everlastingly.
Cosma, this was on a Sunday. And mingled
With my wine was no seed of the poppy.
Why then, notwithstanding, did slumber profound
My heart all forgetting o'erpower?
I believe I slept years seven hundred.
We awoke on the Monday belated.
Then the loaf of the Bridal my mother
Broke over the head of a weeping virgin.
Untouched had she lain by me. The kindred
Came then with their wheat in their hampers.
But mute staid I wrapped up in great sadness
As one in the shadow of death I was dwelling.
Behold now ! on a sudden, all trembling,
There appeared in our doorway this woman,
Hard pursuing and pressing her, reapers,—
Hounds ! that wanted to seize her and have her.
Then implored she and pleaded for safety.
But not even one of us, Cosma,
Moved, except one, my sister, the littlest,
Who dared rush to the door and bar it.
And lo, now by those dogs was it shaken,
With uttering of curses and threat'ning.
And in hatred against this sad creature
Were their foul mouths unleashed and barking.
To the pack would the women have tossed her,

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

But she trembling still by the hearth-stone,
Was pleading us not to make sacrifice of her.
I, too, myself, seized her with hatred and threat'ning,
Though it seemed to me, then, I was dragging
At my own very heart, the heart of my childhood.
She cried out, and above her head I lifted
My sheep-hook to strike her.

Then wept my sisters
Then behind her beheld I the angel weeping !
With these eyes, O saint, the angel watching at
weeping mutely.

Down on my knees fell
Imploring forgiveness. And then to punish
This, my hand, I took up from the fire-place
A burning ember.

“No, do not burn it,”

She cried aloud,—this woman cried to me.
—O Cosma ! saint holy, with waters from snow-pea
Purified are you, dawning by dawning ;
You, too, woman, who know all herbs growing
For the healing of flesh that is mortal,
Yea, all virtue of roots that are secret ;
—Malde, you, too, with that branch of yours forki
May fathom where treasure is hidden,
Entombed at the feet of the dead now dead
For a hundred years, or a thousand—true is it?—
In the depths of the depths of the heart of the mou-
tain.

Of ye then, I ask, of ye who can hear
The deep things within that come from afar,
From whence came that voice,—from what
distance

That came and that spake so Aligi should hear it
(O, answer ye me !)—When she said unto me :

“And how then your flocks can you pasture
If your hand is infirm, O Aligi?”

Ah ! with these her words did she gather
My soul from my body within me,
Even as you, O woman, gather your simples !

[MILA weeps silently.]

'NNA.

There's an herb that is red and called Glaspi.
 And another is white called Egusa.
 And the one and the other grow up far apart,
 But their roots grope together and meet
 Underneath the blind earth, and entwine
 So closely that sever them never could ever
 Santa Lucia. Their leaves are diverse,
 But one and the same is their seven years' flower.
 But all this is their record in records.
 It is Cosma who knoweth the power of the Lord.
 Heed me then, Cosma ! The slumber of forgetfulness
 Was by Commandment sent to my pillow.
 By whom? Closed by the hand of Innocence
 Was the door of Safety. Came to me the apparition—

The Angel of Counsel. And out of the word
 Of her mouth was created the pledge eternal.
 Who then was my wife, before ever
 Good wheat, holy loaf or fair flower?
 O shepherd Aligi ! God's are the just steelyards of
 justice.

God's only is the just balance of Justice.
 Notwithstanding, O take ye counsel,
 From the Angel of Counsel, who gave you your
 surety.

Yea, take pledge of him for this stranger.
 But she left untouched, where is she?
 For the sheep-stead I left after vespers,
 On the eve of Santo Giovanni.

At daybreak
 I found myself wending above Capracinta.
 On the crest I awaited the sunrise,
 And I saw in the disc of its blazing
 The bleeding head that was severed.

To my sheepfold
 Then came I, and again I began,—guarding my
 sheep,—to suffer,
 And meseemed that sleep still overwhelmed me,
 And my flock on my life's force was browsing.
 Oh ! why still was my heart heavy laden?

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

O Cosma ! first saw I the shadow,
Then the figure, there, there, at the entrance,
On the morning of San Teobaldo.
On the rock out there was sitting this woman
And she did not arise for she could not,
So sore were her feet and bleeding.

Said she : " Aligi,
Do you know me?"

I answered : " Thou art Mil
And no word more we spoke, for no more were we
Twain. Nor on that day were contaminated
Nor after, ever.

MA. I speak but the truth.
O shepherd Aligi ! You have verily lighted
A holy lamp in your darkness.
Yet it is not enkindled in limits appointed,
Chosen out of old time by your fathers.
You have moved farther off the Term Sacred.
How then if the lamp were spent and were quenched
For wisdom is in man's heart a well-spring
Profound; but only the pure man may draw of
waters.

GI. Now pray I great God that he place upon us
The seal of the sacrament eternal !
See ye this that I do? Not hand but soul
Is carving this wood in the similitude
Of the Angel apparition. I began
On the day of Assumption. Rosary time
Shall it be finished. This my design is :
On to Rome with my flock I shall wander,
And along with me carry my Angel,
On mule-back laden. I will go to the Holy Fa
In the name of San Pietro Celestino,
Who upon Mount Morrone did penance.
I shall go to the Shepherd of shepherds,
With this votive offering, humbly imploring
Indulgence, that the bride, yet untouched,
return
To her mother, set free thus and blameless;
Then as mine I may cherish this stranger,

- Who knows well how to weep all unheeded.
 So now I ask this of your deep-reaching wisdom,
 Cosma; will this grace unto me be conceded?
- IA. All the ways of mankind appear the direct ways
 To man : but the Lord God is weighing heart-secrets.
 High the walls, high the walls of man's stronghold,
 Huge are its portals of iron; and around and around it
 Heavy the shade of tombs where grass grows pallid.
 Let not your lamb browse upon that grass grown
 pallid,
 O shepherd Aligi, best question the mother. . .
- VOICE [*calling outside*].
 Cosma, Cosma ! If you are within, come forth !
 Who is calling for me? Did you hear a voice calling?
 VOICE. Come forth, Cosma, by the blood that is holy !
 O Christian brothers, the sign of the cross make ye !
 MA. Behold me. Who calls me? Who wants me?
 [*At the mouth of the cavern two shepherds appear, wearing sheep-skins, holding a youth gaunt and sickly whose arms are bound to his body with
 ral turns of a rope.*]
- 1ST SHEPHERD. O Christian brothers ! The sign of the cross make ye !
 May the Lord from the enemy keep you !
 And to guard well the door say a prayer.
- 2ND SHEPHERD. O Cosma, this youth is possessed of a demon.
 Now for three days the devil has held him.
 Behold, O behold how he tortures him now.
 He froths at the mouth, turning livid and shrieking.
 With strong ropes we needed to tie and bind him
 To bring him to you. You who freed before now
 Bartolomeo dei Cionco alla Petrarà, do you
 O wise man of mercy, do you this one also
 Liberate ! Force now the demon to leave him !
 O chase him away from him, cure him and heal him !
 3MA. What is his name and the name of his father?
 1ST SHEPHERD. Salvestro di Mattia di Simeone.
 3MA. Salvestro, how then, you will to be healed?
 Be of good heart, my son, O be trustful !
 Lo ! I say unto you, fear not !
- And ye
 Wherefore have ye bound him? Let him be free !

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

SECOND SHEPHERD. Come with us then to the chapel, Cosma.
There we can let him be free. He would flee away
here.

He is frantic always, for escape ever ready.
And sudden to take it. He's frothing. Come on
then !

COSMA. That will I, God helping. Be of good heart, my son !
[*The two shepherds carry the youth off. MALDE and ANNA ONNA follow them for awhile then halt gazing after them, MALDE with a forked olive branch with a small ball of wax stuck on at the larger end, the old woman leaning on her crutch and with her bag of simples hanging in front. Finally they also soon disappear from sight. The saint from the doorway turns back toward his host.*]

COSMA. I go in God's peace, Shepherd Aligi,
For the comfort I found in your cavern,
May you be blessed ! Lo ! now they called unto me
And therefore I answered. Before you may enter
Upon your new way, the old laws well consider
Who will change the old ways shall be winnowed.
See ye guard well your father's commandment.
See ye heed well your mother's instruction.
Hold them ever steadfast in your bosom.
And God guide your feet, that you may not be taken
In lariats nor into live embers stumble !

ALIGI. Cosma, quite well have you heard me? That I remain
sinless.

Never I tainted myself but kept good faith,
Quite well have you heard of the sign God Almighty
Has revealed me and sent here unto me?
I await what will come, my flesh mortifying.

COSMA. I say unto you : Best question your parents
Ere you lead to your roof-tree this stranger.

A VOICE [*calling from outside*].

Cosma, don't delay longer ! Surely 'twill kill him.

COSMA [*Turning to MILA.*]

Peace unto you, woman ! If good be within you
Let it pour forth from you like tears falling
Without being heard. I may soon return.

ALIGI. I come. I follow. Not all have I told you.

MILA.

Aligi, 'tis true : not all are you telling !
Go to the roadside. The cross-bearer watch for

And implore him to carry the message.
[The saint goes off over the pasture land. The singing of the pilgrims is from time to time.]

Aligi, Aligi : Not all did we tell !
 Yet better it were that my mouth were choked up,
 Better that stones and that ashes
 Held me speechless. Hear then this only
 From me, Aligi. I have done you no evil;
 And none shall I do you. Healed and restored now
 Are my feet. And I know well the pathways.
 Now arrived is the hour of departure
 For the daughter of Jorio. Now then so be it !
 I know not, you know not what hour may be coming.
 Replenish the oil in our lamp of the virgin,
 Take the oil from the skin. Yet some is within
 And wait for me here. I seek the cross-bearer,
 Right well what to say unto him know I.
 Aligi, brother of mine ! Give me your hand now !
 Mila, the road is but there, not far away.
 Give me that hand of yours, so I may kiss it.
 'Tis the drop that I yield to my thirst.

[coming closer]. With the ember I wanted to burn it, Mila,
 This sinful hand that sought to offend you.
 All that I forget. I am only the woman
 You found on the rock there seated,
 By who knows what roads coming hither !

[coming again close].

Upon your face your tears are not drying,
 Dear woman. A tear is now staying
 On the eyelashes ; while you speak trembles, and falls
 not.
 Over us hovers deep stillness. Aligi, just listen !
 Hushed is the singing. With the grasses and snow-
 peaks
 We are alone, brother mine, we are alone.
 Mila, now you are unto me as you first were
 Out there on the rock, when you were all smiling,
 With your eyes all shining, your feet all bleeding.
 And you,—you,—are you not now the one who was
 kneeling,—

Who the flowrets of Santo Giovanni
Put down on the ground? Ah! by one were they
gathered
Who bears them yet, wears them yet—in her scap-
lary.

ALIGI.

Mila, there is in your voice a vibration
That while it consoles me, it saddens.
As even October, when, all my flocks with me,
I border the bordering stretches of seashore.

MILA.

To border them with you, the shore and the mount:
Ah! I would that that fate were my fate evermore

ALIGI.

O my love, be preparing for such way-faring!

MILA.

Though the road there be long, for that is Love strong
Aligi, I'd pass there through fires ever flaming,
Onward still wending by roads never ending.

ALIGI.

To cull on the hill-top the blue gentian lonely,
On the sea-shore only the star-fish flower.

MILA.

There on my knees would I drag myself on

ALIGI.

Placing them down on the tracks you were marking
Think, too, of the places to rest when the night
should o'ertake us

And the mint and the thyme that would be your
pillows.

MILA.

I cannot think. No. Yet give leave this one night
more

That I live with you, here, where you are here
breathing,

That I hear you asleep and be with you,

ALIGI.

And over you keep, like your dogs, faithful vigil

O you know, O you know what must await us.

How with you must I ever divide the bread, salt and
water.

And so shall I share with you also the pallet,

Unto death and eternity. Give me your hands

[*They grasp each other's hands, gazing into each other's eyes.*]

MILA.

Ah! we tremble, we tremble. You are frigid,

Aligi. You are blanching. . . . O whither

Is flowing the blood your face loses?

[*She frees herself and touches his face with both hands.*]

ALIGI.

O, Mila, Mila, I hear a great thundering,

All the mountain is shaking and sinking,
 Where are you? Where are you? All is veiled.
[He stretches out his hand toward her as one tottering. They kiss each other. They fall down upon their knees, facing each other.]

Have mercy upon us, blessed Virgin!
 Have mercy upon us, O Christ Jesus!

[deep silence follows.]

B *[outside]*. Shepherd, ho! You are wanted, and in a hurry.
 A black sheep has broken his shank.

LIGI *rises totteringly and goes toward the entrance.]*

You are wanted at once and must hurry,
 And there is a woman I know not.

On her head is a basket. For you she is asking.

LIGI *turns his head and looks toward MILA with an all-embracing gaze. She is still on her knees.]*

[in a whisper]. Mila, replenish the oil in our lamp of the Virgin.

So it go not out. See it barely is burning.

Take the oil from the skin. Yet some is within,
 And await me. I only must go to the sheepfold.

Fear nothing for God is forgiving

Because we trembled will Mary forgive us.

Replenish the oil and pray her for mercy.

[He goes out into the fields.]

O Holy Virgin! Grant me this mercy:

That I may stay here with my face to earth bowed,

Cold here, that I may be found dead here,

That I may be removed hence for burial.

No trespass there was in thine eyesight.

No trespass there was. For Thou unto us wert
 indulgent.

The lips did no trespass. (To bear witness

There wert Thou!) The lips did no trespass.

So under Thine eyes I may die here, die here!

For strength have I none to leave here, O Mother!

Yet remain with him here Mila cannot!

Mother clement! I was never sinful,

But a well-spring tramped on and trodden.

Shamed have I been in the eyes of Heaven,

But who took away from my memory

This shame of mine if not Thou, Mary?

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Born anew then was I when love was born in me.
 Thou it was willed it, O faithful Virgin !
 All the veins of this new blood spring from afar,
 Spring from far off, from the far far away,
 From the depths of the earth where she rests,
 She who nourished me once in days long ago, long ago.
 Let it also be she who bears now for me witness
 Of this my innocency ! O Madonna, Thou also
 bore witness !

Thelips did no trespass here now (Thou wert witness),
 No, there was none in the lips, no, in the lips there
 was none.

And if I trembled, O let me bear that trespass,
 Bear ever that tremor with me beyond !
 Here I close up within me my eyes with my fingers.

*[With the index and middle finger of each hand she presses her eyes,
 bowing her head to the earth.]*

Death do I feel. Now do I feel it draw closer.
 The tremor increaseth. Yet not the heart ceaseth.

[Rising impetuously.]

Ah, wretch that I am, that which was told me
 To do, I did not, though thrice did he say it :
 " Replenish the oil." And lo ! now 'tis dying !

*[She goes toward the oil-skin hanging from a beam, with her eye still
 watching the dying flame, endeavoring to keep it alive with the murmured
 prayer :]*

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
 (Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord be with thee.)

*[Opening the skin it flattens in her hands. She searches for the flask to
 draw off the oil, but is able to get but one or two drops.]*

'Tis empty ! 'Tis empty ! But three drops, Virgin,
 For my unction extreme prithee be given me,
 But two for my hands, for my lips the other,
 And all for my soul, all the three !

For how can I live when back he returns here,
 What can I say, Mother, what can I say ?
 Surely then he will see, or ere he see me,
 How the lamp has gone out. If my loving
 Sufficed not to keep the flame burning,
 How pale unto him will this love of mine, Mother
 appear !

[*Again she tries the skin, looking again for other receptacles, upsetting things and still murmuring prayers.*]

Cause it to burn, O Mother intrepid !
But a little while longer, as much longer only
As an Ave Maria, a Salve
Regina, O Mother of Mercy, of Pity !

[*In the frenzy of her search she goes to the entrance and hears a step and her sight of a shadow. She calls aloud.*]

O woman, good woman, Christian sister,
Come you hither ! and may the Lord bless you !
Come you hither ! For mayhap the Lord sends you.
What bear you in your basket ? If a little
Oil, O, then of your charity, give me a little !
Pray enter and take of all these your free choice,
These ladles, spindles, mortars, distaffs, any !
For need that there is here for Our Lady,
To replenish the oil in her lamp there hanging
And not to quench it ; if through me it be quenched,
I shall lose sight of the way to Heaven.
Christian woman, grasp ye my meaning ?
Will ye do to me this loving kindness ?

[*The woman appears at the entrance, her head and face covered with a black mantle. She takes down the basket from her head without a word and casting it on the ground removes the cloth, takes out the phial of oil and offers it to MILA.*]

MILA.

Ah ! be thou blessed, be thou blessed ! Lord God
Reward thee on earth, and in Heaven also !
You have some ! You have some ! In mourning
are you ;

But the Madonna will grant it to you
To see again the face of your lost one,—
All for this deed of your charity done me.

[*She takes the phial and turns anxiously to go to the dying lamp.*]

Ah ! perdition upon me ! 'Tis quenched.

[*The phial falls from her hand and breaks. For a few seconds she remains motionless, stunned with the terrible omen. The woman leaning to the spilled oil touches it with her fingers and crosses herself. MILA looks at the woman with utter sadness and the resignation of despair makes her wallow and slow.*]

Pardon me, pardon, Christian pilgrim,

This your charity turned to nothing.
 The oil wasted, broken in pieces the phial,
 Misfortune upon me befallen.
 Tell me what choose ye? All these things here
 Were fashioned out thus by the shepherd.
 A new distaff and with it a spindle
 Wish ye? Or wish ye a mortar and pestle?
 Tell me I pray. For nothing know I any more.
 I am one of the lost in the earth beneath.

THE CLOAKED ONE. Daughter of Jorio! I have come unto you,
 To you, bringing here, thus, this basket,
 So I a boon may beseech of you.

MILA. Ah! heavenly voice that I ever
 In the deeps of my soul have been hearing!

THE CLOAKED ONE. To you come I from Acquanova.

MILA. Ornella, Ornella, art thou!

[ORNELLA uncovers her face.]

ORNELLA. The sister am I of Aligi;
 The daughter am I of Lazaro.

MILA. I kiss your two feet with humility,
 That have carried you here to me
 So that again your dear face I behold
 This hour, this last hour of my mortal suffering.
 To give me pity you were the first one,
 You are now, too, the last one, Ornella!

ORNELLA. If I was the first, penitence
 Great I have suffered. I am telling
 The truth to you, Mila di Codra.
 And still is my suffering bitter.

MILA. Oh! Your voice in its sweetness is quivering.
 In the wound doth the knife that hurts quiver.
 And much more, ah! more doth it quiver
 And you do not yet know that, Ornella!

ORNELLA. If only you knew this my sorrow!
 If only you knew how much sadness
 The small kindness I did for you caused me!
 From my home that is left desolated
 Come I, where we weep and are perishing.

MILA. Why thus are you vested in mourning?
 Who is dead then? You do not answer.

- Mayhap—mayhap—the newly-come sister?
 A. Ah! She is the one you wish perished!
 No, no. God is my witness. I feared it,
 And the fear of it seized me within me.
 Tell me, tell me: who is it? Answer!
 For God's sake and for your own soul's sake!
 A. Not one of us yet has been taken
 But all of us there are still mourning
 The dear one who leaves us abandoned
 And gives himself up to his ruin.
 If you could behold the forsaken one,
 If our mother you could but behold,
 You would quiver indeed. Unto us
 Come is the Summer of blackness, come is
 The Autumn bitter, oppressive,
 And never a circling twelvemonth's season
 Could be unto us so saddening. Surely
 When I shut to the door to help you and save you
 And gave myself up to my ruin,
 You did not then seem to me so unfeeling,—
 You who implored for compassion's sake,—
 You who sought my name of me
 That you might in your blessings whisper it!
 But since then, my name is shadowed in shame.
 Every night, every day in our household,
 I am railed upon, shunned, cast away.
 They single me out. They pointing cry out:
 "Lo! that is the one, behold her,
 Who put up the bars of the entrance
 So that evil within might stay safely
 And hide at its ease by the hearth-stone."
 I cannot stay longer. Thus say I: "Far rather
 Hew at me, all, with your knife-blades
 And carve me to shreds and cut me!" This now
 Is your blessing, Mila di Codra!
 Just is it, just is it that you
 Strike me thus! Just is it that you
 Make my lips drink thus deep of this bitterness!
 With such sorrow be accompanied
 All these my sins to the world that's beyond!

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Mayhap, mayhap, then, the stones and the heather
 And the stubble, the wood-block dumb, unfeeling,
 Shall speak for me,—the angel here silent,
 That your brother is calling to life in the block there,
 And the Virgin bereft of her lamp-light.

ORNELLA.

These shall all speak for me : but I—I—shall speak
 Dear woman, indeed how around you [not]

Your soul is your body's vestment,
 And how I may touch it, outstretching
 Towards you thus my hand with all faith.
 How then did you do so much evil

To harm us so much—us—God's people?

If you could behold our Vienda,

Quiver, indeed, would you. For shortly the skin will
 Over the bones part in twain for its dryness,

And the lips of her mouth are grown whiter
 Than within her white mouth her white teeth are;
 So that when the first rain came falling,

Saturday, Mamma, seeing her, said of her,
 Weeping : " Lo, now ! Lo now ! she will be leavin'
 She will break with the moisture and vanish."

Yet my father laments not ; his bitterness

He chews upon hard without weeping.

Envenomed within him the iron,

The wound in his flesh is like poison

(San Cresidio and San Rocca guard us !)

The swelling leaves only the mouth free

To bark at us daily and nightly.

In his frenzy his curses were fearful,—

The roof of the house with them shaking,

And with them our hearts quaking. Dear woman

Your teeth are chattering. Have you the fever,

That you shiver thus and you tremble?

ILIA.

Always at twilight and sunset

A tremor of cold overtakes me

Not strong am I in the nights on the mountain,

We light fires at this time in the valley,

But speak on and heed not my suffering.

ORNELLA.

Yesterday, by chance, I discovered

He had it in mind to climb up here,—

This mountain to climb, to the sheep-stead.
 I failed through the evening to see him,
 And my blood turned cold within me.
 So then I made ready this basket,
 And in this my sisters aided me,—
 We are three who are born of one mother,—
 All three of us born marked with sorrow;
 And this morning I left Acquanova,
 I crossed by the ferry the river,
 And the path to the mountain ascended.
 Ah! you dear, dear creature of Jesus!
 With what illness now are you taken?
 How can I bear all this sorrow?
 What can I be doing for you?
 You far more violently tremble
 Than when you sought our fire-place
 And the pack of the reapers were hunting you.
 And since—Oh! since have you seen him? Know
 you

If yet he has come to the sheep-stead?
 Be certain, Ornella, be certain!
 Not again have I seen him. Nor yet
 Do I know if he came up the mountain,—
 Since much did he have for the doing
 At Gionco. Perhaps he came not.
 So do not be frightened! But hear me,
 And heed me. For your soul's sake,
 To save it, now, Mila di Codra,
 Repent ye and take ye, I prithee,
 Away from us this evil doing!
 Restore us Aligi, and may God go with you,
 And may He have mercy upon you!
 Dear sister of Aligi! Content am I,—
 Yea, always to hear and to heed you.
 Just is it that you strike me,
 Me, the sinful woman, me, the sorcerer's
 Daughter, the witch who is shameless,—
 Who for charity supplicated
 The journeying pilgrim of Jesus
 But a little oil to give her

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

To feed her sacred lamp-flame !
 Perhaps behind me the Angel is weeping
 Again as before ; and the stones perhaps
 Will speak for me, but I—shall not speak—
 Shall not speak. But this say I only
 In the name of sister, and if I say not,
 In truth, may my mother arise
 From her grave, my hair grasping,
 And cast me upon the black earth, bearing
 Witness against her own daughter.
 Only say I : I am sinless before your brother
 Before the pallet of your brother clean am I !
 Omnipotent God ! A miracle dost thou !
 But this is the loving of Mila.
 This is but my love Ornella.
 And more than this I shall speak not.
 Contented am I to obey you.
 All paths knows the daughter of Jorio,
 Already her soul ere your coming
 Had started,—ere now, O Innocent One !
 Do not distrust me, O sister
 Of Aligi, for no cause is there.
 Firm as the rock my faith is in you.
 Brow unto brow have I seen in you
 Truth. And the rest lies in darkness,
 That I, poor one, may not fathom.
 But I kiss your feet here humbly,
 The feet that know well the pathways.
 And my silent love and pity
 Will companion you on your journey.
 I will pray that the steps of your pathway
 Be lessened, the pain of them softened.
 And the pain that I feel and I suffer
 On your head I shall lay it no longer.
 No more shall I judge your misfortunes,
 No more shall I judge of your loving,
 Since before my dear brother sinless
 Are you, in my heart I shall call you
 My sister, my sister in exile, at dawning
 My dreams shall meet you and often shall gree

ORNELLA.

MILA.

ORNELLA.

- Ah, in my grave were I resting,
 With the black earth close to me nestling,
 And in my ears, in that grave lonely,
 These words were the last words sounding,—
 Their promise of peace my life rounding !
 A. For your life I have spoken, I witness.
 And food and drink to restore you,—
 That at least for the first of your journey,
 You may not lack something of comfort,—
 For you I prepared in this basket;
 Bread placing in it and wine (the oil is now
 Gone !) but I did not place there a flower.
 Forgive me for that, since then I knew not—
 A blue flower, a flower of the blue aconite—
 You did not place that in your basket for me !
 And you did not place there the white sheet severed
 From the cloth in your loom at home woven
 That I saw twixt the doorway and fire-place !
 A. Mila ! for that hour wait on the Saviour.
 But what still keeps my brother? Vainly
 I sought him at the sheep-fold. Oh ! where is he?
 He will be back again ere nightfall surely.
 Needs be that I hasten ! O, needs be !
 A. Do you mean not to see him—speak again to him?
 Where then will you go for this night? Remain here.
 I, too, will remain. Thus doing shall we
 Be together, and strong against sorrow,
 We three— Till you go at day-break
 On your path, and we go upon our path.
 But already too long are the nights. Needs be
 That I hasten,— hasten ! You know not.
 I will tell you. From him also received I
 The parting that's not to be given
 A second time. Addio ! Go, seek him,
 And meet him, now, in the sheep-fold, surely.
 Detain him there longer, and tell him
 All the grief that they suffer down there.
 And let him not follow me ! On my pathway
 Unknown, I shall soon be. Rest you blessed
 Forever rest blessed ! O, be you as sweet

Unto his as you were to my sorrow !
Addio ! Ornella, Ornella, Ornella !

[While speaking thus she retires toward the darkness of the cavern while ORNELLA, softened to tears, passes out. The old herb-woman then appears at the opening of the cavern. The singing of the pilgrims may still be heard but from a greater distance. ANNA ONNA enters, leaning on her crutch with her bag hanging by her side.]

ANNA *[breathless]*. 'Has freed him, freed him, woman of the valley
'Has freed him ! Ay ! from inside him
Chased away all the demons did he,—
Cosma,—that possessed him. A saint surely.
He gave out a great cry like a bull's roar,—
Did the youth, and at one blow fell down
As if he had burst his chest open.
You didn't—don't say you couldn't—hear him?
And now on the grass he is sleeping.

Deeply, deeply is he sleeping; and the shepherds
Stand around and keep watch o'er him.

But where are you? I do not see you.

MILA.

Anna Onna, put me to sleep !

O Granny, dear, I'll give you this basket
That is brimful of eating and drinking.

ANNA

Who was she that went away hurrying?

Had she broken your heart that you cried so?

—That after her, so, you were calling?

MILA.

Granny, O listen ! This basket I'll give you,
That one on the ground, to take with you,—

If you'll put me to sleep,—make me go,—

To sleep, with the little black seeds,—you know—

Of the hyoscyamus. Go off then ! be eating and
drinking !

ANNA.

I have none. I have none left in my bag here !

MILA.

The skin I will give you, too, the sheep-skin

You were sleeping on here to-day.

If you give me some of those red seed-pods,

The red pods you know—twigs of the nasso.

Go off, then, go off, and fill up and guzzle !

ANNA.

I have none, I have none in my bag here.

Go slower a bit, woman of the valley.

Take time, go slowly, go slowly,

Think it over a day, or a month, or a year.
 O Granny dear, more will I give you !
 A kerchief with pictures in color,
 And of woolen cloth, three arms lengths,
 If you give me some of the herb-roots—
 The same that you sell to the shepherds
 That kill off the wolves so swiftly—
 The root of the wolf-grass, the wolf-bane—
 Go off then. Go off and mend up your bones !
 I have none, I have none left in my bag here.
 Go slower a bit, woman of the valley,
 Take time, go slowly, go slowly,
 With time there always comes wisdom.
 Think it over a day or a month or a year,
 With the herbs of the good Mother Mountain
 We can heal all our ailments and sorrows.
 You will not? Very well then, I snatch thus from
 you,

That black bag of yours. Therein I'll be finding
 What will serve for me well, well indeed !

She tries to tear the bag away from the tottering old woman.]

No, no. You are robbing me, your poor old granny,
 You force me ! The shepherd—he'd tear me—
 Gouge out my eyes from their sockets.

A step is heard and a man's form appears in the shadows.]

Ah ! it is you, it is you, Aligi !

Behold what this woman is doing.

*MILA lets fall the bag which she had taken from the old woman and sees
 in looming tall in the dim light of the mountain, but recognizing him she
 refuge in the depths of the cavern. LAZARO DI ROIO then enters, silent,
 rope around his arm like an ox drover about to tie up his beast. The
 of ANNA ONNA's crutches striking against the stones is heard as she
 is in safety.]*

10.

Woman, O, you need not be frightened.
 Lazaro di Roio has come here,
 But he does not carry his sickle :
 It is scarcely a case of an eye for an eye,
 And he does not wish to enforce it.
 There was more than an ounce of blood taken
 From him on the wheat-field of Mispa,
 And you know cause and end of that bloodshed.

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Ounce for ounce, then, he will not take from you
Nor wish it, for all the wound's smarting—
The cicatrice, here in the forehead.
Raven feather, olive-twig crook,
Rancid oil, soot from the chimney shook,
Morn unto eve, eve unto morn,
The cursèd wound must healing scorn !

[*He gives a short, malignant laugh.*]

And where I was lying, I heard ever
The weeping and wailing, the women,
O not for me, but this shepherd,
Spell-bound, bewitched by the witch shrew
Way off in the far-away mountain.
Surely, woman, poor was your picking.
But my grit and my blood are back again,
And many words I shall not be talking,
My tongue is dry now for doing it,
And all for this same sad occasion.
Now then, say I, you shall come on with me,
And no talk about it, daughter of Jorio !
Waiting below is the donkey and saddle,
And also here a good rope hempen,
And others to spare, God be praised ! if need'

[*MILA remains motionless, backed up against the rock without repl*

Did you hear me, Mila di Codra?
Or are you deaf and dumb now?
This I am saying in quiet :
I know all about how it happened,
That time with the reapers of Norca.
If you are thinking to thwart me
With the same old tricks, undeceive you !
There's no fire-place here, nor any
Relations, nor Santo Giovanni
Ringing the bells of salvation.
I take three steps and I seize you,
With two good stout fellows to help me.
So now, then, and I say it in quiet,
You'd better agree to what needs be.
You may just as well do as I want you,
For if you don't do so, you'll have to !

What do you want from me? Where already
 Death was, you came. Death is here, even now.
 He stepped one side to let you enter.
 Withdrawing awhile, still here he is waiting.
 O, pick up that bag there; inside it
 Are deadly roots enough to kill ten wolves.
 If you bind it onto my jaws here
 I would make of it all a good mouthful;
 I would eat therein, you would see me,
 As the good hungry mare that crunches
 Her oats. So then, when I should be
 Cold, you could take me up there and toss me
 And pack me upon your donkey,
 And tie with your rope like a bundle,
 And shout out: "Behold the witch, shameless,
 The sorceress!" Let them burn up my body,
 Let the women come round and behold me,
 And rejoice in deliverance. Mayhap
 One would thrust in her hand, in the fire,
 Without being burned in the flame,
 And draw from the core of the heat my heart.

[LAZARO, at her first bidding, takes up the bag and examines the simples.
 then throws it behind him, with suspicion and distrust.]

LAZARO.

Ah, ah! You want to spread some snare.
 What crouch are you watching to spring on me!
 In your voice I can hear all your slyness,
 But I shall trap you in my lariat.

[At this he makes his rope into a lariat.]

Not dead, neither cold do I want you.
 Lazaro di Roio,—by all the gods!—
 Mila di Codra, will harvest you,—
 Will go with you this very October,
 And for this all things are ready.
 He will press the grapes with your body,
 Lazaro will sink in the must with you.

*With a sinister laugh he advances toward MILA who is on the alert to
 him, the man following closely, she darting here and there, unable to
 him.]*

Do not touch me! Be ashamed of yourself!
 For your own son is standing behind you.

[ALIGI appears at the end of the cave. Seeing his father he turns pale. LAZARO, halting in his chase, turns toward him. Father and son regard each other intently and ominously.]

LAZARO. Hola there, Aligi! What is it?
 ALIGI. Father, how did you come hither?
 LAZARO. Has your blood been all sucked up that it's made you
 So pale? As white you stand there in the light
 As the whey when they squeeze out the cheeses,
 Shepherd, say, why are you frightened?
 ALIGI. Father, what is it you wish to do here?
 LAZARO. What I wish to do here? You are asking
 A question of me, a right you have not.
 I will tell you, however. This will I:
 The yearling ewe catch in my lariat,
 And lead her wherever it please me.
 That done I shall sentence the shepherd.
 ALIGI. Father, this thing you shall surely not do.
 LAZARO. How dare you then lift so boldly
 Your white face up into mine? Be careful
 Or I shall make it blush of a sudden.
 Go! turn back to your sheep-fold and stay there,
 With your flock inside the enclosure,
 Until I come there to seek you.
 On your life, I say, obey me!
 ALIGI. Father, I pray the Saviour to keep me
 From doing you aught but obedience.
 And you are able to judge and to sentence
 This son of your own; but this one—
 This woman, see that you leave her alone!
 Leave her to weep here alone.
 Do no offence unto her. It is sinful.
 LAZARO. Ah! The Lord has made you crazy!
 Of what saint were you just speaking?
 See you not (may your eyes be blind forever!)
 See you not how under her eyelashes,—
 Around her neck lie hidden
 The seven sins—the mortal sins?
 Surely, if there should see her only
 Your buck now 'twould butt her and you here
 Are frightened lest I should offend her!

I tell you the stones of the high road
 By man and by beast are less trodden
 Than she is by sin and shame trampled.
 If it were not a sin unto God in me,
 If by all men it were not deemed evil,
 Father, I should say unto you that in this thing
 In this thing you lie in your gullet !

*takes a few steps and places himself between his father and the woman,
 ber with his body.]*

What's that you say? Your tongue in you wither !
 Down on your knees there, to beg me
 Forgiveness, your face on the ground there !
 And never dare you to lift up your body
 Before me ! Thus, on your marrow-bones,
 Off with you ! Herd with your dogs !
 The Saviour will judge of me, father :
 But this woman I shall not abandon,
 Nor unto your wrath shall I leave her,
 While living. The Saviour will judge me.
 I am the judge of you. Who
 Am I then to you, blood and body?
 You are my own father, dear unto me.
 I am unto you your own father, and to you
 I may do as to me it seem pleasing
 Because unto me you are but the ox
 In my stable ; you are but my shovel
 And hoe. And if I should over you
 Pass with my harrow and tear you
 And break you in pieces, this is well done !
 And if I have need of a handle
 For my knife, and one I shall make myself
 Out of one of your bones, this is well done !
 Because I am the father and you are the son !
 Do you heed? And to me over you is given
 All power, since time beyond time,
 And a law that is over all laws.
 And as even I was to my father,
 So even are you unto me, under earth.
 Do you heed? And if from your memory
 This thing has fallen, then thus I recall

It unto your memory. Kneel down on your knees
and kiss ye

The earth on your marrow bones
And go off without looking behind you !

ALIGI.

Pass over me then with the harrow ;
But touch not the woman.

[LAZARO goes up to him, unable to restrain his rage, and lifting the rope strikes him on the shoulder.]

LAZARO.

Down, down, you dog, down, to the ground with you

ALIGI [*falling on his knees*].

So then, my father, I kneel down before you :

The ground in front of you do I kiss,

And in the name of the true God and living

By my first tear and my infant wailing

From the time when you took me unswaddled

And in your hand held me aloft

Before the sacred face of Lord Christ,—

By all this I beseech you, I pray you, my father,

That you tread not thus and trample

On the heart of your son sorrow-laden.

Do not thus disgrace him ! I pray you :

Do not make his senses forsake him

Nor deliver him into the hands of the False One—

The Enemy who wheels now about us !

I pray you by the angel there silent,

Who sees and who hears in that wood block !

LAZARO.

Begone ! Off with you ! Off with you !

I shall shortly now judge of you.

Off with you, I bid you. Be off with you !

[*He strikes him cruelly with the rope. ALIGI rises all quivering.*]

ALIGI.

Let the Saviour be judge. Let him judge then

Between you and me, and let him give unto me

Light; but yet I will against you

Not lift up this my hand.

LAZARO.

Be you damned ! With this rope I will hang you.

[*He throws the lariat to take him but ALIGI, seizing the rope with a sudden jerk, takes it out of his father's hands.*]

ALIGI.

Christ my Saviour, help Thou me !

That I may not uplift my hand against him,

That I may not do this to my father !

to [*furious, goes to the door and calls.*]

Ho, Jenne! and ho, Femo! Come here!
Come here, and see this fellow,
What he is doing (may a viper sting him!)
Fetch the ropes. Possessed is he
Most surely. His own father he threatens!

Running appear two men, big and muscular, bearing ropes.]

He is rebellious, this fellow!
From the womb is he damned,
And for all his days and beyond them.
The evil spirit has entered into him.
See! See! Behold how bloodless
The face is. O, Jenne! You take him and hold
him.

O Femo, you have the rope, take it and bind him,
For to stain myself I am not wishing.
Then go ye and seek out some one
To perform the exconjunction.

The two men throw themselves upon ALIGI and overpower him.]

Brothers in God! O, do not do this to me!
Do not imperil your soul, Jenne.
I who know you so well, who remember
Remember you well from a baby,
Since you came as a boy to pick up the olives
In your fields. O, Jenne Dell Eta!
I remember you. Do not thus debase me.
Do not thus disgrace me!

*They hold him tightly, trying to bind him, and pushing him on towards
trance.]*

Ah! dog!—The pest take you!—
No, no, no!—Mila, Mila! Hasten!—
Give me the iron there. Mila! Mila!

*His voice, desperate and hoarse, is heard in the distance while LAZARO
MILA'S egress.]*

Aligi, Aligi! Heaven help you!
May God avenge you! Never despair!
No power have I, no power have you,
But while I have breath in my mouth,
I am all yours! I am all for you!
Have faith! Have faith! Help shall come!

Be of good heart, Aligi! May God help you!

[MILA gazes intently along the path where ALIGI was borne and listens intently for voices. In this brief interval LAZARO scrutinizes the cavern insidiously. From the distance comes the singing of another company of pilgrims crossing the valley.]

LAZARO.

Woman, now then you have been seeing
How I am the man here. I give out the law.
You are left here alone with me.
Night is approaching, and inside here
It is now almost night. O don't
Be afraid of me, Mila di Codra,
Nor yet of this red scar of mine
If you see it light up, for now even
I feel in it the beat of the fever. . . .
Come nearer me. Quite worn out you seem to be
For sure you've not met with fat living
On this hard shepherd's pallet.
While with me you shall have, if you want it,
All of that in the valley; for Lazaro
Di Roio is one of the thrifty.

MILA.

But what do you spy at? Whom do you wait for?
No one I wait for. No one is coming!

[She is still motionless, hoping to see ORNELLA come and save her. Dis-
simulating to gain time, she tries to defeat LAZARO's intentions.]

LAZARO.

You are alone with me. You need not
Be frightened. Are you persuaded?

MILA [hesitatingly].

I'm thinking, Lazaro di Roio.
I'm thinking of what you have promised.
I'm thinking. But what's to secure me?

LAZARO.

Do not draw back. My word I keep,
All that I promise, I tell you.

MILA.

Be assured, God be witness. Come to me!
And Candia della Leonessa?

LAZARO.

Let the bitterness of her mouth moisten
Her thread, and with that be her weaving!

MILA.

—The three daughters you have in your household
And now the new one!—I dare not trust to it.

LAZARO.

Come here! Don't draw back! Here! Feel it
Where I tucked it. Twenty ducats,
Sewed in this coat. Do you want them?

[He feels for them through his goat-skin coat, then takes it off and throws it on the ground at her feet.]

Take them! Don't you hear them clinking?
There are twenty silver ducats.

LA.

But first I must see them and count them,
First—before—Lazaro di Roio.

ZARO.

Now will I take these shears and rip it.
But why spy about so? You witch! surely
You're getting some little trick ready.
You're hoping yet you'll deceive me.

[He makes a rush at her to seize her. She eludes him and seeks refuge in the walnut block.]

LA.

No, no, no! Let me alone! Let me alone!
Don't you touch me! See! See! She comes!
See! See! she comes
Your own daughter—Ornella is coming.

[She grasps the angel to resist LAZARO'S violence.]

No, no! Ornella, Ornella, O help me!

[Suddenly ALIGI appears, free and unbound, at the mouth of the cave. He sees in the dim light the two figures. He throws himself upon his father. Catching sight of the axe driven into the wood he seizes it, blind with fury and terror.]

LIGI.

Let her go! For your life!

[He strikes his father to death. ORNELLA, just appearing, bends down and recognizes the dead body in the shadow of the angel. She utters a great cry.]

ORNELLA.

Ah! I untied him! I untied him!

ACT III.

A large country yard, in the farther end an oak, venerable with age, beyond fields, bounded by mountains, furrowed by torrents; on the left the house of LAZARO, the door open, the porch littered with agricultural implements; on the right the haystack, the mill and the straw stack.

The body of LAZARO is lying on the floor within the house, the head resting, according to custom, on a bundle of grape-vine twigs; the wailers, kneeling, around the body, one of them intoning the lamentation, the others answering. At times they bow toward one another, bending till they bring their foreheads together. On the porch, between the plow and large earthen vessel, are the kindred and SPLENDORE and FAVETTA. Further from them is VIENDA DI GIAVE, sitting on a bawn stone, looking pale and desolate, with the look of one dying, her

mother and godmother consoling her. ORNELLA is under the tree, alone, her head turned toward the path. All are in mourning.

CHORUS OF WAILERS. Jesu, Saviour, Jesu Saviour!
 'Tis your will. 'Tis your bidding.
 That a tragic death accursèd
 Lazaro fell by and perished.
 From peak unto peak ran the shudder,
 All of the mountain was shaken.
 Veiled was the sun in heaven,
 Hidden his face was and covered.
 Woe! Woe! Lazaro, Lazaro, Lazaro!
 Alas! What tears for thee tear us!
Requiem æternam dona ei Domine.

ORNELLA.

(O Lord give him Rest eternal!)
 Now, now! Coming! 'Tis coming! Far off!
 The black standard! The dust rising!
 O sisters, my sisters, think, oh! think
 Of the mother, how to prepare her!—
 That her heart may not break. But a little
 And he will be here. Lo! at the near turn,
 At the near turn the standard appearing!
 Mother of the passion of the Son crucified,
 You and you only can tell the mother,—
 Go to the mother, to her heart whisper!

SPLENDORE.

[*Some of the women go out to see.*]

ANNA DI BOVE.

It is the cypress of the field of Fiamorbo.

FELAVIA SESARA.

It is the shadow of clouds passing over.

ORNELLA.

It is neither the cypress nor shadow
 Of stormcloud, dear women, I see it advancing,
 Neither cypress nor stormcloud, woe's me!
 But the Standard and Sign of Wrong-Doing
 That is borne along with him. He's coming
 The condemned one's farewells to receive here,
 To take from the hands of the mother
 The cup of forgetting, ere to God he commend hi
 Ah! wherefore are we not all of us dying,
 Dying with him? My sisters, my sisters!

[*The sisters all look out the gate toward the path.*]

CHORUS OF WAILERS. Jesu, Jesu, it were better

That this roof should on us crumble.

Ah ! Too much is this great sorrow,
 Candia della Leonessa.
 On the bare ground your husband lying,
 Not even permitted a pillow,
 But only a bundle of vine-twigs,
 Under his head where he's lying.
 Woe ! woe ! Lazaro, Lazaro, Lazaro !
 Alas ! What pain for thee pains us !
Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine.
 Favetta, go you ; go speak to her.
 Go you, touch her on the shoulder.
 So she may feel and turn. She is seated
 Like unto a stone on the hearth-stone,
 Stays fixed there without moving an eyelash,
 And she seems to see nothing, hear nothing ;
 She seems to be one with the hearth-stone.
 Dear Virgin of mercy and pity !
 Her senses O do not take from her !—Unhappy one !
 Cause her to heed us, and in our eyes looking
 To come to herself, dear unhappy one
 Yet I have no heart even to touch her,
 And who then will say the word to her ?
 O, sister ! Go tell her : “ Lo ! he is coming ! ”
 Nor have I the heart. She affrights me.
 How she looked before I seem to forget.
 And how her voice sounded before,
 Ere in the deep of this sorrow
 We plunged. Her head has whitened
 And it grows every hour whiter.
 Oh ! she is scarcely ours any more,
 She seems from us so far away,
 As if on that stone she were seated
 For years a hundred times one hundred—
 From one hundred years, to another—
 And had lost, quite lost remembrance
 Of us.—O just see now, just see now,
 Her mouth, how shut her mouth is !
 More shut than the mouth that's made silent,—
 Mute on the ground there forever.
 How then can she speak to us ever ?

DORE.

ITA.

I will not touch her nor can I tell her—
 “Lo ! he is coming !” If she awaken
 She’ll fall, she’ll crumble. She affrights me
SPLENDORE. O wherefore were we born, my sisters?
 And wherefore brought forth by our mother
 Let us all in one sheaf be gathered
 And let Death bear us all thus away !
THE CHORUS —Ah ! mercy, mercy on you, Woman !
OF WAILERS. —Ah ! mercy be upon you, Women !
 —Up and take heart again ! The Lord God
 Will uplift whom he uprooted.
 If God willed it that sad be the vintage
 Mayhap He wills, too, that the olives
 Be sure. Put your trust in the Lord.
 —And sadder than you is another,
 She who sat in her home well contented
 In plenty, mid bread and clean flour,
 Entering here, fell asleep, to awaken
 Amid foul misfortune and never
 Again to smile. She is dying : Vienda.
 Of the world beyond is she already.
 —She is there without wailing or weeping !
 Ah ! on all human flesh have thou pity !
 On all that are living have mercy !
 And all who are born to suffer,
 To suffer and know not wherefore !
ORNELLA. O, there Femo di Nerfa is coming,
 The ox driver, hurriedly coming.
 And there is the standard stopping
 Beside the White Tabernacle.
 My sisters, shall I myself go to her
 And bear her the word?
 Woe ! Oh woe ! If she does not remember
 What is required of her. Lord God
 Forbid that she be not ready
 And all unprepared he come on her and call her
 For if his voice strike her ear on a sudden
 Then surely her heart will be broken, broken !
ANNA DI BOVE. Then surely her heart will be broken,
 Ornella, if you should go touch her,

CHORUS
/AILERS.

For you bring bad fortune with you.
'Twas you who barred up the doorway,
'Twas you who unfettered Aligi.
To whom are you leaving your ploughshare,
Oh ! Lazaro ! to whom do you leave it ?
Your fields who now will be tilling ?
Your flocks who now will be leading ?
Both father and son the Enemy
Has snared in his toils and taken.
Death of infamy ! Death of infamy !
The rope, and the sack, and the blade of iron !
Woe ! woe ! Lazaro, Lazaro, Lazaro !
Alas ! What torments for thee torment us !
Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine.

[The ox driver appears panting.]

DI NERFA.

Where is Candia ? O ye daughters of the dead one !
Judgment is pronounced. Now kiss ye
The dust ! Now, grasp in your hands the ashes !
For now the Judge of Wrong Doing
Has given the final sentence.
And all the people is the Executor
Of the Parricide, and in its hands it has him.
Now the People are bringing here your brother
That he may receive forgiveness
From his own mother, from his mother
Receive the cup of forgetfulness,
Before his right hand they shall sever,
Before in the leathern sack they sew him
With the savage mastiff and throw him
Where the deep restless waters o'erflow him !
All ye daughters of the dead one, kiss ye
The dust, now ; grasp in your hands, now, the ashes !
And may our Saviour, the Lord Jesus
Upon innocent blood have pity !

*[The three sisters rush up to each other and then advancing slowly remain
beir heads touching each other. From the distance is heard the sound
muffled drum.]*

1 CORA.

O Femo, how could you ever say it ?

DI NERFA.

Where is Candia, why does she not appear here ?

NERELLA.

On the hearthstone, the stone by the fire-place

ANNA DI BOVA. She sits and gives no sign of living.
 And there's no one so hardy to touch her.
 LA CINERELLA. And affrighted for her are her daughters.
 FELAVIA SESARA. And you, Femo, did you bear witness?
 LA CATALANA. And Aligi, did you have him near you?
 And before the judge what did he utter?
 MONICA DELLA COGNA. What said he? What did he? Aloud
 Did he cry? Did he rave, the poor unfortunate or
 FEMO DI NERFA. He fell on his knees and remained so
 And upon his own hand staid gazing,
 And at times he would say "*Mea culpa*";
 And would kiss the earth before him,
 And his face looked sweet and humble,
 As the face of one who was innocent.
 And the angel carved out of the walnut block
 Was near him there with the blood stain.
 And many about him were weeping,
 And some of them said, "He is innocent."
 ANNA DI BOVA. And that woman of darkness, Mila
 Di Codra, has anyone seen her?
 LA CATALANA. Where is the daughter of Jorio?
 Was she not to be seen? What know you?
 FEMO DI NERFA. They have searched all the sheep-folds and stables
 Without any trace of her finding.
 The shepherds have nowhere seen her,
 Only Cosma, the saint of the mountains,
 Seems to have seen her, and he says
 That in some mountain gorge she's gone to cast h
 bones away.
 LA CATALANA. May the crows find her yet living
 And pick out her eyes. May the wolf-pack
 Scent her yet living and tear her!
 FELAVIA SESARA. And ever reborn to that torture
 Be the damnable flesh of that woman!
 MARIA CORA. Be still, be still, Felavia, silence, I say!
 Be silent now! For Candia has arisen,
 She is walking, coming to the threshold.
 Now she goes out. O daughters, ye daughters,
 She has arisen, support her!

[The sisters separate and go toward the door.]

- CHORUS**
WAILERS. Candia della Leonessa,
 Whither go you? Who has called you?
 Sealed up are your lips and silent,
 And your feet are like feet fettered.
 Death you are leaving behind you,
 And sin you find coming to meet you.
 Wheresoever going, wheresoever turning,
 Thorny everywhere the pathway.
 Oh! woe! woe! ashes, ashes, widow!
 Oh! woe! mother, Jesu! Jesu! mercy!
De profundis clamavi ad te Domine.
 (Out of the deep, O Lord, I cry unto Thee!)
*The mother appears at the threshold. The daughters timidly go to
 meet her. She gazes at them in great bewilderment.]*
- ANDRE.** Mother, dearest, you have risen, maybe
 You need something—refreshment—
 A mouthful of muscadel, a cordial?
- FRATTA.** Parched are your lips, you dear one,
 And bleeding are they? Shall we not bathe them?
- FRATELLA.** Mommy, have courage, we are with you.
 Unto this great trial God has called you.
- FRATELLA.** And from one warp came so much linen,
 And from one spring so many rivers,
 And from one oak so many branches,
 And from one mother many daughters!
- FRATELLA.** Mother, dear, your forehead is fevered. For the
 weather
 To-day is stifling and your dress is heavy.
 And your dear face is all wet with moisture.
- FRATELLA CORA.** Jesu, Jesu, may she not lose her senses!
FRATELLA MINERELLA. Help her regain her mind, Madonna!
FRATELLA. It is so long since I did any singing,
 I fear I cannot hold the melody.
 But to-day is Friday, there is no singing,
 Our Saviour went to the mountain this day.
- ANDRE.** O mother, dear, where does your mind wander?
 Look at us! Know us! What idle fancy
 Teases you? Wretched are we! What is her
 meaning?
- FRATELLA.** Here, too, is the stole, and here, too, is the cup
 sacramental,

And this is the belfry of San Biagio.
 And this is the river, and this my own cabin.
 But who, who is this one who stands in my doorwa

[*Sudden terror seizes the young girls. They draw back watching the mother, moaning and weeping.*]

ORNELLA. O my sisters, we have lost her !
 Lost her, also ; our dear mother !
 Oh ! too far away, do her senses stray !
 SPLENDORE. Unhappy we ! Whom God's malediction left
 Alone in the land, orphans bereft !
 FAVETTA. By the other, a new grave make ready near
 And bury us living all unready here !
 FELAVIA SESARA. No, no, dear girls, be not so despairing
 For the shock is but pushing her senses
 Far back to some time long ago.
 Let them wander ! thence soon to be turning !

[*CANDIA takes several steps.*]

ORNELLA. Mother, you hear me ? Where are you going ?
 CANDIA. I have lost the heart of my dear gentle boy,
 Thirty-three days ago now, nor yet do I find it ;
 Have you seen him anywhere ? Have you met
 afar ?

—Upon Calvary Mountain I left him,
 I left him afar on the distant mountain,
 I left him afar in tears and bleeding.

MARIA CORA. Ah ! she is telling her stations.
 FELAVIA SESARA. Let her mind wander, let her say them !
 LA CINERELLA. Let her all her heart unburden !
 MONICA DELLA COGNA. O Madonna of Holy Friday,
 Have pity on her ! And pray for us !

[*The two women kneel and pray.*]

CANDIA. Lo ! now the mother sets out on her travels,
 To visit her son well beloved she travels.
 —O Mother, Mother, wherefore your coming ?
 Among these Judeans there is no safety.
 —An armful of linen cloth I am bringing
 To swathe the sore wounds of your body.
 —Ah ! me ! had you brought but a swallow of wa
 —My son !—No pathway I know nor well-sprin
 But if you will bend your dear head a little

A throatful of milk from my breast I will give you,
 And if then you find there no milk, oh so closely
 To heart I will press you, my life will go to you!
 —O Mother, Mother, speak softly, softly—

*stops for a moment, then dragging her words cries out suddenly with
 ing cry.]*

Mother, I have been sleeping for years seven hundred,
 Years seven hundred, I come from afar off.

I no longer remember the days of my cradle.

*uck by her own voice she stops and looks about bewildered, as if sud-
 akened from a dream. Her daughters hasten to support her. The
 ll rise. The beating of the drum sounds less muffled, as if approach-*

A. Ah! how she's trembling, how she's all trembling!
 Now she swoons. Her heart is almost broken.

RE. For two days she has tasted nothing. Gone is she!
 Mamma, who is it speaks within you? What do you
 feel,

Speaking inside you, in the breast of you?

.. Oh! unto us hearken; heed us, mother,
 Oh! look upon us! We are here with you!

NERFA [*from the end of the yard.*]

O women, women, he's near, the crowd with him.

The standard is passing the cistern now.

They are bringing also the angel covered.

women gather under the oak to watch.]

[in a loud voice.]

Mother, Aligi is coming now; Aligi is coming,
 To take from your heart the token of pardon,
 And drink from your hand the cup of forgetfulness.

Awaken, awaken, be brave, dear mother;

Accursèd he is not. With deep repentance

The sacred blood he has spilled redeeming.

'Tis true; oh 'tis true. With the leaves he was
 bruising

They stanchèd the blood that was gushing,

"Son Aligi," he said then, "Son Aligi,

Let go the sickle and take up the sheep-crook,

Be you the shepherd and go to the mountain."

This his commandment was kept in obedience.

RE. Do you well understand? Aligi is coming.

CANDIA.

And unto the mountain he must be returning.
 What shall I do? All his new clothing
 I have not yet made ready, Ornella!

ORNELLA.

Mother, let us take this step. Turn now unto
 here,

In front of the house we must await him
 And give our farewell to him who is leaving,
 Then all in peace we shall lie down together,
 Side by side in the deep bed below.

[The daughters lead their mother out on the porch.]

CANDIA *[murmuring to herself]*.

I lay down and meseemed of Jesus I dreamed,
 He came to me saying, "Be not fearful."
 San Giovanni said to me, "Rest in safety."

THE CHORUS
OF KINDRED.

—O what crowds of people follow the standard
 The whole village is coming after.

—Iona di Midia is carrying the standard.

—O how still it is, like a processional!

—O what sadness! On his head the veil of sack

—On his hands the wooden fetters,

Large and heavy, big as an ox-yoke!

Head to foot the gray cloth wraps him, he is bare!

—Ah! Who can look longer! My face I bury,
 I close up my eyes from longer seeing.

—The leathern sack Leonardo is bearing,
 Biagio Gudo leads the savage mastiff.

—Mix in with the wine the roots of solatro
 That he may lose his consciousness.

—Brew with the wine the herb novella

That he may lose feeling, miss suffering.

Go, Maria Cora, you who know the secret,
 Help Ornella to mix the potion.

—Dire was the deed, dire is the suffering.

O what sadness! See the people!

—Silently comes all the village.

—Abandoned now are all the vineyards.

—To-day, to-day no grapes are gathered.

—Yes, to-day even the land is mourning.

—Who is not weeping? Who is not wailing?

—See Vienda! Almost in death's agony.

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

And may it forever be lost from memory,
 By the grace of the Lord, from son to son, henceforth.
 Now, therefore, the penitent one we lead hither,
 That he may receive the cup of forgetfulness
 From you here, Candia della Leonessa,
 Since he out of your flesh and your blood was the
 issue,

Go you 'tis conceded to lift the veil of sable,
 'Tis yielded you lift to his mouth the cup of forgetting
 Since his death unto him shall be exceeding bitter.

(Save, O Lord, these thy people.)

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine!

Kyrie eleison!

THE CROWD.

Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison!

[IONA places his hand on ALIGI's shoulder. The penitent then takes a step toward his Mother, and falls, as if broken down, upon his knees.]

ALIGI.

Praises to Jesus and to Mary!

I can call you no longer my mother,

'Tis given me to bless you no longer,

This is the mouth of hell—this mouth!

To curses only these lips are given,

That sucked from you the milk of life,

That from your lips learned orisons holy

In the fear of the Lord God Almighty,

And of all of his law and commandments.

Why have I brought upon you this evil?—

You—of all women born to nourish the child,

To sing him to sleep on the lap, in the cradle!

This would I say of my will within me,

But locked must my lips remain.

—Oh, no! Lift not up my veil of darkness

Lest thus in its fold you behold

The face of my terrible sinning.

Do not lift up my veil of darkness,

No, nor give me the cup of forgetting.

Then but little shall be my suffering,

But little the suffering decreed me.

Rather chase me with stones away,

Ay, with stones and with staves drive and chase me,

As you would chase off the mastiff even

Soon to be of my anguish companion,
 And to tear at my throat and mumble it,
 While my desperate spirit within me
 Shall cry aloud, "Mamma! Mamma!"
 When the stump of my arm is reeking
 In the cursèd sack of infamy.

: CROWD [*with bushed voices*].

—Ah! the mother, poor dear soul! See her!
 See how in two nights she has whitened!
 She does not weep. She can weep no longer.

—Bereft is she of her senses.

—Not moving at all. Like the statue
 Of our Mater Dolorosa. O have pity!

—O good Lord, have mercy on her!

Blessed Virgin, pity, help her!

—Jesus Christ have pity on her!

GI.

And you also, my dear ones, no longer
 'Tis given me to call you sisters,
 'Tis given me no longer to name you
 By your names in your baptisms christened.
 Like leaves of mint were your names unto me,
 In my mouth like leaves that are fragrant,
 That brought unto me in the pastures
 Unto my heart joy and freshness.
 And now on my lips do I feel them,
 And aloud am I fain to say them.
 I crave no other consolation
 Than that for my spirit's passing.
 But no longer to name them 'tis given me.
 And now the sweet names must faint and wither,
 For who shall be lovers to sing them
 At eve beneath your casement windows?
 For who shall be lovers unto the sisters
 Of Aligi? And now is the honey
 Turned into bitterness; O then, chase me,
 And, like a hound, hound me away.
 With staves and with stones strike me.
 But ere you thus chase me, O suffer
 That I leave unto you, disconsolate,
 But these two things of my sole possession.
 The things that these kindly people

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Carry for me : the sheep-crook of bloodwood,
 Whereon I carved the three virgin sisters,
 In your likeness did I carve them,
 To wander the mountain pastures with me.
 The sheep-crook, and the silent angel,
 That with my soul I have been carving.
 Woe is me for the stain that stains it !
 But the stain that stains it shall fade away
 Some day, and the angel now silent
 Shall speak some day, and you shall hearken,
 And you shall heed. Suffer me suffer
 For all I have done ! With my woe profound
 In comparison little I suffer !

THE CROWD.

Oh ! the children, poor dear souls ! See them !
 See how pale and how worn are their faces !
 —They too are no longer weeping
 —They have no tears left for weeping
 Dry their eyes are, inward burning.
 —Death has mown them with his sickle,—
 To the ground laid them low ere their dying.
 Down they are mown but not gathered.
 —Have mercy upon them, O merciful one !
 Upon these thy creatures so innocent.
 —Pity, Lord Jesus, pity ! Pity !

MILK.

And you who are maiden and widow.
 Who have found in the chests of your bridal
 Only the vestment of mourning,
 The combs of ebon, of thorns the necklace,
 Your fine linen woven of tribulation,
 Full of weeping the night of your nuptial,
 Full of weeping your days ever more,
 In heaven shall you have your nuptials,
 And may you be spouse unto Jesus !
 And Mary console you forever !

THE CROWD.

O poor dear one ! Until vespers
 Hardly lasting, and now drawing
 Her last breath. Lost her face is
 In her hair of gold all faded,
 Even all her golden tresses.
 —Now like flax upon the distaff.

—Or shade-grown grass for Holy Thursday.

—Yes, Vienda, maiden-widow,

Paradise is waiting for you.

—If she is not, then who is Heaven's?

—May Our Lady take you with her!

—Put her with the white pure angels!

—Put her with the golden martyrs!

MIDIA.

Aligi, your farewells are spoken,

Rise now and depart. It grows late.

Ere long will the sun be setting.

To the Ave Maria you shall not hearken.

The evening star you shall not see glimmer.

O Candia della Leonessa,

If you, poor soul, on him have pity,

Give, if you will, the cup, not delaying,

For the mother art thou, and may console him.

ROWD.

Candia, lift up the veil, Candia!

Press his lips to the cup, Candia,

Give him the potion, give him

Heart to bear his suffering. Rise, Candia!

—Upon your own son take pity.

—You only can help him; to you, 'tis granted.

—Have mercy upon him! Mercy, O mercy!

*ORNELLA hands the mother the cup containing the potion. FAVETTA
'LENDORE encourage the poor mother. ALIGI, kneeling, creeps to the
the house and addresses the dead body.]*

Father, father, my father Lazaro,

Hear me. You have crossed over the river,

In your bier, though it was heavier

Than the ox-cart, your bier was,

And the rock was dropped in the river.

Where the current was swiftest, you crossed it;

Father, father, my father Lazaro,

Hear me. Now I also would cross over

The river, but I—I cannot. I am going

To seek out that rock at the bottom.

And then I shall go to find you:

And over me you will pass the harrow,

Through all eternity to tear me,

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Through all eternity to lacerate me.
 Father of mine, full soon I'll be with you.

[*The mother goes toward him in deep horror. Bending down she li
 the veil, presses his head upon her breast with her left hand, takes the c
 ORNELLA offers and puts it to ALIGI's lips. A confusion of muffled voic
 rises from the people in the yard and down the path.*]

IONA DI MIDIA.

Suscipe, Domine, servum tuum.
 (Accept, O Lord, this thy servant.)

Kyrie eleison.

THE CROWD.

*Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison,
 Miserere, Deus, miserere.*

—Do you see, do you see his face?
 This do we see upon earth, Jesus!
 —Oh! Oh! Passion of the Saviour!
 —But who is calling aloud? And wherefore?
 —Be silent now! Hush, hush! Who is calling?
 —The daughter of Jorio! The daughter of Jorio,
 Mila di Codra!
 —Great God, but this is a miracle!
 —It is the daughter of Jorio coming.
 —Good God! She is raised from the dead!
 —Make room! Make room! Let her pass by!
 —Accursèd dog, are you yet living?
 —Ah! Witch of Hell, is it you?
 —She-dog! Harlot! Carrion!
 —Back! Back! Make room! Let her pass!
 —Come, she-thing, come! Make way!
 —Let her pass through! Let her alone! In
 the Lord's name!

[*ALIGI rises to his feet, his face uncovered. He looks toward the clamo
 ing crowd, the mother and sisters still near him. Impetuously opening h
 way through the crowd, MILA appears.*]

MILA DI CODRA.

Mother of Aligi, sisters
 Of Aligi, Bride and Kindred,
 Standard-bearer of wrong-doing, and you
 All ye just people! Judge of God!
 I am Mila di Codra.
 I come to confess. Give me hearing.
 The saint of the mountain has sent me.
 I have come down from the mountain,

DI MIDIA.

I am here to confess in public
 Before all. Give me hearing.
 Silence! Be silent! Let her have leave
 To speak, in the name of God, let her.
 Confess yourself, Mila di Codra.
 All the just people shall judge you.
 Aligi, the beloved son of Lazaro
 Is innocent. He did not commit
 Parricide. But by me indeed was his father
 Slain, by me was he killed with the axe.

I.

Mila, God be witness that thou liest!

.

He has confessed it. He is guilty.

But you too are guilty, guilty with him.

CROWD.

To the fire with her! To the fire with her! Now,
 Iona,

Give her to us, let us destroy her.

—To the brush-heap with the sorceress,

Let them perish in the same hour together!

No, no! I said it was so. He is innocent.

He confessed it! He confessed it! The woman

Spurred him to do it. But he struck the blow.

Both of them guilty! To the fire! To the fire!

A.

People of God! Give me hearing

And afterward punish me.

I am ready. For this did I come here.

A.

Silence! All! Let her speak!

A.

Aligi, dear son of Lazaro,

Is innocent. But he knows it not.

I.

Mila, God be witness that thou liest.

Ornella (oh! forgive me that I dare to

Name you!) bear thou witness

That she is deceiving the good people.

He does not know. Aught of that hour

Is gone from his memory. He is bewitched.

I have upset his reason,

I have confused his memory.

I am the sorcerer's daughter. There is no

Sorcery that I do not know well.

None that I cannot weave. Is there one

Of the kindred among you, that one

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Who accused me in this very place,
 The evening of San Giovanni,
 When I entered here by that door before us?
 Let her come forth and accuse me again!
 I am that one. I am here.

LA CATALANA.
 MILA.

Do you bear witness and tell for me
 Of those whom I have caused to be ill,
 Of those whom I have brought unto death,
 Of those whom I have in suffering held.

LA CATALANA.

Giovanni Cametra, I know

And the poor soul of the Marane,
 And Afuso, and Tillura. I know,
 And that you do harm to everyone

MILA.

Now have you heard this thing all you good people
 What this servant of God hath well said and truly
 Here I confess. The good saint of the mountain
 Has touched to the quick my sorrowing conscience
 Here I confess and repent. O permit not
 The innocent blood to perish.

Punishment do I crave. O punish me greatly!
 To bring down ruin and to sunder

Dear ties and bring joys to destruction,
 To take human lives on the day of the wedding

Did I come here to cross this threshold,

Of the fire-place there I made myself

The mistress, the hearth I bewitched,

The wine of hospitality I conjured,

Drink it I did not, but spilled it with sorceries.

The love of the son, the love of the father,

I turned into mutual hatred,

In the heart of the bride all joy strangled,

And by this my cunning, the tears

Of these young and innocent sisters

I bent to the aid of my wishes.

Tell me then, ye friends and kindred,

Tell me, then, in the name of the Highest,

How great, how great is this my iniquity!

It is true! It is true! All this has she done.

Thus glided she in, the wandering she-dog!

While yet Cinerella was pouring

Her handful of wheat on Vienda.

CHORUS OF
 THE KINDRED.

Very swiftly she did all her trickery,
 By her evil wishes overthrowing
 Very swiftly the young bridegroom.
 And we all cried out against it.
 But in vain was our crying. She had the trick of it.
 It is true. Now only does she speak truly.
 Praises to Him who this light giveth !

*ALIGI, with bent head, his chin resting on his breast, in the shadow of the
 intent and in a terrible perturbation and contest of soul, the symptoms
 of the time appearing in him of the effect of the potion.]*

No, no, it is not true; she is deceiving
 You, good people, do not heed her,
 For this woman is deceiving you.
 All of them here were all against her,
 Heaping shame and hatred on her,
 And I saw the silent angel
 Stand behind her. With these eyes I saw him,
 These mortal eyes that shall not witness
 On this day the star of vesper.
 I saw him gazing at me, weeping.
 O, Iona, it was a miracle,
 A sign to show me her, God's dear one.
 Oh Aligi, you poor shepherd !
 Ignorant youth, and too believing !
 That was the Apostate Angel !

*They all cross themselves, except ALIGI, prevented from doing so by his
 and ORNELLA who, standing alone at one side of the porch, gazes in-
 on the voluntary victim.]*

Then appeared the Apostate Angel
 (Pardon of God I must ever lack,
 Nor of you, Aligi, be pardoned !)
 He appeared your own two eyes to deceive.
 It was the false and iniquitous angel.

CORA.
 I said it was so. At the time I said it.

It was a sacrilege then, I cried.
 And I said it, too, and cried out
 When she dared call it the guardian angel
 To watch over her. I cried out,
 "She is blaspheming, she is blaspheming !"
 Aligi, forgiveness from you, I know,

ORNELLA.

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

Cannot be, even if God forgive me.
But I must all my fraud uncover.
Ornella, oh ! do not gaze upon me
As you gaze. I must stay alone !
Aligi, then when I came to the sheep-stead,
Then, even, when you found me seated
I was planning out your ruin.
And then you carved the block of walnut,
Ah, poor wretch, with your own chisel,
In the fallen angel's image !
(There it is, with the white cloth covered,
I feel it.) Ah ! from dawn until evening
With secret art I wove spells upon you !
Remember them, do you not now of me ?
How much love I bestowed upon you !
How much humility, in voice and demeanor—
Before your very face spells weaving ?
Remember them, do you not now of me ?
How pure we remained, how pure
I lay on your shepherd's pallet ?
And how then?—how (did you not inquire ?)
Such purity then, such timidness, then,
In the sinning wayfarer
Whom the reapers of Norca
Had shamed as the shameless one
Before your mother ? I was cunning,
Yea, cunning was I with my magic.
And did you not see me then gather
The chips from your angel and shavings,
And burn them, words muttering ?
For the hour of blood I was making ready.
For of old against Lazaro
I nursed an old-time rancor.
You struck in your axe in the angel,—
O now must you heed me, God's people !
Then there came a great power upon me
To wield over him there now fettered.
It was close upon night in that ill-fated
Lodging. Lust-crazed then his father
Had seized me to drag toward the entrance,

When Aligi threw himself on us,
 In order to save and defend me.
 I brandished the axe then with swiftness.
 In the darkness I struck him,
 I struck him again. Yea, to death I felled him !
 With the same stroke I cried, " You have killed him."
 To the son I cried out, " You have killed him.
 Killed him!" And great in me was my power.
 A parricide with my cry I made him—
 In his own soul enslaved unto my soul.
 " I have killed him !" he answered, and swooning,
 He fell in the bloodshed, nought otherwise knowing.

DIA, with a frantic impulse, seizes with both hands her son, becomes her own. Then, detaching herself from him, with wilder and g gestures, advances on her enemy, but the daughters restrain her.]

F KINDRED. Let her do it, let her, Ornella !

—Let her tear her heart ! Let her eat

Her heart ! Heart for heart !

Let her seize her and take her

And under foot trample her.

—Let her crush in and shiver

Temple to temple and shell out her teeth.

Let her do it, let her, Ornella !

Unless she do this she will not win back

Her mind and her senses in health again.

—Iona, Iona, Aligi is innocent.

—Unshackle him ! Unshackle him !

—Take off the veil ! Give him back to us !

—The day is ours, the people do justice.

—The righteous people give judgment.

—Command that he now be set free.

A retreats near the covered angel, looking toward ALIGI, who is under the influence of the potion.]

VD.

—Praises be to God ! Glory be to God ! Glory to
 the Father !

—From us is this infamy lifted.

—Not upon us rests this blood-stain,

—From our generation came forth

No parricide. To God be the glory !

—Lazaro was killed by the woman,

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

The stranger, di Codra Dalle Farne.

—We have said and pronounced : he is innocent.

Aligi is innocent. Unbind him !

—Let him be free this very moment !

—Let him be given unto his mother !

—Iona, Iona, untie him ! Untie him !

Unto us this day the Judge of wrong-doing

Over one head gave us full power.

—Take the head of the sorceress !

—To the fire, to the fire with the witch !

—To the brush-heap with the sorceress !

—O, Iona di Midia, heed the people !

Unbind the innocent ! Up, Iona !

—To the brush-heap with the daughter

Of Jorio, the daughter of Jorio !

MILA.

Yes, yes, ye just people, yes, ye people

Of God ! Take ye your vengeance on me !

And put ye in the fire to burn with me

The apostate angel, the false one,—

Let it feed the flames to burn me

And let it with me be consumed !

ALIGI.

Oh ! voice of promising, voice of deceit,

Utterly tear away from within me

All of the beauty that seemed to reign there,

Beauty so dear unto me ! Stifle

Within my soul the memory of her !

Will that I have heard her voice never,

Rejoiced in it never ! Smooth cut within me

All of those furrows of loving

That opened in me, when my bosom

Was unto her words of deceiving

As unto the mountain that's channelled

With the streams of melting snow ! Close up in

The furrow of all that hope and aspiring

Wherein coursed the freshness and gladness

Of all of those days of deceiving !

Cancel within me all traces of her !

Will it that I have heard and believed never !

But if this is not to be given me, and I am the one

Who heard and believed and hoped greatly,

And if I adored an angel of evil,
 Oh ! then I pray that ye both my hands sever,
 And hide me away in the sack of leather
 (Oh ! do not remove it, Leonardo),
 And cast me into the whirling torrent,
 To slumber there for years seven hundred,
 To sleep in the depths there under the water;
 In the pit of the river-bed, years seven hundred,
 And never remember the day
 When God lighted the light in my eyes !

LA

Mila, Mila, 'tis the delirium,
 The craze of the cup of forgetfulness
 To console him he took from the mother.

ROWD.

—Untie him, Iona, he is delirious,
 —He has taken the wine potion.
 —Let his mother lay him down on the settle.
 —Let sleep come ! Let him slumber !
 —Let the good God give him slumber.

ONA gives the standard to another and comes to ALIGI to untie him.]

Yea, for a little while free me, Iona,
 So that I may lift my hand against her
 (No, no, burn her not, for fire is beautiful !)
 So that I call all the dead of my birthplace,
 Those of years far away and forgotten,
 Far, far away, far, far away,
 Lying under the sod, four score fathom,
 To curse her forever, to curse her !

with a heart-rending cry].

Aligi, Aligi, not you !

Oh ! you cannot, you must not.

*Freed from the manacles, the veil withdrawn, ALIGI comes forward but
 sick unconscious in the arms of his mother, the older sisters and the kin-
 dred are gathered around him.]*

IS OF KINDRED. You need not be frightened. 'Tis the wine only,
 'Tis the vertigo seizes him.
 —Now the stupor falls upon him,
 —Now slumber, deep slumber, o'erpowers him,
 —Let him sleep, and may God give him peace !
 —Let him lie down ! Let him slumber !

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO

--Vienda, Vienda, he is yours again.
 --From the other world both will return now.
Laus Deo! Laus Deo! Gloria Patri!

[IONA puts the manacles upon MILA who offers both wrists and covers her head with the black veil, then taking the standard of wrong doing he pushes her toward the crowd.]

IONA.

I give to you, just people,
 Into your hands, Mila di Codra,
 The daughter of Jorio, that one
 Who does harm to every one.
 Do you perform justice upon her,
 And let her ashes be scattered.
 O Lord, save thy people.

Kyrie eleison.

THE CROWD.

Christe eleison! Kyrie eleison!
 To the fire, to the flames with the daughter
 Of Jorio! The daughter of Jorio!
 And to the fire with the apostate angel!
 To the brush-heap with them! To hell-fire with
 them!

ORNELLA [*with full voice in majesty*].

Mila, Mila! My sister in Jesus,
 I kiss your feet that bear you away!
 Heaven is for thee!

MILA [*from within the crowd*].

The flame is beautiful! The flame is beautiful!

HAUPTMANN'S TREATMENT OF GERMANIC MYTHS

BY PAUL H. GRUMMANN

SCHILLER has given us an excellent key to his method of utilizing mythological material in 'Die Huldigung der Künste. The genius says:
'Hirten, euch ist nicht gegeben
In ein schönes Herz zu schauen!
Wisset, ein erhabener Sinn
Legt das Grosze in das Leben,
Und er sucht es nicht darin.'

His method was to put significant meanings into the myths, or in German, 'er schmückte sie geistreich aus.'

Goethe on the contrary attempted to make his material yield its own significance. He interpreted out of it, not into it. Goethe, as we know, became the model of Uhland, and it would be a profitable task to trace in detail to what extent Uhland was indebted to Goethe for his interpretations of Germanic myths.

Wagner's treatment of Germanic myths was closely allied to that of the authors of the older Edda. He realized far more clearly than the mythologists of his day that the Eddas contained a vast amount of poetical material which could only be termed mythological in a certain sense. In our own day Wundt has clearly shown that the influence of individual poets upon the mythology of the race is far greater than has been supposed. Like the authors of the Eddas, Wagner attempted to make the myth express a large, comprehensive thought, and suppressed unneeded details accordingly.

With the strong tendency in the direction of individualism, it is but natural that the individual conception of myths and superstitions should receive a larger share of attention.

In his book on Zola and the experimental novel, Vincenzo Ricca says that the novel of the future will be a compromise between the naturalistic and idealistic novel, in which in addition to the physiological side of the analysis of man and world, also the psychological will find its justification in a deeper sense. These words are so applicable to Hauptmann that he almost feels that they might refer to him directly.

From the beginning, his art attempted a psychological naturalism. Every character is depicted with special reference to its individual psychology. In this respect he differs essentially from Zola, Tolstoi and Ibsen, and we shall not be far afield if we follow his own suggestion and trace his art largely to Bjarne Holmsen.

As we know, Hauptmann draws a sharp distinction between the poet and his characters. He is not interested in the dissemination of some truth, but in the portrayal of characters. Traditional criticism attempts to find heroes in his plays, and consequently fails to detect the negative characteristics in many of his characters. This type of criticism fails to see the hobbies and preconceived notions of Alfred Loth, the weakness of Wilhelm Scholz and the hollowness of Johannes Vockerat's idealism, which a careful reading must reveal.

Hauptmann's aim, then, is to deepen naturalism by a close study of the psychology of the individual. This he does in his earlier dramas and also in 'Hannele' and 'Versunkene Glocke.' The transition from Bahnwarter Thiel and Robert Scholze to Hannele is not at all abrupt. In all of these characters he shows us how the individual consciousness is affected by things and thoughts with which it comes into contact.

The realistic description of the poorhouse in 'Hannele' ought to have been a warning to critics who were eager to see a lapse into idealism in this play. The dream technique simply afforded the poet an opportunity of presenting,—naturalistically,—the subconscious self of Hannele. If in this characterization Hannele's fund of superstitions and myths had been ignored, we should not have a naturalistic portrayal at all. The fact which critic upon critic has overlooked in the discussion of 'Hannele' is that Hauptmann does not give the mythological material as it existed in Hannele's environment, but Hannele's apperception of this material. Therefore she thinks of death as an attractive young man clad in black, not as the traditional Father Time. She knows that she is an illegitimate child and has winced under the nickname Lumpenprinzess, hence she identifies herself with Cinderella. To her Christ is not the Christ of the gospels, but he has many traits of Gottwald, her schoolmaster, whose name is not without significance to her. When this Christ appears in her dream, he is primarily concerned with her wrongs and the iniquities of Mattern. She has her individual notion of Paradise, founded, but only founded, upon what she heard at church, at school and from her mother concerning the Testament story and the Schlaraffenland Marchen.

Similarly the mythology of 'Versunkene Glocke' is not the mythology of Hauptmann, but that of Heinrich. As Hannele identifies herself with Cinderella, so Heinrich, a far more complex character, identifies himself more or less closely with Baldr. Just as Christian and pagan ele

ments affect Hannele simultaneously, Heinrich makes a conglomerate of Baldr, Freyr and 'der tote Heiland.' He even refers to his fancied mountain as Mount Horeb, in a passage in which he has just identified himself with Baldr.

In order to understand the myths and superstitions of Heinrich it will be necessary to recall the essential characteristics of the bell founder. He is a craftsman of artistic ideals. Like Faust, 'in seinem dunklen Drange' he has been striving to realize the highest possibilities of his art, and, like Faust, 'ist er sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst.'

As a bell founder he thinks concretely, nay plastically.

'Wenn ich die Hand, wie eine Muschel, lege
So mir ans Ohr und lausche, hör ich's tönen
Schliesz ich die Augen quillt mir Form um Form
Der reinen Bildung greifbar deutlich auf.'

This man has worked in the village in outward harmony with his environment, the pastor, the schoolmaster, the barber, and his own family, but has realized that this environment hampers him in the realization of his high goal. All the world, to him, stands in a definite relationship to his art. By means of a bell, a set of chimes, a temple, he would strive to emancipate humanity. The supreme God to him is 'der Glockengiezer der mich schuf' or 'der ewige Wundertater.' Rübzahl, the commonest spirit of Silesian folk-lore, is barely mentioned in the book, because he is of no significance to Heinrich in the pursuit of his ideals. All forces in nature that Heinrich brings into relation to his art and his aims are imagined concretely, and these are the mythological figures of the play. It must be remembered, of course, that these characters are grafted upon the superstitions and myths which his environment offered to him. It is therefore quite natural that not a single mythological character in 'Versunkene Glocke' coincides exactly with the sources to which it has been traced so well by such men as Professor Walz.

Having realized secretly that his environment in the village hampers his full development, he has, in contrast to these Dunkelmannen, formed the conception of an Urmutter Sonne, under whose dominion he might realize his aspirations. In forming this conception he has appropriated whatever appealed to him in the pagan sun myths with which he has come into contact. As the Christ figure is apperceived by Hannele, so the sun myth is apperceived by Heinrich.

In his artistic striving he has more than once encountered the presence of immutable, inexorable laws of nature. They cannot be overcome, but he dreams of propitiating them. To the artist's mind they assume a concrete form. Naturally the village hag who is persecuted by the villagers, and whose wisdom he has learned to respect, becomes the cen-

ter around which this conception crystallizes. This explains the remarkable immediateness with nature on the part of Wittichen, the air of finality about her, her supreme contempt for the villagers and her objective attitude toward Heinrich.

The artist has also felt that in the moments when the creative impulse has been upon him, an indefinable force has assisted him, has tried to propitiate the laws of nature already embodied in Wittichen. Of this force, his ideal, he again forms a plastic image, the fairy of his folk lore naturally becoming the model, although she also has certain characteristics of Frigg. Like Undine, Rautendelein longs for human relations, not because Heinrich has read Undine, however, but because Heinrich has long realized that the ideal can accomplish things only when it is linked to man. He has also reached the conclusion that the ideal must fall into worse hands if the master does not attain to it, hence Rautendelein is in constant danger of falling into worse hands, in this case descending to the Nickelmann and Schrat.

He has learned that certain higher forces of nature can be overcome and yoked into service of man and his art. From his folk lore he knew of a wise, but cruel water sprite, whose general characteristics on the whole coincided with his conception. This figure again is brought into vital relations with his aims. He is forced to turn water wheels, wash gold and raise metals for him, but aside from this he does not possess many of the common characteristics of Mimir and the traditional Nicker.

While sustained efforts will control the higher forces of nature and bind them to a certain servitude, there are certain lower forces which remain in a state of rebellion. In spite of industry and ingenuity certain petty hindrances recur. In a sense they are 'das ewig Gestrige' to Heinrich, and suggest the figure of the Schrat to him. Naturally he is vulgar and sensuous in every fibre. Whatever seems sensuous to Heinrich helps to make up this figure, not only what is found in folk lore. To Heinrich a short pipe gives a man a sensuous appearance, hence the Schrat smokes one in spite of the outcry of a host of hostile critics who see an anachronism in this detail.

Rautendelein stands in a close relationship to the Wittichen, since Heinrich believes that the ideal tries to propitiate the laws of nature for him. The Nickelmann and Schrat both woo Rautendelein, the former with a sensuousness not altogether base, the latter with open vulgarity. Each of them sees in her but a reflex of his own nature, each one imputes his low motives into the actions of Heinrich. It is strange enough that some critics have had views not altogether unlike those of the Nickelmann and Schrat on this subject.

What is presented to us before Heinrich staggers upon the stage are the creatures of his imagination and the attitude which they assume toward each other and toward him. His accident signifies to him that the malicious Schrat is at work again, hence we hear the Schrat telling of the disaster. When he sees the hut on the mountain side, his mind at once reverts to the Wittichen and Rautendelein, and falling down he passes into the vision which constitutes the remainder of the play.

The vision ends at the end of the play. The stage direction 'Morgenröte' in which many commentators have tried to find a key to the destiny of Heinrich, is nothing but the poet's statement that the day is breaking and the vision is fading with the morning. It fulfills the same purpose as the reappearance of the poorhouse in *Hannele*. The real background of the play is the mountain side and the hut of a woman who has the reputation of being a witch.

It is quite safe to assume the dream technique for 'Versunkene Glocke.' It was written in a period which produced 'Hannele' and 'Elga.' The poet withheld the publication of the latter play until he was about to publish another drama which employs the same technique—'Pippa tanzt.' In 'Elga' and 'Hannele,' he has sketched the real background and has indicated the beginning of the vision clearly; in 'Versunkene Glocke' and 'Pippa tanzt' he has indicated it indirectly. But these external reasons may be reinforced by an examination of certain difficulties of the play which find an adequate interpretation on the basis of dream technique.

A question which has been asked repeatedly is 'Why did Hauptmann choose a bell founder instead of a poet for his central figure.' He wanted a man of artistic temperament, who had little scholastic training, one who felt more immediately all impressions that came to him, one who would not draw a distinct line between his real and imaginary experiences, one in whom a certain type of critical thought was not developed; in short a good dreamer and one who dreams concretely.

Such a man can readily identify himself with Baldr, but he will develop a Baldr myth wholly unlike the conceptions that we find in the Eddas of Saxo Grammaticus. To him Frigg will not keep her traditional characteristics. She may still have red hair and other external resemblances, but in all essential characteristics she must necessarily be transformed into a creature which answers to Heinrich's ideal. Rautendelein accordingly exacts a promise from all the powers of nature not to harm Heinrich. The mistletoe of the Eddas and the *Misteltein* of Saxo Grammaticus are of no consequence to him, although there is a mysterious arrow which is called up by one of Baldr-Heinrich's foes—the parson. This arrow, however, is to be traced to Heinrich's former doubts and fears in a far greater measure than to his mythological traditions.

Hodr vanishes from the myth entirely, for Heinrich feels that his enemies are human conventions and the lower forces of nature. These take shape on the one hand in the parson, the schoolmaster, the barber, in a minor sense in his family; and on the other hand in the Nickelmännchen, the Schrat and only in an indistinct and vague manner in Loki.

One of the most interesting elements of Hannele's vision is the clearness with which it reveals not only the child's former experiences, but also her antecedent thoughts, opinions and reflections. Similarly Rautendelein in Heinrich's vision reveals to us Heinrich's antecedent reflections upon the ideal. At times he has felt that his ideal was making a fool of him. 'Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst.' This is temporary and he is anxious to suppress this doubt. Of course this would recur in his dream and we find him saying to Rautendelein:

'Du armes Ding!

Ich kenne was dich grämt! Der Kindersinn fängt mit den
Händen bunte Schmetterlinge und tötet lachend was er zärtlich
liebt. Ich aber bin was mehr als solch ein Falter.'

Again he exclaims to her 'zerbrich mir nicht!'

Whenever he has encountered difficulties and has overcome them he has been led in the direction of his ideal. He therefore looks upon the Schrat as a blessing in disguise. He is to him, in a sense,

'Ein Teil von jener Kraft

Die stets das Böse will und stets das gute schafft.'

With this in mind we comprehend more fully the significance of the words uttered by the Schrat to Rautendelein:

'Hatt ich den Glocken wagen nicht gebrochen,
der Edelfalke säsz dir nicht im Garn.'

It has already been suggested that the Nickelmännchen and Schrat woo Rautendelein, because Heinrich has felt that if he does not accomplish his high task, the ideal will fall into worse hands. When he breaks relations with her in the vision, she accordingly goes to the Nickelmännchen, not without calling herself "die tote Braut" since she becomes degraded by the step. This is due to Heinrich's idea that the ideal adapts itself to the nature of the creature who espouses it. When he has been in doubt concerning his ideal, he has mused over the possible results of renouncing it. He has, however, reached the conclusion that to come to an open rupture with his ideal would mean that he would never be able to reconcile it again. In bare prose, his doubts would remove him in a great measure from inspired work.

This thought is reflected very clearly in the vision. Having deserted Rautendelein, he has gone to the village, but his longing for the ideal drives him back to the mountain. Here he enlists the assistance of

Wittichen, but even after fulfilling fixed conditions only sees Rautendelein dimly.

Rautendelein, Wer ruft so leise?

Heinrich, Ich!

Rautendelein, Wer du?

Heinrich, Nun ich.

Komm du nur näher, so erkennst du mich.

Rautendelein, Ich kann nicht, und ich kenne dich auch nicht.

Heinrich. Du marterst mich! Komm fühle meine Hand
so Kennst du mich.

Rautendelein, Ich hab dich nie gekannt.

In short, breaking with the ideal and losing faith in it to Heinrich means a blind staggering between the ideal and his traditional ties vividly expressed in the dream when Heinrich asks Magda for the goblet, and Rautendelein actually performs the service.

This goblet signifies death to him. Rautendelein has already said: "Geh, denn ich töte den, der mit mir spricht."

All of this is to be traced again to his consciousness of the vanity of his living, a doubt which has been strengthened by his neighbors and friends. Abstractly expressed, the ideal is fatal to him who embraces it.

The three goblets of wine which have caused so much discussion again find a ready explanation if we try to interpret them from the experiences and convictions of Heinrich.

In his attempt to find the ideal again, he is confronted by the laws of nature (Wittichen). He has learned long ago that an advantage gained from nature must entail all the consequences of such an advantage. Popularly expressed "Wer A sagt muss auch B sagen." In the vision the Wittichen properly expresses this causality of nature to him definitely by means of three goblets. What he himself has felt very often simply becomes plastic here in his consciousness. The symbolism of the three goblets is to be found in Heinrich, and it has a general significance only in the measure in which the individual is after all typical.

So also the dwarfs of the fourth act have a significance only to Heinrich and not generally. They are the aids which come to him through Rautendelein's assistance, and goaded on by his incipient doubts, are tyrannical to them. Wholly in agreement with the dream technique the dwarfs that have been helping him begin to voice the doubts that are present in Heinrich. The crowned dwarf is but his plastic conception of the idea that "a time will come when these forces that serve me unwillingly will crown my work."

Many details of 'Hannele' and 'Versunkene Glocke' lead one to the assumption that Hauptmann had direct or indirect knowledge of such

works as Ludwig Laistner's 'Das Ratsel der Sphinx' and devoted much attention to a study of the relation of the dream and nightmare to mythology. That he seriously studied the psychology of the myth is evident from the fact that his practice coincides with the theory of Wundt as laid down in his 'Mythus und Religion.' (Erster Teil. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1905 p. 591).

'Und auch an Zwecken fehlt es dem Mythus niemals, da er von frühe darauf ausgeht, alle äusseren Erlebnisse mit den eigenen Wünschen, Hoffnungen und Befürchtungen des Menschen in Beziehung zu setzen.'

Again, p. 602: 'Die individuelle Phantasie dagegen individualisiert auch ihre Schöpfungen. Sie schildert einzelne konkrete Erlebnisse und wandelt damit die allgemeine mythologische Vorstellung in ein einzelnes, nur einmal gewesenes Ereignis um, das sie an bestimmte Orte und Personen bindet und schliesslich in einen zusammenhängenden Verlauf weiterer Ereignisse einreicht.'

On p. 603: 'Damit, dasz Märchen und Fabel individualisierende Erzählungen sind, manifestieren sie sich ohne weiteres als Dichtungen, die möglicher-weise einen mythischen Hintergrund haben, selbst aber nicht mehr zum reinen Mythus gehören.'

Is it not possible to assume that Hauptmann also conceived of the 'Märchen' as 'individualisierte Mythen' and that he therefore called his drama 'Die versunkene Glocke, ein Marchendrama.'

At the beginning of his career Hauptmann was already interested in Germanic myths. Not until he had thoroughly clarified his views by a study of myths and the psychology of myths, and had with infinite pains worked out a suitable technique in 'Hannele,' did he make use of this material in 'Versunkene Glocke.' I can only reiterate what Richard Meyer says in his 'Die deutsche Literatur des 19 Jahr hunderts' that we must approach 'Versunkene Glocke' through 'Hannele.'

THE IDYL OF ISRAEL KNOWN AS THE SONG OF SOLOMON OR SONG OF SONGS

BY RUBY ARCHER

IN the bold, barbaric days, nine centuries or so before the Christian era, the marriage rites in Israel were celebrated in festivals of many days. Beautiful songs were written, dialogues and primitive dramas, including many a graceful dance and divertisement by soloist or chorus. There was a naive simplicity in the arrangement of the parts, which were few, definite in their intent, and making little demand of the audience—so little, that the production could be divided into entertainments for the several days of the marriage fête without losing their hold on public feeling. To this age of splendid tribal unity belongs the Song of Songs, as certain internal evidence in the allusion to the city of Tirzah justifies us in accepting,—Tirzah, capital of the kingdom of Israel, disappeared from history when Samaria was made capital by Omri in 923 B. C. This puts the creation of the song in the age of the very bloom of Arabic power, long before the religious dreams of the Christian fathers. The God of these Semitic tribes was the terrible avenger, as He has remained with a certain caste to this day. So that the dogmatic interpretation of a simple pastoral to justify the God-love theory toward the chosen people, or the church, becomes a manifest anachronism. This was doubtless devised as a measure of the divines in retaining in the canon a book whose antiquity gave it an aura of sanctity. The arbitrary ascribing of the religious significance, though in the eyes of many a devotee, a blessed theory, is not particularly interesting to the sincere student of the work as a piece of monumental Hebraic literature, a thing which though indeed symbolic, has its best claim thereto in its immediate and direct structure. Love is the theme, human love, divinely human. It is neither a mystic-religious nor a purely erotic writing, however; but something more interesting and with a better claim to the immortality which has preserved it through the centuries. It is an epithalamium, or marriage-song, carrying out with haunting perfection the theme of the triumph of love. It might be called a 'morality' on the motive of love-loyalty. This was tentatively sug-

gested by a writer in the eighteenth century, but was so scouted and censored by the theologues that, until Ernest Renan, no one dared lift a voice of clearness with that message. And the churchmen had it all their own way, and with praiseworthy earnestness distorted the antique, clerical lines into enigmatical pietisms. But everybody likes the Song, or Cantic, even if he can't apply the symbolisms as they are printed at the expense of the accepted version. This same version, by the way, is often erroneous in the use of the pronouns, thus increasing the difficulties of the lay member in the English reading. But Renan has mercifully made a direct translation into the French from the Hebrew, and William M. Thomson has in turn done Renan into English, for which service much gratitude is due.

Tossed backward and forward from critic to commentator and by a score of exegeses, all equally unacceptable, have been evolved. The dramatic idea has vaguely occurred to many, but was finally and quite desperately, dismissed by the majority, in favor at last of a rather disconnected series of love-lyrics, with no continuity except the general unity of theme. Renan, however, bold and sensitive student brought the parts directly joined dialogue, dividing by natural denouements into scenes and acts. He has added nothing, taken away nothing; he even refrained from changing the order of the scenes to what would appear their logical sequence; and thus he has left it so that the reader will allow for very a contrary and inverted change of scene,—the main instance of this being the placing of the arrival of Solomon and his suite at Jerusalem, far along in the drama whose central action depends on that triumphant entry of the new beauty of the north, the fair Shulamite.

This brown maid, the daughter of some chieftain, had been surprised and carried away by the minions of Solomon, and brought against her will to the harem in Jerusalem. She was of the land of Lebanon, a lovely being, proud and free of spirit. And in the unfolding of her character as the true votary of a pure love, in contrast to the voluptuousness of the court of King Solomon, lies the real symbolism of the poem.

The sultan cannot win her, with all his palaces and jewel gifts. His odalisques, with their feverish songs and dances, cannot change her faith to her beloved. Let us consider him a shepherd of her own country, that her heart turns to him in her rich and hateful prison. Then the lines take on a vital meaning.

The oriental figures of description, so childlike in their frankness, have been vilified by the purists, who have herein found their chief offence for attributing everywhere a religious application. Now in the Song contains nothing even treading on vulgarity or coarseness. The lines applied to the harem-life are intentionally harsh, as the writer—

was by no means Solomon—evidently felt a cordial hatred toward the polygamous ways of the capital—the legalized robbery of peasants' daughters to enrich the monarch's household. Some of the critics have even said so absurd a thing as to describe the Song as a satire against the encroachments of Solomon by Solomon himself! A defense of monogamy by the husband of many score of ladies. Very ingenious of the critic, but not in accord with the famous wisdom of the sage. The writer was in all likelihood some one of those impassioned poets of the north of Palestine, from whose republican sentiments arose the rebellion a little later. Indeed, the scenery does not at all belong to the somewhat barren character of the country around Jerusalem, and is clearly the poetic embellishment of one familiar with the luxuriance of the seasons.

But whatever be the facts, since we of to-day are indebted for the preservation of the beautiful composition, to its assumed allegorical meaning, and more, to its authorship by the writer of *Kings*, it is not in our minds to cavil over the excuse for its retention in the canon.

Suppose, then the drama, as interpreted by Renan, to contain for *rematis personae* the Shulamite, her shepherd lover, her brothers, yeomen associates of his, on the one hand; and Solomon and his ladies of Jerusalem on the other. Really three principal characters and an appropriate chorus background. One of the quaintnesses of this antique drama is the sudden and unprepared change of scene; another is the somewhat narrative or lyric quality which takes the place of the element of suspense in action common to the drama of later centuries, beginning with the inventions of the Greeks.

The first scene takes place in the harem, the opening sentence by one of the odalisques: 'Let him kiss me with a kiss of his mouth!' being followed in chorus by the rest of the harem, 'Thy caresses are sweeter than mine,' etc. Evidently amorous tributes to the King. Just here the captive is brought in. The burden of her plaint is, 'The king has brought me into his harem.' The wives of Solomon continue their chorus of homage, 'Our transports and our delights are for thee alone,' etc. And the girl takes up her story, with a pathetic little appeal to these women for consideration. She tells how the sons of her native province have wronged her, while she was working in the vineyards for her unkind brothers. And she closes pensively, 'But, alas, mine own vineyard have I indeed sadly kept.' Some think she is alluding here again to her beauty, but there, and more reasonably, perhaps, that she alludes to her maiden freedom. This may be said to end the first scene. But the girl, in a measure distraught with her recent experiences, speaks aloud her thought, which runs ever toward her beloved, and questions him whither he leads his

sheep. One of the women of the harem, half in jest, half in reproof, suggests that if she desires this knowledge, she should return to her own shepherding.

Then we find what might be termed the Solomon 'motif,' as he begins his wooing flattery, and promises of adornings. Thus ends another scene, the peasant making no response.

She is alone now, and muses again of her beloved. But her meditation is again interrupted by the entrance of Solomon, this time with more urgent compliments. Her fairness and her dove-eyes inspire him. But she continues addressing her absent shepherd, and recalls wistfully their 'green' of green' in the woodland country of her home. Solomon pursues his way equally serenely, and recounts the richness of his palace, for contrast, with its beams of cedar and panels of cypress.

Here the maiden may be supposed to believe that her beloved will even come so far to rescue her, and that he is near. She lifts her voice in a snatch of song, as if to warn him of her presence:

'I am the rose of Sharon,
The lily of the valleys'..

And the immediate response of the shepherd, who breaks into the apartment, takes up her thought with, 'As a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the maidens.' The Shulamite forgets everything but the presence of her lover. She gives him sweet words for his sweet ones, exclaims her longing for his presence. He is to her as a gracious apple-tree, a pleasant shadow and welcome fruit. We picture them clasped in each other's embrace, while she goes on with her tranced murmurings, re-imagining that they are back at the farm, and that he has brought her into the familiar wine-room. Even, in her faintness, she asks to be 'stayed with grapes,' for she is 'dying of love.' Then follow the words which are indicative of her sense of his support and caressing care, even as she swoons away. And her lover, addressing the harem, now gathering around her, marks a natural close of the act in a manner similar to the endings of other acts farther on in the drama: 'I beseech you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and the hinds of the fields, awake not, awake not, my beloved until it pleases her.' This meaning is entirely lost in the accepted version, where 'her' has been translated 'him.' In the logical conclusion of this division of the drama, we find the theme of love reigns as in each of these divisions, which might have been produced on different days of the fête.

The Peasant girl is next discovered alone, and as if dreaming. When she hears once more the voice of her beloved, she sees him spring forth to meet her on the hills. And now she even attends his summoning at the window, as on some morning in spring in their glad freedom, pleading

her to make holiday with him, the winter being gone, and the time of rains, while the new flowers are appearing. With delicate touches of descriptive power he sets forth the charm of the season. It is nearly the long-time of the mating birds. And he even speaks of such minor details as the voice of the turtle in the fields and the young shoots of the fig tree. Even the bloom of the grape-vine, and its fragrance, are not forgotten. Thus does all nature seem to be in sympathy with their glad love, and her invitation mingles with the song of the lover. He names her well his 'dove, nestled in the clefts of the rock,' and pleads to hear her voice. Then she sings happily again, just a snatch of melody that is familiar to them both, about the 'little foxes that ravage the vines,' and she grants him her countenance, and sends him to his flocks with words of love and sweet promises for the 'hour when the day shall cool and the shadows lengthen.' Thus the poet has given us a glimpse of the idyllic life from which the maid has been ravished away.

There is much controversy about the next scene with the commentators. Those who are for the allegorical significance of the whole drama interpret this passage as referring to the displeasure and withdrawal of God when his people have been remiss 'in watchfulness and prayer' or have held on to 'some cherished sin.' This night-wandering of the young maid in quest of her beloved, 'through the market places and the high-ways' then becomes symbolic of the pursuit of the spirit. But to the present student the scene appears to be merely the recounting of a dream. The opening words, indeed, with this hypothesis, give the needed hint, 'On my bed at night, I sought him whom my heart loveth; I sought him, and I found him not.' She then dreamed of arising and going forth into the strange city to find him. This of course she would not have done in reality, more especially as the shepherd had already proven his ability to make his way to her presence. And especially does this version become probable when we consider the following episode which she relates, 'I laid hold of him and would not let him go until I had brought him into my mother's house.' This was her childhood home, many weary ways from the city of Jerusalem, and the immediately following action shows that this journey was not made. It was all a dream, and by the curious mode of presentation, not at all out of order with the unities for her to relate it just in that manner.

The next scene, showing the cortège of Solomon arriving in Jerusalem, is the one that Renan's hand trembled over, when he wanted to change its order to the earlier scenes of the drama, where it notably would seem to belong. Certain nameless citizens may be supposed to note its approach, and by their lively descriptive sentences give a realistic picture of the royal palanquin 'giving forth the fragrance of myrrh' and

surrounded by swordsmen, guarding the last prize, the sparkling beau for the harem. This idea is not preserved in the accepted version, which runs, 'the midst of it paved with love'—a perplexing figure, and a very odd carriage!

Then of a sudden this lightning-change action is back in the har and we have a series of elaborate rhetorical compliments, which are confidently ascribed to Solomon and to the shepherd. They would seem rather to belong to Solomon, and to represent his subtle wooing, though some of the figures of speech hark back to the country—comparing her eyes to doves, her teeth to 'sheep, newly shorn,' her cheek to pomegranate and her hair to a flock of goats 'depending from the sides of Gilead.' But the comparison of her neck to 'the tower of David, builded to serve as an armory, in which are suspended a thousand breastplates, and all the bucklers of the valiant,' shows a too minute knowledge of civic affairs to fit the simple shepherd. And the close, 'When the clouds shall cool, and the shadows lengthen, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh and to the hills of frankincense,' might well be the sanguine thought of Solomon towards his bride, just brought home in triumph in the palanquin with 'pilasters of gold and curtains of purple.'

The next words may even be his greeting in the evening, as he approaches her with beguilements, 'Thou art all fair, my love, and there is no blemish in thee.' But here breaks in an impassioned note, altogether different in its hurry and insistence. This will be the shepherd, calling boldly from the bottom of the seraglio: 'Come with me, my spouse!' and thus with his pleading interrupting Solomon in the very hour of his apparent triumph. In no mild terms he alludes to her sumptuous environment as 'the depth of the lions' den' and 'the top of the mountains which leopards inhabit.' She may be supposed to give him encouragement at this point, by looking from the casement, so that he continues, now pleading, now recalling past delights, and mingling throughout his overpowering sense of her charm, which would have mastered him though but minutely subdivided. 'Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one of thy ringlets which encircle thy neck.' An especial tenderness is suggested by the union of the two relations in the lover's mind, 'my sister, my spouse'—which refers to their close comradeship in their native province, through the years of childhood and early youth until love-time. His confidence in her loyalty to him is beautifully expressed in the words, 'a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.' And she appeals to him with the thousand delicacies of the fragrances of forest and grove, spikenard, saffron, calamus, cinnamon . . . 'with the manner of sweet-smelling plants.' She is indeed thus sweet to the senses and to his soul. There is something of the abandon of the Hebrew poetry in

grandest period in the few words: 'Awake, north winds, come south winds; blow upon my garden that its fragrance may be diffused.'

The Shulamite gently replies to his ardors with a complete response: 'Let my beloved enter his garden, and let him taste of its choicest fruits.' Then if we suppose them to have embraced, the following happy words will be well accounted for: 'I have entered my garden, my sister, my spouse. I have gathered my myrrh and my balsam. I have eaten my sweet and my honey. I have drunk my wine and my milk.' And in his great contentment, his heart goes out to the world, and turning to the convenient chorus, he bids them also 'Eat, O friends, drink abundantly'—in their own gardens, however, we will surmise! The act thus closes with what might be termed the burden of the whole song—the baffling of Solomon in his selfish desires, and the triumph of faithful love. In this curious insistence and return to the same ultimate for each act and almost for each scene, we distinguish most markedly the difference between the 'parallel' scenes of the ancient Hebrew drama and the 'progressive scenes' of all since the Greek. The chorus has ancient authority for its employment, as we have observed by even its slight yet effectively sympathetic use in the Song.

The fourth act opens with the Shulamite recounting a dream and a vision to the women of the harem—or actually going forth—as the literalists would have us believe—among the wild dangers of the great city at night, the abuses of the threatening watchmen, and her own wilder fears. Be that as it may, her supposed answer to the query of the chorus as to her beloved's personality is among the strongest passages of the drama. It is led up to by her having finally answered his calling at her window, where he waited wearily, 'my head is all covered with dew, the locks of my hair are all dropping with the night mists.' Here occurs that exquisite grace of the Hebrew poetry, in which the sense is re-echoed in softly changing words. Then mark the life in this, 'My beloved now put his hand through the lattice, and my bosom quivered thereat. I arose to open to my beloved.' Then the realism of the scene is enhanced as she touches the fastenings on which his hands have rested. 'My hands were found to be dropping with myrrh, my fingers with liquid myrrh, which covered the handle of the lock.' What sweet dews were distilled in those olden nights!

As we were saying, she distinguishes him by her glowing description, and the fondness of her terms doubtless made those women of Jerusalem smile, they—with their sold caresses and their obedient blandishments.—

'My beloved is white and ruddy; you would tell him amongst a thousand. . . The locks of his hair are as flexible as palm leaves. . His eyes are as doves' eyes, reflected in streams of running water. . His cheeks are

like a bed of balsam. . His legs are pillars of marble, set on pedestals of gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, beautiful as the cedars. From his palate is diffused sweetness; his person is altogether lovely. Such is my beloved.' Though it is doubtful if he could from this be identified among a thousand, it was very evident that there was none to compare with him in the heart of the Shulamite. The episode concludes once more with the triumph of love, and the shepherd 'gathering lilies.'

We may assume in the next scene that Solomon recommences his wooing of the fair vine-dresser, and encounters small encouragement. In his proud beauty is an unusual problem for the much-wived monarch. She looks upon him with such disdain that he finds her 'as terrible as an arm in battle' and is fain to ask, 'Turn thine eyes away from me, for thou dost distress me.' He then, in keeping with the poetic character of the son, reiterates his former figures of speech in praise of her hair, teeth and cheek.

In the midst of his entreaties, the peculiar contrasting of the characters demands the interposition of the shepherd lover, who interrupts the king with a still warmer speech, in which he places the worth of his 'undefiled' above that of the whole household of Solomon—'three-score queens, and fourscore concubines, besides young maidens without number.' Her womanly sweetness and modesty were such, moreover, that far from feeling envy of her, 'the young maidens saw her, and proclaimed her blessed; the queens and the concubines saw her and praised her.' Some of the commentators have attributed this passage to Solomon himself, but it is manifestly unsuited to him, as it speaks of the girl familiarly in her own home, as being 'the chosen one of her who gave her birth.' It is customary for the shepherd to revert to these earlier scenes in which they had so much in common, and besides, the exigencies of the action demand his symbolic opposition to the royal 'villain.'

In the following scene, the peasant is telling the story of how she was surprised by the King's soldiers and carried away. Her wild wanderings show her to be a real child of nature: 'I descended into the garden of nuts, to see the herbs of the valley, to see whether the vine had budded, whether the pomegranates were in flower.' Such were her innocent pleasures. 'O fatal step! that this caprice should plunge me in the midst of the chariots of a prince's train.'

The women of the harem then tease her playfully, 'turn that we may look on thee,' haply rallying her on the charm that caused her abduction.

A danseuse of the harem, skilled in the graceful rites of Mahanaim, a city of symbolic dance-cults, here interrupts the harem in the attention given the peasant, with—'Why look at the Shulamite,' and in all likelihood she poises herself lightly in the middle of a rich rug and then dances.

her best, calling forth the plaudits of all, and especially a rapturous approval from Solomon, with whom she is apparently a well-established favorite. She is of blood-royal, for he addresses her as 'Prince's daughter,' looking with pleasure at her beautiful feet in their little sandals, then gives his eyes sweet revelry up her charming form, the curving thighs, the snowy bosom, the lily-breasts, the ivory throat, the lake-deep eyes, proud nose, and tresses fit to entangle kings. And he breathes into the moment making a passionate memory in the words, 'How fair and pleasant art thou, my love, in the moments of embrace. thy mouth is like the most exquisite wine, which droppeth sweetly, and moistens the lips of the eager lover.' Where shall we find such warmth in love-words, except in the broken fragments of the magic Sappho's lost odes?

The peasant looks on, scarcely realizing the full meaning of the voluptuous scene, and dreamily still, she reverts to her own love-experience, and her faithful companion, with his singleness of thought: 'I am my beloved's, and he is mine.'

And at last, turning resolutely from all this fever and unreality of life, her thoughts fly like a homing bird to that pure-breathed country home, where her virtue had its natural environment in the fresh freedom of nature undespoiled. She flees to her lover's side and urges him forward with her: 'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, let us sleep in the vineyard.' She longs for their rural interests. 'Let us arise early to go to the vines; let us see whether the vine stocks have budded, whether the pomegranates are in flower. There,' she sweetly promises, 'will I give thee my caresses. At our gate are heaped up the most beautiful fruits; new and old, I have guarded them for thee, O my beloved.' He smiles beautifully she mingles the real and the allegorical here.

The following words, the 'formula' employed many times in the drama to close a scene, 'His left hand sustains my head, and his right embraces me,' and the shepherd's admonition to the chorus, not to awake the beloved 'until it pleases her,' indicate that once more she is overcome by her mingled emotions, and swoons in his arms; and the logical change of scene to the approaches of the village home indicate that he has borne her straightway from the seraglio and made the journey across the wilderness. Even to the apple-tree at her mother's door he carries her, and then awakens her joyously with, 'Behold the house in which thy mother conceived thee, in which she gave thee birth.' The girl, now becoming wholly conscious of the preciousness of that which she had all but lost, bursts into a final strain of love-song, praying him—'Set me now as a seal upon thy heart, as a bracelet about thy arm, for love is strong as death, and passion inflexible as hell.' (Thinking of the scenes through which she has

just lived.) 'Its brands are the brands of fire, its arrows the fire of Jehovah.' (The lightning.)

The moral and purport of the Song thus makes itself clearly evident. And even more so in this bit of philosophy, which may be supposed to be spoken, after the manner of those ancient dramas, by a 'Sage' who makes his only appearance for the purpose: 'Great waters cannot quench love, rivers cannot extinguish it. If a man seek to *purchase* love at the sacrifice of his whole substance, he would only reap confusion.'

Here, according to modern dramatic usages, the play ends. But this author has added a little scene between the peasant and her brothers in which she meets their arrogant pretensions at guardianship with both gentleness and sarcasm; and the Song ends with final reunion of the lovers in the midst of the village rejoicings, when she invites him how fondly at last, to 'be like unto a roe or to a hind's fawn upon the mountains of spices.' As pretty a pastoral as ever came from poet's brain.

With the removal of the crust of theology, the antique drama is seen in all its honest outlines, immortally young and fresh as the newly-discovered frescoes under the ages' covering of dust and smoke. These characters are as clearly and effectively defined one against another as our more subtly juxtaposed types of to-day. Only the ancient way of treating them seems to us naively abrupt and inconsequent. But the peculiar quality of each is retained intact throughout, and the unity of the whole, as depending on the furtherance of one motive, may be said to be well maintained. The nature of Solomon is, truly, not very flatteringly depicted, nor is there anything—to our cosmopolitan tolerance—verawful. He was a much-married man, and did more than his share of providing veils and necklaces; but he was evidently a mild monarch, rewarding his beloveds with rich favors and abundant tenderness. But our author evidently had a grudge against him for plundering the provinces of its pretty maids, and in this defense of plighted love, took occasion to show up the ruler of the earth as defeated by the ruler of hearts. The ladies of the harem are evidently of one thought—love for their Solomon. They are not of a possessing turn, for the new member of the seraglio is not looked upon at all unkindly; on the contrary, her fairness is at once generously admitted as superlative. The shepherd will be remembered for his frank and steadfast wooing, so richly embellished with every fancy and allusion to nature, while the vine-dresser herself stands forth supreme in her beauty through all the passing centuries, the ever-longed-for, never-won, yet all-yielding flower of life—incarnation and symbol—the complete love of woman when she knows her inmost soul.

'PIPPA PASSES' ON THE STAGE

BY DAVID KELLEY LAMBUTH

THE dramatic critics disported themselves merrily over the recent production of Browning's 'Pippa Passes' on a New York stage. But if the play was really productive of such effervescent facetiousness, it seems ungrateful to have called it 'Four Long Hours of Gloom and Browning.' Judging from the tone of the 'morning after' criticisms, it was anything but gloomy. Jokes about the author's unintelligibility, consecrated by immemorial usage, were warmed over, like the Irishman's fatted calf that had been saved for years, and served under French *en de plumes*, but some original humor was accidentally perpetrated on, and sheds new light upon the poet's work. 'Pippa' wails one critic, 'passed by a variety of most difficult people, and we got the variety,' a cond announces the moral of the Ottima-Sebald scene to be that 'when you choose a man to murder your old husband, be sure not to get one with old feet,' while a third declares with great solemnity that 'Pippa continually passes, and every time she passes she precipitates a catastrophe.' Here is as much truth as humor in all of these, for Sebald's suicide, leaving Ottima to face the consequences alone, is cowardice not heroism, on the stage, and we are made painfully aware, improper though it may be, that on the stage we sympathize with Ottima and would gladly see her fall out of the difficulty, that we are sure of the foolish quixotism of her matrimonial venture, that there is apparently no good reason why the Intendent's offer should tempt the Bishop, and finally that Pippa's verses as sung on the stage seem hopelessly insufficient to bring down such momentous consequences.

Whether this production be thought justified or no, it is enlightening on many points, and we are indebted to the enthusiasm of Mrs Le Moine for getting it on the stage, and to Mr. Henry Miller for his laborious work in setting and presenting it. It is the purpose of this paper to deal with the illumination thrown by the presentation upon the poem, not with its technical theatrical merits.

The fundamental error in the current criticism was in classification. One must be a visionary indeed who could imagine Pippa a play for a popular audience. It could never be enticed into the clothes proper to a well bred stage production of the normal sort. Why then judge it by

standards foreign to its kind? Count it rather an attempt to clarify by action and illuminate by skilled delivery—and it was skilled delivery indeed—one of the finest productions of the great poet. Mrs Le Moine said in an interview: "If a thing is beautiful to you, it should be more beautiful when, to the reading of the eye, are added the cadence of the voice and the artistic environment of setting." So judged, we contend it has a *raison d'être*.

In essentially dramatic thought Browning ranks first among our poets. He presents, with only minor bits of external action, the development of a career, its conflicting forces, and the sudden turns and leaps of thought, which emotionally suggest rather than prosaically demonstrate its course. The attention is held by the contrast in thought instead of action. It is evident that skill in the presentation of such dramatic thought does not coincide with the essential qualities of a successful playwright. Above all, a play demands some sort of unity, but lack of unity is the chiefest anathema hurled at poor Pippa. This is all too true, and yet the acted play does show a certain real unity, not in the external characters and scenes, but in the proposition made and proven by them. Browning, with characteristic perversity has turned the thing wrong side out, and the plot—if it will forgive us—is really an intellectual development in the mind of the spectator, from proposition, through proof, to conviction. You laugh and call it a 'syllogism;' well, I admit it, but a syllogism considerably dramatic and convincing. Mind you, I'm not defending this dramatic gymnastic, I am only trying to act the expositor.

On the stage curtain was appropriately displayed the motto: 'All service ranks the same with God. God's puppets, best and worst, are we. There is no last nor first.' Simple Pippa believes it very confidently in the morning, but in the evening when her day is spent, the truth seems dim. How far from her, still, are those great ones she had dreamed of somehow influencing on this one holiday of all the year! But the doubt comes to Pippa, not to us. We have seen how, running the gamut of human passions in their crises, she has not only struck the light of conscience into the blinded sensual soul of Sebald, not only set Jules to an unselfish devotion to the girl he had been tricked into marrying, not only saved Luigi to his purposed self-devotion in ridding the state of a tyrant, but even caught the messenger of God in his moment of temptation and made him God's anew. So from lowest to highest the little peasant girl can reach with a cheery, thoughtless song. Pippa may not know, but to us the secret has been revealed, and the final repetition of 'no last nor first,' as Pippa falls asleep, though but a childish fancy to her, is to us the C major that ends and dominates the whole.

Browning consciously devoted himself, as he says, to 'poetry always

dramatic in principle,' and to this are due the popular terrors of his style, rather than to this much abused diction. Herein an actual presentation is enlightening. We call him glibly a dramatic poet, but do not realize the full extent of his dramatic form. Of marvelous variety is his utterance; loftiness, sordidness, pathos, humor, eagerness trampled upon the heels by fatuous indifference, running the gamut of emotions in a rapid succession infinitely difficult to render, yet true to the manner of human thought; more like the spinning moods of Shakespeare's immortal Cleopatra than any other. Tennyson writes for reading or declamation; Browning for nervous though rhythmic speaking. Lines that baffle the eye alone flash into light when given voice. Pippa on the stage was proof of the essential vitality of frequent passages, which not only gained in clarity and force, but provided room for a play of dramatic expression not surpassed by any poet or playwright. It was to me an ample proof that his conversation is more vivid and dramatic *as conversation*, than even Shakespeare's. The speeches interpreted themselves into the external of gesture and expression with a readiness as unusual as it was striking.

No unprejudiced listener could deny to the scenes elements of convincing dramatic power, a power that rises from a clear visual imagining of the characters and their movements, leaving the least possible room for the introduction of any original stage 'business' by the actors, so unmistakably has all of this been already suggested in the lines. And this was natural. The drama written for reading rather than acting must forego the larger actions that so much occupy the stage, since these can be given only in narration, and must confine itself to the smaller interpretive movements, gestures and expressions which can be subtly and rapidly reflected in the actors' words. Herein lies Browning's peculiar vividness, and an unusual richness on the stage; but here also the tragic fault. That which we cannot see upon the stage, the quarrel with the old Luca, the murder and the terror of that huddled body, or the sweeping passion of the day in the woods with the climax of the storm, appeals to us as dramatically, when we read the lines, as the cunning playings of Ottima upon the unnerved Sebald, the horror at the red wine, or the sudden interruption of Pippa's song; but in acting the play the latter alone can be given on the stage, and the story is robbed of the strongest elements of its power. The unity is dissolved, and the struggle of the two souls to deal with their guilt looms disproportionately large compared with the more dramatic portion of the plot which falls into second place because it can only be told.

The scene between Jules and Phene, being half an hour of just three uninterrupted speeches, was, we confess, hopeless, though the strain arose more from the intolerably long silence imposed upon the other actor than

an entire lack of dramatic change in the speeches themselves. As a critic suggested: 'One does not make long distance records of elocution at the crisis of one's fate.' Jules breaking up his old casts preparatory to setting out on his new quest, was omitted, probably for the very good reason that in actual practice it would suggest a mad house instead of a studio, but it sacrificed almost the only bit of action in the scene.

The Luigi and his mother scene was cut out entire. An audience of this twentieth century cannot be cajoled or bull-dozed into publicly eating its assumed moral standards and crying: 'God's speed, Luigi, in your intended murder,' any more than it enjoys the sport of Shylock's agony or admits in practice—which is not just the same as theory—the contention of the 'Statue and the Bust,' that to have sinned boldly is better than to have purposed a sin and, through weakness, not committed it. We are a practical people—when we do not stop to think about it—and are sure to put the whole weight upon consequence not intention.

The punning, rhyming and arabic inscription farce of Bluphocks—which the critic could not understand—was obviously intended to be unintelligible and shows Browning at his most mischievous, if academic, humor. But the end of the scene is transfigured with that insight into the indistinguishable sources of good and evil which lays the trap for Pippa's entanglement where else but in her singing, which was just her glory? The stage presentation thrusts this home with force. Browning has a searching understanding of the springs of human action, through an instinctive intellect which springs from point to point in a labyrinth no mere plodding could ever traverse, and endows him with subtle insight into the processes of the soul. No amount of technical faults can obscure the gripping realism in the scene between Ottima and Sebald. This is not guesswork, not philosophical theory, it is life.

Daylight filters through the window's chink, of the shrub house, upon the lovers waking in the gloom, from an exhausted sleep to consciousness of last night's deed, then, as the rusty shutter is thrown open, flashes blindingly upon them like a sin discovered, while the quiet hills now visible through the opened window and the sunshine streaming in, give startling confirmation to Sebald's cry: 'You are plotting one thing here, nature, another outside.' The unstrung woman cuts sarcastically at his clumsiness in opening the window, shaking the dust down on her, breaking the pots on the ledge, then with sudden realization of their partnership in guilt, 'Kiss, and be friends, my Sebald.'

But the man is torn by that terrible reaction from evil concerning which we have blinded ourselves with sentimental words, until the black reality stares at us through its mask. 'Our passion's fruit,' he cries, 'the devil take such cant! Say, always, Luca was a wittol, I am his cut-

coat, you are—' Against him she plays eager commonplaces: 'I can see St Mark's' leaning out of the window; 'Stop, Vecenza should lie—' and with a cry of exultation: 'there's Padua plain enough.' She presses her face upon him, with a subtle cunning calling it 'black' not 'red'! That which was red is evident a moment later when raising it to his lips he catches the gleam of blood-glint of it and dashes it to the ground, calling in terror for the white wine, the white wine! Not until he is a little steadied by the music does she dare attempt the hypnotic power of physical appeal, of sensual charm. Did Browning ever conceive anything more dramatic than this at by-play with the hair? 'It is so you said a lock of hair should wave across my neck?' flinging her gleaming hair before her throat, 'this way?' swinging it higher, 'or this?' binding it about her brows. Not Cleopatra's hair could play so terribly. Browning wanders back again and again to that subtle glint of demoniac life that lurks in a woman's hair. The man once trapped again, she sweeps him along to the music of a magnificent melody, attuned to the hot breath of summer woods and the searching tempest, making him drunk with her breath, which is 'worse than wine,' luring his fingers at last, on pretext of binding it up, into the gleaming strands of her fallen hair, and he rushes blindly into that defiance that is to make him hers forever: 'My Spirit's Arbitress, Magnificent in Sin.'

Then Pippa, with her song; and, with masterful insight into the ebbing and flooding flood of sensual passion, Browning makes Sebald shudder back from the 'Great White Queen' not only with a bitter scorn of disillusionment, a moral waking, but with a sickening physical revulsion too. 'Go, get your clothes on. Wipe off that paint. I hate you. My God, and she is emptied of it now! The very hair that seemed to have a sort of life in it, drops a dead web.' Pitifullest of all, perhaps, is Ottima's cry from the outer dark: 'Speak to me, not of me.'

The 'Dramatic Mirror,' which is professionally conservative, says: 'There are moments in the play when dramatic intensity is carried to a point reached nowhere else on the English stage outside of Shakespeare.' This is high praise, for it is evident that the poet's medium limited him to the embodiment of isolated dramatic situations rather than a unified dramatic movement. Note the splendid dramatic insight witnessed in the horror at the infinitesimal span between moral victory and defeat that thrills through the Bishop's frightened call: 'My people, my people', and his terrified 'Miserere me, Domini, miserere me, Domini,' as with trembling fingers he makes and remakes the sacred cross. Though, it must be confessed, not seeing why he should be likely to yield, we cannot do justice to the dramatic power of the terrified recovery.

Evidently Pippa is not so undramatic as some have said. But what hurt, was its realism that cloyed our fancy with the sordid. Pippa

wakes in a dingy room, in an undainty bed, and—shades of poetry!—climbs into some unattractive underclothes. Once dressed she is sweet enough—but those rumpled underclothes!—In the poem she talks and sings as she dresses, and we hear her song; on the stage she sings and dresses and we see her dressing. It is a squalid room and there is a brutal reality about the dressing, from nightgown to corsage. This, alas, is not the Pippa whom we knew. We all wear underclothes in real life, but even there we don't admit it. Convention, after all, is the foundation of the stage, the fabric of poetry, the life-blood of imagination, as well as about three fourths of reality. Pippa waking out of the dim dawn into the glorious sunshine of her holiday, transmuting her squalid life with the vision of a divine truth, playing the voice of God to a struggling world—this Pippa is no mere peasant girl of Asolo, but some fairy being, flitting like a dash of sunshine across men's lives. The sordid reality which must be represented on the stage cuts at the very roots of our impressions; the truth is not less true because it must have beauty to enforce it. In the poem we see the girl of the spinning mills, *and* the being instinct with divine truth; on the stage we see the peasant; the spiritual element is only implied, not presented, and we lose the key to the whole secret—so much for your realism.

Was it all worth while? Undoubtedly! Beyond the mere pleasure there was illumination of the author's work. We must realize, as we could not before, the expressional richness of Browning's work, the dramatic flashes that lay bare the soul, the insight with which the hurrying moods of thought rise from the action and resolve themselves into action again, the masterful comprehension of the elemental forces that dominate life. The perception of the dramatic possibilities of thought and the minor activities that interpret thought is marvellous, unexampled; the inability to construct a plot with unity and a genuinely outer not merely inner career, that really inheres in the action, is monumental. 'Pippa Passes' is a splendid dramatic poem; it is not a drama.

CURRENT FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

MISTRAL, the veteran poet of La Provence, has given us the most charming and I think the most poetic book of the year 1906, in *Mes Origines: Mémoires et Récits de Frédéric Mistral*. The book holds a similar place in the French literary history of the year to that of Mr. George Moore's *Memories of My Dead Life* in England; and serves as a very striking illustration of the fact that they still "do those things better in France." Some of its "récits" are examples of delicate poetic narrative with which Mr. Moore's "Lovers Orelay" cannot for a moment be compared, and which are worthy to stand beside the most exquisite and brilliant short stories of Mistral's lifelong friend, Daudet—there is no higher praise possible. In the personal part of the *Mémoires*, Mistral's lightness of touch, his cheeriness and health, contrast strongly with Mr. Moore's heavy gloom.

Mistral is now seventy-six years old, but he seems to have lost nothing of the spirit and freshness of youth, and tells the story of his early days, and of the "Young Provençal" movement, with its company of enthusiastic devotees—that new *Pléiade* which grouped itself around Mistral as its central star, just three hundred years after Du Bellay and his friends had gathered about Ronsard to enlighten the France of the Renaissance—with resistible *verve*. Yet this charming book, telling as it does the story of an important poetic movement of which its author was himself the leader, is one of the most modest of autobiographies. This is its only fault—it is modest to the point of incompleteness; and those who wish fully to know the role which Mistral played in the development of the new Provençal poetry must turn either to the excellent volume on Mistral, published in America a few years ago by Mr. Charles A. Downer, or to the forthcoming volume, in French, by Paul Mariéton. Nothing, however, can take the place of Mistral's own story, incomplete as it is, and bringing us down only to the year 1869. Certain chapters should have a permanent place in literature as exquisite lyrics of childhood; others give pictures of the trials of the school-life to an over-sensitive boy, somewhat similar to those of Daudet's *Le Petit Chose*; others give

a picture of Daudet himself, as a happy young vagabond, overflowing with life, and the gayest of the madcap band of young poets who tramped the roads of Provence together, and took by storm one after another the best inns from Arles to Tarascon.

The poetry of the year 1906 in France has not been, so far as it now seems possible to judge, of very marked importance. The symbolist school has long since ceased to be a literary *cénacle* of young men grouped together in pursuit of a common ideal. Each of its members has gone his own way, and several of them have been producing, each on his own line, work of permanent value. But no one of them has produced a mass of poetic work that is really of the first importance. This marks the partial failure of the school—it has not produced individual poets who by the strength of their personality and the mass of their achievement are worthy to stand beside Leconte de Lisle or Sully Prudhomme, or who have attained the final artistic perfection of Hérédia. This is the greater pity because on the whole the symbolists were right in their action against the narrowness, the over-severity, and the somewhat artificial finish of the Parnassian school; and they did introduce new and worthy ideals into French poetry—ideals of greater freedom and suppleness of form, of more breadth and suggestiveness in substance. Several of the poets of the group have published new volumes during the past year. Not to speak of the Belgians, who gave to the school its strongest poet, in Verhaeren, and in Maeterlinck its greatest prose-writer and its only original dramatist, in France it is Henri de Régnier who continues to sum up in himself, more than any other poet, the best tendencies of the school; he has given us in 1906 a new volume of poems, *La Sanda ailée*; and a prose volume, *Sujets et Paysages*, containing sketches of subjects so different as Italy and Louisiana, together with essays on Stendhal, Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Barbey d'Aureville, and Victor Hugo. Younger poets seem to follow rather the methods and ideals of some one among the symbolists than those of the group as a whole; the Cocteau de Noailles is almost a personal disciple of Francis Jammes, and Alexandre Arnoux of Henri de Régnier. Among the young poets who are just winning their spurs may be mentioned Emile Despax, author of *La Maison des Glycines*; François Porché, author of *A Chaque Jour* and *Les Suppliants*; Abel Bonnard, author of *Les Familiers*; and D. Languier. The last of these is perhaps the most promising. He has just published his second volume, *Les Isolements*. It is noteworthy that many of the younger poets have abandoned the *vers libre* and returned to the more usual forms of French versification. André Spire, however, writes in unrhymed and strongly rhythmic verse. In *Les Isolements*, one of the most beautiful poems is that addressed to Pierre de Ronsard. Ronsard

and the Pléiade seem not only to be more and more recognized as marking one of the greatest epochs in French literary history, but also to appeal more and more to the enthusiasm of the poets of today. The most beautiful lines in another volume of verse just published, *Le Rhythme de la Vie* (C Lévy), by Gaston Deschamps, the literary critic of *Le Temps*, are also addressed to Ronsard, and the most important section of the volume is devoted to Ronsard and the "dear dead women" of the Renaissance whom he loved—Cassandre, Marie, and Héléne. Beside this exquisite series of sonnets, called *Jardin d'Amour*, it is amusing to find another series called *Fleurs d'Amérique*, which celebrate the American athletic girl of today, and which, unfortunately—let us hope it is not on account of the subject—are flat and prosaic by contrast.

A surviving veteran of the Parnassian school, Jean Lahor (Henry Cazalis) has just published a small volume of brief sayings which sum up the attitude toward life of the brave pessimists of the mid-century—sayings taken mostly from Hindu literature, of which he has written the best history in French, but also including many modern ones, and called *le Bréviaire d'un Panthéiste et le Pessimisme héroïque*. The work of the Parnassian school has just been summed up in the first volume of a new anthology, *Anthologie des Poètes français contemporains, 1866-1906* (Delagrave), which is to be complete in three volumes, bringing us down to the present year. The first volume promises well. Starting with Gautier and Sainte-Beuve as predecessors of the Parnassian school, it includes sixty-nine poets (reminding one of Kipling's lines: "There are nine and sixty ways of composing tribal lays, And every single one of them is right") down to Verlaine, Rimbaud, Bouchor and Bourget. Leconte de Lisle has naturally the largest place, with Catulle Mendès (not quite so naturally) a close second; next come Sully Prudhomme and Verhaeghe. The volume has the almost inevitable fault of any general anthology; of the greater men, not enough can be given really to represent their work, and the minor poets take a disproportionate amount of space. For instance, of Leconte de Lisle none of the great poems are given, such as the "Vénus de Milo," the "Qaïn," or "Dies Irae;" in fact, none of his poems dealing with the classical epoch, except "L'Enfance Hérakles", to which we should certainly prefer the "Vénus de Milo," "Hypatie." "Surya," which is given, could well be omitted in favor of "Hypatie;" and certainly place should have been found for the fourteen lines of "Les Montreurs," and for at least one of the personal poems, such as "Le Nanchy." It is easy, however, to criticize the selections of such an anthology; it must necessarily be inadequate for the greater poets, but it is the best source through which to know the minor poets of

the epoch, and the two later volumes, still to appear, will be especially useful.

The definitive edition of Victor Hugo's works, now being printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, and published by Ollendorff, has reached its fifth volume—the first of *La Légende des Siècles*. Since the death of Paul Meurice, the editorship has been taken up by Gustave Simon. This is practically a "biographical edition," each work being fully annotated from Hugo's private papers and letters, and provided with an introduction treating of its origin and growth. The revelations of the last previous volume, *Le Rhin*, showing Hugo's rearrangement of facts to suit his artistic purposes, were remarkable, and serve anew to suggest that the effect of genius upon Victor Hugo's veracity was much the same as that of the southern sun upon Tartarin's.

The novelists most talked of in France today are three women—the Comtesse de Noailles, Gérard d'Houville, and Marcelle Tinayre. The Comtesse de Noailles is also well known as a poet, especially for her *Coeur Innombrable*. Marcel Prévost, who does not admit the superiority of women in the novel, assigns her the first rank in poetry. "France today," he says, "has no greater poet than the Comtesse de Noailles. This seems, to say the least, somewhat exaggerated. Those who wish to judge for themselves may find some examples of her work in a series of eleven important poems published by the last number of the *Révue de Paris* (December 15), and an example, also, of the way in which poetry is treated by the best French reviews, as contrasted with its treatment in our American magazines. Her most important novels are *La nouvelle Espérance*, *Le Visage émerveillé*, and *La Domination* (C. Lévy). Perhaps M. Prévost, in giving her the first rank as a poet, wishes to divert attention from her work in his own particular field, in which she is a formidable rival—the detailed analysis of women's emotions. Gérard d'Houville gives rather, in *L'Inconstante* and *L'Esclave*, pictures of the passionate woman entirely dominated by her love, stopping for no self-analysis, hesitating at no obstacle. Marcelle Tinayre is the most talented and the most serious of the three, and is fast coming to be regarded as one of the chief figures in contemporary French literature. Her third novel, *Hell*, was crowned by the French Academy; in it she gives the picture of a young girl brought up as a thorough pagan, both in taste and principle by her uncle and guardian, a Greek scholar, who despises the asceticism of mediæval Christianity and its legacies to modern life; of her momentary love for a young Parisian poet with ideas like her own; and of her final conquest by a strong and thoroughly modern man whose life is devoted to the cause of social reform. *L'Oiseau d'Orage*, published a year later, is the not uncommon story of a woman who, wearied and disillusioned

by the selfishness of her lover, goes back to her husband as her natural master and her refuge and safeguard. *La Maison du Péché* is perhaps Madame Tinayre's masterpiece. It is also of particular interest today as showing the contrast between liberalism and the old religious ideas in a typical French country town; and may be especially recommended to Americans who do not understand the conditions of the present struggle between church and state in France. But it is naturally her last novel, *La Rebelle*, who has aroused the most discussion, since it is a serious study of the modern woman, emancipated and self-supporting, and frankly in rebellion against the conventions of society.

Marcel Prévost is once more the author of the most successful novel of the year, from the point of view of sales. His *Monsieur et Madame Moloch*, pictures, for the French of today, modern Germany under the régime of militarism and commercial expansion, as contrasted with what he calls the former and truer Germany of reverie and poetry and analysis. After running as a serial in the *Revue des deux Mondes* it was published a little more than a month ago in book form, and has already passed its sixty-fifth edition. Loti's novel of the year, *Les Désenchantées: Roman d'Harem Turc contemporain*, was also first published as a serial in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, but it was hardly worthy of that distinction. In it Loti returns to the scene of his early triumph, *Aziyadé*, and his later *Phantôme d'Orient*, but the vein is rather worked out, and the vulgarity of the substance is no longer so well concealed by the exotic "atmosphere" which Loti sheds so thickly over his paintings. Other novels of the year are *L'Incendie*, by Édouard Rod, *Les Aventures du Roi Pausole* by Pierre Louys, and a collection of *Nouvelles* by Paul and Victor Margueritte, entitled *Sur le Vif*. There have also been published translations of Du Maurier's *Trilby*; of *The Jungle*, under the attractive title *Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago*; and of a volume of Dr. Van Dyke's Canadian stories. A curious echo from the past is the publication of a new novel by Henry Céard, *Terrains à Vendre au Bord de la Mer* (Fasquelle). Céard was one of the group of young men who, with Zola, published the once famous *Soirées de Médan* in 1880, to which Zola contributed his *Attaque du Moulin*, and Maupassant his first masterpiece, *Boule de Suif*. The humorous incredulity with which the public and critics have greeted the idea that a member of the school could still be alive, and writing in the same manner, shows how completely that school is a thing of the past.

The drama is once more, after the temporary domination of the novel, recognized as the chief form of literature in France. Unfortunately, however, the present season has not as yet produced any important work which seems worth analysing as an example of contemporary drama. The first new play given at the Théâtre Français this fall was Paul Adam's *Les*

Mouettes, a problem play which had little success. Henri Bat *Poliche*, a comedy in four acts, produced at the same theatre in Dece was almost a complete failure. The sensation of the season, this is Antoine's production of *Julius Caesar* at the Odéon, of which he is director. The best poetic play of the past year was perhaps Catulle M *Glatigny*, given at the Odéon in March. In it the veteran poet of the Parnassian school, who has since been the polygraph of all school used the life of a fellow-poet of the *Parnasse*, who died soon after his first partial successes, as the basis of a play in which he has attempted to repeat the triumph of *Cyrano de Bergerac* by somewhat the same method which Rostand used. In fact the life of Glatigny, distinctly a minor but a prince of vagabonds, a sort of Don Quixote or rather Capitaine *casse* of the nineteenth century, tilting against the windmills of a sci age, and repeatedly beaten in his battle with those new "prejudices, not unlike that of *Cyrano*. Mendès, as his vivid book of reminiscences *La Légende du Parnasse contemporain*, recently showed, is as full of the spirit of youth and poetry, and this he has put into the play; especially into the first act; for unfortunately the mood is not quite sustained throughout, and Mendès' comedy has not the masterly construction and constantly renewed dramatic appeal of Rostand's. Mendès' description of the literary *brasseries* of Paris, about 1865, is not unworthy to be placed beside Rostand's description of the *rotisserie des poètes* of Ragueneau

Derrière les billards, et loin du rigodon,
 Les nouveaux. Ceux qui font des sonnets. ça les mène
 A ne dîner, très tard, que trois fois la semaine.
 Des enfants presque. On dit: "C'est les Parnassiens!"
 Drôle de nom. Ils sont très mal vus des anciens.
 Pour leur barbe blondine et leurs fronts sans grisaille.
 Villiers. Tous ses cheveux dans l'œil. Une broussaille
 Du feu dessous. Est-il roi des Grecs? c'est le hic.
 Hérédia ne vient jamais. Il est trop chic.
 Comme on ferait tourner des tables, main crispée,
 Tendus, ils font le rond ver Catulle ou Coppée.
 Catulle, en porcelaine, a des airs belliqueux!
 L'autre est plus doux. Des fois je m'assois avec eux;
 Ils parlent de Hugo, d'Hamlet, de Rosalinde,
 De l'amour, de la mort, de la Chine, de l'Inde,
 De Leconte de Lisle et de l'Himalaya;
 Ce que je bâille dans les bocks qu'on me paye!
 Tout de même on sent bien qu'ils sont tout autre chose
 Que des bourgeois qui font des affaires en prose.

Another poetic drama worth mentioning is the brief play in two acts

rt Samain, the most exquisite of the symbolists, whose premature death a great loss to poetry. His *Polyphème* was performed in the ancient theatre of Orange on the fifth of last August, with Albert Lambert in the title role, and achieved a triumph. It has now been published in a small volume by the *Mercur de France*.

Dramatic criticism and the history of the drama have been assiduously cultivated, as always in France, during the past year. Peladan's *Origine esthétique de la Tragédie* (E. Sansot) traces the history of the drama from the mysteries of Éleusis to modern times. The second volume of Villiac's *Histoire général du Théâtre en France* has appeared, and is devoted to the history of comedy. The first volume dealt with the origin of drama, down to Corneille, and the third will take up the history of the drama. The eighth and last volume of Sarcey's *Quarante Ans de Théâtre* (Bibliothèque des Annales) has now been published, and also the two numerous volumes of Larroumet's *Études de Critique dramatique* (Garnier). Adolphe Brisson, who has succeeded Sarcey and Larroumet as the dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, has already begun to collect his *feuilletons* in *Le Théâtre et les Mœurs* (Flammarion); and Faguet, the critic of the *Journal des Débats*, continues the publication of his *Propos de théâtre*, (Société française d'imprimerie), now arrived at the third volume. Besides the two lives of Molière which have recently appeared in English, one by Mr. Trollope in England and by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor in America, we have in French an excellent study by Henri Davignon, *Molière et la Vie*. It is a pleasure to be able to say that of these three works on Molière the American is unquestionably the best.

In the field of literary reminiscences, biography, and criticism, a large number of important books and articles have appeared during the year, which cannot here be taken up in detail. It must suffice to mention the most notable among them. Flaubert's *Lettres a sa Nièce Caroline* have been published by Fasquelle. They cover the years 1856 to 1880, but especially with the later years, during which he was composing *La Légende de Saint Antoine* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. They show again his devotion to art, his care for the least turn of phrase, and the enormous effort which his writing cost him. The groanings and struggle with which he succeeded in finishing ten pages in the course of a month are described in detail in these letters. Some new letters of Alfred de Vigny, *Correspondance de 1816 à 1863* have been published, but are not of especial interest. On the other hand the new book on Musset, *Alfred de Musset: Souvenirs d'une Gouvernante*, contains some letters which are masterpieces of epistolary art. The book is a very curious one, and adds a good deal to our knowledge of Musset's later life. We have also, this year, Ernest Renan's *Œuvres de Jeunesse, 1845-1846*; and there have been published in America

the letters of Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant (New York, Putnam's).

The most interesting volume of correspondence of the year, however, is that of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse with the Comte de Guibert, published by the Comte de Villeneuve-Guibert, the great-grandson of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's too favored lover. We had previously had the *Lettres de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, first published in 1809, and the *Nouvelles Lettres*, 1820, as well as *Le Tombeau de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, a rare volume of which a few copies only were published in 1879 by the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix); but the *Correspondance* is now published for the first time in full and correctly, from the autograph copies of the original letters; and the interest of the book is greatly increased by the addition of a large number of unpublished letters of Guibert. There has also appeared an important volume by the Marquis de Ségur, entitled *Julie de Lespinasse*. M. de Ségur has by a thorough study of unpublished documents, family papers, and letters and journals of several of her contemporaries, discovered many new facts about Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; among others that she was the daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon and of Gaspard de Vichy, who later married the legitimate daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon, and so became the brother-in-law of his illegitimate child, Julie. Her father's sister, Madame du Deffand, whose salon had long been a centre of intellectual life in Paris, received Julie there, but soon grew jealous of the intelligence and charm which made her niece the centre of that salon's renewed life and attraction. When the inevitable rupture came, and Julie established a salon of her own, many of the Marquise's old friends, including D'Alembert himself, abandoned her to follow Julie. The story of D'Alembert's devoted friendship, a platonic passion that lasted sixteen years, until his death, is well known. In the meantime, there had come into the life of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse that passion of another kind for Guibert, the soldier and man of the world, whose character was anything but romantic, of which these letters are the memorial. They are also a reminder of the literary moods of the time, and one of the most striking examples of the influence of literature upon life. "You will think me mad," writes Julie, "but read one of Clarissa's letters, or a page of Jean Jacques, and I am sure you will understand me. Not that I claim to speak their language; but I live in their country, and my heart beats in unison with the sorrows of Clarissa." Fortunately, she does *not* "speak their language." Her letters are simple and genuine, and are the most touching and passionate expression of woman's love that has ever, perhaps, found its way into print.

In the field of biography, the most important book of the year is Lanson's *Voltaire*, just published by Hachette, in the "Grands Ecrivains"

ies. It was a difficult task to condense, within the limits of such a brief biography, as this series allows, a well-balanced account of the life and work of the chief Frenchman of letters. But Professor Lanson has succeeded. His treatment is of course sympathetic, and his marshalling of facts and ideas is masterly. A life of Lamartine by René Doumic is to be published in this same series early in the coming year. The volume on Balzac by Brunetière—*Honoré de Balzac, 1799-1850* (C. Lévy)—stands next in importance, but it must be admitted that it is in some ways unsatisfactory, especially in that it dissociates Balzac's work so completely from his life, and even from his epoch, the period of Romanticism, which Brunetière calls "l'école de l'ignorance et de la présomption." On the other hand, Brunetière's analysis of the *Comédie humaine* is masterly, and he well brings out, though perhaps he somewhat exaggerates, the influence of Balzac upon life itself and upon the period of literature which was to follow. "La Comédie humaine," he says, "a transformé les moeurs, avant de renouveler le théâtre, le roman, et l'histoire." Two interesting works of important authors of the romantic school have been published by Léon Chérel: *Alfred de Musset*, in two volumes; and *Lamartine de 1816 à 1830: Elvire et les Méditations*. These are not exactly biographies, and can perhaps be best designated as scholarly gossip. Another book, this time a definitive biography and a sympathetic appreciation, by Gauthier de Clugny, deals with the too little known romanticist, Gérard de Nerval. Naturally, there have appeared an important work on the chief of the Parnassians, by Marius Leblond: *Leconte de Lisle, d'après des documents nouveaux*; and two books which together give a complete treatment of Maupassant's life: *La Vie et l'oeuvre de Guy de Maupassant*, by Édouard Maynial (Mercure de France), and *La Maladie et la mort de Maupassant*, by Louis Thomas (Herbert, Bruges).

In the field of literary history the most important books which have been published during the past year do not, as it happens, deal with modern French literature. One is an excellent history of Italian literature, in the Hachette Series. Another is a monumental volume on *La Révolution française et les poètes anglais* (Hachette), by Charles Cestre, formerly a lecturer and instructor at Harvard, and now at the University of Lyons. On the title page his Harvard degree of A. M.—perhaps the first time that an American university has received such mention on the title page of a French book. The work serves to illustrate anew how much broader is the scholarship which leads to the Doctorat ès Lettres in France than that which the German or American Ph. D. represents. Covered with absolute thoroughness an important modern period and a living stream of ideas, this thesis is, as the doctorate theses of Germany and America very rarely are, a real book of permanent value and of general

interest. Another important work of French scholarship is the new and enlarged edition of the late Gaston Paris' *Esquisse historique de la littérature française du moyen âge*, which now brings the story of French literature down to the end of the fifteenth century. On the sixteenth century we have a new book by Zangroniz: *Montaigne, Amyot, Saliat*.

In the field of criticism and essays, we have two new volumes by Henri Bordeaux: *Paysages romanesques*, dealing with Heine, Goethe, Victor Hugo, and others; and *Pélerinages littéraires*, dealing with Barrès, Loti, Sainte-Beuve, Daudet, Faguet, etc. Faguet, besides his dramatic criticism, has given us one volume of controversial essays, *L'Anticléricalisme*, and one of literary gossip, *Amours d'hommes de lettres*. The second of these is a collection of essays published from time to time in reviewing the memoirs and collections of letters of which so many have appeared in the last few years, and deals with Georges Sand, Alfred de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Mirabeau, Pascal, and others. A charming book of essays, *Le Réveil de Pallas* (E. Sansot), is, I think, the first book of a young critic, Pierre Fons. The last book of an older critic, the master of his generation, is Brunetière's *Questions actuelles*. Brunetière died on the ninth of December, after an illness of two years, during which he kept persistently at his work up to the last moment, editing himself the last number (December 15) of the *Revue des deux mondes*, of which he had been for thirteen years the editor and for thirty years a contributor.

THE BOY HOOD OF KEATS

BY AGNES LEE

BOUND to the gods whom every orb enrings,
 And passionate as mortal children are,
 He paced with golden footsteps of a star,
 Unheeded yet of the world's garlanding.
 Science drew near and uttered fateful things.
 Traffic rushed by upon its sounding car.
 Ever he heard the Muse that from afar
 Besought him in a secret song of wings.

Brother of beauty! Dreamer of an art
 That was to limn Hyperion! Boy sublime!
 Our modern day is yearning back to thee,
 And, with its heart aglow upon thy heart,
 Feels the warm recentness of Milton's time,
 And Shakespeare, closer by a century!

RECENT GERMAN POETRY AND DRAMA

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

FOR a living author a complete edition of his works means a landmark in his career indicating the attainment of majority. This point having been recently reached by Gerhart Hauptmann, Detlev von Liliencron and Richard Dehmel, it is meet to look back upon the period they represent and to take note of its achievements and its failures. For although Liliencron never directly took part in the *Revolution der Literatur* proclaimed by Karl Bleibtreu, he, like the other two, is a product of the storm and stress of literary production following Nietzsche's re-valuation of values and deeply influenced by the scientific investigations of the time.

The paramount issue of the campaign waged against the old ideals and old methods by the young generation of the last two decades has been the establishment of a close relation between literature and life, which logically implied a new manner of presenting its problems. It needs but a glance at the literature of the periods to prove that this new manner, the naturalism no longer new to the French, was soon essentially modified and in time more thoroughly exploited and abused by German writers than its French originators had dreamed of. With their fondness for scientific speculation the wildest psychopathic hypothesis launched by a modern scientist was not exempt from being treated in poetry, drama and fiction, and, what is worse, from being made the pivotal point of criticism. Much that is unsatisfactory in recent German letters is due to a one-sided adherence to this scientific viewpoint and a supreme disregard of conventional ethics and æsthetical effects. There are passages in the earlier plays of Hauptmann and there are poems in the early books of Liliencron and Dehmel which owed their existence directly to the partizan attitude of their generation in the literary struggle for truth. Now that the works of Hauptmann are to appear in six volumes and those of Dehmel in ten (S. Fischer, Berlin), while those of Liliencron are already collected in fourteen volumes (Schuster and Loeffler, Berlin), it will be possible to survey the achievement of these men as a whole and to assign to them the places they are likely to occupy in the literature of modern Germany.

Hauptmann, as he appears to us to-day, after twenty years of a remarkable literary career, is a figure bearing the mark of his time, expressing even in the deep lines of his face the tragedy of a conflict, of which he is the living incarnation. Whether he is conscious of the fact or not, that a period of transition is likely to produce an art, which, be it ever so perfect, is doomed to be of transient meaning only—the struggle of his individual creative will against some uncontrollable power without has certainly become more and more apparent with every new work. "*Und Pippa tanzt!*" has some wonderful poetic possibilities and not a few passages, in which these have been realized to the full extent. But viewed as a whole the play is a chaos, which seems untouched by the breath of a creator. Potentially, it holds all that a great poet might pour into a work to-day; but it is all undelivered and unrelieved. It is a serious task consistently to work out one great motive and give it perfect poetic expression. But it is an impossible undertaking to crowd into the compass of a single work a variety of vital motives like evolution, socialism, reincarnation, monism and others, without blurring the outlines and destroying the unity of the composition. To this variety of motives and to an over-scrupulous attention to detail is due much of the obscurity which mars the work. The desire to say something on every timely topic within the limits of a literary work which is supposed to survive the passing interests of the day, is very curious, and has been the cause of the defection of Gustav Frenssen, whose novels suffer from being overstocked with ideas. Why Hauptmann should fail to eliminate superfluous motives and details in order to preserve the large lines, the great lights and the deep shadows of his canvas, is difficult of comprehension.

There are not a few voices in Germany to-day that openly declare him a victim of capitalism. When the commercialism which is the bane of American literature is discussed, it is customary to look upon Europe as the home of art, free from considerations of commercial value. We are as familiar with conditions abroad as we are with our own deplorable state of affairs, we might find a little consolation in the fact that the world is just about the same everywhere. Hauptmann's gradual decline since his first great successes is the subject of much concern among his admirers and his career is beginning to be looked upon as the great artist tragedy of modern German letters. Yet at core it is an old tragedy, this futile struggle of an artist's idealism against the pressing realities of daily life. Were Hauptmann economically as independent as he is not, it is unthinkable, that he should be contented with giving to the public a work, showing such unmistakable evidence of haste. Over-rapid production forced upon him by manager's contracts may in a large measure be responsible for his recent failures.

It is fortunate, that lyric poetry, at least, has no commercial value and cannot become the object of speculation. Individually it is of course to be regretted and no one has had more cause to do so than Detlev von Liliencron, whose finances only a few years ago repeatedly engaged the attention of his friends. But in the fourteen books produced during that period of poverty there is not the slightest suggestion of bitterness. The sanguine temperament of the poet and his sane acceptance of life, unbiased by any philosophical theory, have given his poems a charm of health and of soundness throughout, quite rare in the writings of the modern Germans. Richard Dehmel, more abstractly intellectual and more intensely passionate than his friend, does not present in his poetry quite so bright an image of life; although as he passed through the crucible of the modern school he has shed some of the morbid growths which disfigured his early work, he is still an individuality reflecting strongly the spiritual conflicts which have been convulsing the young generation in Germany, that had grown up within the radius of the great iconoclast, Nietzsche.

Among the new volumes of poetry recently published, that by Paul Remer deserves notice: *In golden Fuelle* (Schuster and Loeffler, Berlin). Remer's source is the folksong; in that school he has learned to find beauty in simplicity, and to clothe simple sentiments in the simplest terms possible. This has given his verse a conciseness and concentration rarely to be found among the stylists and the craftsmen, whose juggling with words is meant to create the illusion of sentiment and thought. He is discreet and refined, and has an exquisite sense of poetic values. It is curious to observe, how widely artistic individualities, springing from the same source, differentiate in their further development. Carl Spitteler's *Glockenlieder* (Eugen Diederics, Jena) also are rooted in the folksong; but Spitteler's poetry is the vehicle of his nature thoughts, his philosophy, and to give expression to his ideas, he sometimes capriciously disregards form, while in other instances his simplicity strikes the reader as artificial. But there is a peculiar charm about the verse of this man, who has an almost Whitmanesque eye for the mysteries of the cosmos and with marvelous plasticity moulds into visible images the fleeting fancies of his imagination.

The name of Fritz Lienhard stands for a moment in the literature of modern Germany, which is the logical artistic product of the new nationalism: *Heimatskunst*. It is an art rooted deeply in the native soil, and easily degenerating into provincialism. Lienhard has been an active champion for this new art, of which the novels of Gustav Frenssen are a good example. In his *Gedichte* (Greiner and Pfeifer, Stuttgart) there is an occasional predominance of a local note, but the general impression is that of a poetry, attempting more than it can express. The book is more ethical than artistic in its essence; it is full of noble ethical ideas

sometimes perfectly worded, at other times rather awkwardly expressed. Lienhard is a man whose creative imagination falls behind his intellectual inspiration. He lacks the economic sense of the true artist and spreads before the reader a moving panorama of many pictures, in which one impression effaces and neutralizes the other. His originality is often far-fetched, his language stilted, but the personality behind the book has great and noble traits, and wherever he is contented with a simple thought simply told, his verse has a rare charm.

Ernst Knodt, the author of *Ein Ton vom Tode und ein Lied vom Leben* (Giessen, Emil Roth) does not deny in his verse that he was once struggling with the dogmas and the systems of theology. The former clergyman is still given to serious reflection and lacks the gift of direct suggestion. His is the personality of a dreamer and a fighter, and the contrast between the two is not always harmoniously attuned in the voice of the poet. But the sentiment is genuine, there is a strong personal note, and an occasional dash and passionate swing, which compensate for passages, in which the poet's desire for simplicity tempts him to admit into serious verse phrases of an almost commonplace prose. A newcomer, who has been very warmly received, is Kranz Karl Ginzkey, whose volume of verse *Das heimliche Laeuten* (L Staackmann, Leipzig) shows a distinct, though not a modern physiognomy. Ginzkey's poetry reaches back to the masters of the Swabian school, with whom he shares simplicity and purity of sentiment and a remarkable mastery of the form. He chooses strong, clearly defined motives and has the gift of moulding them into poems with a distinct physiognomy. There is a charming spontaneity in this first book.

Of the women whose poetical products have recently been published, Irene Forbes-Mosse is one who has for some years been watched with interest. A direct descendant of the Arnims who have been identified with the romantic school of Germany a hundred years ago, the romanticism of her ancestors is still in her blood and her brain. In her new book *Das Rosenthor* (Leipzig, Insel-Verlag) she gives new evidences of her marvelous gift of welding an experience into a rhythmic word-image. Her verse has distinction of style and is full of charming word-music. But the keynote of her poetry is a sad, sweet resignation. Hedda Sauer is also a poet of the romantic past, but her romanticism admits a hopeful to-morrow. In her book *Wenn es rote Rosen schneit* (Prag, Bellman) she shows the tendency to turn into an object of art every experience of life; she recognizes the beauty of suffering. Her romanticism springs from an intense desire for a beauty which has no trace in it of a commonplace workaday atmosphere; but her longing does not waste itself in futile plaint, but hopefully looks towards the future. Another writer whose

is familiar to the critics is that of Else Lasker Schueler, a Jewess by whose poetry is full of a strange mysticism, reveling in primitive feelings, yet clarified and controlled by a strong will and a cool

There is much fanciful orientalism in her images, but they are of vital ideas. Altogether she is the most remarkable individuality of the present, and her book *Der siebente Tag* (Charlottenburg, Verein für Kunst) stands quite apart from other poetical productions of the past century.

In a period of vulgar smartness and cheap commercialization, it is remarkable to meet a personality of the aristocratic reserve and the artistic independence of Stefan George. Inspired with the sanctity of the artist's life, as perhaps no other poet in modern Germany, he has for about twenty years with admirable disregard of popularity, fame and material success upheld the cause of *l'art pour l'art* in an exquisite magazine of his own, privately circulated among a few contributors of congenial individuality.

Silently resenting the curiosity of the uncalled and uninitiated, Stefan George worked entirely apart from the crowd, caring not for timely success and tastes. But his seriousness of purpose and almost solemn devotion to the work could not long remain unnoticed and although there were some critics who ridiculed what they called his "preciosity" and with delight upon his mannerisms of orthography and punctuation; the delicacy of his imagery and the distinction of his language are remarkable and have few parallels among the poets of the generation. His exquisite wordcraft as his does not lend itself easily to a foreign

but the following lines in praise of the power of poetical inspiration may convey some idea of the art of Stefan George:

'Es sanken Haupt und Hand der mueden Werker,
Der Stoff war ungefuege, sproed und kalt. . .
Da—ohne Wunsch und Ziechen—bricht im Kerker
Ein Streif wie schieres Silber durch den Spalt.

Es hebt sich leicht, was eben dumpf und bleiern,
Es blinkt gel æutert, was dem Staub gezollt. . .
Ein bræutliches, beginnliches Entschleiern. . .
Nun spricht der Ewige: ich will! Ihr sollt!'

(The worker's hand and head sank wearily,
For brittle was the metal, hard and cold' . . .
When—unforeseen and unfortold—a ray
Of silver through the prison window broke.

And light became what leaden dull had been,
 And brightly gleamed what had been decked with dust
 And as a bride unveiling stood revealed.
 The voice eternal spoke: I will! Thou shalt!'

The latest work by Stefan George is a volume of translations of unusual merit. *Zeitgenoessische Dichter* (George Bondi, Berlin), in which are represented among others Rossetti, Swinburne, Dowson, Verlaine, Verhaeren, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Regnier and D'Annunzio.

A number of anthologies remain to be mentioned, which owe their inception to the *Heimatskunst*. Foremost among them is the *Muenchener Almanach* (Muenchen, R. Piper & Co), which presents specimens of the poetical work of writers resident in and about Munich, among them Wilhelm von Scholz, the poet-painter, Leo Greiner, Emanuel von Bodmann, Georg Fuchs and others. The *Ost-Preussische Dichterbuch* (Carl Reissner, Dresden) contains poems by Arno Holz, George Reicke, A. K. T. Tielo, Marie Madeleine and among others one new-comer of promise, Walther Heymann. The *Braunschweiger Dichterbuch* (Georg Westermann, Braunschweig) has one name bound to attract attention, that of Ricarda Huch, but the *Sturmlied*, with which she is represented, is hardly characteristic of her strong poetic individuality. Albert Geiger, himself a poet, of considerable talent, is the editor of the *Badische Dichter* (Karlsruhe, G. Braun) which covers the whole history of poetry in that province and is compiled with great care and discrimination. It is doubtful, however, whether the true cause of art is being materially helped by these collections of poems, meant to represent and to perpetuate provincial traits in literature.

The quality of dramatic production has been rather inferior during the past months. Most of the men whose dramatic achievements some years ago made their names known beyond the German border, seem to be unable to equal their early successes. The causes underlying the recent failures of Sudermann and Hauptmann are almost too complicated to be intelligible to the outsider; but Sudermann and Hauptmann are not the only playwrights of modern Germany whose work is strangely uneven. Arthur Schnitzler whose work is always looked forward to with no little expectation, has repeatedly disappointed his admirers with his recent plays. But a charming burlesque in one act, played in Vienna some months ago has redeemed his reputation as a dramatic poet of great constructive power and a master of brilliantly sparkling dialogue. *'Zum grossen Wurstl'* is a bit of comedy of profound and admirably sustained symbolism. The scene is the Wurstlprater of Vienna, a jolly crowd following with intense interest the marionette-play on the little stage. The characters of this play

characters from the poet's dramas; the poet himself is represented as idly pacing about and arguing with the stage manager. The critics, vain in the performance, all is life and animation, when suddenly a man in a black cloak appears, sword in hand, and proceeds to cut the throats of the figures. One by one they topple over, until actors and audience lie lifeless on the stage and the curtain falls. A grotesque idea is strongly expressed: the author has felt the humor of life's tragedy and wishes to us the lesson that our life is but a play and we the marionettes. The dramatic work of the Austrians is characterized by a stronger imagination and a more direct reflection of real life than that of the writers of Germany, whose imagination seems to be hampered by what they know rather than what they feel. A new comer who has aroused considerable interest is Hans Mueller. His volume of one-act plays, *Das staerkere Geschlecht* (Egon Fleischel & Co, Berlin) is a remarkable achievement. *Die Eitelkeiten* is a dramatic poem with Savonarola as the hero. He has ordered the destruction of all vanities, when he himself falls a victim to the temptation of woman, the greatest of all vanities, and is seduced by her. But compared with the greatness of his mission a personal lie is trifling. He denies her charge and Elena is burned by the people on the pyre built for the vanities. This is the end of the play in the book; but in the performance at Bruenn which preceded the publication of the book, Savonarola confessed his guilt, Elena was not burned and the people turned away from the false prophet. The language of the play is dignified and inspired, the idea consistently carried through to the end, which is a victory of the stronger life over the designs of the devil.

The Flowers of Death is another noteworthy creation. The former part of an artist is dying of a wasting illness. Ten years ago the husband's development seemed arrested; determined to rouse his creative faculties by a desperate effort, she had feigned infidelity and had been seduced by him. She had not known a day of health since their separation but he had reached the goal of her ambition, had become famous. When he comes to bring her flowers, meant to grace the coffin; he meets an imposed rival and learns the facts. Tortured with grief at having seduced her, he rushes into her room; a moment of suspense for the man—then the physician emerges, a cry is heard inside, and the seduced rival learns, that there is a possibility of saving her life, now the reconciliation has taken place. *Troubadour* deals with the erotic tendencies of a professor's young wife; no complicated character like Hedda Gabler, but simply a frivolous little flirt, infatuated with the anonymous correspondent in a prize contest, whose lyrics strike her as being the direct expression of a passionate yearning youth. Her husband favors the prose

treatise of a misogynist, but persuades the committee to divide the prize between the two, who in his absence come to the house to learn the decision. Then the young woman learns, that "troubadour" is the father of her children and rapidly transfers her infatuation to the misogynist, who is a charming fellow. The technique reminds very much of French models, but the dialogue is sprightly. *Die Stunde* is the story of an escape planned by Napoleon while at Longwood and frustrated by the daughter of the governor. It is the weakest of the four plays, being unconvincing in the delineation of the characters, with the exception of that of Napoleon. But there is a strong individual note to all the plays, a temperamental note easily recognized as typically Austrian.

Another Austrian is Alfred Gold, whose *Ausklang* (Bruno Cassirer, Berlin) is a family tragedy, quiet and subdued in tone, discreet in the treatment of a problem, reminding remotely of that of 'John Gabriel Borkmann.' For here, too, a man commits the one unpardonable sin, kills love-life in a woman. Her unsatisfied desire for happiness reappears potentially raised in the son; when he receives the full measure of the father's tyranny, she plans to leave the husband with the youth, but learns that his heart belongs to another woman and finally both renounce. The charm of his play is in its reserve force; little is done or said, but much is suggested. Marie Eugenie delle Grazie's three-act play *Ver sacrum* (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Haertel), also depends for its effect more upon the impression made by the characters, which are finely delineated and upon the truly poetic atmosphere, than upon real action and dramatic construction.

Frank Wedekind is temperamentally more closely related to the Austrians than to the Germans. A unique figure among the writers of young Germany, with whom he shares an almost exclusive devotion to erotic problems, he has been called by Georg Brandes the Mephistopheles of German letters. He has a strong sense of humor, more grotesque than genial, and has a trick of treating serious problems with a supreme disregard for consistency of character, logical sequence of action and natural sentiment. During his active participation in the enterprise of Ernst von Wolzogen, the Ueberbrettel, Wedekind acquired the habit of doing literary stunts and in his latest work *Todtentanz* (Albert Langen, Munich) proves that he is bound to be original and startling at the expense of good sense and taste. With this purely personal aim ever in his mind, his attempts at preaching reforms through the vehicle of his plays, remain unconvincing; for his pictures of life are caricatures, and his portraits are gargoyles.

Among the writers who ten years ago promised to become leaders in the German drama, Georg Hirschfeld was one of the most signally

successful. But since his remarkable debut with the *Muetter* he has experienced nothing but failures. The reason why his *Spaetfruehling* fell short of the expectations the author and his friends had cherished, was not far to seek. The reconciliation of a divorced couple is not a problem of pure pathos; it has a strong element of humor. This a Frenchman or one of our modern Celts might have been able to bring forward; but Kirckfeld's touch is not light enough; he is burdened too much with the atmosphere of the sanitarium, which is the scene of the play—in itself an unfortunate choice. This impairs the vitality of his characters and paralyzes the flight of his humor. The play was a comedy only in name.

Max Halbe is another member of the group that failed to fulfill the promise of his youth. After *Jugend* and *Mutter Erde* he has failed again and again, and his latest effort, *Die Insel der Seligen*, is no exception. To the initiated reader this satire upon the Neue Gemeinschaft, which some years ago in a suburb of Berlin harbored many a budding young genius of Germany dissatisfied with life on conventional lines, is not only in bad taste, but becomes thoroughly unpleasant reading through its note of personal animosity. To the uninitiated the travesty is unintelligible. Hence the play entirely fails to fulfill its purpose both as drama and as satire. Thomas Mann, by many critics looked upon as the master of the modern German novel, has turned from the bourgeois milieu of a Hanseatic town which he so graphically pictured in the *Buddenbrocks*, to sensuous Florence in the time of Lorenzo. Savonarola is the hero and the heroine Fiore symbolizes the gay city. Fiore had in her youth rejected Savonarola and become the mistress of Lorenzo. This led to hatred the sorrow of the former and made him identify woman with the vanities of the world. Had the author been satisfied with dramatizing the human story, he might have achieved a genuine success, but the allegory which he wove about the dramatic plot weakened the effect.

An interesting feature of recent German drama is the part played by the educator. Otto Ernst's *Flachsmann als Erzisher* has been followed by several plays, in which the hero is a teacher and the plot attacks the problems, how he can reconcile his high mission in society with existing economic and religious conditions. A recent addition to his group of works is Wilhelm Holzamer's drama in three acts *Um die Zukunft* (Gon Fleischel & Co, Berlin), recently performed in Leipzig. This play by a critic and poet of refined taste is well constructed, yet remarkably free from all theatrical tendencies, and its effect is due solely to its artistic quality. It is especially remarkable for the strong portrayal of its characters and barring a too pronounced Tendenz is a remarkable performance.

Another young dramatist whose development is watched with genuine interest is Johannes Wiegand. He has a virile grasp of his subjects and a strong gift of characterization. A powerful one-act drama *The Last Trip*, was performed some years ago by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and followed by a performance of a three-act drama *The Conqueror*, in which Catherine of Russia was an important figure. The author has since achieved success with *Das Juengste Gericht*, a play founded upon a catastrophe which filled with terror the people of a small coast town in the year 1000. His handling of the psychology of a crowd, swayed with the fear of impending judgment, is admirable. The figure of the hermit, preaching trust in one's own nature and summoning the populace to establish a kingdom of true brotherhood, has imposing traits. The whole work has a strong poetic quality. The book is published by Georg Mueller, Muenchen.

A play founded upon the hackneyed story of Bluebeard was recently the occasion of a demonstration in the Lessing Theater of Berlin, which recalled the excited times of the Freie Buehne. *Ritter Blaubart* by Herbert Eulenberg (Egon Fleischel & Co, Berlin), is a mild attempt at treating the gruesome romantic tale as a pathological problem. But the means employed failed to convey the impression aimed at and even in the most dramatic scenes the audience was apparently unconvinced and unaffected. The enthusiastic applause of Arthur Schnitzler and Maximilian Harden made a sensation, but did not materially affect the dictum of the audience, which corresponds with that of the readers. The revised and modernized Bluebeard is no addition to dramatic literature likely to make its author famous.

CURRENT ITALIAN LITERATURE

FOGAZZARO

BY PIETRO ISOLA

FEW among foreign travelers have heard of Vicenza and fewer still have ever seen it. Today the eyes of all Italy are turned toward that Veneto-Lombard city, because it reflects the genius of a man who in company with three or four others represents the leadership of the literature of the 'Third Italy.' Almost any city of Italy may prove interesting by impressive beauty and picturesque location; by the imposing vestiges of the civilizations; by the inheritance from the Middle-ages, or by the influence on modern life.

Vicenza is proud of her Antonio Fogazzaro—Vicenza, the little city proudly pointing to her milestones of progress; from the Roman bridges, crossing the rapid Bacchiglione, to the mediæval tower of the Scaligers and the lofty palaces of Palladio, Scamozzi and Calderari. The impressive remote age and the genius of the renaissance impart to Vicenza an air of refinement, peace and enjoyment of well earned leisure. Monte Berico towers over the city, eternal sentinel, crowning her with the verdant slopes of grape-vines and olives and the sombre erect cypresses descend from the crest in undulating lines to the valley, where Vicenza lies amidst peace and loveliness.

Among the distant moist, cool shadows of the hills an occasional glimpse reveals warm touches of color falling upon winding-stepped paths leading to homes and villas where gardens multiply, rich in classic fountains and fountains, or unchecked in *baroque* exultations and gorgeous variety of color and form. It is among these suburban and pensile villas that Fogazzaro dwells, works, thinks and dreams.

His city life is limited to a few weeks during the inclement weather. His visits to Vicenza, however, are a daily occurrence for the discharge of his multifarious duties as citizen, as father and as an intellectual leader. The daily touch of the writer with the activities of others; with the *chiaroscuro* of life; the joys; and sorrows, weeping and laughing, constitute a wholesome nourishment for the man and the artist.

Moreover it is in these provincial cities, towns and villages that one yet undefiled the racial types, and in Fogazzaro's immediate neighbor-

hood one may yet enjoy the touch of Goldonian figures. In the town one is held more firmly within its general life, the incidents of the narrow provincial foibles, the gossip of the street where men and women bend toward each other in whispering groups; where the how decrepit, rich or poor lean on each other in friendly support; window to window, door gaping upon door, balcony to balcony, and roofs project to meet one another; all simulating the living groups of the streets in friendly chats, describing little dramas, breathing new secrets or laughing over the little comedies unfolded within the walls.

It is in such an atmosphere that our Fogazzaro was born and developed, where he has been content to remain, but where, with his touch of genius he has achieved the great in the midst of the little; surrounded by peace he has divined the world's tragedies; in little Vicenza he has fathomed universal life. And there also he has developed that keen humor and deep sympathy that from his studio over the valley of the Brenta Silence has come to us in perfect fusion of idealism and realism. Fortune has smiled upon this writer and he may revel in the peace and inspirations of sylvan freshness, architectural beauty and the color-laden gardens of the villas about him. His life, in fact, is so intimate with his surroundings that Valsolda, Bassano, Villa Carre, Villa Roi, Montebelluna and others have each witnessed the birth of a character that has illuminated his books.

All this affluence has not weakened his fibre, and culture has developed in him stronger and stronger human sympathy. His is the true interpretation of wealth and intellectual supremacy. Time was when Italy had vast culture and with a certain class it is still maintained, but in earlier days culture represented an individual acquisition, a private ornament or was used for the aggrandizement of æsthetic Italy. Little has she ever thought of the amelioration of the classes. Now, however, Italy has entered a new era and her sons realize that culture is ephemeral if it does not go hand in hand with social service, that the privilege of cultural and mental superiority imposes greater obligations toward their fellowmen.

Fogazzaro represents very eminently this new element. He does not write to amuse himself nor to amuse us. He is a hero and a fearless combatant for the highest ideals—Matilde Serao calls him: '*Cavalier dello Spirito*' and some other admirer 'The poet of the Ideal.' He works for the unravelling of perplexing problems; to bring clarity where seething darkness reigns; to add greater dignity to man by enlarging his mission beyond terrestrial usefulness; to harmonize progress with faith.

Translated in prose the few following lines lose much of their poetic beauty, but the sentiment still remains—they are taken from his 'No

Verba' and may be called his 'Credo'—'Toward the din of battle I march mid darkness, thoughtful and armed. Where the battle rages there a place is reserved for me. For each confronting faith that from dust to freedom rises; for each strong love, for each wrath by that faith kindled, Onward Soldier.' Again in one of his many addresses he said: 'We are not mounted on the saddle to aspire to epaulets, but only for combat.' It is invigorating to know of a man among Italians so valiant, so earnest in achieving his highest, in his effort to reach new worlds, rejecting tepid luxuries; noble and simple; never supine; never timorous of severing obsolete traditions, but ever moving forward with spirituality and faith—and indeed he needs dignity and strength to remain immune under all the attacks that envious critics, blatant reds and blacks continually make against him. Italy may have better or greater poets among her sons, but she has not a stronger artistic conscience than he: Valsolda who (as some one has said) 'has known how to extract poetry from life and give life to poetry'. Idealism and deep sane faith form the essence of his life.

Philosophically he is a follower of Rosmini, and in his art has followed so closely that other rosminian, Manzoni that he is called the last of the manzonians. This must not be taken too literally however, because Fogazzaro has introduced in his works elements that Manzoni never thought of, or never admitted, which is but natural when we make allowance for the time separating them and the totally different conditions of Italy at the present.

This may be further illustrated by considering the books that in art fill the shelves of Fogazzaro's library. He says himself:

'In my library are reflected the different phases of my intellectual evolution, besides the general books indispensable to any collection. Books on Hypnotism and spiritualism with Proceedings of the Society of Psychological Research, lying closely to Swedenborg, Prel, Brofferio, etc. The book of Joseph Lecomte which first revealed to me the intimate accord of my evolutionary belief and my religious faith, the anonymous little book "Vestiges of Creation" famous in the history of Evolution; Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, Wallace, Mivart, Grey, Lyell and many others representing the school of Materialism, Spiritualism and Evolution. In philosophy, Rosmini, little else. On religion and religious questions many books including Babel and Bibel, Schell, Loisy, etc. Socialism, Henry George and a few others. In the line of favorite readings at one time Fontaigne, Essays of Bacon (my *vade mecum*). Of novels not many and mostly English, from Walter Scott to the modern. Of Tolstoi much, in proportion, and not a little of Zola which, however, I shall in time re-

duce to one volume. Stendhal is also represented, but I would not open it now any more than I dare touch the frozen body of a larva.'

Such a slight knowledge of the books of his library is interesting and illuminating and we may thus follow his works with greater intelligence.

In Fogazzaro we have poet, novelist and social-philosophic romance-writer. He is not a colorist and although he has given virile pages of prose and exquisite lines of poetry he appears as a skilled draughtsman or a chiseller of cameos, masterfully carved in depth and definition, again almost nebulous in dainty modelling, but invariably uniform in color. He has not the rich palette of his contemporary D'Annunzio who can with his magic pen transform words into marvelous paintings. In fact one thinks in pigments, the other in marble. Fogazzaro often uses and abuses the dialect; D'Annunzio has the power of conveying unmistakably the sonority, rapidity, vehemence and picturesqueness of the Abruzzi speech and yet keeping Italian. This is eminently illustrated in 'The Daughter of Jorio' and 'The Light under the Bushel.'

The literary career of Fogazzaro began as a poet and began early. 'Miranda,' 'Valsolda,' 'Intermezzi,' 'Gavotte,' 'Eva,' 'Novissima Verba,' and many other lyrics contain the philosophy, religious faith, and eminence of thought that have ever preoccupied this writer, nevertheless his lyrics must take a secondary place in our interest.

Of his works in prose we may begin with the 'Essays' and 'Human Ascensions' (*Asoensioni Umane*) in which the effort of the writer to establish the proper harmony between science and religion leads us to recognize at once the fruits of his studies of Le Comte and others. 'Le Poete de l'Avenir,' a conference delivered at the Sorbonne in Paris, is the closing chapter of 'Human Ascensions.' In 'For a New Science' (*Per una Nuova scienza*) the author is grasping with questions of Hypnotism and Spiritualism.

Among the novels we have 'Sonatine bizzarre,' 'Brief Stories' (*Racconti brevi*), and 'Fedele'. In all these may be found gems of thought and splendid workmanship. His 'Silver Crucifix' among them, an artistic production of unusual beauty, 'Pereat Rochus' may also be mentioned as one of his best productions among novels, worthy to be taken as classic and preeminently Fogazzarian.

With regard to the romances, 'Malombra,' 'Daniele Cortis,' and 'Mysteries of the Poet'; we are borne in 'Malombra' to the very centre of Spiritism or Occultism. It is evident that Fogazzaro is reaching out to a new world and endeavors to assuage internal strife. When one enters such ground, conditions become labyrinthian. It is said that the author consumed six years in finishing this work, therefore it must not sur-

ise us to find that artist, poet and thinker are at variance and interfering with each other. 'Malombra' contain some very fine descriptions of nature; the language at times fits skilfully the mysticism of the thought, but the story lacks movement; it is unexplained and leaves us desirous of greater harmony and more conviction. It is also peccant of the melodramatic and thus a book, unfortunately voluminous, becomes proportionately wearisome.

'Daniele Cortis' is the Idealist's companion. Written twenty or more years ago it remains exceedingly interesting, wholesome and hopeful. 'Daniele' is 'simpatico,' as the Italians would say, with his vigorous, active idealism. Daniele and Elena (wife of a worthless aristocrat) love each other, yet they move about in such a refined, dignified, traditional atmosphere that the reader has full confidence they will not be dragged into vulgarity. The contrast of the two, man and woman, is well defined and psychologically interesting. Although the *deus ex machina* appears now and then, it is tactfully done. The whole story is lofty and adds to human self respect, since it is uninfluenced by the filth-stained canons of other writers.

In the third romance 'The Mystery of the Poet' we find comparatively inferior work. We move once more in the realms of 'Malombra;' but the subject is treated with less skill. We meet only a very insipid Poet whose genius is not patent and whose moral standard is rather uncertain. We may still hold the palm for 'Daniele Cortis,' most rich in all the elements that form a work of art. Philosophy, psychology, religion, poetry, dignity and simplicity, all unfolded in a pleasing and natural manner.

We come now to the later and mature period of Fogazzaro's artistic and useful life. 'The Little Old World,' 'The Little Modern World,' form with his last book 'The Saint' a trilogy which carries us again to the field of observation and truth.

Antonio Fogazzaro was seventeen years old in 1859, a period as we all know full of significant preparations, strife and final victory and redemption. Such a period must have made a deep and lasting impression upon this young and naturally responsive mind. Thus in 'The Little Old World,' we have the conspiracies, the passions, heroisms, virtues, faults and Austrian persecutions of that time. A theme indeed full of treacherous footfalls for the romance writer, and a theme that leads with slippery facility into the melodramatic, a fault to which the writer succumbs but is fortunately saved by other and excellent features.

Franco Maironi marries Luisa Rigey and the marriage is bitterly opposed by the family. The bitterness of this opposition is very intense, forms a splendid introduction to the story and conveys the right color-

ing to the atmosphere of this feverish period. The analysis of the two characters is most felicitous in its delicate delineation. It opens to the reader the soul of the two protagonists, but the knowledge is gained through what surrounds them, rather than by direct information. The book is of course ascetic and the religious question is ever prevalent. Franco deeply religious, Luisa atheistic; Franco is a dreamer, Luisa the contrary. Franco is passive and Luisa is active. Their love binds them to each other but is a physical love. One can imagine the subtleties of contrast necessary to explain this union. The study of Franco is also interesting in comparison with the other idealist Daniele Cortis. The passive idealism of Franco would never satisfy the energetic idealism of the other. One is a dreamer, the other a doer. The apathy of the husband is in continuous contrast with the strength of the wife. Franco's deep faith is well balanced by Luisa's deep sense of justice, which is with her a religion. And in both the patriotism is so strong as to be a religion, vivified in Franco by his idealism, and in Luisa by the sense of duty. Fogazzaro could not withstand the temptation of introducing a little spiritism, when he tries to bring Luisa in correspondence with the spirit of her dead daughter, Maria; an attempt, however soon relinquished; for the critic within Fogazzaro saw the danger to the unity of Luisa's character.

The second of the trilogy, 'The Little Modern World,' is again inferior in texture and details. In this, Piero Maironi and Jeanne Desal are introduced and they are the important characters of the last book. But Piero Maironi is inferior, in interest, to Franco.

Fogazzaro's works are in their artistic value like the flight of the fink continually dipping and rising in its transit from tree to tree. Nevertheless it must be remembered that the illustration may be accepted literally for this writer is always high above the common ground.

Piero Maironi rises again in 'The Saint' (*Il Santo*). In this work we have the recapitulation of Fogazzaro's works. All his faith is concentrated in it. Christian Democracy, born in the idealistic mind of Daniele Cortis in practice with the old Uncle, in the first book of the trilogy, again reappears, and is preached by Piero in 'The Saint.' The character is very beautifully drawn. The double strength of the human and the spiritual is given it; and, the fact that Piero, a sinner and worldly man has conquered his love for Jeanne and renounces the world, not for ascetic retirement, but that he may bring strength and comfort to his fellowmen, enhances its power. Piero's teachings are hardly new though still unheeded, and many may incline to say that such a book has no place in fiction. Yet it must not be judged too superficially. The very stage of Maironi's developments lends significance and eminence to 'The Saint.'

If the scene were laid elsewhere it might indeed lose some of its importance, but laid in Italy and in Rome, it assumes force. It establishes a feeling of progress, an atmosphere of thoughtfulness. It brings new life to those Italians whose traditional religious faith is tenacious and sincere, yet, who see the wrongs and incompatibility of the Roman Church; who recognize their duty as Italian citizens to strive for fraternity, who wish to help others. They are not blind to the progress of the world and desire to march with it.

Amid the vapid literature of the day it is unusual and hopeful to meet with a man who invites you to meditate and to consider perplexing questions of conscience and polity. 'The Saint' has been placed in the category of polemical works like 'John Inglesant' and 'Robert Elsmere' but this is hardly just to its breadth of subject, finesse of drawing, or its rank in æsthetic writing.

Let it not be compared to any other work, but let it be accepted as the work of an Italian, written in Italian and for Italians. Let it represent a dignified message of a man who feels the ambiguous conditions of the world in matters of faith.

Though it be admitted to be at variance with our own beliefs and opinions, still it will always demand and receive our sincere admiration. The proper relations of Church and State have ceased to be political in Italy and have become ethical. 'The Saint' preaches what all Christians, blacks and whites, should hear, and for that matter, the world would hear.

There is a strong doubt in the minds of many, that the reformation of the Church is possible with a promise of endurance; but if our minds are broad and if we have courage a doubt may be a starting point for better things. Italy needs a sane religious renaissance, which, without being too radical or unracial, will place her in the front line of progress and happiness. It is fortunate therefore that Italy has a noble earnest leader Antonio Fogazzaro, to whom we speed the echo of his words: 'Onward, my friend.' To the reader, therefore, we offer a warm exhortation to grace and sympathetic study, the works of this gifted writer who has known how to temper his Latin genius with the refining touch of English culture and thought.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IS 'Pippa Passes' a drama? One of our contributors to a number of *Poet Lore* after a most sincere and unbiased trial of 'Pippa' at the bar of judgment upon its stage presentation in New York, concludes that it is not a drama but a dramatic poem. His conclusion has suggested two lines of thought to us; first whether a drama must necessarily be just what everybody thinks it ought to be; second, if it is a dramatic poem why should not a dramatic poem have a stage interpretation?

* * * * *

Like every other alive form, either natural or artistic, the drama just by dint of being what everybody thinks it ought to be has assumed whatever shape whenever its makers and hearers were not sheep, but leaders—many different shapes under different hands. Some of these shapes have never been developed—so far as the history of literature knows—in all their inherent capabilities. And this has happened not through any fault of the germinating idea, but in the conditions of the time. The seed is good, its growth desirable, for its peculiar dramatic purpose and result but the conditions unfavorable.

* * * * *

It happens that the dramatic form of Browning's 'Pippa Passes' is one of the most interesting in its capabilities of the manifold forms that pushed their way in the ground in the vigorous dawn of our modern European Drama. It is that form of dramatic story which is allied to our very earliest Christian dramatic form. It was enacted yearly in mediæval monasteries and churches of Christendom. It showed for the stations of Christ's progress through his personal passion, and the groups affected by it, to the tomb. It was acted out by showing, provisionally, the main stages of the life of a single overpowering personal character as it touched other lives.

This sort of mediæval processional drama, passing through a succession of stage-settings, represented in a series of little booth-like stages whose manifold scenes were knit together and unified only by the influence of one and the same personality in each group at each scene, is an extremely interesting mediæval dramatic form which Browning revived in 'Pippa Passes.'

It seems not to have been a form used only in enacting the 'Static Drama.' But this is one of the most prominent exemplars of the form, with

traces are still extant. The 'Stations' are still told yearly in the Roman church, the priest and his little group of hearers still passing along the aisles from pillar to pillar and pausing before each, where hangs the picture showing forth a scene in the progressive story of one life's effects.

* * * * *

The events, the side-issues, the complications of this sort of drama,—as everybody knows—the Shepherd Kings, Herod, events from the point of view of the devil and his imps, and his buffoon, the Vice, were among the early, so to speak, 'socializing' results of secularizing the sacred drama, both in the church and out of it. Thence many another variety branched, not here concerning us. But the point is that this dramatic form which Browning revived is one of the oldest and most vital of our latent undeveloped forms of scenic art. And because it is specially adapted to bodying forth the manifold action of a unitary person and principle, therefore the new and original phase of it Browning struck out to show forth one day of an innocent unknown girl's life is artistically flawless. It entirely suits the dramatic motive that occurred to him while rambling alone through the Dulwich woods 'of someone walking thus alone through life; one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting though unconscious influence at every step of it.'

* * * * *

To dramatise this motive in any other way would be less artistic. The most discouraging aspects of the accounts of this play which some contemporaneous critics have given is not the effect of their words upon the poet or the actors or even the audiences—for not everybody in any audience can be blinded by any critic. No; the most discouraging aspect of such accounts is the account the critic gives of himself as one not equipped for his task of dramatic criticism by that open-minded and thorough knowledge of dramatic origins and development which would forbid him to hold the view that a drama must seek a stereotyped external form, regardless of its informing motive.

* * * * *

Now as to the second point. Our contributor felt that the poetic atmosphere of 'Pippa' disappeared in the realism of presentation on the stage. We do not believe there is any intrinsic reason why the poetry should disappear in this way. If it does, it is because the realistic methods of modern stage-craft are used in presenting things of the spirit that require more ideal methods of presentation. Why should not the action of the dramatic poem be given by suggestion just as it is in opera? We all know how operatic heroines start off on long journeys in the dead of winter without any extra wraps but a lace mantilla thrown over the

shoulders. The lace mantilla simply stands as the symbol of a wrap in a world where all is symbolic. So the poverty of the little silk-winder Pippa, should be suggested instead of shown forth in all its ugly realism. Similarly with her dressing! She may be already nearly dressed and merely add a few external things to her toilette to suggest dressing, and her toilette should be beautiful in color and form, and suggest poverty only by the simplicity of the material. We know by experience that if the first and last scenes in which Pippa appears are treated like an opera rather than like a play, the poetic atmosphere is preserved intact.

The writer had the pleasure of preparing several years ago a presentation of 'Pippa Passes' for *The Boston Browning Society*. Pippa's room was bare and simple but did not suggest squalor, and as the sun rose and flooded the room with light it looked almost fairy-like. Pippa herself woke up in this rosy light and sang sleepily and then louder while she merely indicated, by the way, the process of dressing, which so troubles our contributor. The poetic atmosphere was maintained throughout and the audience felt that they had seen Pippa as the poet sees her, not as the vulgar crowd might see her. Though not in point here, it may interest some of our readers to know that the remainder of the scenes were given in tableaux: namely, two poses before Pippa's song, and two after her song. The result was most assuredly not modern dramatic realism but it was certainly beautiful, and uplifting. The question is are we to narrow ourselves down to a single conception of dramatic presentation, or are we to regard acting as a medium by means of which through the development of more subtle methods of conveying impressions we may present poetic or divine influences symbolically as well as the stark realism of every day life. Shall we not admit into our category of legitimate dramatic art forms, the dramatic poem holding a place midway between the drama of event and the opera? It seems to us there can be but one answer, for there should be no limit in the possibilities of variation in art forms.

C. P. and H. A. C.

Poet Lore

ME XVIII

SUMMER 1907

NUMBER II

THE HIDDEN SPRING

A Drama in Four Acts

BY ROBERTO BRACCO

Translated by Dirce St. Cyr

CHARACTERS

STEPHEN

THERESA

VALENTINE

THE PRINCESS MERALDA HELLER

AN OLD BEGGAR

DON FAUSTO

ROMOLO (a servant)

The scene is laid in Naples, at the present time

ACT I

The Park of Posilipo. On the right is Stephen Baldi's little villa. The architecture is simple but in very good taste. The one door leading to the villa is closed. In front of the door a step and a veranda without lustrade. Above the door, three small windows. On the window-sill one of them, a vase with roses. The principal entrance of the villa is closed to be on the opposite side. On the left, trees and rose bushes. Up a drive and as background a wall and view of the sea. On the veranda, tables and chairs. In the garden, a bench. In the distance on the left, one can see Vesuvius. The sun gives a striking light to the scene. The air is full of gaiety.

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THE HIDDEN SPRING

SCENE I

THERESA, VALENTINE, ROMOLO

(*Valentine, a man about forty, hunchback, and with irregular features, is standing at the window, trying to revive some roses, which are in a vase, out on the window-sill. Romolo, a typical Italian servant, is standing in the garden, holding by the collar a coat, which Theresa is carefully brushing. The latter is a woman about twenty-five, very sweet and simple in her manners.*)

Theresa.— We are better out here. It is better not to get more dust in the house.

Valentine.— I say Madame Theresa, what are you doing there?

Theresa.— Can you not see? I am brushing Stephen's clothes. Hold it up, Romolo.

Valentine.— It seems to me that Romolo should brush his master's clothes.

Romolo.— Madame does not want me to do it.

Valentine.— It is because you are not obliging! Of course a servant whose name is Romolo, cannot humiliate himself to brush the clothes of a master, whose name is simply 'Stephen.' But don't forget, your master is not an ordinary Stephen!—

Romolo (grumbling).— Go on, go on!

Theresa (reprimanding him).— Romolo!

Valentine (takes the roses out of the vase, changes the water and puts them back, one by one).— They don't last very long, these roses, Madame Theresa. They are already beginning to wither.

Theresa.— You gathered them two days ago.

Valentine.— Two days is too short a time!

Theresa (putting the folded coat on a chair, to Romolo).— Now the waistcoat.

Romolo (taking the waistcoat from a chair and giving it to Theresa).

Theresa (going on brushing the clothes.)

Valentine.— Sometimes, you are able to keep your roses fresh for a week.

Theresa.— Why do you keep them in your room during the night?

Valentine.— I like to sleep in the midst of the perfume, Madame Theresa!

Theresa.— And that hurts you and the roses (*folding the waistcoat*).

Valentine.— In other words, they injure me, and I them.

Theresa.— That's it, Valentine (*giving all the clothes to Romolo*). Take everything inside.

Romolo (going towards the door, which is closed).

Theresa.— Where are you going, Romolo? Did I not tell you always to out and in by the back door? You must never go to your master's study, unless you are called. Don't forget again.

Romolo.— I have been here only ten days, and no one has ever told me that.

Valentine.— I told you of it. I, who consider myself your immediate superior.

Romolo (shrugging his shoulders, exit behind the house).

Valentine.— What shall I do, Madame Theresa, everybody laughs at me.

Theresa.— Not I, though.

Valentine.— But you are different from all the others.

Theresa (laughing).— Ah! ah! (*picking up her work basket, takes out the necessary things for sewing*).

(*A silence.*)

Valentine (still at the window, lights his pipe; then, as if seeing someone coming from the road).— I say, whom are you looking for?

Theresa.— If it is someone who wants to see Stephen, don't let him come in. It is not time yet. I'll hide myself (*taking her work basket up quickly*).

Valentine.— Leave him to me.

Theresa (runs away to the back of the house).

SCENE II

VALENTINE, DON FAUSTO

(*Don Fausto who has not heard Valentine's call enters slowly from the alley, leaning on his cane. He is a stout, elderly man, with an air of authority*).

Valentine (calling loudly).— I say, Sir, Sir.

Don Fausto (who begins to hear a little, looks around).

Valentine.— Here! here! look up!

Don Fausto (at last raises his head).

Valentine.— Ah! It is you, Don Fausto. What are you doing here? Just wait a second. I'll be down in a minute. (*After a second he appears in the garden*).

Don Fausto.— Why, it is really you! From down here I could not see your shoulders, and I did not know who you were. I always recognize your hump better than your face.

Valentine.— I, on the other hand, can recognize you from every side of your body.

Don Fausto.— How did you come here?

Valentine.— I did not come here. I am always here. I am employed by Mr. Stephen Baldi. I am his secretary, his major-domo, his typewriter, his errand-boy. It is true that in reality I don't do much. But since he gives me food, shelter and tobacco and lets me have my freedom, I don't mind remaining with him (*comically*). When I was with you, you wished to pay me according to my work. Do you think a man like me would humiliate himself by becoming a book-keeper in your dirty soap-factory? Do you see that window with the roses? That's my room, and there I enjoy myself. When you came in, I looked at you and thought how superior I feel now to you.

Don Fausto.— I haven't heard a word of what you said. Do me the favor to speak on the left side. I can no longer hear with my right ear.

Valentine (stepping on the left side of Don Fausto).— How could I know you had lost one ear!

Don Fausto.— I am astonished! Everybody knows what has happened to me.

Valentine.— I did not hear of anything.

Don Fausto.— Yes, everybody knows it, because I wrote an article in the newspapers.

Valentine.— An article!

Don Fausto.— Yes, against that doctor, the specialist, who ruined my ear.

Valentine.— Indeed you always fought for your rights!

Don Fausto.— You're right there! I always punished all the scoundrels! But please repeat to me now, what you said before.

Valentine.— Never mind. The point is, I am employed by Mr. Stephen Baldi.

Don Fausto (putting his hand on Valentine's shoulders).— Then perhaps you are the man I am looking for. Have you any influence with this rare beast?

Valentine.— It is you, who are the rare beast.

Don Fausto.— Well, I mean this seductive poet.

Valentine.— Before you go on, you must withdraw the word 'seductive.'

Don Fausto.— All right! I'll drop the word 'seductive.'

Valentine.— Those who live at the expense of others also have some influence over them. Moreover I, besides living at his expense, am related to him. Yes, we come from the same tree!

Don Fausto.— From Adam and Eve?

Valentine (imitating him).— From Adam and Eve (*caressing his chin*).
What a nice man you are!

Don Fausto.— Don't touch me!

Valentine.— I am a cousin in the third degree. Take off your hat on
at.

Don Fausto.— I'll do that if you can make him pay me the seventeen
hundred francs he owes me.

Valentine.— Did Stephen buy seventeen hundred francs' worth of soap
from you?

Don Fausto.— What are you talking about? I gave up my soap-
store five years ago. My brother in law, who lost his position at the
Museum, and I together opened a store for antiques. Did you not know
that?

Valentine.— Who would lose his time to speak about you?

Don Fausto.— But I wrote an article in the papers about it.

Valentine.— What, another one?

Don Fausto.— Nothing funny about it! What are the newspapers
for, if not for tales.

Valentine.— I see you have a good opinion of newspapers.

Don Fausto.— Let me reach my point.

Valentine.— Yes, do.

Don Fausto.— Eight months ago your cousin in the third degree bought
from me a frame and two chairs.

Valentine.— What! seventeen hundred francs for a frame and two
chairs?

Don Fausto.— Seven hundred for the frame and five hundred for each
chair.

Valentine.— Heaven knows how many a time I've sat on those five-
hundred franc chairs and never noticed the difference.

Don Fausto.— I wrote him more than twenty letters.

Valentine.— And he?

Don Fausto.— He? Exactly as if I had never written to him.

Valentine (putting his pipe in his pocket).— Don't be offended, he is
always absent-minded.

Don Fausto (angry).— Absent-minded?

Valentine.— You see, all the poets are absent-minded.

Don Fausto (loudly).— But I'll cure him!

Valentine (petting him as one would a horse).— Good, good Don
Fausto!

Don Fausto.— Don't touch me.

Valentine.— One of these days I'll speak to him about it.

Don Fausto.— Now I need some cash, because I have to face the payment of some bills, which are due today. Therefore, by twelve o'clock, I must have all he owes me without fail.

Valentine.— It will be hard to satisfy you at twelve, because it is just the hour that Stephen is shut up in his study and cannot be disturbed.

Don Fausto.— Study or no study, if in an hour from now he has not paid his debt, I'll send a sheriff and—

Valentine (quickly).— Write an article in the newspapers?

Don Fausto (firmly).— Yes.

Valentine.— Good, and then Stephen will answer you in poetry.

Don Fausto.— And I, in prose, will call him a scoundrell!

Valentine.— How dare you?

Don Fausto.— You are provoking me.

SCENE III

DON FAUSTO, VALENTINE, THERESA

Theresa (coming from the back of the house).— What has happened, Valentine?

Valentine (to Fausto).— This is his wife. Be a gentleman with her. *(To Theresa)* Nothing, Madame Theresa, nothing serious. Here is Don Fausto Cantajello, who claims seventeen hundred francs for a frame and two chairs.

Don Fausto.— Yes, two large armchairs of the period of Henry the Fourth.

Valentine (to Theresa).— Yes, he means those two big armchairs— *(makes a gesture).*

Don Fausto.— That's right. Henry the Fourth himself sat in those armchairs.

Valentine.— No doubt about it. Yes, one can still see his impression on them.

Don Fausto.— The frame contained the first painting of Napoleon I.

Valentine.— I understand now why Stephen put his—

Theresa (on the right side of Don Fausto).— Yes, but I don't believe that my husband can pay such a sum today; could you kindly wait a few days?

Don Fausto (who did not quite hear, to Valentine).— What did she say?

Valentine.— To the left, to the left, Madame Theresa.

Theresa.— To the left?

Valentine.— He is deaf in the right ear. Speak to him in the left one.

Theresa (going to the left side of Don Fausto).— I said kindly to wait few days.

Don Fausto.— Ah no, Madame, I have already explained everything to our husband's third cousin.

Theresa.— Valentine.

Valentine (zealously).— Well?

Theresa (aside).— You know, Stephen does not wish you to be known as his third cousin.

Valentine.— It's true! I always forget it.

Theresa (affectionately).— We have to respect — his ideas —

Don Fausto.— Well, Madame, what have you decided about it?

Theresa.— I don't know what to say. I never disturb my husband, when he is writing, especially today. Yes, as soon as I know he has some money —

Don Fausto.— 'When he has some money?' My dear lady, it will be too late! Fortunately (*taking the bill from his pocket*) he signed this bill, therefore he will not deny it. The time is past, and I can now act at once.

Valentine.— Sheriff — articles in the newspapers.

Theresa (frightened).— Heavens! What do you say?

Don Fausto.— My dear lady, I reason so! Who ever can afford such a pretty villa at Posilipo, built expressly for himself, which I know has cost me a great deal and who drives in a carriage, when I always take the car —

Valentine (interrupting him).— It must be trying, you who are so fat.

Don Fausto (angry).— Yes, I who am so fat, go on foot, but I carry my head high. What surprises me is that Mr. Stephen Baldi —

Valentine (interrupting him).— Drives in a carriage instead with his own cast eyes.

Don Fausto.— He should go with down cast eyes, as he never keeps his word.

Theresa.— Sir, you offend us!

Don Fausto.— I don't mean to offend anyone, but when people want to take away from me the little I have made out of my own efforts, I'll defend myself.

Valentine.— Did you make Napoleon's frame by —

Don Fausto.— Precisely.

Valentine.— Then of course you are right.

Don Fausto.— Dear Madame, you see, business is very bad at present. There is such an abundance of antiquities. Yes, people want to be in the

fashion, and I hardly make my living. If I find someone wants to play me a trick I'll play mine first, and we both die in the same water. For eight months your husband has ignored me, now it is time for me to act at once.

Theresa (trembling).— For pity's sake, no! Listen—listen, dear sir, I'll see what I can do.

Don Fausto.— I'll give you an hour.

Theresa.— Dear Valentine, you only can help me.

Valentine.— I'll do anything for you, Madame Theresa, but what can I do?

Theresa.— Do you know any pawn shop?

Valentine.— Only a few of them.

Theresa.— Are there any here in Posilipo?

Valentine.— It is here that they are most flourishing.

Theresa.— How much do you think I can get for these earrings, that I am wearing?

Valentine.— What? Would you?—

Theresa.— It is the only thing I have.

Valentine.— It is too great a sacrifice.

Don Fausto (understanding the situation, goes up stage, so as to let them be quite free).

Valentine (looking at the earrings).— I am afraid only between eleven hundred and twelve hundred —

Theresa.— I have a hundred and ten francs saved up.

Valentine.— It's not enough yet.

Theresa.— An idea! I'll borrow it from my aunt. Yes! yes! You'll go and ask for me. She is very fond of you, and she will not deny you.

Valentine.— Do you think your aunt will give the money, because she is fond of me?

Theresa.— She was always so good to me. She took my mother's place when I was left an orphan.

Valentine.— Yes, she squandered the little you had.

Theresa.— All for my education.

Valentine.— How credulous you always are —

Theresa.— Don't let us lose any more time. I cannot bear that man's presence. Go with the earrings first (*giving her earrings to Valentine and taking out from her bosom a roll of bills*). And here are the hundred and ten francs. I had saved them up to buy a present for Stephen.

Don Fausto (looking at them).

Valentine (putting everything in his pocket).— Let us hope I may find your aunt in a good humor.

Theresa.— For pity's sake, don't discourage me.

Valentine.— I don't discourage you, I said, only let us hope. (*Beckoning to Don Fausto*) I say, you beast, come along with me.

Don Fausto (*approaching him and pointing to his left ear*).— Well?

Valentine.— We shall pay you.

Don Fausto.— I am at your service (*turning to Theresa and taking his hat to her*), Madame.

Theresa.— Good morning, sir.

Valentine.— For once the sheriff and the newspapers will have a holiday.

Don Fausto.— I can't swear to that yet.

Valentine (*taking him by the arm, and dragging him away*).— You beast! (*Both go out from the alley.*)

Don Fausto.— What did you say I am?

Valentine (*going on his left side and taking his left arm*).— A beast!

Don Fausto.— If you wanted to say that, you could have remained on the right side.

Valentine.— No, no, my dear friend; I'll remain on the left. (*Both exit.*)

Theresa.— Don't stay long, Valentine.

Valentine's voice (*from outside*).— It will take a little time.

Theresa.— But my aunt does not live far from here.

Valentine's voice (*from outside*).— I must stay on the left side, you dundrell!

Theresa (*quite worried sits on the bench and begins to sew*).

SCENE IV

THERESA, STEPHEN

(*Enter Stephen, a young man near thirty, very handsome and attractive.*)

Stephen (*opening the door and putting his head out*).— Theresa?

Theresa (*sweetly*) Stephen?

Stephen.— I heard some noise — some voices —

Theresa.— Yes! — It was Valentine who was talking with a man —

Stephen.— Who was it?

Theresa.— — A friend of his, I believe —

Stephen.— He should not receive his friends in my house. They always look so dirty. I'll ask you to tell him so, will you?

Theresa.— As you wish.

Stephen (*approaching Theresa and, with a certain vanity, making her smell a letter, which he holds in his hands*).

Theresa.— How sweet it smells!

Stephen.— It is a letter from the Princess Heller.

Theresa.— Who is the Princess Heller?

Stephen.— You never seem to know anything that goes on in the world. The Princess Heller is a great lady, who only a few years ago came to establish herself in Naples. Today her salon is considered the most intellectual, elegant and brilliant place in town.

Theresa.— How should I know it (*sewing*). You have never spoken to me about her —

Stephen.— I did not know her personally; I only met her yesterday at the studio of the artist Ferrantini. She calls on him.

Theresa (without meaning).— You met her yesterday and today she writes to you?

Stephen.— She invites me to frequent her salon.

Theresa (sincerely).— I am so glad! It will help you a lot.

Stephen (a little provoked).— You mean to say my presence will flatter her.

Theresa (a little mortified).— I said it will help you, because you need a little distraction.

Stephen (in good humor).— Now don't make the matter worse by excusing yourself. I am quite used to your silly every-day remarks.

Theresa (sadly).— You will end by becoming tired of me.

Stephen.— Don't fear that. Being a wife, you are all right as you are (*gently*). I always liked you just so.

Theresa.— Really?

Stephen.— Really.

Theresa (draws herself up proudly).

Stephen (sitting next to her, in a loving manner).— Tell me, dear little wife, what are you making?

Theresa.— Some aprons.

Stephen.— For the maid?

Theresa.— No, for myself.

Stephen.— For you?

Theresa.— Yes, because when one is busy around the house —

Stephen.— But I will not allow that. We have a secretary, a maid, a cook, a coachman, a man —

Theresa.— The more servants we have, the less we can trust them; especially the cook, who takes so much authority! For instance, this morning I went to verify the fruit he had bought for breakfast and —

Stephen (closing her mouth with the palm of his hand).— No, Theresa, I don't want to hear anything about the cook.

Theresa.— You reminded me of him. Otherwise I should never have mentioned the incident to you.

Stephen (caressing her cheek).— You little silly girl!

Theresa (laughing).— What can I do?

Stephen.— You do not even understand that in this moment I should like to see you stop sewing.

Theresa.— Immediately, dearest. (*Puts back everything in the work basket.*) But you also have been working till now, haven't you?

Stephen.— Yes, but there is a slight difference between my work and yours, don't you think so?

Theresa.— Did you work much?

Stephen.— Not very. I am working now at a very trying thing, which takes up all my vitality. One has to sacrifice himself so when his income is so meager. How I suffer! No, it cannot go on like this. No! no! I feel that this practical, narrow-minded way of living is killing my inspiration. I must write a poem, and I shall call it 'The Need of Strength.' I am sure it will make a sensation, as it will expose all the struggling ones, all the weaker minds, all the cowards, the useless beings, the silly —

Theresa (interrupting him).— Then me, too?

Stephen (smiling).— Naturally.

Theresa.— What do I care if you write against me? You will always remain my husband.

Stephen (jokingly).— What do you mean?

Theresa.— It means that you belong all to me.

Stephen.— I beg your pardon, not all to you.

Theresa.— But you did not talk like that last night, while you were going to sleep, with your head resting on my shoulder.

Stephen.— I was half asleep then, and I did not know what I was saying.

Theresa.— Yes, you did.

Stephen.— It seems to me you are getting a little pretentious.

Theresa.— I?

Stephen (becoming serious).— I don't like that.

Theresa.— I was only remembering a sentence of yours which had made me very happy.

Stephen (angrily).— Then you had better not repeat it, or I might be sorry to have said it.

Theresa (sadly).— Stephen!

Stephen.— Your favorite topics are: The aprons for the maid, the apron, or the usual stupid sentimentality.

Theresa.— But Stephen —

Stephen.— Please don't look cross now. What's the matter? Are you angry because I reproved you?

Theresa.— No, never!

Stephen.— Then smile, Theresa!

Theresa (trying to smile).

Stephen.— I want this day to be a beautiful one. All night I have been wishing for peace. I woke up suddenly after a terrible dream. But see how the sun and the sea smile at me. How brilliant is one and how quiet is the other. (*Taking Theresa by the hand and leading her to the sea*) Come, come, Theresa! Tell me, do you love this beautiful sea?

Theresa.— You see how blue the water is and how clear! How I should like to plunge into it and go straight to the bottom and touch the sand with my hand.

Stephen.— I, instead, should like to sail over it and go as far as possible.

SCENE V

THERESA, STEPHEN, THE OLD BEGGAR AND HIS OLD WIFE

(*The old man's voice is heard*)

Close your eyes — over the sea.

Open your eyes — over the earth.

On the earth — be in peace.

Look around — day and night.

Stephen (to Theresa).— Who is trying to make verses in such a funny way?

Theresa.— It is an old beggar, who comes here twice a month, and in order to make a few cents, he recites a few verses of his own composition.

Stephen.— I never saw him.

Theresa.— So that he may not disturb you, every time he comes Valentine and I send him away immediately.

(*The old man still heard singing*)

Do help a poor sailor!

Who's without boat and without net,

Who's dying of hunger and of thirst.

Theresa (going towards the alley).— No, no, not today, my old man.

Stephen.— Why not? — Introduce me to him.

Theresa.— All right (*calling him back*).— You can come, don't be afraid.

Stephen (approaching Theresa).— And who is that old woman?

Theresa.— His wife. Ah! she never leaves him.

(*The old couple enter. He is about ninety, wrinkled, bent, slow, but still strong. He is barefooted and wears a ragged jacket. On his bare neck*

e has the scapulaire of St. Lucia. He wears on his head the characteristic sherman's cap. He also wears earrings. The old woman who accompanies him is less vivacious, and she also is dressed very poorly).

The old man.— Good day.

The old woman.— Good day, your excellencies.

Stephen (sitting on the steps).— Come in, valiant man. Who has taught you to compose poetry?

The old man (gaily).— Hunger. I sell my prattlings so that I may buy bread for my old woman.

Stephen.— So you are making money with your poetry. How much do you make every day?

The old man.— I can't complain. Do you know my saying? —

‘Who has a hundred, I ask three,

Everything for you, a little for me.’

Stephen.— Before you became a poet and a beggar, were you a sailor?

The old man.— I was a fisherman.

Stephen.— Why did you leave your trade? Was the sea unfaithful to you?

The old man.— No Sir, only old age. (*Pointing to the sea*) The sea has never been unfaithful to anyone.

Over the sea — don't look,

Close your eyes — and go on,

There is a friend — near by you,

Close your eyes — and go on.

Stephen.— And who is the friend on the sea?

The old man.— I am only prattling, you know.

Stephen.— Then the friend does not exist?

The old man.— Yes, he does exist — It is Death.

Stephen.— And do you call Death a friend?

The old man.— Yes, Sir (*sweetly*). Because it is God who sends it.

Stephen (comically).— You are all right. But I must reward your poetical work. Do you wish some money? Much? (*giving a handful pennies.*) Take them.

The old man (happy).— God bless you! —

The old woman (happy).— God bless you! —

Theresa.— Only a cent from me, as I am not as rich as he is. (*Giving a cent.*)

The old man (quite moved).— But you are always good to us. (*Turning to the old woman*) Ready!

(*The old man begins to dance, murmuring:*

Lla, lla, lla,

Lla, lla, lla —

while the old woman keeps him in time, by clapping her hands.)

Stephen.— What's that?

Theresa.— They always express their thanks with a little dance.
(*To the old people*) It is sufficient.

Stephen (laughing).— Let them go on, they are quite amusing.

Theresa.— No, I say stop.

(*The old people stop immediately. Valentine's voice is heard outside.*)

SCENE VI

STEPHEN, THERESA, THE OLD MAN, THE OLD WOMAN
AND VALENTINE

Valentine (approaching).— Victory, victory, Madame Therese!
Victory!

Theresa (makes a movement of joy, then immediately tries to control herself).

Stephen.— What's the trouble with Valentine?

Valentine.— Victory! Victory! (*Enters from the alley, and seeing Stephen, stops suddenly, looking embarrassed.*)

(*A silence.*)

Stephen (to Valentine).— Will you please tell me what heroic action you have accomplished?

Theresa (behind Stephen makes a gesture to Valentine so as to keep him quiet).

Valentine (to Stephen).— What action?

Stephen.— Were you not screaming "Victory, victory?"

Valentine.— I was screaming 'Victory, victory,' because I was quite excited about some one — What's his name? An ex-officer, a good boy — A friend of mine?

Stephen.— The same one who was here in the Park?

Theresa (makes another gesture to Valentine).

Valentine.— Yes, that same one, we were talking about war!

Stephen.— About war!

Valentine.— It is you who have inspired me to talk about war, and since then I always talk about arms, war, victory —

Stephen.— What stories are these, Rigoletto? Are you now a jester?

Valentine.— We do what we can to please your majesty.

Stephen.— Be careful, you have a competitor. (*Pointing to the old man.*) Your colleague amused me more.

Valentine.— As a beggar and a jester he is my colleague, but as a poet he becomes yours.

Stephen (laughing).— Don't be impertinent, or I'll throw you into the water.

Valentine (laughing).— Heaven knows! Today I feel like jesting, and I might throw you into it instead!

Stephen (still laughing).— And would you dare to attack your master?

Valentine.— Yes, with both my hands.

Stephen.— You scoundrel, you shall be sorry for talking like that!

Valentine.— Perhaps I will tomorrow, not today.

Stephen.— I'll put you to the test.

Valentine (posing like a gladiator).— I am ready!

Stephen (runs up stage and sits on the parapet, turning his shoulders the sea).

Theresa.— Be careful, Stephen.

Stephen (folding his arms comically).— Come on, if you have the courage.

Valentine (running to him).— Your end is come!

Theresa (screaming).

Valentine (turning quickly).— Madame Theresa? —

Stephen (running to her).— What's the matter?

Theresa.— No — no — don't play such tricks any more! (*Very pale*). Oh, my God! I was so afraid! It was horrible!

Stephen.— Are you serious?

Valentine (sorry).— I beg your pardon, Madame Theresa! What fool I am!

Stephen.— Am I not right to call you silly?

Theresa (embraces him).

Valentine (seeing the old couple, who are still waiting).— What are you doing here? Are you going to stay here all day? Go away, go away! *(The old couple, without answering, exit from the alley)*.

Stephen (to Theresa, caressing her hair).— If I ran into danger, what would you do?

Theresa.— I should die.

Valentine (discreetly exits into the house).

Stephen.— Why do you still tremble? Are you still afraid? — I am here — You are embracing me — holding me —

Theresa.— I am afraid that I annoyed you with my childish fear.

Stephen (affectionately).— No, Theresa, this time you did not annoy me! (*with pride*). You will never annoy me, when you make me feel how much you value me and appreciate my intellect and what I can do.

Theresa.— Oh, Stephen! What a comfort this is to me! (*kissing him gratefully*).

Valentine (*again appears at the window with his pipe, laughing*).— What are you doing there?

Stephen (*seeing Valentine*).— Ah, you are there, rascal?

Valentine.— I am smoking! (*showing the pipe*).

Stephen.— Down the pipe, when in front of the 'Triumph of Love!

Valentine.— Down Love when in front of the 'Triumph of a pipe!'

Stephen.— I defy you! (*kissing Theresa*).

Valentine.— And I'll crush you with roses! (*throws one after the other the roses he has on his window*). You must surrender! Surrender! Surrender.

Theresa and Stephen (*under the rain of roses, keep on kissing each other and laughing*).

Valentine (*laughing*).— Surrender!

ACT II

Stephen Baldi's studio, very elegant and artistic. A door on the left, one on the right, and another up stage on the right, which is the general entrance. In the center up stage a large door which opens from the inside upon the same terrace seen in the first act. There is a step outside, which must not be omitted, being part of the business. The room is very quiet. There are book-cases all around full of books. On the left side a large desk beautifully carved. Almost in the middle a sofa. Here and there valuable bric-a-brac, flowers, etc. It is night. Only one electric lamp is lighted.

SCENE I

VALENTINE AND ROMOLO

(*Valentine enters from the terrace, dressed in an evening suit, wearing on his head a rather shabby light overcoat, also an old high hat. He looks quite busy*).

Romolo! Romolo! (*rings the electric bell*). Where are you? — Madame Theresa! —

Romolo (*enters from the general entrance, with his habitual indolent air*).— If Madame Theresa does not answer, it means she is not in.

Valentine.— Impossible!

Romolo.— She has gone out.

Valentine.— When?

Romolo.— An hour after Mr. Baldi.

Valentine.— That's funny!

Romolo.— Why? Had she to ask your permission?

Valentine.— Don't be impertinent. I forbid you to ask me questions. Remember I am the secretary of the most celebrated poet.

Romolo.— All — right —

Valentine.— Mind your own business.

Romolo.— All right!

Valentine.— Your master orders you to put on your livery, to light up the lanterns in the Park, illuminate the parlor, as he will be here shortly, with a most distinguished person.

Romolo.— And you, are you going to put on your livery?

Valentine.— Impertinent!

Romolo (*exit from general entrance*).

Valentine (*taking off his hat, comically*).— And I will light up the shrine. *(turns the key of the electric light full force)*.

SCENE II

VALENTINE AND THERESA

(*Enter Theresa from the general entrance, looking quite agitated and upset. Seeing Valentine, goes quickly to him.*)

Theresa.— Tell me? — All his success — the enthusiasm —

Valentine (*impressed by her strange manner*).— Why do you say enthusiasm?

Theresa.— Because I am sure he had it.

Valentine.— By the way! Did not the Princess Heller invite you too?

Theresa.— Not directly, because we don't know each other! Yet she had only told Stephen she would be glad to see me too.

Valentine.— Well?

Theresa.— At the last moment, when I was ready, he refused to take me along.

Valentine.— Why?

Theresa.— My dress was not elegant enough, not in fashion, I looked like a servant girl.

Valentine.— Did he say you looked like a servant girl?

Theresa.— Yes.

Valentine.— Indeed he treats you badly!

Theresa.— No, Valentine, he is right, and no one should judge him. The Princess had invited all the very best people in his honor. What would they have said about us if they had seen me dressed in such poor taste?

Valentine.— Then you should not be so stingy about yourself. Why

don't you ask Stephen to give you a few thousand francs, and then your dresses in Paris?

Theresa.— Not in Paris, but I've already found a good dressmaker and have ordered a splendid gown. Now that Stephen is received in society if it happens that I am asked, I shall be ready.

Valentine.— When did you order your gown?

Theresa.— Tonight.

Valentine.— Did you go out for that?

Theresa.— Yes.

Valentine.— Was it so pressing that you could not wait till tomorrow?

Theresa (mortified, trying to excuse herself).— When I remained at home I felt so depressed, humiliated! I tore to pieces that horrible dress which prevented me from going with my Stephen. I believe I even fainted, I found myself lying on the floor, and felt a strange sensation in seeing the things most familiar to me. But as soon as I had my strength regained I ran to the dressmaker immediately. Do you see anything strange in that?

Valentine.— There is nothing strange about that, yet it worries me. Lately you've been so nervous — So — You're taking Stephen's behaviour towards you too much to heart.

Theresa (dissimulating).— I am not suffering.

Valentine.— Yes, you are, you're losing your health. What you told me confirms what I said.

Theresa.— Please don't tell Stephen of it?

Valentine.— Don't worry, besides it would be hard now to speak to him about such details, after he has been called a 'Great Poet' by the Prince Heller!

Theresa (taking off her hat).— Tell me, did he look happy?

Valentine.— I should think so! It was an apotheosis!

Theresa.— A well deserved one.

Valentine.— Perhaps. For my part I never understood his verses and tonight when he recited them, still less. But I don't count.

Theresa.— You and I cannot understand him. If he should write only for us he could not be called a genius.

Valentine.— There were a good many prominent people there at the house of the Princess tonight. Even the Secretary —

Theresa.— Of Public Education?

Valentine.— No, of war. This princess, whom nobody knows anything about, has conquered pretty nearly the whole world. Her ball tonight was crowded with reporters, writers, artists; even an editor came expressly from Milan. Several dozens of marquises, counts, a qu

of beautiful women wearing gowns cut as low as that (*making an exaggerated gesture*). And everyone surrounded Stephen, especially after he had read his poem 'The Need of Strength.'

Theresa (*quite excited, interrupting him*).— And she — the Princess? —

Valentine.— A queen bowing to the Emperor.

Theresa.— She must be an angel.

Valentine.— I am afraid too much so.

Theresa.— They say she is beautiful.

Valentine.— So, so, you shall judge because she is coming here tonight.

Theresa.— Here tonight? (*clapping her hands*). How glad I am! You are joking, Valentine. Are you?

Valentine.— You don't think I am capable of doing so? Princess Keller has expressed a desire to take him home in her carriage, and to visit his studio.

Theresa.— Then it is true?

Valentine.— Of course.

Theresa.— But you don't look as happy as I.

Valentine.— Of course I am (*clapping his hands as she had done before*). How glad I am!

Theresa.— We must prepare everything.

Valentine.— I came expressly in advance so as to prepare for the reception.

Theresa (*looking outside*).— I see the lanterns are lighted.

Valentine.— Yes.

Theresa.— I must put his desk in order; and those books on the chair —

Valentine.— Leave them — they make the room more interesting.

Theresa.— Did you give your orders to Romolo?

Valentine.— I told him to dress for the occasion.

Theresa.— We should have some flowers.

Valentine.— This is not a wedding.

Theresa.— And I? — With this shabby dress —

Valentine.— But you are in your own house.

Theresa.— Never mind, but I am not presentable.

Valentine.— To my mind, yes.

Theresa.— Don't forget I am Stephen Baldi's wife!

Valentine.— You have a hard position.

Theresa.— You are only his secretary, yet you are wearing your evening suit?

Valentine.— I can lend it to you.

Theresa.— Stop joking. I must go and dress, I'll be back in a moment.

Valentine.— It is too late, I hear the carriage (*running to the door*).
es, here she is.

Theresa.— Dear me, what shall I do?

Valentine.— Nothing at all. Go to meet them as you are.

Theresa.— To receive them? Never!

Valentine.— It is your duty.

Theresa.— No! no! Stephen might scold me!

Valentine.— You are worse than a child!

Theresa (trying to look outside).— How beautiful she is!

Valentine.— I told you she was so-so. But she uses too much perfume.

Theresa.— And how happy he looks, he seems taller, thinner—

Valentine.— Precisely! In three hours he has grown thinner and taller.

Theresa.— Here they come, I must hide myself

Valentine.— You must stay.

Theresa.— *Then remain also.*

SCENE III

THERESA, VALENTINE, STEPHEN, MERALDA

(*Stephen is in evening dress, and wearing a white flower in his button-hole. Meralda is a beautiful woman past thirty, very fascinating and very stylish.*)

Meralda's voice.— Before entering your sacred temple, how I would like to feel worthy of your intellect.

Stephen's voice.— It is I, Princess, who am not worthy of your kindness.

Meralda (entering, letting her beautiful opera cloak slip from her shoulders, goes to his desk immediately).

Stephen (helps her with the cloak immediately, and when he goes to put it on the chair, he sees Theresa and Valentine).— I thought you were in bed!

Valentine (interfering).— She was anxious to know all about it.

Stephen.— I did not ask your opinion. Go.

(*Valentine exit.*)

Meralda (who has heard the whispering, turns).

Stephen (introducing them against his will).— Princess — My wife.

Theresa (advancing timidly and bowing awkwardly).— Princess.

Meralda (giving her hand unaffectedly).— I am very glad to meet you. I often tried to find out in your husband's writings something which would point me out the fortunate woman whom he had chosen as his companion (*looking at her steadily*). Fate has given you a very difficult task, indeed, which however is envied by others.

Theresa (timidly).— In fact I am very happy.

Meralda.— And very proud of him, I am sure.

Theresa.— Yes, very proud!

Meralda (laughing a little at her).— Or perhaps the continual intimacy makes you undervalue the great privilege you have.

Theresa.— No, no! — on the contrary! —

Meralda.— It would be natural if you felt like that, though.

Theresa.— ——— How can you think so?

Meralda.— You might have wished for a husband less immersed in his deals, less independent, more a home body —

Theresa.— We have always been good comrades; you are accusing him unjustly.

Stephen.— Theresa, you don't understand what the Princess means. You should not defend me.

Theresa.— I know you don't need my defense, yet I must do it, if they excuse you.

Stephen (trying not to lose his patience).

Meralda.— But I did not accuse him.

Theresa.— I should not like —

Stephen (interrupting her).— Don't insist, Theresa.

Meralda (in a mocking tone).— Let her talk.

Theresa (to Meralda).— Ah! you are becoming my friend. (*Taking a chair.*) Please be seated, Princess. Pardon me for not offering you a chair before (*pointing to the sofa*). Do sit there. (*Meralda sits on the sofa. Theresa taking a low chair sits next to her and goes on talking with animation.*) You are so interested in my Stephen, that I must explain how things are, how I know I am silly, and he often says it to me, yet I am not so silly as not to understand that he is not an ordinary husband. He goes here and there, but in the end he always returns to his little wife for rest. If sometime you could only see him, how he laughs and jests like a child and falls asleep like a tired baby (*not paying any attention to him*). What more could I wish? My only sorrow is that I have no children, yet —

Stephen.— Enough!

Meralda (to Stephen).— But why?

Stephen.— She is tiring you.

Meralda.— Not a bit of it, she is amusing me.

Theresa (looking at her, sadly astonished — a brief silence).

Meralda.— Go on.

Theresa (rising).— No, Princess, no; will you excuse me?

Meralda.— Why?

Theresa.— I am not feeling well.

Stephen (looking at Theresa severely).

Meralda.— Do sit again.

Theresa (trembling under Stephen's looks).— Good night, Princess —

Meralda.— Good by, Madame.
Theresa (exit from right door).

SCENE IV

MERALDA, STEPHEN

Stephen.— I beg of you, Meralda, not to pity me.

Meralda.— She is sweet. She must be very affectionate also :
 good —But no doubt it is a hybrid union.

Stephen.— Let us speak of something else, Meralda.

Meralda.— If I am your friend — your best friend, you should con
 in me the mystery of your choice.

Stephen.— Simply hazard.

Meralda.— A rebel like you consented to obey ?

Stephen.— I did not take the trouble to rebel in this episode, to w
 I do not attach material importance.

Meralda.— It seems to me this episode would have had some influ
 on your life.

Stephen.— I never allowed a woman to influence my life, not even
 who are the most complete woman I have ever known, still less then,
 poor creature you have just met. Therefore you must not demand f
 me what's against my nature. When I married I did not know my
 If I had met a superior woman I should perhaps have found courag
 tell her my rights of supremacy; but even at that time, my instinct gu
 me. Theresa's humility attracted me. You may detect from the sir
 story of my marriage my real temperament. I warn you it will be impos
 to change me. Are you satisfied ?

Meralda (with resignation).— I am satisfied.

Stephen.— Is it peace or war ?

Meralda.— Peace. I surrender. I lay down my arms, and here i
 white flag. I'll accept your terms, and from now on, if you wish (s
 I'll become another episode. I am satisfied that the artist has op
 the door of his temple to me and am resigned to the man's indifference.

Stephen (gallantly).— Why do you speak about indifference ? I am
 far from sacrificing all the facts regarding the existence of love. Inde
 wish to awaken my energy again and to become the slave of morality
 civilization. I say to the woman: 'If you come to me to put a limit t
 independence I repudiate you, but if you will be a source of triumph a
 you will nourish my ideals with your sensibility, you are welcome. I
 waiting for you, my charming guest. So long as you are mine, you wil
 feel my supremacy!'

Meralda.— Well (*sighing*) — the most complete woman whom you ever known agrees with you (*letting her handkerchief fall*).

Stephen (*picking it up, kneels in front of her, and remains in this position few seconds*).— The proudest man is at your feet.

Meralda.— I let my handkerchief fall so as to have that illusion.

Stephen.— To have this pretext, I pick it up (*offering it to her*).

Meralda (*taking it*).

Stephen (*kissing her hand*).

Meralda.— Thank you.

Stephen (*rising*).

Meralda (*quickly rising too*).— Did you ever ask yourself if in my mentality there is something different from what people see in me?

Stephen.— You are as I see you.

Meralda.— And — My past does not worry you?

Stephen.— No.

Meralda.— Therefore you are satisfied to know what everybody knows; is — I was born in a small town near Venice, and that my family, though poor, were poor; and that very young I married a rich German —

Stephen.— ——— And that at twenty-four years old you were left a widow, noble, a millionaire, and alone. It seems to me you have already many details of your past.

Meralda (*trying to scrutinize his thoughts*).— Don't you mistrust such a factitious story?

Stephen.— No.

Meralda.— I am sorry.

Stephen.— Why?

Meralda.— You should understand that a woman like me is tormented by curiosity to know if she could still rely on the affection of her chosen man, even without all the glitter and admiration which surrounds her.

Stephen.— My loyalty to you, *Meralda*, should convince you of my intentions. What would you say if I also doubted your sincerity, especially now, after my triumph, after the admiration which I was able to arouse in my friends? You say you would like to leave your title for a day or an hour and be a simple woman. But why underestimate and destroy yourself? No! You must remain as you are.

Meralda (*disappointed*).— I shall obey you and remain as I am. (*In a resigned tone.*) Will you take me to the carriage, my conqueror?

Stephen.— I am your slave!

Meralda (*smiles*).

Stephen.— Sometimes I shall be more obedient than a slave.

Meralda (*smiling and caressing him with the point of her fan*).— My dear, please.

Stephen (takes the cloak and helps her with it, murmuring, Are you mine?)

Meralda.— Alas, yes!

Stephen.— And I? — am yours.

Meralda.— Alas, no!

Stephen (offering his arm, they go out from the general entrance).— is the shortest way.

Meralda.— Out?

Stephen.— And in.

(Both go out)

SCENE V

VALENTINE, STEPHEN, THERESA, THEN ROMOLO.

Valentine (enters, laughing).— Madame Theresa! The Godde gone! *(Comically)* The wife of this great man always disapp *(Exit on the right, calling Madame Theresea, Madame Theresa!)*

Stephen (entering).— Where are you going?

Valentine (returning).— I saw you accompanying the Princess t carriage. I came back here to talk with your wife; not finding her, I to hunt her up.

Stephen.— If you think I am in a mood now to listen to your p you're mistaken.

Valentine.— All right!

Stephen.— If you only knew how tired I am of always listening to silly talk. Ah, the joy of living alone!

Valentine (earnestly).— Listen to me: when Madame Theresa com please don't scold her. She is already much upset.

Stephen.— You always exaggerate!

Valentine.— If you knew what she did tonight!

Stephen.— What did she do?

Valentine.— Hush, here she comes!

Theresa (entering, looking pale, as if she had been crying; Stephen).— Did you call me?

Stephen (trying not to be cross).— No, Theresa.

Theresa.— Do you wish me to go back to my room?

Stephen.— We have nothing to say to each other. When you excited like that I prefer to avoid you.

Theresa.— Excited?

Stephen.— Yes, Valentine was telling me how strangely you tonight.

Valentine (angry at his imprudence).

Theresa.— I was happy in your success.

Stephen.— And why are you crying, then?

Valentine (aside).— I must go, or there will be trouble.

(Exit to the terrace).

Theresa.— The Princess offended me.

Stephen.— She had no intention of doing so. You looked so awkward, it unwittingly she showed her impression. You will learn to remain in your room. You should use more tact, and not put me in such embarrassing situations. And to think that you believe yourself a perfect wife!

Theresa.— I haven't that illusion. But you must teach me. What shall I do?

Stephen.— I haven't the time to teach you what to do. Try to control yourself.

Theresa.— I should like to know in what I displease you?

Stephen.— For instance, now; your tears provoke me.

Theresa.— Then I shall laugh. Yes, of course you're right, I looked very awkward. And now I must laugh *(forcing herself to laugh.)*

Stephen.— It's enough.

Theresa.— But I am indeed much amused!

Valentine (enters).— When I am not here they are in good humor.

Theresa.— I say, Valentine, did I not look funny? *(Laughing very hysterically.)*

Valentine.— She is hysterical.

Stephen.— Mind your business. You should respect me! *(Theresa gasps laughing at once and falls on a chair.)*

Valentine.— I always try to respect you.

Stephen.— I am not speaking about you.

Theresa.— Then, you mean me?

Stephen.— In order to keep up my work, I must concentrate all my thoughts, all my ideals. I must reject all affections, all the silly annoyances. My wife was not such an ordinary little creature, she would remain at my side and watch me silently. Indeed, that would be a proof of her respect.

Theresa.— If it is for your good, I shall disappear entirely.

Stephen.— Bravo! Now you are contemplating suicide!

Theresa.— No, Stephen, not that. I was thinking of going away.

Stephen.— Where?

Theresa.— I don't know — to a convent.

Stephen.— Convent?

Theresa.— Or to my aunt's.

Stephen.— Naturally — I — I could not prevent you from going there.

Of course not for always, but for a little while. She lives so near him. Then I could finish my work. And after a few months of separation, she would come back a better wife.

Theresa (crying).— I shall go for good. You're tired of me, I know.

Stephen.— Now, don't begin to cry again!

Valentine.— Good gracious! You're sending her away, and you don't want her to cry!

Stephen (exasperated).— Ah! (*exit on the right, slamming the door*)

Theresa (crying).— He cannot bear my presence any longer!

Valentine.— Tomorrow morning the storm will be past.

Theresa.— I'd better go. I am not worthy of him. He will be frightened.

Valentine.— Tomorrow morning he will be all right again.

Theresa.— I must go now or tomorrow morning I shall not have the courage to go.

Valentine.— You must not go.

Theresa.— I must not spoil his life, or I shall regret it, and he will look at me like an enemy. No, I must go (*looking strangely*).

Valentine.— Now, don't excite yourself.

Theresa (quite excited).— You don't see anything, but I see!—Quick! The carriage is still waiting outside, I must take this opportunity and go at once! (*Taking her hat, which is on the chair, and putting it on, trembling.*)

Valentine.— For pity's sake, Madame Theresa, be yourself. (*Going to the door.*) Stephen! Madame Theresa wants to go, Stephen!

Theresa.— You see, he does not answer.

Valentine.— Stephen!—

Theresa (looking at the door).

Valentine (anxiously waiting for the answer, not daring to call again).
(*A silence*)

Theresa (with resignation).— He does not answer.

Valentine.— After all, you are going to your aunt, you say for always, but I am convinced only for one night. (*Taking hat and coat.*) And I'll come with you.

Theresa.— No, I want you to remain with him. He is so near me tonight.

Valentine.— But I'll be back immediately.

Theresa.— I shall be more at ease if you remain.

Valentine (trying to follow her).

Theresa (turning).— I implore you to remain! (*Theresa on the threshold of the door, which opens upon the terrace.*) Tell Stephen—thou art even at a distance, I shall only live for him, and some day if he will for

for having annoyed him, I shall be very grateful to him. Good by, Valentine.

Valentine (drying a tear).— No, this will never do. (*Goes to the door, murmurs, she is gone.*) (*Slowly returns, rings the bell.*)

(*Enter Romolo, half asleep*)

Valentine.— Did you close the gate?

Romolo.— I did.

Valentine.— You can go to bed. I'll close up here.

(*Romolo exit*)

Valentine (closing the door).

(*Enter Stephen, wearing a smoking jacket. He is quite agitated*)

Valentine.— You're too late. Madame Theresa is gone.

Stephen.— I heard her.

Valentine.— She took your carriage to go to her aunt's.

Stephen.— I thought you went with her.

Valentine.— She refused to have me. (*After a silence.*) You're ungrateful.

Stephen (nervously).— Ungrateful? Why? To whom? I don't owe anything to anyone! And I don't need anyone!

Valentine.— Not even her?

Stephen.— Her less than the others.

Valentine.— Yes, and why then do you look so worried?

Stephen.— I am worried, because, perhaps she is suffering. I am not so hard as you think. But she is not indispensable to my life.

Valentine (firmly).— The humblest woman may be indispensable to the proudest man.

Stephen (bitterly).— Your philosophy is absurd. Go to the devil!
(*A silence*)

Stephen (sitting near his desk).

Valentine.— Are you going to work?

Stephen.— Yes.

Valentine.— Can you work?

Stephen (proudly, but not sincerely).— Yes.

Valentine (lights the lamp on the desk and puts out the others).

Stephen (forcing himself to write).

Valentine.— Good night. (*Going out left, stopping suddenly*)
Stephen!— Somebody is scratching at the door!

Stephen.— Who is it?

Valentine.— The noise is coming from there. (*Going to the door.*)

Stephen (pushing him aside, opens the door himself).

Theresa (who was leaning at the door, convulsively, without her hat, her

hair hanging, as soon as the door opens falls on her knees, on account of the step, which is outside).

Stephen (screaming).— Theresa! (taking her in his arms, carries her to the sofa).

Valentine (trembling, looking at them, not daring to approach her).

Theresa (without uttering a word, with her eyes open).

Stephen.— Theresa! — Why don't you speak?

Theresa (almost as if awakening).— I saw — I saw — a lost child in the woods (changing tone) — The wind was blowing. (Sweetly.)
Everything in the world is beautiful.

Stephen.— Valentine! — What's that?

Valentine (in agony).— Good God!

Theresa.— Everything in the world is beautiful.

ACT III

The same scene as the second act. The action takes place in the afternoon. The door up stage is open.

SCENE I

VALENTINE, THEN THE OLD BEGGAR

Valentine (smoking his pipe, while he is busy pasting some paper on a cardboard.)— Work helps a man to be noble, therefore, I, being a man (holding up the cardboard) — Yes, it looks all right, it is large enough for all the words I wish to write on it (laying his cardboard on the floor again, begins to spell with his finger the words he intends to write): 'From today, this villa for sale, with all the furniture.' No, there are too many words. I'll cut out 'From today'; anyhow they'll understand just the same. (Rises and takes a large inkstand and a brush, then begins to write.)

The old man's voice.— Who has a hundred, I ask three —

Everything for you, a little for me.

Valentine.— Oh, oh! My colleague is still alive!

The old man's voice.— Do help a poor sailor.

(He appears, coming through the Park, older looking and more tired.)

Valentine.— Come in, dear colleague, come in. I cannot come to welcome you in the Park, because I am busy working. You never work, do you? If you will honor me with your brilliant conversation, I shall be very happy.

*The old man (entering).— Who's without boat and without net,
Who's dying of hunger — and of thirst.*

Valentine.— This is the old stuff. Have you invented anything new? I've been absent for two years, haven't you?

The old man.— Yes, two years.

Valentine.— And you have not composed anything new?

The old man.— What do you say?

Valentine.— I understand. We are expecting too much from these things. And where is your charming wife?

The old man.— She is dead.

Valentine.— That's why you look so sad. Well, she had to go first, she less strong than you.

The old man.— She did not die a natural death.

Valentine.— How did she die?

The old man.— Under a car.

Valentine.— Truly?

The old man.— Down there, at the turn of the street.

Valentine.— It was horrible.

The old man.— If God had called her naturally — but die in that way (crying) — No, no.

Valentine.— And why did you not come here any more?

The old man.— That same day they put me in prison.

Valentine.— In prison?

The old man.— Yes, at the old man's home.

Valentine.— I see, and then they sent you away?

The old man.— No, I ran away.

Valentine.— You were wrong. At least you had a bed and something to eat.

The old man.— My liberty, sir, my liberty first of all!

Valentine.— I understand one has to live.

The old man.— There are so many kind-hearted people in the world who are ready to help you. If one says 'No,' the other says 'Yes,' and good many never say 'No.'

Valentine (putting his hand in his pocket).— I generally say 'no,' because I don't pretend to have a kind heart, but today, to make an exception, I shall say 'Yes' (giving him a cent). And now go (begins to work again).

The old man (trying to dance again).—

Lla, lla, lla.

(as he cannot go on).

Valentine.— Never mind, that's all right.

The old man.— I cannot do it any more. She who helped me is gone.

(A pause)

Valentine.— If you are hoping to get more money you are mistaken.

Your other colleague in literature is not at home, and Madame, I am afraid, will never recognize you.

The old man.— You're joking (*laughing*).

Valentine.— No, I am not.

The old man.— She was very kind to me.

Valentine.— Things do not always go as we want. Down there your wife died under a car; here in Posilipo your kind lady has lost her mind.

The old man.— You like to joke!

Valentine.— All right.

SCENE II

VALENTINE, THE OLD MAN, THERESA

Theresa (from inside).— Who's stepping on my train? You are spoiling my beautiful gown.

The old man (to Valentine).— Now you shall see how kind she will be to me.

Theresa (enters from the right. She wears a beautiful evening gown. Her hair is untidy, and strangely arranged with flowers and curls. She wears a pair of old shoes, walks slowly, looking at her train. She is very pale, but she does not look as if she were suffering).

The old man (bowing).— I am the poor sailor —

Valentine.— Keep quiet (*to Theresa*). Be careful, Madame Theresa this is ink. I had better move (*picks up the inkstand, and puts everything away on the desk*). I am afraid I shall spoil your dress.

Theresa.— You're very kind. Who's taught you to be so?

Valentine.— I learned it from you.

Theresa.— Where did you meet me?

Valentine.— I believe everywhere.

Theresa.— How was I dressed?

Valentine (putting aside the books and newspapers so as to make a place on the desk).— Not like today. Today you are very elegant.

Theresa.— I know it.

Valentine.— You have a beautiful dress.

Theresa.— Thank you (*looking at the dress*).

The old man (trying to attract her attention, begins to recite).—

Close your eyes — over the sea,

Open your eyes — over the earth.

Theresa (when she hears these words, she turns suddenly around and ends the strophe in the same monotonous way given by the old man) —

On the earth — be in peace,

Look around — day and night.

Valentine (surprised, aside).— How strange!

The old man (happy to be remembered).— You see! You see!

Theresa (approaches and examines him).

Valentine (much interested, goes to her so as to make another experiment).—
Madame Theresa, do you wish these pennies to give to the beggar? (*Giving money.*)

Theresa (mechanically takes them, and looks around as if looking for nobody else).

Valentine (pointing to the old man).— There he is.

The old man (stretches out his hand).

Theresa (smiles at him, then hesitating).

Valentine.— Well?

Theresa.— By and by.

The old man (discouraged).— I have no more luck since I lost my old man.

Valentine.— She said by and by she will give them to you. (*To Theresa.*)
Don't you?

Theresa (sweetly).— I don't know.

Valentine.— Yes, you must; you were one of those who never said 'No.'

Theresa.— I am too little!—

Valentine.— Yes!— (*looks at her for a second, then shrugs his shoulders and returns to work.*)

'This villa is for sale with all the furniture.'

Theresa (to the old man).— You also are very kind.

SCENE III

VALENTINE, THERESA, THE OLD MAN, STEPHEN

(*Enter Stephen from the terrace, looking thinner and sad. He does not notice the old man, who bows to him, but in passing near Theresa looks at her more sharply than pitifully. He sits down immediately, near his desk.*)

Valentine.— Did you walk much?

Stephen.— Yes.

Theresa (seeing Stephen, she becomes a little frightened as if fearing may scold her. Putting her finger to her lips, approaches the old man).—
Hush! Hush! Come with me. (*Taking him by the arm, both exit upon the terrace, she murmuring, don't make any noise.*)

Stephen (watching Theresa from the corner of his eyes).— Has she been long?

Valentine.— Madame Theresa?

Stephen.— Of course!

THE HIDDEN SPRING

Valentine.— Only a few minutes.

Stephen (mistrustfully).— Was she talking — to the old man?—

Valentine.— Yes, to him and to me.

Stephen.— And she went out because I came in?

Valentine.— I am afraid one would become insane if one should try to find any connection either in her actions or in your words.

Stephen.— No, if she does that there is a connection.

Valentine (trying to change the conversation).— Should we hang this over the gate or in the window? I should suggest the gate, it will be seen more. Don't you think it looks fine? I am sure we'll get a lot of offers as soon as we put it out.

Stephen.— Don't bother any more. The villa is sold.

Valentine.— What! And for once I worked so hard! (*throwing aside the cardboard.*) When you decided to sell this place, had you already an offer?

Stephen.— Yes, a very good one.

Valentine.— Then, I understand, the buyer is a woman?

Stephen.— Don't insinuate so idiotically.

Valentine.— I may be an idiot, yet Princess Heller was very enthusiastic about this place, and if you sold it to her you would have the privilege of seeing it again often, and perhaps find a commemorative stone set in your honor.

Stephen.— I am no longer on good terms with her, since the scandal which revealed her origin and intrigues. You know it, still you take pleasure in throwing the whole circumstance in my face.

Valentine.— In other words, I am a tyrant! But I was speaking in good faith. So there was a scandal? And your friendship is broken? And you never see each other? My congratulations! Now, I am only sorry you were too quick in arranging the deal.

Stephen.— The purchaser is a rich man.

Valentine.— Who is he?

Stephen.— Mr. Marcolini.

Valentine.— A banker?

Stephen.— No, a brewer.

Valentine.— Dear me! I should have preferred at least a banker. I am surprised that you should know such vulgar people.

Stephen.— One of my lawyer's clients.

Valentine.— Is it that fat old man who came here yesterday with his pretty young wife? She is all right, she will enjoy this place.

Stephen.— You seem in a good humor today.

Valentine.— Well, you see, I depend on you.

Stephen.— And do you expect me still to go on taking care of you?

Valentine.— Now you will have money from Mr. Marcolini.

Stephen.— But I have debts to pay off.

Valentine.— But if you sold this place for a good price? It's true you've not done a thing for two years. You wished so much liberty, and when you got it, you remained without inspiration. (*Trying to encourage him.*) You will be all right, and I am sure you will soon be able to regain what you have lost. It will not be necessary either to write that famous poem which you say is going to astonish the world. Take my advice, throw this (*taking the manuscript*) in the fire, and begin life anew. You're well known.

Stephen.— Ah! I am still well known.

Valentine.— They have not forgotten you yet. I often read your name in the newspapers and magazines —

Stephen.— They only remember me in their denunciation; they reproach me with silence, my presumption, my incompetence.

Valentine.— Let them say what they like, but do something else.

Stephen.— What?

Valentine.— Become a newspaper man. It pays well, and it is a very good profession.

Stephen.— It is the profession of 'lies,' and to be a good liar you must have talent.

Valentine.— But you have that.

Stephen.— You feel it is your duty to flatter me? Once you were paid for that, but no more now. Flattery hurts me, poisons me! Where is my talent gone? Where? I cannot find it, either for the poem I once tried to create or for the simplest verse! I have spent night after night, and you know it, at this desk, looking for an idea, but in vain. I am incapable of thinking. I feel the agony of my poor brain. The terrible thing is that my machine has lost its 'power.'

(*A silence*)

(*From outside the old man is heard singing*)—

Lla, lla, lla,

Lla, lla, lla —

(*Theresa, also from outside, repeats the song, clapping her hands so to keep time.*)

Lla, lla, lla,

Lla, lla, lla.

Valentine.— It is she (*looking outside*).

Stephen.— What is she doing?

Valentine.— She goes with him towards the gate, and the old man is crying. Evidently she gave him a penny.

Stephen.— Is she clapping her hands?

Valentine.— Yes, as the old woman used to do.

Stephen.— Is it not the old woman with him?

Valentine.— No, she is dead (*still looking outside*). Now the darkness ceases, she speaks to him, and the old man cries.

Stephen.— What is she telling him?

Valentine.— I can't hear, they are so far away. She motioned him to sit down under a tree; they both look happy now. She is comforting him.

Stephen (sharply).— Valentine, come here!

Valentine.— What's the matter?

Stephen.— You are annoying me.

Valentine.— But you asked me to tell you what she was doing.

Stephen.— Don't pay any attention to my temper. You always make me feel my inferior position.

Valentine.— A few minutes ago you said I was flattering you —

Stephen (much excited).— Yes, you are flattering me like a slave so that I may be indulgent towards you. What am I to you? Nothing! You've more mercy for that old man, than for me! You are telling me she is comforting him, therefore he deserves more pity than I — he becomes more interesting —

Valentine.— But you don't want to be pitied, do you?

Stephen.— No, I don't want to be pitied, and to the last I want to know that I don't owe anything to anyone. You've all been wishing for my fall. That was your kindness! But I am not surrendering myself, nor yielding. I'd rather disappear (*tearing the manuscript*) and destroy — my work than to be pitied. No, I can yet despise and laugh at you! (*Pause, then sportingly himself with his desk, convulsively, as if talking to his conscience*) No! — It is not so! — It is not so! —

Valentine (very calm, trying not to be seen by Stephen, picks up the manuscript, and puts everything in the drawer).

Theresa's voice (outside).— You see that fairy going towards my house. She walks on the flower-beds, without spoiling them!

Stephen (to Valentine).— Who is coming?

Valentine (goes to the door astonished).— The Princess Heller!

Stephen (astonished).— Why, is she coming here? —

Valentine.— If you don't want to see her, I'll get rid of her.

Stephen (after a second).— No, I'll see her.

Valentine (shrugging his shoulders).— All right.

(*Exit right*)

Stephen (going to meet her, but she appears before he reaches the threshold)

SCENE IV

STEPHEN AND MERALDA

Meralda (seriously).— Will you give me a few minutes?

Stephen.— Yes.

Meralda (advances).

Stephen (closes the door).— I am really surprised to see you.

Meralda.— If I had sent for you, would you have come?

Stephen.— No.

Meralda.— Therefore you should not be surprised that I came. I intended to ask a favor from you before going away.

Stephen.— Are you going away?

Meralda.— Yes, I leave Naples.

Stephen.— For always?

Meralda.— For always.

Stephen.— Where are you going?

Meralda.— I don't know.

(*A pause*)

Stephen.— You wanted a favor from me?

Meralda.— You have my letters; will you please return them to me? I will return yours. (*Giving her letters.*)

Stephen (opens a drawer of his desk, takes out a bunch of letters, which offers to Meralda, and puts back his).

Meralda.— You don't ask me for any explanation?

Stephen.— There is nothing to say! We made a contract on 'Vanity.' You were the great lady who had led into your house all the powers and aristocracy. And I was the eminent man who was trying to conquer that great crowd! I was useful to your vanity, as you were to mine. We flattered our egotism, and both of us knew we were lying to each other! But we have broken the conditions of our contract. I've lost my power, and you've let one of your former lovers reveal, for revenge, all your story of your adventurous life; therefore, you too, have come down from your 'gold pedestal.' You are going away in search of more adventures and more success, while I (*without energy*) remain here, to contemplate the truth of my catastrophe! What explanation should I ask of you? Nothing binds us any longer!

Meralda (sitting).— It seems to me, now that we have unmasked each other, we are still bound to each other through our fall!

Stephen.— You mean?—

Meralda.— I don't deny that our contest was 'Vanity.' Yet behind that vanity, there was the woman; eager, anxious, corrupted, if you will, but

not perverse. She often tried, without success though, to make you understand her inner thoughts. You say I am going in search of other lies. You're mistaken, I am tired of them, I assure you. I returned your letters and took back mine expressly because these documents are false. Will I look for other adventures? Yes, but I shall look again for what even a corrupted woman is anxious to have — Love!

Stephen.— You could not ask that from me, who never understood love, not even when I had the illusion of life.

Meralda.— It was of that I wanted to speak to you. Now that you've lost your illusions, now that you're suffering because your ambition has been checked; well, take a new road. Begin to admit that precious element of joy which you have so far repudiated,

Stephen.— No, Meralda, everything is ended for me!

Meralda.— You're mistaken, and I will prove it to you.

Stephen.— How?

Meralda.— I wish you would turn your back upon the scepter of 'Glory' which has deceived and tortured you. I wish to take you away from this idle melancholy, which is consuming you. I wish to free you from this tomb, where perhaps you've planned your mental suicide.

Stephen (repellently).— I don't understand you. I don't want to understand you.

Meralda.— I want you to associate with my ideas, and look at life in a different way. To go out in the world care-free, without expecting either applause or homage. To break entirely with all social laws, and every day be satisfied with a new sensation. This is what I am proposing to you, Stephen.

Stephen.— I refuse.

Meralda.— So you are hoping to work again?

Stephen.— No!

Meralda.— And then (*slowly*)? — Will you be satisfied with pity?

Stephen (quickly).— So you came here for that? To inflict upon me your railings! You came here to remind me of those who once envied me, so that you may tell them you saw me humiliated! If you think you have accomplished your mission, you're mistaken. You'd better leave me in my tomb. Go!

Meralda (rising quickly).— When I am gone you will be sorry that you sent me away (*a little moved*).— You know that I loved you, and that I came here because I love you. In this moment you don't know exactly what you are saying, but tomorrow you will want me and you will send for me.

Stephen.— I shall not send for you, because your prospects horrify me.

Meralda.— It is the only thing which will help you!

Stephen.— You are advising me to run away like a coward, and associate myself with you, who are richer than I am.

Meralda.— Are you still fighting with your pride?

Stephen.— You are proposing to me to abandon the poor insane woman, who has been a devoted wife to me. You must admit, your advice is revolting!

Meralda.— I don't deserve your accusation, as my egotism was never like yours, that is blind to all sacrifices people were making for you. After all, my idea should not be so revolting, as you do not exist any more for that poor unfortunate. She does not want you, she does not speak to you, nor can she recognize you. You were ready to abandon her when she needed you, why not now, when your presence does not alleviate her sufferings? Do you want to remain here so as to quiet her conscience? But a Sister of Charity or a nurse would be of more help to her!

Stephen (sitting).— I must admit you are right. You make me realize the terrible truth. I must now find a means of earning my living. I shall fall lower and lower —

(*A pause*)

Meralda (sure of herself, affectionately).— Don't decide now, you are too agitated, think it over. I will postpone my departure.

Stephen.— Yes.

Meralda.— Au revoir, Stephen! —

Stephen (does not answer).

Meralda (going towards the terrace).

SCENE V

STEPHEN, MERALDA, THERESA

(*When Meralda is near the door Theresa enters, looking ecstatic. Stephen rises quickly, and trembles. Meralda also is a little frightened, and would like to go at once, but unwittingly Theresa prevents her.*)

Theresa (sweetly).— Where are you going? — How are you made? You perfume the air! — Give me a little of it! (*going to touch her*).

Stephen (quickly).— No, Theresa.

Theresa (sadly).— Why?

Meralda (frightened, takes this opportunity to make her escape).

Theresa.— Why?

Stephen (in despair).— Theresa! — Theresa! — Don't you understand what is happening! Can you not see me? Can you not see what I have become now, since you left me? (*taking her by the arm*). Can you not find a word, even a cursing one, so as to detain me here? —

Theresa (laughing).

Stephen (letting her arm go).— Nothing! Nothing! (Worn out, falls a chair). Nothing!

Theresa (goes on laughing).

ACT IV

Stephen Baldi's studio. The room now has a squalid appearance. It is night. Only the electric lamp is lighted on the desk. All the bric-a-brac has been removed, and also there are no more books nor manuscripts on the desk. On the floor there are some boxes, a trunk and a dress suit case.

SCENE I

STEPHEN, VALENTINE, A SERVANT AND TWO PORTERS

Stephen (seated at his desk, writing letters; he looks very pale. Valentine is packing).

Stephen (without raising his head).— Close the trunk and the dress suit case, and give me the keys.

Valentine.— Have you anything else to put in?

Stephen.— No.

Valentine (closes the trunk and the dress suit case, and puts the keys on the desk).

Stephen (putting the keys in his pocket).— Send them away.

Valentine (going to the door and calling):— You may come in.

(Enter a servant and a porter)

Valentine.— Take the trunk and the dress suit case to the station immediately.

Stephen (to the servant).— Tonio, tell the Princess that I'll meet her at the station at eleven, but the train goes at eleven fifteen.

(The porter goes out with the trunk and the servant with the dress suit case)

Valentine.— So you are both going away tonight?

Stephen.— Yes.

Valentine (going to close the door).

Stephen.— Leave the door open, it is so warm here.

(A pause)

Valentine (going on packing).— What shall I do with all these books and manuscripts?

Stephen.— Take them home with you.

Valentine.— But shall I have a home?

Stephen.— Sell them or burn them.

Valentine.— When Mr. Marcolini comes here tomorrow I'll try to make him buy them. It is true that he told me he never read a book in his life; but there is his wife — She says she is very fond of animals; maybe she is so fond of literature.

(*A silence*)

Stephen.— Will you please send these four letters ?

Valentine (counting the letters).— But there are five.

Stephen.— No, that large envelope contains a little money for you to use while you are looking for a position.

Valentine.— Thanks.

Stephen.— Everything has been arranged. You were right when you said that after paying all pressing debts, there would remain little. I left everything in the hands of my lawyer, who will pay the hospital expenses. I did not leave her in the care of the aunt, because I don't trust her. The superintendent of the hospital has promised me to take good care of Theresa and tomorrow morning a nurse will call for her. Will you please accompany them too. I told the superintendent you were a relation of ours, therefore they will allow you to visit Theresa.

Valentine.— I see you have thought of everything.

Stephen.— Yes, of you also.

Valentine.— I have already thanked you.

Stephen.— For the money.

Valentine.— Have I something else to thank you for.

Stephen.— Yes, I have arranged for you to see her sometimes.

Valentine.— Yes, I thank you especially for Theresa's sake. I understand she will be well cared for, but it will always be among strangers. Since we cannot rely on her aunt, I am glad I shall be useful to her. We said she does not distinguish one person from another? I am not quite sure about that. For instance, she seems so far away from you — just as if she were dead. I should wager anything, that afflicted soul is hiding its sorrow. It must be so, or how could you explain the phenomenon of her constantly repeating the verse the old sailor used to recite at the time when she was happy? And why should she insist upon wearing that dress, which she ordered that same night when she became insane? I understand I cannot put much faith in these facts. Insanity is the most mysterious, impenetrable illness.

Stephen (rising).— Yet you speak as if you had penetrated it without finding obstacles.

Valentine.— I! —

Stephen.— You don't quite admit it, yet you feel you will be a comfort to her. Because you're convinced that in her own soul she still remembers

your devotion. So, besides having the opportunity of seeing her, you will have the privilege of being a comfort to her and the hope — no, I mean the certainty, of being her favorite. And this will make you proud, happy! —

Valentine (excusing himself).— But Stephen!

Stephen.— Let me say it! I envy you!

Valentine.— Please don't mortify me, remember I was your servant.

Stephen.— Yes, I envy you for what you will be tomorrow and for what you are now. You never had any ambition. You were deformed, yet you were satisfied; you were weak, yet you did not complain! You were my servant, yet you were contented. When you could speak to the woman who adored me, you were happy. And when later she became insane, you had the privilege of watching her through your window, while she was wandering in the garden, in that same spot, when formerly she had covered me with kisses. Indeed, you must feel as if you had realized your dreams and you have now your reward.

Valentine (casting down his eyes).

Stephen.— Ah! you cast down your eyes! You never thought that I would guess everything, and that I should honor you by spying upon your inner thoughts?

Valentine.— You had not the right to do that.

Stephen.— Why?

Valentine.— No, you had not the right to do that, because I am only a miserable creature, and you should not have been so cruel.

Stephen.— Ah! you are my rival!

Valentine (quickly).— You are a coward!

Stephen.— You dare to judge me, you who stand there waiting, watching for my departure in order to seize what belonged to me alone.

Valentine.— Don't torment me.

Stephen.— I curse you for all you have made me suffer and for all you have made me say. (*Covering his face with both hands, then controlling himself, goes to his desk.*)

Valentine (does not move).

SCENE II

STEPHEN, VALENTINE, THERESA

(*Enter Theresa from right; she is dressed differently, but her hair is still hanging down and has some ornaments in it. She drags after her, with one hand, her favorite dress of the third act, and has on her shoulders laces and ribbons.*)

Stephen (seeing her would like to hide himself).

Theresa (to Valentine).— Did you see my new dress? Look, is it not beautiful?

Valentine (trying not to look at her).— Yes, yes I saw it, Madame heresa.

Theresa.— And I am going to put on it all these ribbons and lace. ut why don't you look at me.

'Open your eyes, on the earth!'

Stephen.— No more, no more! (*Going to take his hat, which is on a chair.*)

Valentine (going to him).— Let me convince you. Don't be so obstinate.

Stephen (stops).

Valentine.— Because you are in despair, you're going to run after a woman whom you loathe. And when you realize your mistake it will be too late.

Stephen.— No.

Valentine.— All her money will disgust you.

Stephen.— No.

Valentine.— Remain here and let me go.

Stephen.— You!

Theresa (has seated herself, in the meantime, on one of the boxes and is rearranging her dress).

Valentine.— Yes, yes I, the intruder! After the mortification you gave me I could not fulfil, what before, I called my duty and I could not even enjoy your money. You seem to be astonished. You are right, as I have never been proud! But, how funny! It came all at once! (*Taking out from his pocket the envelope, puts it on the desk.*)

Stephen (gently).— I beg of you to take back that money, which I owed you for your services. You see your pride should not be hurt, and then forgive the bitter words which I have just uttered! — I am going now.

Valentine (sincerely).— Can you not understand that you can save yourself only by remaining here?

Stephen.— You yourself said, 'She seems so far away from you — just as if she were dead.'

Valentine.— Good souls, Stephen, sometimes leave this world, so as to influence us from a distance, to a better life, and we don't rebel as we did during their life.

Stephen.— No, it is not true! If I remain here I shall die of a broken heart (*embracing him*). Good by, Valentine.

Valentine.— Good by.

Stephen (impulsively approaches Theresa).

Theresa (rising quickly).— What do you want?

Stephen (impulsively embraces her).— I wish you would see that I am crying.

(Exit quickly)

SCENE III

THERESA, VALENTINE

Theresa (choosing a ribbon. The dress is lying on a box).

Valentine (after a second sits down).

Theresa (taking a ribbon, throws it into the air. Not succeeding in catching it, she utters a cry).— Oh! *(to Valentine).* You *(pointing to the ribbon);* help me!

Valentine (rises, picks up the ribbon and returns it to Theresa, avoids looking at her).

Theresa (taking back the ribbon).— Are you afraid of me?

Valentine.— No, Madame Theresa.

Theresa.— Do you hate me?

Valentine.— I am sorry you think that.

Theresa.— — I don't know who you are.

Valentine.— I am only a hunchback!

Theresa.— What else?

Valentine.— A parasite.

Theresa.— Why?

Valentine.— Because I make profit from other people's misfortune. I cannot deny that! He was right when he accused me. Yes, I even blushed. It seemed to me then that I should no longer have the courage to approach you — To speak to you — But now that I am sure no one is looking at me, that you cannot see me or hear me, I take advantage of my opportunity. Yes, I am near you. I am looking at you; I can speak to you, and this is my happiest moment. If you were not the victim of such a terrible misfortune I could not be here.

Theresa.— I am convinced we understand each other. Let us talk *(making him sit down)* — Sit here, and let us talk as if we were friends.

Valentine.— Yes, like two friends.

SCENE IV

VALENTINE, THERESA, STEPHEN

Stephen's voice (outside).— Valentine! Valentine! —

Valentine (rising quickly, as if afraid of being found with Theresa).—
Is?—

Stephen's voice.— I am here, Valentine!

Valentine (going to the door).

Theresa (rising quickly, picking up her dress).— No, no! Don't let him
 me in; no don't! I am dressed like a servant — I must be dressed up
 receive this gentleman.

Valentine (remains on the threshold).

Stephen (enters and throws himself in Valentine's arms).

Theresa (hiding herself in a corner of the room).— Send him away!
 and him away!

(A brief silence)

Stephen.— I did not have the courage to do it.

Valentine (taking his hat from him).

Stephen.— To get away from here, I fought like a wild beast that tries
 break the bars of his cage, and this terrible fight has exhausted me. I
 ve no more strength. *(Exhausted falls onto sofa.)*

Valentine.— You've spent so many sleepless nights. Calm yourself,
 d tomorrow you will be strong again. No! — stronger than you have
 er been.

Stephen.— If I could only hope so! — *(Sees Theresa hidden in a corner.)*

Valentine.— Call her.

Stephen.— She will not come to me.

Valentine (going to her).— Do you wish to speak with that gentleman?

Theresa (pointing to her dress).— What will he think of me!

Valentine.— Make some excuse.

Theresa.— How?

Valentine (taking her by the hand, and bringing her to Stephen).— Tell
 m you have another dress. Show it to him. You want to see the dress,
 n't you, Stephen?

Stephen.— Yes.

Theresa (showing her dress).— Do you like it?

Stephen (sweetly).— It is beautiful.

Valentine.— Sit next to him.

Theresa (sitting near Stephen).

Valentine.— Tell him that it is going to be more beautiful.

Stephen.— Yes, tell me everything.

Theresa.— I'll show it to you. *(Taking one ribbon and putting it on*
her lace.)

Valentine.— I am going to my room now, Stephen.

Stephen (to Theresa).— There is a bad light here, you will spoil your
 es.

Theresa (smiling).— No.

Valentine (exit to the left).

Stephen.— Let us now rest together, and tomorrow we will both go back to our work — I shall be patient — like you, and you will advise me — give me the example. You shall be my 'Virtue.'

Theresa.— I am too little — little —

Stephen (repeating).— Little — little (*timidly embraces her*).

Theresa (not objecting to his embrace, and ceasing to work).

Stephen (embracing her and putting his head on her shoulder).— So.

Theresa.— Why are you tired? — Did you walk much?

Stephen.— Yes.

Theresa.— Do you want to go to sleep?

Stephen.— Yes.

(*A brief silence*)

Stephen (closing his eyes, murmurs).— Little by little everything disappears. I only see you, as if you were my soul — I see you so quiet, so quiet — Ah! at last I can sleep!

(*A silence*)

(*Stephen sleeps*)

Theresa (gently disengaging herself from his arms, then rises, letting her dress fall on him. Smiling, draws away back. All at once begins to repeat, in the same monotonous way the old man's verse).—

Over the sea — don't look,

Close your eyes — and go on.

(*Exit to the terrace, her voice is heard from outside.*)—

There is a friend,— near by you

Close your eyes — and go on.

Valentine's voice (outside, in despair).— Run, Stephen! Madame Theresa is standing on the parapet stretching her hands to the sea!

Valentine (enters from left, runs to the terrace and exit).

Valentine (outside, utters a cry of terrible anguish).

CURTAIN

THE SILVER FLUTE

(A Chronicle of Ancient Greece)

BY ARTHUR UPSON

HEAR the strange story of the silver flute:
Beside Ægean waters on an isle
Of what fair name my chronicle is mute
Save that 'twas of the storied Cyclades —
Once in a long-past hour on Chronos' dial
There dwelt a youth in bondage of that lord
Whose grandsire had the isle for his reward
In some old war when Persians swept the seas.

This youth was not an islander, but dwelt,
Before his lord had bound him, under skies
Where the white fanes of fair-limbed gods did melt
Within the still-fleeced blue of Grecian air.
There had his lips, and there his ardent eyes,
Their lesson of all beauty spoke or writ,
And his empassioned heart had stored the wit
Of artists, bards, and sages gathered there.

Sold out of Athens for a paltry debt!
Seeking a father's blemished name to clear,
He willingly his hand to letters set,
Pledging a certain weary term of suns
His scholar-service; then with feignèd cheer
Clomb a tall galley of his master's fleet,
Turned southward, nor looked back to hillsides sweet
And the loved sands where green Ægina runs.

Then all the afternoon that galley sailed
To south and east by Attic promontories,
And many a gleaming, homeward prow was hailed,
Bound for Piræus and familiar rest.
Well knew that exile youth all songs and stories
Yon fishers loved when night had fetched them home,

THE SILVER FLUTE

And often had he longed like them to roam —
 Yet now his heart lay heavy in his breast.

Among the isles dim, purple evening came:
 With sails reefed, cables coiled, and slackened oars,
 The ship still glided 'neath its harbor flame.
 Strange port that was, whose black unwelcoming wharves,
 Heaped high with spicy spoils from Asian shores,
 No hillside temple whitely overgleamed —
 For Trade was there the only god esteemed
 With votives of huge bales and hideous corves.

Then in the youth an agony of dread,
 Of utter, homesick longing searched his soul.
 He cursed his honor — wished he had lain dead
 Or e'er he bound his scholarship to be
 Counter of gains to such a lord. He stole
 Far sternward on the steady-moving ship,
 Set a small flute unto his trembling lip,
 And made a little Attic melody.

'Twas a boy's song he oft enough had sung
 In golden summers with Athenian lads
 When, under leafy temple groves they flung
 Wave-weary limbs along that green of Pan
 Wherewith her rock lone Psyttaleia clads;
 Full many a faun-like circle had he trod
 Round the rough statues of the woodland god
 Ere swift care came and touched him into man.

As now that wavering air fell soothingwise
 Deep in his painful dream of merry hours —
 Air mystically fitting to these skies,
 Though framed for fairer — his hot tide of blood
 Ebbd back to calmness: so from Pan's thick bowers
 Young bathers watch quick storms across the bay
 Subsiding as they chant their joyous lay
 Ere they plunge homeward through the quiet flood.

He felt the keel's grate and the prow's impact;
 But still he stood alone afoft the stern
 With flute to lip, and yearning eyes that tracked
 The westward crimson of that fallen day:
 Then, pausing 'mid the stir, he chanced to turn
 And met the passionate gaze of one in whom
 Music had called Hope, shining from her tomb,
 And raised warm Memory in her trodden clay.

What dryad, faun, or god in beechen dell —
 Same say 'twas Pan himself — did first discover
 How 'neath a wooden wand's dissolving spell
 Hope trembles into life, Despair turns Hope?
 Or was it only some too-happy lover?
 Or sad slave toiling on in Fate's despite?
 For Grief and Joy, when both have reached their height,
 Meet in the calm of Music's crowning slope.

'Twas but one upward glance from reeking benches
 Deep in the laboring hulk where main Despair
 Pulled that proud galley through the ocean trenches;
 An instant — it was gone: and nevermore
 Beheld the youth again those eyes of care.
 He stowed his flute, and through the lanterned dark,
 With other cargoes bidden disembark,
 He sought the untried shadows of the shore.

And now through month on month his fine brain tasks
 O'er ledgers, bonds, and countless bills-of-lading —
 From dawn to dusk, o'er corves and oily casks
 That steam the warehouse dock with odors brute;
 But often, when he sees fair courage fading,
 In cool of night, or by the earliest dawn,
 Ere the first step, or after all have gone,
 He seeks the fiery spirit of his flute.

So, for dull years the price of youth he flung
 To the dark keeping of regardless Time.
 Sole thrift of all that wasteful barter, clung
 Those golden moments of the night and morn

THE SILVER FLUTE

When crystal-limpid melodies would climb
 Round the great heart of Silence from his lips;
 Or when, of dusks, he boarded galley ships
 Fresh from Piraeus with their wine and corn.

Just gods decree that naught of beauty fades,
 Nor ever is lost in this deaf-seeming world;
 And, if sweet sound no earthly ear persuades,
 Unto its breath they do themselves bend low,
 And in their heavenly memories keep it furled
 For poets' dreams; or else they make sad hearts
 Draw near, as if by chance, till Music starts,
 As in that oarsman, Hope's diviner glow.

Oft on that oarsman mused the exile youth,
 Still vivid in his thought the first surprise
 Of that revealing face. Yet now the truth,
 As long years labored by, became more plain
 And a new meaning looked from all men's eyes
 With hints of old, deep-sunken loveliness,
 And, under toil's coarse mask, the slow distress
 Of godlike dreams crushed down and dumb in pain.

And oft, beneath tall pharos-fires he boarded
 Some trader in the harbor, and would wend
 Fluting among dank shrouds and cargoes sordid,
 And deep into foul caverns of the hold,
 Thinking alway perchance to touch that friend;
 But never thus — though many another face
 Through sooty glooms yearned up to such rare grace,
 And many an ear drank in that music's gold.

It happened so one night he, wandering thus,
 Through tender stops his Attic spirit sighed
 While the great summer's moon hung luminous
 Like a clear cresset o'er the yarded sail.
 Oarsmen and sailors, weary of the tide,
 Lay moveless, listening; 'twixt the toiling morrows
 Music and rest shut down upon their sorrows,
 And through their limbs did kindly sleep prevail.

Then, like a very genius of dark earth,
 Sudden, the island's lord before them rose —
 Or like on vineyard hills the August dearth,
 Or olive-blight when boughs droop heaviest.
 Oh, cruel had he ever been, God knows
 Cruel to man and beast, and even cruel
 To earth whose vintage, metal, oil, and fuel,
 He wrung from her with miserly unrest!

“What fellow idles here with piping tune?”
 His loud cry shattered down the moonlit hush.
 “Hence to thy shed, knave! What, thou'lt have me soon
 Master of mock-men and slug-mountebanks!”
 No more.— Some shrank as though beneath the crush
 Of powers ancestral who proud Persian arms
 Had beat to dust; some hid their base alarms;
 While others, cursing, writhed upon their planks.

Over them all in dignity serene,
 With flute to lip, the youth paused musefully.
 Arion was not tranquil of mien
 What time the enchanted dolphin heard his lyre
 And from those vile Sicilians on the sea
 Swept him afar; nor yet more certain-souled
 Amphion was, who built up Thebes of old
 By music magical, and Orphean fire!

Silene, poising on her silver path,
 Remembered Phoebus' fine Thessalian lute
 That soothed his exile when their father's wrath
 Doomed him to service of the Shepherd King;
 And oh, Endymion with a herdboys' flute
 Through the pale valley piping to his sheep,
 Or in his listless Latmian cave asleep,
 Were not more fair than he of whom I sing!

Whether or no the dulcet goddess turned
 Into the youth's warm heart some yearning thought,
 His being with resistless music burned;
 Into his memory crept a country air,

THE SILVER FLUTE

Of an old minor love-song chiefly wrought,
 But mingled with the laughter and the sighs
 Of half-forgotten Attic lullabies:
 Sweet was its cadence out of all compare.

And this he played, until the maddened ear
 Of one's own past would stop itself for woe;
 Then, gliding into martial measures, near
 Burst the reëchoing heart with bounding wars —
 The blaze of splendid battles long ago;
 Magnificence of Marathon; wild bliss
 Of Mycne, Plataea, Salamis,
 And shattered prows on Hellespontine shores!

They say stones leaped along the Ilian walls
 At the Phoebean melodies; then how
 Might human blood, e'en though it sluggish crawls
 Through craven limbs, resist so sweet appeal? —
 Laconia bred that lord; yet his stern brow
 Had known a mother's lips, his Spartan breast,
 For once, had panted love, ere riches pressed,
 And Fortune set him highest upon her wheel.

Still he stood with amazement, all the bound
 Of his pride-withered and self-rooted dreams
 Hot-surgng under tides of sudden sound:
 Child, lover, awoke; his grandsire in him stirred —
 (At Artemisium he with two triremes
 Had baffled Persia!) — Then the silence fell,
 Resounding silence, Night's blue-caverned shell
 Treasuring immortal harmonies unheard!

All this the youth perceived: not vain those years
 Of music's ministry to secret pain —
 Not all for naught those desperate mortal fears
 Searched out in others' lives at dawn and dusk;
 Nor were the exile and the toil in vain.
 Beauty-remembered is a fragrant flower,
 But, cherished through the else-unlovely hour,
 Elysium hath no bloom to match its musk!

.

The common morning of a common morrow
Succeeded to the wonder of the night.
With dawn that galley's oars began to furrow
Old fareways of eternal amaranth;
The youth beheld the slanting lanteen's flight
From his black island-wharf; into his mind
Strange ports arose, his feet might never find,
Piled high with Tyrian wools and tragacanth.

Out with the ship the island's master sailed,
Boarding her sudden at the front of dawn,
Wherefore none knew . . . And now mild Autumn paled
The rose-red passion of Summer all among
Those island-beds of purple ocean-lawn,
And brought the day ten years had toiled to bring
Whereon the youth's release should shout and sing
Within him — yet he shouted not nor sung.

With the same sun when that long term was full
The island lord returned within his boat,
Bearing nor tragacanth, nor Tyrian wool,
Nor myrrh, in barter for his fruit and oil.
He came in Antioch linen, all his coat
Being one woven piece, and in his hand
He bore, soft-wound in many an azure band,
Some hidden Asian thing of princely spoil.

Down from the ship he stepped along the wharf
All in his rich array and stately style:
Then calling over cask, and bale, and corf,
He summoned the Athenian to his side.
The curious village folk from round the isle,
Idlers, and merchants, stood there wonder-smitten,
And so the youth as well, at what lay written
Plain in that countenance of cruel pride:

For cruel pride was gone, and in its stead
A meekness dwelt, as strange to him as all
The sumptuous vesture that so richly fed
The astonishment of people, and more fit,

THE SILVER FLUTE

For mildness gave him looks imperial,
 And loftier power that suited with a lord,
 Of glorious descent. With one accord
 They hailed him in awed murmurs, seeing it.

The Athenian obeyed with courtesy.
 And thus it fell: That costly orient vest,
 One piece of woven linen flowing free,
 From his own shoulders did the lord remove,
 And in its folds his bondman rarely dressed.
 Then, from its swathings, slow the marvel came —
 A wondrous flute, wrought out by toil and flame
 From purest silver ever smith did prove.

For these that ship's whole treasure was exchanged;
 For these men searched through many an Asian town,
 And that tall galley many a seaboard ranged.—
 "Today thou'rt free again," the master spake.
 "Tomorrow shall this galley bear thee down
 Between the aisles, along Ægina foam,
 A victor, with his spoil, returning home.
 Tonight for me thou shalt fair sounds awake."

And so it fell. That night with princely feast
 The master entertained his ten-years' slave.
 The young Athenian fluted on, nor ceased
 To move melodious spirits with a sigh,
 But to the silver flute his sweet lip gave,
 Till white waves broke around them in the dawn;
 And through east windows, loitering and wan
 Silene listened from a saffron sky.

So, the tale goes, among the Cyclades
 One shining temple more strove heavenward;
 And Beauty again, from foam of sullen seas
 Like Aphrodite, rose to regal power.
 Thus Music moved the heart of that great lord.
 And the white temple on his island's brow
 Cheered many a mariner over many a prow
 For full a thousand years from that far hour.

In the gold noontide of that final day
 Anchors were heaved, smooth dipped a hundred oars,
 And southern winds compelled his sail away,
 That son of Art.— My chronicle is mute
 About his after-deeds on other shores:
 It only says men's hearts could long discern
 Bright vision of him at the galley's stern,
 And the clear music of his silver flute.

THE LITANIES OF LOVE

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

I

Love Suppliant

MY Lady, hearken! At thine altar-stairs
 I sing a daily litany to thee
 Of loving reverence that aspires and dares.
 Before thy shrine I sink on bended knee,
 Yet sing with lifted forehead, unafraid,
 At once a song of triumph, and a plea.

w-knighted by love's holy accolade
 I fear not foes nor fates; and yet I fear,
 I kneel before thine altar, asking aid.

dear my Lady, this is my one fear —
 Lest I give not the love thou meritest . . .
 Teach me all perfect love, my Lady dear.

blessed Lady, Beautiful and Best
 Teach me the many perfect things thou art
 that make up perfect love, my Lady blest.

to thee I come, to thee I trust my heart —
 Take me and teach me ever more and more . . .
 For just by coming I have learned a part.

THE LITANIES OF LOVE

Lady of love that groweth ever more,
 That "scattereth yet increaseth," giveth all
 And yet by giving addeth to its store —

Teach me thy answer to the highest call,
 Teach me love's greatest joy, O Lady of love,
 The joy of loving, that can never pall.

My love streams up toward thine enshrined above,
 My love strives up through thoughts and dreams and prayers
 Praying to grow like thine, O Lady of Love.

II

Lady of Art

Lady of Love, and beauty that love brings,
 Lady of art's revealings, Lady of Truth,
 Teach me how truth in beauty speaks and sings.

See, on thy altar I have laid my youth
 To burn with love and art and beauty's fires
 Until it be *refined* in very sooth —

Until each thought of art and self expires,
 And from the ashes Phoenix-like up-springs
 The perfect art, that greatens and inspires.

III

Lady of Sorrows

Lady of sorrows, still you bring me joy
 Out of your pain, and smile with eyes that ache,
 Hiding your life-wounds, like the least annoy,

With beautiful brave laughter, for my sake.
 Yet deep beneath, I feel the ceaseless swell
 And fall of waves of tears — nay, let them break . . .

Yes . . . let them break . . . The ebb-tide will compel
 Their tumult into calm, and bring the peace
 Of moon-lit waters, murmuring: all is well.

IV

Love Celebrant

If I, even I, have won thy love divine,
O Lady of love, O Lady of joy and peace,
If I have won thy love and made thee mine,

Then life is born anew of love's increase,
Transfigured by love's purifying blaze,
Doubts fall away, darkness and sorrow cease,

And all is bright with sun-light and love's rays.—
If I have won thy love, then love must sing,
If I have won thy love, then life must praise —

Listen! triumphant love shall wake and fling
Great floods of swelling wild exultant song —
Then sink to tender love's low murmuring

Oh, love is gentlest when it most is strong
And kneels when most exulting . . . let me grow
Quite dumb before thine altar, where I long

To stand, thy celebrant, within the glow . . .
Or but to light the candles at the shrine . . .
Or just be one, and burn there . . . Even so.

THE MOTHER-CRY

BY ELIETH M. THOMAS

In memory of Isabel

THe maiden-child, whom love did guard.—
Like firstling rose upon the tree.
Is forth — beyond all watch and ward,
That in great love can ever be!

Mute Nature's deeps have round her sung
Have borne her form none knoweth wh
Some part, so loved, with earth is merged,
Some part hath veiled itself in air.

Up goes a Cry, — a far, wild Cry!
(Were any Heaven built in starry space,
Now, down the bright and riven sky,
The lost, the maiden-child, must pace!)

“Oh, is there none who understands —
Who understands the things I miss? —
Her eyes, her lips, her little hands,—
Her hands that I must have, to kiss!”

Unto that Mother-Cry, in vain,
All answer . . . “Yet, if it be so
Thou shalt not have her hands again,
Still, thou the Touch shalt surely know!”

“Thou mayst not meet her eyes of blue,
That were thy morn and even-light;
Yet — by no perishable view —
Thy Sight shall surely meet her sight!”

“But where? but when?” — “Not in this Dream!
But when The Real of Sight, of Sound,
Of precious Touch, stand forth, supreme,
Above the Fleeting Substance, crowned!”

SALOME

A Tragedy in One Act

Translated from the French of Oscar Wilde

CHARACTERS:

HEROD ANTIPAS, *Tetrarch of Judaea.*

ISAIAH, *The Prophet.*

THE YOUNG SYRIAN, *Captain of the Guard.*

PHILIP, *a young Roman.*

THE ARABIAN, *an*

Arabian.

THE SOLDIER

and Soldier.

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS.

THE NAZARENES, *Etc.*

THE

THE EXECUTIONER.

HERODIAS, *wife of the Tetrarch.*

SALOME, *daughter of HERODIAS.*

THE SLAVES OF SALOME.

SCENE

A GREAT TERRACE in the Palace of Herod, set above the banqueting-hall. Some soldiers are leaning over the balcony. To the right there is a gigantic staircase, to the left, at the back, an old cistern surrounded by a wall of green bronze. The moon is shining very brightly.

The Young Syrian. How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

The Page of Herodias. Look at the moon. How strange the moon is! She is like a woman rising from a tomb. She is like a dead woman. One might fancy she was looking for dead things.

The Young Syrian. She has a strange look. She is like a little girl who wears a yellow veil, and whose feet are of silver. She is like a princess who has little white doves for feet. One might fancy she was dancing.

The Page of Herodias. She is like a woman who is dead. She dies very slowly.

(Noise in the banqueting-hall.)

First Soldier. What an uproar! Who are those wild beasts howling?

Second Soldier. The Jews. They are always like that. They are talking about their religion.

First Soldier. Why do they dispute about their religion?

Second Soldier. I cannot tell. They are always doing it. The Pharisees, for instance, say that there are angels, and the Sadducees declare that angels do not exist.

First Soldier. I think it is ridiculous to dispute about such things.

The Young Syrian. How beautiful is the Princess Salome to-night!

The Page of Herodias. You are always looking at her. You look at her too much. It is dangerous to look at people in such fashion. Something terrible may happen.

The Young Syrian. She is very beautiful to-night.

First Soldier. The Tetrarch has a sombre aspect.

Second Soldier. Yes; he has a sombre aspect.

First Soldier. He is looking at something.

Second Soldier. He is looking at some one.

First Soldier. At whom is he looking?

Second Soldier. I cannot tell.

The Young Syrian. How pale the Princess is! Never have I seen her so pale. She is like the shadow of a white rose in a mirror of silver.

The Page of Herodias. You must not look at her. You look too much at her.

First Soldier. Herodias has filled the cup of the Tetrarch.

The Cappadocian. Is that the Queen Herodias, she who wears a black mitre sewed with pearls, and whose hair is powdered with blue dust?

First Soldier. Yes; that is Herodias, the Tetrarch's wife.

Second Soldier. The Tetrarch is very fond of wine. He has wine of three sorts. One which is brought from the Island of Samothrace and is purple like the cloak of Cæsar.

The Cappadocian. I have never seen Cæsar.

Second Soldier. Another that comes from a town called Cyprus and is as yellow as gold.

The Cappadocian. I love gold.

Second Soldier. And the third is a wine of Sicily. That wine is as red as blood.

The Nubian. The gods of my country are very fond of blood. Twice in the year we sacrifice to them young men and maidens: first young men and a hundred maidens. But I am afraid that we do not give them quite enough, for they are very harsh to us.

The Cappadocian. In my country there are no gods left. The Romans have driven them out. There are some who say that they have hidden themselves in the mountains, but I do not believe it. Three nights I have been on the mountains seeking them everywhere. I did not find them, and at last I called them by their names, and they did not come. I think they are dead.

First Soldier. The Jews worship a God that one cannot see.

The Cappadocian. I cannot understand that.

First Soldier. In fact, they only believe in things that one cannot see.

The Cappadocian. That seems to me altogether ridiculous.

The Voice of Iokanaan. After me shall come another mightier than I. I am not worthy so much as to unloose the latchet of his shoes. Where he cometh the solitary places shall be glad. They shall blossom like the rose. The eyes of the blind shall see the day, and the ears of the deaf shall be opened. The suckling child shall put his hand upon the dragon's hair, he shall lead the lions by their manes.

Second Soldier. Make him be silent. He is always saying ridiculous things.

First Soldier. No, no. He is a holy man. He is very gentle, too. Every day when I give him to eat he thanks me.

The Cappadocian. Who is he?

First Soldier. A prophet.

The Cappadocian. What is his name?

First Soldier. Iokanaan.

The Cappadocian. Whence comes he?

First Soldier. From the desert, where he fed on locusts and wild honey. He was clothed in camel's hair, and round his loins he had a leathern belt. He was very terrible to look upon. . . A great multitude used to follow him. He even had disciples.

The Cappadocian. What is he talking of?

First Soldier. We can never tell. Sometimes he says things that frighten one, but it is impossible to understand what he says.

The Cappadocian. May one see him?

First Soldier. No. The Tetrarch has forbidden it.

The Young Syrian. The Princess has hidden her face behind her fan! Her little white hands are fluttering like doves that fly to their dove-cots. They are like white butterflies. They are just like white butterflies.

The Page of Herodias. What is that to you? Why do you look at her? You must not look at her. . . Something terrible may happen.

The Cappadocian. (Pointing to the cistern.) What a strange prison!

Second Soldier. It is an old cistern.

The Cappadocian. An old cistern! That must be a poisonous place in which to dwell!

Second Soldier. Oh no! For instance, the Tetrarch's brother, his elder brother, the first husband of Herodias the Queen, was imprisoned there for twelve years. It did not kill him. At the end of the twelve years he had to be strangled.

The Cappadocian. Strangled? Who dared to do that?

Second Soldier. (*Pointing to the Executioner, a huge negro.*) That man yonder, Naaman.

The Cappadocian. He was not afraid?

Second Soldier. Oh no! The Tetrarch sent him the ring.

The Cappadocian. What ring?

Second Soldier. The death ring. So he was not afraid.

The Cappadocian. Yet it is a terrible thing to strangle a king.

First Soldier. Why? Kings have but one neck, like other folk.

The Cappadocian. I think it terrible.

The Young Syrian. The Princess is getting up! She is leaving the table! She looks very troubled. Ah, she is coming this way. Yes, she is coming towards us. How pale she is! Never have I seen her so pale.

The Page of Herodias. I pray you not to look at her.

The Young Syrian. She is like a dove that has strayed. . . . She is like a narcissus trembling in the wind. . . . She is like a silver flower.

(*Enter Salome.*)

Salome. I will not stay. I cannot stay. Why does the Tetrarch look at me all the while with his mole's eyes under his shaking eyelids? It is strange that the husband of my mother looks at me like that. I know not what it means. Of a truth I know it too well.

The Young Syrian. You have left the feast, Princess?

Salome. How sweet is the air here! I can breathe here! Within there are Jews from Jerusalem who are tearing each other in pieces over their foolish ceremonies, and barbarians who drink and drink and spill their wine on the pavement, and Greeks from Smyrna with painted eyes and painted cheeks, and frizzed hair curled in columns, and Egyptians silent and subtle, with long nails of jade and russet cloaks, and Romans brutal and coarse, with their uncouth jargon. Ah! how I loathe the Komans! They are rough and common, and they give themselves the airs of noble lords.

The Young Syrian. Will you be seated, Princess?

The Page of Herodias. Why do you speak to her? Oh! something terrible will happen. Why do you look at her?

Salome. How good to see the moon! She is like a little piece of money, a little silver flower. She is cold and chaste. I am sure she is a virgin. She has the beauty of a virgin. Yes, she is a virgin. She has never defiled herself. She has never abandoned herself to men, like the other goddesses.

The Voice of Iokanaan. Behold! the Lord hath come. The Son of Man is at hand. The centaurs have hidden themselves in the rivers, and the nymphs have left the rivers, and are lying beneath the leaves in the forests.

Salome. Who was that who cried out?

Second Soldier. The prophet, Princess.

Salome. Ah, the prophet! He of whom the Tetrarch is afraid?

Second Soldier. We know nothing of that, Princess. It was the prophet Iokanaan who cried out.

The Young Syrian. Is it your pleasure that I bid them bring your litter, Princess? The night is fair in the garden.

Salome. He says terrible things about my mother, does he not?

Second Soldier. We never understand what he says, Princess.

Salome. Yes; he says terrible things about her.

(Enter a Slave.)

The Slave. Princess, the Tetrarch prays you to return to the feast.

Salome. I will not return.

The Young Syrian. Pardon me, Princess, but if you return not some misfortune may happen.

Salome. Is he an old man, this prophet?

The Young Syrian. Princess, it were better to return. Suffer me to lead you in.

Salome. This prophet . . . is he an old man?

First Soldier. No, Princess, he is quite young.

Second Soldier. One cannot be sure. There are those who say that he is Elias.

Salome. Who is Elias?

Second Soldier. A prophet of this country in bygone days, Princess.

The Slave. What answer may I give the Tetrarch from the Princess?

The Voice of Iokanaan. Rejoice not, O land of Palestine, because the rod of him who smote thee is broken. For from the seed of the serpent shall come a basilisk, and that which is born of it shall devour the birds.

Salome. What a strange voice! I would speak with him.

First Soldier. I fear it may not be, Princess. The Tetrarch does not suffer anyone to speak with him. He has even forbidden the high priest to speak with him.

Salome. I desire to speak with him.

First Soldier. It is impossible, Princess.

Salome. I will speak with him.

The Young Syrian. Would it not be better to return to the banquet?

Salome. Bring forth this prophet.

(Exit the Slave.)

First Soldier. We dare not, Princess.

Salome. *(Approaching the cistern and looking down into it.)* How black it is, down there! It must be terrible to be in so black a hole! It is like a tomb. . . . *(To the soldiers.)* Did you not hear me? Bring out the prophet. I would look on him.

Second Soldier. Princess, I beg you, do not require this of us.

Salome. You are making me wait upon your pleasure.

First Soldier. Princess, our lives belong to you, but we cannot do what you have asked of us. And indeed it is not of us that you should ask this thing.

Salome (looking at the young Syrian). Ah!

The Page of Herodias. Oh! what is going to happen? I am sure that something terrible will happen.

Salome. (Going up to the young Syrian.) Thou wilt do this thing for me, wilt thou not, Narraboth? Thou wilt do this thing for me. I have ever been kind towards thee. Thou wilt do it for me. I would but look at him, this strange prophet. Men have talked so much of him. Often have I heard the Tetrarch talk of him. I think he is afraid of him, the Tetrarch. Art thou, even thou, also afraid of him, Narraboth?

The Young Syrian. I fear him not, Princess; there is no man I fear. But the Tetrarch has formally forbidden that any man shall raise the cover of his well.

Salome. Thou wilt do this thing for me, Narraboth, and to-morrow when I pass in my litter beneath the gateway of the idol-sellers I will let fall for thee a little flower, a little green flower.

The Young Syrian. Princess, I cannot, I cannot.

Salome. (Smiling.) Thou wilt do this thing for me, Narraboth. Thou knowest that thou wilt do this thing for me. And on the morrow when I shall pass in my litter by the bridge of the idol-buyers, I will look at thee through the muslin veils, I will look at thee, Narraboth, it may be I will smile at thee. Look at me, Narraboth, look at me. Ah! thou knowest that thou wilt do what I ask of thee. Thou knowest it. . . I know thou wilt do this for me.

The Young Syrian. (Signing to the third Soldier.) Let the prophet come forth. . . The Princess Salome desires to see him.

Salome. Ah!

The Page of Herodias. Oh! How strange the moon looks. Like the hand of a dead woman who is seeking to cover herself with a shroud.

The Young Syrian. She has a strange aspect! She is like a little princess, whose eyes are eyes of amber. Through the clouds of muslin she is smiling like a little princess. (*The prophet comes out of the cistern. Salome looks at him and steps slowly back.*)

Iokanaan. Where is he whose cup of abominations is now full? Where is he, who in a robe of silver shall one day die in the face of all the people? Bid him come forth, that he may hear the voice of him who hath cried in the waste places and in the houses of kings.

Salome. Of whom is he speaking?

The Young Syrian. No one can tell, Princess.

Iokanaan. Where is she who saw the images of men painted on the walls, even the images of the Chaldeans painted with colours, and gave herself up unto the lust of her eyes, and sent ambassadors into the land of Chaldaea?

Salome. It is of my mother that he is speaking.

The Young Syrian. Oh no, Princess.

Salome. Yes; it is of my mother that he is speaking.

Iokanaan. Where is she who gave herself unto the Captains of Assyria, who have baldricks on their loins, and crowns of many colours on their heads? Where is she who hath given herself to the young men of the Egyptians, who are clothed in fine linen and hyacinth, whose shields are of gold, whose helmets are of silver, whose bodies are mighty? Go, and bid her rise up from the bed of her abominations, from the bed of her uncleanness, that she may hear the words of him who prepareth the way of the Lord, that she may repent her of her iniquities. Though she will not repent, but will stick fast in her abominations, go bid her come, for the fan of the Lord is in His hand.

Salome. Ah, but he is terrible, he is terrible.

The Young Syrian. Do not stay here, Princess, I beseech you.

Salome. It is his eyes above all that are terrible. They are like black holes burned by torches in a tapestry of Tyre. They are like the black caverns where the dragons live, the black caverns of Egypt in which the dragons make their lairs. They are like black lakes troubled by fantastic moons. . . Do you think he will speak again?

The Young Syrian. Do not stay here, Princess. I pray you do not stay here.

Salome. How wasted he is! He is like a thin ivory statue. He is like an image of silver. I am sure he is chaste, as the moon is. He is like a moonbeam, like a shaft of silver. His flesh must be very cold, cold ivory. . . I would look closer at him.

The Young Syrian. No, no, Princess!

Salome. I must look at him closer.

The Young Syrian. Princess! Princess!

Iokanaan. Who is this woman who is looking at me? I will not give her look at me. Wherefore doth she look at me, with her golden eyes, under her gilded eyelids? I know not who she is. I do not desire to know who she is. Bid her begone. It is not to her that I would speak.

Salome. I am Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa.

Iokanaan. Back! daughter of Babylon! Come not near the chosen of the Lord. Thy mother hath filled the earth with the wine of her iniquities, and the cry of her sinning hath come up even to the ears of God.

Salome. Speak again, Iokanaan. Thy voice is as music to mine ear.

The Young Syrian. Princess! Princess! Princess!

Salome. Speak again! Speak again, Iokanaan, and tell me what I must do.

Iokanaan. Daughter of Sodom, come not near me! But cover thy face with a veil, and scatter ashes upon thine head, and get thee to the desert, and seek out the Son of Man.

Salome. Who is he, the Son of Man? Is he as beautiful as thou art, Iokanaan?

Iokanaan. Get thee behind me! I hear in the palace the beating of the wings of the angel of death.

The Young Syrian. Princess, I beseech thee to go within.

Iokanaan. Angel of the Lord God, what dost thou here with thy sword? Whom seekest thou in this palace? The day of him who shall die in a robe of silver has not yet come.

Salome. Iokanaan!

Iokanaan. Who speaketh?

Salome. I am amorous of thy body, Iokanaan! Thy body is white, like the lilies of a field that the mower hath never mowed. Thy body is white like the snows that lie on the mountains of Judæa, and come down into the valleys. The roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so white as thy body. Neither the roses of the garden of the Queen of Arabia, the garden of spices of the Queen of Arabia, nor the feet of the dawn when they light on the leaves, nor the breast of the moon when she lies on the breast of the sea. . . There is nothing in the world so white as thy body. Suffer me to touch thy body.

Iokanaan. Back! daughter of Babylon! By woman came evil into the world. Speak not to me. I will not listen to thee. I listen but to the voice of the Lord God.

Salome. Thy body is hideous. It is like the body of a leper. It is like a plastered wall, where vipers have crawled; like a plastered wall where the scorpions have made their nest. It is like a whited sepulchre, full of loathsome things. It is horrible, thy body is horrible. It is of thy hair that I am enamoured, Iokanaan. Thy hair is like clusters of grapes, like the clusters of black grapes, that hang from the vine-trees of Edom in the land of the Edomites. Thy hair is like the cedars of Lebanon, like the great cedars of Lebanon that give their shade to the lions and to the robbers who would hide them by day. The long black nights, when the moon hides her face, when the stars are afraid, are not so black as thy hair. The silence that dwells in the forest is not so black. There is nothing in the world that is so black as thy hair. . . Suffer me to touch thy hair.

Iokanaan. Back, daughter of Sodom! Touch me not. Profane not the temple of the Lord God.

Salome. Thy hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and dust. It is like a crown of thorns placed on thy head. It is like a knot of serpents led around thy neck. I love not thy hair. . . . It is thy mouth that I love, Iokanaan. Thy mouth is like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut in twain with a knife of ivory. Like the pomegranate flowers that blossom in the gardens of Tyre, and are paler than roses, are not so red. The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings, and make afraid the enemy, are not so red. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who inhabit the temples and are fed to the priests. It is redder than the feet of him who cometh from a forest where he hath slain a lion, and seen gilded tigers. Thy mouth is like a piece of coral that fishers have found in the twilight of the sea, the precious coral that they keep for the kings! . . . It is like the vermilion that the robbers find in the mines of Moab, the vermilion that the kings take from them. It is like the bow of the King of the Persians, that is painted with vermilion, and is tipped with coral. There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. . . . Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan. Never! daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! Never!

Salome. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth.

The Young Syrian. Princess, Princess, thou who art like a garden of myrrh, thou who art the dove of all doves, look not at this man, look not at him! Do not speak such words to him. I cannot endure it. . . . Princess, do not speak these things.

Salome. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

The Young Syrian. Ah! (*He kills himself, and falls between Salome and Iokanaan.*)

The Page of Herodias. The young Syrian has slain himself! The young captain has slain himself! He has slain himself who was my friend! I gave him a little box of perfumes and ear-rings wrought in silver, and now he has killed himself! Ah, did he not say that some misfortune would happen? I, too, said it, and it has come to pass. Well I knew that the moon was seeking a dead thing, but I knew not that it was her whom she sought. Ah! why did I not hide him from the moon? If I had hidden him in a cavern she would not have seen him.

First Soldier. Princess, the young captain has just slain himself.

Salome. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

Iokanaan. Art thou not afraid, daughter of Herodias? Did I not tell thee that I heard in the palace the beatings of the wings of the angel of death, and hath he not come, the angel of death?

Salome. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan. Daughter of adultery, there is but one who can save thee.

It is He of whom I spake. Go seek him. He is in a boat on the sea of Galilee, and He talketh with His disciples. Kneel down on the shore of the sea, and call unto Him by His name. When he cometh to thee, and to all who call on Him, He cometh, bow thyself at his feet and ask of Him the remission of thy sins.

Salome. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan. Cursed be thou! daughter of an incestuous mother, be thou accursed!

Salome. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

Iokanaan. I will not look at thee. Thou art accursed, Salome, thou art accursed. (*He goes down into the cistern.*)

Salome. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan; I will kiss thy mouth.

First Soldier. We must bear away the body to another place. The Tetrarch does not care to see dead bodies, save the bodies of those whom he himself has slain.

The Page of Herodias. He was my brother, and nearer to me than a brother. I gave him a little box full of perfumes, and a ring of agate that he wore always on his hand. In the evening we were wont to walk by the river, and among the almond-trees, and he used to tell me of the things of his country. He spake ever very low. The sound of his voice was like the sound of the flute, of one who playeth upon the flute. Also he had much joy to gaze at himself in the river. I used to reproach him for that.

Second Soldier. You are right; we must hide the body. The Tetrarch must not see it.

First Soldier. The Tetrarch will not come to this place. He never comes on the terrace. He is too much afraid of the prophet.

(*Enter Herod, Herodias, and all the Court.*)

Herod. Where is Salome? Where is the Princess? Why did she not return to the banquet as I commanded her? Ah! there she is!

Herodias. You must not look at her! You are always looking at her!

Herod. The moon has a strange look to-night. Has she not a strange look? She is like a mad woman who is seeking everywhere for lovers. She is naked too. She is quite naked. The clouds are seeking to cover her nakedness, but she will not let them. She shows herself naked in the sky. She reels through the clouds like a drunken woman. . . . I am sure she is looking for lovers. Does she not reel like a drunken woman? She is like a mad woman, is she not?

Herodias. No; the moon is like the moon, that is all. Let us go within. . . . We have nothing to do here.

Herod. I will stay here! Manasseh, lay carpets here. Light torches. Bring forth the ivory tables, and the tables of jasper. The ai

re is sweet. I will drink more wine with my guests. We must show honours to the ambassadors of Cæsar.

Herodias. It is not because of them that you remain.

Herod. Yes; the air is very sweet. Come, Herodias, our guests wait us. Ah! I have slipped. I have slipped in blood. It is an ill omen. It is a very ill omen. Wherefore is there blood here? . . . and this body, what does this body here? Think you I am like the King of Egypt, who gives no feast to his guests but that he shows them a corpse? Whose is it? I will not look on it.

First Soldier. It is our captain, sire. It is the young Syrian whom you made captain of the guard but three days gone.

Herod. I issued no order that he should be slain.

Second Soldier. He slew himself, sire.

Herod. For what reason? I had made him captain of my guard!

Second Soldier. We do not know, sire. But with his own hand he slew himself.

Herod. That seems strange to me. I had thought it was but the Roman philosophers who slew themselves. Is it not true, Tigellinus, that the philosophers at Rome slay themselves?

Tigellinus. There be some who slay themselves, sire. They are the Stoics. The Stoics are people of no cultivation. They are ridiculous people. I myself regard them as being perfectly ridiculous.

Herod. I also. It is ridiculous to kill one's self.

Tigellinus. Everybody at Rome laughs at them. The Emperor has written a satire against them. It is recited everywhere.

Herod. Ah! he has written a satire against them? Cæsar is wonderful. He can do everything. . . . It is strange that the young Syrian has slain himself. I am sorry he has slain himself. I am very sorry. For it was fair to look upon. He was even very fair. He had very languorous eyes. I remember that I saw that he looked languorously at Salome. Truly, I thought he looked too much at her.

Herodias. There are others who look too much at her.

Herod. His father was a king. I drove him from his kingdom. And of his mother, who was a queen, you made a slave, Herodias. So he is here as my guest, as it were, and for that reason I made him my captain. I am sorry he is dead. Ho! why have you left the body here? It must be taken to some other place. I will not look at it,—away with it! *(They take away the body.)* It is cold here. There is a wind blowing. Is there not a wind blowing?

Herodias. No; there is no wind.

Herod. I tell you there is a wind that blows. . . . And I hear in the air something that is like the beating of wings, like the beating of vast wings. Do you not hear it?

Herodias. I hear nothing.

Herod. I hear it no longer. But I heard it. It was the blowing of the wind. It has passed away. But no, I hear it again. Do you not hear it? It is just like a beating of wings.

Herodias. I tell you there is nothing. You are ill. Let us go within.

Herod. I am not ill. It is your daughter who is sick to death. Never have I seen her so pale.

Herodias. I have told you not to look at her.

Herod. Pour me forth wine. (*Wine is brought.*) Salome, come drink a little wine with me. I have here a wine that is exquisite. Caesar himself sent it me. Dip into it thy little red lips, that I may drain the cup.

Salome. I am not thirsty, Tetrarch.

Herod. You hear how she answers me, this daughter of yours?

Herodias. She does right. Why are you always gazing at her?

Herod. Bring me ripe fruits. (*Fruits are brought.*) Salome, come and eat fruits with me. I love to see in a fruit the mark of thy little teeth. Bite but a little of this fruit, that I may eat what is left.

Salome. I am not hungry, Tetrarch.

Herod (to Herodias). You see how you have brought up this daughter of yours.

Herodias. My daughter and I come of a royal race. As for thee, thy father was a camel driver! He was a thief and a robber to boot!

Herod. Thou liest!

Herodias. Thou knowest well that it is true.

Herod. Salome, come and sit next to me. I will give thee the throne of thy mother.

Salome. I am not tired, Tetrarch.

Herodias. You see in what regard she holds you.

Herod. Bring me—What is it that I desire? I forget. Ah! ah! I remember.

The Voice of Iokanaan. Behold the time is come! That which I foretold has come to pass. The day that I spake of is at hand.

Herodias. Bid him be silent. I will not listen to his voice. This man is for ever hurling insults against me.

Herod. He has said nothing against you. Besides, he is a very great prophet.

Herodias. I do not believe in prophets. Can a man tell what will come to pass? No man knows it. Also he is for ever insulting me. But I think you are afraid of him. . . . I know well that you are afraid of him.

Herod. I am not afraid of him. I am afraid of no man.

Herodias. I tell you you are afraid of him. If you are not afraid of him why do you not deliver him to the Jews who for these six months past have been clamouring for him?

A Jew. Truly, my lord, it were better to deliver him into our hands.

Herod. Enough on this subject. I have already given you my answer. I will not deliver him into your hands. He is a holy man. He is a man who has seen God.

A Jew. That cannot be. There is no man who hath seen God since the prophet Elias. He is the last man who saw God face to face. In these days God doth not show Himself. God hideth Himself. Therefore great evils have come upon the land.

Another Jew. Verily, no man knoweth if Elias the prophet did indeed see God. Peradventure it was but the shadow of God that he saw.

A Third Jew. God is at no time hidden. He showeth Himself at all times and in all places. God is in what is evil even as He is in what is good.

A Fourth Jew. Thou shouldst not say that. It is a very dangerous doctrine. It is a doctrine that cometh from Alexandria, where men teach the philosophy of the Greeks. And the Greeks are Gentiles. They are not even circumcised.

A Fifth Jew. No man can tell how God worketh. His ways are very dark. It may be that the things which we call evil are good, and that the things which we call good are evil. There is no knowledge of anything. We can but bow our heads to His will, for God is very strong. He breaketh in pieces the strong, together with the weak, for He regardeth not any man.

First Jew. Thou speakest truly. Verily, God is terrible. He breaketh in pieces the strong and the weak as men break corn in a mortar. It is as for this man, he hath never seen God. No man hath seen God since the prophet Elias.

Herodias. Make them be silent. They weary me.

Herod. But I have heard it said that Jokanaan is in very truth your prophet Elias.

The Jew. That cannot be. It is more than three hundred years since the days of the prophet Elias.

Herod. There be some who say that this man is Elias the prophet.

A Nazarene. I am sure that he is Elias the prophet.

The Jew. Nay, but he is not Elias the prophet.

The Voice of Jokanaan. Behold the day is at hand, the day of the Lord, and I hear upon the mountains the feet of Him who shall be the Saviour of the world.

Herod. What does that mean? The Saviour of the world?

Tigellinus. It is a title that Cæsar adopts.

Herod. But Cæsar is not coming into Judæa. Only yesterday I re-

ceived letters from Rome. They contained nothing concerning this man. And you, Tigellinus, who were at Rome during the winter, you heard nothing concerning this matter, did you?

Tigellinus. Sire, I heard nothing concerning the matter. I was explaining the title. It is one of Cæsar's titles.

Herod. But Cæsar cannot come. He is too gouty. They say that his feet are like the feet of an elephant. Also there are reasons of state. He who leaves Rome loses Rome. He will not come. Howbeit, Cæsar is lord, he will come if such be his pleasure. Nevertheless, I think he will not come.

First Nazarene. It was not concerning Cæsar that the prophet spoke these words, sire.

Herod. How?—it was not concerning Cæsar?

First Nazarene. No, my lord.

Herod. Concerning whom then did he speak?

First Nazarene. Concerning Messias, who hath come.

A Jew. Messias hath not come.

First Nazarene. He hath come, and everywhere he worketh miracles.

Herodias. Ho! ho! miracles! I do not believe in miracles. I have seen too many. *(To the Page.)* My fan.

First Nazarene. This man worketh true miracles. Thus, at a marriage which took place in a little town of Galilee, a town of some importance, he changed water into wine. Certain persons who were present related it to me. Also he healed two lepers that were seated before the Gate of Capernaum simply by touching them.

Second Nazarene. Nay; it was two blind men that he healed at Capernaum.

First Nazarene. Nay; they were lepers. But he hath healed blind people also, and he was seen on a mountain talking with angels.

A Sadducee. Angels do not exist.

A Pharisee. Angels exist, but I do not believe that this man talked with them.

First Nazarene. He was seen by a great multitude of people talking with angels.

Herodias. How these men weary me! They are ridiculous! They are altogether ridiculous! *(To the Page.)* Well! my fan? *(The Page gives her the fan.)* You have a dreamer's look. You must not dream. It is only sick people who dream. *(She strikes the Page with her fan.)*

Second Nazarene. There is also the miracle of the daughter of Jairus.

First Nazarene. Yea, that is sure. No man can gainsay it.

Herodias. Those men are mad. They have looked too long on

son. Command them to be silent.

Herod. What is this miracle of the daughter of Jairus?

First Nazarene. The daughter of Jairus was dead. This Man raised her from the dead!

Herod. How! He raises people from the dead?

First Nazarene. Yea, sire; He raiseth the dead.

Herod. I do not wish Him to do that. I forbid Him to do that. I suffer no man to raise the dead. This Man must be found and told at once. I forbid Him to raise the dead. Where is this Man at present?

Second Nazarene. He is in every place, my lord, but it is hard to find Him.

First Nazarene. It is said that He is now in Samaria.

A Jew. It is easy to see that this is not Messiah, if He is in Samaria. It is not to the Samaritans that Messiah shall come. The Samaritans are accursed. They bring no offerings to the Temple.

Second Nazarene. He left Samaria a few days since. I think that at the present moment He is in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

First Nazarene. No; He is not there. I have just come from Jerusalem. For two months they have had no tidings of Him.

Herod. No matter! But let them find Him, and tell Him, thus saith Herod the King, 'I will not suffer Thee to raise the dead.' To change water into wine, to heal the lepers and the blind. . . . He may do these things if He will. I say nothing against these things. In truth it would be a kindly deed to cure a leper. But no man shall raise the dead. . . . It would be terrible if the dead came back.

The Voice of Iokanaan. Ah! The wanton one! The harlot! Ah! The daughter of Babylon with her golden eyes and her gilded eyelids! Thus saith the Lord God, let there come up against her a multitude of men. Let the people take stones and stone her. . . .

Herodias. Command him to be silent!

The Voice of Iokanaan. Let the captains of the hosts pierce her with their swords, let them crush her beneath their shields.

Herodias. Nay, but it is infamous.

The Voice of Iokanaan. It is thus that I will wipe out all wickedness from the earth, and that all women shall learn not to imitate her abominations.

Herodias. You hear what he says against me? You suffer him to revile her who is your wife!

Herod. He did not speak your name.

Herodias. What does that matter? You know well that it is I whom he seeks to revile. And I am your wife, am I not?

Herod. Of a truth, dear and noble Herodias, you are my wife before that you were the wife of my brother.

Herodias. It was thou didst snatch me from his arms.

Herod. Of a truth I was stronger than he was. . . . But let not talk of that matter. I do not desire to talk of it. It is the cause of the terrible words that the prophet has spoken. Peradventure on account of it a misfortune will come. Let us not speak of this matter. Noble Herodias, we are not mindful of our guests. Fill thou my cup, my beloved. Ho! fill with wine the great goblets of silver, and the goblets of glass. I will drink to Cæsar. There are Romans here who must drink to Cæsar.

All. Cæsar! Cæsar!

Herod. Do you not see your daughter, how pale she is?

Herodias. What is that to you if she be pale or not?

Herod. Never have I seen her so pale.

Herodias. You must not look at her.

The Voice of Iokanaan. In that day the sun shall become black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon shall become like blood, and the stars of the heaven shall fall upon the earth like unripe figs that fall from the fig-tree, and the kings of the earth shall be afraid.

Herodias. Ah! ah! I should like to see that day of which he speaks when the moon shall become like blood, and when the stars shall fall upon the earth like unripe figs. This prophet talks like a drunken man. . . . but I cannot suffer the sound of his voice. I hate his voice. I command him to be silent.

Herod. I will not. I cannot understand what it is that he says, but it may be an omen.

Herodias. I do not believe in omens. He speaks like a drunken man.

Herod. It may be he is drunk with the wine of God.

Herodias. What wine is that, the wine of God? From what vineyards is it gathered? In what wine-press may one find it?

Herod (*From this point he looks all the while at Salome*). Tigellinus, when you were at Rome of late, did the Emperor speak with you upon the subject of . . . ?

Tigellinus. On what subject, my lord?

Herod. On what subject? Ah! I asked you a question, did I not? I have forgotten what I would have asked you.

Herodias. You are looking again at my daughter. You must not look at her. I have already said so.

Herod. You say nothing else.

Herodias. I say it again.

Herod. And that restoration of the Temple about which they have talked so much, will anything be done? They say that the veil of

Sanctuary has disappeared, do they not?

Herodias. It was thyself didst steal it. Thou speakest at random and without wit. I will not stay here. Let us go within.

Herod. Dance for me, Salome.

Herodias. I will not have her dance.

Salome. I have no desire to dance, Tetrarch.

Herod. Salome, daughter of Herodias, dance for me.

Herodias. Peace. Let her alone.

Herod. I command thee to dance, Salome.

Salome. I will not dance, Tetrarch.

Herodias (Laughing). You see how she obeys you.

Herod. What is it to me whether she dance or not? It is nought to me. To-night I am happy. I am exceedingly happy. Never have I been so happy.

First Soldier. The Tetrarch has a sombre look. Has he not a sombre look?

Second Soldier. Yes, he has a sombre look.

Herod. Wherefore should I not be happy? Cæsar, who is lord of the world, Cæsar, who is lord of all things, loves me well. He has just sent me most precious gifts. Also he has promised me to summon to Rome the King of Cappadocia, who is mine enemy. It may be that at Rome he will crucify him, for he is able to do all things that he has a mind to. Verily, Cæsar is lord. Therefore I do well to be happy. I am very happy, never have I been so happy. There is nothing in the world that can mar my happiness.

The Voice of Iokanaan. He shall be seated on his throne. He shall be clothed in scarlet and purple. In his hand he shall bear a golden cup full of his blasphemies. And the angel of the Lord shall smite him. He shall be eaten of worms.

Herodias. You hear what he says about you. He says that you shall be eaten of worms.

Herod. It is not of me that he speaks. He speaks never against me. It is of the King of Cappadocia that he speaks; the King of Cappadocia who is mine enemy. It is he who shall be eaten of worms. It is not I. Never has he spoken word against me, this prophet, save that I sinned in taking to wife the wife of my brother. It may be he is right. For, of a truth, you are sterile.

Herodias. I am sterile, I? You say that, you that are ever looking at my daughter, you that would have her dance for your pleasure? You speak as a fool. I have borne a child. You have gotten no child, no, not on one of your slaves. It is you who are sterile, not I.

Herod. Peace, woman! I say that you are sterile. You have borne me no child, and the prophet says that our marriage is not a true marriage.

He says that it is a marriage of incest, a marriage that will bring evils . . . I fear he is right; I am sure that he is right. But it is not the hour to speak of these things. I would be happy at this moment. Of a truth, I am happy. There is nothing I lack.

Herodias. I am glad you are of so fair a humour to-night. It is not your custom. But it is late. Let us go within. Do not forget that we hunt at sunrise. All honours must be shown to Cæsar's ambassadors, must they not?

Second Soldier. The Tetrarch has a sombre look.

First Soldier. Yes, he has a sombre look.

Herod. Salome, Salome, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me I am sad to-night. Yes, I am passing sad to-night. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an evil omen; also I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what they may mean. . . . I am sad tonight. Therefore dance for me. Dance for me, Salome, I beseech thee. If thou dancest for me thou mayest ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee. Yes, dance for me, Salome, and whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salome (Rising). Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask of you, Tetrarch?

Herodias. Do not dance, my daughter.

Herod. Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salome. You swear it, Tetrarch?

Herod. I swear it, Salome.

Herodias. Do not dance, my daughter.

Salome. By what will you swear this thing, Tetrarch?

Herod. By my life, by my crown, by my gods. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom, if thou wilt but dance for me. O Salome, Salome, dance for me!

Salome. You have sworn an oath, Tetrarch.

Herod. I have sworn an oath.

Herodias. My daughter, do not dance.

Herod. Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen, Salome, if it please thee to ask for the half of my kingdom. Will she not be fair as a queen? Ah! it is cold here! There is an icy wind, and I hear . . . wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah! one might fancy a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings is terrible. The breath of the wind of its wings is terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. I am choking. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick! quick!

doosen my mantle. Nay, but leave it. It is my garland that hurts me, my garland of roses. The flowers are like fire. They have burned my forehead. (*He tears the wreath from his head, and throws it on the table.*) Ah! I can breathe now. How red those petals are! They are like stains of blood on the cloth. That does not matter. It is not wise to find symbols in everything that one sees. It makes life too full of horrors. It were better to say that stains of blood are as lovely as rose-petals. It were better far to say that. . . . But we will not speak of this. Now I am happy. I am passing happy. Have I not the right to be happy? Your daughter is going to dance for me. Wilt thou not dance for me, Salome? Thou hast promised to dance for me.

Herodias. I will not have her dance.

Salome. I will dance for you, Tetrarch.

Herod. You hear what your daughter says. She is going to dance for me. Thou doest well to dance for me, Salome. And when thou hast danced for me, forget not to ask of me whatsoever thou hast a mind to ask. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom. I have sworn it, have I not?

Salome. Thou hast sworn it, Tetrarch.

Herod. And I have never failed of my word. I am not of those who break their oaths. I know not how to lie. I am the slave of my word, and my word is the word of a king. The King of Cappadocia had never a lying tongue, but he is no true king. He is a coward. Also he owes me money that he will not repay. He has even insulted my ambassadors. He has spoken words that were wounding. But Cæsar will crucify him when he comes to Rome. I know that Cæsar will crucify him. And if he crucify him not, yet will he die, being eaten of worms. The prophet has prophesied it. Well! Wherefore dost thou tarry, Salome?

Salome. I am waiting until my slaves bring perfumes to me and the seven veils, and take from off my feet my sandals. (*Slaves bring perfumes and the seven veils, and take off the sandals of Salome.*)

Herod. Ah, thou art to dance with naked feet! 'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thy little feet will be like white doves. They will be like little white flowers that dance upon the trees. . . . No, no, she is going to dance on blood! There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not dance on blood. It were an evil omen.

Herodias. What is it to thee if she dance on blood? Thou hast raved deep enough in it. . . .

Herod. What is it to me? Ah! look at the moon! She has become red. She has become red as blood. Ah! the prophet prophesied truly. He prophesied that the moon would become as blood. Did he not prophesy it? All of ye heard him prophesying it. And now the moon

has become as blood. Do ye not see it?

Herodias. Oh, yes, I see it well, and the stars are falling like unripe figs, are they not? And the sun is becoming black like sackcloth of hair, and the kings of the earth are afraid. That at least one can see. The prophet is justified of his words in that at least, for truly the kings of the earth are afraid. . . . Let us go within. You are sick. They will say at Rome that you are mad. Let us go within, I tell you.

The Voice of Iokanaan. Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this who cometh from Bozra, whose raiment is dyed with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness? Wherefore is thy raiment stained with scarlet?

Herodias. Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens me. I will not have my daughter dance while he is continually crying out. I will not have her dance while you look at her in this fashion. In a word, I will not have her dance.

Herod. Do not rise, my wife, my queen, it will avail thee nothing. I will not go within till she hath danced. Dance, Salome, dance for me.

Herodias. Do not dance, my daughter.

Salome. I am ready, Tetrarch.

(Salome dances the dance of the seven veils.)

Herod. Ah! wonderful! wonderful! You see that she has danced for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near, that I may give thee thy fee. Ah! I pay a royal price to those who dance for my pleasure. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak.

Salome (Kneeling). I would that they presently bring me a silver charger. . . .

Herod (Laughing). In a silver charger? Surely yes, in a silver charger. She is charming is she not? What is it thou wouldst have in a silver charger, O sweet and fair Salome, thou that art fairer than all the daughters of Judæa? What wouldst thou have them bring thee in a silver charger? Tell me. Whatsoever it may be, thou shalt receive it. My treasures belong to thee. What is it that thou wouldst have, Salome?

Salome (Rising). The head of Iokanaan.

Herodias. Ah! that is well said, my daughter.

Herod. No, no!

Herodias. That is well said, my daughter.

Herod. No, no, Salome. It is not that thou desirest. Do not listen to thy mother's voice. She is ever giving thee evil counsel. Do not heed her.

Salome. It is not my mother's voice that I heed. It is for mine own pleasure that I ask the head of Iokanaan in a silver charger. You

ve sworn an oath, Herod. Forget not that you have sworn an oath.

Herod. I know it. I have sworn an oath by my gods. I know it all. But I pray thee, Salome, ask of me something else. Ask of me the half of my kingdom, and I will give it thee. But ask not of me what thy lips have asked.

Salome. I ask of you the head of Iokanaan.

Herod. No, no, I will not give it thee.

Salome. You have sworn an oath, Herod.

Herodias. Yes, you have sworn an oath. Everybody heard you. You swore it before everybody.

Herod. Peace, woman! It is not to you I speak.

Herodias. My daughter has done well to ask the head of Iokanaan. He has covered me with insults. He has said unspeakable things against me. One can see that she loves her mother well. Do not yield, my daughter. He has sworn an oath, he has sworn an oath.

Herod. Peace! Speak not to me! . . . Salome, I pray thee be not stubborn. I have ever been kind toward thee. I have ever loved thee. . . It may be that I have loved thee too much. Therefore ask not this thing of me. This is a terrible thing, an awful thing to ask of me. Surely, I think thou art jesting. The head of a man that is cut from his body is ill to look upon, is it not? It is not meet that the eyes of a virgin should look upon such a thing. What pleasure couldst thou have in it. There is no pleasure that thou couldst have in it. No, no, it is not that thou desirest. Harken to me. I have an emerald, a great emerald and good, that the minion of Cæsar has sent unto me. When thou lookest through this emerald thou canst see that which passeth afar off. Cæsar himself carries such an emerald when he goes to the circus. But my emerald is the larger. I know well that it is the larger. It is the largest emerald in the whole world. Thou wilt take that, wilt thou not? Ask of me and I will give it thee.

Salome. I demand the head of Iokanaan.

Herod. Thou art not listening. Thou art not listening. Suffer me to speak, Salome.

Salome. The head of Iokanaan.

Herod. No, no, thou wouldst not have that. Thou sayest that but trouble me, because that I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. It is true, I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. Thy beauty has troubled me. Thy beauty has grievously troubled me, and I have looked at thee overmuch. Nay, but I will look at thee no more. We should not look at anything. Neither at things, nor at people should we look. Only in mirrors is it well to look, for mirrors do but show us ourselves. Oh! oh! bring wine! I thirst. . . . Salome, Salome, let us be friends. Bethink thee. . . . Ah! what would I say? What was't?

Ah! I remember it! . . . Salome,—nay, but come nearer to me; I thou wilt not hear my words,—Salome, thou knowest my white peacocks, my beautiful white peacocks, that walk in the garden between the myrtles and the tall cypress trees. Their beaks are gilded with gold and their grains that they eat are smeared with gold, and their feet are stained with purple. When they cry out the rain comes, and the moon shines herself in the heavens when they spread their tails. Two by two they walk between the cypress trees and the black myrtles, and each has a slave to tend it. Sometimes they fly across the trees, and anon they alight in the grass, and round the pools of the water. There are not in all the world birds so wonderful. I know that Cæsar himself has no birds so fair as my birds. I will give thee fifty of my peacocks. They will follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and in the midst of them thou wilt see them fly unto the moon in the midst of a great white cloud. . . . I will give thee, all. I have but a hundred, and in the whole world there is no king who has peacocks like unto my peacocks. But I will give thee fifty to thee. Only thou must loose me from my oath, and must not say to me that which thy lips have asked of me. (*He empties the cup of wine*)
Salome. Give me the head of Iokanaan.

Herodias. Well said, my daughter! As for you, you are riding with your peacocks.

Herod. Peace! you are always crying out. You cry out like a woman of prey. You must not cry in such fashion. Your voice wears out. Peace, I tell you! . . . Salome, think on what thou art doing. I believe that this man comes from God. He is a holy man. The finger of God has touched him. God has put terrible words into his mouth. He has come to the palace, as in the desert, God is ever with him. . . . It may be that he is, at least. One cannot tell, but it is possible that God is with him and for him. If he die also, peradventure some evil may befall me. Verily, he has said that evil will befall some one on the day when he dies. On whom should it fall if it fall not on me? Remember, I was in blood when I came hither. Also did I not hear a beating of wings in the air, a beating of vast wings? These are ill omens. And there are other things. I am sure that there were other things, though I saw them not. Thou wouldst not that some evil should befall me. Salome? Come to me again.

Salome. Give me the head of Iokanaan!

Herod. Ah! thou art not listening to me. Be calm. As for me, I am I not calm? I am altogether calm. Listen. I have jewels in this place—jewels that thy mother even has never seen; jewels that are marvellous to look at. I have a collar of pearls, set in four rows. They are like unto moons chained with rays of silver. They are even as many as a hundred moons caught in a golden net. On the ivory breast of a

y have rested. Thou shalt be as fair as a queen when thou wearest
 m. I have amethysts of two kinds; one that is black like
 ie, and one that is red like wine that one has coloured with
 ber. I have topazes yellow as are the eyes of tigers, and
 azes that are pink as the eyes of a wood-pigeon, and green topazes
 t are as the eyes of cats. I have opals that burn always, with a flame
 t is cold as ice, opals that make sad men's minds, and are afraid of
 shadows. I have onyxes like the eyeballs of a dead woman. I have
 onstones that change when the moon changes; and are wan when they
 the sun. I have sapphires big like eggs, and as blue as blue flowers.
 e sea wanders within them, and the moon comes never to trouble the
 ie of their waves. I have chrysolites and beryls, and chrysoprases and
 ies; I have sardonyx and hyacinth stones, and stones of chalcedony, and
 will give them all unto thee, all, and other things will I add to them.
 ie King of the Indies has but even now sent me four fans fashioned
 m the feathers of parrots, and the King of Numidia a garment of
 rich feathers. I have a crystal, into which it is not lawful for a woman
 look, nor may young men behold it until they have been beaten with
 ds. In a coffer of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises. He who
 ars them on his forehead can imagine things which are not, and he
 o carries them in his hand can turn the fruitful woman into a woman
 it is barren. These are great treasures above all price. But this is
 t all. In an ebony coffer I have two cups of amber that are like apples
 pure gold. If an enemy pour poison into these cups they become like
 ples of silver. In a coffer incrusted with amber I have sandals in-
 sted with glass. I have mantles that have been brought from the
 d of the Seres, and bracelets decked about with carbuncles and with
 le that come from the city of Euphrates. . . . What desirest thou more
 in this, Salome! Tell me the thing that thou desirest, and I will give
 hee. All that thou askest I will give thee, save one thing only. I will
 e thee all that is mine, save only the life of one man. I will give thee
 mantle of the high priest. I will give thee the veil of the sanctuary.

The Jews. Oh! oh!

Salome. Give me the head of Iokanaan!

Herod. (*Sinking back in his seat.*) Let her be given what she asks!
 a truth she is her mother's child! (*The first Soldier approaches.*
rodias draws from the hand of the Tetrarch the ring of death, and
es it to the Soldier, who straightway bears it to the Executioner. The
ecutioner looks scared.) Who has taken my ring? There was a ring
my right hand. Who has drunk my wine? There was wine in my
. It was full of wine. Some one has drunk it! Oh! surely some evil
! befall some one. (The Executioner goes down into the cistern.)
! wherefore did I give my oath? Hereafter let no king swear an oath.

If he keep it not, it is terrible, and if he keep it, it is terrible also.

Herodias. My daughter has done well.

Herod. I am sure that some misfortune will happen.

Salome (She leans over the cistern and listens). There is no so I hear nothing. Why does he not cry out, this man? Ah! if any sought to kill me, I would cry out, I would struggle, I would not . . . Strike, strike, Naaman, strike, I tell you. . . . No, I hear not! There is a silence, a terrible silence. Ah! something has fallen upon ground. I heard something fall. It was the sword of the executioner. He is afraid, this slave. He has dropped his sword. He dares not hit him. He is a coward, this slave! Let soldiers be sent. (*She sees Page of Herodias and addresses him.*) Come hither. Thou wert friend of him who is dead, wert thou not? Well, I tell thee, there are not dead men enough. Go to the soldiers and bid them go down and bring me the thing I ask, the thing that the Tetrarch has promised me, the thing that is mine. (*The Page recoils. She turns to the soldiers.*) Hi ye soldiers. Get ye down into this cistern and bring me the head of the man. Tetrarch, Tetrarch command your soldiers that they bring me the head of Iokanaan.

(*A huge black arm, the arm of the Executioner, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of Iokanaan. Salome starts. Herod hides his face with his cloak. Herodias smiles and fans herself. The Nazarenes fall on their knees and begin to pray.*)

Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. V I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fig. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I said it; did I not say it? I hit it. Ah! I will kiss it now. . . . But wherefore dost thou not look at me, Iokanaan? Thine eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and scorn, are shut now. Wherefore are they shut? Open thine eyes! Look up thine eyelids, Iokanaan! Wherefore dost thou not look at me? thou afraid of me, Iokanaan, that thou wilt not look at me? . . . thy tongue, that was like a red snake darting poison, it moves no more. It speaks no words, Iokanaan, that scarlet viper that spat its venom at me. It is strange, is it not? How is it that the red viper stirs no longer? . . . Thou wouldst have none of me, Iokanaan. Thou rejectedst me. Thou didst speak evil words against me. Thou didst bear thyself toward me as to a harlot, as to a woman that is a wanton, to me, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa! Well, I still live, but thou art dead and thy head belongs to me. I can do with it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and to the birds of the air. That which the dogs love and the birds of the air shall devour. . . . Ah, Iokanaan, Iokanaan, thou art the man that I loved alone among men! All other men were hateful to me. But thou wert beautiful! Thy body was a column of ivory

feet of silver. It was a garden full of doves and lilies of silver; a tower of silver decked with shields of ivory. There was nothing in the world so white as thy body. There was nothing in the world so black as thy hair. In the whole world there was nothing so red as thy mouth. Thy voice was a censer that scattered strange perfumes, when I looked on thee I heard a strange music. Ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me, Iokanaan? With the cloak of thine hands, and with the cloak of thy blasphemies thou didst hide thy face. Thou didst not open thine eyes the covering of him who would see his God. Well, thou hast seen thy God, Iokanaan, but me, me, thou didst never see. If thou hadst seen me thou hadst loved me. I saw thee, and I loved thee. Now I love thee! I love thee yet, Iokanaan. I love only thee. . . . I am athirst for thy beauty; I am hungry for thy body; and neither wine nor apples can appease my desire. What shall I do now, Iokanaan? Neither the floods nor the great waters can quench my passion. I was a virgin, and thou didst take my virginity from me. I was chaste, and thou didst fill my veins with blood. . . . Ah! ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me? If thou hadst looked at me thou hadst loved me. Well I know that thou wouldst have loved me, and the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death.

Ierod. She is monstrous, thy daughter; I tell thee she is monstrous. Her death, what she has done is a great crime. I am sure that it is a crime against some unknown God.

Ierodias. I am well pleased with my daughter. She has done well. She would stay here now.

Ierod (Rising). Ah! There speaks my brother's wife! Come! Do not stay in this place. Come, I tell thee. Surely some terrible thing will befall. Manasseh, Issachar, Ozias, put out the torches. I will not look at things, I will not suffer things to look at me. Put out the torches! Hide the moon! Hide the stars! Let us hide ourselves in the palace, Herodias. I begin to be afraid.

The slaves put out the torches. The stars disappear. A great cloud covers the moon and conceals it completely. The stage becomes quite dark. The Tetrarch begins to climb the staircase.)

The Voice of Salome. Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? . . . Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. . . . I say that love hath a bitter taste. . . . But what matter? what matter? I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth.

A ray of moonlight falls on Salome and illuminates her.)

Ierod. (Turning round and seeing Salome.) Kill that woman! *The soldiers rush forward and crush beneath their shields Salome, the daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judaea.)*

(CURTAIN.)

POETRY

BY LOUIS J. BLOCK

NO people has been so rude as to be without a rhythmic chant or chorus of some kind, which, even if its form made it seem like prose, has not had some of the qualities which belong to verse. The northern peoples have of their long and terrible winters and of the heroism which has snatched from the very jaws and grasp of the ice the means of subsistence and the triumph which has reduced the arts of life and the possibility of a freer and better existence. With the supremacy of the higher will and its establishment secure the planes of combined human activity, the titanic dynasties of the past have found their twilight and sunk into their aboriginal places in the void and abyss of the conquered and the foregone. The southern peoples dwelling nearer the light have avowed their kinship with the north and through their poetry shone the radiance of a unity with the north which has ennobled the individual man and made his destiny a glory shining from below the sky across which its triumphant passage is to be everywhere and at all times the spontaneous songs of the people sprung from their innermost hearts, and hope and aspiration have been left without their melodious utterance. Hymns have everywhere been raised to propitiate deities of terrible aspect, or to give thank-offerings to gods whose smile soothed the gloom of human toiling stern and irritable to achieve a permanent possession of those elements which alone make life worth the living. Of all the arts poetry is the most widespread, the most home-bred, the most native to man, the most winning, the most commanding. Master of all the powers and charms which belong to the other arts, it is the very sun god who leads the train of the Muses.

The other arts have had their particular periods of fruitful ascendancy. The great builders of the Orient and of Egypt have attempted to put into their immense structures the half-evolved thoughts, the hopes and mighty dreams, the unanswered questions, which dominated them and fascinated them with glimpses of spiritual realms not yet secured or occupied by humanity. The perfection of human individuality, the possession of self-poised, self-equal manhood, the gracious and exact union of life and nature, the bodily beauty an exact and finished representation of the soul, found in Greek sculpture the perfect art which as Plato says, 'is the one thing finished in this hasty world.' The mystic ecstasies of monk and saint, the revelation of a deeper and more spiritual world within and without this exterior one of touch and sight, the suf-

the God-head agonizing for the safety and return to himself of his crying and desolate children, the opulence of love and glory flooding heavens which yearn to receive the restored and transfigured into its end calm make a many colored pageant of splendor in the painting of middle age. Even Music in its heights and successes has a special land and almost a special people and country; it had to wait until the right age when the feeling of the unity between the race and the Divine is so profound that its notes of exultation have built themselves into a secure house where the voice of pain and grief, in discords lost and scattered around the prevailing harmony, sounds only as a reminiscence of a conflict waged to a victorious issue, and hardly touched any more the pathos of regret. But poetry has not been confined to any age or country; it has reached its meridian again and again side by side with the other arts; what they have said, it has sung with freer cadence, with deeper insight, with fuller revelation.

Poetry possesses thus a sort of universality in which the other arts are lacking. It appears to be more akin to the thought which embodies itself and to share that thought's power and omnipresence. Wherever it has penetrated to those depths where dwell the mysterious Mothers, where Faust was obliged to find before the world lay explained before wherever discovery has touched those truths which make the maze of the visible scene an order and a whole, wherever reason has found as the solvent word and beneficent substance of all, poetry in the first place of the illumination accorded has arisen to voice the triumphant movement. While the other arts are more or less localized and have been limited to various temporal conditions, poetry has had the entire globe as its own, and the complete expanse of the ages for the field of its development.

Indeed poetry transcends the whole of space and time. As Emerson has said all songs have been written before time was, and the poet penetrates into those regions where they forever are, and brings thence what he hears and can remember. The poet reaches the eternal and necessary, and the ideal from which he constructs his visions partakes of that necessity and eternity. Even language, itself a product of mind and throughout reflecting the processes of thought, is more exterior to the life sought to be expressed than the image which the poet uses, and in which that thought is made manifest. The image is itself spiritual, contained within the current of the spirit's movements, and lifting the art which uses it as its plastic element above any subservience to the outer sphere. The poet dwells in a world of images, these are already more or less generalized reproductions of the scene that environs humanity; these are the reeds in which the life of thought is carried from nation to nation. His art therefore creates a plane which has transformed the sensuous into the spiritual, unfolds the beauty resident in mind alone.

Again each of the other arts has limits which it is perilous for it to overleap. The noblest of cathedrals can but suggest thought; sculpture reproduce the heroic and supreme individual; painting portrays that one moment of an action in which culminate all its elements, the union of its presuppositions and the beginning of the catastrophe; music works its wonders through the indirect medium of the emotions; but the poet has for his province the entire reach of life; there is nothing which it is not given him to express; movement, thought, the past, the to-come, picture, song, all are his to weave into his combinations, and to make of them what he intends. His art is thus an infinite one, and whatever limits it has, they are such as he freely sets and freely uses. As Matthew Arnold, comparing the poet with other artists, says:

‘For ah! he has so much to do!
 Be painter and musician too!
 The aspect of the moment show,
 The feeling of the moment know!
 The aspect not, I grant, express,
 Clear as the painter’s art can dress,
 The feeling not, I grant, explore,
 So deep as the musician’s lore,—
 But clear as words can make revealing
 And deep as words can follow feeling.
 But ah! then comes his sorest spell
 Of toil! he must life’s *movement* tell!
 The thread which binds it all in one,
 And not its separate parts alone!
 The movement he must tell of life,
 Its pain and pleasure, rest and strife!
 His eye must travel down at full,
 The long unpausing spectacle;
 With faithful unrelaxing force,
 Attend it from its primal source;
 From change to change and year to year,
 Attend it of its mid career,
 Attend it to the last repose,
 And solemn silence at its close.’

The imagination is a genuine meeting ground of all the powers which constitute the man. The sensuous world reappears there in much of its complexity and differenced life. The experiences of the poet need to be of the widest in order that this inner reproduction of the multiform world may be as rich in combinations and fertile in new growths as the exterior and real one. The wider the range of his excursions, the larger the realm

images within him, the nobler will be the work which he is competent to do. But the imagination with its stores of figures and their relations in the free world. In the scene before the artist, the real scene out there, the mind of the perceiver must yield itself to the relations visible before it. The constructive process which builds up in the soul the mountain and plain and valley and sky is brought into the limits which nature has made, and must give itself up to them if it wishes to know them. There is here an element of constraint, an authoritativeness imposed upon the spirit from without, a temporary abnegation of freedom.

Not so with the region of the imagination and its sceneries and images. They are the creation of the free spirit and possess the attributes which belong to that freedom. They are particular events or times or places or persons, but they bear upon them the impress of the freedom which created them. As such, they are no longer mere creations standing side by side with other similar concretions in a realm of hard fact, but they are a fluctuant, moving life, through which freedom is reflected in every detail and change. They are freedom, so to speak, made sensible. They are what nature must be to the thought which created it, and which it reflects as flowing forth from its free activity. If one ventured a bold flight, one might perhaps say that the science of the world and its poetry would naturally coincide, that the great poem of the universe would be so fully and truly reflected in the verse of the singer that the creative processes would appear in it as they indeed are.

In the imagination the universality and the particularity of man come to fruitful nuptials. It is like the enchanted island of the Tempest, nay, it is that enchanted island in which the voices of the spirit are heard everywhere, and the individual man becomes conscious of deeps upon deeps within him. Hence the imagination is the constant maker of symbols; Aristotle has called man the mimetic or symbol-making animal; I suppose he meant that he was the fashioner of images, which in their limitedness attained the widest significance, which were hints or indexes of myriad meanings behind and beyond them. Thus every figure built up by the imagination, however rich may be its special content, and however varied may be the relations in which it is placed, becomes a generalized representation of the problem or collision for which it stands or in which it is involved, becomes a symbol of activities which transcend time and space.

The whole art of the poet plays in this region of symbol. Through the gateway of words he leads us into its labyrinth, and if we wish to follow his wanderings we must give ourselves to that free creation of land and sea and men which is the condition and possibility of his labors. The unity of all these labors is to be found in the thought of freedom. There is no heavy and intractable material to be hewn into abstract representations of personality, no deceptive canvas on which depth and soft-

ness are achieved, by a *tour de force* of the artist, no enswathemen in a succession of emotions which are universality only in its immediacy in its large consciousness of itself without the background of detail to make clear what in truth is. But everything is the production of free spirit, freedom is the living creator, and is seen to be the truth from which the all has come, and into which it returns.

But the imagination is not an individual possession and its creations are not the isolated things which belong to one man, and have their sole interest in the revelation which they make of the idiosyncrasies of a certain person having such and such a place in the world. Prevalent criticism seems to find its chief function in discovering those elements in works of art which show forth their purely phenomenal side, but it is more worthy of an intelligence itself the real presupposition of the world to discover relations to that intelligence. The imagination of the race is a whole, and the entire range of thought and emotion is contained in it. The world of beauty is the whole world so disclosed as to make its manifestation a harmony like unto itself, a shrine, a splendor, a glory, as Plato says, of the Self-moved One.

The thinking of the race has passed through its imaginative stage. It has only been after long and heavy labors that the power of thought has emerged into clearness, and gained command of its resources in their purity. The release from the domination of the image has only been made with difficulty, and the free use of the image in art has also been one of the long-deferred and late achievements. The imaginative thinking or rather the thinking through representations gave rise to the mythologies of the world, and they are the heroic efforts of mankind to recognize the fullness of its being through the medium of picture and symbol. With the advance into the height of pure thinking, the mythologies and wonder-tales remain a treasure-house of emblems in which the deepest aspirations, the noblest fore-illuminations, the highest intentions have so to speak concentered themselves. These are, therefore, not individual embodiments of the idea, whose translation might be a task of some difficulty to a person other than its maker, but the forms in which the race has told its own story to itself, a treasure house, as it were, into which all may go, and which all may own. It is here that the great artist finds his best material. One must not understand that this making of forms which shall serve as mediums for the transmission of the artistic thought has ever ceased. It is going on now as it has always been going on. We no longer make mythologies; that belonged to the youth of the race, as we have reached the soberer period of approaching maturity; but we constantly make tales which seize the general consciousness, and after a prolonged transformation are adapted to the need intended to be subserved by them. One has only to study the history of the Faust legend to see how it was hewn into shape by

generation after generation to become at last the vehicle for the greatest among the moderns; or watch the resurgence of the Niblung story into the consciousness of the time, weaving for itself a garment of supernatural melodies, which ear had before not heard.

This realm of world-images belongs to all artists, and from it painting and music and the rest take what belongs to them, for the whole of this realm belongs to each, and the new growths there may be plucked by whoever can bind them into new garlands. The one and the many are here supremely one in a life which includes both. The poet, however, is native here; he is the imagination which has evoked the land itself, and he source of its fertility. He is of imagination all compact; he does not, however, give merely to airy nothings a local habitation and a name; he gives color and light and a home to whatever is best and truest; his eye does not roll in a fine frenzy, but he works in a sad sincerity from which he has no desire to free himself because it is the very spirit in which all high work must be done.

The whole gold and bejewelled panoply in which poetry is clad, the interwoven blaze of metaphor and simile and allegory are only lighter efforts of the same creative power. About the figure or scene evoked by the poet plays the flickering light of a fancy which reproduces in lessening depth the idea, thus given an investiture which is in truth royal. The metaphor has a singular efficacy and charm; the trope by uniting in one image two widely differenced thoughts intimates a unity underlying both, and points to that unity which underlies all. The whole realm becomes thus as it were a marvellous world of echoes; each utterance brings with it a host of deeper connections, and a music is the effect which is the very song of the whole. The idea penetrates every smallest atom of the material used in the structure; what is so difficult to see in the vast concretions of nature becomes here plain and clear, and the visible and tangible float in the medium of a transfiguring thought.

The poet is therefore one of those great personalities in which the entire potency of the time reveals and completes itself. He belongs to those forces which enlarge the world as we know it, and give it an outlook further and beyond. The conditions for his appearance are manifold and they need all to be fulfilled if he is to do his work successfully. Singers we have always with us; they are greater or lesser insights, and lift the veil from a mystery here and there; they may recall us to a belief in many high truth from whose allegiance we have been wandering, or awaken in us again feelings whose fire has been smouldering under a forgetfulness induced by an occupation with many affairs. These constitute always a reminder that the real has another deeper side, that life has a within as well as a without, that truth is more than appearance, that the dream is sometimes better than the thing.

These are poets, and they may have a genuine part in the play of eternity, small, it may be, but worthy; but the poet comes only at those intervals when the world sums itself in a great recognition of its whole life, spiritual and temporal, and he is, with others, his fellows and his peers, the eye that sees and the voice that tells the story in the way given to him. He is one of the ways in which man, the generic man, comes to an understanding of himself. His thought must therefore be the dominant influence of the age in which he flourishes; that age must be the organ of great and far-reaching purposes; in it must culminate many thought tendencies, and in it must arise the morning red of newer revelations. The progress of mankind has led up to him and he consummates that progress in his poem.

His relation to the world is therefore dual. Toward the past he occupies the position of a focus in which all rays converge; of the future he is the beginner. He stands side by side with the philosopher, the prophet, the wielder of affairs in the fashioning of the to come. The age of miracles is not to be relegated to some single epoch in history; it is the ever-present fact which meets us everywhere; a word, a song, a poem transforms as it always did the face of affairs, gives eye to the blind, feeds the great multitude, awakens the dead. It is just as true today as it ever was that no accent of the Holy Ghost is lost, however heedless may seem the generation hurling its way through the corridors of life. Shakespeare is the world's poet because the whole world is in him, and every man finds on that liberal stage himself, his neighbor, and all that belongs to them.

What poetry thus expresses is the deepest idea, and that idea in forms which it has made for itself. The whole art is transparent spirit throughout; some deep emotion, some large understanding, some refiguration of great actions assumes in it a garb which is only themselves freely externalized. There prevail therefore unity, relation, organization throughout; at the centre is a reconstitution of thought, and it develops itself in every member of the representation. These members may unfold into a completeness which is a relative independence, but their independence dwells in reality in their complete reflection of the central sentiment. In a great play every character is great; there is a fullness of individuality even in the so-called minor parts which make them the centre, often, of a play within the play. These independencies however unite in the general action which includes and permeates the whole.

The soul of poetry is in its creative idea; its body is the image and melody. Music like the other arts brings its tribute to this sovereign. Its pomp and charm accompany the march of the poetical eventualities. Rhythm, sonorousness, melody belong to the realm of enchantment. They are part of the robe which the art wears so royally. The appearance of rhyme, whether initial or final, alliteration or end-syllable, points again to the oneness which makes the poem; that oneness shows itself in these

extraneous details as the life of a tree in its slightest leaf. The dependence of rhythm upon the recurrence of accented syllables throws the identity of the poem up before the thought inasmuch as the significant syllable is ordinarily the accented one. The action reflects itself anew in the succession of syllables receiving the greater stress of the voice.

The prose romance shows the same free tendency in the use of its materials as the poem. The mediæval romances introduce the reader into a maze of commingled scenes and actions mingled. It is sometimes said that the demands of verse, especially in their elaborated and later forms, which bring into play all the resources of a complex and many keyed instrument, fetter the freedom of the poet, and the use of a less artificial medium would leave him with his eyes more surely fixed on his subject, and he would not be distracted by the need of fulfilling requirements apparently antagonistic and either one alone presenting great difficulties. It may be said that the true poet wears his shackles lightly, and finds in the form such a return of the thought of the poem upon itself as strengthens the inspiration.

The modern novel sprang from the romance by dropping out of its domain the marvellous element, and discovering in the daily and actual, elements of beauty and sublimity which had been once thought to belong solely to achievements mediated by gods or creatures possessing superhuman powers. The gods while remaining on high have yet been found eager to descend and dwell in the heart of man, and partake of his domestic cheer by the simple winter fireside. But the romance and the novel differ from the poem in their lack of unity; they penetrate into the infinite recesses of human hopes and aspirations, and bring thence rich freights of precious insights; they bind these together after all only in a more or less external fashion; they are essentially analytic; they deal with the parts; the poem is essentially one; it deals with the whole.

Poetry has followed in its various progresses the method of History; it has gone from an absorption in the objective world to a comprehension of a unity of the world within and the world without. In every nation its poetry begins with long narrative poems, and poetry shows again the passage from subservience to the external to a recognition of free internality as the source and end of all. The heroic age required indeed the efforts of giants and the constant interposition of supernatural powers to assure victory to the sore-beset and nascent manhood of the race. The labors of a Herakles or a Theseus were more than needed in the primitive conquest of nature and the upbuilding of institutions. They were the bearers of the idea of the world and their deeds were the salvation of mankind.

A distinction must be made between narrative poems, however elaborate and finished, and the true epic. The former are to be found in

indefinite number among all peoples of high culture, and among whom the arts belong to the graceful amenities of life. They are reflective representations of great periods, and have often a deep and real content, but the true epic belongs to the evolution of the race, and appears at the turning points of events. They are scattered down the ages, and their authors are the heroes of poetry. Their content is a great national enterprise which is at the same time a world enterprise; for the time the particular nation has concentrated in itself the hope that is looking forward to the next great event in the realization of the destiny of the race.

In the great epic poems the heavens are opened; the gods or God are part of the powers that bring forth the issue; in the artificial epic these appear only as a sort of convenient machinery which operates at uncertain although important junctures. In the real epic the temporal world is encircled by the eternal, the occurrences transpire in heaven, before they unroll themselves on earth. In the epic all events appear as belonging to a system which is under the direction and dominance of supernatural powers. The connection between the earth and what is above the earth is open and messengers descend and ascend on the skyey pathway to intermediate in the affairs of men.

But in this way the true life of man is placed outside of himself; after all he has no substantial ground in himself; what he is, and what he may become blazes up there in glorious effulgence, but it is yet external to himself. Great as are his deeds, heroic as is his character, unparalleled as is his bravery, they are all reflections of an activity nobler than his own, and dominating him without. A fatality after all overshadows the epic; a fatality of freedom, for the gods are free, but a fatality nevertheless. The gods must descend from their seats on high, and take up their abodes in the minds and hearts of men, building up there a freedom corresponsive to their own, abnegating themselves at any cost, and giving to the man an independence like unto their own. This freedom or subjectivity reveals itself in the lyric. Aspiration, longings, passion, revolt, find here their expression. The unrestraint of the soul revelling in its sense of superiority to all limits, or in its power to make its own limits, surges in outbursts of song. Caprice pours forth the delight in its own infinitude. The consciousness of the soul that it has within itself a region which is created by itself, that in opposition to the bondage which life perforce would have it submit itself unto, it holds the secret of a larger being, in which there is nothing that is not the result of its own action, throws itself into fierce and overflowing expression. The consciousness may display itself as negative to the established and the institutional, and place the demand for freedom in the boldest and most exaggerated aspect.

But the truest lyrics are not negative; the recognition in them is made of the unity of the individual soul of the world, and this theme is sung

In the most varied accents and under the color of the most diverse moods. The songs which spring up among the peoples, who shall say how, are expressive of the truest national life; no poet seems to be their author; the whole nation has given itself utterance in them. The religious longings, the deepest and most sincere, clothe themselves in the lyric garb. At great crises in history, the patriotism of the poet, which is also the general patriotism of the time, puts on its singing robes, and the melodies thus born have become a heritage noble, inspiring, priceless.

The cultivated lyric knows that the entirety of subjectivity is its province, and also that under cover of an individual mood, it holds a universal content. It recognizes itself as the mouthpiece, the instrument, of the pervasive emotion, and its special tone becomes part of the form which it uses. In a prosaic and scientific age, it may recall a halting generation back to those deeper apprehensions which are the genuine trend of life. The lyric revels in the utmost play with its material, devises new rhythmic modes with curious avidity, usurps the musician's privilege of the discovery of ever new and exquisite melodies. The epic moves on with its slow and stately tread or rushes like a cataract over its precipice, but remains within the rich possibilities of a single metric form; the lyric in its form is as differenced as its moods, and obeys only that inner law of harmony without which a poem would cease to be a poem.

In the drama the subjective and the objective confront each other and proceed to their reconciliation. The drama must have a thoroughly wrought out plot like the epic, but each character appears in it charged with an internality that seeks to impose itself on the others. There ought to be no *deus ex machina* who is to appear on the scene of action when the knot requires loosening. If the gods appear, they are themselves a part of a purpose, which is no doubt, themselves, but which they do not seek to impose on the antagonists. If destiny or fate still hovers in the background, the drama has not yet fully emancipated itself from the domination of earlier poetry; it still has an epical tendency from which it will ultimately purify itself.

The drama appears invariably to have arisen in connection with religious ceremonies and in its earlier forms to have partaken of their solemnity. The great heroes of the national mythologies have been the figures most frequently standing forth in the earlier plays, and too have been the representatives of great principles for which the sacrifice of life was freely given. The collision portrayed was between two views of life, each asserting its infinitude, and consequent absolute justification, and leading in the denouement to the supremacy of the higher. Character appeared majestic, grand, somewhat generalized. Gradually a secularization, so to speak, takes place; the characters lose somewhat of their remoteness, and become more akin to those we meet in our daily life; they develop a deeper

inwardness and a more pronounced individuality; they are more themselves and less the mere carriers of ideas which include far more than themselves.

In comedy is found, of course, a collision which in one sense is a collision; at least in the end it shows itself to have been based on an illusion, which, being removed, all things fall into their places and harmony is restored; or it contrasts two world-views, the inadequacy of both or one of which is displayed in the various contradictions and follies to which it leads. The illusion which it portrays may indeed be a very profound one, and the action may verge on the delineation of discords that approach the tragic, but the clearing up at the end shows that the trials and worriments have indeed been much ado about nothing, or a taking of things as one likes them rather than as they are. The mistake of the individual or the nation in taking that for reality which is not so, need the laughter of the comic portrayal, or the fierce mirth of the satirist to dissipate its fumes and restore the atmosphere into those clearer conditions wherein the sight may behold the object as it is.

But the collision of fundamental principles both of which must be held if the whole truth is to be discovered or acted forth on the stage prepared for it demands something deeper for its solution; the clearer the verities are seen, the profounder becomes the allegiance to them and the more imperative the call for the supreme sacrifice; if no mediation can be found for them, if no higher and more organic verity continent of them both can be discovered, if they are seen simply in the relation of high and lower, the bearer of the lesser thought perishes in the establishment of the higher. Or the subjectivity of the individual may place him in antagonism with the movement of things around him, with that tendency in the world which may be called its necessary movement; if he cannot adjust himself thereto, if he remains irreconcilably outside of what is essential, his disappearance from the scene of action cannot but ensue.

But the meaning of the modern world is mediation; more and more we are learning that there are no irreconcilable contradictions; that opposition itself is only a means by which a fuller development is attained; that oppositions are real, and their force and extent must not be diminished by any easy and light-hearted attempts to make them synonymous with the illusory; life is not a light-hearted comedy, but it assuredly is not a tragedy. The Drama which recognizes the depth and validity of moral antagonism, which will not minimize the distinction between the life natural and the life spiritual, which knows the intensity of the conflict and comes to its triumph with the marks of the struggle upon it, but which yet holds above the fiercest of the peril the illumination of a unifying idea, and which in the end brings both antagonists safe and ennobled into a wider life than they knew before, is the work of the modern world. Tragedy belongs to the past; and ever since the thirteenth century life has been a profound

divine comedy whose termination while in the beatific vision has yet no phenomenal existence in all the realms of the world where work is to be done for our fellows.

The poetic realm is the unfolding of man in his completeness; his deepest aims, his noblest aspirations, his deepest thoughts, his conflicts, his joys, are all there; nature in all her splendor is there, her loveliest landscapes, her most suggestive scenes. There is nothing in the soul of man that has not received an irradiation from the poetic setting given it by the poet who felt it most deeply and knew it most adequately. But the poet looks beyond the visible and the temporal; he looks beyond even the very highest of thought and emotion that have been reached in his time. He has ever been called a prophet or seer, and he may in truth be said to copy so high a situation; he perceives the light from below the horizon. He forecasts the events, the realizations that are to be. His home is the Idea of the world, and he is the messenger of its next great incarnation. He sums up what has been, and relates what is to be; he is legislator of the future.

The world of the poet is the ideal world, but that is only to say that the real world. He delineates not so much what is, as what ought to be. If one cannot find in the outer what he depicts, it is only because the poet with all its mighty effort and strain does not quite reach what it is for. In this region of the imagination the unachieved is done, the height climbed which appeared so difficult, the contradiction solved which wore so forbidding a face. The poetic life, which he who reads understands, must make his own in that complete Idea of the Whole which is its true being, which underlies and controls it, which shapes all things; and thought to its own high standard, and brings everything within it deals into conformity with the perfect, its truth and essence.

The beauty with which the poet is ravished is thus no particular beauty, the beauty of the all, it is that glory which the absolute wears as its fit perfect expression, which while a robe, yet is itself throughout a reality and so reflects the infinite truth as to be completely one with it. As Plato said to Socrates: "But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty—the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed, not defiled with the pollutions of mortality, and all the colors and vanities of mortal life—thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty, simple and simple, and bringing into being and educating true creations of true and not idols only? Do you not see that in that communion beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities; for he has hold not of an image but a reality, and bringing forth and educating true virtue to be the friend of God, and be immortal, if mortal man may? Would he not have an ignoble life?"

The poet is the great namer; his appellatives are permanent; where scientist and philosopher grope, he is at once at the goal; when the other work of time in which he has appeared is obsolete and dead, his verses are fresh as the morning and as joyous as the spring. The science of Greece is a mere shadow; even her philosophies have been merged in greater and fuller thought; but Homer and Aeschylus can never lose their strength and splendor, and Emerson says of the poet that he is:

‘A brother of the world, his song
Sounded like a tempest strong
Which tore from oaks their branches broad,
And stars from the ecliptic road.
Time wore he as his clothing-weeds
He sowed the sun and stars for seeds.’

THE CHARACTERS OF OTHELLO AND IAGO

BY KATHERINE G. BLAKE

TWO marked characters stand out in the Play before us for discussion: those of Othello and Iago. The first is by some critics esteemed the greatest character ever drawn by our dramatist. I propose to follow out the development of those two men: both of whom are supremely interesting. The one a man of simplicity, depth and nobility of character: the other a very devil from the pit. Iago's hatred of Othello is raised to white heat by so trifling a circumstance, as his disappointment in failing to get a good position on Othello's staff; Cassio has the post he coveted, while Iago is only made the great soldier's ancient or ensign.—Iago is proud of his own meanness; many are proud of their virtues, and defeat the moral beauty of their actions by their self-consciousness, their boastfulness; but few, it is to be hoped, delight in the slough of their own vileness. Listen to Iago:

‘In following him, I follow but myself. Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, But seeming so, for my peculiar end. . . . I am not what I am.’ Does an incarnate devil speak these words? Or is this a man? Now we watch his cunning, when Roderigo goes to awaken Brabantio to the fact that his daughter is not under his roof. Iago quickly

lips off to rejoin his detested master.—‘Tho’ I do hate him as I do hell
ains, Yet for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign
of love.’ With these words he hies him away to Othello! In the second
cene we find him with his master, and the interest heightens. There is
something which appeals to a strange intellectual sense of delight, in the
study of this consummate scoundrel; he is the apotheosis of villainy:

‘Tho’ in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience,
To do no contrived murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service.’

He sighs as it were with admiration of his own tender piety! It would be interesting to know if the great modern delineator of human hearts, Charles Dickens, had studied Iago; it would seem as if Dickens had brooded upon Iago, while he evolved his serpent-like Uriah Heap! Next comes the foul aspersion of Othello by his father-in-law. What more insulting accusation could a man make, than did Brabantio in asserting that the Moor had used magic to draw the love of ‘the gentle Desdemona.’ We observe the composed dignity with which he faces this foul aspersion. A lesser man must have met it with a blaze of temper; not so Othello. A large nature is usually composed under the wasp-sting of small minds. We follow them to the Council Chamber whither the Moor goes to obey the call of the Duke; and the maddened Brabantio to lay his charge against Othello before the assembled Council. The possibility of using witchcraft or magic was, as we all know, absolutely believed in the seventeenth century, hence there would be nothing inherently absurd in Brabantio’s assertion. It seems both from Othello’s and Iago’s remarks that the Moor was much his wife’s senior; but this was of course not the chief difficulty in Brabantio’s mind, he says: ‘and the spite of nature, of years, of country, credit, everything;’ observe that word, everything:—Brabantio’s agony of passion is such, that words fail him. and he sees a vague generality, as intemperate, unbalanced people often do, when they have no stable grounds for their inflamed assertions. As Brabantio raxes hotter, the Duke becomes more judicial, and with the balanced dignity of the legal mind, he requests proofs, something stronger than these.

‘Their habits and poor likelihood of modern seeming.’ In a word he implies that Brabantio’s tirade is insignificant and trifling. ‘To vouch for this is no proof’, he quietly remarks. Meanwhile Othello stands in silent dignity under Brabantio’s brutal insults, he delivers his ‘round unvarnished tale’ when pressed for it. He is so strong in straight-forwardness, so simple-minded, so direct. Can any plausible explanation be given for so strange

a thing as Desdemona's adoration of her husband, which broke the tender bondage of home life and turned the gentle, pliant girl from her father whom she calls 'the lord of duty,' to the middle-aged, rough soldier! It has been said Othello was so strong; and most certainly women are attracted by strength, be it physical, or intellectual, or moral force. May it not be asserted that in this simple soldier, were combined all three? And thus a hero is revealed. Even so we have not bared the roots of this difficulty. This extraordinary attraction of love, or of friendship, what is it? What mortal has fathomed these mysteries? Othello says: 'She loved me for the dangers I had passed.' 'And I loved her that she did pity them.' Here we touch the ground floor of metaphysics. Then was it pity only, which drew the gentle maiden to Othello, or was it alone his courage which she deified? No, no, a thousand times no! 'Pity is akin to love,' we all know the trite phrase, but does this cover the ground? If so to what a paradox we are led. We soon touch the brick wall of absurdity. Any male mortal suffers distressful circumstances, and at once all the sympathetically minded single women, to say no hint of the others, are on their knees to him! Can bathos go farther? We must leave unravelled this riddle of what governs the magnetic attractions of human beings. These things are among the mysteries which make up life; which form its heights, and its depths, its joys, and its sorrows, its beauty and sometimes its terrors. Before them we can but bow reverently, we can only touch the hem of the garment which veils 'the open secret.' Is this mysticism? Do some say, 'What nonsense is this talk of mystery, and reverence, and what not? Let us tread reasonably the highway of common sense and away with such flights!' Be it so, then let us turn our backs on all that signifies life and makes it so exquisitely, so marvelously beautiful. The mountain tops, and the depths of the valleys are not for us,—there walk Poetry, and her sister Religion; and what is left for us who hold by the practical highways? We have food and drink and clothes and money making; truly we have it all;—the husks of life.

'Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.' But to lay irony aside, and to return to Othello and Brabantio, the Duke and the Senators, where in the Council Chamber they await the dissecting knife of our criticism. Strained as is the scene, where palpitating with passion, an injured father defends his pride and love, and calls for vengeance on his enemy; nevertheless tragedy turns her face from us, and comedy peeps round the corner, when Desdemona rounds on the miserable Brabantio, with her incisive unanswerable argument.—

'I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my husband,
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess,
 Due to the Moor, my lord.'

And the unhappy, defeated father cries, 'God be with you! I have done, I have done, my lord.'

Our pity for Othello is raised before we reach the end of this scene and Desdemona's opening fortunes. How great he is in his noble, noble trustfulness. He has gained his point, he has permission for his to go to the scene of war, and he leaves her with whole-hearted confidence, in the hands of that specious scoundrel Iago. Yet one other line of the Council Chamber scene must be said. Who is it who first plants the seeds of hideous jealousy in this single-minded man? Not Iago, Roderigo; who, but the revengeful father Brabantio!

'Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.'

In these few pregnant words Brabantio in his selfishness has sown the wind, and will of necessity reap the whirlwind! Othello has had great opportunities of knowing men, yet how strangely blind he proves himself; again and again he turns to 'honest Iago.' Certainly so devilish a character as this clever plotter possessed, his evil nature has been apparent in his face. True he is but twenty-eight, hence the fierce passion of jealousy and envy have not had the years in which to carve their lines upon his features; yet cunning must have been marked by the absence of openness of nobility, even though thirty years had not passed over him.

For as surely as the Atlantic rollers mark their titanic forces on the western coast of England, so inevitably does the vivid inner life of the human being, lay day by day, its semblance on the countenance; formed sometimes by middle-age, what is justly called, such an interesting expression; or on the contrary, the hard, discontented lines of the self-centred, unempathetic character; and all lies as an open book for him who is possessed of perception; there it is, in the train, the tram-car, aye, even as we hurry past it in the street, and receive either its shadow, or its illumination.—It is needless to comment on the cleverness of Iago's plot, so artfully woven, so ably carried out, and necessarily followed by its consummation of hideous tragedy! Incidentally this man reveals to us some of the tender beauty of Desdemona's character. She undoubtedly takes a high place among those who inhabit Shakespeare's Gallery of fair women. To listen to Iago's counsel to the stricken Cassio, a man who, standing in self-respect, is broken down to the brink of despair by the loss of reputation. *Iago*: 'Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help at you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested!' How lovely, how divine is the womanhood that is here depicted. Sketched too by the hand of a bad man. Hence how visible

must have been Desdemona's angelic disposition that it should im such an observer. It calls to mind another and entirely perfect de tion of woman, drawn by him 'who uttered nothing base,' whose voic a trumpet-call to the young manhood of a century past.

'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.'—

Iago could appreciate Desdemona's blessed disposition, yet such wa: distorted blackness of his own, that he did not hesitate to blast so f life. There are, we thankfully know such tender beings who ho a 'vice in their goodness' not to do more than they are requested. lives touch the circle of our own, and we are blest. We reverence radiant goodness, and receive an inspiration. By so much as D mona is near perfection, by so much more is Iago beneath the pa manhood. For what is the nature of the man who could tarnish so a fame? And what is the root from which his seething hatred grown? What but envy? And what is envy, but another facet o detestable selfishness called jealousy? Iago envies Othello his pos likewise he envies Cassio his: further he has a slight suspicion o attitude in which Othello has stood to his own wife Emilia. A susp so faint that he does not even care to substantiate it. Had the man his keen intellect nobly, he should have become a skillful Ambass a noted Statesman, a leader of men! But the Iagos of humanity, their backs on the sunshine of life, with Milton's magnificent crea they say 'Evil, be thou my good'; they build up the black shadows v haunt them, they walk readily into the hell of their own creation. overhear with an interest akin to pain, the trustful words of that fellow Cassio in his interview with Desdemona, and her cordial assu of help. This woman is not clever, she is not intellectual, she is something of a moral coward, for she deceives when in awkward alarming situations; and this arises from her sensitive highly ner nature; but she is, as it were compact of love; a love that flows o every being she meets. Such women are they who command the reve worship of most men. We see how ready she is with her vow of fr ship to Cassio which she will 'perform to the last article'; partly be he is a fellow-creature, and therefore one whom she rejoices to s but mainly because, he loves her adored Othello. All our chief

acters are blind as regards Iago; he must have possessed that rare gift, charm of manners. Othello by no means stands alone in trusting his ancient. Cassio says: 'I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest!' If anyone should know a man's nature, surely that one should be his own wife, yet Emilia says: 'I warrant it grieves my husband As if the case were his.'

And the trusting Desdemona replies: 'O, that's an honest fellow.' The scene that next ensues between her and Othello is exquisite in its tenderness. And that again between the Moor and Iago, when his suspicions are first raised, is a marvel of intricacy, of Macchiavellian ability, which must be closely studied to be appreciated. Surely here is one of Shakspeare's highest flights of genius. The strong, simple, confiding nature of Othello, played on so skillfully by his base torturer, who plants a jealousy in him which *did not exist previously!* How pathetic it is to watch the efforts of this agonized soul to suppress and hide its growing torment. The poison works swiftly, we can even watch the deterioration of this noble character. He bids Iago to observe Desdemona, to play the detective. Are we assisting as spectators in the Court at a vulgar case, which appears in the newspapers? The scene draws to its desired close. Iago personates humility, distrust of his own suspicions, thereby clinching Othello's.

'Let me be thought too busy in my fears
As worthy cause I have to fear I am.'

Hence he leaves his chief with the impression of his exceeding honesty and of his great knowledge of human dealings. As are all noble, simple natures, Othello is humble-minded, self-distrustful; while at the same time, he is confident in his self control. 'Fear not my government,' he cries. A perilous condition this, and one certain to lead under such strain from within, and pressure from without, to a terrible outbreak. Desdemona enters to her husband, who is alone and in anguish; in a moment his better self is in the ascendent; the demons which tear him, turn their backs: 'If she be false,' he murmurs, 'O then heaven mocks itself. I'll not believe it.' Her innocence speaks and he, not yet quite mad, can hear, can perceive; but for the moment only, while the aroma of her pure presence lasts: then the demons resume their sway; the passion of the drama deepens, the dark tragedy closes down, and we echo the words of this most miserable man, 'The pity of it, Iago, O Iago.' If Desdemona be not intellectual, love has sharpened her perception, and with exquisite insight into the masculine nature, she accounts for, and excuses the change in her beloved one, reminding herself how absurd it would be to expect a lover's homage from her busy husband, a man immersed in state affairs. Did she expect the perfection, the powers of a god? She

puts this as so absolutely absurd to her attendant; but Emilia has a keen woman's wit, her perceptions too are quickened, probably by her love for her sweet mistress, and she lays her finger on the true solution of the enigma, jealousy. But no cause exists, and we mark the depth, the amazing truth contained in Emilia's reply. 'But jealous souls will not be answered so; They are not ever jealous for the cause, But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster, Begot on itself, born on itself.' How hideous, for it is truth.—

It is with heavy heart, we pursue the development of Iago's too successful plot. When Desdemona's bewildered sorrow touches despair, the full beauty of her nature blossoms. She is absolutely in the dark as to the cause of her husband's ghastly accusations, so pure a nature cannot conceive of the reality; but Emilia's coarse knowledge of the world's worst side enables her again to reveal the truth; a slanderer, she storms out, and Iago, this genius among actors, retorts, 'There is no such man, it is impossible!' We listen with hushed breath to the reply of the perfected saint Desdemona, 'If any such there be, heaven pardon him.' And lastly as one transformed into one pure flame of love she murmurs:

'Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.'

No never, in good truth; a man may be unfaithful, drunken, dishonest, may even strike his wife; yet, will she hold to him, in exquisite fulfilment of her marriage vow. And such is the picture of true woman, which every one in any way worthy the name will stamp as absolute truth. Such is woman at her highest, drawn for us, revealed to us, by a man. Men often with self-satisfied cynicism, remark 'They don't understand women!' Be it so, they do not, but Shakspeare did; and in this marvelous power perhaps it may be asserted, lies his highest claim to the position of the mightiest poet this world has ever known. A whole paper might be written on the conversation between Desdemona and Emilia, that last, piteous conversation, in which in the great intimacy of dual solitude, they reveal their depths to each other; alas, for the depth of Emilia's philosophy; alas, for its marvelous truth. One last gleam from that heaven of beauty, a pure woman's heart; we listen to Desdemona's exquisite gentle reply, 'Heaven me such uses send. Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.' The play does not offer to us alone its tremendous lesson to avoid the stupid sin of jealousy; be it in the mighty passion of love, be it in the strong bonds of friendship. This monster 'begot on itself, born on itself,' transforms into poison the wine of the purest joy of life. Another lesson far more closely enwrapped is contained in its evolution of character.

Iago, a merry spirit, a young man of but eight and twenty, has killed his soul, for during all the brief tale of years, he has preferred ugliness rather than beauty. For no man is noble, no woman is pure. He has fixed his observation upon the negatives of life, rather than upon its affirmatives. He lies amid the spring of conduct for mean motives, and assuredly he succeeds; such a search invariably commands success. His depths are hidden in slime, in the magnificent metaphor of scripture, for him 'the light is as darkness.'

Terrible as is the tragedy of this play, evil does not altogether triumph. Desdemona expires with an exquisite lie upon her lips, which assuredly recording angel speedily wafted to its fitting place. Othello's confidence and love are fully revived. In their deaths their union is complete. Faith that Goodness reigns is restored. Virtue again raises her beautiful face, while Vice sinks dying into the dust, and amid ashes of its own

RISTORI IN AMERICA

BY THOMAS DICKINSON

THE death of Ristori comes perhaps with less of a shock of loss than with one of reminder that there has persisted for long in our latter days a life that belonged to the heroic antiquity of the drama. In many essential respects our ways are far removed from those of the fifties, and in no regard is our alienation from the past more apparent than in dramatic art.

To the newly-risen generation of Americans the name of Ristori is but a name whispered in libraries or coned in the reminiscences of their fathers; to the elder generation her name is a memory and a force. By its influence she will not soon be forgotten the stimulating influence of those first performances in the French Theatre, now just forty years ago. Ristori made her American debut September 20, 1866, in Legouvé's *Medea*. She remained in America until the following spring, playing such plays as Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, Giacometti's *Elizabeth and Judith*, the *Phaedra* of Racine, Scribe's *Le fils du Lécouvreur* and the *Pia de' Tolamei* of Carlo Marenco. The following year she returned to this country and then introduced the *Marie Antoinette* of Giacometti, Silvio Pellico's *Francesca da Rimini*, Alfieri's *Lucrezia* and Bellini's *Norma*. In later tours she played in *Lady Macbeth of Mucedonia* in addition to these.

At the time of her first appearance in New York, Ristori was about forty five years of age. Her artistic primacy had been sealed in all the countries of Europe. She came to America with an assurance beyond that with which she had entered any other foreign land; death and a fickle public had conspired to end in her favor the feud with Rachel, and everywhere she was hailed as the incomparable tragedienne.

Yet, cordial as was her greeting at the French Theatre, it was not one of unmixed enthusiasm. A face in youth of singular beauty had even at this time received the signature of the mimetic tragedy with which she made her life. The reviews of the first performances show that while many accorded her action the highest praise, others left the theatre oppressed by a consciousness that something that had been desired was wanting. Granting to her perfection of bearing and gesture and elocution, certain critics still denied to her the mastery of force. To some she appeared cold, to others too intellectual, and others held that native fire had escaped in her pursuit of technic.

The disappointment that was felt in some portions of the American critical public was not peculiar to America. The artist had met it in France and England, and the critics of her own Turin complained that she put them to sleep. In the case of the former localities, the criticism may have arisen from the audiences' familiarity with the Rachel school of acting. Turin was frankly ungracious, and America was perhaps untutored.

Before one attempts to make judgment on a piece of art, it is well to be acquainted with the artist's desiderata. When an American critic complained that Ristori was perfectly equipped but lacked sufficient inspiration to carry her heavy parts, he neglected to consider the subtly evolved set of artistic regulations the artist had set for her guidance. Acting is an older art in Italy than it is in the United States, and Ristori was endeavoring further to attenuate the already very delicate artistic criteria of her native land.

To the American, acting was, and is, almost entirely an objective imitation of the emotions by means of the voice. But as a true Italian, Adelaide Ristori had enough of the heritage of the Greeks to believe in the expressive power of action as well as elocution, and physical attitude as well as vocal modulation. She tells us, in her autobiography, that she desired to unite the national spontaneity of the Italians with Greek plasticity. Mary Anderson bears witness that she studied statues and feminine drapery, and knew the "language of every line and fold." And Charlotte Cushman speaks admiringly of her free, untrammelled, graceful attitudes, and exclaims, "Such perfect nature, such ease, such grace, such elegance of manner, such as befits a queen."

As *poseuses*, there could be no choice between Ristori and Rachel. The great pupil of Sanson surrendered the palm to no one for physical force. But in respect of the symbolic treatment of emotion, history does not hesitate in making Ristori its favorite. And here we come to those well-worn terms, the *natural* and the *conventional* in acting, with the limitations and obscurities of each. Naturalism is good within certain limits, and when these limits are over-passed naturalism is not good. So-called conventionalism is good also in its place. Italy, the home of the natural school of acting, made the young Ristori a naturalist. Her own artistic sense taught her how far she could imitate nature and get beauty, how far she could study facts and get truth. She was never so much a naturalist that she forgot the imperious claims of beauty in her art. And because she knew the limitations of naturalism she was called in England and America a conventionalist.

The artistic limitations of the natural school of acting appear most strongly in that form of drama which Ristori espoused. In comedy there is little danger of naturalism overstepping the line. But in high tragedy the danger is imminent, and all the more insidious for the fact that a passion that tatters will always tickle the ears of the groundlings.

Ristori brought to her *Myrrha* and *Phaedra* a symbolism, if we may call it, that served infinitely to soften and beautify passions which in a naturalistic presentation would have been monstrous. But apart from softening unbeautiful emotions, Ristori had another object in view. She feared that in the uncontrolled expression of a dominant emotion some of the subtler currents of feeling that cross and recross through it, enveloped it yet independent and vagrant, would be lost. Rachel had brought her parts fire and energy, even passion and frenzy. How much danger there that actor and audience, borne away on a compelling tide of feeling, would miss the deeper and truer meaning that underlies the turgid surface. In a problem of incest, such as is presented in *Myrrha*, there are finer elements of thought and feeling entangled with the energetic passion of the ill-fated daughter that would be quite obscured were the passion alone emphasized. Besides the one awful passion, there are baby innocencies, childish whimsies, and a real womanly chasteness to be revealed.

This leads to the most significant defense of Ristori's work. She always chose the harder part. In art we may express what is seen first: that is primitive and superficial. The great artist expresses what he sees with a second sight, the tints that stimulate only the cultivated sense. So Ristori was never satisfied merely to feel her way into a character. To her, character was revealed by the power of intellect. Of Rachel, Madame Aldor said, "That little girl has received of heaven a great gift, but with

it she has neither heart nor brains." Of Ristori this could not have been spoken. Throughout her autobiography, she lays great emphasis on psychological analysis of the parts she played. She was particularly careful to achieve correctness in all matters of archæological detail. She got the great artist Ary Scheffer to design her mantle in *Medea*. On her appearance in this country, the papers noticed with particular surprise the nice attention her company paid to court and stage etiquette. These things are significant as showing the ends she kept ever before her art, an art which was never satisfied with sound and fury, however thrilling these might be.

Though she was well able to carry her audience uncomprehending before the flood of her feeling, Ristori took greatest satisfaction in parts that did not strangle the intellect. She objected heartily to the use of such terms as *energy*, *force*, *violence*, in connection with the character of *Franciska* da Rimini: in short, she saw something better in the part. When possible, she let the softer side of her nature speak in interpreting a character. In America she was criticised because, when representing *Juana* in the tent of *Holofernes*, she relied on her woman's tact to save her rather than her majesty of soul and the strength of her divine calling. But when you compare the two methods, how full of delicate possibilities is the one and how hackneyed is the other! The merest tyro would thrill at the opportunity to dominate a situation by extra-human power. Again, in the part of *Mary Stuart* she refused the adventitious support of majesty and wrapt pity from the heart by playing a woman-martyr.

An American critic tells us that in Ristori's *Medea* there was seen "adorable fury." Of that effect she would have been proud, but never uncontrollable frenzy. It is said she refused to play the part of *Medea* until Legouvé composed a version of the play in which mother-love is poisoned by jealous passion. "My woes come from the gods," says *Medea*. From the moment she appears at Corinth, in the fourth scene of the first act, leading her children by the hand, until the pitiful end of the play, *Medea* of Ristori is more woman than fury. The actress plays upon every key of the woman soul. Nothing more tender has been seen on the American stage than her abject pleading with her children that they desert Creon and return to the mother bosom. Only as she stands, bloody dagger in hand, at the base of the statue of Saturn, and answers Jason's thump-struck "Who killed them?" with an explosive "Thou!" does she seem touched by the divine wrath of the Eumenides.

IN ASOLO

BY LUCY S. CONANT

ONE day I heard a new sound in Asolo, where we had climbed on a pious, long-deferred pilgrimage.

'What is that!' said I, leaning over a worn Dutch-door (in Italy!), fastened with mediaevally welded iron bolt across a rusty, curved iron balcony.

The plain of Veneto lay wide and green far below all the bright young vine leaves, woven outside the window. Hills, Berici, foot-hills, knee-hills,— all broke the rich carpet of green and faded from it, but close at hand from a one-eyed tower, issued a creaking. I closed my eyes, still clinging to the Dutch-door and the sound was like that the miller makes when he grinds the stone on the water-lands; but where was the wind song in the sails?

'It's the *polenta*, grinding, for the *contadini*,' answered the *padrona*. 'Wouldst thou desire a *frittata* for the *cena*?'

'No, *signora*!' cried I, hungrily, bobbing into a fresh dark room with its tiled floor, chairs with native-woven seats of delightful pattern, broad bell-pull above the beds, and Robert Browning himself on the wall. 'May we not have a *frittura* as well?'

'I am devoted to a good *fritta mista*, if the oil be right, and the vegetables fresh, but I can never remember, though Donna Nina has toiled and toiled over me, whether such be *frittura* or a *frittata*. If I order the *frittura* I am sure to receive a golden omelette (possibly stuffed with artichokes) when my mind is dwelling on globular visions of cauliflower and kidneys, neatly disguised in brown batter. And yet, if I think I am ordering the omelette, in comes a fry! Therefore, it has become a deal for me to command both and thereby compliment Mistress Nina's cookery

'Here are squash-flowers today — *fiori*,' she announced proudly, went down winding stone stairs, past the *sala* with its old carved wooden chests and cupboards of linen, its bright flowers in the clustered vases over the street, and the bellied jar of golden brown that hinted of the *zuppa*, and looked its age.

Peas, opened by the dresser in the dark old kitchen. Nina proudly opened the lid of her market basket. Above the gleam of green peas lay a light yellow layer of golden fragile trumpet-shaped squash blossoms and the

pale green calyx which would be cleft from its bright flower and cooked as a separate delicacy.

'And what else have you for the fry?'

'The *zucchetti*, signora, and the flowers, and hearts of the artichoke, its tips too old at present.'

'*Poi* — the peas — superb! But, Nina, can't you cook us something else purely Italian? Think now — something special?'

Nina's firm-cut North Italian face fell, then it brightened as she suggested — 'A nice bit of veal, on the spit!'

I laughed. 'Well, for today only.'

Margherita was already blowing twigs and blaze together on the raised stone platform of the hearth, built away from the wall, a foot high at least; spit, crane, chains and hooks, and enormous steel and brass fire dogs adorning it beneath a vast hood, opening, funnel-shaped, into the chimney. One could move around this hearth, gallop about it if a small boy, cook from any side of it. It was built in the room, upon the floor. Against the nearest curving wall swept an angle seat where a dozen peasants might sit in the winter, feet on cosy hearthstone, and doze over the apples at their sputtering, watching spiced wine mellow by the logs. And close at hand were cinnamon, clove and nutmeg for the brew.

It's miles beyond up into Tyrol or even the Italian Dolomites where the same style of building prevails. You must stop on in the train until after Feltre and drop off at Sedico if you are to take a crazy omnibus (but better a carriage from Bellmio), up the narrow gulf of the Canale d'Agordo where the 'mountain cavalry' descended on the Austrians in 1848. Italy, through her least *contadini*, strove mightily still to be free, and having there but the stones of *bergfall*, used them well. There, in huddled, smoke-blackened mountain towns, wherever fire has spared the old dwellings with their piled wooden balconies, artistic woodpiles and wooden roofs, you will find the same sort of projecting bay above the chimney, with two windows giving light to those knitting or working in this curious angle — the *rotondo*. It may even be applied high up on a house wall, clinging like a bat below the outside chimney. Or in bright Cadore far up and up the lumber-crowded Piave river, you will find it where the dark wood of settles and low tables is polished, and the great hearth is washed each day or two, and three legged *bronzini* hang by ancient brass and copper on the sooty wall. And here on the very first step of the great Alps, in little peaked water-washed Asolo, rise already the sheltered fire altars of the North where both light and warmth may cheer homekeepers. Evening after evening now through the pleasant town, we could see the bright spark

hear the crackle as thorn and furze were lit for evening meal, and when some, could hear the warning bell of the spit as its little clockwork ran on, sending attentive Nina on a run to rewind and then baste drippingly.

We passed out, no other entrance or exit, through the common eating and drinking room, the great hearth rising in its dark depths like a shrine — though good Saint Anthony of Padua town had his own on the wall and flicked aglow beneath it, for it was his week of praise,— and the good women rose from their mugs with a '*Servo sua!*' All about were rows of silver pewter below old coppers. The dresser was fine with Roman mirrors and tall brass candlesticks. The artist who decorated Asolo's theatre five and fifty years ago (built in the great old tower) and there painted Queen Catherine as well, did here to the life certain Asolan types of that day, one, a lass, now a crone, still living. After dinner, each day was touched with a portrait on the wall, he of the high old beaver, she of the coils and a sure down gaze; and here they stare today, each new plasterer having red all outlines, until the result is a sort of gentle intaglio!

Marietta came in for a glass of dark red wine, her baby on her arm. She stood, until we praised it well. Then she hugged it tight, asking over and over, '*Quanto mi gusta ben? Quanto?*' '*Quaranta,*' whispered by in a wee voice, hiding its head in her neck, already taught to say how many bagsful it loved her. King's daughter, in Northern-folk-tale, how much did you love your father? Baby made us her farewell prettily — '*ita* — as they say. We lifted the striped cotton curtain and found the waves of market outside. This busy Saturday-tide pushed meek harnesses and donkeys into corner behind light carioles where they stood cowering mournfully out, zebraed, pathetic, constantly entreating. It swept past Pippa's old silk mill, now a lovely spot of peaceful work, past piles of chestnut leaves from which rose mighty cluckings and quackings as waders' bills or beaks moved fantastically, hurried along groups of women, chiefed brightly, ruddy, robust, and broke in excitement — full tide — the lower piazza, where motley and medley mingled garish in the sun.

O Robert Browning, did you not find color and types in this little spot? Catherine's tower (though it was standing when she first rode up the way, welcomed and cheered) dominated the painted battle wall of the loggia, rich shadows in arcade, the church loggia. The usual great awnings rose above the ordinary booth displays of cotton lace, intricate types of razors, suspenders, kerchiefs of green orange and vermillion, sashes, hats and looking glasses, Virgins, and colored prints of Garda and the mountains, the new Heir, or a galaxy of Europe's Queens. Bright faced men, stalwart young farmers, filled the piazza. Among them moved

bleared and bent strange figures, degraded, reminiscent of Callot's clumping shapes in their pendant rags and knobbed canes — here a banded eye, there a sinister leer. Gobbo, in a homespun green linen coat, ran lightly through the crowd, good-natured, knowing well his humped presence meant good luck.

The Cleanest Beggar, who had already won our respect and cash by her aspect, insinuated her spotless linen sleeve and wonderful darns.

'Mightn't she carry home the beautiful pottery for the excellent ladies? for we had fallen on a four cent dish of rare value and beauty and were clutching it. 'Or might she accept a token of their esteem?'

'But I gave to you yesterday!'

'Yes, I know,' with the bright old smile, leaning on her crutch, 'but today?'

Ah, where's the polenta of yesterday? Here was a suggestion. Has the beggar, once supposedly satisfied, but acquired a bond in your stock of generosity, and must one (per) cent be forever after the daily dividend? Dear soul! To spend her nights in cheerful patching and sousing, and by day to wander the pleasant streets, secure of immediate effect on scientific philanthropists.

Beyond her two men were roaring a wild drinking song, glass and bottle in hand. They intoned seriously, fixing each an eye on the other, while a third sold off a mountain of artichokes, bargaining stiffly with the crowd attracted by these rhythmic howls. An old woman watched their inflamed faces, her neck channelled, eyes deep, red and small, hair, grey snarl, hand, a claw. Here was a real countryman, quietly heavy, serious, beside his neat piles of wooden bowls, ladles, spools and spindles, lace bobbins, eggcups, and dishes of all sizes. These same the stout hill-women sell throughout Liguria in the gentle winter there, bright-eyed babies topping the paniers of clean lathe-turned goods.

There shouted Pantalón, auctioning off his yards of cotton, denim and sleazy woolen — a clown of a fat man! Deft to smile, haggle, coax, or scold, marked by the comic lines, creased below eyes of craft and humor, touched by a very sun of craziness. Suffocating below an extempore mitre of pink calico, tied in two pink elbows by a red string above his two red cars, his flushed face exhibited surprise, grief, sympathy or mock anger.

'Two *metri* and — was it not true, O saints, sixty-five *centimetri* good measure, of this most extraordinary blue and white. And where in a city even, a city of competitions and, as all know, of excessive rents and unparalleled exorbitances in price of oil and wine, could one acquire this combination of serviceable and becoming stuff for a *blusa* at such a price?

'Per Bacco! Seventy-five *centesimi* only for this immaculate remnant!' He smote his hands, gazed upon an impassible crowd; his lip quivered, he folded the piece carefully, laid it away. 'Per Bacco! I would rather keep it for my own daughter!'

Facing the purling fountain, the shaded cherry woman and knots of wicker maids, wicker arks of pigeons in their hands, sat a real swell on the café veranda. He well became his broad hat, white trousers, a town coat, and mournfully sucked the top of his Venetian cane. Beyond him a Turk turned the corner — did he not wear a red fez — must he not therefore come from the land of minarets and bubble domes? Suddenly, a middleman surged across the upper piazza — the cattle market — clutching his prey, shoving in decision, aided by a convenient stalwart friend, toward the café, there to drink, and seal the bargain, in presence of the real owner of ox or cow.

The Cleanest Beggar smiled on us again, suddenly appearing on her creaking crutches. A youth of tatters and brown skin ran up, trying to sell shoe strings to peasants and evidently succeeding. Rags dripped from him. Scarecrow, infant offender, what a sight! He wore his bandages and draped breeks airily, festively. It was indeed a festal occasion to sell goat tails of black leather on a market day, this we felt. Felt also, it was gala into all. Marketing was taken by vendor and by housewife alike, not as a customary morning of toil and bad temper. Gaiety and good humor reigned. The patient woman who tried for an hour to see whether she really liked a calf well enough to buy it,— the bronzed fellow who clapped on every straw hat in the pile under the chestnut shade — white, orange, green, even — popping his own on again discouragingly after each trial, until the calm dealer coaxed his indecision with another color or shape; the clown, who later sat on an apparently undiminished bale of goods, peacefully talking politics with a friend, having sold his pink mitre — all enjoyed the day and life to the full.

Returning, the little drinking shops gorged with guests, children sat on knees; fire blazed on the great hearthstone; soup was passed. The town did a grand stroke of business.

But at three o'clock all was silent. The musing donkey of the street cleaning department advanced with regular halts down a street that turned white as his cart grew mountainous with litter. The burning bright piazza was empty. Only a vendor of pink and orange cakes, vanilla beans and carefully assorted peanuts lazed in the colonnade. Shop shutters were closed, blinds drawn. The little carioles had all slid down hill into the heat behind their mouse colored donkeys carrying empty baskets; money had changed hands. Asolo rested!

Asking for a post card or two at the office, I put the nervous master into a state of fidget. 'Five hundred in the safe,' he cried, 'in a new packet, which is not yet opened.' He offered to go himself to the tobacconist, and darted off, returning unconsolated, breathless. 'Their cards were also, terminated!'

'Be pleased to be witness,' prayed the assistant. A young man in shirt sleeves was haled in from a near shop, luckily open; the rural postman stood solemnly by; I leaned by the window; the bag was brought from the safe

'You all behold that the seal remains untouched?' We nodded, silently. The seal was broken, decently, without haste, the cord conserved. Then, an accustomed finger ran down the invoice, and we watched the counting over of so many hundred stamps of *dieci*, so many of *cinque*, of *venti-cinque* (not many husbands in America, I judge — so few!), the reckoning up of postcards, careful enumeration of more valuable stamps — documentary and otherwise. We drew a long breath.

'It is in order,' he cried proudly, 'a thousand *lire* worth for the month. A thousand thanks!'

The young man withdrew, the postman slung on his bag, I received, and paid for, three cards, and departed, edified and enlightened.

Returning, Luca was at his loom in the cool basement of that old silk mill whence Pippa passed to her daily singing. What does he not weave on that old loom of his, first set up a hundred years ago, now worm-pierced, polished, mended, assisted! He weaves the lined used in the lace school above for drawn work and embroidery, chair covers, curtains barred in orange, export stuff for England, covers for mattresses, for pillows, linen for the resident artists to stretch and tone for painting. The colored hanks of linen are dyed in the town, close by are the spindles. Born in a neighboring province, he lacks the soft z, the slipshod accent of Veneto, is therefore proud. His honorable seventy years bent over the hundred threads in the green vine-lit light from the terraces, stockinged feet beat the clanking treadles — winter or summer. What a beautiful toil! spoke out his bright eyes. They said — I am content. The world has gone not ill.

La Luca stood beside him, hale, brown, in the fifties. How many people in this land are known to neighbor and associate by a sort of cognomen — parental name forgotten. La Luca, il Nero, l'Avaro; and did not Mario, our dark young *vetturino* in Casentino, cry once in pride — 'Ask anywhere for il Romagnuolo! They will know it is my father.'

Luca and his wife had reaped no dishonor in their sowing. She showed gladly the broad firm lace of exquisite pattern their daughter had made for her brother — a young priest.

'Last Sunday he sung his first mass here,' she chattered. 'Eh, but was fine! And the presents! Come and see.'

We gazed, properly excited, on silver card plate, pink glass liqueur set, five cups, lives of saints, breviaries, catechisms, a horseman galloping vast bronze inkstand, St. Anthony in colors, Madonna in a frame, crucifixes, a letter from Mr. Browning, telegrams, hearty good wishes.

'These we gave him, the brass clock and candlesticks. Behold this set! There are of books for two hundred francs!' La Luca lived in joy. It was as if she had married off her son. The table was piled.

'And the dinner! Eleven priests. Forty-seven of us in all. Had you but seen the board! I am still tired. Forty-one chickens did we duck and baste, and there were *minestra*, salads, vegetables, sweets and coffee. We sat down at four and at eleven had we finished.'

'And the vespers?' I demanded.

'Eh, they ran over to make a little vespers — a little one — and then returned. Until eleven. Ah — and the good wines — the Asti Spumante. Here is the empty box of the *torta*. You can see, there is still bread remaining,' she dived into a carved chest, unrolled a napkin, 'and behold in the court, four chickens still!' Four indeed, spared from the festival, clucked unconsciously in a wicker cage.

'Per Diana! that was a dinner,' mused Luca. 'Now we will go back to the college a little. He will take his examinations. I shall lay all away for a while, and when the day arrives that he becomes Parroco, behold — all will be in readiness!'

We went through the bright open staircases and *loggia* of the old mill to the clean fresh upper chamber of the lace school which Mr. Browning had founded in memory of his father — 'il poeta' — they all call him, reverently, simply. I understood that the elder Browning had already bought the building before his death. A column of *mandorlata* is inserted in a loggia looking sunsetward; a terra-cotta Madonnina in the façade, in shades skyey white and blue above the running fountain. The workroom of the girls has tones of soft light green on shelves, cupboards and workbenches, the color most restful to a tired eye. The soft white curtains of lace's make, striped with green, blow lightly over pots of bright leaves and flowers. Beyond them, vines frame the faint delicacy of the Euganeans. The paper on which the girls' designs are pricked is green. At Rapallo, remembered, it was yellow, and the bobbins there were shorter, the shifions fatter, the work less firm. There were perhaps fifteen girls present with room for full twenty-four at the usual benches, neat, cleanly, attentive, one, deaf and dumb, taking pleasure in her work, little ones

beginning to plan out design in red thread for drawn work, older girls playing bobbins over pins in difficult patterns with ease and swiftness. The great beauty of the work lies in the sobriety and artistic value of the designs, some from Museum pieces, others from old drawings. Old altar lace patterns seemed to prevail. Their firm rectitude was carried out in absolute sincerity and nicety. In the samples from which orders could be given, in the rolls of lace for sale, was the same united beauty of design and work.

It was pleasant to see a spontaneous letter from Dean's Yard, Westminster, gratefully praising the quality of large orders executed here, and wishing all good to the school and its shy gentle teacher, who has studied at Vienna, and comes from the great Dolomite regions of Primiero, as she told us over coffee that evening, her eyes shining in memory of her peaks.

How many a town might be brightened by the introduction of just such schools, and their endowment. These young Italians are so deft, can be so easily led by affection. We always felt the Rapallo countrywomen to be especially self-respecting from the very fact that they are wage-earners. Unusually busy at their lace, in shade or sun before the door, according to season, they yet find time to be neat, to keep their children clean. The lace-workers in Burano, Predazzo, and Pellestrina have the same definite occupation. In Taormina an English woman has given the boys a chance to work at various trades, carving and the like. In the Industrial Home for Destitute Boys in the Cannaregio in Venice the boys are recommended even by priests to this Protestant school, learning typesetting, printing, bookbinding, shoemaking and carving outside their lesson hours. How gladly would I see more villages and towns furnished with such chances for training and encouragement — beholding how widely the future race is to gain thereby. Italy is eager to learn, is hard-working, frugal, industrious by nature, given the chance. From the laborer in Naples who will toil cheerfully sixteen hours a day, allow him but his siesta after octopus or salad at noon, to the women of Cadore, moving haystacks in June about the steep hay slopes, tilling the soil like ants while their husbands make ready the home in America — all have the industrious aptitude, the sense of the duty of work.

A smile rarely fails of response in this warm-hearted country of the *simpatica* trait. I've found the peasants generous, decent, trusty, trusting, as a whole. Yet in certain happy spots the type is more winning than in others, and in welcoming Poppi the light of hospitable friendliness is so beautiful upon their faces that one longs to introduce a trade or two to their gentle boys. I shall never forget my *contadini* up Rapallo river. Our tears have fallen together over little Giovanni's death. I must always be

rateful to a Browning for having given such a chance to the young girls of fair-spoken Asolo. It is a significant touch,—Pippa's singing seems to have consecrated the town.

Blithe-hearted, its women sew the little coats under the cool arcades, Giacomo or Georgio about their knees. They sit at twilight under the figs while the bats blunder and the swallows cry. The old postman bends, reading them the evening news. It grows dark. The sound of the many fountains fills a quiet air and folk look happily up at the old tower from cool terraces while Berici and Euganeans melt into the grey planes of the vast land of vines and culture at Asolo's feet.

It is in the autumn that Asolo flames. Oak, chestnut, woodbine, burn about the town or in it, up the slopes of Monte Grappa, toward the tablelands of the Sette Comuni; orange and red are massed about Canova's far white dwelling at Possagno, make the land gay seen from the Villa Armeni, where boys from the venetian Armenian school rollick in October air. Would I might see the vintage there! For from the tower by Catherine's ruined walls the broad campaign is seen, massed in vines. From the heights where Luigi leaned by the wizened wall-flowers, one can see the same broad spread beauty *il poeta* loved and lingered over, never satiate. When first he happened on the secluded hill town in that youthful walking trip and first gazed from its height on the touch of white that is Venice, the northward hint of serrated Dolomites, squat castle, arcaded streets and splendid sunsets, then was the vision of Asolo bathed for him in that glow of youth, that transcendent illumination that Wordsworth also felt, yet knew would fade.

That night we walked in the Giardino Inglese, where a happy man has made a home for his thoughts and charming desires. Roses glowed by thousands, grass paths eased the glow worm's journeying, bowers and alleys, soft turf of the hollow where once a Roman theatre held its throng, fragments of their seats, quaint conceits of eighteenth century dwarfish stone figures — all made rare and changing setting for glimpses of far vale and tower. Give me, some day, in some existence, the mind that may acquire such terraces of content.

In the town, small boys were gravely parading advertisements of the evening's performance of Marionettes. The notices were thrilling:

'Facanapa in Algeria.' 'Condemned to be impaled alive by the Bhei.' Seraglio of five hundred Donne.' 'Come and see!'

The Turk, his wife, their baby and housemaid were taking the air. Over the curved iron balconies hung dark haired girls from Gothic windows. The ancient solid shutters of Asolo were all flung back against old walls

and the clean air entered. A very festival of delightful kittens played in the street and even trailed a first mouse. Children drank from the cold flowing fountains. '*Quanto mi gusta ben?*' cried Marietta as we passed. She was hugging the baby!

A *festa* in Asolo is a serious thing. And a procession there such as Corpus Domini — though I am told that that of Good Friday is far finer — is beautiful to see, for its order, impressive faith and color. We were so fortunate as to have fair skies to shed startling light on the rosy and white mass of priests as they clustered about the gold brocade canopy under which walked the old priest with the Host, and over the crowd of peasants and townsfolk preceding and following, all winding up the hill, and back by the market piazza, devout and silent, save for chanting.

First, came a proud small boy, staggering under the weight of a cross, then his fellows, perhaps the most spirited of the assistants, men each with four great candles united, the priestly throng, the women. The children of Mary well became their fresh white robes. The three chosen for angels balanced their bobbing wings in sangfroid. All held little basketsful of red and white rose leaves which they scattered by the way.

Such an exhibition of clean well-brushed gowns among the women! Such lovely draperies of black or white lace over the pretty hair! Some of the very old women wore embroidered white lace, brought from a laven-dered oak chest. Their chemises were white at wrist and throat. There was but one hat to be seen. Three girls in pale blue and long white veils bore one of the many banners. An old sexton in red kept the file in perfect order, prodding with his long prong of a cross as the Puritans must have used the rabbit foot. The coupled Carabinieri, standing at ease, superb, nonchalant, were useless but for the splendid note of their costume. Peasants unable to enter the church knelt on the stone pavement in the sun. The organ sounded over the worshippers within. It was over. The white infants were trotted into the Infant School and issued furnished with picture cards by the good nuns as reward of strenuous virtue. It was odd, on the morrow, to recognize one, led to school in broad hat and blue and white pinafore, clutching his own school bag in the bottom of which lay one smooth white egg — angel no more, but to be dealt with as future behavior should warrant.

Festa over, neatness and good conscience adorned the town. I wondered if, in Catherine Cornaro's day, the inhabitants of Asolo appeared to her as demurely cheerful, virtuous and diligent. Welcome her with shouts of pride they did, as the rich procession wound slowly up the hill, bringing her, dethroned, to play at court. But did she hum '*Provincial!*'

and long for a Venetian hour of gala? Did she not rather lean from the tower, half imagining the mist of plain below to be indeed the purpled sea that spread about the cliff of Cyprus — and she once more a Queen! But at what a price! Picture that premature splendid betrothal before the stately Doge; her youth, begemmed, empearled, seen as through a haze of brocaded matrons; that final ceremony, four years later; the girl full blossomed on the stage of Bucentaur's deck, taking graceful leave of her convenient aggregate of Fathers, the Senate! And then remember that first short year, blurred by intrigue, hatred, death — the horror of her widowed heart over the act that soon left her childless. Her recall, and splendid entry from Lido to Venice, still in respected state, led but to frank abdication, led to Asolo. It was a makeshift court, where yet she might confide in German doctor, discourse with Cyprian chaplain, laugh at quips and pranks of dwarf, and gather about her the beloved Fiammetta, and the rest, her *damigelle*. These and her suite would accompany her to ride, hunt, and idle in the famous summer villa at Altivole in the plains, marvellously gardened, furnished with water from afar.

What stately gowns she wore we know through Titian's eyes — stiff jeweled bands, soft veil, a crown above those flashing eyebrows — and behind, the hint of namesake's martyrdom. Mrs. Bronson has presented a portrait of her to the museum at Asolo, interesting for its detail of costume, and also a larger picture of her reception in Venice, the historic buildings of Piazza and Piazzetta ranged behind the welcoming Senate, Bucentaur resting on its oars in San Marco's basin, Lido, looming large.

Good, they termed her. In gentle Asolo, she prayed and followed in processions, endowed nunneries, was kindly, generous. Yet why should time hang heavily? Let us dance as well as pray. Her brilliant festivities would make fair romances, I doubt not. Eleonor, Marchese of Aragon, journeyed thither with a full two hundred in train of ladies and gallant men. There were visits to receive and pay. She must greet her brother George in Brescia, and be received as was worthy. Fiammetta, she endowed, and married off, and on the wedding day, bade noble guests from Venice to the castle to make gay and honorable the ceremony. Bembo came as well, listened to them all conversing cynically or praiseworthy there upon Love, remembered, adjusted, evolved — behold his Asolani!

But if his comments on the great passion touch off only too truly the age and its usages and customs, so do the inspirations Robert Browning equally owes to Asolo illuminate an age of other philosophy, of high aim, — although Bembo at the end lifts love into holy air.

'God calls each one of us —' Browning too was called. In sorrow,

glorious joy, bereavement or age, he held bravely the torch of life of which his own pen writes. Pippa from her pure-aired hills, steps through many a heart, singing her hopeful song of devotion to good. 'Asolando,' at the last, climbed on. The century that produced such a great heart, gives place to another, full already of terrifying perplexities of nations and men. Could but the touchstone of Pippa be applied! and monarch, scatesman, senator and bourgeois turn abashed, afraid, to high resolve. But it cannot be — and the world groans as it climbs. Though sometimes it guesses half a truth — that the splendid peasants of the soil in each land are perhaps those most truly devoted to duty and to endeavor, and that the bright blood that shines in Asolo and in wild hilly hamlets or region of the plain in land after land is possibly that most devoutly at a nation's service, is that which will flow for its land's freedom and safety, will be proud of her advancement, will train its sons to be brave and honorable.

Blessed Asolo! in which eyrie the good poet Browning must have found gentle smiles and customs, sobriety and religion, welcoming recognition of a stranger, cleanliness and civic pride, for they still flourish and as well, lives their pride in his affection — an honored memory.

'So he came feebly at the last,' they said. 'Upon the arm he leaned. Here, quietly, he wrote, much occupied. Even by the staircase of this shop he mounted to his simple room — no veiw. He was always writing. Vi scrisse Asolando.'

I've seen Nina read the Italian translation of 'one step just from sea to land' with astonishing fervor and emotion, with increasing approbation, the soft thrill of Veneto quite gone out of her voice.

'Why?' she repeated, 'why? Oh, I am not talking now, I am reading, reading Italian. Is it not beautiful — listen — once he was young, and now —' and she went on,

'And now? The lambent flame is — where?

Lost from the naked world: earth, sky,

Hill, vale, tree, flower,— Italia's rare

O'er-running beauty crowds the eye —

But flame? The Bush is bare.'

THE FEELING FOR NATURE

BY MAX BATT

NATURE in her manifold aspects has ever been the subject of poet's song among civilized people; and, it may be added at once, the more cultured the nation or the individual, the deeper has been the feeling for her. Hence there is reflected in poetry the growth of general culture parallel with the development of the nature sense. To trace this evolution is a task of no slight dimension, though of abiding import and interest, implying an extraordinary wide range of knowledge—in fact a task which but few men have had the courage and exquisite preparation to bring to completion. Among these very few stand pre-eminently Alfred Biese whose monumental work, already well-known to the German public, has recently been made accessible to English readers, in an authorized translation.*

The growth of the nature-sense is most notable, of course, in modern times, largely because of the progress of science, but to understand its full significance a rapid survey of this feeling as recorded in ancient and medieval literature should be made at the outset.

If the attitude toward nature as found in the poetry of India is compared with that of the Bible, there is noticeable at once a remarkable contrast, of course, to their differing religious beliefs. Being pantheistic, the Indian writer associates most intimately with plants and animals and identifies nature for her own sake, while for the Hebrew mind nature has no independent significance, being only a means by which Jehovah reveals himself. Thus the principal character in Kalidasa's *Antalaka* says: "I really feel the affection of a sister for these young plants." Elsewhere this description is found: "The heat of the forest has been cooled by the sprinkling of new water, and the Kataka flowers have bloomed. On the branches of trees being shaken by the wind, it appears the entire forest is dancing in delight." On the other hand Psalm 104 reads: "Thou coveredst the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above

*The development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and Modern Times by Alfred Biese, Director of the K. K. Gymnasium at Neuwild. London and New York, 1905.

the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away."

Very different from this feeling for nature and of far wider range than that found in Indic literature, was the feeling among the Greeks. Homer, typical of early culture in Greece, uses nature in clear-cut, often homely comparisons, while later writers delight in describing her more at length and in bringing her into harmony or contrast with man's thoughts and actions. Especially is this true of Euripides, who, anticipating Petrarch and Rousseau, lives on most intimate terms with nature. He, in fact, ushers in that sentimental, idyllic feeling which is given such apt expression by Theocritus and Kallimachos, and which forsooth differs but slightly from that of the eighteenth century, when pastoral poetry again flourished. These Greek writers, moreover, influenced Roman literature so strongly that but little originality is traceable in many of the Latin authors. Vergil and Horace, like Theocritus, heap endless praise on the charms of country life and appreciate the minutiae of nature, but neither they nor their fellow countrymen see beyond the Greek horizon — their eyes are holden to the beauty and grandeur of mountains and sea.

What contribution, then, if any, did the Middle Ages make to a fuller appreciation of nature? It is a well-known fact that with the introduction of Christianity emphasis was placed on spiritual man rather than physical, on God, rather than nature. The ascetic life left no room for the contemplation of the beautiful in nature. Her many phenomena were at first ignored, and ultimately dreaded and abhorred. Thus it came to pass that not until the Renaissance an adequate appreciation of nature is recorded in that vast bulk of mediaeval literature. One might expect that lyric poetry, at all events, would show a closer observation and a deeper love of nature than any other writing, but even here the range is exceedingly narrow — joy in spring and complaint of winter are the ruling motives. Slight and isolated are the attempts at first hand observation of nature. The rule is that poet and painter used details from nature in a conventional way as ornament.

With the advent of the Renaissance comes a complete change of attitude. The world is once more investigated, and enjoyment follows in the wake of knowledge. Man becomes critical. He is no longer content with the general, he wants the particular. He individualizes. His closer observation of nature brings about a deeper love for her.

Dante was the harbinger of this epochal movement, Petrarch its first great interpreter.

The author of the *Divina Commedia* has a keen and widely ranging eye. He sees the eagle and the hawk and speaks of the rose and the lily.

he beholds wide vistas and delights in the meandering stream. But the greatest use of nature he makes in his numerous comparisons. In the *ferno*, for example, he says:

As sails full spread and bellying with the wind
Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split,
So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend,
And again:

As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanch'd their leaves
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems,
So was my fainting vigor new restored.

It is Petrarch, however, who forms the bridge between the classic and the modern. "Many Hellenic motives handed on by Roman poets reappear in his poetry, but always with that something in addition which antiquity showed but a trace — the modern subjectivity and individuality." This is evident in Sonnet 143:

I seem to hear her, hearing airs and sprays,
And leaves, and plaintive bird notes, and the brook
That steals and murmurs through the sedges green.
Such pleasure in lone silence and the maze
Of eerie shadowy woods I never took,
Though too much tow'rd my sun they intervene.

Petrarch's ascent of Mt. Ventoux near Avignon, as reported in a letter April 26, 1335 and addressed to his confessor, is most characteristic of the transitional attitude toward nature. The poet enjoyed the invigorating climb and stood on the summit like one dazed as he beheld the great sweep of view spread out before him. He turned his eyes towards Italy, the rugged and snow-capped Alps, the Bay of Marseilles — and he began to think of his past life. Then he opened *The Confessions of St. Augustine* and read that men forget their own selves while admiring mountains and seas and the course of stars. And he closed the book, descended, angry with himself for marveling at earthly things, when he should have known that there is nothing marvelous save the soul. Here, indeed, the modern light in nature bursts forth though still restrained by the shackles of medieval thought.

But actual landscapes are not described in detail even by Petrarch. More than a hundred years roll on before Aeneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II) speaks with unbounded enthusiasm of his country residence and its environs.

May, 1462, on his way to the baths of Viterbo he descants upon the singing beauties about him: the tremendous quantity of genista that make

the field look like a mass of flowering yellow, and the purple and white and the thousand different colors seen on shrub and grass; the vigil of crow and ring dove; and the owl uttering lament with funeral note. Such thoroughly sincere delight in nature at Aeneas Sylvius felt and expressed, is not heard of again in literature until the era of Rousseau and Goethe.

While nature came thus to the fore in Italian literature, she began in England, too, to have her literary interpreters. Chaucer, the first of English modern writers, a contemporary of Petrarch, treats her in a realistic manner. His is the agricultural view. He loves not waywardness or irregularity, but order in nature. He indulges in no fantastic descriptions, as does Spenser two hundred years later, but, aided by a keen color sense, gives us accurate pictures of natural scenery.

For more intense, more individual, subjective, was Shakespeare's grasp of nature. His commentators, almost without exception, have spoken of the marvelous use he makes of her as the background for his dramas. One need but read *King Lear* and *Romeo and Juliet* to be convinced of Shakespeare's genius in the treatment of nature. What fitter accompaniment could there be to the old King's madness than a storm on the heath, and to Julia's ardent love than the singing of the nightingale in the pomegranate! Or what locality is more in accord with melancholy, brooding Hamlet than a land of mist and long nights, under a gloomy sky (as Boerne says) where day is only night without sleep, and the tragedy holds us imprisoned like the North itself, that damp dungeon of nature.

In Shakespeare's sonnets as well as in his dramas there is a highly poetic use of nature — such treatment as is found previously, perhaps only in Theocritus and Kallimachos. Thus we read, for example, in, Sonnet 33:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gliding pale streams with heavenly alchemy
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rock on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Parallel with this growing appreciation of nature in poetry, and even predating it, is the development of landscape in painting. Just a word out in passing. In the early works of Italian art, for example, interest centered in man, nature is altogether ignored or receives but scant treatment. Observe, for instance, Giotto, and even the early Renaissance masters. Later man and nature are of equal importance, the latter serving a background. Tintoretto's work illustrates this change. Then, as nature is more closely observed, she occupies more of the canvas, and the man figures dwindle in proportion until at last they disappear altogether and the era of landscape painting is ushered in. Think, on the one hand, Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, and on the other, of the Dutch masters with Ruysdael as the culminating point.

While nature receives thus full artistic expression in landscape painting in the middle of the seventeenth century, she has to wait a hundred years more before she is duly appreciated in literature. During these hundred years, the Age of Louis Avatorze, court life absorbs all attention. Emphasis is laid on form and refinement. Regularity prevails everywhere: the gardens of Versailles as laid out by the famous Le Nôtre typify this wonderfully well. The appeal in literature is made to the intellect rather than to the emotion. Suppression, not expression, of feeling is carefully fostered. Hence there is wanting, in the treatment of nature, firsthand observation and genuine love of her many charms as well as of her awe-inspiring manifestations. Opitz in Germany, Pope in England, and Voltaire in France, are the leading writers of this period, giving fullest utterance to the thoughts of their generation.

The change of attitude toward nature, the awakening of feeling for the romantic, is distinctly noticeable about the middle of the eighteenth century, as already intimated. Symptoms of this return to nature can be felt, to be sure, before 1750. Such poets as Gunther and Thomson seek nature for solace or pleasure, and show appreciation even of her sterner aspects. Night and winter, for example, abhorred by their predecessors and in them ardent admirers, Yet they, as well as their contemporaries though their range is wider, their observation closer, and their expression more adequate, fail to see the grandeur and majestic beauty of mountains and oceans. These phenomena were fully appreciated only several decades later when Rousseau, Goethe and Byron occupied the stage of European thought.

Rousseau, as Biese says, was the real exponent of rapture for the high Alps and romantic scenery in general. Born in the midst of most beautiful pine surroundings, he imbibed with his every breath intense love for those

rugged, snow-capped mountains. He tells us how on one of his many rambles, it was in 1728 — he forgot all about the time. “Before me were the fields, trees, flowers, the beautiful lake, the hill country, and high mountains unfolded themselves majestically before my eyes. I gazed over the beautiful spectacle while the sun was setting. At last, too late, I saw that the city gates were shut. His *Confessions* abound with glowing descriptions of Alpine scenery, surpassed perhaps only by those recorded in *La Nouvelle Heloise*. But for a scientific as well as aesthetic appreciation of the Alps one must wait a few years more — till Goethe’s journey to Switzerland in 1779.

And this brings us to “the most accurate, individual, and universal interpreter of German feeling for nature. Goethe had given ample evidence of his transcending genius in his novel *Werther’s Leiden*, where the hero runs through the whole gamut of emotional experience and finds corresponding moods in nature. But Goethe’s dramas and lyrics, rather than his novels, are of the greatest import from our present point of view. One can trace in them his ever widening grasp of nature, from the idyllic-pastoral to the pantheistic conception, and thereby understand at the same time the true source of his greatness: the abandoning of any standpoint as soon as he passed beyond it. Illustrative verses crowd upon one, making selection exceedingly difficult; yet if any of his shorter poems were to be singled out to show that close communion between man and nature, it would probably be the poetic gem *Herbstgefühl*, which runs thus:

Flourish greener as ye clamber,
 O ye leaves, to seek my chamber;
 Up the trellised vine on high
 May ye swell, twin-berries tender,
 Jucier far, and with more splendor
 Ripen, and more speedily.
 O’er ye broods the sun at even,
 As he sinks to rest, and heaven
 Softly breathes into your ear
 All its fertilizing fulness,
 While the moon’s refreshing coolness,
 Magic-laden, hovers near.
 And alas! ye’re watered ever
 By a stream of tears that rill
 From mine eyes — tears ceasing never,
 Tears of love that naught can still.

Goethe, according to Biese’s excellent summary, “not only trans

ed the unreal feeling of his day into real, described scenery, and inspired the human feeling, and deciphered the beauty of the Alps, as no one else done, Rousseau not excepted; but he also brought knowledge of nature in harmony with feeling for her, and with his wonderfully receptive and constructive mind so studied the earlier centuries, that he gathered out all that was valuable in their feeling."

Thus nature was from the universal, pantheistic point of view adequately interpreted in France and Germany. But ere long there arose in England, poets who voiced their deep feeling for her with enthusiasm that knew no bounds. To Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley we are immeasurably indebted for some of the most beautiful nature poems in the world's literature. *Graveyard Abbey, Childe Harold, Ode to the West Wind*, give the fullest expression to our modern feeling for nature. Later poets have, on the whole, scarcely wrought changes upon the notes struck here. This is true, to a large extent, of the members of the so-called 'Romantic' School. Since their time the progress of science has had a noticeable effect on the feeling for nature. She is observed today not only with enthusiasm but with exceeding accuracy; and deft interpreters are not rare in either poetry or painting. Thus the inspiring, broadening influence of nature is felt perhaps more strongly today than during any other period in the world's history.

PASTORAL POETRY

BY MARY LOUISE DUNBAR

THE true pastoral poem is no longer written. It had its birth in a primitive age. It sang of youth and artless love in tune with the beauty of the world, and the simplicity of the Golden Age. It was a perfect expression of that happy time, full of the joy of existence, of the freedom of Pagan man, who was in one sense almost as unmoral and irresponsible as the birds of the air, or the beasts of the field.

But Keats, who gives us such a fresh picture of Sylvan joy in the *winning* of the *Endymion*, tells us that though now there is

'No crowd of nymphs, soft voiced and young and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses and pinks and violets to adorn
The shrine of Flora in its early May:'

yet there are left 'delights as high as these' and he finds under pleasant trees where Pan is no longer sought, 'a free and leafy luxury.' It may be that nature has a sweeter balm and a holier uplifting to a heart weary of the rush and bustle of modern life; a deeper joy than any hind of the Golden Age could know in the delight of mere living in sunshine and sweet air, under soft skies, beside rippling brooks, with glimpses of the far wistful beauty of blue hills. The world is too old for real Arcadian simplicity.

The Greek who handed down the pastoral to us had little background of Antiquity, little knowledge of an older learning and poetry than his own.

From the beginning he saw all beauty, all loveliness with his own eyes; transplanted to Sicily he gives to us the freshness of his own impressions. One 'the heir of all the Ages' realizes more of the sadness of life, its possibilities for good and ill.

In America we have inherited the Anglo-Saxon gravity, and the sense of personal responsibility. From our christian training we long for the Beatitudes amid the beauty of the world. We would make of our lives a blessing.

Social questions and the pity of human suffering, take away something of the ease of Sylvan rest. We cannot forget that our leisure is only a temporary refreshing in the midst of our struggles for the goal that is set before us. If Pan were still abroad, we should hear the cry of the human above his pipings. Some of us, tired of vanities and artificial conditions, long for the simple life. We theorize about it: practice for a while and take notes of our experiences in it.

Again, we are consumed with a grand curiosity. The leisure of country life is full of it. We analyze and classify the flowers by the wayside and forget the bird songs in eager inquiry as to the lineage of the singer, while we pry into his domestic arrangements and family life. It is good that there are still some dreamers whose resting time is full of the fragrance of blossoming fields and dewy woods; of the 'multitudinous laughter of the sea,' or its quiet reveries; who 'invite their souls' to be soothed by soft airs, and unclassified bird songs; and who listen to what wandering winds, sighing pines and the ramble of brooks have to say of the peace of God. Our poets philosophize for us, and find that nature gains in interest through its subtle influence upon the heart of man. The pastoral came as the morning comes. It lilted itself into the rosy dawn of literature.

While it grew out of Shepherd life, it was evidently born of the beauty loving Pagan Greek nature, as is proved by the different influence of the conditions of that life upon the graver Hebrew. We go back to the creation for the beginning of that life. While the first ideal of human happiness

s found in a garden, man went out from Eden to till the soil, to tend flocks on the uplands and in green valleys. The first shepherd, in the story, seems to have drawn nearer in spirit to the great lost garden of God, than the husbandman who delved in the ground to make another garden in a waste of thorn and bramble. Patience, perseverance, trust in the God who sends the sunshine and the refreshing shower must certainly develop in the heart of the gardener who is in right lines with God's purposes. It was in a very different spirit that the first tiller of the earth, and the first guardian of the flocks, undertook the young world's work. Who knows but Cain, impatient with the conditions which sin had brought, chose in the right of eldest son, to toil in hopes of speedier results which might bring back the lost joys of Eden.

It would seem that Abel had the better part. The Shepherd lived in the mystery of long nights under the solemn stars, in air spiced with the perfume of flowers which send out their souls into the cool dark. He watched for the day dawn while the pale starlight lingered to meet the first flush of rose and pearl. Immortal meanings must have been revealed to him when the day slowly shimmered around him,— a new creation.

The Hebrew found in nature the entrance to the unseen presence of God. The 104th psalm is a rhapsody of adoration in the midst of the whole universe. Forgetfulness of self was the first lesson of the shepherd's life. He must lead his flock. Each sheep and lamb had its name and appealed to Him through its individual need, and alone under the stars he must trust to his single handed bravery in defence of his charge. So David slew the lion, and there were robbers as well as wild beasts. Amid such dangers was the dignity of the manhood of the Shepherd in the East cultivated. In cold and heat, storms and tempests, he had no thought for himself. Leading back the straying, seeking the lost, binding up the wounded,— healing the sick, strengthening the weak, to the devout Hebrew his care becomes the best type of Heavenly love. With his pipe and simple song he cheers himself in hardship, or he utters heroic notes of triumph over difficulties and dangers. He has also his halcyon days, when he leads his flocks in green pastures, and beside still waters, and the psalm of the Shepherd King becomes one of the sweetest comforts of the world today. Moses prepares for his great work of leading a people from bondage, tramp, tramp, ramp, keeping sheep in Midian. Truth was revealed under great Egypt's star flamed sky to Shepherds tending their flocks, the truth that led them to the manger and to Christ. Whether in myth or miracle great teachings have come to the world from the pastoral life.

To a Pagan land, where the profoundest feelings are asleep in a beauty

loving people, we owe a different debt. The Poet whom literature claims as the leader in Pastorals was to come from the West, though he had Greek blood and was nourished upon Greek traditions.

The Greek, seldom a colonist, planted himself and his intellectual life in Sicily, a land as fair as his own, with skies as clear and as restful. He found the same splendor and sweetness of roses, the same resinous odors of cedars as in the violet land of Greece. It was at the time of his greatest intellectual power. 'His minstrels chanted for Kings and heroes; the winner of the Olympic games was welcomed by hymns, any of which Pindar might have written.' The energy and the thought of the nation, that for centuries gave to the world some of the most stirring odes of patriotism, and the most exquisite utterances of human love, ambition and sorrow, were still glorious. Under the influence of the Greek Colonists in the heights of Taronemion and in Syracuse we see the Sikels of the islands advancing beyond the hill fortress, and along the borders of the purple sea. For one hundred and fifty years this emigration to the beautiful island continued. Its inhabitants were no longer native Sikels, but Sikliotes, mixed in blood, traditions and customs. What interest in a land where the first chapters of a history, which is not yet finished, were written by Thucydides. It was in the third century before Christ — that Theocritus of Greek descent, began to write his 'little pictures' in words, of Shepherds. Neat herds, fishermen, and the pastoral sprang into life, bursting in the Southern warmth and softness at once into bloom. We know little of the life of Theocritus, save allusions in his own works. In an epigram appended to his poems, he says: 'I am a Syracusan, son of Praxagoras and Philenna.' Before his genius lifted itself into song, Athens had fallen and Greek literature had so declined as to seem dead. Its inspiration was gone with the heroic kings and the epic minstrels. Greece was scarcely more than the western portion of a divided empire. Alexandria was now the center of intellectual life which Athens had been. Theocritus wrote of simple life in the simplest ways. His song was in harmony with the great voice of nature. The undercurrent of human love and sorrow, hopes and disappointments, blend with the humming of bees, the thrilling of birds, the plaintive lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the rippling of water, the lilt of the peasant in the fragrant air. He was a rustic minstrel who sometimes touched deepest themes, and he wrote not alone for Shepherds, but for the culture of Greece and Sicily. His rural idyls were the patterns for Virgil's Eclogues and all later pastorals. When he borrowed from the past of Greece, it was to use myth or legend, with which the Greek Colonists had peopled the rivers and hills of Sicily, with the inspiration which he found in the nature all about him.

The first idyl of Theocritus suggests that its form may have been borrowed from Greek dialogue, and that may look back to the oriental antiphonal Chanting which was found before his time in Sicilian Musical latches. The Shepherd greets the goatherd in a shady place, beside a spring. 'Sweet is the whispering sound of yonder pine tree, goatherd, that murmureth by the wells of water, and sweet are thy pipings.' We can see them sit down 'among the tamarisks on sloping knoll, in face of Priapus, by the fountain fairies, where the oak trees are.' The goatherd puts down his primitive musical instrument.

Perhaps the wind by the river first taught the use of the simple reed, and from a broken one, some one learned to pierce it with holes by which ready fingers produced different notes. It had satisfied many a rural musician for ages before him, and he knew that the great God Pan could need no better. With rustic hospitality he offers the Shepherd a charmingly wreathed cup full of goatsmilk; a cup which he tells him he 'will think as been dipped in the well spring of the hours.' Its decorations have suggestions of the delights of woodland and sea. What a Sicilian picture! Andrew Lang's rhythmic prose! What would it be in the sweet Dorian speech? The descriptions of the carving of the cup, is too long for a pastoral song, says a critic. But Theocritus was hampered by no rules. Men now make rules from the perfection of what he wrote. Thyrsis sings at the goatherd's invitation the inherited song of the Greek rural hero Daphnis. That miracle of various work, the cup carved with soft Acanthus, is quaffed three times by the singer of the magical chant of love and grief, of violets and beautiful waters, and Daphnis dying in the hate of Aphrodite. Another idyl with the same form of song and response between love-lorn Simaetha and her handmaid Thestylis brings us to a garden beneath a moonlit sky, here Simaetha with magic wheel and barley grain, and the knitting of bright red wool into witch knots, tries to invoke spells to bring back her wandering lover, just as some Sicilian maiden would do today, perhaps because Theocritus has here imprisoned in verse the superstitions of Greece and the beautiful island. But critics who find Theocritus affected, his linds too sentimental and polite in their wooing, should remember that the modern Greek goatherds and Shepherds, still passionate and refined, sing in a Theocritan strain of flowers, and bees, the music of waters, the sweetness of pine needles in some fragrant nook; the joy of existence in sunshine and soft winds.

The fancy of the Greek could still understand the goatherd who leaves his flock on the hillsides and seeks to woo Amaryllis in her cavern veiled with ferns and ivy, and full of the old traditions, uses the tale of famous

lovers of ancient Greek days. Is there anything new under the sun? since then the lover asks: 'Loves she: Loves she not,' of poppy petals, just as some New England maiden might question the magic of a daisy. The Sicilian offends the critics again it may be, for the pastorals are not all of Shepherd life. Sometimes he writes of simple fisherman. Two herdsmen who are not mere Sikliote rustics, sing of the Greek Cyclops Polyphemus and his love for Galatea, in a musical contest.

Always the hinds of Theocritus in his early lines voice the old, old story which has been told anew, yet the same through the ages, that human love and longing, which in his song, binds hearts that are dust, with the loving, living ones today. Later, Theocritus gave sketches of contemporary life a little more conventional, of epithalamiums chanted by fair maidens with blooming hyacinths in their hair; of happy bridegrooms upon whom some good spirits had sneezed out a blessing. The maidens 'twine a wreath of the lotus flowers that lowly grow' and hang it on a shadowy plane tree, which with soft oil from a silver phial they have dedicated to the bride. Sometimes he sings of poverty, of vengeance and murder, discords in the pastoral, though through the songs there still breathes the voice of nature. Perhaps Theocritus has been in Alexandria, and amid its gaities, its magnificence, luxury, and corruption, has taken some of the fever of its life into his veins. His form is now more of the epic, and the Greek elegy. At first his song bubbles and gushes with the freshness of the Spring Arethusa, leaping from its bed of snow into the sunlit air, which the Greek Colonists found more than seven hundred years before Christ, near the coast of Sicily. It was a spring famous for its sweetness and clearness, until one day the sea broke through the rocks, and mingling with its waters made them brackish. Arethusa still sparkles in its rocky Sicilian bed, but its waters are bitter. You cannot drink of it.

But on green banks, in air scented with rose and cedar you can still take deep draughts from the magic, word embellished cup of Theocritus, filled with the sweetness of rural life before the weary world had added its wormwood and gall.

Greek movements have crumbled, the theories of its philosophers moulder to nothing, its old poets are dust, but the loves and sorrows of its shepherds and neat herds, who stood in the dewy grass of morning in the sweet fields and on the hills ages ago, through the crystal verse of Theocritus have become a part of human life in every clime and country.

Nowhere else has the transplanted pastoral become so domesticated as in England. Strong as was the influence of Theocritus, especially upon Spenser, there is no doubt that many of the English pastorals were inspired

some of the imitators of the Sicilian. Certainly Sidney was influenced by Annalyza, though his *Arcadia* is less artificial than the affected and rather stilted poem of the same name by the Italian poet. Lope de Vega gave form and flavor to English pastorals later, but he took his inspiration from Annalyza rather than Theocritus. The English translations of Virgil which in the renaissance occupied some of the poets, no doubt were the greatest power in bringing the pastoral to England. The rebirth of old architecture and its accompaniment of revival of classic literature, brought out such wonderful erudition as we read of in the nobles of the time, Lady Jane Grey, Elizabeth, and other ladies of the Court.

Virgil, who very nearly realized the ambition of his youth to be the Italian Theocritus, was not a bad leader into the field of English pastoral. He certainly gives a living voice to the whole charm of Italy. But the world Virgil was older than that of Theocritus, and his song was less fresh and spontaneous. It is no longer a lark in the early morning. The infinite sky reflected in the quiet bay was the same, but the vines clung often to ruined walls, though the bees still sipped their blossoms. Just such birds warble in Italy, as Theocritus heard in Sicily, but their melody appeals to a mind more complex in quality and interest, moved profoundly by the deep currents of the changing world at one of the most critical epochs in the story of man. Peasant girls who seem a part of the sunshine and the beauty about them, are like the loves of Sicilian Shepherds; but they stand in the shadow of historic towers, and feel something of the influence of the ceaseless beat of the great world which is Rome. Virgil brought to the court of Augustus from the green shade of umbrella pines in his retreat by the Bay of Naples, the peace of the unfathomable sky, the glitter and splendor of waters studded with emerald and Amethyst islands. He idealized the life and labor of the Italian peasant. He finds the brown of the earth richer and deeper in the ploughman's furrows. The life of rustic toil is glorified by the beauty of Italy. With the tillage of the fields is associated the lore of the constellations, the changes which form the farmer's calendar. The human interest of such homely subjects as the cultivation of fields, the rearing of flocks, the tending of bees, is in the *Bucolics*, strengthened by the stories of the farmer's life. His *Georgics* give us the struggle of human strength with the forces of nature. Life was more strenuous in Italy in Virgil's time, than in Sicily three hundred years before.

Some of the *Eclogues* are purely pastoral, but Virgil is no servile copyist. His genuine sentiment for nature animates whatever is imitative. In the second *Eclogue* it is true that he takes the subject from Theocritus. The shepherd boy Corydon, deeply enamored of Alexis, a youth of great beauty,

sings under the scorching sun, and calls the nymphs to bring lilies to his love, and Nais to join violets and poppies to the sweet smelling dill. He gathers quinces hoary with tender down, chestnuts which Amaryllis loved, and adds plums of waxen hue in the real Syracusan strain. Even in the beginning of the fourth eclogue the Sicilian Muses are invoked, yet it is not so Theocritan in character. Its stately monotonous rhythm fits its graver mood. Its ideas are derived from the Greek Golden Age, but as well from the later Sibylline prophesies. The great world of Rome read between the lines a message from the Infinite, a prophesy of the coming Christ. This sentiment had its origin says Domenico Camparetti of the University of Florence, in the desire of the Christians to assimilate the words of Virgil whom they admired, with the ideas impressed upon them by the new faith, and to purify him from what they considered his only fault, the Pagan Spirit.

Whether Menalcus and Mopsus celebrate the funeral eulogium of Daphnis; or Damon mourns the loss of his mistress; or the charms of an enchantress are recorded; or Gallus the martial sings of his love for Cytheria, you feel in Virgil's supreme power of diction and rhythm, the hand of the perfect artist, but the poetry of the world does not gush and ripple and bubble like a sturdy little spring laughing up from the very foundations of the world as in Theocritus. After the many translations of Virgil into English he was no longer in the minds of people the Magician superstition had made him. The knowledge of him and his work helped them to turn from the fancies of the Middle Ages to observe and love the beauty all about them. Translated to the colder North, the sentiment of the Sicilian muse found a congenial environment in the beauty of England's lush meadows, undulating and wooded slopes, its old forests, its willow bordered water courses. Here also were love and youth and rustic wooing to which it was easy to link the self abandon of an earlier time. There was an enchanting beauty of the English Springtime. There were bleedings on the hilltops and lowings in the valleys. The ploughman's furrows laughed in rich harvests.

But the Shepherds of England in the Sixteenth Century were very different from those in Sicily almost a thousand years before. The real English guardian of flocks was quite likely to be a Saxon Clown. Pastoral poetry is simple, rustic, but not clownish. The singing of ancient shepherds was real or imagined, in the leisure of a softer clime. They were poets then as they are now. From the very conditions a pastoral could not be so spontaneous in England, and a poetry which is imitative must be to some extent, artificial. Wyatt and Surrey were the pioneers in a new poetic life in England.

They were professed imitators of Classic Authors, but they also turned to Petrarch, and their own Father Chaucer, who had no doubt the influence of French songs. They really owed as much to the fourteenth century as to the first. Surrey's 'Complaint of a Dying Lover' save Henryson's 'Robine and Makyne,' the first pastoral poem in the English language.

Dreams of Shepherd life became a fashion of the day. Fancy dressed everything in this rustic garb. Spenser called Raleigh, whom he would honor, 'the Shepherd of the Ocean.' When Sidney died he bewailed him a Shepherd and wrote of the loves of Astrophel and Stella in the sonnets of Sidney, as if they were a pastoral story of rustic lovers. Sidney in his Arcadia has evidently felt the influence of Venetian painters whom he saw, well as Sannazara, whom he imitated. In the groves, uplands and gentle hills of Arcadia gather courtly people. Brocades, jewels, velvets, sweepers; plumes animate the scene. It might be a large canvas of Tintoretto or Veronese, or a garden party in the days of Elizabeth, with a dance of piping shepherds for entertainment; for these pastimes were likely to appear at any moment, and also were inclined to talk poetry and metaphysics! There is no simple sentiment, but the atmosphere of the Court of pleasing wit and elegant compliment.

It is good to see, however, that Sidney, the soul of courtesy, the Knight without fear and without reproach,' whose personal charm has really come down through the ages, writes of a pure love.

It is generous, platonic, romantic. In Spenser even more is it a holy thing. Lover of sensuous beauty as he is he has a deeper feeling for moral purity.

'Love is Lord of truth and loalties
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes up to the purest skies.'

His Shepherd's Calendar is a dreamy, tender pastoral, yet the atmosphere is that of thinkers and poets. Hearts are not as fresh and natural as the Golden Age. There is ecstasy over the beauty of England, though the landscape is enchanted with the fancy of the poet. If Spenser invokes the Sicilian muse in imitations, he is also inventive. His stanza was his own creation. Ingeniously he presents twelve eclogues of the Shepherds in a Calendar of the months, and so close and loving is his observation that there is little repetition of the phases of nature. His Shepherds, however, discourse of theology and politics more than of love. He writes English Colin Clout, and has the good sense to give his pastoral people English rustic names like Willy and Cuddy. The poem is national though

often inconsistent. The court made allegory as fashionable in the day Elizabeth, as the pastoral sham.

Perhaps, as has been said, 'an artificial style and a grand harmony natural to Spenser.' He never sings as the birds sing. After him poets of nature burst out into melodious carols. The song penetrates like the morning wind that has swept over forests and fields. Before the time of the Normans, England with its many sweet church bells was called the ringing-island. It might well have been named the singing island the days of Elizabeth and James. Very few of the poets who ape the pastoral have the power to enchain the interest of readers today, who are not devoted lovers of poetry. It is the gushing song of nature, perhaps bubbling out of a drama or an epic which touches our hearts. Who can not remember Marlowe's amorous shepherd's invitation 'Come live with me and be my love,' and Raleigh's half mocking reply; or the purely lyrical songs in Shakespeare's plays, with their sweet medley of meadow flow and bird songs, breezes and happy milkmaids in the tranquillity of rustic life. There is more pastoral feeling in Shakespeare's 'As you like it,' than in Sidney's 'Arcadia.' Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' is best in purely lyrical parts. The songs have grace and airy lightness. Ben Jonson in his 'Sad Shepherd' gives us mossy vistas in Sherwood Forest. There is no time, nor inclination to trace all the pastoral touches in English poetry for years. Even that 'God gifted organ voice of England,' John Milton gave us a Masque of pastoral sweetness in rarest rhythm. In 'L'Allegre' the 'milkmaid sings blythe,' and the shepherd tells his tale. Nor can we note the many essays in this field of poetry. 'Britannia's Pastorals' by William Brown, and the Shepherd's Hunting by George Withers have excellencies, as well as the essentials of simplicity, brevity, delicacy. Thomas Randolph's Cotswold Eclogue is one of the best in the language. Herrick's gift of song, originality, and his loving eyes for rural beauty, his interest in homely country life, make the pastoral more at home in England, but like Lovelace and Suckling he sees nature on a small scale.

It is good to get away from the English midland ditches, to the brown burns of the north with Allan Ramsey. Scotch manners and motives are crystallized in his 'Gentle Shepherd.' You feel the influence of the songs and ballads of old Scotland. The beauty of earth and sky are not forgotten in the pathos of human joy and sorrow. The poet has imitated Virgil and his English imitators, or he would not, in the land of the bagpipes make lowland Shepherds play upon flutes and reeds; but his verse presents the nature of the land, where 'through gowany glens the burnies strair' and is still a favorite among lowland reapers and milkmaids. Po

storals written when he was only sixteen are very perfect artificial flowers. They have the pure style of the man who 'set his efforts to correctness.' He deplores the lyric measure of Spenser from his own standpoint of devotion to the rhymed couplet, and he wonders at Spenser's Calendar of the 'Months which nature is so much alike,' proving that Mr. Alexander Pope studied nature from the gardens of English villas. The violent little man after an invective against the sham pastoral of Ambrose Phillips urged Gay to 'paint rustic life with the gilt off,' and Gay found congenial work in his 'Satire upon certain insipid young men.' He certainly cannot be charged with lacking sweetness.' His shepherds wear hob-nailed shoes, and dress like shepherds. His introduction to his 'Right Simple Eclogue essayed after the too ancient guise of Theocritus,' is sufficiently sincere. 'Thou wilt not find my Shepherdesses playing on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, binding up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My Shepherd sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor will he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, for there are none.' Evidently the pseudo-Greek pastoral was passing.

One might say that it disappeared, though Eighteenth Century poets were still slavishly Classic. For a long time fancy had fastened itself to the Past. It accomplished a picture of the Golden Age, of which one varies, even though it pressed into the service of the representation all the beauty of England's landscapes, the murmur of its streams, the music of its woods and winds.

Perhaps James Thomson was the first to break the classic monotony with a new note. His fresh treatment of simple country life, his manly and sincere love of nature, which marked every detail of beauty or interest, were a welcome relief from poets who had kept themselves so long remote from every day life. Not only the loveliness of border landscape appealed to him, but the 'withered hill of March above the moist meadow.'

In the middle of the Eighteenth Century there was born a singer in Scotland who was to voice nature, as he himself says, 'in the melting thrill and kindling fire' of the song which burned its way into all hearts. Daily life and humble duty were no longer common. With pathos and power Robert Burns gave to manhood its dignity and possibilities. His genius ushered to the world the intensest feeling of a passionate heart. All the beauty of the world poured forth in a flood of liquid harmony, sweeping away all Classic bounds.

But the real interpreter of English nature stood at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Not only did he 'look upon the hills with tenderness,' and make dear friendship with the streams, groves and moors of his West-Lothian home, but he loved the very humblest of his fellow men.

‘Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.’

To him

‘The meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.’

Simple and childlike, yet free and fearless as the Westmoreland winnower, with a deep sympathy for shy daffodils and daisies, the rustic beauty of the hedgerows and the life of the dalesman’s cottage, he was intense in wilder and grander moods.

Another Hebrew he, who, like the one of old, felt an unseen presence in nature.

To him the beauty and glory of the world in his little mountain nook, abroad in other lands was an expression of the thought of God. In woods on mountain top by the murmuring Rothap, or under the solemn eastern stars, he was in the very presence chamber of the Infinite.

Wordsworth, was the right interpreter to Englishmen of rural England, which artistic paganism could never express. Matthew Arnold says:

He found us when the Age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round:
 He spoke and loosed our hearts in tears,
 He laid us as we laid at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth.

‘Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
 Our youth returned: . . .
 The freshness of the early world.’

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

A mortal maiden to Persephone, while descending to Avernus

Cora Persephone, Goddess, hearken to me!
Give me an entrance into thy realm beyond sight!
Come with a sign from Demeter, thy mother, to thee —
Yet, I come for myself, seeking Light in the gift of the Night.

Or lo! when, in Enna, of thee stern Pluto made theft,
My love,— a young shepherd, was grazing his flock, unaware;
And he, when the dumb, stricken earth was shaken and cleft,—
Engulfed by thy passing, he, too, lost the light and the air!

Ice, on the earth, has my day darkened down in its morn,
And the hopes of the summer hath frost in the springtime foredone —
Ice the soul of my soul to the Kingdom Unseen hath been borne,
I seek there my Light more dear than the mortal-loved sun!

Thou, the bereft,— the bereaver, bring I to thee
This bough, all golden, from woodlands silent with gold! —
Thou hast seen the faint mist of the leaf-buds on thicket and tree,
But the grace of the ripening year didst never behold!

Or this hath thy sorrowing mother full often made moan,
As she sat by the sheaves, her fair head buried deep in her hands:
Sent to me only in springtime, she never hath known
The splendor and grief that are mine in these harvest-bright lands!

Will lifting her voice (made one with the sighings that stir
Through sheaves, ungathered, amidst some desolate field),
She saith, "Who will carry this bough, all golden, to her,
That thus, may the wealth of my passioning heart be revealed?"

Whoso the Realm of The Shades will descend with my gift,
My Sweet One, receiving, will surely, the bringer requite;
Yet, whoso descendeth, perchance, not again shall uplift
A welcoming face to the wide-raying, mortal-lov'd light!"

I heard. And, leaving all those that sickle or glean,
 I came where thy mother sat, dread in her grief, and besought —
 “Give me thy token, to bear to the Kingdom Unseen;
 For wing’d are my feet with desire, and of fear have I nought!” . .

Thus, in thy hands the bough, all golden, I place.—
 Queen of the Under-World, give the reward that is mine:
 Lift, out of slumber lethean, one only-loved face,
 Whose eyes with remembrance, though but for one moment, shall shi

THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

To Geoffroy Rudel

*Poet far across the seas, my poet,
 I have heard your songs of adoration
 Brought by pilgrims from the distant country —
 I have heard, and bowed before your worship,
 Bowed before Love’s self, the bright divine one.*

*Not to me those songs that you have chanted —
 You have loved Love’s self, and sung his praises,
 Love, O Love, the wine of God’s own chalice,
 Love, O Love, the broken bread we feed on.*

*Yet to me you sung those songs of Love’s self,
 Even of me you thought when you were singing,
 Even to me you sent your soul in music
 Over the far waters, O my poet.*

*You have throned me far above my queenship,
 You have crowned me, who so crowned of women! —
 You have shrined me, to myself made holy.*

*If you knew — ah, this is all my answer —
 Would that you might know, might know it sometime!*

*If I could but tell you, tell you somehow —
 Not in song — I ask not that high warrant —
 Not in song, but in this simple speaking,
 Poet-king, that I am Queen and woman . . .
 I am woman, and the woman loves you.*

*Poet-king, for you my state is Queenly;
 I am beautiful — for you, my poet;
 Priest of Love, for you I keep me holy.*

*Yet in dreams I must leave throne and altar,
 Wander in our Eastern gardens, languorous,
 Whisper to the lilies "Now I love him" . . .*

*I am beautiful — for you, my lover;
 I am like our lilies, faint with longing;
 I am like the roses, fragrant, fragrant . . .
 I am like your violets, waiting, waiting,*

*Till you come . . .
 And yet one hope is dearer —*

*If I might — oh if I might step downward,
 Down along the many throne-steps, toward you —
 Down from out your altar's incense, toward you —
 Somehow pass the long dividing waters
 And come forward, upward, to you waiting —
 That were best, the best of all, my poet . . .
 That were best, the best of all, my lover.*

*You should take me, own me, change me over
 To the image of your thought and longing,
 And should grant me one desire, one only —*

*You should let me sit down on your foot-stool,
 Rest my head against your knees, look upward,
 — I your princess, I your Eastern princess —
 And sometimes your hand should cool my forehead
 And your lips should touch my hair, so softly . . .
 Then should I be throned and crowned forever,
 O my poet-king, my poet-lover.*

THE GERMAN BOOK WORLD

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

IT is curious to observe how the creative and the critical forces in the world of letters alternate in inverse ratio. As soon as the former spends itself, the latter steps in to plough and plant and about the possibilities of the next crop. They follow as regularly as the weed, to prepare the soil for the new harvest and to utter prophesies farmer's seasons.

Germany seems to have reached the stage when the creative impetus of the century's end has been exhausted and the critical reaction once more asserts itself. The new school is being admitted into the histories of German literature and has become the subject of numerous critical monographs. In the third and revised edition of Dr. Richard M. Meyer's 'Deutsche Literaturgeschichte des 19. Jahrhunderts' (Georg Bondi, Berlin), there are few omissions from the long list of contemporary writers; it is as inclusive as it is impartial. The grouping may not always be natural, following the law of growth from within outward, nor the sequence logical. But a historian of the present does not command the distance needed to see contemporary objects in correct perspective. That the moderns are noticed at all, before time has assigned to them their permanent place in the literature of their country, is cause enough for rejoicing; for it is a significant deviation from the iron rule, a triumph the living may be proud of.

In his 'Gestalten und Probleme' (Georg Bondi, Berlin), the same author also displays a sane and just appreciation of phenomena which hardly bear the stamp of academic approval. Among the many interesting papers collected under that title, none is more fascinating than that on Bogumil Goltz, the most brilliant exponent of the 'classical ruffianism,' of which Laurence Sterne was a British example. But in reality the intellectual 'Grobian' is as much indigenous to the Teuton soil of all periods as the 'Berserker' to its remote past. As an exemplar of that type, Goltz was a figure occupying a unique position among his contemporaries and one deserving of being remembered. There is a sympathetic study of Theodor Fontane, who formed a link between the old and the new school. There is also a tribute to Nietzsche, who is credited not only with indelibly pressing the stamp of his individualism upon the modern German soul, but also with changing the values of the German tongue. No man

revolutionized German prose style more thoroughly than Nietzsche. The subject matter of these papers is of wide range and they are loosely grouped under headings like 'Romanticism,' 'Transition,' 'New Tendencies.'

Of the numerous monographs published recently none are more satisfactory both as to substance and form, than the little volumes brought out by Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin, under the collective title 'Die Literatur,' with Georg Brandes as editor of the series. In topography, illustration and binding they are exquisite specimens of modern German book-making. One of the most recent additions is a double volume, 'Die deutsche Dichtung seit Heinrich Heine' by Karl Henckell. It combines the features of a historical and critical review with those of an anthology; for the estimate of the poets is accompanied by numerous samples of their verse embodied in the text. Thoroughly familiar and in sympathy with his subject, Henckell begins with Platen, whom he calls sword-bearer of beauty, and passes in review all the most striking figures

German verse until he reaches the present time and closes with an appreciation of Richard Schaukal. Himself one of the leaders of the new school, Henckell has long outgrown its limitations and proves himself a critic of mature judgment and taste. Only his language partakes of some of the distinct characteristics of the group, known as Young Germany today; he shares with his colleagues a tendency toward far-fetched imagery and impressionistic word-craft. Nevertheless the picture which he draws of the development of German poetry within the last half century, is clear and many of the portraits which he limns stand out in bold relief. Heinrich Heine, Heinrich von Reder, Peter Hille, Richard Dehmel, Richard Schaukal and some others have never before been as strongly and sympathetically characterized. Among the illustrations there are some gems and the facsimiles also add to the interest of the book.

In another volume of the series, 'Das Nibelungenlied,' Max Burckhard gives a history of the stories of Siegfried and Chriemhild, Gunter and Brunhild, as they have at various times appeared in German poetry, either in epic or dramatic form, until the genius of Richard Wagner combined the old-myths and the hero-lore of his country in his monumental music drama 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' and made clear the eternally human meaning of the old Sagas. It is very interesting to look back upon the 'Lied of Siegfried' of Hans Sachs and to compare Fouqué's 'Sigurd der Drachentoedter' and Raupach's 'Nibelungenhort' with later works on the same subject. Raupach's play held the boards of the Burgtheater in Vienna as late as the year 1857, and for a long time prevented Hebbel from seeing his Nibelungen performed. Burckhard does not think much

of the epic version by Wilhelm Jordan, who had attempted to trace the ideas of modern Germany to the source of the old Sagas and committed many anachronisms in the effort. He also censures Jordan's language, both for frequent lapses into prose and platitude and for its affectations. The book has a bibliography and a number of reproductions of wood-cuts and fac-similes from old editions of the 'Nibelungenlied.'

A little volume in the series, called 'Die Kultur' and edited by Dr. Cornelius Gurlitt, is called 'Kant und Goethe' and is an interesting study of their relative philosophy by Georg Simmel. Goethe's monism is clearly demonstrated in this comparison of the two men. While Kant is occupied with the development of an analytic condition, Goethe devotes himself to a synthetic condition. Goethe stands on the platform of undifferentiated unity, which is the starting-point of all intellectual movements; Kant emphasizes the duality into which this unity has diverged.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the first English translation of Max Stirner's 'Einzig und sein Eigentum' in this country — 'The Ego and His Own,' translated by Steven T. Byington (Benj. R. Tucker, New York), there has been published in 'Die Literatur' a brief appreciation of Max Stirner by Max Messer. As the translator may have struggled to render in English the title of that book, so Stirner himself according to Messer did not at once find the terms to suit his ideas. Three years before the appearance of his great work, he had suggested its outlines in an essay on Humanism and Religion, in which he called 'Der Einzige' 'Der Sittliche.' Later he wavered between 'egotist' and 'personalist.' The translator's choice of 'The Ego' seems very happy. Messer's sympathetic estimate of the philosopher, whose influence upon modern German thought is rivalling that of Nietzsche, may be of great value as an introduction to the work now before the English-reading world.

There is a breath of the spirit of both, Stirner and Nietzsche, in the poetry of Young Germany. They strengthened and deepened the individualistic tendencies of the time. In the poetry of John Henry Mackay, to whom we owe the re-discovery of Stirner, of Evers, Dehmel, and others the influence of those master minds is unmistakable. Even in the verse of Karl Henckell, who is too much of an artist to burden his poetry with philosophy, there is an occasional suggestion of the deep underlying current of modern thought, which in Germany means a reading of life based upon the rights of the ego. In Henckell's latest volume of verse, 'Schwüngen' (Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin), this is mellowed into a glad consciousness of self. Henckell is a poet of great latitude. His lyre has many strings. There is no phase of life that he does not embrace with

empathetic understanding. He spreads before the reader a panorama of wonderful images and calls forth in the soul a manifold echo. He invests nature with a fanciful symbolism, sometimes clarified into the dreamy serenity of a genuine 'Maerchen' mood. 'Morgen und Abend im Walde' is a gem in sentiment and atmosphere. 'Auf Ruegen' is a wreath of sonnets of a wide variety of moods. There is a strong personal note in the verse of Knickell, and it rings clear and true. There are also some exquisite translations of poems by Verhaeren and Ada Negri.

Carl Spitteler is a unique personality among the lyric poets of Germany. His humor is more grim than genial, his wit more mordant than brilliant; his skepticism is apt to find expression in bitter sarcasm. Yet there is a peculiar charm in his poetry, a certain intellectual fascination hard to define. Perhaps it is the intensity of his individualism. Spitteler never loses the broad highway, if he can see a hidden path leading to the same goal. He calls his latest volume of verse 'Extramundana' (Eugen Diederichs, Leipsic), 'cosmic' poems, and indeed they are of universal meaning. It does not as in old myths offer solution for the problems of life, but a poetical conception thereof. His style has strength, preciseness and simplicity. Though the decorative element is absent from his verse, there is music in it—the rhythm of thought and word. Every line is fraught with meaning and in the images which elucidate this meaning the poet draws upon many sources — nature, science, art, mythology.

Albert Geiger's poetry is of quite another quality. He does not stand aloof and criticise the world, like Spitteler, but he embraces it with that great love of nature which is identical with love of life. There is nothing brilliant in the world of Geiger's ideas and images. He impresses chiefly through breadth of line and delicacy of color, and a rare warmth of feeling, which he communicates to his readers. As he sees in love the source and the essence of life, so he sees in beauty the only salvation from sorrow.

'Even thou, my heart,
Must weary of thy grief;
Bid fall asleep thy pain,
Banish thy specter train,
And but into the peaceful blue
Eyes of beauty thou shalt ever gaze.'

This is a typical Geiger mood, tender, serene, earnest. The line of his poetical evolution begins with love of nature and culminates in the love of man and woman. After the lyrical preludes in the volume entitled 'Duft, Farbe, Ton' (J. Bielefeld, Karlsruhe), his 'Tristan,' a love drama in two acts, poetic in conception and diction, dignified, yet playable, is a remarkable achievement.

Theodor Suse is recently attracting attention. He can be characterized as a modern Minnesinger, whose poetry has all the purity and dignity, the sweetness and the simplicity of a remote past, when men saw reality through the lens of romance and the images created by their intellect were quickened into life by the strong beat of their own hearts. In the world of Suse sentiment ever triumphs over reason. He has a wonderful sense of form and his verse has that quality of melody, which invites the composer to translate his words into music. Like Geiger he infuses new life into old myths, as in his 'Merlin-Salome-Pygmalion' (S. Hirzel, Leipzig).

Christian Morgenstern's 'Melancholie' (Bruno Cassirer, Berlin) is a book of lyrics of deep, rich mellowness in tone and color, vibrating with a serenity of rhythm remotely suggesting Goethe. But with all its noble dignity and harmony, the poetry of Morgenstern lacks spontaneity; it is too evidently a product of conscious and conscientious labor; the poet trimmed and smoothed out all the creases of the creative process before he sent his book into the world. It lacks the freshness of a new arrival.

Georg Sylvester Viereck has added a few poems to the volume published three years ago and calls his new book 'Niniveh und andere Gedichte' (J. G. Cotta, Stuttgart). Niniveh stands for New York. In its magnitude and its magnificence, its wealth and its vice the poet sees a reincarnation of Babylon. He succeeds in conveying a very picturesque and vivid impression of the modern metropolis; but it betrays the limitations of his vision. He dwells only upon one side of its life, the mad chase for lust; for the other side, the brave struggle for bread, he has not a word. Otherwise so alert in tracing the trend of time, it is surprising that he has evidently no interest or no understanding for what is after all the most striking trait of the modern metropolis, the strenuous struggle for mere existence, in which its millions are engaged. The absence of a new note either in the direction of the widening of his horizon or the deepening of his sentiment, is to be regretted, for it proves that he has not surpassed his first truly remarkable book. Of the minor poems in the volume not included in the first 'Ave Venus Triumphatrix' and 'Fruehlingssegen' contain images of great beauty, but are too labored to ring true.

Few poets nowadays choose the epic form. One of the most remarkable efforts in this line is the 'Jesus' by Hermann Kroepelin of Malchow, published by the author. The poem is a series of pictures revealing a soul, the soul of Jesus, and conveys a portrait, which if not historically true, is psychologically probable and therefore humanly convincing. The poet shows Jesus grappling with the problem of his individual mission, striving for peace and harmony in a world of strife and discord. He pictures Jesus

unconsciously working out his own and the salvation of mankind, as if moved by an unknown power pursuing a lofty aim in the evolution of man. There is great strength in the conception of the subject and warmth and sympathy in its presentation.

Two Christ dramas have also been published. Karl Weiser's 'Jesus' (Reclam, Leipzig) is in four parts: 'Herod,' 'The Baptist,' 'The Savior,' 'The Passion.' The first and the second parts are the strongest; there the poet could freely shape his character; but where Christ appears as he is known to us by the gospels, the author's strength failed him. Jesus is the hero of the living word, not of action, therefore not a dramatic hero, and every attempt at making a play of His life, must necessarily fall short of the poet's intentions. Another Christ play, 'Das Ewige' by Max Semper (Fischer, Berlin) is in two parts, of which only the first, 'The Sacrifice,' is published. This drama, too, is of noble conception and strength in its proportions and its diction has something of the dignity of an epic rather than a drama. The note which vibrates through this work is a deep resonant organ chord.

Dramatic production has received much encouragement from the patrons during the past months; but although plays by some of the men most prominent in German letters today were produced, not one of them showed a really great achievement. Detlev von Liliencron's 'Knut der Herr' (Schuster & Loeffler, Berlin), written twenty years ago, corroborated the impression made by a reading of the book, that the poet presents in it a series of intensely dramatic ballads — 'Ballade' in the German sense of the word — upon a background of picturesquely historical atmosphere, but fails to weld them into a structure of firm dramatic unity. Ludwig Kluge calls 'Der heimliche Koenig' a romantic comedy and it has indeed the poetic charm of a 'Maerchen' play. But the success with the audience is not so much due to the literary quality of the play, its fluent verse and admirable construction, as to the meaning underlying the story. It is a mild satire upon royal power, cleverly trifling with a moderate liberalism, but not daring enough to create something of a sensation, but not daring enough to convince of its sincerity. The triangular relation between the royal lionette, the very human consort and the bucolic paramour, has an element of *opera bouffe* in it which did not fail to produce its effect.

Frank Wedekind, poet, actor and manager, wrote a play some years ago, 'Fruehlings Erwachen' (Albert Langen, Munich), which was recently performed in Berlin. The first two acts, picturing the awakening of the instinct in young people growing up in the metropolis, are a human document of vital importance, treating the difficult problem with a dignified

pathos and convincing realism. But in the third act, the later Wedekind makes his entrance with the knowing grin of the cynic only too well known from his recent works, and the final impression left by the play is decidedly unpleasant. Hermann Bahr, the facile theorist and technician of moderns, achieved no little success with 'Der arme Narr' and suffered a dismal failure with his 'Ringelspiel.' The first play has an interesting conflict, suggesting the basic idea in d'Annunzio's 'Lazarus.' Two characters are placed in contrast, that of a musician, who after a life ruled by the senses and by his erratic impulses, drifts into insanity, and that of his brother, a man of stern principles, who looks upon the other's defection with the satisfied superciliousness of the righteous. But the musician's childlike joy of life and trust in man make the man of duty feel that after all he has been a fool to go through life without joy or love. The play is well constructed and the characters splendidly portrayed. Some of Paul Scherl's dramatical grotesques have been produced and in spite of their exoticism have found favor with the audience, which was not slow in discovering their human meaning. The scene of 'Das dumme Luder' is the play of the day; that of 'Der Schornsteinfeger,' a satire upon European civilization and the custom of duelling is Constantinople. There was also a popular play, 'Der Regierungswechsel,' and a pathetic tragedy, 'Der Herr Kammerdiener Kneetschke.'

Georg Hirschfeld, like his master, Gerhart Hauptmann, is now endeavoring to rise to the standard of his early achievements and turns from tragedy to comedy to court success. But the lack of genuine humor is apparent in both; they are the sad children of a sad age. Hirschfeld has chosen as a theme in his 'Mieze und Maria,' the dramatic possibilities whereof have not yet been exhausted; he attempted to parodize the life of leisure and aesthetic lines, which is affected by a class of moderns not necessarily intellectual. In the artistic Grunewald villa of the Weisachs, life is a phony of form, color, and tone in which the people appear as Leitmotiv. Into this world, which is more the creation of the stage manager and producer than of the poet, Hirschfeld by way of contrast introduces a popular Berlin type, the precocious daughter of the tenements with all the blunt frankness and common sense of her class. Mieze Hempel is the illegitimate child of the aesthetic hero and is speedily adopted by the childless and somewhat mental wife. Mieze is named Maria and her aesthetical education not only gives rise to many ludicrous episodes, but awakens in the foster-parent the human instincts that had long been slumbering. When the girl who is not easily amenable to a life of culture, leaves the villa, where as she has only been a piece of furniture, the play ends with the prosp

egitimate heir — or heiress — to the aesthetic house. Too much burdened with ideas, that demand being aired, Hirschfeld has marred the simples of this comedy by the introduction of philosophical reflections, critical remarks and words of prophesy and his desire to be taken seriously even in comedy works his defection.

But the most pathetic spectacle in the German theatrical world was the utter failure of Gerhart Hauptmann's comedy 'Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg' (S. Fischer, Berlin). Whether it is the ambition of the artist, oblivious of his limitations, confident of being able to rise to another climax, or whether it is the financial necessity of a man, who has for some years enjoyed a large income from royalties and suddenly realizes its decrease, which drives him to over-production — the fact, that Hauptmann gives no proof upon proof of his declining power can no longer be denied even by his warmest admirers. It is really painful to see him struggling in every new work with the sterility which has set in and which he seems unable to overcome. There is a discord in the world of his ideas, ever disturbing the harmony which is the basic principle of art. Contrasts which his inner feeling cannot reconcile crowd upon his vision and his creative genius fails to supply the connecting link. The dreamer and the reasoner are in silent controversy, the former with eyes turned upward to ideal heights, the latter with an eye riveted upon the box office, and the audience feels the unworded dispute and turns away disappointed and offended. The happy union of reality and romance in 'Hannele' was one of those master strokes which cannot be repeated. It seems strange that Hauptmann should persist in tempting it again and again. For it is this same problem which he presents in his comedy.

Into the home of the maidens on the Bischofsberg, each an ideal of womanhood, all living an ideal still life in the seclusion of their garden, the awkward courtship of their provincial, commonplace suitors brings a breath of realistic burlesque. The sharp contrast of the two worlds thus confronted is brought out by amusing incidents, as hackneyed as they are effective, but they are not knit into an effective whole; they lack the surrounding atmosphere and fall asunder. Nor are the characters consistent in the spirit of the play. With the exception of Agathe, she of pensive melancholy, and Lux, her sister with the joyfully singing soul, the figures are unconvincing and do not move with spontaneity. The teacher who is bent upon winning Agathe from the love of her youth, a physician whose spirit of adventure has prompted him to go to America, is overdrawn and too plainly says the bitterness with which Hauptmann regards this type. The joke is laid upon this representative of cultured Philistia by Lux and her young

cousin, who represent vagabondia, is stupid and tempts Hauptmann to resort to cheap worn-out tricks. The physician himself, who returns in time to claim his betrothed, is only an artificial embodiment of a certain temperament. The scandalous conduct of the audience during the performance adds an unpleasant chapter to the history of the Berlin stage; and the author's appearance before the curtain, smiling a sad, forced smile, was unspeakably pathetic.

The world of fiction has been enriched by a number of remarkable books, such as Hermann Stegemann's Alsatian story 'Die als Opfer Fallen' (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), Hermann Dahl's story of an artistic temperament 'Harald Atterdal' (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin), Clara Viebig's strong problem novel 'Einer Mutter Sohn' (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), Lulu von Strauss and Torney's delightful story of mediaeval Dutch superstition 'Das Meerminneke' (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), Charlotte Knoeckel's powerful picture of factory life 'Kinder der Gasse' (S. Fischer & Co., Berlin) and others. It has not been visibly disturbed, however, by any sensational success such as that of Frenssen's 'Hilligenlei' a year ago, which is still the subject of much controversy in the magazines. In the mean time Frenssen has published a new work that challenges attention: 'Peter Moor's Fahrt nach Suedwest' (G. Grote, Berlin). It is the shortest and the strongest of Frenssen's works of fiction. He has foregone his taste for excursions into parts foreign to the story and has produced a condensed and uniform narrative of experiences in the African colonies, which by its simplicity becomes so much more impressive. It sheds much light upon the conflict between the natives and the German colonists and missionaries. He points out the discrepancy between the teachings of the former and the actions of the latter. The settlers that come to the African colonies under escort of troops treat the natives contrary to the gospel of brotherly love which they had learned from the pious men. Frenssen's eye for the beauties of the landscape is evident in many passages; but he has learned to eliminate the irrelevant and in this least ambitious of his works has reached perhaps the climax of his power. It is a book not only of timely import, but one of such artistic merit as to give unalloyed pleasure to the reader.

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NUMBER III

AND PIPPA DANCES*

(*A mystical tale of the glass-works, in four acts*)

BY GERHART HAUPTMANN

Translated from the German by Mary Harned

CHARACTERS

TAGLIAZONI, skilled Italian glass-worker

PIPPA, his daughter

THE MANAGER OF THE GLASS-WORKS

OLD HUHNS, a former glass-blower

MICHAEL HELLRIEGEL, a travelling journeyman

WANN, a mythical personality

WENDE, landlord of the tavern at Redwater Glen

THE BAR-MAID, in the same tavern

SCHAEDLER, } master glass-painters

ANTON, }

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH WOODMEN

JONATHAN, deaf and dumb servant to Wann

GLASS-BLOWERS AND GLASS-PAINTERS, guests at the tavern

A GOITROUS PLAYER ON THE OCARINA

The scene is laid in the Silesian mountains, in midwinter

ACT I

The bar-room in old Wende's tavern at Redwater Glen. To the right and in the background, doors, the latter leading into the entrance hall. In the corner, right, the stove of glazed tiles; left, the bar. Very small windows niches against the walls, ceiling of dark timbers. Three tables to the left, all occupied. The nearest to the bar is occupied by woodmen. They are drinking schnaps and beer and smoking pipes. At the second table a little further forward, are seated better dressed people: the master glass-painters,

*Pippa tanzt. Ein Glashütten-märchen in 4 akten von Gerhart Hauptmann.

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Schaedler and Anton, a few others and an Italian about fifty years of age, named Tagliazoni, an insolent-looking man. They are playing cards. At the table nearest the front of the stage, the Manager of the glass-works has seated himself; he is a tall, slender, keen-looking man with a small head, and is about forty years of age. He wears riding-boots, trousers, and jacket. A half bottle of champagne stands in front of him, and a fine, pointed wine glass filled with the champagne. On the table near them lies a riding-whip. It is after midnight. Outside, the weather is bitter cold. A few lamps spread a meager light. Moonlight penetrates through the windows into the smoky room. The old landlord Wende and a country bar-maid serve the guests.

Wende (gray haired, with an impassive, serious face, says to the Manager). Another half bottle, sir?

The Manager.—What else, Wende? — A whole one! — Has my mare been well rubbed down?

Wende.—I saw to it myself. An animal like that deserves good care; it looked like a white horse it was so covered with foam.

The Manager.—Hard riding!

Wende.—Government horse.

The Manager.—She has good blood in her! Several times she stuck in the snow up to her belly. Pushed through, every time!

Wende (mildly ironical).—A faithful old customer, our manager.

The Manager (drums on the table, laughs noisily).—It is queer, isn't it? A two hour ride through the woods, in January, old fellow — ludicrous devotion! Are my trout nearly ready?

Wende.—A good thing is worth waiting for!

The Manager.—True, true, true! But don't be disagreeable! — Is it my fault that you are here in this half Bohemian, half German thieves' den, Wende?

Wende.—Of course not, sir! At the most it could only be your fault if I have to get out of here.

The Manager.—You old grumbler, stop talking!

Wende.—Just look out the window there!

The Manager.—I know it all without looking, our old rival factory all in ruins. One of these days it will be sold for the material in it, just so that they won't be forever starting up the furnaces again.—What have you to complain of? Business is very good here! The men come here anyhow, if it does take them two or three hours, and leave their money here, heaps of it.

Wende.—How long is the trouble going to last? When the glass-works

or here were running their two furnaces, we were sure of eating our bread in peace — now we are reduced to living like hogs.

The Manager.— Oh, you old sore-head! Go see to it that I get my share!

(Wende goes away shrugging his shoulders. At the table where the players are an altercation has arisen.)

Tagliazoni (violently).— Non, signore! non, signore! impossible! I had put down a gold piece. Non, signore! You are mistaken! Non, signore—

Master Schaedler.— Hold on there! That's a damned lie!

Tagliazoni.— Non, signore! by Bacco! Thieves! Thieves! Murderers! I will kill you!

Master Anton (to Schaedler).— There lies your money!

Master Schaedler (discovers the missing gold piece).— That was lucky for you, you damned, lousy hedgehog!

The Manager (calling across to the players).— See here, you scoundrels, when are you going to stop this?

Master Anton.— When our manager rides home.

The Manager.— By that time very likely you'll run behind my nag naked, for you'll have gambled the shirts off your backs.

Master Anton.— We'll see about that, sir!

The Manager.— This all comes from the count's allowing you to make such a sinful amount of money. I shall have to cut your wages on piece work. The more you have, the more you squander!

Master Anton.— The count earns money, the Manager earns money, and the master-painters have no wish to starve either.

Tagliazoni (has shuffled the cards and now begins a new game. Near each player lie actual piles of gold).— Enough! Let us begin now.

The Manager.— Where is your daughter today?

Tagliazoni.— Asleep, signore! Time for her to be, it seems to me.

The Manager.— Of course! Quite right! Yes, yes!

(He is silent, apparently slightly embarrassed. In the meantime, Wende himself places the trout before him and directs the bar-maid who brings the potatoes and the bottle of champagne at the same time.)

The Manager (with a sigh).— It's abominably dull here at your place, Wende. I spend such a lot of money and get nothing for it.

Wende (stops short in his zealous efforts for his guest and says churlishly).— Well, in future you better go elsewhere.

The Manager (turns round and looks through the little window behind him).— Who's this coming jingling over the snow? — It sounds as if he were stamping over broken glass.

Wende — Well, there's plenty of broken glass around the old tun down glass-house.

The Manager.— A gigantic shadow! Who can it possibly be?

Wende (*breathes on the window*).— Most likely it's Huhn, the glass-blower. Another of the ghosts from the old glass-works that neither live nor die.— You, with your Sophienau works, have ru business here sure enough; why don't you carry this on as a branch es lishment?

The Manager.— Because there's no profit in it, and it costs a dev lot of money. (*Continuing to look out of the window*.) Thermon at zero! Clear! Bright as broad day-light! The heavens so ful stars they drive you mad! Blue, everything blue! (*He turns and b over his plate*.) Even the trout — Lord, how the little wretches str their mouths!

(*A gigantic man enters. He has long, red hair, red, bushy eyebs and red beard, and is covered from top to toe with rags. He puts off heavy wooden clogs, stares around with red-rimmed, watery eyes, at the s time muttering to himself and opening and closing moist, puffy lips*.)

The Manager (*eating the trout evidently without appetite*).— Huhn! He is muttering something to himself. Get old Huhn a good grog, Wende! — Well, why do you keep your eyes fastened on me?

(*Still muttering to himself and staring at the Manager, old Huhn pushed himself behind an empty table standing against the right wall betw the stove and the door*.)

First Woodman.— He won't believe it, that there's no more w here in Redwater Glen.

Second Woodman.— They say he often comes round and haunts old place over there at all hours of the night alone.

First Woodman.— He makes himself a fire there, in a chilled furn; and stands in front of his old furnace door and blows great big glass b;

Second Woodman.— His lungs are like a pair of bellows. No one could ever come up to him at that, I know!

Third Woodman.— What's old Jacob doing, Huhn? That's his w he never talks to a human being but he has a jackdaw at home and he ta to him the whole day long.

The Manager.— Why is the fellow idle, why doesn't he come to t He could have work at the Sophienau furnaces.

First Woodman.— That's too far out in the great world for him.

The Manager.— When you look at the old man and think of Pa you don't believe in Paris.

Wende (seats himself modestly at the *Manager's* table). — Have you been in Paris again?

The Manager.— I came back just three days ago. Got some big news!

Wende.— Well, that was worth while.

The Manager.— Worth while! — You spend money and get some more! — Everything seems crazy when you get to Paris, *Wende*: restaurants all lighted up! duchesses in gold and silk and Brussels lace! the ladies of the Palais-Royal! on the tables our glasses, the finest crystal; things which perhaps a hairy giant like that one made! — Thunderation, what a sight it is! To see a real slender, delicate hand lift one of these glass flowers, one of these precious ice flowers over the bare bosom to the lips, painted lips, with passionate glances: — you wonder that the glasses don't melt away under such a sinful glance. — Your health! (*He drinks.*) Your health, *Wende*! The things that come from our works are not recognizable there.

The Bar-maid (setting the grog down in front of old *Huhn*). — Don't touch it! Hot!

(Old *Huhn* picks up the glass and gulps down the grog without further ado.)

The Manager (noticing this). — Good Lord, preserve us!

(*The woodmen burst out laughing.*)

First Woodman. — Just pay for another half quart and you can see me swallow glowing coals.

Second Woodman. — He hits a beer mug — breaks it to pieces, nibbles the broken bits as if they were sugar and swallows them.

Third Woodman. — But you should just see him dance with the little Italian girl when blind Francis plays the ocarina.

The Manager. — Come, Francis, bring out your ocarina! (*Calls to Tagliaxoni*). — Ten lire, if Pippa dances.

Tagliaxoni (playing). — It won't go. Impossible, signore padrone.

The Manager. — Twenty lire! — Thirty? —

Tagliaxoni. — No!

Wende. — She is having such a good sleep, sir.

The Manager (without wavering, suddenly vehement). — Forty? — Let a little of hell loose for awhile! It's so dull here! What do I come here for? Not even a lousy Gypsy girl! I'll not set foot again in thisugglers' nest! (*Offering more.*) Fifty lire!

Tagliaxoni (continues playing, says obstinately over his shoulder). — No! no! no! no! no!

The Manager.— A hundred lire!

Tagliazoni (curtly).— A hundred, yes!

(He twists himself around, and skillfully catches a blue banknote which the Manager tosses to him).

The Manager (losing something of his equanimity).— Has my lioness had anything to eat?

The Bar-maid.— Certainly, sir, the dog has eaten.

The Manager (roughly).— Be quiet.

The Bar-maid.— When you ask a question, I certainly have to answer.

The Manager (curtly, with suppressed anger).— Be still, hold your dirty tongue! — Don't smoke such asafœtida, you pack! — How is the child to breathe here.

Tagliazoni (has risen and gone to the hall door from which he calls harshly to the upper part of the house).— Pippa! Pippa! Come down here right-away! Pippa! Come here! — Come along!

The Manager (rises indignantly).— Hold your tongue, let her sleep, you Dago scoundrel!

Tagliazoni.— Pippa!

The Manager.— Keep your money, fellow, and let her sleep! Keep your money, fellow, I don't want her!

Tagliazoni.— As you wish. Thank you, signore! —

(With a fatalistic shrug of the shoulders he takes his place again unconcernedly at the card-table.)

The Manager.— Saddle my horse, Wende! Get the nag out of the stable!

(Pippa appears in the doorway; she leans sleepily and timidly against the door-post.)

The Manager (notices her and says with some embarrassment). — Here she is, now! — Pshaw, Pippa, go and have your nap out! — Or haven't you been asleep? — Come, wet your lips, moisten your lips, here's something for you.

(Pippa comes obediently to the table and sips from the glass of champagne.)

The Manager (holding toward her the richly ornamented glass, from which he drinks).— Slender convolvulus! Slender convolvulus! It, too, is a Venetian! — Does it taste good to you, little one? —

Pippa.— Thank you, it is sweet!

The Manager.— Do you want to sleep again, now?

Pippa.— No.

The Manager.— Are you very cold?

Pippa.— I am cold here, most of the time.

The Manager.— Make a roaring fire, there!— It does not surprise me in the least that you are so cold, you delicate, graceful tendril, you! Come, sit down, put my cloak around you! You must have sprung from the glass furnaces; at least, I dreamed you had, yesterday.

Pippa.— Brr! I like to sit close to the glass furnaces.

The Manager.— In my dream, you liked best to sit right in them. You see, I am a foolish fellow! An old ass of a manager, who, instead of casting up accounts, dreams. When the white-hot glow breaks from the furnace doors, I often see you before me, quivering salamanderlike in the glowing air. Only as the furnace light grows dim, do you slowly perish.

Old Huhn.— I too, have had beautiful dreams before the furnace doors.

The Manager.— What is that monster muttering, now?

(*Pippa turns her little head persistently and looks at the old man, and the same time, pushes her heavy, fair, unbound hair over her shoulder with her right hand.*)

Old Huhn.— Shall we dance again, little spirit?

The Manager (roughly).— What are you talking about! I no longer care for the dancing! (*Aside, to Pippa.*) I am satisfied just to have you here, charming child!

The Bar-maid (behind the bar, to the inn-keeper).— Now the Manager is in a good humor again.

Wende.— Well, if he is, what business is it of yours?

The Manager.— Tired! Go sleep, poor thing! You belong in courts with the fountains!— And you have to stay in this gin shop. Shall I take you, just as you are, lift you on my black horse and ride away with you?

(*Pippa shakes her head slowly no.*)

The Manager.— So you like it better here? Well, at any rate, you are shaking your little head no again.— How long have you been living in this house?

Pippa (reflects, stares at him blankly).— I don't know.

The Manager.— And before you came here, where did you live?

Pippa (reflects, laughs at her ignorance).— It was— Why, haven't I always been here?

The Manager.— You? in the midst of dumb and talking tree trunks!

Pippa.— What?

The Manager.— In this frozen, snow-bound land of barbarians?—

(*Calling across to Tagliazoni.*) Where did you say her mother came from?

Tagliazoni (over his shoulder).— Yes, signore! Pieve di Cadore.

The Manager.— Pieve di Cadore, is that so? That is on the other side of the great water-shed.

Tagliazoni (laughing).— We are relatives of the great Tiziano, signore.

The Manager.— Well, little one, then, perhaps we too, are kindred, for he looks like my uncle, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests. So you really belong half and half here too; but the wind blows your gold hair elsewhere!

(*A goitrous, tattered little man comes in, playing the ocarina, and plants himself in the middle of the room. He is greeted with a halloo by the woodmen who are sitting round one of the tables smoking and drinking schnaps.*)

First Woodman.— Huhn must dance!

Second Woodman.— The little one must dance!

Third Woodman.— If she'll dance, I'll give a nickel toward it.

Fourth Woodman.— Just look what faces Huhn is making!

The Manager.— There's not going to be any dancing, you clod-hoppers! Do you understand me?

First Woodman.— You wanted it yourself, sir!

The Manager.— The devil take me! Well, now I don't want it!

(*Huhn rises to his full height and starts to come out from behind the table, but never takes his eyes from Pippa, staring at her feverishly all the time.*)

The Manager.— Sit down, Huhn!

Wende (comes forward resolutely and determinedly and seizes Huhn's arm).— Sit down! Not a twitch!— You'll stamp through my floor next thing. (*To the ocarina player.*) Stop your silly tootling. (*Huhn remains standing, staring stupidly as before. The ocarina is silent.*)

(*The card players have finished another game. Tagliazoni pockets a little pile of gold. Master-painter Anton jumps up suddenly and thumps the table with his fist, so that the gold pieces roll all round the room.*)

Master-painter Anton.— There's someone among us who's cheating!

Tagliazoni.— Who? I? I? Tell us! Who?

Master-painter Anton.— I don't say who it is! I only say someone is! There's some trickery here.

First Woodman.— Well, any one who plays with these Italians may expect a little of the black art thrown in.

Master-painter Schaedler.— My money has disappeared, the last piece of my money is missing.

First Woodman.— Just look out, the lamp's going out in a minute! Ie'll probably put up some nice little game on you.

The Manager.— Well, don't let rascals hold the bank!

Tagliazoni (scooping in the money unconcernedly, turning half round to the manager).— Altro! The others are rascals, not I. Enough! Let's go to bed! Pippa, go on! Come along!

Master-painter Anton.— What? Now he wants to go to bed, now, when he has gotten our money away from us? You'll stay here! There's going to be some more playing now!

Tagliazoni.— Oh, very well! Why not? I'll play with you! As you wish! As you wish, signori!

(The bar-maid, the inn-keeper, the ocarina player, one of the glass painters and one of the woodmen pick up the gold pieces from the floor.)

Second Woodman (at the table).— I won't help look for money in this place, because later, they're sure to say some of it is missing.

(Michael Hellriegel, a travelling journeyman, about twenty-three years old, enters from the hall; he carries a thin visor cap, and a small knapsack with a brush buckled on it; his coat as well as his vest and trousers are still fairly respectable, his shoes, on the contrary, are worn out. The effects of a long and fatiguing walking tour are plainly shown in the wan and exhausted looks and movements of the youth. His features are delicate, not commonplace, indeed almost distinguished. On his upper lip there is the soft down of a first mustache. There is a suggestion of the visionary and also a suggestion of sickliness in the slender figure.)

The Bar-maid.— Oh, Lord, here's a journeyman yet, at this time of night!

Hellriegel (stands in the circle of light cast by the lamps, blinded by the biting smoke, winking and looking out feverishly from under his long lashes; he twists his cap with his hands and makes an effort to conceal how much his hands and feet ache with the frost).— Is there a night's lodging here for a travelling journeyman?

The Manager.— A queer fellow, Pippa, isn't he? *(Humming ironically.)* To those whom God wishes to show great favor, he sends—and so on. This fellow sings, too, when he has his wits about him. I bet him thirteen bottles of champagne, he even has poems of his own in his knapsack!

Pippa (rises mechanically, and with a certain embarrassment, looks now at the lad, now helplessly at the rest of the men around her; suddenly she runs up to the Manager).— Padrone! Padrone! the stranger is weeping!

The Manager.— Weak and fine

Is not in my line!

Master-painter Schaedler (comes over from the card table and stands in a military position before the Manager).— I am a man of honor, sir!

The Manager.— Well, what then? Why do you say that to me now, after midnight, in this Iser mountain tavern?

Master-painter Schaedler (wipes the cold sweat from his forehead).— I am an irreproachable master-workman.

The Manager.— Well, what of it?

Master-painter Schaedler.— I would like to have some money advanced me.

The Manager.— Do you think I drag the office safe around with me in my riding-coat?

Master-painter Schaedler.— On your own account!—

The Manager.— On my own account I'll not think of it! I should only help to ruin you completely.

Master-painter Schaedler.— That dog has fleeced everyone of us.

The Manager.— Why do you play with him? Have nothing more to do with the scoundrel.

Master-painter Schaedler.— We'll have something to do with him later, all right!

The Manager.— You have a wife and children at home—

Master-painter Schaedler.— We all have them, sir, but when the devil gets loose here—

The Manager.— No! I'll not back you up in any such madness.

(Schaedler shrugs his shoulders and betakes himself to Wende, who is behind the bar. It is seen that he urges him to advance him the money, that Wende refuses for a long time, but finally yields. The journeyman, in the meanwhile, drinks greedily the hot grog which the bar-maid has put on the bench in front of him. Now she brings him food, and he eats.)

The Manager (raises his glass and says to the lad).— Well, you belated swallow! Your health!

(Hellriegel rises, in courteous acknowledgment, his glass in his hand, drinks and sits down again.)

The Manager.— Your castle in the air is still pretty far away.

Hellriegel (who is about to sit down, jumps up again).— But I have the wish to do and perseverance!

The Manager.— And you spit blood!

Hellriegel.— A little doesn't matter!

The Manager.— No. If you only knew what you wished to do. Why do you constantly start up so strangely, just as if you had felt an electric shock?

Hellriegel.— Often I seem to be actually hurled on with impatience.

The Manager.— Like a child in a dark room, eh? When dear mamma on the other side of the door is lighting the first candles on the Christmas tree? Right now, right now! But Rome wasn't built in a day!

Hellriegel.— Everything must be changed.— The whole world!

The Manager.— And first of all, your highness! (*To Pippa.*) This is a stupid fellow, child, one of the very clever kind that we used to see only in a preserving glasses! (*To Hellriegel.*) "And shouldst thou take the rings of the dawn—" briefly, your journey has its difficulties. (*To Pippa.*) Gallop, gallop, over stick and stone (*he tries to draw her own on his knees, she resists and looks at Hellriegel. Hellriegel starts up and grows red in the face.*)

Hellriegel.— I would like to be permitted a direct remark!

The Manager.— Has something new come into your head?

Hellriegel.— Not just at this minute.

The Manager.— Well, perhaps confusion will.

(*Michael looks at the Manager vacantly and forgets to sit down.*)

Wende.— Why not? for money and fair words. (*As the lad looks round and finds no vacant seat.*) Sit on the schnaps keg here, and count out your money on the stove-bench. If there's anything else you want — there's room enough there.

First Woodman.— Where are you going so late, journeyman?

The Manager.— Into the land where milk and honey flow!

Hellriegel (*bowing humbly, first to the woodman, then to the Manager.*)— I was anxious to get over the mountains into Bohemia.

The Manager.— What is your trade?

Hellriegel.— The art of glass-making.

Second Woodman.— He doesn't seem to be quite right in his head. To climb over the mountains in such bitter cold weather, and here, where there is no road and no foot-path? Does he want to be a snowman over there, and die miserably trying to be one?

Wende.— That's his affair, it doesn't concern us!

Third Woodman.— You certainly don't come from the mountains, ohhny? You can't know anything of the winters here?

(*Hellriegel has listened with modest courtesy; now he hangs up his cap decorously, takes off his little knapsack and puts it and his stick to one side. He then takes his seat on the keg, as directed, shudders, bites his teeth together and runs his fingers, spread apart, through his hair.*)

The Manager.— If your papers are all right, why do you want to go over into Bohemia? We make glass here in Silesia, too.

Hellriegel (jumps up).—I would like to learn something unusual!

The Manager.—Pshaw, you don't say so! And what might that be? To make clear water into balls with just your hands, perhaps?

(Hellriegel shrugs his shoulders.)

The Manager.—Well, we can do that here, too, with snow!

Hellriegel.—Snow is not water. I want to see the world.

The Manager.—Aren't you in the world here with us?

Hellriegel.—I am looking for something.

The Manager.—Have you lost anything?

Hellriegel.—No! I think, that I can attain to something. *(Half standing and propping himself up wearily, he looks around with wide-open, astonished eyes.)* I really don't know just where I am.

The Manager.—Yes, yes, that's the way! In the morning brimful of joy, in the evening not a sound bone in your body.

Hellriegel.—Am I— am I in Bohemia now, good landlord?

First Woodman (laughing).—Are you? Does it seem a bit Bohemian to you here?

(Hellriegel has sunk back on the little keg, his arms are spread out on the stove-bench, his hands under his forehead, he conceals his face and groans surreptitiously.)

Third Woodman.—He hasn't been away from his mother more than three days!

(Pippa, who has been standing at the Manager's table, has watched the newcomer continually. She now goes over to him, and sits, apparently absorbed in thought, on the bench, not far from the place where his head rests, her hands in her lap, thoughtfully swinging her legs back and forth, and looking down on him out of the corners of her eyes.)

(Pippa picks up a little leather strap and strikes the Manager sharply across his hand.)

The Manager.—Ow!

(Pippa laughs and looks at Hellriegel, who, his eyes fastened on her, has forgotten everything around him. His lips move, though no sound comes from them.)

The Manager (holding out his hand).—Do it again, Pippa! *(Pippa strikes him.)* Ow, but that was hard! All good things go by threes; now the third time! *(She strikes with all her might, laughing.)* There! Now I am instructed and punished. If at any time another little bird falls out of the nest, at least I know what I have to do.

(In the meantime old Huhn, who had sat down again, lies bent over he table, his arms stretched way out, and beckons Pippa to him with his

thick, hairy finger. As she does not come or pay any attention to him, after he has watched the play between her, the Manager and Hellriegel long enough, he rises and dragging his feet along, goes up to the journeyman, stares at him, lifts his long gorilla-like arms which have been hanging limply at his side, and puts his outspread hands on the lad's breast, pushing him slowly back onto his keg; then he turns round, beckons slyly to Pippa and lifts his elbows in a peculiar fashion, reminding one of an eagle balancing on the perch of a cage; at the same time he steps out inviting her to dance with him.)

The Manager.— What has gotten into your head, you old dromedary?

The Woodmen (all shout at the same time).— Dance, little one! Dance, little one!

The Bar-maid (takes a small tambourine from the shelves where the brandy-bottles stand, and throws it to Pippa, who catches it).— There, little chit, don't have to be coaxed, don't put on airs; you're no candy princess!

(Pippa looks first at the Manager, then at Hellriegel, and finally, with a spiteful look she measures the giant from head to foot. Suddenly beginning, she at once makes the little drum jingle and glides dancing up to Huhn, at the same time intending to elude him and dance past him. The ocarina starts up and the old man, too, begins to dance. The dance consists in something huge and awkward trying to catch something agile and beautiful; as if a bear were to try to catch a butterfly which flitted around him like a bit of opalescence. Whenever the little one eludes him, she laughs a bell-like laugh. She saves herself several times, whirling round and round, and in so doing her red-gold hair becomes wrapped around her. When pursued, the noises she makes in her throat are just childish squeals, which sound like ai. The old man hops about grotesquely and ridiculously like a captive bird of prey. He lies in wait for her, misses her, and begins to pant, growing more and more excited and muttering louder and louder. Pippa dances more and more ecstatically. The woodmen have risen. The card-players have discontinued their game and watch the dance intently. Tagliaxoni, whom the proceedings do not interest, takes advantage of the opportunity to scoop in money and to manipulate his cards. Without his noticing it, he is carefully watched by Master-painter Schaedler. Now it seems as if Pippa could no longer escape the monster; she screams, and at the same moment Schaedler seizes Tagliaxoni by the left wrist with both his fists.)

Master-painter Schaedler (above all the other noise).— Stop!

Tagliaxoni.— What is the matter, signore?

Master-painter Schaedler.— Matter here, matter there: there's cheating being done! Now we have the scoundrel in the trap!

Tagliaxoni.— He is mad! Diavolo! I am a son of Murano. Does he know la casa di coltelli?

Master-painter Schaedler.— Cold hell or hot hell, neither of them can help you here! Anton, hold him fast over there, now he'll be paid back all right! (*Master-painter Anton holds Tagliazoni's other hand firmly.*) He has smuggled in extra cards and on these two here has put his mark.

(*Every one present, except Hellriegel and Pippa, who stand in the corner pale and breathing heavily, presses round the card table.*)

The Manager.— Tagliazoni, didn't I tell you not to push things too far!

Tagliazoni.— Let me go, or I bites you in the face!

Master-painter Schaedler.— Spit and bite as much as you want, but you'll have to hand out our money again, you scoundrel!

All of the players.— Yes sir, every penny, every scrap of the money!

Tagliazoni.— Curse it! I does nothings of the sort! Damned German beasts, you crazy, bad, low-down beasts! What has I to do with you, you Germans.

First Woodman.— Knock his skull in for him, the ass!

Second Woodman.— Hit him on the noddle with the wagon-shaft, so that he sees blue sulphur before his eyes! You can't answer these Dagos any other way in German.

Wende.— Be quiet, you men; I won't have this!

Master-painter Schaedler.— Pull the cards out of his fingers, Wende!

Tagliazoni.— I murders you all, every one of you!

Master-painter Anton (resolutely).— Good!

Second Woodman.— Look at all the rings the blackguard has on his hands!

Tagliazoni.— Padrone, I calls you to witness! I am treacherously attacked here; I makes no new contract! I works no more, not a bit more. I lets the work standing as it is, right now! Carabinieri! Police! Beastly foolishness!

First Woodman.— Roar away, you; there are no police here!

Second Woodman.— Far and wide there's nothing but snow and pine trees.

Tagliazoni.— I call—call the police! Brigands! Signore Wende! Pippa! run!

The Manager.— I advise you to give in to them, man! If you don't I can't answer for the consequences.

Tagliazoni.— Ugly beasts! Enough of this!

(*Unexpectedly, as quick as lightning, Tagliazoni frees himself, draws out a dagger and takes refuge behind a table. For a moment his assailants are stunned.*)

Third Woodman.— A knife! Lay him out, the dog!

All (speaking at once).— Now, he must be killed! Now it's all up with him!

The Manager.— Don't you smash up Tagliazoni for me! I need him so much in the glass-works! Don't do anything you'll be sorry for to-morrow!

(Tagliazoni now recognizes instinctively the frightful danger of the moment and rushes past his assailants out of the door. The card-players and woodmen plunge after him, calling: "Down, down, down with him!" as they go out, the glitter of several knives is seen.)

The Manager.— I hope they won't kill the fellow off for me, yet awhile!

Wende.— If they do, they'll shut up my shop for me.

The Bar-maid (looking out of an open window).— They're running like mad over into the wood; he's fallen! He's up again! They're still after him!

The Manager.— I'll set the great Danes loose, and scatter the gang.

Wende.— I won't be responsible for anything! I won't answer for anything.

The Manager.— What is that?

The Bar-maid.— One of them is left behind, lying in the snow. The others are keeping on into the woods.

(A fearful, marrow-penetrating scream is heard, deadened by distance.)

Wende.— Close the window, the lamp is going out!

(The lamp goes out in fact, the bar-maid slams the window to.)

The Manager.— That doesn't sound well. Come with me, Wende!

Wende.— I won't be responsible for anything! I won't answer for anything. *(He and the Manager, the latter preceding, go out.)*

The Bar-maid (in her perplexity says roughly to Hellriegel).— Get up here! Help! Help! Fall to and help! Everybody ought to help here! The damned card playing! *(She gathers up the cards from the table and lights them into the fire.)* You must go, they've murdered a man! He brings bad luck and won't even help to make it good!

(Hellriegel jumps up, and half of his own accord, half pulled and half shed by the bar-maid, he stumbles through the hall door. He and the bar-maid go out.)

(Huhn still stands in almost the same position as he did when the dance was so suddenly interrupted by the outbreak of the brawl. His eyes have followed the proceedings watchfully, uneasily. Now he tries to peer into the darkness, turning slowly round and round. He does not, however, discover Pippa, who, cowering with horror, is sitting on the ground, squeezed into a corner. He draws out some matches, strikes them and lights the lamp. He looks

around again and discovers the child. Standing in the middle of the room, he beckons to her with horrible friendliness. Pippa looks at him dumbly, like a bird that has fallen out of the nest and been taken captive. As he comes toward her, she whimpers softly. The little window is pushed open from outside and the Manager's voice calls in.)

The Manager's voice.— Pippa, Pippa! She cannot stay here. I will take her with me.

(*The Manager has hardly left the window when Huhn plunges toward the child, who has jumped up, catches her, and lifts her up in his arms; whereupon Pippa gives a short, sighing little cry and faints, and Huhn says at the same time.*)

Huhn.— After all, he didn't get you!

(*With this he hurries out of the door.*)

The Manager's voice (again at the window).— Pippa, Pippa, are you still in there? Don't be afraid, no one shall touch a hair of your head!

(*The bar-maid comes back.*)

The Bar-maid.— Not a soul here? Not a soul comes back, and out there lies a man bleeding to death.

ACT II

The interior of a solitary hut in the mountains. The large, low room is neglected to a degree not to be surpassed. The ceiling is black from smoke and age. One beam is broken, the rest are bent, and where it has been absolutely necessary they have been propped up with unhewn tree trunks. Little boards have been pushed under these. The floor is of clay, worn into ridges and hollows, only around the broken-down stove is it paved with bricks. A blackened and charred bench runs along the wall under the three small quadrangular window openings, of which two are filled up with straw, moss, leaves and boards; the third contains a window with three dirty panes, and instead of the fourth, boards and moss again. By the same wall, in the corner near the stove, but farther forward, the mended table. In the back wall, a door. Through the door can be seen the dark hallway with beams propped up like those in the room, and a slanting, ladder-like stairway leading to the garret.

A low board partition enclosing a space filled with birch, beech and oak leaves on which lie a few rags of clothing and bed-covers is old Huhn's resting place for the night, for the hut belongs to him. On the wall hang an old frearm, a ragged slouch hat, pieces of clothing and several little pictures cut from periodicals. A great many leaves are lying on the floor. In the corner is a pile of potatoes; bunches of onions and dried mushrooms hang

on the ceiling. One single ray of bright light from the clear moonlit night without penetrates through the window.

Suddenly it grows bright in the hallway. Loud sneezing and heavy coughing are heard. Immediately after old Huhn is seen, still carrying Pippa in his arms. He enters the room and lays Pippa down on the bed-covers, covering her with the rags that are lying there. Then he brings a stool from a corner and an old stand for burning pine chips in, he puts the chips on it and lights them; he is very much excited and while doing this stares in the direction of the child. The first blasts of an approaching storm are heard. Snow whirls through the hallway. Huhn now takes a bottle from the shelf and pours some brandy down Pippa's throat. She breathes heavily, covers her more carefully, hurries over to the stove and with the heaps of brushwood lying around, he builds a fire.

Huhn (rises suddenly, listens at the door, and calls with insane haste and secrecy).—Come down, come down, old Jacob!—Old Jacob, I have sought something with me for you. (He listens for the answer and laughs at himself.)

Pippa (moans, revived by the stimulant; suddenly she draws herself into a sitting posture, looks around her in horror, presses her hands into the corners of her eyes, takes them away again, moans, jumps up and like a frightened animal runs blindly against the wall of the room).—Mrs. Wende, Mrs. Wende, where can I be? (Clawing at the wall in her horror, she looks behind her, sees Huhn, and in a new attack of despairing terror, she runs blindly, now here, now there, against the walls). I am smothering! Help me! Don't forsake me! Father! Padrone! Oh dear, oh dear! Help! Mrs. Wende, I am dreaming!

Huhn (trots up to her, and immediately she reaches out her hands to catch him off in speechless horror).—Be still, be still! Old Huhn won't do anything to you!—And as far as that is concerned, old Jacob is kindly in his way, too. (As Pippa, who is completely paralyzed, does not change her defensive position, he takes a few uncertain steps toward her, but suddenly he stops still again, deterred by her expression of unconscious horror).—O, that won't do!—Well?—Say something!—Don't bruise yourself so against the walls!—It is fine in here with me; outside death lurks! (He stares at her for awhile searchingly and expectantly, suddenly a thought occurs to him.) Wait a minute!—Jacob, bring down the goat!—Jacob!—Goats' milk warms! Goats' milk will be good. (He imitates the loud and low bleating of a sleepy flock of goats and sheep in the stables.) Ba, baa, baa!—Listen, they are coming down the steps. Jacob, Jacob, bring them in!

(Pippa's glance has fallen on the door and recognized it; she starts in

and rushes toward it instinctively, in order to slip away. Huhn steps in her way.)

Huhn.— I will not catch you! I will not touch you, little girl! Yet with me you must — with me you must remain.

Pippa.— Mrs. Wende! Mrs. Wende! *(She stands still and buries her face in her hands.)*

Huhn.— Don't be afraid! — Something has been — and something will be! — Snares are frequently set in spring — and the yellow-hammers are not caught until winter! *(He takes a deep draught from the brandy bottle.)*

(At this moment, a goat sticks its head in at the door.)

Huhn.— Wait a minute, Jacob, let Liesla stand outside there! She will give me a drop of milk, she will! *(He picks up a little stool, trots into the hallway and milks the goat, placing himself so that he blocks up the doorway at the same time. In the meantime, Pippa seems to have grown a little more composed. In her crying and moaning there is a note of helpless resignation; she feels the chill again and is drawn toward the bright spot on the wall, the reflection of the fire in the stove; there she seems to thaw out so as to be able to think, and kneeling on the ground, she stares into the crackling blaze.)*

Pippa.— O, santa Maria, madre di dio! O, madre Maria! O, santa Anna! O, mia santa madre Maria!

(Old Huhn finishes his milking and enters the room again. Pippa's distress and fear rise immediately, but he goes toward her, puts the little jug of milk down at some distance from her and moves back again.)

Huhn.— Drink the goats milk, you little gold darling, you!

(Pippa looks at Huhn doubtfully and summons up sufficient courage to drink with eager haste from the little jug that has been set before her.)

Huhn.— That's the way babies, too, suck in their milk!

Old Huhn (slapping his knees with both hands breaks out into a hoarse, triumphant laughter).— Now she has drunk her fill, now her strength will come back to her! *(At this, he takes himself off, pulls forth a little sack from behind the stove, shakes out some crusts of bread onto the table, draws from the oven a part of a broken iron pot in which are potatoes, and puts these with the crusts; drinks, puts the brandy bottle also on the table and sits down himself to his meal on the bench behind the table. A fresh blast of wind comes against the house with great force: with wild defiance, Huhn answers it, as it were.)* Oh, very well, you can come, keep right on coming, for all I care; just try, try and see whether you can get her away from here!

Pippa.—Huhn, old Huhn, let me go away! I know you, I'm sure it's you: you are father Huhn! What has happened? Why am I here with you?

Huhn.—Because that's the way things happen in this world, sometimes.

Pippa.—What happens this way? What do you mean?

Huhn.—What a man hasn't, he has to get for himself!

Pippa.—What do you mean? I don't understand you!

Huhn.—Don't touch me, or my heart will beat itself out of my body! (*He grows pale, trembles, breathes hard and moves away because Pippa touches his hand with her lips.*)

Pippa (*starts back, runs away and throws herself against the closed door*).—Help! Help!

Huhn.—Useless! No one can get through there! You are to stay with me, and it's fine here, if you lived with the emperor—you wouldn't find things any finer! And you must listen to me, you must be obedient.

Pippa.—Father Huhn, Father Huhn, you won't do anything to me, will you?

Huhn (*shaking his head decidedly*).—And no one else shall touch a hair of your head! No father and no manager. You are safe here and you are mine.

Pippa.—Am I to be buried here, forever?

Huhn.—A caterpillar, a chrysalis, a butterfly! Wait awhile: you will soon open this grave for us. Listen, listen, the devil is coming! Stoop down! The devil is coming down from the mountains! You hear how the little children are crying out there, now. They are standing naked on the cold stones in the hallway and wailing. They are dead! Because they are dead, they are frightened. Stoop down, put your little hood on; or he will seize you by the hair with his fist and (God have mercy on you) out into the whirlwind you will have to go. Come here, I'll hide you! I'll wrap you up! Just listen, how the wind howls and spits and miaus; down it comes from the roof with the few wisps of straw there! For all I care, keep on pulling until you have everything off the roof.—Now, he has gone by! That was a ghost, wasn't it? I am a ghost and you are a ghost, all the world are ghosts and nothing but ghosts! But sometime, perhaps, it will be different.

(A wild wave of storm has raged by. Again Pippa's face shows a horror that almost robs her of consciousness. Huhn still stands in the middle of the room even in the deep and uncanny silence that follows. And now a voice is heard outside, and a distinct knocking, at first on one of the nailed-up

windows, later on one of the glass panes which is darkened by a shadow. Huhn starts convulsively and stares at the new apparition.)

A voice (from without, muffled).—Halloo, ho there! Confound it, that was an infernal morning breezel! wasn't it? Does anyone live here? My very best God bless you! Do me no harm, and I'll do you none! Just give me some hot coffee and let me sit by your stove-door until daylight! Yours most humbly, a frozen journeyman!

Huhn (rigid with rage).—Who wants anything here? Who's hanging around old Huhn's little house? What man? What spirit? I'll help you to get away from here. (*He seizes a heavy club and plunges out of the door.*)

(*With a sigh Pippa closes her eyes. Now it seems as if something like a ringing current of air breathed through the dark room. Then, while the music, ever increasing in volume, ebbs and flows, Michael Hellriegel appears in the doorway. Nervously and cautiously he moves into the circle of light made by the burning chips, his eyes searching the darkness distrustfully.*)

Hellriegel.—This is certainly a rather harmonious murderers' deal! Hello, is anybody at home? It must be a meal-worm that's playing the harmonica? Hello, is anyone at home? (*He sneezes.*) That seems to be musical hellebore. (*Pippa sneezes too.*) Was that I or was it someone else?

Pippa (half asleep).—Someone must be — playing the harmonica — here?

Hellriegel (listening, without seeing Pippa).—You are quite right, it is a meal-worm in my opinion! "Go to sleep, dear little babe; what is rustling in the straw?" If a rat gnaws at night, you think it is a saw-mill, and if a little draught blows through a crack in the door and rubs two dried beech leaves together, you think at once that you hear a beautiful maiden whispering softly or sighing for her deliverer! Michael Hellriegel, you are very clever! You hear the grass growing even in winter! But, I tell you, you better take care of the things in your head; your mother is right: don't let your fancy run over like a milk pan! Don't believe firmly and absolutely in everything that is not true, and don't run a hundred miles and more after a flying cobweb! Good evening! My name is Michael Lebrecht Hellriegel! (*He listens awhile, there is no answer.*) I begin to be surprised that nobody answers me, because there is a first-class fire in the stove — and because one is certainly led to expect something decidedly unusual here — the place has that look. If, for example, I should see a parrot here, sitting on a pot on the stove, stirring sausage broth

th a cooking spoon, and he should scream at me: rascal, pickpocket, horse-thief; that would really be the least that I should expect. I waive my claim to a man-eater; or if I have one, then there must be an enchanted incense too, whom an inhuman and accursed monster keeps in a cage: a pretty little dancing girl, for instance,— Hold, something clever has just occurred to me: I bought an ocarina! I bought the ocarina of the surly old fellow at the tavern who played for the dancing, paid for it with my last dollar — which was also very clever! Why do I want it — I don't really know, myself! Perhaps because the name sounds so queer, I imagine that the little red-haired nixie is inside of it and wherever possible, she slips out and dances when anyone plays on it? I am going to make the experiment, right now.

(Michael Hellriegel puts the ocarina to his mouth, looks round inquiringly and plays. At the first notes, Pippa rises, her eyes closed, trips into the center of the room and assumes a dancing pose.)

Pippa.— Yes, father, I am coming! Here I am!

(Michael Hellriegel takes the ocarina from his mouth, stares at her with an open mouth, dumbfounded with surprise.)

Hellriegel.— There, Michael, that's what you get out of this business! Now you are stark mad!

Pippa (opens her eyes, as if awakening).— Is there someone here?

Hellriegel.— No, that is nobody but me, if you will permit me.

Pippa.— Who is talking then? And where am I?

Hellriegel.— In my tired brain, tired from a sleepless night!

Pippa (remembers having seen Hellriegel in the tavern in the woods, and flies into his arms).— Help me! Help me! Save me!

(Hellriegel stares down at the magnificent Titian-red hair of the little girl and that has hidden itself on his shoulder. He does not move his arms. Pippa holds hers clasped tightly around him.)

Hellriegel.— If now, I — if, now, I — for instance: I suppose, if I had my arms free, in spite of the fact that mother doesn't like to see me do it, I should write a short memorandum in my little book; it is even possible it might be in verse. But I can not get my hands free! My imagination has bound me so tightly! It has bound me — woe betide me! — so tightly and so confoundedly queerly that my heart thumps in my throat and makes a bunch of red hair in front of me!

Pippa.— Help me! Help me! Rescue me! Save me from that old monster, that awful creature!

Hellriegel.— What may your name be?

Pippa.— Pippa!

Hellriegel.— Right, of course! I heard the fellow with the riding boots call you that. Then the fellow went away; he made himself scarce. When they massacred the Dago dog, he preferred to be somewhere else. And you were gone, too, when I—that is to say, when we came back with the dying Italian; at least, I didn't find you downstairs and I didn't go up into his sleeping quarters with them. I would have liked to ask him about you, but he had forgotten his Italian!—

Pippa.— Come away, come away from here! Oh, don't leave me!

Hellriegel.— No! You may be quite at ease as to that, we two will never leave each other again. He who once has a bird as I have, doesn't readily let it fly away again. So, Pippa, sit down, compose yourself, and we will consider the situation seriously for the moment, as if there were no screws loose!

(He frees himself gently; with knightly grace and modesty he takes Pippa's little finger between his first finger and thumb and leads her into the circle of light cast by the stove to a little stool on which she seats herself.)

Hellriegel (standing before Pippa making fantastic gesticulations).— So a dragon kidnapped you—I thought so, right away, up there in the tavern—spirited you away from the Dago magician; and because I am a travelling artist, I was at once sure that I was to rescue you; and forthwith I too ran out into the open, wholly without end or aim.

Pippa.— Where did you come from? Who are you?

Hellriegel.— A son of the widow Hellriegel, the fruit-woman.

Pippa.— And where do you come from?

Hellriegel.— Out of our Lord's great sausage boiler!

Pippa (laughs heartily).— But you talk so strangely!

Hellriegel.— I have always distinguished myself in that way.

Pippa.— But see here, I am certainly made of flesh and blood! and that crazy old Huhn is an old, discharged glass-blower, nothing more. His goiter and his balloon cheeks probably come from the blowing; and there are no fiery dragons any more.

Hellriegel.— You don't say so! Why not?

Pippa.— Hurry! Bring me back to Mother Wende! Come along with me; I know the way to the Redwater tavern. I'll guide you! We won't lose our way! *(As Hellriegel shakes his head no.)* Or, are you going to leave me alone again?

Hellriegel (denying this vigorously).— I will not sell my ocarina!

Pippa (laughs, pouts, presses closely and anxiously up to him).— What is this about the ocarina? Why won't you say anything sensible? You talk nonsense all the time! Really, you are so stupid, Signore Hellriegel!

(Kissing him fondly, half weeping.) I don't understand you at all, you are so stupid!

Hellriegel.— Wait a minute! I begin to see more clearly, now! *(He takes her head in his hands, looks intently into her eyes, and with calm decision, presses his lips long and passionately against hers).*— Michael does not let himself be made a fool of!

(Without separating, they look at each other with embarrassment and something of uncertainty.)

Hellriegel.— Something is happening inside of me, little Pippa, a strange change!

Pippa.— Oh, good —

Hellriegel (finishing).— Michael.

Pippa.— Michael, what are you doing?

Hellriegel.— I am quite perplexed, myself! Please excuse me from the answer! Aren't you angry with me for doing it?

Pippa.— No.

Hellriegel.— Perhaps we could do it again then, right now?

Pippa.— Why should we?

Hellriegel.— Because it is so simple! It is so simple and is so mad and so — so altogether lovely, it is enough to drive one crazy.

Pippa.— I think, good Michael, you are that already.

Hellriegel (scratching himself behind the ear).— If I could just be sure of that! I say there is nothing sure in this world! Do you know, another idea has just occurred to me! Let us take plenty of time! We'll go to the bottom of the matter, this time! Come, sit down here, here near me. So, first of all, this is a hand here! Permit me, we will come at once to the main thing: whether there is a main-spring in the clock-works. *(He puts his ear to her chest, like a physician.)* You are certainly alive, you certainly have a heart, Pippa!

Pippa.— But, Michael, did you doubt that? —

Hellriegel.— No, Pippa! — But if you are alive — then I must get my breath. *(Actually struggling for breath, he steps back from her.)*

Pippa.— Michael, indeed we haven't any time! Listen to that heavy breathing outside, and how someone is stamping round and round the house! He has passed the window three times, now. He will strike you down dead, if he finds us here, Michael. Look, he is staring in here again!

Hellriegel.— O you poor little princess "I-am-afraid"! Ah, you don't yet know my mother's son! Don't let that old gorilla bother you! If you wish, a boot shall fly at his head! —

Pippa.— No, Michael, don't do that, Michael!

Hellriegel.— Certainly! — Or as far as I am concerned, we will begin the new life some other way. First of all, we will establish ourselves calmly and sensibly in the world. We will cleave to reality, Pippa, won't we? You to me and I to you! But no: I dare hardly say that aloud because you are like a blossom on a pliant stem, so fragrant and so fragile! Enough child, no day-dreaming! (*Takes off his knapsack and unbuckles it.*) Here in my knapsack is a box. Now, pay attention; Michael Hellriegel brought with him into the world a real inheritance of mother wit, for use in all cases. (*He holds out a very small box.*) Practical! In here are three practical things: first of all, this is an enchanted tooth-pick, you see: fashioned like a sword; with it you can stab to death giants and dragons! Here, in this little flask, I have an elixir, and with this, we'll pay off the filthy fellow; it is a so-called sleeping potion and is indispensable for use against giants and magicians! You don't recognize what this little ball of yarn here is, but if you tie one end fast here, the little roll will immediately tumble down in front of you, and skip along ahead of you, like a little white mouse, and if you will only follow the yarn on and on, you will come straight into the promised land. One more thing, here is a little doll's table; but that isn't of much consequence, Pippa: it is just a "Little table — set — thyself." Am I not a clever fellow? You have confidence in me now, haven't you?

Pippa.— Michael, I don't see any of those things!

Hellriegel.— Just wait, I shall have to open your eyes for you before you can!

Pippa.— I believe it all! Hide yourself, the old man is coming!

Hellriegel.— Tell me, Pippa, where were you born?

Pippa.— I believe, in a city by the water.

Hellriegel.— You see, I thought so right away! Was it as windy there as here? And were there generally clouds in the sky there too?

Pippa.— I have never seen any there, Michael, and day after day, the dear sun shone!

Hellriegel.— So! That's the kind of person you are! Do you think my mother would believe that? — Now, tell me, just once, do you believe in me?

Pippa.— Ten thousand times, Michael, in all things.

Hellriegel.— Beautiful! Then we will cross the mountains — and of course that's only a little thing to do! I know every highway and byway here — and on the other side spring will have begun!

Pippa.— O, no, no, no! I can not go with you! My father is very wicked, he will shut me up again for three days, and give me nothing but water and bread to eat!

Hellriegel.— Well, Pippa, your father is very kind now; his manner is very quiet now; he is astonishingly meek! I marvelled that he was so patient, quite cool-headed, not at all like an Italian. Soft! He will never again hurt a fly! Do you understand just what it is I would say, little Pippa! Your father has played and won so long, and now at last, he has lost. After all, everybody loses in the end, Pippa! That is, so to speak — your father is dead.

Pippa (more laughing than weeping, flings her arms around Michael Hellriegel's neck).— Dear me! Then I have nobody left to me in the world, nobody but you!

Hellriegel.— And that is quite enough, Pippa! I sell myself to you skin and bones, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, just as I am! — And huzza! Huzza! Now we shall wander as we please.

Pippa.— You will take me with you, you will not leave me?

Hellriegel.— I, leave you? I, not take you with me? And now, I will guide you; now, rely on me! You shall not hit your foot against a stone! Hear, how the glass rings on the mountain pines! Do you hear? The long cones jingle. It is only a little while before daylight but bitter cold. I will wrap you up, I will carry you; we will warm each other, won't we? And you'll be surprised at how fast we get away! Already a little bit of light is creeping in here! Look at the tips of my fingers; there is even now a bit of sunlight on them. A bit that can be eaten, it must be licked off! You can't forego that and keep hot blood! Do you, too, hear birds singing, Pippa?

Pippa.— Yes, Michael.

Hellriegel.— Peep, peep! That may be a mouse, a yellow hammer or a door hinge — it doesn't make any difference which; all notice something! The old house creaks through and through! Many times my spirit becomes absolutely exalted to the skies when the tremendous event occurs and the ocean of light pours forth from the hot, golden pitcher! —

Pippa.— Don't you hear voices calling, Michael?

Hellriegel.— No, I hear only one voice; that sounds like a steer bellowing in the pasture!

Pippa.— It's old Huhn! It's terrible!

Hellriegel.— But what he's calling is very strange!

Pippa.— There he stands, Michael, don't you see him?

Hellriegel (standing with Pippa at the window).— Yes, it seems to be some frightful wood god — his beard and his eyelashes full of icicles, his outspread hands extended upwards; he stands there and does not move, his closed eyes turned toward the East!

Pippa.— Now the first rays of the morning shine on him!

Hellriegel.— And again he cries out!

Pippa.— Do you understand what he is calling?

Hellriegel.— It sounded like — it sounds like — like — a proclamation.

(A peculiar call in slow and powerful crescendo becomes audible; it is uttered by old Huhn, and sounds like jumalai.)

Hellriegel.— It sounds to me like ju — jumalai.

Pippa.— Jumalai? What does that mean?

Hellriegel.— I don't know, little Pippa, just exactly what. But it seems to me it means: Joy for all!

(The call, Jumalai, is repeated louder, while the room grows lighter.)

Pippa.— Are you weeping, Michael?

Hellriegel.— Come, little Pippa, you misunderstand!

(Closely intertwined, Pippa and Hellriegel move out of the door. The curtain falls, and the music, which began with the light on Hellriegel's finger, swells forth and depicts as it increases the mighty rising of the winter sun.)

ACT III

The interior of a snow-bound cabin on the crest of the mountains. A large, low, comfortable room enclosed in timbered walls and with a timbered ceiling is seen. There are three small, well protected double windows in the left wall; under them runs a bench which is fastened to the wall. The back wall is broken by a little door which leads into the hallway. Gayly painted peasant cupboards form a comfortable-looking corner, left. Clean, carefully arranged cooking utensils and bright-colored plates adorn the upper, open half of one of the cupboards. To the right of the door is the usual large stove of glazed tiles with its bench. The fire crackles cheerily in it. The stove-bench meets the bench fastened to the right wall. In the corner thus formed stands a large, massive, brown peasant's table; over it hangs a lamp; gayly painted wooden chairs surround it. The brass pendulum of a large, Black-forest clock near the door swings slowly. Thus far the room shows a character peculiar to the dwellings of the mountaineers of the better class. Unusual, is a table in the foreground, left, with a reading desk, on which is an old book, open; the table is covered with all sorts of other books and strange objects, such as a lamp between cobblers' magnifying globes, a glass-blower's lamp with glass tubes, old medicine bottles, a stuffed king-fisher, etc.; beside these, against the walls, are a number of objects that have been unearthed: stone knives, hammers and spear-heads, belonging to the so-called stone age; and a collection of common hammers for geological purposes. More unusual still is a delicately made model of a Venetian gondola, which

rests on a stand in front of the reading desk, as well as other models of ancient, mediæval and modern vessels for river and ocean navigation, which hang from the ceiling,—and a large telescope with its stand. On the deal floor lie splendid oriental carpets. The little windows in the room glow in the light of the setting sun, which light also makes all the objects in the room stand out sharp and fantastically. There is a door in the right wall.

Jonathan, an unkempt deaf mute of about thirty, is washing plates in a small wooden tub which stands on two stools near the stove. Someone knocks several times at the hall door. The deaf mute does not turn, and so the door is opened and the Manager appears, masquerading as a mountaineer, his gun hung over his shoulder, and snow shoes under his arm.)

The Manager.—Jonathan, is your master in the house? Jonathan! You booby, answer me! The devil take you if he is not at home! What? Perhaps he has gone out to pick ice flowers, or to catch white moths with butterfly nets? Brr, it's beastly cold out-of-doors! Jonathan!

(Much startled, Jonathan turns in alarm and delight, dries his hands on his blue apron and kisses the Manager's right hand.)

The Manager.—Is the old man at home? Jonathan, old Wann? Jonathan utters some sounds and makes gestures.) You thick-headed scoundrel, you; express yourself more plainly! (Jonathan takes greater pains, points vehemently out of the window as a sign that his master has gone out; then runs to the clock, which points to quarter of five; shows with his finger that his master had intended to return at half past four; shrugs his shoulders in surprise that he has not come back yet; hastens back to the window, presses his nose against it, shades his eyes with his hand and looks out.) Very good, I've taken that all in! He has gone out and will return immediately, really ought to be back here now! (The mute goes wow, wow, wow, imitating a dog.) Just so, he took his two St. Bernard dogs with him, I understand. Beautiful! Wanted to give himself and the dogs some exercise! Brush me off, knave, I am going to stay here! (As he looks just like a snowman, he steps back into the hall, stamps and beats the snow off himself, the deaf mute helping zealously.)

(Meanwhile a dignified old man enters almost noiselessly by the door to the right. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and long, flowing, white hair covers his powerful head. His stern, beardless face is covered as it were with runes. Bushy eyelashes overshadow his large, protruding eyes. The man seems to be ninety years old or more, but in him old age is as it were strength, beauty and youth raised to a higher power. His dress is a blouse of coarse linen with wide sleeves, which reaches below his knees. He wears rounded, red woolen, laced shoes, and a leather girdle around his loins. In

this girdle, when he enters, rests his large, splendidly formed right hand. It is Wann.)

(Wann directs an attentive and smiling glance into the hall, strides quietly through the room, and seats himself behind the table at the reading desk. He rests his elbows on the table, running his fingers thoughtfully through his hair, whose white locks flow over the open folio on which he keeps his eyes fixed. Having peeled off his overcoat, the Manager enters again. He does not notice Wann at first.)

The Manager.— O, you gazelles — sweet twins! So, now we will make ourselves as comfortable as possible here while we are waiting for the old sly-boots!

Wann.— I think, too, we will; and whilst so doing we'll drink some black Falernian.

The Manager (surprised).— Damn it! Where did you come from so suddenly?

Wann (smiling).— Ah, the man who knew just exactly whence, my dear sir! Welcome to this green land! Jonathan!

The Manager.— Quite true! Everything is green and blue before your eyes after you have slid down and clambered up for four hours! I had on black glasses, but in spite of that, my organ of vision seems to me like a pond, to whose bottom I have sunk and over which, above me, little colored islands are constantly swimming.

Wann.— And you would like to get up on one of them? Had I better hunt up a fishing line?

The Manager.— What for?

Wann.— Oh, just something that shot through my head. At all events, you are a master hand at snow-shoeing and as daring as a stag, for instance, is mainly, only in November; and the sparrow-hawk is, only when he is engaged in the pursuit of a victim and the heat of the chase has made him blind and deaf to all dangers; it struck me with amazement when I saw you slide down like a bird from the top of the Skull-cap. And as you are human, I hit upon a third human possibility: you might, perhaps, wish to sweat out some sort of disease.

The Manager.— What doesn't the man think of who, summer and winter, in all kinds of weather, has nothing more to do in all the world than go walking on the milky way.

Wann (laughing).— I admit that I often ride my hobby-horse a little high and that by so doing I have grown something far-sighted; but I also see very well near by! For example, this lovely child of Murano here, and the beautiful crystal decanter full of black wine that Jonathan is bringing us for our comfort.

Jonathan brings in on a large silver tray two magnificent, large, old Venetian goblets and a cut-glass decanter full of wine and places them on the table. Wann himself fills the glasses carefully. Each of the men takes one of them and lifts it up solemnly toward the still faintly glimmering window.)

The Manager.—Montes chrysocreas fecerunt nos dominos! (Gold-bearing mountains have made us lords!) Do you know how you often impress me, Wann, as one of those mythical, gold-hunting fellows, whom the sauer-kraut-gobbling, piggishly-filthy, common rabble of our mountains call foreigners?

Wann.—Indeed? And how might that be, my dear fellow?

The Manager.—One who possesses an Arabian fairy palace of gold and jasper in Venice, in the midst of the waters, who yet takes up his abode here among us, and acts as if he couldn't count up to three and eats any old moldy crust of bread.

Wann.—Your health! Let's drink on that, my dear fellow! (They drink to each other and then laugh heartily.)

Wann.—So, that's what you think of me! Well, setting aside the bread crusts, for my conscience is quite clear of that hypocrisy, there is, perhaps, a grain of truth in the surmise. If I am not exactly one of those Venetian manikins with their magic power, who sometimes appear to the woodmen and other dreamers, who possess gold caves, grottoes and castles in the interior of the earth, still, I do not deny that these mountains do in a certain sense actually contain gold for me!

The Manager.—Dear me, if one could but be as resigned as you are to such quiet enjoyment of life in the midst of snow and ice, Master Wann! No anxiety about your daily bread, no business, no wife—way above all sorts of follies which still give people of our sort the headache; and so absorbed in scholarly pursuits that you don't see the forest for the trees: it is a really ideal state!

Wann.—I see, my portrait still varies at times in your managerial soul. At times, I am to you a mythical personality who has a house in Venice, then again, an old retired major who squanders his old age income harmlessly.

The Manager.—Well, God knows it is not just exactly easy to form the right conception of you!

Wann.—Jonathan, light the lamps! It is to be hoped that you can see through me somewhat better in the light!

(A short pause occurs, in which the Manager's uneasiness increases.)

The Manager.—What are you really waiting for up here, year in, year out, Wann?

Wann.— For many things!

The Manager.— They are, for example?

Wann.— All that the compass-card brings: clouds, perfumes, crystals of ice; for the noiseless double lightnings of the great Pan-fires; for the little flames that leap up from the hearth; for the songs of the dead in the water-fall; for my own happy end; for the new beginning and the entrance into a different, musical, cosmic brotherhood.

The Manager.— And, in the meantime, are you never bored up here, all alone?

Wann.— Why should I be? If thou wilt be alone thou wilt be wholly thine own. And boredom exists only where God is not!

The Manager.— That would not satisfy me, my master! I always need external stimulation.

Wann.— Well, it seems to me that that which sustains in its roaring the delight of a great veneration is also external.

The Manager.— Yes, yes, all very well! But for me, now that I am so old, there must always be something youthful, gay, lively in the game.

Wann.— As, for example, these lady-bugs here. All winter long I have them here on my table for company, in the midst of all sorts of play-things. Just observe a little beast like this for awhile. When I do I actually hear the spheres thunder! If it strikes you, you are deaf.

The Manager.— This tack, I don't understand.

Wann.— It is quite simple: the little beast on my finger does not divine me, does not divine you. And yet we are there, and the world around us, which it, confined within its own sphere, is not able to conceive. Our world lies outside of its consciousness. Think of what lies outside of ours! For example, is your eye able to tell you how the brook murmurs and the cloud rumbles? That this is so, you would never learn, if you had not the sense of hearing. And again, if you had the finest sense of hearing, you would still know nothing to all eternity of the magnificent outbursts of light in the firmament.

The Manager.— Thank you, for the private lecture! I would rather have it some other time! I can't sit still today. I hinted at something quite different —

Wann (lifts his glass).— To the lovely child of Murano, probably!

The Manager.— Well, if I did! How did you know it?

Wann.— Of what use is an observatory three thousand feet above the sea in central Germany? Of what use is a telescope with a lens made by yourself, if you can't look down sometimes on this old sublunary world and keep a strict eye on its children? And finally, the man whose shoe doesn't pinch — doesn't go to the cobbler!

The Manager.— Good! If you really are such a confounded physicist, putting your cobbling aside for the time, I admit that the shoe pinches me in several places — then please tell me, what happened last night in old Wende's tavern?

Wann.— An Italian was stabbed!

The Manager.— Then why do you consult the book?

Wann.— A registrar is certainly needed in the end!

The Manager.— And are the details noted in the book, too?

Wann.— For the time being, no.

The Manager.— Well then, your telescope and your proud folios amount to nothing! — I can't forgive myself for this business! Why don't I watch more closely! I wanted to buy her from the dog, ten times — — That's what happens, when one is really tender-hearted once in awhile.

(He jumps up and walks around the room very much agitated; finally stops behind the telescope, turns it around on its stand and directs it toward the different night-darkened windows one after the other.)

(The wind whistles.)

The Manager.— Senseless, how I always feel up here, as if I were in a ship's cabin in a storm on the great ocean!

Wann.— Doesn't that also express most accurately the situation into which we are born?

The Manager.— That may be! But with phrases of this kind nothing will ever be gotten at. This doesn't pull me out of my particular dilemma! It would be different if one could see anything through your telescope; — but alas, I notice that that, too, it gives but a misrepresentation of facts!

Wann.— But it is pitch dark night, dear sir!

The Manager.— By daylight, I don't need a thing like that!

(He leaves the telescope, walks back and forth again and finally stops in front of Wann.)

Wann.— Well, out with it! Whom are you seeking?

The Manager.— Her!

Wann.— You lost sight of her after the affair?

The Manager.— I hunt for her but do not find her! I have had enough of this nonsense, Master Wann! If you are one of these crazy sack-salvers, pull the thorn out for me! I can not live and I can not die. Take a scalpel in your hand and search for the poisoned arrow-head which is sticking somewhere in my cadaver and forcing itself further with every minute. I am tired of the distress and irritation, of the helplessness and poor appetite. I should be willing to become a papal singer, just to be rid for one moment of this accursed longing which torments me.

(*He sinks down on a chair, breathing heavily, and wipes the sweat from his forehead. Wann rises with some ceremoniousness.*)

Wann.—And you are in earnest about the cure? You will really give yourself into my hands?

The Manager.—Of course I will! What else did I come here for?

Wann.—And you will hold still even if it is necessary to pull from your soul with a jerk the whole of the evil growth with all the roots that branch out into the very tips of your toes?

The Manager.—And if it be horse physic!

Wann.—Well, then be so kind as to pay attention, my dear fellows. Now I clap my hands the first time! (*He does it.*) If the graybeard could not do more than the man, what were the meaning of old age? (*He draws forth a long, silken cloth.*) Now I clap my hands the second time. (*He does it.*) Afterward I bind this cloth over my mouth, as the Parsee does when he prays —

The Manager (*impatiently*).—And then I shall go my way, for I see you are mocking me, Master Wann!

Wann.— — and then: incipit vita nova (*the new life begins*), dear sir! (*He slips the bandage over his mouth and claps his hands vigorously.*)

(*Immediately, as if called there by magic, Pippa, half frozen and struggling for breath, rushes in; a cloud of fog penetrates the room after her entrance.*)

Pippa (*rushes forward, crying out hoarsely*).—Save him! Save him! Help, you men! Thirty steps from here, Michael is dying in the snow! He is lying there, suffocating! He can not stand up! Bring light! He is freezing to death; he can go no further! The night is fearful! Come with me, come with me!

The Manager (*stares in boundless amazement, now at Pippa, now at his host*).—Are you the devil himself, Wann?

Wann.—The cure is beginning. Don't plead any weariness! A rope! Tie that end fast here, Jonathan!

(*Pippa seizes Wann by the hand and drags him out. The Manager follows as if stupefied. The room is empty and the storm roars through the hall, sweeping clouds of snow through with it. All at once the head of old Huhn is visible in the hall door. After the old man has assured himself that there is no one in the room, he steals in. He stares at the objects in the room, and when the voice of the returning Wann is heard, he hides himself behind the stove.*)

Wann (*still in the hallway, drawing the others after him along the rope*).—Bolt the doors securely, Jonathan! —

(Now the half-frozen Michael Hellriegel, supported by Wann and theanager, is seen. He is brought into the room and laid on the bench by the ve; Pippa draws his shoes off and the Manager rubs his chest.)

Wann (to Jonathan).—A cup full of hot black coffee mixed with cognac!

The Manager.—Thunder and hail! It's cold enough to freeze your uth shut! The air outside there stings like needles and butcher knives!

Wann.—Yes, it is a night! You know, at least, when you gasp for eath in these black Hades-flames that you are a fighter and still a long stance away from the paradises of light. Only one little spark from ere has found the way! Bravely, little one, hast thou fought thy way rough!

Pippa.—Michael, signore, Michael, not I.

Wann.—How do you feel, sir?

The Manager.—What kind of a man you are, I know not! But in her respects, I am as amused as if I were at a hanging! After all, it is st as wonderful that a fly should soil my shirt collar, as that you or anyone e should bring about such an occurrence.

Wann.—Instead of one there has grown to be two of them!

The Manager.—Thank you! Even my brain can still grasp that! o be sure, my suspicions rested on Huhn, and then? instead of him it a simpleton! Jonathan, my snow-shoes, quick!

Wann.—Going already?

The Manager.—Two are enough! The third, too many! True it is a way new to me to carry out generosity to its highest power, but it is t the right vocation for me permanently! Don't you think so, too, little ippa?

Pippa (weeping softly, is drying and rubbing Michael's feet with her air).—What is it, signore?

The Manager.—You know me, don't you? (*Pippa shakes her head*). Haven't you seen me somewhere before? (*Pippa again shakes her ad in denial.*) Didn't some good uncle bring you for three or four years gar-plums, pretty corals and silk ribbons? (*Pippa shakes her head nfidently, in denial of this.*) Bravo! I thought so! Didn't you have father, who is dead? (*Pippa shakes her head.*)

Wann.—Do you notice anything, sir?

The Manager.—Do I notice anything!

Wann.—What a powerful old magician has taken a part in this?

The Manager.—Of course, that's understood! Jolly Chinese puzzle, at's the world! (*Tapping on Michael's forehead with his third finger.*) ou, in here, when you waken, knock again at heaven's gate, perhaps the

good God will say: come in! Good-by! Rub Michael back to life! (*the hall.*) I wish you may all sup well! I have been helped! I am cured! Hurrah! May the devil himself unbar hell!

(*The opening of the house-door is heard and then the Manager's hurra repeated several times out-of-doors.*)

Hellriegel (*opens his eyes, jumps up and at the same time calls out*). Hurrah! Hurrah, there we have it, little Pippa!

Wann (*steps back, astonished and amused*).— Eh! What is it that you have, if I may ask?

Hellriegel.— Oh, so we are not alone, little Pippa! Tell me, where did the old man come from so suddenly?

Pippa (*timidly, aside*).— Oh, I didn't know what else to do!

Hellriegel.— But, wasn't it splendid! Isn't it a delight to you, to climb up like that through storm and winter? To go merrily forward hand in hand?

Wann.— Where are you journeying, if one may ask?

Hellriegel.— Ah, old man! Who is going to be so curious? Do I ask you why you muffle yourself up, up here, keep yourself warm and eat baked apples?

Wann.— This is certainly a devil of a fellow that you have here, dear child!

Hellriegel.— To wander always and never to think of the goal! It is deemed too near or it is deemed too far. Besides I surely feel my bones tingling.

Pippa (*timidly*).— Michael, couldn't we perhaps be a little grateful to the friendly old man, or do you think not?

Hellriegel.— Why should we be?

Pippa.— Why he saved us from freezing!

Hellriegel.— Freezing? Michael will take good care not to do that yet awhile! If we had just missed this place of refuge, well, we would not be ten good miles further on our way. Think, Pippa, ten miles nearer the goal! When a man possesses the magic ball of twine and has received unequivocal signs from above, in great numbers, that he is called to something — called to discover at the very least kneadable glass!

Wann.— You laugh, my little one: do you believe that he is? (*Pippa looks up at Wann with belief in her eyes and nods her head emphatically in the affirmative.*) Indeed? Well, he certainly speaks in a way that awakens belief. Now, have a good talk together, I won't disturb you! (*He takes his seat behind his book-table, but watches the two surreptitiously; at the same time turning over the leaves of the large volume.*)

Pippa (confidentially).— Look around, Michael, see where we are!

Hellriegel.— In just the right place, it this moment occurs to me. The man has led us just right. Didn't you notice how it drew us ever forward and out of the storm?

Pippa.— But that was the old man's rope, Michael!

Hellriegel.— Eh, it is not as you imagine it, little one! In the first place, we had to come here in any case. To begin with, I saw the light the time we were climbing. But even if I had not seen the light, an irresistible power within me dragged and tugged me onward toward this projecting roof!

Pippa.— I am so glad that we are safe, and yet, I am still a little bit afraid!

Hellriegel.— What are you afraid of?

Pippa.— I don't know what! I wonder whether the doors are shut tight?

Wann (who has heard this).— They are locked tight!

Pippa (says to Wann simply and innocently).— Oh sir, you are good, see it in your face! But for all that — we must go on — mustn't we, Michael?

Wann.— Why must you? Who is on your trail?

Hellriegel.— No one! At least no one who causes us any concern! If you want to go away from here, then come, little Pippa!

Wann.— Do you really think I shall let you go away?

Hellriegel.— Certainly! How would you keep us here?

Wann.— I am not wanting in means! I do not ask you whither you are going; whither you are bound with this frightened little moth that has flown against my lamp; but through this night, you shall remain here.

Hellriegel (planting himself in the middle of the room, his legs spread apart).— Hello! Hello! Here is still another!

Wann.— Who knows what sort of a bird you are! Perhaps one who is dressed to learn shivering: have patience, you will learn it soon enough!

Hellriegel.— Don't get angry, dear uncle, the house is still standing, my little mother says. But whether we go or stay is our affair!

Wann.— You must have very big notions of yourself in your knapsack!

Hellriegel.— Indeed? Do I look as though I had something of that sort in my pack! It is quite possible! Think of it! Well, enough of that! My knapsack answers pretty well, though there are other things in it than a few paltry notions. So if my cap sets that way, we will go; and you can keep us here as little as you could two swans who journey under mackerel sky like two points travelling toward the South.

Wann.— I grant you that, young cloud-dweller! But sometimes I succeed in enticing those birds to my little trough, and that, for example, is what I have done to you.

(Jonathan sets out the table near the stove with southern fruits, steaming wine and cakes.)

Hellriegel.— The little trough! We are not hungry, we will not eat! Michael is not dependent on anything like that!

Wann.— Since when isn't he?

Hellriegel.— Since — since he found river-gold in mud!

Wann (to Pippa).— And you?

Pippa.— I am not hungry either!

Wann.— No?

Pippa (aside to Michael).— You have your table set thyself, of course!

Wann.— So you won't do me the honor?

Hellriegel.— I notice that you, too, are one of those who have not the slightest suspicion of who Michael Hellriegel is. What do I care; and what good would it do to discuss it with you? You must know that the archangel Michael is a hero and conqueror of dragons; you do not doubt that. Now, however, I simply need to go on and for all I care swear ten oaths, I have witnessed miracle upon miracle since yesterday and have come off victorious from an adventure just as astonishing, and you will say: why not, here is a man who plays the ocarina. I need only to tell about my knapsack —

Wann.— O, Michael, you delightful child of God! Had I suspected that it was you, I have been following with my telescope since daybreak, today, and enticing to my little bowl filled with hot blood for souls' food; I had decorated my hut festively and received you — that you might see that I, too, am something of a musician — received you with quintets and roses! Be peaceful, Michael, be friendly! And I advise you to eat a little something! Well filled though you may be with heaven's blue, only the soul can be satisfied with that; never the body of a big, tall fellow like you!

Hellriegel (goes up to the table, takes a plate from it, eats eagerly and says in an aside to Pippa).— The food goes against me, I don't want it! I just eat it to get away politely —

Wann.— Eat, Michael, eat, don't argue about it! It doesn't do any good to dispute with the Lord God because you have to breathe and eat and swallow! Afterward you float and flutter so much the more beautifully!

Pippa (steals over to Wann, while Michael is absorbed in eating, and whispers to him with great delight).— I am so glad Michael is eating.

Wann.— He is eating in his sleep, so don't waken him! or he will let his knife and fork fall, will plunge three thousand feet high in the air and probably break his neck and legs.

(*He takes from the table carefully, in both hands, a model of a Venetian idola.*)

Wann.— Can you tell me what this represents?

Pippa.— No.

Wann.— Think! Has there never glided through your dreams a black vessel like this?

Pippa (quickly).— Yes, sometime, a long time ago, I remember!

Wann.— Do you know, too, what a powerful tool it is?

Pippa (meditatively).— I know only, that once I used to glide between uses, at night, in a barque like that.

Wann.— That's it! (*To Michael*). Now, for all I care, you can prick your ears, too, so that little by little, you may arrive at the knowledge that there is someone here beside yourself who understands something of aeronautics and many other things.

Hellriegel.— Well, out with what you have to say!

Wann.— Well then, this little craft created the mystical city between the skies, that is the city at the heart of the earth, wherein you too, good Michael, were born. For you come out of a mystery and will return into it again.

Hellriegel.— Hop! There comes something flying! Hop! Again, another picture! a rat! a salt-herring, a girl! a miracle! Gather them all together: an ocarina! Always hop, hop, hop! When I went away from my mother, on a tramp, well as I was prepared for all sorts of hocus-pocus I thought I went to meet it skipping with joy, still even now the cold sweat often comes out on my forehead. (*With his knife and fork in his hands, he stares thoughtfully straight in front of him.*) So he knows the city where we wish to go!

Wann.— Of course I know it, and — if you had confidence in me — I could do something for you and with advice and suggestion point out to you the way thither. In the end, who knows, perhaps something more than that! For, to tell you the truth, when I observe you very carefully, doubts come to me whether you really do float in the sky so high, so secure and certain of your goal! You have something in you, how shall I say it, something of birds who have been beaten out of their course, and are driven helplessly in the direction of the North Pole. At the mercy of every wind, to speak! Don't start, Michael, don't become excited! You won't run up to it that you are horribly played out and tired, nor will you own up to the undefined fear, the dread that still takes possession of you at times, although you have in a measure escaped the terrors of a winter-night flight.

(*At the mention of flight and fear, Hellriegel springs up and Pippa and*

he look at each other anxiously. Now, he moves uneasily toward the door of the room and listens into the hall.)

Hellriegel.— Just be calm, Michael! That's the main thing! I take it that the doors are properly locked and bolted? — Then at any rate we have nothing to fear! (*He comes back.*) For all I know — it may be that perhaps you are something unusual! In any case, you may be sure we are going to eat oranges tomorrow afternoon in the beautiful water- and glass-makers' city, where the water bursts forth into glass blossoms; in the city of whose every little bridge, flight of steps and narrow street, I have dreamed accurately all my life long — in any case, you may be sure — but for all I care: how far have we still to go?

Wann.— That depends, Michael, on how you travel.

Hellriegel.— Let us say in practical fashion.

Wann (smiling).— Then you will probably never get there. But if you travel in this little vessel in which the first pile-drivers rode out into the lagunes and out of which, as out of a floating incense bowl, fantastic smoke, Venice, the artist's dream, arose, in which the showy, stone city was precipitated as a crystal is in lye, — Yes, if you travel in this little vessel and by means of the miracle that you have experienced, then you can at once see everything your longing soul aspires to see.

Hellriegel.— Hold! I must first engage in a silent communion with my own thoughts. But give me the thing in my hand! (*He takes the little boat and holds it in his hands.*) So I am to travel in this nut-shell? Oh yes! How wise our old host is after all, and what an ass is Michael! But just how do you accomplish the getting into this? O please, I am no spoil-sport! Now I see through the matter: I am only afraid I shall lose my way in the little boat! If I am really to go this way, then I would prefer to take with me my two sisters, my six older brothers, my uncles and the rest of my relatives, who, thank God, are all tailors.

Wann.— Courage, Michael! When you are once out of the harbor, there is no going back: you must go on, out into the high billows. And you (*to Pippa*) must give him the magic wind for his sails!

Hellriegel.— That pleases me, that will be a queer voyage!

Wann (guiding Pippa's little finger around the edge of a Venetian glass).— Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta! Repeat it after me.

Pippa.— Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta!

Wann.—

From night of winter, from ice and snow,
Away from storm-shaken cabins go!

Pippa (*laughing*).—

From night of winter, from ice and snow,
Away from storm-shaken cabins go!

Wann.—

Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta!

(From the glass whose edge Pippa is rubbing there comes a low tone which grows louder and louder until other tones join with it and the harmony then formed swells and grows into a short but powerful musical storm, which suddenly recoils and becomes silent. Michael Hellriegel falls into a hypnotic sleep, with his eyes open.)

Wann.—

Now Michael solitary sails above the clouds,
Silent the journeying, for at that lofty height
Sound dieth, since it findeth no resistance there.
Where art thou?

Hellriegel.—

Proudly I sail through the dawn's red glow!

Wann.—

And on what wonders new and strange dost thou now gaze?

Hellriegel.—

On more than soul of man can ever grasp, I gaze,
And over hyacinthine seas I wing my flight!

Wann.—

Only thy ship is sinking downward now! — or no?

Hellriegel.—

I know not. All the mountains of the earth, it seems,
Mount up to me. Gigantic towers up the world.

Wann.—

And now?

Hellriegel.—

Now I am sinking downward noiselessly,
And now my skiff 'mid gardens rushes silently.

Wann.—

Thou call'st these gardens that thou see'st?

Hellriegel.—

Yes! but of stone.
The marble blossoms all are mirrored in blue plains,
And the white columns tremble in the emerald ground.

Wann.—

Halt there, good ferryman. And tell us where thou art!

Hellriegel.—

On stairways now I set my foot, on tapestries,

And in a hall of coral now I tread my way!

And now, at golden portals do I knock three times!

Wann.—

And tell me, on the knocker what words readest thou?

Hellriegel.—

Montes chrysocreos fecerunt nos dominos!

(Gold-bearing mountains have made us lords!)

Wann.—

What happens when the echoes of thy knocking cease?

(Michael Hellriegel does not answer, instead he begins to groan as if he had nightmare.)

Pippa.—

Oh, waken him, please waken him, dear, wise, old man!

Wann (as he takes the little boat out of Michael's hands).—

Enough! To this secluded cabin come once more.

Return again to us, snowbound and exiled here,

And quake and shake the golden spoils of voyages

Into our laps, while we sit here repining.

(Michael Hellriegel awakens, looks around perplexedly, and tries to remember.)

Hellriegel.— Hello! Why does that confounded old grunting-ox, Huhn, stand at the gate, threaten me and refuse to let me enter? Just slip the golden key out to me through the grating, Pippa! I will steal in through a little side door! Where? Pippa! Confound it! No! Where am I? Pardon me, old man, it is better not to swear when anything of this kind — when after all, you have been hoaxed! Into what sort of an infernal box have I slid? Hang it all, what is going on here? Where is Pippa? Have you still the golden key? Here! give it here! We will open the door quickly!

Pippa.— Wake up, Michael! You are just dreaming! Try to think!

Hellriegel.— But I would rather be a dreamer than wake up in such a mean way, fourteen miles deep down in the puddle. I can't see my hand before my eyes here! What does it mean? Who is pressing his thumbs into my throat? Who is crushing the happiness out of my breast with a mountain-load of fear?

Wann.— Have no fear! no fear at all, good Michael! Everything in this house is in my power, and there is nothing in it that can harm you.

Hellriegel.— But why, oh why, Master, did you call me back so soon to this grave-hole? Why didn't that ragged, old wild beast let me into the magic, water-castle? It was the very one I have always wished for, the very same one! I recognized it perfectly as the one I dreamed of when I was a little boy and sat in front of the stove,— and Pippa looked out of the window,— and the water played delightfully, like roulades on the flute, around the walls below her! Let us make the journey once again! Make me a present of your charming little gondola, and without hesitating — I offer you for it my whole knapsack with all its precious contents!

Wann.— No, Michael, not yet! Have patience! For the present, you are much too hotblooded to suit me! And I beg you both to still your raging hearts and not to be afraid. Believe me there will be another journey tomorrow. There are many guest chambers in my house, I beg you, to try until morning with me! Grant me the pleasure of harboring for one night perfect, young hope! Tomorrow, you shall journey on, and God be with you! Jonathan show the stranger upstairs!

Hellriegel.— We belong together, we will not be separated!

Wann.— Arrange it as you wish to or will, good Michael, sleep will always take her out of your hands and you will have to leave her to her fate and God!

(Hellriegel takes Pippa in his arms. He looks at her and sees that she is almost lost consciousness from her great fatigue: so, as she has fallen asleep, he lays her down on the bench by the wall.)

Hellriegel.— And you stand security for her?

Wann.— Solemnly!

Hellriegel (kisses Pippa on the forehead).— Until morning, then!

Wann.— Sleep well! Good night! And far away on the Adriatic stands a house that waits for new and youthful guests.

(Jonathan stands in the door with a light. Hellriegel tears himself away and disappears with him in the hallway. Wann looks at Pippa for awhile slowly and thoughtfully; then he says):

Wann.—

Into my winter cabin, magic forced his way.
My wisdom's wall of ice, he broke through robber-like,
By gold enticed. A shelter safe I furnished him
From out my soul paternal, with old malice full.
Who is the fop that he should wish to make his own
This child divine who makes my vessels sail for me —
They creak and crack and swing so gently to and fro,
The old dry hulls archaeologically hung! —

AND PIPPA DANCES

Why then do I put him, this Michael, in my ship,
 Instead of sailing forth myself, triumphantly,
 Forth in my galleon, commanding my whole fleet,
 To subjugate abandoned heavens once again.
 O, ice on my old forehead, ice in my old blood!
 You thaw before a sudden breath of happiness.
 Thou holy breath, O, kindle not in my old breast
 Consuming fires of greed, of avarice and wild lusts,
 Till I must swallow mine own children, Saturn-like.
 Sleep! Over your sleep I watch, for you I guard
 What fleets away. As pictured forms ye float by me,
 So long as my own soul remains a picture still,
 Not Being,— not clear, viewless element alone.
 Moulder, ye hulls! for journeys new I have no thirst.

(He has raised the sleeping girl, supported her and led her slowly and with fatherly solicitude into the chamber to the right. After he and Pippa have disappeared, Huhn comes out from behind the stove and stands in the middle of the room, his gaze fixed on the chamber door. Wann comes out of the chamber backward, pulls the door shut after him, and speaks without noticing Huhn. He turns toward the models of the ships and in so doing sees Huhn. At first, doubting the reality of the vision, he holds his hands above his eyes to investigate; when he lets it drop, his every muscle tightens and both men measure each other with eyes filled with hatred.)

Wann (slowly, quivering with rage).— No — road — passes — through — here! —

Huhn (in the same manner).— No — word — passes — muster — here! —

Wann.— Come on!

(Huhn pushes forward and they stand opposite each other in wrestlers' positions.)

Huhn.— This is all mine! — all mine, all mine, all mine!

Wann.—

You black, bloodthirsty bundle! Night-born lump of greed,
 You yet gasp forth some sounds that seem like words!

(Old Huhn attacks him and they wrestle; suddenly old Huhn utters a frightful shriek and immediately afterward hangs defenceless in Wann's arms. Wann lets the gasping old man sink gently to the floor.)

Wann.—

Thus must it come to pass, giant uncouth! O thou
 Sick, wild, strong animal! — Break open stables then!

Here is no provender for prowling beasts of prey —
Here in this snowbound house of God!

ACT IV

(This act immediately follows the third act, in the same room. Old Huhn lies on the bench by the stove, the sound of the death-rattle in his throat loud and horrible. His chest is bare, his long rust-red hair falls to the ground. Old Wann stands by him, upright, his left hand laid on Huhn's east.

Pippa, shy and trembling, an expression of great fear on her face, comes out of the door to the right.)

Wann.— Come in, you little trembling flame, you, come right in! here is now no further danger for you, if you are a little cautious!

Pippa.— I knew it! O, I knew and felt it, signore! Hold him down! and him fast!

Wann.— So far as he can be bound, I can bind him.

Pippa.— Is it old Huhn, or isn't it?

Wann.— The torture disfigures his face. But if you look at him more closely —

Pippa.— Then he looks almost like yourself!

Wann.— I am a human being and he wants to be: how did you happen notice it?

Pippa.— I do not know, signore!

(Hellriegel appears in the hall door, frightened.)

Hellriegel.— Where is Pippa? I had a foreboding that the lousy lot would be at our heels! Pippa! God be thanked that you are again under my protection!

Wann.— Nobody touched a hair of her head even when you were not here!

Hellriegel.— It is better, however, for me to be here!

Wann.— May it please Heaven! Fetch me in a bucket full of snow! Bring snow! We will lay snow on his heart, so that the poor, captive beast, beating its wings in his breast, may be calmed!

Hellriegel.— Is he hurt?

Wann.— It may well be!

Hellriegel.— What do we gain by it if he recovers his strength? He'll strike around him with his fists and beat us all three into mincemeat!

Wann.— Not me! and not anyone else, if you are sensible!

Pippa.— It is he, I am sure of it! It is the old glass-blower, Huhn!

Wann.— Do you recognize him, now: the guest who came so late, to await here a higher than he? Come close to him, little one, don't be afraid, your pursuer is now himself the pursued! (*Hellriegel brings in a bucket full of snow.*) What did you see out there, Michael? You are as white as a sheet!

Hellriegel.— I did not know what it was! (*While the ice is being laid on Huhn's breast.*) It isn't the old mountain with the forest of hair that danced and jumped around with you in the tavern and from whom fortunately I carried you off; it isn't he at all.

Pippa.— Look at him more closely, I am sure it is he!

Wann.— But he has become our brother!

Pippa.— Was it the matter with you, Michael? How you do look!

Wann.— What did you see outside there that made you as white as a sheet?

Hellriegel.— Well, for all I care: I saw pretty little things! It was, so to speak, like a wall of snapping, fishmouthed women's visages, pretty terrifying, pretty dreadful! I wouldn't like to have them here in the room. That's the way, when you go from a bright light into the dark! —

Wann.— You will yet learn shivering!

Hellriegel.— At all events, it is no pleasure to be outside there. Apparently the ladies have sore throats — you see it in their swollen, twitching, violet-black throats! And for what other reason were their necks wound round with a thick neckerchief of long, slaving worms!

Wann.— Pshaw, Michael, you are looking around for protection!

Hellriegel.— If only those tricky little angels don't squeeze through the wall!

Wann.— Michael, couldn't you go out of doors once more, and call into the dark in a loud voice, that he is to come?

Hellriegel.— No! That's going too far for me, I won't do that!

Wann.— You are afraid of the lightning that is to save? Then prepare yourself to hear God's praise howled in a manner to freeze the marrow in your bones, since not otherwise is the invasion of the pack to be prevented!

(*Such a shriek of pain comes from old Huhn that Pippa and Hellriegel break into a sympathetic weeping and, carried away by their sympathy, they impulsively hasten to him to bring him help.*)

Wann.— No hurry! It is useless! Here is no pity! Here the poisonous tooth and the white-hot wind rage, so long as he rages! Here typhonic powers press out the piercing scream of torture, the torture of frantic recognition of God. Blind, without compassion, they stamp it out of the soul howling, yet speechless with horror.

Hellriegel.— Can't you relieve him, then, old man?

Wann.— Not without him whom you do not choose to call.

Pippa (trembling).— Why is he so stretched on the rack? I have loved him, and have hated him, but why is he pursued with such wrath and merciless hatred? — I do not ask it!

Huhn.— What do you want? Let go! Let go! Don't strike your fingers into my neck! Let go! Let go! Don't tear the bones from out my joints! Don't tear my body open! Don't rend me, don't rend my soul in pieces!

Hellriegel.— Great heavens! What if this should be a trial of strength; the great fish-blooded one thinks to impress anyone with this — at all events, he doesn't impress me! or at most only with his force! Has he no more respect for his creation, or can't he help striking something low and small every moment? And in such a peculiar way, which it is to be hoped is not the only fun there is for him in the matter.

Wann.— The principal thing now is really, Michael, that one of us should go and find out where he, whom we await so longingly, is staying. Our talking, you know, brings us no further.

Hellriegel.— You go out! I shall stay here.

Wann.— Good! (*To Pippa.*) But don't dance with him!

Hellriegel.— O Heavens! When anyone can make jests in such a critical situation, what is one to say to such a disaster?

Wann.— Take care whom you trust! At all events, give heed to the wild! (*Wann goes out through the hall.*)

Pippa.— Oh, if we were only away from here, Michael!

Hellriegel.— I have wished that too! God be thanked, that at all events we are now at the top! Tomorrow, at daybreak, we can rush down the southern slope — for all I care, we can go on sleds, that would be fine! Then we shall be out of this region of foreigners and assassins and grunting boons, forever!

Pippa.— Oh, if he only wouldn't scream again!

Hellriegel.— Let him scream! Even if he does, it is still better inside here: the silence outside screams more horribly.

Huhn (with heavy tongue).— Murder! Murder!

Pippa.— He has spoken again! I believe the old toy-dealer has injured me in some way!

Hellriegel.— Cling to me! Press close to my heart.

Pippa.— O Michael, you pretend to be so calm, and your heart beats furiously!

Hellriegel.— Like your own!

Pippa.— And his! I hear his beating, too! How hard it labors! It seems strained to the utmost!

Hellriegel.— Is it that? Is it really a heart that pounds like that?

Pippa.— What else can it be? Just listen, what else can be pounding like that? I don't know why, but I feel it all through me, so painfully—it hurts me clear down to the tips of my toes — at every stroke, it seems as if I must help it.

Hellriegel.— Look, a chest like a cannibal's! Doesn't it look like a bellows all covered with matted red hair? And as if it ought always to be blowing something like a small forge fire.

Pippa.— O, how the poor little captive bird keeps jumping against his ribs in its fright! Shall I lay my hand on him for a minute, Michael?

Hellriegel.— You have my permission! There can be nothing in all the world which would be so miraculously effectual?

Pippa (laying her hand on Huhn's heart).— I hadn't the least idea that under all his rags, old Huhn was as white as a young girl! —

Hellriegel.— There you see it does work! He is quieter already! And now we will give him a little wine besides, so that he may meet death sleeping peacefully.

(He goes to the table to pour out some wine. Pippa allows her hand to remain on Huhn's breast.)

Huhn.— Who lays her little hand on my breast? I sat within my house — in the darkness — we sat in the darkness! The world was cold! Daylight came no more, the morning never came! We sat there round a cold glass furnace! And the people came there, yoop, yoop — They came there from far away, creeping across the snow! They came from far away because they were hungry: they wanted to have a little bit of light on their tongues, they wanted to absorb a little bit of warmth into their benumbed bones! It is true! And they lay around the glass-works all night! I heard them groan; I heard them moan. And then I rose and poked around in the ash pits — all at once there arose a single little spark — a tiny spark arose out of the ashes! O Jesus, what shall I do with the little spark that has all at once risen again out of the ashes? Shall I make you a servant, little spark, shall I capture you? Shall I strike at you, little spark? Shall I dance with you, tiny little spark?

Hellriegel.— Say yes, say yes, don't oppose him! But tell us, you, the rest of your story! Here, first take a swallow, old Mr. What's-your-name! Today, you — tomorrow, me! We will hold together, because in my inmost heart, I too am something of a snowbound, ghostly glass-maker.

Huhn (after he has drunken).— Blood! Black blood tastes good!

at, what the wise man makes, I make too! I too make glass! Oh dear, what is there that I haven't brought out of the glass furnaces! Beads! Precious stones! Magnificent goblets! Ever in with the blowpipe and the blast into it! Enough of that! I will dance with you, little spark! Wait a moment: I'll start up my furnace again! How the white heat leaks from the doors! No one ever comes up to old Huhn! Did you see me dancing round in the air over the fire?

Hellriegel.— Whom do you mean?

Huhn.— Whom? Who would it be? He doesn't know, he doesn't, at the girl springs from the glass furnaces!

Hellriegel (chuckling).— Just listen, Pippa, you spring from the glass furnaces!

Pippa.— Oh, Michael, I feel like weeping.

Huhn.— Dance, dance! that it may grow a little lighter! Go here, there, that the people may get light! Kindle the fire, kindle the fire! We will go to work!

Hellriegel.— Just listen! When such an opportunity offers, I would really like to join you! The devil take me, if I wouldn't, and not with just a journeyman's piece of work —

Huhn.— We stood around our glass furnaces and around about us out of the starless night crept fear! (*He gasps harder.*) Mice, dogs, beasts and birds crept into the fire. It grew smaller and smaller and was going out! We said to each other and said constantly — O Jesus, the terror of the little fire! Then it fell apart! Then we screamed! A little blue light came again! Then we screamed again! And then it was out! I sat in my house, over my cold fire! I saw nothing! I poked around the ashes! All at once a little spark flew up, a single little spark flew in front of me. Shall we dance again, little spark?

Pippa (fleeing to Michael).— Michael, are you still there?

Hellriegel.— Yes, of course! Do you think that Michael is inclined to be a shirker? This old man, however, is something more than a discharged glass-blower, God knows! Just see, what a bloody, agonizing expression is shown in his face!

Pippa.— And how his heart wrestles, and how it pounds!

Hellriegel.— Like an eternal forge-dance with the forge-hammer.

Pippa.— And at every stroke, I feel my own breast torn and burned!

Hellriegel.— I do too! I feel it tremendously through all my bones, and it tugs at me until it seems I must work and pound with it!

Pippa.— Listen, Michael, it seems exactly as if the same stroke struck me down and knocked on the earth.

Hellriegel.— You are right, the same terrible blow of the forge-hammer strikes deep down!

Huhn.— Shall I dance with you, little spirit?

(*Underground, thunderous rumblings.*)

Pippa.— Michael, did you hear that rumbling underground?

Hellriegel.— No! Come! You had better take your hand away from his heart. If everything is going to rock, and the earth is going to tremble and we are going to shoot out like an involuntary meteor, who knows whither into space, then it is certainly better for us to clamp ourselves together, shortly, into an indissoluble knot. I am only joking!

Pippa.— Oh, Michael, don't joke now!

Hellriegel.— Tomorrow, we will both joke about this!

Pippa.— Do you know, I feel almost as if I were only a single spark and as if I hovered around, lost and quite alone, in endless space!

Hellriegel.— A dancing star in the heavens, Pippa! and why not?

Pippa (whispering).— Michael, Michael, dance with me! Hold me fast, Michael, I don't want to dance! Michael, Michael, dance with me!

Hellriegel.— I will do it, so help me God, as soon as we are out of this scrape! Think of something beautiful! As soon as this night is over, I have promised myself: that from then on, you shall walk only on roses and tapestries. And we shall laugh, as soon as we are down there, in the little water-palace — we shall go there, I assure you—and then I shall lay you in your little silken bed — and then I shall bring you sweetmeats all the time — and then I shall cover you up and tell you creepy stories — and then you will burst out laughing, so sweetly, that the delicious sound will be pain to me. And then you will sleep, and I shall play all night long, softly, softly, on a glass harp.

Pippa.— Michael!

Hellriegel.— Yes, Pippa!

Pippa.— Where are you?

Hellriegel.— Here beside you! I hold you tightly clasped!

Huhn.— Shall we dance again, little spirit?

Pippa.— Hold me, Michael — don't let me go! He drags me to him! — I am being dragged! If you let me go I must dance! I must dance! — or else I shall die! Let me go!

Hellriegel.— Really? Well, I think it will be well, in the midst of all these, in a way really nightmarish things, to bethink myself of my brave old Swabian blood! If all your limbs twitch to do it, why shouldn't you dance this last dance with a poor wretch who attaches so much value to your doing it? In my opinion there can't be anything so bad in that. Not

nothing, have there been jolly fellows who have conjured away Satan's hell-fire from under his tail and lighted their pipes with it. Why shouldn't he strike up a tune for him to dance? (*He takes out his ocarina.*) Rum-pum-pum, rum-pum-pum! How does the time go? Very well, for all I care, get ready to dance, sweet Pippa. If it must be — we dare not be particular about the place and the hour in this world! (*Trills and runs the ocarina.*) Dance away, and dance till you are tired! It is far from being the worst thing you can do: to be joyous with one who is mortally afflicted.

(*To the tones of the ocarina, which Michael plays, Pippa makes some slow, painful dance movements, that have something convulsive about them. Little by little the dance grows wilder and more bacchanalian. A rhythmic rumbling stirs the body of old Huhn. In addition to this, he drums frantically with his fists, keeping time with Pippa's dance rhythm. At the same time he seems to be shaken by a terrible chill, like some one coming out of a cutting wind into the warmth. From the depths of the earth muffled sounds force their way up: rumblings of thunder, triangles, cymbals and kettle-drums. Suddenly Wann enters through the hall door.*)

Huhn.— I am making a little glass! I am making it. (*Fastening a look of hate on Wann.*) I shall make it and knock it to pieces again! Come — with — we — into — the dark — little spark. (*He crushes the tinkling glass which he still holds in his hand, and the pieces clatter to the floor.*)

(*Pippa shivers and then grows suddenly rigid.*)

Pippa.— Michael!

(*She reels and Wann catches her in his arms. She is dead.*)

Wann.— Have you achieved your purpose in spite of me, old corybant?

Hellriegel (*stops playing on his ocarina for a few seconds.*)— Good! Stop a moment to get your breath, Pippa!

Huhn (*with an effort, looks Wann full in the eyes, triumphantly. Then there comes from his lips with difficulty, but powerfully, the call*)— Jumalai! ! ! Immediately after it he sinks back and dies.)

Hellriegel (*is about to begin playing on his ocarina again.*)— What is that? I have it! I heard that cry, yesterday morning! What do you say to that, old wizard? But anyhow, it is well that you have come, for otherwise we would have galloped away, over knives and pieces of broken glass into the unknown, on and on, who knows where! Have you found him at last?

Wann.— Most certainly!

Hellriegel (*after a trill.*)— Well, where did you find him?

Wann.— I found him behind a snow-drift. He was tired. He said his load of work was too enormous. I had to persuade him a long while. (*Looking down on Pippa.*) And now it seems that he misunderstood me.

Hellriegel (after a trill).— But at least he is coming now?

Wann.— Didn't you see him? He came in just before me!

Hellriegel.— I didn't see anything, to be sure, but I felt something when the old man yelled out his silly foreign word, something that still hums in my bones.

Wann.— Do you hear the echo still making a hubbub outside?

Hellriegel (goes up close to Huhn, curiously).— Truly! The old cloven hoof will stamp no more. I must say, a weight has fallen from my soul! I hope that at last the old hippopotamus is in a safe place. Tell me, you probably injured his backbone for him, didn't you? But perhaps that wasn't really necessary, although it is possible that it may have saved us.

Wann.— Yes, Michael, if you are saved, it would certainly have been difficult to accomplish it in any other way.

Hellriegel.— Yes, thank God, I feel that we are over the worst of it. For that reason I won't mope any longer because the old man — he is really past the time for boyish tricks! — because the old man has died of his love affair, and can not have what I possess. Every man for himself and God for us all! In what way does the affair concern me after all! Pippa! ! How does it happen that you have two lights to the right and left of you, one on each shoulder?

Wann (with Pippa in his arms).— Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi! (*Behold a god stronger than I, who when he comes will have dominion over me!*)

Hellriegel.— I don't understand that! (*With his head bent forward he gazes searchingly for a few seconds at Pippa as she lies in Wann's arms.*) Oh, now something tugs so as my breast again, now I am again shaken with impatience, so painfully sweet that it seems as if I must be at the same time here on this spot and millions of years away. Everything is rosy-red round about me! (*He plays, then interrupts himself and says*) Dance, child! Rejoice! Rejoice, for with the help of the never-ceasing light in my breast, we have found the way through the gloomy labyrinth, and when you have tired of leaping and feel calm in the certainty of happiness, then we will immediately (*to Wann*) with your permission, glide down over the clear snow, at if we went by post, into spring's ravine, down there.

Wann.— Yes, if you see spring's ravine down there, good Michael, certainly!

Hellriegel (with the motions of a blind man who sees only what is within himself; standing at the pitch-dark window).— Ho, I see it well, spring's ravine! I am not blind! A child can see it! From your cabin, you ancient inn-keeper, you can overlook the whole land — for a distance of fifty miles. I absolutely will not sit here any longer, like the spirit in the glass bottle, lying corked at the bottom of the sea. Once upon a time — just give us the golden key and let us go away!

Wann.— When the sun shines forth suddenly in winter, it is apt to make people blind!

Hellriegel.— Or give them the all-seeing eye! I could almost believe myself in a dream: so mysteriously am I charmed by the mountains, white in the light of the morning's flaming splendor, and by the enchanting haze over the peninsulas, inlets and gardens of the ravine, and really, it seems as if I were on another star!

Wann.— That's the way it always is when the mountains are bathed in the light of the great Pan's games with the fires of St. Elmo.

Hellriegel.— Pippa!

Wann.— She is even now, again, far from us on her own pilgrimage! And he, the restless barbarous old giant is again pursuing her. (*He lays Pippa down on the bench. Afterward he calls.*) Jonathan! Again the invisible hand that reaches through walls and roofs has frustrated my schemes and made them his booty. Jonathan! He is even now cold! The glowing crater is extinguished. What does the hunter hunt? It is not the animal that he slays! What does the hunter hunt? Who can answer me?

Hellriegel (at the black window).— Pippa, just look down there, the tongues of land are covered with golden cupolas — and do you see: there is our water-palace — and the golden steps that lead up to it!

Wann.— Then rejoice! Rejoice over what you see, Michael, and over what is hidden from you!

Hellriegel.— The sea! Oh, there is another, upper sea forming: this other sea gives back to the lower sea millions of twinkling stars! O Pippa — and look, still a third sea forms! There is an infinite mirroring and immersion of light in light! We swim through it all, between ocean and ocean, on our rustling gold galley!

Wann.— Then, of course, you will no longer need my little vessel! Throw back the shutters, Jonathan!

(*Jonathan, who has looked in, opens the house door and the first faint gleam of morning comes in through the hall.*)

Hellriegel.— Pippa!

Wann.— Here she is, take each other's hands! (*He goes up to Michael, who is standing with the expression of a blind seer on his face, and makes motions as if Pippa stood near him and as if he laid Michael's hand in hers.*) There! I marry you! I marry you to this shadow! He who is married to shadows marries you to this one!

Hellriegel.— Not bad, Pippa, you are a shadow!

Wann.— Go forth, go out with her into the wide world — to your water-palace, I meant to say! And here you have the key to it! That monster can no longer prevent your entering! And outside a sleigh with two curved horns stands ready —

Hellriegel (with great tears on his cheeks).— And there I shall make water into balls!

Wann.— You are doing it now with your eyes! Now go! Don't forget your ocarina!

Hellriegel.— O no! I shall not forget my sweet, beloved little wife!

Wann.— For it may yet be possible, that sometime you will have to play and sing here and there before people's doors. But don't lose your courage because of that. For in the first place, you have the little key to the palace, and when it grows dark, you have this torch which Pippa may carry on before you; and then you will surely and certainly come to the place where joy and peace await you. Only sing and play bravely and do not despair.

Hellriegel.— Hurrah! I sing the song of the blind!

Wann.— What do you mean by that?

Hellriegel.— I sing the song of the blind people who do not see the great golden stairs!

Wann.— So much the higher will you mount the scala d'oro, the scala dei Giganti!

Hellriegel.— And I sing the song of the deaf!

Wann.— Those who do not hear the stream of the universe flowing!

Hellriegel.— Yes!

Wann.— Be sure you do it! But, Michael, when they are not touched and when they threaten you with hard words or with stone-throwing, which is pretty sure to happen, then tell them how rich you are — a prince on a journey with his princess! Talk to them of your water-palace and beg them for God's sake to direct you to the next milestone on your road!

Hellriegel (chuckling).— And Pippa shall dance!

Wann.— And Pippa dances!

(*It has now become broad daylight. Wann puts a cane into the hand of the blind and helpless Michael, puts his hat on and leads him to the outside*

vor, feeling his way, but chuckling softly and happily. Now Michael puts the ocarina to his mouth and plays a heart-breakingly sad melody. In the end, Jonathan takes charge of the blind man and Wann comes back. He returns to the ocarina, as the melody dies away farther and farther into the distance, takes the little gondola from the table, looks at it and says with resigned renunciation in his tones).—

Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta!

THE LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL

BY ISABEL MOORE

I

SINCE the time of Robert Southey almost no attention has been paid to the literature of Portugal. Yet Portugal, the 'medulla Hispanica' (marrow of Spain, as it has been called) has not only a vast but an exceedingly beautiful literature, entirely distinctive from the Spanish of which it is so often and erroneously considered a part. Like the country itself, the literature has been peculiarly insecure and yet peculiarly lasting.

Long, long ago — when the Spanish Peninsular was in the making — a certain Alfonso, ruler of Leon, conquered his brothers, Garcia of Galicia and Coimbra, and Sancho of Castile, and was himself crowned king of Castile, Leon, Galicia and Coimbra. His father was Don Fernando who conferred the honor of knighthood, in the great Mosque of Coimbra, upon Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the redoubtable Cid, Champion of Christendom and hero of Spanish Mediaeval history. And Alfonso — after he had adjusted his domestic supremacy to his liking — had proceeded to the conflict against his religious and territorial foes, the Moors, who, since the defeat of Roderick the Goth in the Battle of the Guadette, had ravaged the Peninsular. He was successful to the extent of winning Santarem and Lisbon from the Lusitanian Moors, but was finally in such straits and met with such crushing reverses that he called upon other Christian princes to help him. Among those to respond, was Count Henry of Burgundy, whom Alfonso gave the countries of Oporto and Coimbra in 1095 as a reward for his services and assistance. And with this grant of lands began the Kingdom of Portugal.

Alfonso Henriques, the first King of Portugal, was the son of the French Prince; and the establishment of a Burgundian dynasty introduced French words into the Coimbrian dialect, such as never found their way into the Galician: — although, in the main, the dialects remained for a long time practically the same. It was only in Coimbra, however, after it became an integral part of Portugal, that there was a Court; and, therefore, it was in Coimbra that the common dialect acquired a separate and distinctive literature: taking precedence and wielding together the different elements that went to the forming of the Portuguese national language.

Though, until the existence of Portugal as a nation, we cannot consider its literature as separated from the Castilian, there is every probability that songs were sung in the Portuguese dialect long before they were in the Castilian. The oldest Portuguese poetry of which we have authentic record, however, are three curious fragments given by Manuel de Faria, and Sousa in his *Europa Portuguesa*, written by Gonzalo Hermiguez and Luiz Moniz Coelho; two poets who are said to have lived during the reign of Alfonso Henriques, although some authorities maintain they came a little later. Ticknor, however, is confident that their verse can not be placed later than 1200, and says: 'Both show that the Galician in Portugal, under the most favorable circumstances than those which accompanied the Castilian in Spain, rose at the same period to be a written language and possessed, perhaps quite as early, the materials for forming an independent literature.' Alfonso Henriques, himself, was a poet as well as an able ruler, though none of his verse has survived for our estimation; and Spain and Portugal have in common the still extant fragment of a poem said to have been found in 1187, in a condition so injured by time that little more than thirty lines are legible, ascribed to Roderick the Last of the Goths: — coeval, then, with the Arab conquest of the Peninsular in the beginning of the eighth century.

It is a cause for wonder that Arabian poetry left no more trace than it seems to have done on Spanish versification, and no trace at all — that is discernible in our day, at least — on the Portuguese. Probably it enriched the Peninsular dialects somewhat but, apparently, not much. It has been claimed that the Spanish ballads are imitations of the Arabian; and, of course, as it was inevitable that there should be, there were many Spanish border ballads concerned with Moorish-Spanish international episodes and incidents. But this was more particularly the case after the Fall of Grenada, when cause for rejoicing over a vanquished foe most naturally found expression. That there was little interchange of imitation is readily proved by the internal simplicity of each. The Spanish ballads, particularly, are so simple in form and so direct in feeling that they could hardly be anything but the almost personal result of a popular need. Furthermore, it is easy to believe that a chivalrous and energetic people would naturally evolve their own ballad expression as they would their own architectural or political expression; and the evidence to corroborate this natural belief is the fact that not one single Arabic original has been found in the great mass of Spanish ballads. Although Arabian poetry is almost entirely lyrical — and the lyrical appeal was peculiarly poignant to the early Spanish, and to the Portuguese of all time — each nation held to a most ardent appre-

ciation of the beauty of its own speech. This was, doubtless, a most desirable state of affairs, contributing to the consolidation of what may be called national individualism in the poetry of Spain and Portugal; yet we cannot but regret to a degree that such a delightful possession of the Arabs, for example, as the 'trembling meter'—iambics, rhyming in the same syllable throughout: a measure which, according to the Arabs, resembles the trot of a camel—found no place in either Spanish or Portuguese verse. 'The beautiful poetry with which Allah has adorned the Muslim' is a thing apart; requiring independent appreciation and consideration.

The twelfth century has been likened unto a dusky dawn in which could be heard a few twittering birds that have awakened before their mates. There had come into existence what has been called 'a state of European consciousness.' All civilized Europe awoke, and every creature proceeded to produce after his kind. The Troubadour movement was the first symmetrical expression in Art of Chivalry—that adventurous service of God and woman—as the Crusades were its first expression in action. Love of external nature, elemental emotion, simple sentiment, were the well-springs of their lyric utterance; bubbling up into being from long-hidden, tranquil depths of feeling. And, as the Romance languages—composed of the Latin and the Teutonic tongues—in the first place all sprang from popular and not from classic Latin, so, likewise, in turn, the Troubadours found their expression in the homely speech of the common people after the barbaric invasions had led to the complete destruction of the Latin culture. 'They rank,' writes one modern critic, 'in the scale between music and usual verse.' And, again: 'Their words are like musical notes, not so much signs of thought as symbols of feeling, which almost defy an arbitrary interpretation and must be rendered in part by the temperament of the performer.'

That was it:—the Troubadours were the temperamental element of their age, whether of noble birth or of humble origin. St. Francis of Assisi himself, the typical saint of the Middle Ages, was at heart a bit of a temperamental tramp as he went from village to village with a number of friars, singing the *Canticle of the Sun*. Most truly did William of Poitiers—the reputed father of Provençal song—express the impulse of the day in his verse beginning:

'Desire of song hath taken me!'

'Desire of song,'—yea, verily. And the 'desire' would not, could not, be denied. It found its voice, first of all and for the longest period, in fair Provence, that 'home of song,' where from 1194–1209 the Court of Raimon VI of Toulouse was thronged with poets. It flourished in France from 1080 on. Alfonso II of Arragon, who died in Portugal while trying

to arrange a general league against the Moors, was the Troubadour-King whose reign Troubadour poetry reached its finest outburst in Arragon. Alfonso X of Castile was a devoted patron of the *Gaya Sciencia*. His *cantigas* in honor of the Madonna — strange minglings with regard to the All-Mother of the original Pagan and overlaid Christianity — we still have to the number of four hundred and one. They are in the Galician dialect, bearing somewhat the impress of the Provençal, and are the oldest extant specimens of Galician verse as distinct from the Portuguese with, possibly, the exception of the ballad called 'The Fight of the Figwood.'

It has been said that Portugal did not, strictly speaking, belong to the Troubadour world, and it is true that the name and poem of only one undoubtedly Portuguese Troubadour of the earliest period has survived — João de Penda (1145-1204). But, although the individual record is meager, Portugal in reality became even more Provençal than Castile, for in Castile there soon sprang up a strong French influence. The Troubadours — most of them — spent their lives visiting different Courts, and the Court of Portugal was so pleasant and welcoming that they frequently lingered there for a long time. Of these wandering minstrels who reached Portugal, the French Marcabrun is the most famous of this early period. He visited Portugal in 1147, while Alfonso Henriques was in the prime of his glory, and is said to have been the first of the French Troubadours to cross the Pyrenees. The similarity in the literary languages of Castile and Portugal undoubtedly led to considerable intercourse between the two countries, and it is on record that the later Portuguese Troubadours, Pero Gomez Barroso, Lopo Gomez Charrinho and Concalo Eames do Vidal, were received with honors at the Castilian Court. Among the Galician poets who frequented the Court of Portugal during the reign of Sancho I (1185-1211) were Alfonso Gomez, Fernam Gonçalves de Senabria and João Soares de Paiva; whose famous Provençal rivals were Peire Valeria, Gavandan o Velho and Peire Vidal, — the Peire Vidal of whom it was said that 'he was the best singer in the world and a good *finder*; and that he was the most foolish man in the world because he thought everything tiresome except verse.' And it is interesting evidence of the community of feeling in the Troubadour world to remember that Bonifaci Calvo, a Troubadour of Genoa, lived at the Castilian Court for a long period, and that two of his seventeen extant poems are in the Portuguese language; and that another Italian, Sordel — Brownig's Sordello — visited the Courts of the Peninsular in 1260, meeting everywhere with courteous welcome. In Portugal he gained an honor recorded no other foreign troubadour: — a place in their song books. 'As much — no more — one lives as one enjoys,' he sang.

It is quite possible that the Portuguese preceded the Castilians in epic or heroic poetry as well as in lyric verse. An earlier Castilian Alfonso than he of the *Cantigas* — Alfonso III — had fostered the Franco-Provençal school in his kingdom by bringing with him from France, Trouvères as well as Troubadours. Among these was Alfonso Lopez de Bayan, who wrote the first *gesta* in the Portuguese language, a *gesta de Maldizer*. But, although such names as Rodriguez Lobo, Eloi de Sa Sotonayor and Pires de Rebello — of a little later day — made this form of verse illustrious, the heroic romance never became thoroughly naturalized in Portugal and chiefly found its way through Spain. Narrative romance never seems to have been so esteemed by the Portuguese as by their Castilian neighbors.

In 1208 came the Albigensian Crusade in which Folquet de Marseilla, himself once a Troubadour but since become Abbott of La Thoronet, assisted Simon de Montfort against Toulouse in the siege that resulted in the decisive battle of 1213 in which the Midi were conquered. 'The stream must fall into the sea,' as Mistral sang of this event. Tides of fugitives fled beyond the Pyrenees. Echoes of the Troubadour world reverberated the length of Castile and Galicia and Portugal. Spain — used in a generic sense — was their refuge and their dream. The Court of Dom Sancho II of Portugal, particularly, was filled with gay and young knights and troubadours who had been under the most direct Provençal influence.

But the times were rapidly changing: the old order giving place to the new. Men's ideas were expanding and becoming big with other plans that found expression in other forms. Dante, when he came, was a typical troubadour spiritualized. *Ill Paradiso* is the culmination of the troubadour feeling, as in Boccaccio culminated the art of the Trouvères. Yet, though the troubadour spirit has now become itself a fugitive, there are even unto this day survivals and even revivals, and will ever be, so long as lyric poetry lives in human hearts: lyric poetry being the very quintessence of human sympathy and love and hope and the joy of life and the worship of nature. No matter that it only lingers in the secret places: that the form is changed: that it is overshadowed by the big worldly things of men. It is with the troubadour spirit, as found among the folk-tales and folk-songs of a people, as it was with the little maid in the old Portuguese folk-tale, who sings:

'Prince of love,
I have come many leagues
To see thee, O my Lord!
My shoes are torn:
My staff is travel-worn:
Yet here I am come back to thee!'

II

The Kingdom of Portugal was, however, rather to one side of the track change and the old spirit lingered there for some time after the reign of John II, although with the passing of the thirteenth century the political conditions changed entirely from a period of war and territorial expansion to one of consolidation, prelude to the *Idade d'Ouro* of heroic exploration and Asiatic conquest. It was a certain poised period: a stopping to take breath before a new and vigorous burst of enterprise: a lying fallow unto the end of renewed life and activity.

During the fourteenth century there were hardly any writers of verse in Portugal except members of the royal family; and of these, by far the most illustrious was the earliest, Dom Diniz (1279-1325) 'Brave Diniz' as his poems called him. He was a lover of letters and a true poet, promoting the literature of his country in much the same fashion as did his contemporary, Alfonso X, that of Castile. Not only did he found the great University which afterwards moved from Lisbon to Coimbra, but he and his poetic courtiers developed the Portuguese dialect into a beautiful and flexible literary language. His own verse shows the influence of the Troubadours rather than that of the Trouvères who had come into evidence at his father's court: but, as time went on, he more and more threw off the trammels of Provençal forms and, perceiving the beauty of his people's lyrics, wrote some quaint and graceful 'Pastorellas' in which — as in almost all pastoral poetry — the bucolic touch is easily conformable to the primitive religious feeling of the people. The poems of Dom Diniz are to be found only in old manuscripts. They are collected into *Cancioneiros*, two in number, the first containing his *Cantigas* to the Virgin — another touch in common with the Castilian contemporary — and the second his temporal works.

Besides Dom Diniz, of the royal poets, his son, Alfonso IV, wrote verse which has never been printed, and the sonnet in praise of Vasco de Lobeira is said to have been written by him, although some authorities attribute it to Pedro, the son of John the Great. This Lobeira deserves particular mention because there is little doubt that he gave to the literary world the first version of *Amadis of Gaul*, though the earliest version we now have is the Spanish of Garcí-Ordóñez de Montalvo which was written about 1495. There is proof that the story of Amadis existed as early as 1325 and, until the end of the sixteenth century, a manuscript copy of Lobeira's work was the possession of the Dukes of Aveiro at Lisbon. It was probably in use, but this is not known with certainty and it has been lost since the middle of the eighteenth century. Rather curiously, the last of the line

of the *Amadis* romances, as well as the first, is attributed to a Portuguese and was entitled 'Penalava.' It is supposed to have dealt with the last exploits and death of Lisuarte, King of Greece; but, if it ever really existed, no copy of it seems ever to have been seen.

The second series of great Spanish romances—that of the *Palmerins*—was for a long time supposed to have had a Portuguese origin. This was an error, however, arising from a misunderstanding of a statement on the part of its translator from the Spanish. But the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth (the Ninth being the last) of the *Palmerin* sequence were written by Portuguese; the Eighth and Ninth by Balth; Gonçalvez Lobato, and the Seventh (which has never been translated into any other language) by Diogo Fernandez.

It was King Alfonzo IV (1325–1357), son and successor of Dom Dinez, whose forces, united with those of Alfonzo of Castile, won the great victory over the Moors in the battle of the Salado that was the inspiration of the first Portuguese epic by Alfonzo Giraldes, the forerunner of Camoens. The year 1348 of his reign was marked by the Black Death; and the next to the last of his reign by the tragedy of Inez de Castro, which has been the subject of many poems in many tongues.

The whole story of Inez de Castro is one of fierce passions of love and hate, of cruelty and of tenderness, and of a wild disloyalty that was superbly loyal. She was a Castilian in the suite of Beatrice of Castile, wife of Alfonzo IV, with whom their son, Dom Pedro, fell deeply in love. Inez became the mistress of Pedro, living in a house of Coimbra, of which a few ruined walls are all that now remain. Tradition says that Pedro visited her through a conduit that ran from the *Fonte dos Amores* (Fountain of Love) that was in the *Quinta das Lagrimas* (Garden of Tears). Constancia, the wife of Pedro, died of grief; and, the affair coming to the knowledge of the King Inez de Castro was murdered by his order.

Such is the briefest possible outline of the episode; and, it must be admitted, that in outline it is in no way distinctive from the usual amours of princes. But the sequel is what raises it above their level and places it, humanly, among the great love tragedies of the world. No passing fancy had it been on the part of Dom Pedro. His first act on ascending the throne, two years later, was to punish the murderers of Inez. Alvero Gonsalves and Pedro Coelho were slowly tortured to death before the eyes of Dom Pedro in front of the royal palace of Coimbra; but the third, Pacheco, succeeded in escaping to England. The marriage with Inez was then pronounced valid. Her body was disinterred; taken from the royal monastery of Alcobaça; and placed on a magnificent throne, elevated on

Many steps, in front of the great altar of the Cathedral of Coimbra. Her robes were regal; a veil concealed her visage; a crown was on her head. Her hands were gloved, one grasping a scepter. Pedro stood on the right side of the throne, in complete armour and bare-headed. The herald proclaimed the titles of Inez and called upon all true subjects to do homage to their Queen. The two young princes, her sons, advanced and, it is said, at first shrank back; but sustained and encouraged by the monks knelt on their knees and kissed the dead hand that was raised and extended to them by the officiating Bishops. The clergy, Ministers of State, officers of the Palace and ladies of the Court, hereditary nobles of the land, followed. Not a word was spoken, not a sound heard, until the trumpets proclaimed that the royal ordinance was accomplished and the Queen Consort of Portugal acknowledged before her subjects. Then, attended by every symbol of sovereignty, the dead body of Inez de Castro was conducted from Coimbra back to the Alcobaca Monastery — fifty-two miles — the road all the way being lined with people on both sides, who bore lighted torches. The funeral procession was led by Dom Pedro and his sons; attended by all the great of the kingdom, the gentlemen dressed in long mourning robes, the ladies in white mourning veils.

Once again was Inez de Castro taken from her grave. The second time was by the French soldiers, during the Peninsular War, who dragged her body and Pedro's forth in the mercenary hope of discovering concealed treasure. Pedro was a mere skeleton in royal robes; but Inez had been so skillfully embalmed that, it has been recorded, 'her beautiful face was entirely unchanged, and her magnificent hair of a light lustrous auburn which had been the marvel of the whole nation during her life, so enriched in length and volume that it covered her whole figure even to her feet and excited the wonder and admiration of the very spoilers who tore away the rich jewels by which her death garments were clasped.'

This story has been an inspiration to many literatures; and the best literary version — with the exception of Camoens' episode and possibly, the dramas of the Spaniard, Bermudez — is the Portuguese tragedy 'Castro' by Dr. Antonio Ferreira, which is also the first Portuguese version. In it is a *Hymn to Love* that is most lyrically beautiful and that, perhaps, belongs here as illustrative of the subject that was its inspiration, although Ferreira belongs to a later period and to a distinct school. It closes the First Act of the drama, and Bouterwek gives the following two stanzas:

'Quando Amor naceo,
Claros rayos ao Sol, luz as estrellas.
O Ceo resplandeceo,

E de sua luz vencida
 A escuridao mostrow ascousas bellas.
 Aquella, que subida
 Esta na terceira esphera,
 Do bravo nar nascida
 Amor ao Mundo da, doce amor gera.
 Por Amor s'orna a terra
 D'agoas e de verdura,
 As arvores da folhas, cor as flores.
 Em doce paz a guerra,
 A dureza em brandura.
 E mil odios converte em mil amores
 Quanta vidas a dura:
 Morte desfaz, renova:
 A fermosa pintura
 Do mundo, Amor a tem inteira, e nova.'

Dom Pedro himself wrote verse in both the Castilian and the Portuguese. He used, almost entirely, the measure of the Italian *canzone*, indicating that the Italian influence was felt at an early period in Portugal; although, as a matter of fact, it was at that time but very slight. With Dom Pedro passed the period of the royal poets. Royalty continued to encourage literature with varying degrees of enthusiasm, but the rulers who loved best the enterprises of discovery seem to have had little time for song or inclination for song.

M. E. M. has made the following translations of three *Cantigas* by Dom Pedro I:

I

'When shall my love be blest?
 When shall my grief be o'er?
 When shall my fears find rest,
 Ne'er to awaken more?

Doubt lets not grief depart;
 Fear is still abiding;
 Changeful Fate checks my heart
 From its warm confiding.

Vainly doth Hope bestow
 A sunny smile on me:

Ne'er doth my deep love know
Blessed Certainty.'

2

'Long-sighed for Peace! that all my pain
Cans't soothly end,
Hope would not smile on me in vain
Wert *thou* my friend.

Be but my friend! So wilt thou turn
My pain to pleasure;
And for the trials I have borne
Due guerdon measure.

Firm Faith can conquer Grief — e'en now
My griefs shall end;
And grim Despair will die, *if thou*
Wilt be my friend.'

3

'First of Earth's Fair! how duly thine
Is the best homage of the heart;
I speak thy name as word divine,
To me the joy of life thou art.

Now by thy worth, thy charms, I give
Thee all my love; so full, so free,
That, self-unloving, now I live
Forgetting self, to think of thee.

Faith, in thine eyes, doth far outshine
All that Earth's brightest joys impart;
So, my life's wealth! like one divine
I'll shrine thee in my faithful heart.'

How accurate in feeling these translations are, the present writer does not know, nor who M. E. M. was. The originals are very difficult of access and there has been no opportunity to compare them with the translations. There are certain indications that the spontaneity of feeling has been sacri-

ficed to the necessities of English verse, but this may not be so. Only, translations should be approached with a chastened and careful spirit, and invalidate, so far as possible, the Italian saying that 'A translation is betrayal!' 'Of all species of poetry,' says Sismondi, 'perhaps the lyric and bucolic are least susceptible of being rendered into another tongue. They lose the very essence of their beauty.'

There is a poetical lament in Spanish of Dom Pedro's that comes out of the Past in a great cry of anguish, an almost literal translation of which is:

'Blood of my heart, heart that belonged to me, heart that hath thus been stricken, who could dare strike thee? His heart I will tear out!'

There is a certain direct and personal wail of love and rage and revenge in this — barbaric and passionate — that brings Dom Pedro the man, and even Dom Pedro the poet, possibly Dom Pedro the King,— into a more intimate sympathy with the universality of human suffering. The form seems to have not been considered: there is none of the objectivity to which verse, even direct and emotional verse, is usually bound: and, consequently, on Carlyle's principle 'see deeply enough and you see musically'—the spontaneous form is essentially and inevitably poetic.

III

'Sail toward the setting sun until you come to an island' was the instruction given by Prince Henry of Portugal to one of the early explorers: and that is what the Portuguese proceeded to do, only they went in the direction of the rising sun also, and came to continents as well as islands. Portugal's 'Idade d'Ouro' was her period of maritime greatness and coincided, in essential points, with the similar period in Spain. Both nations became too intent on affairs of action to be immediately creative in literature. With the exception of the old ballads that continued to be sung in the hearts of the common people, there was no verse to speak of written; and that of the earlier times did not receive the attention that it merited. Both the Castilian Court under Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Portuguese Court under John the Great were filled with the noteworthy men of the day: warriors, statesmen, discoverers, inventors; and, so far as it existed, the literary movement was also patronized by these sovereigns; but, in Portugal certainly, it was not until the succeeding reign of Dom Emmanuel that it consisted of anything except such fugitive ballad literature as already existed and historical chronicles. But, as Prince Henry the Navigator had prepared the way for the illustrious discoveries of the reign of Dom John II, so, in

n, did Dom John II prepare the way for the literary glories of the reign Emmanuel. The story of nations shows that a Golden Age of literature apt to follow very closely a Golden Age of national glory and accomplishment; and the growth of Portuguese greatness as a whole was an unbroken ascendo of achievement. Emmanuel himself (1495-1521) did little to encourage the literary activity of his country; but the inevitable outburst came to its fulfillment during his time. Rather curiously, perhaps, its two forerunners were also echoes of the age just passed.

Christoval Falcao is the earlier, and most of his poems belong to the class of the Castilian *villancicos* and consist chiefly of *Cantigas* or glossed stanzas called *Esparcas*. Like most poets — and, indeed, some ordinary mortals — he had his vital love affair; becoming enamored of the young and beautiful Maria Brandam, daughter of Diogo Brandam, the Royal Treasurer, and likewise a graceful and pathetic poet. The lovers were separated by her family, and the lady placed in a Convent from which she fled with Falcao and reached in safety the town of Elvas, not far from Falcao's native Pontalegre, where they were privately married. He thus incurred not only the enmity of her family, but of the Church, for eloping with the inmate of a Convent; and for five years was imprisoned upon false charges. During this imprisonment, he wrote various *Cantigas* and also, for his Maria, a poetic epistle superscribed: 'A Letter of Chrisfal, which, while a prisoner, he addressed to a Lady whom he had privately married, contrary to the will of her relatives.' His longest, principal, and probably his best, composition was, however, an eclogue of ninety stanzas interspersed with *cantigas*. It is entitled 'Los Amores de Chrisfal' and is a history of the love passages between himself and his beloved, whom he celebrated by his own name. A pretty touch is at the end, when a nymph, who has heard the complaints of Chrisfal, inscribes them on a poplar tree, in order that they may grow with the tree to a height beyond the reach of vulgar ideas.

E. M. gives this translation:

'The Shepherd sang his sad farewell.
 A wood-nymph, listening to his vow,
 Caught up the fond words as they fell
 And carved them on a poplar bough.
 It was a young and growing tree;
 And there she wrote the words of love
 That rising with it, they might be
 Placed high this sordid earth above: —
 Where no low thought could e'er attain
 To desecrate the poet's strain!'

Notices of Falcão are few and his works rare. His simplicity has been likened to that of a Grecian statue, 'equally unclad, but equally chaste and pure.' One of his little versifications is an odd specimen of antithesis and repetition:

'Then let the end begin its ending;
Since end, beginning works within: —
I know not how my fate is tending,
Whether to end or to begin!'

A greater than Falcão was Bernardim Ribeyro. Indeed, he is the most celebrated of the Portuguese poets of the fifteenth century; and his *Eclogues* preceding those of Juan del Enzina of Castile, who lived about the same time — have the original touch of representing pastoral life as the poetical model of human life, and as the ideal point from which every passion and sentiment ought to be viewed. He is said to have been in love with the Infanta Dona Beatrice; and, under cover of little pastoral pictures, reveal certain events and romantic situations of the Lisbon Court. Not only was Ribeyro a married man at the time, but the King's daughter could never become anything to him except his ideal, the inspiration of his verse; she seems, however, to have served this purpose satisfactorily to one of the most temperamental of poets. Several of Ribeyro's poems were the direct result of his hopeless passion; the most beautiful being that beginning:

'My sorrows led me forth one day,'

and, possibly this was the day when he witnessed the departure of the Infanta to be married to the Duke of Savoy; an occasion that the historian Resende calls 'a very lustrous affair.'

But, aside from the merit of Ribeyro's *Eclogues*, and the interest attached to them as being the oldest examples of the eclogue in either Spanish or Portuguese verse, the graceful little prose fragment left by him unfinished and published about 1500, is even more worthy of preservation and recognition. It is entitled 'Menina e Mouca,' "small and young," or — not quite so literally in form but more literally in meaning — 'A Young and Innocent Maid.' It is a specimen of romantic prose that is both pastoral and chivalric, and that can be most favorably compared with the 'Rosylinde' of Thomas Lodge, which served Shakespeare in his creation of 'As You Like It.' There is what is called the new edition of 'Menina e Mouca,' published by a descendant of the poet, in Lisbon, 1785. But the old edition of 1559 is by far the more interesting and valuable because the Appendix includes the *Éclogue* and Falcão's 'Chrisfal,' as well as a collection of poems by other early Portuguese authors. For both Falcão and Ribeyro had their followers and imitators. And this early group devoted itself to

lyric expression of its nativity, only very slightly touched by the passion Latin versification that prevailed in the Spanish Peninsular as well as Italy toward the close of the fifteenth century. They were free from desire to model their verse after antique classic forms; and, though occasionally wrote Latin verse, the vernacular tongue and forms were not despised nor neglected, but were actually all-sufficient.

Portugal is without doubt the native home of romantic pastoral poetry. Portugal it became truly national. The Portuguese are given to the range of their emotions. 'They are a gesticulating people, and have art: — and wear it on their sleeve,' has been justly said of them. The that leads directly on from national characteristics to national literature, been aptly noted by Bouterwek, who says: 'They pastoralize their tions, whether of joy or sorrow.'

IV

The introduction of the Italian influence upon Portuguese literature unaccompanied by any remarkable struggle or sensation: but it is of importance because of its influence on those poets who formed what called the Classic School of Portuguese literature, two of whom, and the principal two, gave certain personal touches of style to Castilian literature return for the Italian influence which doubtless reached Portugal through Castilian sources. Indeed, to George Montemayor (1520–1561) is attributed introduction into Spain of the prose pastoral: and both Montemayor and Sá de Miranda belong to Castilian literature almost as much as they to Portuguese. At this time the Castilian was held in such literary esteem in Portugal that many Portuguese poets, without undervaluing their mother-tongue, frequently wrote in the Castilian, so as to be regarded as masters of the poetic art. One sonnet of Montemayor's can be read as either Spanish or Portuguese, so versatile did he become in writing the two languages at once. Yet, though six out of his eight Eclogues are in the Castilian, his pastorals are not all in the manner of Boscan and Garcilasse, sometimes favor the ancient short meter and have great simplicity of

George Montemayor was born near Coimbra and became a common player with a gift of music and having a fine voice as well as being a poet. He was attached to a Castilian lady for whom he seems really to have cared, and the divinity of his verse: but, after the manner of such divinities, she married somebody else, and thus — as in the case of Ribeyro — his theme was readily to hand. 'Dis "Diana" ("Diana Enamorada"),' says Bouter-

wek, 'is the soul of himself. He succeeds in conveying the joys and sorrows of his own heart in forms of general interest.' In this unfinished part there is a series of lyric poems, partly in the Italian and partly in the Castilian style, of one of which Sismondi gives the following translation:

'Never beloved, but still to love a slave,
Still shall I love, though hopeless is my suit;
I suffer torments, which I never gave,
And my unheeded sighs no ear salute:
Complaint is sweet though we no favor know,
I reaped but shame in shimmering love's pursuit:
Forgetfulness alone I suffer not —
Alas! unthought of, can we be forgot?'

His Diana really lived: a rich and beautiful woman of Valencia, is spoken of by Lope de Vega in his 'Dorotea.'

Sá de Miranda (1494-1558) wrote so much in the Castilian and so marked an influence on the Castilian School that he is often considered as a Castilian poet: but, in reality, with the exception of the pastoral poems, the greater part of his verse is in the Portuguese language. He wrote Eclogues in Castilian and only two in Portuguese: of the first of which tells us that it is 'A Pastoral Dialogue in tercets concerning love and the difference, happiness and unhappiness.' He wrote sonnets in both Castilian and Portuguese; the best of which in the latter language are considered to be those to Diogo Bernades and to Dom Manuel of Portugal. He wrote a beautiful Elegy on the death of his son. Under the general heading 'Poesias Varias' he produced innumerable sonnets, elegies, *redondos*, *cantigas*, *sextinas*, *esparças*, that are all exceedingly simple and graceful and two comedies, 'Os Estrangeiros' and 'Os Vilhalpandos' first printed in Lisbon (1595) by Manoel de Lyra. His popular songs are in the ancient forms of Portuguese versification. They repeat the idea or motto, differently turned and applied, but with its text not literally woven with the variations: and this is precisely the difference that distinguishes the older Portuguese *cantigas* from the Spanish *villancos*. Sá de Miranda spent most of his life on his estate of Tapada near Póvoa do Lima. He was particularly fond of country life and, best of all, country life in his own country. Its romantic pastoral world was the native home of his muse, and, whether he used the Castilian language of the Portuguese or the scenes of his pastorals were always laid in Portugal. He wrote with so little regard for the accepted rules of versification and with so individual a style as to be the despair of critics. He tried all forms as well as he regarded all forms. Sometimes his pastorals are like the Italian can-

and sometimes like the Latin ode. His style has been ridiculed as 'the *luso-Hispano-Italiano* blending.' Aside from the eminence attained by the Classic School in itself, however, the influence of the Italian upon Portuguese versification can never be deplored even by the most patriotic, for what the Italian enabled Montemayor and Miranda and the others of the group to do, was to perfect and refine the possibilities of the old Portuguese style into more beautiful and completed forms.

It is sometimes said that with Sá de Miranda the literary history of the Portuguese drama commenced. Certainly, in spite of the emotional tendencies of the Portuguese, no special effort at dramatic writing is to be found in Portugal, as there is not in Spain, until the latter half of the fifteenth century: and Juan de la Enzina must be regarded as the founder of the Portuguese as well as of the Castilian drama. But Gil Vicente is really the Portuguese author most closely concerned with the establishment of the national theater. He was born, probably, twenty years before the close of the fifteenth century, during the reign of Emmanuel; but Emmanuel's son and successor, Dom John III, was the acknowledged patron of Gil Vicente and he was a contemporary of Torres Naharro in Spain, who did practically the same for the Spanish drama as Vicente did for the Portuguese. Like Montemayor and Miranda, he is to be numbered among the Spanish writers as well as among those of his native land for, of all his plays, ten are in the Castilian language and fifteen partly so, while seventeen are entirely Portuguese. In the judgment of Bouterwek, the farces of Gil Vicente are the best of his productions; and he certainly is the representative of the Portuguese classic humor.

The reign of John III saw the full flower of the Classic School. Dr. Antonio Ferreira (1528-1564), another of the group, began his literary efforts by avowing a great loyalty to his mother-tongue. He even once declared that he would write in no other language. But he was hardly as national as he intended to be. The influence of the Italian was irradicable; and, although he did much to maintain the independent spirit of his country's literature, his predilection for classic forms was too strong for him to withstand. His genius had dignity, but neither sublimity nor great originality. His taste was sound, but his fancy circumscribed. There was a tinge of pedantry, a sort of Latinized air, in his writings, which prevented his being a popular poet or, indeed, what is much more vital, a great poet! Of his 113 sonnets, the best are those addressed to 'The Lady of His thoughts'; particularly the one beginning:

'Who hath seen burning snow, or fire, like mine?

Cold while it flames! what living man e'er stood
Within Death's gate, singing in joyous mood?'

His odes, not being lyric or truly dramatic, are not so fine as his *sc* yet he set an example to writers of odes in his own language in the same way as did his Spanish contemporary, Luis de Leon, to his countrymen. The elegies of Ferreira are considered to be very beautiful up to the time of their appearance, were a new form in Portuguese position, with the exception of one by Sá de Miranda. That one is as follows:

Vem Mayo de mil hervas, de mil flores
 As frontes coroadas, e riso, e canto,
 Com Venus, com Cupido, com Amores.
 Vença o prazer a dor, o riso ao pranto
 Vase longe daqui cuidado duro,
 Em quanto o ledo mez de Venus canto.
 Eis mais alva a menham, mais claro, e puro
 Do Sol o rayo: eis correm mais fermosas
 Nuvens afugentando o ar grosso e escuro.
 Sae a branda Diana entre as lumiosas
 Estrellas tal, qual já ao pastor fermoso
 Veo pagar mil horas saudosas,
 Mar brando, sereno ar, campo cheiroso,
 Foge a Tristeza, o Prazer folto voa,
 O dia mais dourado, e vagaroso.
 Tecendo as Gracas vão nova coroa
 De Mythro a May, ao filho mil Spiritos.
 O fogo resplandece, a al jaba soa.
 Mil versos, e mil vozes, e mil gritos
 Todas de doo amor, e de brandura
 Huns s'ouvem, huns nos troucos ficam escritos.
 Ali soberba vem a Ferosura,
 Apos ella a Affeição cega, e cativa,
 Quanto huma mais chorosa, outra mais dura.
 Ah manda Amor assi; assi quer ue viva
 Contenta a triste, do que sen Deos manda,
 De seja inda mais dor, pena mais viva.
 Mas quanto o moço encruece, a mãy abrandada,
 Ella a peconha, e o fogo lhe tempéra:
 Assi senhora de mil almas anda.
 Ali o Engano em seu mal cego espera
 Hum' hora doce; ali o Encolhimento
 Sem causa de si mesmo desespera.
 Aos olhos vem atãdo a Pensamento.

Naõ voa a mail quali tem presente,
 E em tanto mal, tudo he contentamento.
 E riso, em festa corre a leda gente,
 Tras o fermoso fogo em que sem pr'arde,
 Cada hum, quanto mais arde, mais contente.
 Manda Venus ao Sol menham e tarde.
 Que sens crespos cabellos loure, e estenda,
 Qu'em vir s' apresse, qu' em se tornar tarde.
 Ao brando Norte, que assopre, e defenda
 Do ardor da sesta a branda companhia,
 Em quanto alcan de myrtho fresca tenda,
 Corre por toda parte clara, e fria
 Agoa; cae doce sombra do alto Louro,
 Canta toda ave canto d'alegria;
 Ella a neve descobre, e solta o ouro;
 Banham-na as Gracas na mais clara fonte;
 Aparece d' Amor rico thesouro,
 Caem mil flores da dourada fronte,
 Arde d'Amor o bosque, ardã a altra serra,
 Aos olhos reverdence o campo, e o monte.
 Despende Amor sens tiros, nenhum erra,
 Mil de baixo metal, algum do fino.
 Fica de saus despojos chea a terra.
 Vencida d'huma molher, e d'hum minino.

But the real fame of Dr. Antonio Ferreira rests on his tragedy of 'Sino's 'Sophonisba,' the first tragedy of modern times. It is difficult in its language, but written in very beautiful language, with what may be called a Chorus of Coimbrian women: and, to fully appreciate the importance of the epoch marked by its appearance, we must remember that at this time neither France nor England knew anything of the drama beyond the farces and moralities.

Yet others of the Classic School of Miranda were Diogo Bernardes, 'Poet of Lima' and his brother Agostinho Bernardes who finally became hermit of the Arrabida. Southey considered Diogo Bernardes one of the best of the Portuguese Poets. His life was a romance. He was a native of Lima and particularly loved the scenery of the river Lima, his most characteristic work being, perhaps, the poem 'O Lyma,' first published in 1596.

'Lone by soft murmuring Lyma oft I stray,'

he sings.

He went to Lisbon, and there,

‘Where the Tagus loses tide and name
And freshness, Love robbed me of my life’s best days’;
he says in an epistle to his intimate, Ferreira. From his captivity
Moors in Africa, he writes:

Still lovely to my troubled thoughts shall seem

My own regretted Lyra, dear for ever;

E’en if Oblivion’s spell be in its stream,

It hath no power on me, forgetting never,

Its soft low murmur could not lull to rest,

Remembrance, ever wakeful, in my breast!

The river Lima is the Lethe of the ancient world, and there is an interesting legend of it about Decimus Brutus and his superstitious soldiery.

In later years Bernardes wrote a good deal of devotional verse. One addressed to the Virgin partakes curiously of the love song element; and the Virgin becomes for the time most romantically spiritual; and the Virgin ‘Lady’ in all human attributes as well as being his divinity. One song not addressed to the Virgin, but to his Soul, is written in the national Portuguese *Endechas*, a kind of plaintive verse:

‘Soul, why self-deceiving,

Self-forgetting be?

To mortal life thus giving

Triumphs over thee.

Life maltreats, betrays thee,

Yet thou lov’st it — why

E’en for that which slays thee

Dost thou gladly die?

All that Life, requiring,

Seeks, or can obtain.

Given to its desiring

Were but brief and vain.

Whence proceeds the erring

And perverted will;

To certain good preferring

But too certain ill?

Joys, like flowers late blooming

(Born of quick decay)

Pinions like assuming,
 Pass like winds away.'

For a long time Diogo Bernardes was under a cloud among literary people on account of having been accused of plagiarism from Camoens. There seems, however, to be no particular foundation for this, and late students have exonerated him. What we do know with certainty — and that may have given rise to the accusation — is, that, when Camoens' best poems appeared, Bernardes was the only one of the classicists who publicly avowed his high appreciation of them.

Jeronymo Cortreal and Pedro Andrade Caminha were two others of the Classic School, though little more than imitators of Ferreira. Francisco Manuel do Nascimento was another, who developed much more individuality of style. And one interesting human thing to note about this group of Portuguese writers is that there remains now no record to show that there ever existed among them any literary jealousy. They seem to have been friends and co-workers. The last of the distinctive classicists was Rodriguez Lobo, born in Leiria about the middle of the sixteenth century. A great scholar was he and so lasting an influence had he on romantic prose that he has been ranked next to Camoens and Miranda. Little is known of him personally except that he lived in retirement in Santarem and met his death by drowning in the Tagus which he loved and so often had celebrated in verse. He wrote ten eclogues in Portuguese and about a hundred romances in Spanish and founded that excessive accumulation of pastoral poetry existing in Portugal, doing all in his power to fix the national taste in that direction. His 'Court in the Country' was the first book of classic prose to be produced in Portugal; and he also wrote three connected pastoral romances that are pronounced by Bouterwek to be 'the most luxuriant blossoms of this old branch of Portuguese poetry.' They are very long; set in a framework of prose; and entitled 'Primavera' ('Spring'), 'O Pastor Peregrino' ('The Wandering Shepherd'), and 'O Desengando' ('The Disenchanted'). They contain several beautiful lyrics: the following being from 'Primavera' (translated by M. E. M.).

'Now the wished-for sun is bringing
 Life to day, and tints to earth;
 Leads the shepherd, gaily singing,
 To his flocks that wait him, forth.
 Now chill night succeeds, and chases
 Golden luster from the skies;
 Bright-eyed dawn the night replaces
 While its radiance glads our eyes.

Learn we thus (and not in vain)
 Suns but set to rise again.
 One day flies — the rest that follow
 Reach us, but are mocking fleet;
 Laughing at my hopes so hollow,
 And my visions false, yet sweet.
 Still, howe'er, my fate may thwart me
 Unconvinced, unchanged, I live;
 From those dreams I cannot part me
 That such dear delusions give;
 Hoping yet in countless years
 One bright day unstained with tears.'

There are other poets of this period who do not belong to the Classic School, notably, Jorge Ferreira de Vasconcellos, Rodriguez de Castro, Gabriel Pereira de Castro, and Lobe de Soropito. Vasconcellos wrote several comedies and a romance of the Round Table, Rodriguez de Castro lived in Italy a good deal and wrote sonnets, odes and eclogues; Gabriel de Castro wrote the heroic poem 'Ulissea'; and Soropito's chief claim to distinction is that he published the miscellaneous poems of Camoens.

Such epics as 'Ulissea' and the 'Malacca Conquestada' of Francisco de Sá de Menzes gave rise, to a certain extent, to the authentic histories which came into evidence about this time. The 'Asia' of John de Barros was the first great work containing genuine information relating to the Portuguese possessions in Asia. Lopez de Castenheda and Antonio Bocarro gave histories of the Portuguese conquests of India. Alfonso Albuquerque wrote his Commentaries: Damio de Goetz compiled his account of the reign of Dom Emanuel: Bernardo de Brito wrote his 'Monarchia Lusitana': Jerome Osorio wrote his history: and last but by no means least, Manuel de Faria e Sousa wrote his 'Europa Portuguesa.' Although he was the author of 'Divinas y Humanas Elores,' he was a finer historian than poet; and also produced a valued commentary on the miscellaneous poems of Camoens. With him pastoral poetry went into its grotesque state, as will be seen was inevitable from his remark to the effect that 'the only (observe the *only*) things required in poetry are invention, imagery, pathos, and a display of every kind of knowledge.' It is interesting to compare this with the opinion of the Marquis of Santillana who, in his remarkable and well-known letter, speaks of poetry as 'an invention of useful things which, being enveloped in a beautiful veil, are arranged, exposed and concealed, according to a certain calculation, measurement and weight.'

To such straits had poetry come! Although the influence of the Classic

School lingered long in Portuguese literature, it became extinct about the close of the sixteenth century, and all Portuguese literature was about to be stricken temporarily dumb.

The wave of national prosperity, material and intellectual, was receding. Several events had transpired that were lost sight of at the immediate time, but that had a most disastrous effect on the national life. In 1540 the Jesuits had been introduced. During the reign of John III the Inquisition had been established, with the Holy Office in Lisbon. The Jews were finally expelled from the Peninsular. The growth of the absolute monarchical principle; the evils of the slave trade; and the depopulation due to the emigrations to the newly established colonies; had all sapped the vigor of the kingdom. Then came the misplaced ambition of Dom Sebastian to conquer Africa and his complete defeat in 1578: with the entailed Spanish Captivity (1580-1640). It had long been a veritable 'castle in Spain' with Philip II to subjugate Portugal and, Sebastian's death having left the Portuguese throne open to various pretenders, he now availed himself of his neighbor to accomplish his desires.

A few there were who foresaw the utter downfall of Portuguese greatness and independence; who could stand aside and objectively view the unhappy trend of coming events. Camoens was one of these; and, just before the grip of Spain killed the material prosperity and lyric life of the Portuguese people, he lifted up his voice — like the fabled song of the expiring swan — and gave to all the world his great poem 'Os Lusíads.'

V

Camoens can no more be dealt with in short space than can Shakespeare. He is the climactic arrival; the whole that contains the lesser parts; the last of the adventurous spirits; the master of Portuguese literature.

Briefly, Luiz de Camoens came of a good Galician family and was born in Lisbon, in the 'Mouraria' or Moorish part of the city, in 1524. His university days were spent in Coimbra, where an uncle of his was the principal Chancellor of the University. They were probably the happiest years of his life. Then came his love affair. On a Good Friday, in the Church of Christ's Wounds in Lisbon, on April 11th, 1542, he first beheld Dona Caterina de Ataíde, one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting. Laws at that time were 'very severe upon anyone who encouraged amours within the palace' and because of some misdemeanor in connection with his love affair, Camoens was banished from Court. This formed a pretext for the family of the lady to terminate all intercourse between them; but, in the hour of parting, Caterina confessed her love. It was natural that in his

banishment he should seek the country of the 'Ribatejo' or banks of the Tagus above Lisbon, for his mother Dona Anna de Sae Macedo, was of the noble family of the Macedos of Santaren. From his retirement he sought and obtained permission to accompany King John III against the African Moors, in which expedition Camoens lost his right eye from splinters from the deck of the ship on which he was stationed. His conduct was so brave, that he was at last recalled to Court: — only to learn of the death — at the age of twenty — of his Caterina. After this he became a voluntary wanderer and exile. The so-called cave in which Camoens is said to have written his great poem of the *Lusiads* is still shown in Macao, in Portuguese India, in a garden just above the church of St. Antonio. From it there is a view of the sea and the dim outlines of fair islands. To the south and west lies the Inner Harbor; to the north the Barrier and small walled town. In 1569 Camoens returned to his native land, to find the Plague raging in Lisbon. He survived his return eight years, 'living in the knowledge of many and the society of few' and dying at the age of fifty-five. Of his country's sad estate he had so clear a vision that he wrote to his friend, Dr. Francesco de Almeida, a few days before his death: 'You will all see that I so loved my mother country, that I came back, not only to die in it, but with it.' And only one year after his death, Philip II of Spain was proclaimed King of Portugal. It is recorded that on his entrance into Lisbon, Philip asked for Camoens and was grieved at hearing of his death.

The last days of Camoens, like those of many another gifted man, were spent in neglect and poverty. Antonio, his Javanese servant, remained with him to the end, actually begging in the streets for bread: and the winding sheet in which he was wrapped was obtained in alms from the house of D. Francesco de Portugal. On his gravestone in the Franciscan Convent Church of Sta. Anna is carved:

'Here lies Luiz Camoens: Prince of the Poets of his time.

He lived poor and miserable, and so he died.'

In the first edition of the *Lusiads* there was a note, written by one who was present at his death-bed. The book was left by this person, F. Josepe Judio, in the convent of the bare-footed Carmelites at Guadalaxara, and is now in Lord Holland's collection. It reads:

'What can be more lamentable a thing than to see so great a genius ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without a winding sheet to cover him, after having triumphed in India and sailed 5500 leagues by sea. What a great lesson for those who weary themselves day and night in studying without profit, as a spider is weaving its web to catch flies.'

As a rule, the Portuguese do not seem to think so much of the minor

erns of Camoens. They are apt to neglect his smaller compositions and undervalue their originality of sentiment and the beauty of their expression. But, as Viscount Strangford has truly pointed out, the real circumstances of Camoens' life are mostly to be found in his own minor compositions: and Robert Southey is of the opinion 'that to most imaginations, Camoens will never appear so interesting as when he is bewailing his first love. It is in these moments that he is most truly a poet.' Southey has himself translated one of the sonnets of this emotion:

'Meet spirit, who so early didst depart,
 Thou art at rest in Heaven: I linger here
 And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
 Thing of all that made existence dear,
 All lost! If in that happy world above
 Remembrance of this mortal world endure,
 Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
 Which still thou seest in me,— O spirit pure!
 And, if the irremediable grief,
 The woe, which never hopes on earth relief,
 May merit aught of thee; prefer thy prayer
 To God, who took thee early to his rest,
 That it may please him soon among the blest
 To summon me, dear maid, to meet thee there.'

Another poem on the death of D. Caterina is as follows:

'Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
 Love whilom sat and smiled the hours away,
 Those braids of light that shamed the beams of day,
 That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
 Those Virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
 Like snow-banks, scattered with the blooms of May,
 Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
 Are gone — forever gone — and perish here:
 But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!
 Are gone — forever gone — and perish here:
 But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!
 Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
 That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
 The mellow fruitage of its prime was given;
 Love saw the deed — and, as he lingered near,
 Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to heaven!'

And yet a third has an unmistakably direct bearing on his 'affair of the heart'

'Sweetly was heard the anthem's choral strain,
 And myriads bow'd before the sainted shrine
 In solemn reverence to their Sire divine,
 Who gave the Lamb for guilty mortals slain;
 When, in the midst of God's eternal fane,
 Ah, little weening of his fell design!
 Love bore the heart (which since hath ne'er been mine)
 To one who seemed of heaven's elected train:
 For sanctity of place or time were vain,
 'Gainst that blind archer's soul-consuming power.
 Which scorns and soars all circumstance above,
 O, lady! since I've worn thy gentle chain
 How oft have I deplored each wasted hour
 When I was free: — and had not learned to love!'

Two of what may be called his nature sonnets are peculiarly indicative of Camoens' temperamental nature, the one beginning:

'Mondego, thou, whose waters cold and clear
 Gird those green banks where fancy fain would stay,'

and the lyric cry that has been translated by Richard Garnett:

'O, for a solitude so absolute,
 Rapt from the spite of Fate so far away,
 That foot of man hath never entered, nay,
 Untrodden by the foot of every brute:
 Some wood of aspect lowering and mute,
 Or lonely glen not anywhere made gay,
 With plot of pleasant green, or water's play;
 Such haunt, in fine, as doth my anguish suit!
 Thus is the entrail of the mountain locked.
 I, sepulchred in life, alive in death,
 Freely might breathe my plaint: perceiving there
 The grief whose magnitude nought measureth
 Less by the brilliance of the bright day mocked,
 Soothed by the dark day more than otherwise.'

There are many random lines throughout his writings that give insight to Camoens the man as well as to Camoens the poet. Observe, as examples:

'In lonely cell bereaved of liberty,
 Error's meet recompense, long time I spent:
 Then o'er the world disconsolate I went,
 Bearing the broken chain that left me free.'

Sonnet 5.

'But my disastrous star whom now I read:—
Blindness of death, and doubtfulness of life,
Have made me tremble when I see a joy.'

Sonnet 5.

'All things from hand to hand incessant pass.'

Sonnet 195.

'And wind hath taken what to wind was given.'

Sonnet 173.

'Thought built me castles soaring from the ground,
That ever, when the cope-stone should be laid,
Crumbled and lay upon the earth as dust.'

Sonnet 177.

'Ocean I roamed and isle and continent,
Seeking some remedy for life unsweet,
But he whom fortune will not frankly meet,
Vainly by venture woos her to his bent.'

Sonnet 100.

'Summoning the number of the wasted days;
They pass like shadows on the silent ways,
Nor fruit of them doth their slow march reveal,
Save this — they are no more!'

Sonnet 355 (Composed in prison).

'But the free soul, how far soe'er it range,
Thought-winged, flies lightly over land and sea,
And in your current doth her plumage lave.'

Sonnet 133.

'Yet am I storing up in sunny hour
Sweet thought of thee against the cloudy day.'

Sonnet 136 (On revisiting Cintra,
after the death of Caterina).

'Confessing with a silent tear
That heaven and hell are wondrous near!'

Canzonet.

'It was a little smile that stole
The cherish'd sweets of rest.'

Canzonet.

ens wrote many of his minor poems in Spanish, and some in a blend of two languages when he walks — as he expresses it — 'with one foot in Italian and the other in Spain.' The sonnets have been translated by many different scholars and poets. His lyrics fall into two main classes,

according to Burton, those written in Italian meters and those in the trochaic lines and strophic forms of the Peninsular. The first class is contained in the 'Parnasso,' which comprises 358 sonnets, 22 canzones, 27 elegies, 12 odes, 8 octaves, 15 idyls, — all of which testify to the strong influence of the Italian School and, especially, of Petrarch. The second class is contained in the 'Cancioneiro,' or song book, and includes more than 190 compositions in the national peninsular manner. He never prepared an edition of his 'Rimas' and the manuscript he is said to have arranged during his sojourn in Mozambique from 1567 to 1569 is said to have been stolen. In 1595 Fernao Rodrigues Lobo Soropita collected from Portugal and India, and published in Lisbon, a volume of 172 songs by Camoens, four of which are not by Camoens and others of which are doubtful.

All Camoens' lyrics have been translated into German by Dr. Wilhelm Storck of the University of Munster: and in English there are innumerable versions. But, as we all know, 'translation for the most part is an expedient equally fallacious and impotent.' And Lord Byron observed that 'it is to be remarked that the things given to the public as poems of Camoens' are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Songs of Solomon.'

This holds particularly good with regard to the versions given by Lord Viscount Strangford, the British Plenipotentiary at Lisbon during the War of the Spanish Succession. Burton says amusingly: 'There is, however, nothing objectionable in his excerpts from Camoens' except their perfect inadequacy.'

Strangford, indeed, cannot be called a translator. He was an adapter. Camoens suggested to him a *motif* for his own gallant and amorous experiences. Says Strangford of the minor poetry of Camoens: 'The general characteristic is ease: not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the graceful and charming simplicity of a Grecian muse.' This ease — the first kind — Strangford presumes upon and applies to his own renderings of Camoens' meanings, the most flagrant example being, perhaps, 'The Lady who Swore by Her Eyes.' It is a very pleasing little poem — as Strangford's. It is also very pleasing in the Portuguese of Camoens'. But they are very, very different from each other.

Camoens somewhat admits of this sort of juggling. In his minor verse he has the simplicity of the Troubadours with the elegance of the Italian School. He was fond of the Troubadour poetry; and, in the days of his young manhood, there was a certain Peninsular revival of interest in the Troubadour forms, brought about through the Counts of Barcelona becoming by marriage Counts of Provence.

Strangford's little volume of translations was most severely criticised, shortly after it appeared, in the *Edinburgh Review* (1803) and a literal version given of one of the poems by Camoens with Strangford's paraphrase. Camoens reads:

'When the sun, overcast, is showing to the world a tranquil and dubious light, to go along a beautiful meadow, figuring to myself my enemy — here I have seen her composing her tresses — here, with her face upon her hand, so beautiful — here talking cheerfully — there thoughtful — now standing still — now walking — here was she seated — there she beheld me, as she raised those eyes, so indifferent—here somewhat she moved—there secure—where she grew sorrowful — there she smiled. — And, in short, in these early thoughts I pass this vain life, which lasts forever.'

Camoens seems to have taken this from Petrarch; and Strangford thinks that Petrarch may be indebted for the idea to Ovid. Strangford's rendering is:

'When day has smiled a soft farewell,
 And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
 The shadows sail along the green,
 And birds are still, and woods serene,
 I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
 Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
 To memory's eye the maid appears,
 For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
 So oft, so silently.

I see her as, with graceful care,
 She binds her braids of sunny hair;
 I feel her harp's melodious thrill
 Strike to my heart; — and thence be still,
 Re-echoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
 Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
 See young love beating in her breast
 And wish to mine its pulses prest.
 God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight,
 And noon but makes me wish for night,
 And think how swift the minutes flew
 When, last among the dropping dew,
 I wandered silently.'

Pleasing as such versification may be in itself, there can be no apology adequate to excuse calling it a translation, and the only explanation of such a proceeding is that in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the attention of all Europe was fixed on the Spanish Peninsular because of the Napoleonic wars, Portugal became the literary fashion in England, and, because hitherto so unknown, English writers felt that almost any extravagance might be perpetrated in her name. On a par with Strangford's so-called translations, is Mrs. Browning's extravaganza of emotion which she called 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' and which never had any origin in Portuguese literature, save that the Portuguese have ever written sonnets and are impassioned in their love.

A translation by Strangford that is much more accurate in both feeling and expression than the foregoing, is this Canzonet:

'I whispered her my last adieu,
 I gave a mournful kiss;
 Cold showers of sorrow bathed her eyes,
 And her poor heart was torn with sighs;
 Yet strange to tell — 'twas then I knew
 Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppress'd,
 Was all betrayed at this —
 I saw him weeping in her eyes,
 I saw him breathe amongst her sighs,
 And every sob which shook her breast
 Thrilled mine with bliss.

The sigh which keen affection clears,
 How can it judge amiss?
 To me it pictured hope; and taught
 My spirit this consoling thought,
 That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,
 May set in bliss!'

And a Rondeau, that seems to have been suggested by a hint from the Troubadour Ausian March, is too charming to be omitted, even in

ngford's translation — indeed, how far *because* of Strangford's translation, is an open question.

‘Just like Love is yonder rose,
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws;
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows,
 Just like Love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
 Since rough thorns the stem invest
 They must be gathered with the rest
 And, with it, to the heart be press'd,
 Just like Love.

And when rude hands with twin-buds sever,
 They die — and they shall blossom never —
 Yes, the thorns be sharp as ever,
 Just like Love.

ngford never translated the *Lusiad*, except a few stanzas. This great work deals with the adventures of Vasco de Gama and is, almost incidentally, epitome of the achievements of the Portuguese nation. Camoens dedicated it to Dom Sebastian. The three greatest episodes in it are the Legend of the Floating Island, The Spirit of the Cape and Inez de Castro. La Harpe, who figures as one of the French translators of the *Lusiads*, says, although it lacks ‘action, character and interest’ as a whole, he prefers the well-known episode of Dona Inez de Castro to the whole of ‘Paradise Lost.’ Voltaire has also criticised the machinery of the *Lusiads*. But La Harpe has also made Camoens born a Spaniard and a comrade of Vasco de Gama who, as a matter of fact, died before Camoens was born. Southey, although a Spanish scholar, was better acquainted with Mickle's poor English heroic couplets than with the Portuguese of the *Lusiads*. La Harpe did not know Portuguese at all (so says Sir Richard Burton), his so-called translation being nothing more than a new rendering of the literal version of D'Hermilly: and Voltaire knew the *Lusiads* only through Mickle's translation. Adamson says (in 1820) that there are one Hebrew translation of the *Lusiads*, five Latin, six Spanish, four Italian, three French, four German, and two English. The oldest English version is by Sir Richard Hakluyt (1655) who was the English Ambassador sent to Lisbon to arrange the marriage of Charles II of England with Catherine of Braganza. At the time of the third Centennial Celebration in Portugal of the death

of Camoens (1580-1880) there were seven complete English translations. At this time, also, there was brought out in Lisbon the best complete edition of Camoens' works, the 'Bibliotheca Camoneana,' by Juromenha, in seven volumes. It contains a list of all works upon, and translations of, Camoens. Of the various translations of Camoens Burton says 'all are meager in the extreme, they follow like a flock of sheep, they reflect one another like a band of Chinamen.'

Sir Richard Burton's own translations of the *Lusiads* and the *Lyrics* of Camoens deserve by far the most consideration, as being entirely scholarly. It so happened that his own personal travels formed, as he says, 'a running and realistic commentary upon the *Lusiads*.' And again, 'I have not only visited almost every place named in the Epos of Commerce; in many I spent months and even years.' Burton speaks of 'my Master, Camoens' and finds in him much of the Orient; its 'havock and its all splendor. And — regarding his translation — he *naively* remarks that 'after all, to speak without due modesty, my most cogent reason for printing this translation of my Master is, simply, because I prefer it to all that have appeared.'

Yet with all our faith in Richard Burton, we feel the need — when reading his Camoens — of his wife's strenuous assertions: not that they convince us; indeed, their very insistence merely confirms our worst fears: but we need something to explain at least why certain mannerisms were allowed to interfere with usual lucidity of feeling and expression of the original text. She says: 'This translation is not a literary *tour de force* done against time or to earn a reputation: it is the result of a daily act of devotion of twenty years.' So far, so good. The scholarly devotion of Burton has never been questioned. But, 'Whenever my husband has appeared to coin words, or to use impossible words, they are the exact rendering of Camoens; in every singularity or seeming eccentricity the Disciple has faithfully followed his Master: — his object having been not simply to write good verse, but to give a literal word for word rendering of his favorite hero. And he has done it to the letter, not only in the words, but in the meaning and intention of Camoens.' And again, 'To the unaesthetic, to non-poets, non-linguists, non-musicians, non-artists, Burton's *Lusiads* will be an unknown land, an unknown tongue.'

Even in the face of such an impeachment, one cannot refrain from questioning the 'literal word for word rendering,' and — what is of far greater importance — the 'meaning and intention of Camoens' in certain lines. Not to be too prolix on the subject it is but necessary to compare the following lines from the sonnets:

'Amor, com a esperanza já perdida.' — Camoens.
(Amor, with Esperance now for aye forlore.) — Burton.

'Com grandes esperancas já cantey.' — Camoens.
(While ere I sang my song with hope so high.) — Burton.

'Amor, que o gesto humano na Alma Enscreve.' — Camoens.
(Amor, who human geste on soul doth write.) — Burton.

'Tanto de meu estado mecho incerto.' — Camoens.
(I find so many doubts my state enfold.) — Burton.

'Transforma se o amador na cousa amada.' — Camoens.
(Becomes the Lover to the Loved transformed.) — Burton.

ut enough about Burton's methods. One either likes Burton or one does
x. With regard to our consideration of Camoens himself, we must
ways remember that the epic was in its infancy. Trissino had attempted
e liberation of Italy from the Goths, but with poor success. Ariosto and
s followers had thrown enchantment around the fictions of Chivalry.
asso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' had appeared only the year before 'Os
usiads.' Verily, Camoens was, as Gerald Massey said:

'the poet of weary wanderers
In perilous lands; and wide-sea voyagers.'

VI

By the end of the sixteenth century the most brilliant period of Portuguese poetry had passed away. The Spanish Captivity was like a death-blow, yet Portuguese literature could not die. When Philip II of Spain annexed Portugal, it had produced Vasco de Gama and Alfonso de Albuquerque; and its language had been developed from a Romance dialect to a literary language by Miranda and Camoens. There was too much individual strength for Portugal to become lost in Spain. The period (1580-1640) was one of deep national depression and humiliation: but it did not become the permanent established order. When, at last, the revolt against Spanish oppression had been victorious and the Portuguese dynasty resumed its sway with John V, the first of the House of Braganza, the treaty of alliance and defense between Portugal and her old ally, England, was renewed; and the crushed national life of Portugal again lifted up its head.

In literature, her people turned naturally to the period of their past greatness, and followers of Camoens imitated his great works. A few ironicles were written. But the new life was sluggish. One of the forms

it took was a sort of buffoonery in the sonnet writing: and, while most of this composition is weak and ridiculous, the burlesquing of the old pastoral poetry by Freire de Andrade is said to be often witty and just. This crazy and bombastic writing was called by Matheus Ribeyro the 'Posia Incuravel.' But Portugal produced no Cervantes.

Though much was written, not much was written that was fine. Poetry gained little from the recrudescence. Lyric art in the old national syllabic meters was entirely abandoned. Patriotic feeling again found its way into Portuguese life and letters, but, in the verse of Ribeiro de Macedo and Correa de la Cerda, it became verily 'flat, stale and unprofitable.' This also applies to the verse of Violante de Ceo, a nun in the Convent da Rosa in Lisbon and the first woman whose name occurs in the annals of Portuguese literature. Alveres da Cunha and Jeronymo Bahia also wrote a corrupt form of versification.

There are, however, a few exceptions to the general deplorable condition; notably, Barbosa Barcellar (1610-1663) who produced some good sonnets in the style of Camoens, his most remarkable writings being a kind of elegy of romantic aspiration called *Saudades*.

But the Poetic Muse lay gasping for breath. She could not seem to recover from her bondage. In addition to this enfeebled state, was the fact that a strong tide of French influence set in among Portuguese men of letters and the life of the Court. Poor Portugal! So many foreign influences had been brought to bear upon her at various times; and yet, while recognizing and to a degree accepting each, she had, nevertheless, held her own individuality aloof. Now, however, exhausted and almost desperate, she succumbed just when she was on the eve of a new birthright. From the Gothic and Romanic she had arisen; borne herself triumphantly in the presence of the Arabian, the Italian, the Castilian; now to droop quickly before the French. This French influence is the characteristic of this period of Portuguese poetry. Toward the end of the seventeenth century there was a total decay of even the half-hearted attempts of the sonneteers and the satirists.

The first part of the eighteenth century saw a slightly improved state of things. Although the divinely creative instinct had gone, apparently never to return, an historical and, to a certain extent, literary revival did take place. The so-called Age of Sonnets was succeeded by the Age of Academies. But when did Academies ever produce poetry?

In 1720 the Academy of History was founded in Lisbon by John V, during the reign of whose son, Joseph Emmanuel (1750-1777), lived the the Marquis of Pombal, who was a patron of literature and music. Pombal

founded the *Acadia de Lisboa* in 1757, two years after the great earthquake that demolished the greater part of Lisbon and which Voltaire describes so graphically in 'Candide.' He it was, too, who expelled the Jesuits, thereby removing — for a time at least — one incubus off the heaving breast of his mother country. The *Arcadia de Lisboa* was followed by the *Academia Real des Sciences* in 1779, which published many of the old Portuguese Chronicles. In 1714 an *Academia Portuguesa* had been formed on the model of the French Academy with a view to improve the *taste for poetry*; and offered prizes to serve this end. Other Academies, on the Italian plan, followed. There was undoubtedly a great spirit of advancement abroad, but it worked for the most part through the Academicians.

Among the earlier were Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva, who took the name of Elpino Monacrense, and whose best work is his translation of the Pindaric Odes: Joao Xavier de Matos, who translated a play by M. l'Abbe Genest and called it 'Penelope' and who wrote a play 'Viriacia': Sebastao Francisco Mendo Trigozo, who translated Racine; Hippolyto, who translated Euripides: Domingos dos Reis Quinta, who wrote a three-act tragedy on Inez de Castro and was well-known; Pedro Antonio Correa Garcia, who wrote, odes, satires, epistles, sonnets and two dramas, and won the distinction of being the first of the moderns to appreciate the purity of his native language: and Francesco Manoel de Nascimento who took the name of Elysio on joining the Academicians and who, escaping the earthquake and the Inquisition, was exiled to France. Among the historians who lived at this time were Alessandro Herculano, whose history of Portugal is regarded as the highest authority, the Visconde de Santarem, and Augusto Rebello da Silva. Among the dramatists was Manoel Maria Barbosa du Bocage, who wrote the tragedies of 'Viriato,' 'Alfonso Henriques' and 'Vasco da Gama.' Among the poets were Luis Augusto Palmeirim, Jose Soares de Passos, Jose da Silva, Mendes Leal, Antonio Feliciano de Castilho, Francesco de Pina de Mello, Joaquim Fortunado de Valdares Gamboa, Nicolao Tolentino de Almeida, Joao Baptista Gomes, Lourenço Caminha, and Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos. Two others — Joao Baptista de Almeida Garrett and D. Francesco Xavier de Menzes, Conde of Ericeira — stood head and shoulders above their compeers. The former wrote a ten-canto poem on Camoens and intended to collect the popular romance poetry of Portugal as Scott did the minstrelsy of the Border, but failed to do so, although he left an interesting letter on the subject in his romance of 'Adozindo': and the latter was altogether the most voluminous writer and most brilliant literary character of his time, succeeding more than his contemporaries in keeping free from the French influence, holding aloof

and following more the traditions of the sixteenth century of Portuguese literature.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century conditions became even better. Francisco Vasconcellos, a native of Madeira, belonged to this period. Diogo de Monroy e Vasconcellos, Thomas de Sousa, Luis Simões de Azevedo, Diogo Camacho, Jacinto Freire de Andrade, Simão Torezão Coelho, Duarte Ribeiro de Macedo, Fernam Correa de la Cerda, Antonio Telles da Silva and Nunes da Silva, some of whose songs and sonnets are really worthier of a better day, are all named of writers who have sought accomplishment.

Yet, in spite of their vast endeavor and past achievement, we cannot but realize the truth of what one who knows and loves the Portuguese, has written:

'Portuguese poetry is like a time-honored olive that in its prime was rich in luxuriant leaves and fair fruit, but is now drooping to decay; its foliage thinned, its fruit degenerated, and giving no sign of throwing up vigorous sapplings from its roots. . . It is, however, sometimes pleasant to let memory recall, in its declining age, the flourishing time of the good old tree.'

HILLIGENLEI

BY WARREN WASHBURN FLORER

THE earlier writings of Gustav Frenssen, the pastor poet of Germany, have influenced thousands of German homes, because the German people understand them. Frenssen's books sing of nature and human life, grand, strong, and true; of confidence in man, in the eternal powers, in God. They sing of a simple, original Christianity — the religion of Christ, the Man of Galilee. In these writings, the essential source of which is experience with men, with their sorrows, their sufferings, their needs, and their hopes, Frenssen fearlessly attacked the sins, the customs, and the laws of family, church, state, which lay as a heavy weight upon humanity.

The language of these writings is simple, direct, and natural. The characters are natural, consistent men and women, therefore psychologically true. They show development of observation and personality, and therefore growth. They betray a search for the truth, sometimes uncertain in its results, therefore at times obscurity is evident. This is especially noticeable in the means employed to throw light on the characters, as is seen in the stories taken too often from the fable world. But withal they are powerful books and their very weaknesses give hopes of future development.

After four years of additional observation, research and seeking after the truth, Frenssen gives his 'larger parish' 'Hilligenlei,' the theme of which is a search in the mires and struggles, hopes and aspirations of humanity, for a Holy Land. (Hilligenlei means Holy Land.) One still hears the echo of the critics, each one striking the note corresponding to his education and character, therefore to his attitude to literature and the problems of humanity, especially to religion which is the foundation of the book. Perhaps no book in the history of German literature has evoked such a storm of criticism.

Frenssen unfolds in this epochmaking work many phases of life of the entire German people. It contains so much that the reader is unable to grasp the content, and often one loses the numerous threads of action which permeate the book. In fact these threads are at times apparently broken, or at least disconnected. One becomes lost in the network of the experiences of Kai Jans and the other leading characters. However, there is evident a mastery of character development in the powerful Pe Ontjes Lau, in the

brilliant, but deceptive Tjark Dusenschön, in the proud and passionate Anna Boje, and in the beautiful friend of Kai Jans — Heinke Boje.

The character of Kai Jans is not intended to be 'fertig.' His entire life is a restless search for the Holy. It is a manifold development. He is uncertain, introspective and lacks confidence. He sees his lofty conception of human nature marred at every turn by the actions of men and the cruelty of man to man. In the portrayal of Kai Jans, Frenssen shows strength and consistency, not literary weakness.

The reader who considers 'Schwung,' freely translated "well-rounded sentences," as an essential characteristic of good style will take exception to the simple, direct language. He will criticize also the figures and metaphors employed to interpret ideas and characters. An undesirable feature, indeed, is the copious use of adjectives in description. A lack of discrimination in the language used by the different characters is a decided weakness. This causes a certain smoothness of style, but it is obtained at the cost of individuality.

Men are unfortunately not interested in child life, which is but man's life in miniature, and so the introductory chapters may seem monotonous. Men are not interested in the accounts of the life of Christ in the New Testament, so the 'manuscript' with all its beauties and power may prove to be tedious. Again one may smile at the fictitious village Hilligenlei, with its peculiar characters, classes, institutions and episodes, but it is true to nature. One may observe similar incidents and conditions in one's own town.

Those who do not know, as Goethe said in defense of his Clärchen, that there is a class between a 'Göttin' and a 'Dirne,' will find many a choice morsel to roll under their tongues in this book which treats naive human impulses of strength and purity. Many who have experienced but little of the world will deem much which is so commonplace as impossible, firmly convinced that only that is possible which they meet in their narrow walks of life. The life which Frenssen unfolds to them will be but a Marchen.

It is true that Frenssen has treated Sinnengier, not because he 'delighted to depict the errors and sin of youth and men, but out of pity, in order that one might be able to see the healthy and the natural.' The poet reformer unveils a picture of social conditions which is appalling, and, if true, will eventually lead, unless improved, to a disintegration of German society and government, for these conditions are gnawing at the very foundation of all society and government — the home.

Frenssen's purpose is to uplift humanity. Strengthened by the conception that art has a moral purpose, he continues to attack the conditions

■ which tend to dull the moral sense of the people and to retard a healthy development of the individual. Frenssen's ideal is that men and women should enjoy the good and strong impulses of nature given them by the eternal powers; should live a natural, therefore a moral life; should always endeavor to search for a Holy Land, even through the valley of the shadow of death. The rod and staff of comfort are wanting, because the people have no religion. Yea, even worse, the youth laugh at religion and have no respect for Christ.

■ Hilligenlei will not appeal to the average novel reader of our country. It offers too serious food for thought and reflection. As a work of art it will not satisfy many aesthetic readers. As in Germany it will evoke the same opposition from the orthodox pastors of the land. But to men interested in the progress of man and in the evolution of social conditions it will prove to be a book full of rich treasures, a book which, if heeded, will be a boon to our country, inasmuch as it treats conditions which are already influencing American life.

■ At the very first the poet treats the old problem of society and literature, the preying upon the natural instincts of human nature, the result of which is too often illegitimate offspring. This offspring robbed of its natural rights is either bitter or unscrupulous. Likewise the poet condemns 'Sitte' (conventional morality) as one of the enemies of home life and the primary cause of the Jungweibernot throughout the land.

■ The dire influences of the saloon upon the inhabitants of Hilligenlei and upon the workmen in Berlin are depicted. In Hilligenlei one finds the saloon the moving factor in the affairs of the village. Here are assembled both old and young men. One beholds the hundreds who pass on the highways of Slesvig-Holstein, lazy and intoxicated. One witnesses the untimely death of the teacher Boje, just because a man was drunk. The sad faces of women and children relate the influences of drink, drink which fills the asylums and prisons, and poisons the morals and health of countless thousands.

■ The young men, corrupted by these conditions, have false conceptions of happiness and success. They strive for mere honor and money. The principle of Tjark Dusenschön, 'one must take money wherever one can get it,' the principle of graft, is true for hundreds of young men of this generation and is encouraged by business men and by society. However, in this age of unsafe finance, one hears the wise words of the merchant who never forgot the highest standard of his profession. He cared that no goods should perish and that the wares of the earth should be distributed over the entire world for the welfare of all, that they should become useful to men, ward off need and increase the joys of life.

Frenssen treats the conflicts of the rich and the poor. He traces the underlying causes of the existing hatred and distrust, for example, the excessive riches on one side, and on the other abject poverty, as seen in the tenements of large cities. He believes that men are the real cause of sins and sufferings in that they deprive their fellowmen of land and force them to live in the pitiless, narrow streets. At the same time he cannot understand why the men do not desire to go out into the country, into Holy land, where the fresh air is like unto the breath of God, where the sunny houses are situated in the open fields and on forest edges, where men have strong, clear eyes and lofty, peaceful thoughts. He knows what stands in the way of the progress of the workingmen. They avoid and hector one another. In no class is there so much jealousy as in the workingman's class. The life they lead drives earnestness out of the daily work and reverence out of life. There is no desire to progress. Looking for relief, they stare upon the officials and academicians. They should know that active energy can further their cause more than plodding learning.

Frenssen rightly discerns the importance of the economic revolution of Germany. A revolution which is affecting all classes, yes, springing from all classes. A revolution evident in every artery of German life. Along with this great economic revolution comes the worst religious confusion at the very time when scientific investigation has undermined the dogmas of churches. Men are without religion, and therefore bitter and discontented. He emphasizes the confusion in the entire domain of morals, in art, in education and how, as in every century, there passes a spirit of unrest through the people — a fever, but a fever which leads to health. He has caught the longing of the people to rejuvenate the three powerful forces which it begets — government, religion, morality. He has observed a will, a wish, permeating the people to come to nature, to a simple religion, to social justice, to a noble Germanic humanity. Frenssen holds, however, that a regeneration is impossible as long as the foundation upon which it must rest is false. For him this foundation is religion, the faith of Christ, the man.

In 'Jörn Uhl' Frenssen attacks the pastors in the pulpit because they do not know life and the needs of the hearers. In 'Hilligenlei' he reveals the attitude of the people toward religion. This attitude is a pitiful one and has its natural causes. One may shudder, but it is true, not only for Hilligenlei and Berlin, but for America.

The children make God the servant of their own will, and half of them do not believe what is said in the confirmation class. The words of Anna Boje, as a child, are touching and natural: 'I believe everything because the pastor says it. But, do you know what makes me sad? God is really

a triune God, not so? Sometimes I am so afraid, because at night I am so tired and do not keep the right order. I believe I pray least to the Holy Ghost, and he certainly is angry with me.'

Even the common workmen question the teachings about the Virgin Mary, deeming them impossible. They do not respect the teachings of Christ because the church does not represent the Savior as human, but as a golden image. Again, the church seems to be on the side of the rich and has not a word or deed for the poor.

All progressive elements among the people — the workmen, the seamen, the merchants, the students, the scholars and the artists question the dogmas of the church. The entire folk is falling away from the old faith of the church. The foundation of life is false, because the people have no faith. The minds of men go restlessly from one meaning to another. The priests have a false control over men, and error reigns supreme.

Frenssen relates of one, who in the midst of these conditions, restless and full of hope, is searching for the Holy. He thus advances another step. In 'Jörn Uhl' he demonstrated that the trials our people undergo for us are worth the trouble' and that simple, deep life is worth relating and struggling for. Here amidst all these struggles is an additional one, a search for the Holy from childhood on, the task of Kai Jans, the task of Gustav Frenssen.

Step by step Frenssen, with almost laborious painstaking, prepares Kai Jans to write the life of Christ. Kai Jans experiences the need and oppression of a long life and of the entire nation. The poet equips him with those pictures of life which Christ must have witnessed from childhood on, in the country, in the village, and in the city. He initiates him into the advance guard of higher criticism. But with all his learning Kai Jans retains his childlike faith and simple heart. He also experiences the secret of the most beautiful of God's nature, the love of a pure girl. But, in order to write the life of Christ, which is a drama, Kai Jans is not permitted to be happy in this love. Otherwise his Frau Sorge would leave him, and therewith his interest in humanity as a whole. Peculiar admixture — this preparation for 'The Life of Christ, represented according to German investigations — the foundation of German regeneration.'

The 'manuscript,' the twenty-sixth chapter, which is absolutely necessary as an organic part of the novel, is the storm center of criticism. It has been attacked by hardshelled orthodoxy, higher criticism and atheism. It has been received with misgivings and exultant joy. Withal it is a natural product of the religious reformation which is abroad in Germany. Thousands of Germans have read this life of Christ as Heinke Boje did. Their thoughts have run to him of whom they have read, to the pure, vigorous

man, the most beautiful of the children of men. Their faith has clung as a vine to his faith. Many good people have fallen away from the poet of 'Jörn Uhl.' And some who stood in awe before the eternal Son of God have lost this fear and have entered upon evil ways. This chapter has left a deep impression upon the minds of Germany and upon the religious revolution.

It is a powerful chapter, full of the very life of Christ, full of Christ's grand teachings. It leads us away from Slesvig-Holstein to the country in which Christ lived, wandered and taught. We feel a faith, pure, strong and good. We see the intense conflicts of that social revolution which has left its impression on the development of humanity. We behold the simple and grand life of Christ. We shudder at the strongly affecting death of Christ. We are carried away in joy and compassion by this drama of life, stripped of wonders and supernatural elements. It leads us to the footsteps and back again to our own decade and to our own life.

The heart of the reader beats with the heart of the poet. But, we follow the poet's own advice in 'Jörn Uhl,' read through Matthew and Mark to see whether or not the poet has swallowed a goodly piece of the evangel and misinterpreted another; to see whether the connecting links are not too short. Involuntarily we are searching for the Holy.

When one looks upon the 'Life' as a whole, one naturally thinks of Frenssen's criticism of the world's great philosophers and applies it to himself: 'There is much "Dunkles und Kindlich-Wirres" in him.' When one thinks of the poet's criticism of Paul, how under the inspiration of his wonderful vision he made out of Christ a divine being, an eternal wonderman, one fears that Frenssen is likewise transported by his 'Märchen' of nature and human life.

One wishes that Frenssen had rewritten his epitome of the history of hundreds of thousands of years; that he had left to the reason of the reader the firstly and secondly of the preacher and the eliminations of the debater; that he had left to the future his exultant prophecy. If this faith is certain, if this foundation is solid, school children, youth, artists, scholars, pastors, state and Christianity will experience the joys prophesied.

Is the foundation which Frenssen gives certain and solid? We fear not. The writer himself was too uncertain. He was too 'grubelnd.' We miss the inspiration of Paul, the certainty of the angry Luther, the insight of the sceptical old philosopher of Weimar, the exactness of modern scholarship, the fullness of life of a forceful man. But as we lay this novel aside, so full of treasures for the future of the German people and literature, we carry with us the encouraging assurance: 'Neues Korn spriesst auf.'

PEER GYNT—AN INTERPRETATION

BY JANE DRANSFIELD STONE

AFTER writing '*Brand*,' Ibsen went into southern Italy, and threw himself into the composition of '*Peer Gynt*.' 'It is wild and formless,' he writes of it 'and written without regard to consequences.' Yet as with all his dramas, it had lain a long time in embryo in the poet's mind. The same mood of indignation against his countrymen, the same criticism of the Norwegian character which had resulted in '*Brand*' gave birth also to '*Peer Gynt*'; though Ibsen himself scarcely realized this, and said in a letter to Hegel, that if 'the Norwegians of the present day recognize themselves in the character of Peer Gynt, that is the good people's own affair.'^{*} The pure poetry of his creation appealed to him more than its polemic, and he constantly pleaded for the book to be enjoyed as a work of the imagination. He writes, 'I learn that the book created much excitement in Norway.' This does not trouble me in the least; but both there and in Denmark they have discovered much more store in it than was intended by me. Why can they not read the book as a poem? For as such I wrote it.'^{**} The criticism of its art form he met with a prophetic sense of its future justification. 'My book is poetry, and if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry shall be made to conform to the book.'^{***}

Thus it is not strange that two works of such seemingly diverse character should have been produced at the same period of development, and at so short an interval. '*Brand*' was published in March, 1866: '*Peer Gynt*' in November, 1867. Yet though similar in ethical bearing, the atmosphere of the two poems is totally different. '*Brand*' is deep: '*Peer Gynt*' is wide. '*Brand*' is cold, clear-cut, and defined. The ice winds of the north blow down through it, chilling us to the soul. '*Peer Gynt*' is warm, glowing with color, the strange flowering of a rich imagination. The greatness of the work grows upon one. Upon first reading it, one may be carried away with the bewildering conceits, the play of wit, the droll situations, the abandonment to the spirit of pure fantasy; but it is only after study that the deeper meanings come to light, and the work is lifted

* 24th February, 1868.

** Ibid.

*** To Bjornson, 9th December, 1867.

out of its provincial, or Scandinavian aspect to its position as the greatest drama since *'Faust.'* So Scandinavian in tone that Ibsen feared it would not be understood out of Norway and Denmark, yet it has made its appeal to all peoples through its deep searching into the human heart.

Who and what then is Peer Gynt? The poem has its roots deep in the folk-lore of the north. Ibsen describes his hero as 'one of those half-mythical, fanciful characters existing in the annals of the Norwegian peasantry of *modern times,*' and again as a 'real person who lived in Gudbrandsdal, probably at the end of the last, or the beginning of this century. His name is still well-known among the peasants there: but of his exploits not much more is known than is to be found in Asojornsen's *'Norwegian Fairy-Tale Book,'* in the section. 'Pictures from the mountains.' 'Thus I have not had very much to build upon, but so much the more liberty has been left me.*' The man Peer Gynt, therefore, is so enshrouded in the mists of oblivion that the character Peer Gynt is far more real and we feel that in him Ibsen has added another to the great living fictitious personages of all time.

Peer's character, as always in Ibsen, has marked inherited traits. Descended from a formerly well-to-do family of the upper peasant class, Peer and his mother live in a poverty lighted only by memories of former magnificence. Ibsen says that there is much in the poem reminiscent of his own youth, and consequently in the pictures of the feasts in the hall of the rich old Jon Gynt the poet may be said to have harked back to the time when his father was a wealthy merchant of Skein, and he lived in the midst of a prodigal display. We have his own word, too, that his mother, with necessary exaggerations, served as model for Ase. Perhaps this may account for the kindly touch with which old 'Ase is drawn.' A foolish, fond, scold, loving her son, but never disciplining him, abusing him roundly to his face, but his staunchest ally in his absence, praying in the same breath that he may be punished, and may be saved from punishment. She has implicit faith in his future and his own dreams of greatness.

'Thou art come of great things, Peer Gynt,
And great things shall come of thee.'

When we first see Peer, he is a strong young man of twenty, a romancing, ragged braggadocio, with a lilt on his tongue, and a gleam in his eye, — a good-for-nothing, who has never learned an honest trade, and cannot even mend the broken window panes in his mother's house. He can tell you a fine tale, however. Listen to that ride of his over Gendean Edge, and his

* To F. Hegel, 8th August, 1867.

wild leap on the buck's back from the mountain-top down into the black tarn so far below.

'Buck from over, buck from under,
In a moment clashed together.
Scattering foam-flecks all around.'

So potent is the spell he cast upon his auditors that you do not wonder his mother believes him until suddenly it dawns upon her that her son's wonderful experience is only the rehearsal of a folk tale she had told him herself, in those days when she crooned fairy tales to him to drown their sense of wretchedness and care.

And why does he tell this story? To save himself a scolding, since for six weeks, in the busiest season of the year, he has been lurking in the mountains on a fruitless hunting trip, returning without gun, without game, and with clothes torn, having lost meantime his chance to win a rich girl, Ingrid of Hegstad, for his bride, since even now the wedding is going on. Even so early in his career, he tries to elude the unpleasant consequences of his own acts, a trait he inherits. 'It's a terrible thing to look fate in the eyes,' says Ase and to her son it becomes constantly harder.

Throughout the first act, the picture of Peer is that of a pure romancer, indulging in day-dreams of his own future greatness, when he shall have become emperor of the whole world, exploiting his wonderful adventures before his incredulous companions, reckless, heedless, and daring, but as yet undebased. When Solveig comes in, with her modest downcast glances, and her psalm-book wrapped in a handkerchief, her purity attracts him irresistibly, and could he have been content to have won her gently, he might have found in her then his 'kaiserdom,' might in her have become great. But Solveig rejects his too swift advances. His companions laugh at his tales, and their laughter bites. Scorn and rejection wound his pride, forcing him to do some daring deed. Some of old Ase's tales had been of bride-rape. The least hint is enough, and the act closes with Peer stealing Ingrid from the store-house, shouldering her bodily, and running off with her up the hill, old Ase left scolding below.

In the second act a subtle change for the worse comes over Peer. The descent, however, is gradual. He tires of Ingrid, and deserts her, but still remembers Solveig.

'Devil take the tribe of women
All but one.'

When he plunges into the low amours with the three saeter girls, it is
'Heavy of heart, and wanton of mind,
The eyes full of laughter, the throat of tears.'

After his escapade with the Dovrē king's daughter, however, the Green Clad One, there is little to like in Peer except his very human manoeuvring always to come out on the top. The Troll philosophy dominates him, even though he repudiates the idea of complete subjection to trolldom.

It may be well to pause here, to consider the significance of the troll element of the play. The Dovrē kingdom seems as funny a topsy-turvy world as any creation of Lewis Carrol's, but with far more meaning. Trolls are creatures of purely northern mythology, corresponding in their milder aspects to the English brownies. But Ibsen uses them as the exponents of absolute selfishness — that part of human nature which never rises above itself, sees nothing but as it desires to see it, and has no will but self-will. The Dovrē king's motto, 'Troll to thyself be enough,' and the Boyg's 'roundabout' are the keynotes of their philosophy.

The Boyg is one of the most interesting and puzzling elements of the play. Archer says that 'the idea of this vague, shapeless, ubiquitous, inevitable, invulnerable thing was what chiefly fascinated the poet's imagination in the legend of *Peer Gynt*.' When it is killed it is still alive, unwounded when hurt, is both out and in, forward and back, conquers without force. It is a lion and woman in one, yet whatever it is, it is ever itself, and is only vanquished, not by physical might, but troll-fashion, by the power of the spirit, symbolized in the ringing of church bells, and the prayers of women.

Recalling '*Brand*,' Georg Brandes identifies this mysterious being with the spirit of Compromise. Mr. Wicksteed, viewing it in the light of Scene 12, Act IV, calls it the sphinx-riddle of life. One hesitates to categorize so vague a thing, and to each attentive reader the Boyg must make a different appeal. To me it means St. Paul's carnal mind of man — 'mortal mind' — a Christian Scientist would say — that element in man which is purely human, which baffles his best desires, which suggests that he go 'roundabout' to escape his difficulties, rather than through them, and which is only overcome through spirituality. It ever vaunts itself to be a great *I*, a great *myself*, but is in reality nothing.

The third act shows further the deterioration in Peer's character, and his inability to face the unpleasant. Banished to the woods as an outlaw in consequence of the bride-rape, Peer has never been forgotten by Solveig, who though rejecting his too swift advances has nevertheless established in her soul an ideal of Peer, which she worships. Thinking it was the real Peer she loves, she forsakes her dear father, mother, and sister, and comes to him in the forest; Peer greets her with joy.

'Solveig! let me look at you — but not too near!

Only look at you! Oh, but you are bright and pure,—

Let me lift you,— Oh, but you are fine and light.

Let me carry you Solveig — and I'll never be tired.'

But in the midst of his rejoicing, along comes the Green Clad One with an ugly little boy, and tells him that this is his child, 'lame in his leg, as Peer was lame in his soul,' begotten only of lustful thoughts and desires, the way of generation in the Dovré kingdom. She tells Peer he may marry Solveig if he will, but that she is his wife, and must have her seat by his side, though Solveig be there too. In this predicament, what is Peer's course? Repentance? The word comes to him from long-forgotten years, and has now no meaning. Expiation? Why, it would take whole years to fight his way through. The Boyg said, 'roundabout,' and the Boyg philosophy conquers. Without a word of explanation, bidding her only wait his return, Peer takes to his heels, leaving the woman who loves him to bear alone the long years of life. Probably it was better for Solveig that he did, nevertheless that does not exonerate Peer.

Solveig is the beautiful element of the play. Every scene in which she appears is lifted at once into the realm of pure poetry. She is so pure and so good. As Agnes might have been Brand's salvation, bringing peace to his restless soul, could he but have accepted her vision of life, so she, who made it a holy day when one looked at her might have uplifted Peer had he been capable of being true to her.

This third act contains another great scene — the death scene of Ase, one of the strangest death scenes in all literature — fantastic, tender, weird, yet infinitely pathetic and real. Poor ugly old Ase! Because her son has been declared an outlaw, all her property, such as she had, has been taken from her by the bailiff. Even the house is hers only until her death, and now she lies on the little hard board bed Peer used as a child, moaning and tossing, and longing to see Peer once more before she dies. Not a word of reproach shall he have from her. It was not his fault. It was the drink at the wedding feast that crazed his head. So Peer enters to look in upon his mother for the last time, before embarking for some foreign land. He sees his mother's condition, but death is horrible to him, as we see in Act V in his interview with the Strange Passenger. He will listen to no word of parting, ignores her request for the comfort of the prayer-book, will chat only of 'this, and that,' and finally, seeing her great distress, mounts a chair, and spirits her away on the 'fleet foot horses' to the world beyond.

'To the castle west of the moon and the castle east of the sun —
To Soria-Moria Castle.'

where

'The King and the Prince give a feast.'

Here, too, Peer is unable to face the unpleasant. Nevertheless, he bends over his mother, kissing her thanks for both 'beatings and lullabies'; we find him infinitely more human than Brand, cruelly deserting his mother in her last hour, from rigid devotion to principle.

Between acts three and four nearly thirty years elapse, and when we see Peer he is a handsome portly gentleman of fifty. All the glories of the youthful Peer has vanished. He is still a romancer, but the talent of poetry is gone. He still dreams of becoming 'kaiser' of the whole world but now on a basis of gold. He has become rich, selling slaves to America and idols to China. He has picked up learning, and a cosmopolitan from every country of Europe. He has grown pious, too, keeping a strict account of debit and credit with God, so that for every export of idols to China in the spring, he sent out missionaries in the fall.

'What could I do? To stop the trade
With China was impossible.
A plan I hit on — opened straightway
A new trade with the self-same land.
I shipped off idols every spring.
Each autumn sent forth missionaries,
Supplying them with all they needed,
As stockings, Bibles, rum, and rice.'

Mr. Cotton.—

'Yes, at a profit?'

Peer.—

'Why, of course.
It prospered. Dauntlessly they toiled.
For every idol that was sold
They got a coolie well baptized,
So that the effect was neutralized.'

Vain and ridiculous as Peer has become, we laugh at him not only because of his present situation, but because, as in a series of brilliant kaleidoscopic scenes, we seen him stooped on the Moroccan coast, because his sycophant friends have run off with his gold: — treed by monkeys in the desert: — plucked by Anitra, his Arabian amour;—and finally crowned as 'kaiser' in a mad house in Constantinople. The Gyntish Self stands complete. Imagining himself master of his situation, he is in reality but the merest will-of-the-wisp, drifting hither and thither on every wind of chance. Yet he considers himself a success. How for has he not always been himself?

This 'being one's self' is the keynote of the poem. What does it mean? That to him it was the paramount issue of life, there is little doubt.

He writes to Björnson — 'So to conduct one's life as to realize one's self — this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it.* And again, — 'I believe that there is nothing else and nothing better for us all to do than to live in spirit and in truth to realize our selves.'** And, 'The great thing is to become honest and truthful in dealing with one's self — not to determine to do this or determine to do that, but to do what one *must* do because one is one's self.'***

The character of Peer Gynt is the negative working out of this theme. Peer we see that 'being one's self' is not. To Peer, to 'be himself' meant to carry out each momentary impulse: never to burn a bridge behind him, but always to evade responsibility, to blame not himself for his failures, but the circumstances.

'To stand with choice-free foot
Amid the treacherous snares of life,—
To know that ever in the rear
A bridge for our retreat stands open.
This theory has borne me on,
And given my whole career its color.'

More or less we are all of us Peer Gynts. Our lives are not determined by a willed fidelity to an ideal, but like Peer we are tossed here and there by fleeting ambitions and momentary desires. Ibsen has no sympathy with his trifling attitude toward life. In his early plays, especially the historical series, he talks much of fulfilling one's calling, of one's divine mission in life. Is every one, then, destined to a great career? The poem has two direct answers to this question. First, in the episode of the poor peasant who cut off his finger, thereby incapacitating himself for military service for which he was drafted, because he knew he was needed at home.

'No patriot was he. Both for church and state
A fruitless tree. But there, on the upland ridge,
In the small circle where he saw his calling,
There he was great, because he was himself.'

This is Goethe's 'In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister'—and Matthew Arnold's — 'In their own tasks all their powers pouring.'

Solveig's faith is also an *answer*. After the scene in which Peer is rejected, then deserted by Anitra, for an instant we are transported again to the north, and look upon Solveig, now a middle-aged woman, sitting before the door of the hut Peer had built in the forest and singing as she spins.

* 8th August, 1882.
ler, 11th June, 1870.

** To Theodor Carpari, 27th June, 1884.

*** To Laura

'Maybe both the winter and spring will pass by,
 And the next summer too, and the whole of the year:—
 But thou wilt come one day, that I know full well:
 And I will await thee as I promised thee of old.

[*Calls the goats, spins, and sings again.*]

God strengthen thee, whereso thou goest in the world!
 God gladden thee, if at his footstool thou stand!
 Here will I await thee till thou comest again:

And if thou wait up yonder, then there we'll meet, my friend.'

In her beautiful fidelity to the ideal Peer within her heart, lies Solveig's greatness, and finally Peer's salvation. So that we see that Ibsen's idea is neither selfish idealism, as Brand's, nor selfish realism, as Peer Gynt's, but the unselfish working out of the best in us:— the attainment of spiritual liberty, and wholeness of life.

The fourth act is clever satire, the fifth pure and great poetry. So slender are the threads, however, that bind it to earth, that the reader is inclined to regard its events as merely symbolic. *Such was not Ibsen's intention.* Even Mr. Clemens Petersen's statement that the Strange Passenger symbolized terror aroused Ibsen's anger. 'He (Clemens Petersen) says that the Strange Passenger is symbolic of terror. Supposing that I had been about to be executed and that such an explanation would have saved my life, it would never have occurred to me. I never thought of such a thing. I stuck in the scene as a mere caprice. And tell me now, is Peer Gynt himself not a personality complete and individual? I know that he is.*'

Briefly, the fifth act may be outlined as follows: Peer, now a miserly old man, is returning to Norway. Just off the coast he is shipwrecked, and saves his life by knocking the ship's cook off the little boat to which they were both clinging. Peer escapes, and returns to his old home, where he finds himself but a tradition. He seeks the forest, the scene of his outlawry, where he comes upon Solveig still waiting for him, but he flees from her. The Button-Moulder comes along with his casting-ladle, looking for one Peer Gynt, whom his master has ordered him to melt up along with other spoilt goods into something new. Peer resents this 'Gynt-cessation' with all his heart. Either one of two things he must prove to save himself, either that he has always been himself, or that he is an exceptional sinner.

Peer. —

One question only:

What is it, at bottom, this "being one's self"?

* To Bjornson, 9th December, 1867.

The Button-Moulder.—

To be one self is: to slay oneself.
 But on you that answer is doubtless lost:
 And therefore we'll say: to stand forth everywhere
 With Master's intention displayed like a signboard.'

Peer can not claim he has been himself according to this standard:
 r can he prove himself a great sinner.

The Button-Moulder.—

'You're not one thing nor the other then, only so-so.
 A sinner of really grandiose style
 Is nowadays not to be met on the highways.
 It wants much more than merely to wallow in mire.
 For both vigor and earnestness go to a sin.'

there no one in heaven or hell, then, to save him? In his terror he remembers the one against whom he has really sinned. Surely Solveig will have sin-list for him, but when he throws himself before her to hear his doom, e has no word of blame for him.

Peer.—

'Cry out all my sins and my trespasses!'

Solveig.—

'In nought hast thou sinned, oh my own only boy!'

Peer.—

'Cry aloud my crime!'

Solveig.—

'Thou hast made all my life as a beautiful song.
 Blessed be thou that at last thou hast come!'

ie Button-Moulder disappears, and the poem ends with Peer lying in lveig's arms, a saved man.

In the fifth act, then, is the birth of the true Peer Gynt. His conception curs in the conversation with the Strange Passenger during the shipwreck, en there is presented for the first time to his mind the idea of *dread*, or Mr. Archer has it in the footnote to his translation of this passage (the nslation I should like to state I have used throughout) 'the conviction sin.' It is the moral sense of the soul's obligation to goodness. Peer es not express this at once, however, and it is found first definitely in his nous comparison of himself to an onion, which like himself is but an inite number of swathings, with never a kernel. Solveig's fidelity to n makes him realize, but too late, that in her heart had been his kaiser- m, and the exquisite thread-ball scene in which the thoughts he should ve thought, and the deeds he should have done rise to reproach him,

begins with his own searching analysis of himself as a 'whited sepulchre' with 'earnest shunned' and 'repentance dreaded.' At last he sees that his life has been unworthy of perpetuation.

'So unspeakably poor, then, a soul can go
Back to nothingness, into the grey of the mist.
Thou beautiful earth, be not angry with me
That I trampled thy grasses to no avail.
Thou beautiful sun, thou hast squandered away
Thy glory of light in an empty hut.'

Mr. Brandes declares that the thread-ball, and this scene, are out of harmony with the rest of Peer's character, and are consequently to be taken as expressions of Ibsen's own regret. It is true that the old Peer Gynt could not have spoken thus, but the new soul growing within him can, and does. It has been claimed, too, that Peer's final salvation is too romantic an ending to be in accord with Ibsen's usual teachings. The logical place for Peer Gynt seems to be the casting-ladle, yet it must not be forgotten that even Peer was not saved until there had come upon him the realization of his own impotence and need.

THE PASSING OF THE GREEN*

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

HERE in the sylvan ragged woods and fields is some natural magic of the wind and of the world, some power incarnate in sound; in the clapping of the little leaves upon the treetop, the harsh noise of blown leaves, the broken song of naked apple boughs, the little voice in the valley and the tiny piping over bare pastures, the windage of the uplands with the great rushing wind and the little rustling wind, the big far-travelling wind and the distant battling wind with its hollow sound of moving waters and its speech of destiny. Here, too, is some natural magic in this transformation from the clear green of spring to the old gold of autumn, in those fields and sunny avenues and endless alleys of marching apple trees, in this glade of yellow ferns and tall white birches crowned with yellow autumn leaves, and in these maple trees, bare now, their spaces filled with the grays and azures of the varying skies. Even the little stone that has rolled out of its socket of earth arrests the eye with a sense of something beyond the immediate presence of that which is seen. An ethereal touch has come and pleasure no longer waits, as in spring, on the beauty of detail: the appearance of a starry flower, or some faint change in color, or the coming of a new bird song. Flowers there still are amidst the fluff of blown thistles and purple asters, and in the morning the meadow lark still sings its song. But every little incident no longer binds the eyes by its beauty and its youth to earth; here is some power invisible, and separable from our lives. The trees denuded of leaves, of the exquisite incident of blooming life, the meadows stripped of their wavering linked grass, the fields razed of their burden of grain,—the imagination becomes supreme.

And when in the blue mist of twilight, red apples gleam, the mind looks forward into the 'vague land.' It is as if life had been filled with the loveliness of concrete objects,—earth enamelled with the bright beauty of green fields and blue skies and golden sun, and now, with the light glimmering through the trees on the hill-horizon far away, and the somber arabesque of moss underfoot, changing swiftly to the monotones of dusk. Wide flumes of shadow reach up the darkening hills, little shadows lie notionless, the wind steps softly amongst the corn and its sentinel shadows, and in the chill luster of moonshine stars hang on the bare branches.

* Copyright by Jeannette Marks, 1907.

Life — with the subduing of the colors of autumn, the metamorphosis from crimsons and glowing yellows to the little pale flames and dun colors of the wide-spread meadows and woods, with the wind in the corn, and the shaken cry of the owl at night — life grows suddenly tenuous, suffering a change into that which abides elsewhere. With the thought of the repeated bloom and decay of nature, its unceasing revolutions of natural existence, the mind dwells more and more on that which is shaped in the spirit, and clouds and seas and mountains disappear, as with Michelangelo in that greater sea which is the soul of man, boundless and dim, crossed by trade-winds 'from eternity.' One feels the vitality of nature apart from its beauty. Even the very mist is haunted by a shadow of that which is beyond.

The mind broods on something out of its perception, something that dwells unseen in the far sound of the pines, in the wail of the wind, in the surging of branches, in the twitching of little shadows in a twilight room — something inscrutable and yet mirrored in the settling dusky light and felt in the altering silences. Beyond the eye, invisible to the eye, a procession passes, the mind alone beholding the land of its quiet light, its spectral forms of unknown hills, and the rush of its eternal winds. And gray in the midst of that procession there is one figure, vast, pervasive, followed by a multitude, their thoughts obedient, their hearts sighing. And on the path behind is an eddy as of whirling leaves and the sound of them is like the clatter of the winter wind. Here with the force of great moments when one stands face to face with the inexplicable, here is the unrelieved meaning to the end of life. Sucked into that path of the wind, swept toward those unknown hills the spirit seems suddenly captive and powerless. Then for the first times come that pitiful severance between our hearts and the nature about us; and we are touched with home sickness ever after, knowing that the beat of the vine on the window pane has been no measure of a human pulse. The division between our being and nature's is present with us; because we came we must go.

This is a season of great natural drama; now one is aware of the direction of all the forces which have been growing, the working out of law. But there lies something in that dreamy haze, that pensive level light which finds no sensuous expression — an incommunicable idea, pellucid, misty, like little treetops caught for an instant in crystal presence on a dusky hill. Even the shadows have a kind of transparency pale and thin with a spiritual effect of receding. And beyond the hills beneath the strips of level green sky is the underlight of an unseen sea. There, in that somewhat of which nothing is known, is one's certainty of hope — acknowledged ignorance potent with faith.

THREE DAYS

BY HELEN SHARPSTEEN

I

A S lilies 'neath the feet of May
Sprang, marking where she trod,
So springs each year a flower-sweet day
Beneath the smile of God.

And it is ours to bend each year
And pluck the warm sweet rose,
Renewing memories fragrant, dear,
The day's heart doth enclose.

* * * * *

II

Dear hands I loved when long ago
You took my heart and me,
Dear eyes through which alone I know
The joys of things to be; —

Take once again, in symbolwise,
This day — which doth renew
The fragrance of those memories,—
All that belongs to you.

* * * * *

III

Three days that mark the sum of life,
Marking the sum of love,
A trinity with meanings rife
For us to take thereof.

One day that opened life with love,
One day love's own caress,
And one the sum of all to prove,
To crown, confirm, and bless.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BY ALEXANDER JESSOP

LOOKING at the features of Stevenson, one is tempted to exclaim, in the language of the painter enraptured before the respondent model, 'Character, character, is what he has!' As it is true of the man himself, so may it be said of his writings, 'Character, character is what they have!' Plainly, Stevenson is a writer with a style — a writer for the sake of a style, some have been heard to expostulate.

In truth, Stevenson is a writer with several styles, each one of which is best adapted to set forth the message of its own particular subject. Yet, though the glow and glitter of language are music to him, they make but tunes after all; still more to him, one imagines, are the meanings that sing to them, the life he depicts. 'I never cared a cent for anything but art, and never shall,' says Stevenson's Loudon Dodd, in 'The Wrecker.' An impression that one gets from reading Stevenson is that he cares as much for art and as much for life, each, as Loudon Dodd cared, he says, for art alone. Stevenson's two animating passions are youth and courage, if indeed they are two, and not rather (as Stevenson makes us think) one and indissoluble.

All Stevenson's writings have certain characteristics in common. The poetry of Stevenson displays the same animation of youth and courage, the same felicity of word and phrase that his prose does. But it has in addition other qualities that his prose writings do not share. Some of these qualities are, doubtless, those which make the distinction between prose and poetry, beyond the mere *form* of utterance. Similarly, his poetry may be said to lack some of the enticing aspects of his prose writings. For example, 'The Vagabond,' beginning:

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me,

has almost exactly the qualities that are to be felt in his essays, 'Walking Tours,' 'Æs Triplex,' and others. That poem might just as well have been written in prose. Not that its qualities are not excellent, but that they are different from those of *pure* poetry. But the best of Stevenson's poems embody the poetry that cannot be or cannot be so well expressed in prose,

well as his other qualities; the poem, 'The Unforgotten,' for example, meaning:

She rested by the Broken Brook,
She drank of Weary Well,
She moved beyond my lingering look,
Ah, whither none can tell!

It poem has qualities that could be expressed not only not so well in prose, but perhaps not at all. The first stanza (the one quoted), at least, has a lyric spontaneity united with a grave simplicity that is fully equal to Wordsworth's:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

The advantage, of course, that even such a poem as 'The Vagabond' has over prose utterance on the same theme is, that poetry is more quintessential. Poetry is a more concise vehicle of expression than prose. That is one reason why it is so much easier to discern Stevenson's particular characteristics in his poems than in his other writings.

In common with those of Wordsworth and many other writers many of Stevenson's poems are strongly impressionistic. The tendency to impressionism is now increasingly apparent both in poetry and prose; and, on the whole, literature gains by it. It is in the direction of emancipation — protest against academicism and conventionality. Conventionality never held anything for literature, and never will. On the other hand, it may be said that impressionism, if too freely followed, is itself in danger of becoming a convention. But it is most effective when applied sparingly, as in this poem by Stevenson which bears no title:

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are caroled and said —
On wings they are carried —
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.

And when the west is red
 With the sunset embers,
 The lover lingers and sings
 And the maid remembers.

The first two lines of the second stanza are, to my thinking, the most effective ones in that poem, and all the more so from their position among lines so strongly stamped with the impressionistic hall-mark. Through every true lover of poetry, reading that poem for the first time, a wave of comprehension and emotion surely passes as he comes to those lines. The effect and purpose of such impressionism is, of course, to make one feel what is described or hinted at. Thus it may be seen that it is bound up with the very essence of utter poetry, which does not appeal primarily to the intellect (as academic traditions would have us think) but to something more subtle—the emotions of the heart and of the soul. The reason why this impressionistic writing, especially in poetry, is most effective when sparingly applied doubtless is because, giving as it does of the very essence of poetry, the note cannot be sustained for any length of time, even by the greatest poetic geniuses. Sometimes it is so sustained, and then a perfect poem is the result. But most poems have to depend for their effect on a charm that is to be felt as the total result, rather than as sustained at every point.

Various academic writers have, at intervals during several thousand years, endeavored to formulate definitions and theories of what constitutes poetry. These specifications have been very useful, no doubt: but without a doubt, too, they have been felt as a fetter to originality rather than as an aid and inspiration. It is just what has been written *outside* of such rules, without precedent, that has proved of greatest value in poetry. Yet difference is not always excellence; even originality may be trivial or grotesque. The difference, in order to be worth while, must be *excellent* difference. When a high degree of both difference and excellence is to be found in the same piece of writing we may be sure that something has been written that mankind will not willingly forget or value slightly.

Stevenson's poetry is excellent, and it is largely different from the poetry of any other poet. Like all good poetry, it has something in common with the work of other poets, great or fine—it contains the universal prime essence. But Stevenson's point of view is highly original. That it is which constitutes his claim to remembrance in this highest department of literary art. All single definitions must partly fail when the attempt is made to foist one of them upon so wide and intangible a thing as poetry. Yet, if I were to give a definition of poetry's quintessence in a single sentence, from a single point of view, I should say, 'The spirit of poetry is loneliness,

world-alooness.' In the midst of commonness we feel the uncommon — the stars are above the plain, and in the midst of sordidness we feel the ideal looking on. The purpose of poetry, then, is to represent the ideal as it can be found in the ordinary — that is, in life. If we consider the highest lights of poetry in this age, or in any age, we will find that they all more or less uphold that definition. Other definitions, too, might be truthfully applied; but, as I have already tried to indicate implicitly, suggestiveness is the finest quality not only of poetry but of prose definitions about it.

For melody, for successful impressionism, for utter pathos, Stevenson's 'Wandering Willie' is unsurpassed, not only among his own poems but in poetry:

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander ?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.

Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;

Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,

The true word of welcome was spoken in the door —

Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,

Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home, then, my dear, full of kindly faces,

Home was home, then, my dear, happy for the child.

Fire and the window bright glittered on the moorland;

Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,

Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.

Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,

The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moor-fowl,

Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;

Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,

Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;

Fair the day shine as it shown on my childhood —

Fair shine the day on the house with open door;

Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney —

But I go forever and come again no more.

do not mean the word 'pathos' in its original Greek sense, of course, but its modern English application. Does this poem somewhat pale beside

such supreme achievements treating of a similar subject as Tennyson's 'A Farewell,' 'In the Valley of Cauteretz,' 'Break, Break, Break,' 'Tears, Idle Tears,' etc.? The difference between those poems and Stevenson's is a difference in *kind* rather than in quality. The greatest poetry appeals to the universal soul of man; somewhat below these highest peaks of song comes that poetry that appeals primarily to the heart; the lower heights are occupied by the dreary academicism whose appeal is mostly to the intellect. What might be very effective in prose may be wholly out of place as poetry.

The truth may as well be confessed. Wonderfully impressionistic as is Stevenson's poetry at its best, its appeal is rather to the emotions of the heart than of the soul. His poetry, even at its best, is somewhat lacking in austerity. This quality at times comes perilously near to academicism and pretentiousness. But, at its truest and best, it is of the essence of the greatest song. Stevenson, to be sure, writes a good deal *about* austerity. But that does not make his art austere. But what the poems of Stevenson lack in austerity they make up in their warmth of human appeal; they are *the intimate poetry of personal relations*. That is what constitutes their uniqueness.

If 'Wandering Willie' has a rival among Stevenson's poems, it is the one entitled 'In Memoriam. F. A. S.':

Yet, oh, stricken heart, remember, oh, remember,
 How of human days he lived the better part.
 April came to bloom and never dim December
 Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.
 Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
 Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
 Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
 Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
 You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
 Yours the pang, but his — oh, his the undiminished,
 Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.
 All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
 Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
 Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
 And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

I have not attempted to speak of 'A Child's Garden of Verses.' The best of their kind, those 'poems' are not to be judged as poetry proper so

ch as delightful reminiscences of childhood, which happen to be written
erse. The remarks in the present essay do not, therefore, apply to them.

Stevenson's poetry is not very reminiscent of the work of other poets.
it is reminiscent of all the more tender and animated aspects of life —
intimate, vital emotions of the heart. And, as its best, the charm and
ros of it are irresistible. As long as idealism and romance are unfailing
heir appeal it will not, it cannot, be forgotten.

SILENCE

BY SARA TEASDALE

To Eleonora Duse

WE are anhungered after solitude,
Deep stillness pure of any speech or sound,
Soft quiet hovering over pools profound;
The silences that on the desert brood;
Above the windless hush of empty seas,
The broad unfurling banners of the dawn;
A faëry forest where there sleeps a Faun;
Our souls are fain of solitudes like these.

O woman who divined our weariness,
And set the crown of silence on your art,
From what undreamed of depths within your heart
Have you sent forth the hush that makes us free
To hear an instant, high above earth's stress,
The silent music of infinity?

HYMN TO THE WINGED NIKE

BY FLORENCE KIPER

I

AN earth-bound priestess, hampered and secure,
I scarcely dare approach thee, sovereign form,
I scarcely dare essay the rapturous joy
Of movement and of fire that is thy heart,
 Yet know
 There burns in me the glow,
 The restless glow that feedeth thy desire,—
 Pulsating, wingéd heart of joy and fire.
 I too aspire
As thou, O goddess; I too feel the urge
Of passions and of utterances high
That break through to the Infinite and cry
Against the clouds their pulsing movements vast,
My soul has wings like thine,
And those full limbs that flaunt
The fluttering drapery
And that deep bosom free
 Are mine, are mine!

II

What quickeneth the urge
Within thee? — dost thou feel the sweep and surge
Of the vast flowing of illimitable life,
Life beyond life, and striving beyond strife?
Ah, from what amplitude of powers emerge
That stern and glorious strength that thrills through thee,
Thou vivid, burning song of victory!
Large freedom's high imagination thou,
Sweeping the cleavéd air with haughty stroke,
As if thy great life broke
Free from our prisoning cells that bruise and bow.
 The poet thou,—
The poet's soul all vivid things above,—

More vivid and more vital in its love
 Than love of woman who has waked to love.
 Triumph of burning justice and its might!
 Triumph of soul and its august decrees:
 Triumph of right!
 Ah, what vast things to be are in thy sight!

III

Art thou indeed the Godhead, molded strong
 In the calm marble which must needs be white
 Because it focuses all shades of light
 The crimson passion and the yearning hue
 Of the pale spiritual blue!
 Dost all to thee belong? —
 Emotion and emotion, strong or weak? —
 All powers and shades of song?
 Ah, could'st thou speak:
 Speak to me, bend above me, touch my lips,
 Anoint me with thy presence, consecrate
 My soul unto thy state,
 And I shall burst into such power of words
 As men have waited for with eager hearts
 Since last the gods walked big among us.
 It may not be!
 I may not see thee naked-free and pure,—
 An earth-bound priestess, hampered and secure,
 'Tis but for me to see
 The splendor keen that darts
 From out thy garment folds;
 Some touch upon my hand I know, same far
 Faint rustle of thy gown,
 And yet my quick heart holds
 Its yearning, aching, passionate dream of thee.

RECENT WORKS BY GERMAN WRITERS

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

WEW works by authors who have long passed the zenith of their powers make one realize the rapid pace at which we are moving along in the procession. It seems but yesterday that students of German were ravished by the poetic sentiment and verbal beauty of 'Die braune Erika.' Yet what a distance Wilhelm Jensen has covered since the publication of that exquisite little story, and from what a distance the readers look back to him, who was then thirty-one, now that he has reached his threescore and ten and has one hundred and fifty volumes to his credit. It must be admitted, also, that although the radiance of his name may at intervals have been totally eclipsed by the newer and noisier fame of novices, the sound of it still falls upon the ear with something of a tender caress, for it recalls visions of beauty which at that time only his pen was able to evoke. Jensen visualized upon the printed page atmosphere, color, lights and shadows, as the painter does on canvas. He introduced in fiction the element of nature study and limned with genial realism the scientist type, which had previously been the butt of satire. The formidable quantity of his works is hardly more bewildering than the versatility of his mind. The poet's temperament, the painter's vision, the philosopher's perspective, the scholar's knowledge, the earthborn's experience — all these enter into his work, which with crystalline transparency reflects his serious reading of life.

The dominant quality of his verse, collected some time ago under the title '*Vom Morgen zum Abend*' and recently re-issued in a new edition (B. Flischer, Leipzig) is sincerity. With remarkable fearlessness he gives utterance to religious heresies, but even in his combative mood there is never a touch of indelicacy. One of the most interesting poems in the book is 'Lilith.' In her, the prototype of woman, the mother of life, the poet sees the supreme spiritual power of mankind. But Adam could not grasp her greatness; he begged the Creator to give him only a woman, not a goddess, one who would willingly receive, not imperiously demand. So Lilith was left alone with her great longing to love and to render happy the man whose companionship she was to share. In her despair she tore out of her heart this longing and implanted it in the hearts of the human

ce that was to be. In time this heirloom of Lilith became the great dynamic force which spurs man forever to seek some far-off goal, and the source of the greatest sorrows and the greatest joys of life. For originality of conception and dignity of expression this poem is a rare achievement. There are other poems in the volume full of the mature wisdom of noble manhood. Many readers familiar with the 'Lieder aus Frankreich-von dem deutschen Soldaten,' which were considered the best poetical monument of the war of 1870, will be surprised to learn that these poems are not included in the book. Jensen is one of the few German writers of the older generation whom the material prosperity of the country has not made insensible to its spiritual poverty. The new empire not having fulfilled its ideal promises, his patriotism would not allow those songs to be rebuffed.

While the appearance of Jensen's poems must be welcomed both as a human document and an artistic achievement, one can but regret the publication of the poems of two other seniors among the German writers. Surely an author of such high standing as novelist and dramatist, as Adolf Hilbrandt, should hesitate to give to the public a volume of verse so little calculated to enhance his reputation, as '*Lieder und Bilder*' (Cotta, Stuttgart). The book is mainly composed of occasional poems of which Germany has already more than all the other countries combined. Birthday greetings, even if they are addressed to Bismarck, lines sent with a bouquet to be worn at a ball, verses written for festival monographs or special editions of magazines, or for recitation at some solemn celebration, are not likely to be inspired by a spark of true fire. There is much of this inartistic quality in the book of Rudolf von Gottschall: '*Spaete Lieder*' (Gebriehel, Berlin). These prologues for Schiller days, for a navy festival, for various occasions lend themselves to a display of resonant phrases which may strike a responsive chord in masses keyed up to the mood of the occasion, but when the spell of the moment is past, the hollowness of their ring becomes almost painful. Genial spirit and fluent form do not save either of these books from bearing the stamp of mediocrity.

Of quite another character is the book of verse by Georg von Oertzen. His '*Memorien des Zufalls*' (F. Bielefeld, Freiburg i. B.) reflect a somewhat austere, but lovable personality. The poet is an octogenarian, but he has not lost the sense of values. He offers impressions and confessions full of sane acceptance of reality, a virile joy of life. A sage who sees the meaning of the passing show, who bravely lashes the follies and sympathetically pictures the sufferings of his fellow-beings, there is a strength and a spontaneity in his book, which sharply contrasts with the weary senility of some of the

junior poets of his country. Prince Scheonaich-Carolath, too, shows no signs of age in his '*Gedichte*' (Goeschen, Leipzig). In his early formative period he drank deep of the fountain of folk-song and has derived from that source an admirable simplicity. His is a religious nature; there are moments when he speaks like one inspired with a mission to raise mankind to a higher spiritual level. In his purely personal moods he often strikes lyric notes of rare charm. Maurice Reinhold von Stern's new volume '*Donner und Lerche*' (Literarische Bulletin, Leipzig) proves him to be a nature poet of distinction, whose spiritual searchings into the mysteries of being have revealed to him the secret bonds between the universe and the individual soul. He gives plastic utterance to his abstract imaginings, yet always preserves a rare delicacy of outline and intimacy of feeling.

Ernst von Wolzogen has been so identified with the spirit of modern Germany, even in its most absurd manifestation, the ill-starred *Ueberbratt*, that it is difficult to imagine him to have reached the age, when the human mind is inclined to ramble over the road of the yesterdays. His new book, '*Verse zu meinem Leben*' (Fontane, Berlin) maintains his reputation for originality. It is a sort of diary with poetical annotations. Were it not for the biographical material they contain, some of the verses might as well have remained unwritten; but the preface of the author justifies their publication. The portrait of the author, whose hearty humor and refreshing Bohemianism have made him a favorite figure among contemporary writers, smiles at one through the pages of his curious book. Otto Erich Hartleben, too, was an amiable Bohemian, but his posthumous volume '*Meine Verse*' (S. Fischer, Berlin) reflects his Dionysian joy of living with the measured cadence and the tempered tone of classical tradition. Unlike his stories and his plays, which tackle social problems with sparkling humor or with mordant satire, his verse expresses his reading of life but indirectly. It is a book which deserves to be taken more seriously than that of the confrère who survives him, but it lacks the intimate personal charm of the other.

As a self-made artist Christian Wagner once bid fair to be ranked with Conrad Deubler, the Austrian poet-philosopher, whose prose was read and whose presence was sought by men of distinction in many walks of life. But his poetic fund soon gave out and spoiled by his critics he became artificial. Now he has made a selection from his poems under the title '*Ein Blumenstrauss*' (Germann's Verlag, Schwaebisch-Hall), which is remarkable both for philosophical content and poetic form. There are few German writers today who have caught the undertones in the harmony of nature with such a sympathetic ear. The book is radiant with a serene acceptance of fate and a solemn faith in eternity.

Among the newcomers are two poets of an originality as distinct as it is divergent: Ernst Lissauer and Alfons Paquet. Lissauer takes up in his book, *Der Acker*' (Hugo Heller, Vienna), one segment of life and makes it the pivotal point for a panorama of symbols, clear, strong, vital and tangible, moving with admirable consistency in the narrow compass of his vision, yet opening vistas into the larger world. Paquet, whose book bears a no less significant title, *Auf Erden*' (published by subscription and already out of print), roves and loafs over the earth with the *Wanderlust* of a true worldling, embracing, owning, sensing all and seeking its meaning. Lissauer limits himself to the traditional meter and form; his lines and his stanzas are short, his style is terse, and in some instances he arrives at that finality of expression which is the artist's ultimate aim. Paquet listens with ear intent to the song of life, as his wheel whirrs at midnight through the valleys of his native land, as he stands on the railroad bridge, or gazes into the glare of a foundry, or peers into the infinitude of the steppe, or hails the bewildering vastness and activity of the new world. And as he listens, the lines he speaks echo it all, and the plaint of toil, the clarion of strife, the chant of faith, the cancan of pleasure and the monody of death become a many-voiced, endless canon, sung over an organ-point of multifarious machinery, beating the time and holding the key in an awesome, mysterious hum. Paquet recalls Whitman; his horizon is as large, his conception as democratic; the rhythm of the 'Leaves of Grass' vibrates in his lines and his style often becomes diffuse. Both Lissauer and Paquet have been the first in some years to strike a new note in the poetry of Germany; they are both unusually virile individualities. Men who have encompassed experience, they sing of vital things and their songs ring convincingly true.

The dramatic production of the past months has not been great, but it has brought at least one surprise. When a writer belonging to an older generation achieves a genuine dramatic success by means as old as they are naive, before an audience as sophisticated as that of the Schauspielhaus of Berlin, the world has cause to wonder. Ernst von Wildenbruch has long stood for an interpreter of truths through the medium of historical images. A certain fraction of German theatergoers never fails to respond to the patriotic appeal which his works convey, be it ever so indirectly. But *Die Rabensteinerin*, which was given shortly before the close of the season, is not a historical but a romantic drama, the plot whereof is childishly simple and the treatment almost trite. Yet the secret of his success is not far to seek. Wildenbruch is the last heir of the Schiller tradition; with him it may die, unless a revival is close at hand. He is a poet who has remained young at heart in the very hotbed of premature senility. He has kept the

holy lamp ever burning before the ideals of his younger days. In his flamboyant enthusiasm there is no false note; he is thoroughly in earnest and he is always sincere. The ring of this sincerity finds response in the hearts of the people and wins the favor of his audiences. There is no other man today who could risk the experiment of presenting in the *Schauspielhaus* a play on the same lines; for no other man would be credited with having a spark of the spirit, of which Schiller is the embodiment.

Nor is his success entirely due to this element in his work. *Wildenbruch* is an admirable technician; he has an architect's eye for construction, an almost infallible instinct for building up situations with a logical assurance that makes them appear natural and even necessary, and for reaching a final dramatic climax. His treatment of the masses is theatrical, but it is effective, and under the spell of the dramatic moment the audience asks not for psychology. One motive enters into the plot of '*Die Rabensteinerin*' which claims the attention of American readers. When the scion of the old patrician Welser family has succeeded in winning for his bride the daughter of the robber-barons, the father, hurt in his Welser pride, but impressed by the racial traits of the young woman, decides that they should work out their salvation in the new world. This final chord is a fine psychological touch, emphasizing at once the gulf between two generations and pointing the way out of the inevitable conflict. The play is published by Grote, Berlin.

Eberhard Koenig's '*Stein*' (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) was written for the Lutherfestspiel verein and perhaps not intended for anything but a festival play. But the work deserves notice, not only for its good workmanship but for its national meaning. The central figure is Stein, the Prussian diplomat and patriot, so prominent during the momentous period of 1806-13. Although the poet has by no means exhausted the dramatic possibilities of the life of Stein, he has conveyed the idea of a nation's regeneration through the ideals of a hero convincingly and effectively. His language is dignified and powerful. The success at the initial performance in Jena was due more to the poet who has profoundly touched by his stirring scenes and gripping words the patriotic chord, than to the dramatist who had previously proved, that he is able to do better work.

Thomas Mann's '*Fiorenza*' has at last been performed in Frankfurt and has proved not only a poetic drama of power, but a thoroughly playable play. Eduard Stucken's '*Gawan*' is another proof that even in Germany the poetic drama often has to go begging before it finds a stage to undertake its performance. '*Gawan*' (S. Fischer, Berlin) has been performed in Munich. The play is based upon the English poem of Sir Gawain, the

main outline of which has been faithfully adhered to until the end, when he 'green knight' becomes death. Obeying an order from the Lord and assisted by the Virgin Mary, who lends her shape to the seductive chatelaine of the poem, the hero is tempted. He promptly repents of his failure and lays down the magic girdle before the statue; this rapidly changes into the living Virgin, who wards off death from the penitent, unveils the Grail and offers him the sacred draught. By this conclusion the sub-title of the play — a mystery — is justified. The play could not fail to find favor with various portions of the audience by its appeal to the taste for gruesome lecapitations, which have recently proved so effective, by its introduction of Parsifal motives and by the exquisite stage management.

Franz Duelberg is a writer on art belonging to the younger Munich school, whose dramatic attempts always excite some controversy. His imagination is exotic, his language affected and his composition lacks the simple lines of a great work of art. But he has an abundance of ideas and he expresses them in myriads of images, and although it is difficult to find one's way through the maze, he succeeds to impress with a semblance of power. His '*Korallenkettlin*' (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) has a mediæval plot of great strength, the theatrical resources of which have been thoroughly exploited and even exaggerated by the author. Yet the play tends to confirm the hope that Duelberg will some time learn to discipline his gifts and use them to better results than at the present time.

Whether he writes lyric verse or little stories, like the exquisite '*Gedächtnen vom lieben Gott*,' Rainer Maria Rilke is always a poet of noble distinction. But his first dramatic attempt has hardly conveyed the impression that he is also a dramatist of power. He has written a series of well-constructed, but detached scenes, in which the dialogue takes the place of action. Although the psychology was convincing enough and the suggestion of undercurrents of thought and feeling admirable, these dynamics of the '*drame intime*' did not save the play from failure through the lack of a firm groundwork.

In the fiction recently published there is one volume by Rudolf von Gottschall which ranks high above the poems of the monogenarian author. Yet it does give one a peculiar feeling to see the vast difference in manner more than matter, which separates him, who was once the champion of a young Germany against the conventionalities of an older generation, from the young writers of the day. In '*Neue Erzählungen*' (Gebr. Paetel, Berlin), he has retained much of the ardor and of the combativeness of his younger days; but even in these stories he cannot ignore an opportunity to vent his wrath upon the mutual booming society which the young gener-

ation of German literati seems to have organized. He calls them a race of 'blasé megalomaniacs, fed on false philosophisms and suffering from congested mysticism.' Though there is some truth in his remarks, they mar the tenor of stories otherwise harmless. Still he cannot be denied a mastery of narrative style, a language full of color and mobility and great constructive power. He was always a landscapist of no mean order, and the setting of the stories lends itself to charming descriptions. The time of the first two stories is the present, the scene of the last is Silesia shortly before the peace of Tilsit.

It would be interesting to trace the connection between the new chapter of psychology, which is called child-study, and the new chapter of literature which has given us the child in drama and fiction. Among the writers who have treated the child types in their works from the standpoint of superior psychological knowledge, Franziska Mann is likely to be ranked first. Her insight into the growth and the workings of a child soul is admirable; she watches over her little men and women as a mother over her brood, as a sculptor over his shapes of clay. There is a tender solicitude in the way she reveals to her readers some rare individuality, still in the making, but already endowed with all the instincts and impulses of the adult human being. The stories in her latest book, '*Kinder*' (Axel Juncker, Berlin) are sketchy, her portraits are not finished; but neither are her models and the lives in which they will figure. The little book has a tantalizing charm of suggestiveness.

Frau Viebig has in her latest novel returned to an older manner. '*Absolve te*' (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), the story of a young girl, married by her mother to a wealthy old man, is told with the directness which has once made the author rank with the greatest disciples of Zola in Germany. The daughter of a schoolmaster, the heroine has a modest education and can claim a refinement quite unusual in the country place, whither she has come as wife of Herr Tiralla, a typical *Gutsbesitzer* of the province of Posen, good-natured, ignorant and coarse. The mother did not long witness the material prosperity and marital misery of her child. The young wife had in her youth been inclined toward a semi-spiritual, semi-sensuous devotion to the church, and never forgiven the mother for marrying her to an old brute of bibulous habits. Even when a little girl is born to them, the parents remain strangers. The child has inherited the mother's religious nature and as she grows up, shows symptoms of religious hysteria. While she has heavenly visions in her room, the father in his apartment consumes greater and greater quantities of liquor. The idea of getting rid of him becomes an idiosyncrasy with Frau Tiralla, long

before her unspent woman love finds a worthy object in the friend of her step-son. All this is told with a virile, but not repulsive realism. The atmosphere of the story is hot with the breath of strife in the breast of Frau Tiralla and Martin Becker. When death comes to the old man by his own hands, and Martin leaves the house, Frau Tiralla reads in the ecstatic eyes of her daughter that forgiveness, which even her confessor might deny the unfortunate woman. '*Absolvo te*' is a very powerful book.

Books on Schiller are still appearing on the market. An important little volume was recently added to the series called 'Die Kultur' (Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin). It is entitled '*Schiller's Weltanschauung und unsere Zeit*,' and the author is Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm. Calling poets the conscience of their nation, he is of the opinion that Germany has failed to reach the goal which Schiller had cherished. His ideal reading of life lacks the material character of the present time. It is constructive, while the present is destructive. He was a builder who would have hedged in with walls whatever he thought worthy of reverence. Our generation on the contrary tears down the walls. The author defines Schiller's idea of freedom, and emphasizes the fact, that the poet deemed only him capable of becoming a liberator, who had the proper amount of reverence. In Schiller's ideas about the aesthetical education of mankind the author sees a valuable ethical factor. He would have the poet remain our leader in the world of beauty. The references to Schiller's international influence are interesting. Among other illustrations there is the reproduction of a miniature of Schiller which had been in the possession of Charlotte von Kalb.

TWO SONNETS

BY HARRY T. BAKER

The Elizabethans

'Attempt! attempt!' the inner Genius cried.
Then eager, vast, unconquerable youth
Opened the flood-gates, and the crimson tide
Came rushing, heart to hand. Tameless, in truth,
Their utterance, yet no man had seen of yore
The virile splendor that flashed o'er their page.
Bounds they admitted none, but more and more
Dared and accomplished till it seemed dull age
Could ne'er o'ertake them. To the verge o' the world
Quested their voyagers of soul and sea.
Barbarians, gods, with credulous lips uncurled,
They wrote, unwitting, for eternity.
Earth bloomed anew, and, while these voices rang,
The primal morning-stars together sang.

After Reading Shakespeare's Sonnets

Are these but trifles of his empty hours,
His cold convention after passionate flame
In Romeo and Antony? These but flowers
Of artifice, and love a dainty name?
Rather, the poet's mighty heart beat on
In truest music, murmuring his woe
O'er passion Profitless and hope forgone,
Or sounding the deep joy that comrades know.
His unrecording century stands aloof,
Austere in silence. Cherish, then, the few
Inestimable strains what whisper proof
Not always did he shun our eager view:
Though Lear and Hamlet mirrored not his mind,
Here without mask he greeted all mankind.

FIDELITY

BY CATULLE MENDES

Translated by R. T. House

A GOD was a rich shepherd of the plain. His wife left her pitcher on the earth upon a day when the sun was like fire. She laid her down in the shade of a tree, and there came a dream to her:

She dreamed that she slept sweetly and awoke hearing the voice of Agod speaking thus and commanding: 'Let us arise; for I sold to the dealers of Segor, a year and half a year in the past, five score of sheep; they owe me yet more than a third part of the purchase-money. I am old and my feet are heavy; the debtors are far hence. Who will go for me and claim the debt from them? How may I find a faithful messenger? Bring thou the twenty silver pieces; for thus it is better.'

His docile helpmeet urged not the lonely desert, nor its hungry wild-beasts, nor its cruel robbers. 'I am thy servant,' she said, 'speak thy will.' With arm extended, 'Thither' said the shepherd; and then without loss of time she took her mantle of wool and departed. Her feet were heavy in the way; for the path was filled with sharp stones. Her foot-soles shed blood and her eyes shed tears; but she went morning and evening and paused never at all. The terrible night came, and everything was black and silent; but she went and paused not. Then she heard a dreadful cry, and a hand of iron covered her mouth, and one tore her mantle and thrust a great knife into her breast with a sure thrust.

She awoke in great fear and all her body trembled. Then she saw her husband at her side, and he said: 'I sold to the dealers of Segor, a year and half a year in the past, five score of sheep; they owe me yet more than a third part of the purchase-money. I am old and my feet are heavy; the debtors are far hence. Who will go for me and claim the debt from them? How may I find a faithful messenger? Bring thou the twenty silver pieces; for thus it is better.'

The faithful helpmeet answered, 'My lord and master has spoken; I am ready.' She called her sons. The older was a noble boy, and she put her right hand about his neck. And she kissed the little brother, and took her mantle of wool and departed without loss of time.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT often occurs to us that in this age when every one has something to say and wants to say it to as many people as possible, and conversely nobody is especially anxious to hear what any one has to say, that we are terribly in need of some cheaper way of reproducing our thoughts than printing. With a maximum of orators or sages or seers and a minimum of audience of laymen it is next to impossible to sell enough copies of anything at twenty-five cents to pay the printer's bills, let alone any pay for the kindly sages and seers. A type-writing machine which when one played upon it would engrave plates, to be run off by oneself on a hand press, would convert every man into his own printer and he might then market his ideas at even a small profit.

* * *

THESE thoughts have been inspired by the appearance of a new infantile magazine published at 66 Cornhill, and called 'The Inquisitor.' It conceals its identity behind the terrors of anonymity like the inquisitors of old, and frankly admits that the editors are not millionaires, and though not 'inquisitioning' for money they would be grateful for as many 'quarters' as possible. We have no quarter for them, but we should like to be able to present them with the sort of type-writing machine it is our dream that somebody will some day invent, for we sincerely believe that all the people who have things to say should be encouraged to say them, principally for their own good, for after a while they will suddenly wake up to the fact that millions of people have been saying similar things for thousands of years and after that whatever they say will be said with becoming modesty, or at least with some consciousness that their ideas are not entirely new and startling.

'The Inquisitor' warns us not to decide positively whether we like it or not on the first issue and we are not going to. We will only fill up its last page with remarks as it invites us to do.

* * *

Its editorial platform is spiritual freedom. This is good! But it contends that the world has well-nigh freed itself from physical slavery, but is not yet spiritually free. Our own observations of society, on the contrary, would lead us to the exactly opposite conclusion, namely that there is a vast deal more of physical slavery in one form or another today, than there is of spiritual slavery. Another article pleads for the living of

life instead of the realization of it at second hand through novels and plays. It does not appear to us that any such plea is needed. We should rather have thought that quite an alarming number of people were experimenting in their own lives upon the ideas which modern plays and novels present to them and with effects so disastrous that they ought to be learning by this time that life is not intended to be experimented with, but to be fashioned into as perfect a work of art as the raw material will permit. Be it said that the experimenters, who think they are living life, dodge the palpable, tragic consequences which an Ibsen or a Sudermann or a Hauptmann always lay upon the altar of the eternally right; the tragedy with these would-be livers-of-life is the gradual killing out of all desire for that which is holy and true and beautiful in life, and the sinking into contentment with the shams of emotional phenomena. But possibly the writer has in mind only plays that tell of noble and great actions; perhaps he would like to be a John the Baptist, rather than a Peer Gynt, or at least the highway-man in the 'Girl from the Golden West' rather than the sheriff.

* * *

STILL another writer doesn't agree with Burbank that a change of environment may change the nature of a human being. The point he makes is both subtle and interesting; he writes, 'While doing homage to the insight manifested in Burbank's book, we would, nevertheless, submit for consideration exactly the opposite view of the relation of environment and the life force, to wit: that so-called environment has no reactionary causal effect whatever on the life-force, but that an apparent effect is produced by the manifestation of this life-force through a different environment, as flame would appear in varied forms through iron gratings of different patterns. Under this view, change of environment would in no way alter the nature of the human being, but would merely supply it a different medium for expression. The apparent practical effects might be the same, but the point of view of the observer or experimenter would be quite different.' It strikes us that the difference of opinion here is more apparent than actual. Burbank would not claim, for example, that a cactus could be changed into a rose, only that the cactus nature may be so changed that it will become a much nicer cactus — all its fine points emphasized, all its unpleasant ones suppressed. Similarly, given a child that shows a tendency to cruelty and bravery, if trained one way it might grow up into an abnormally daring and cruel man, trained another way, the cruelty might be completely suppressed and the bravery emphasized so that when it attained to the full exercise of its own will, it would find itself possessed of the fine quality of bravery to work unhampered by

cruelty. That people do actually develop and do not, upon a change of environment, revert to past modes of Action, but do truly gain control of their bad environment, shows that environment is more than a mere medium of expression to the fully conscious being. Consequently, to the growing consciousness, environment may be made a means of permanently turning the nature into channels for its best development.

* * *

ANOTHER article plunges bravely into a discussion of free-will, the writer deciding according to his own temperament, as this subject has always been settled time out of mind.

Discussions in the realm of philosophy are always, however, absorbingly interesting, if only for the play of intellectual faculty which they bring forth. We hope this will be a regular feature of the magazine.

* * *

As usual with writers of the day, when the subject of women is touched upon, the opinions expressed give a rather appalling revelation of the status of the masculine mind in this regard. There is a poem not bad in expression but made according to the most commonplace of receipts: An ounce of love, twenty-five ounces of pain, and the delights of secret passion according to taste. Can it be possible that the latest-day poets have no other conception of love but this, or is it a disease of youth? The expression of a belief in, or at least an inspiration toward a noble, whole-hearted, dignified love would be, at least, a pleasant change. Perhaps the day may come when poets will be as much ashamed of these diseases of the emotional nature as they are now at intellectual or physical degeneracy.

Poet Lore

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TO THE STARS*

(A drama in four acts)

BY LEONID ANDREIEFF

Translated from the Russian by Dr. A. Goudiss

CHARACTERS

SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH TERNOVSKY, a Russian scientist living abroad, director of an observatory, renowned, member of many academies and scientific societies. He is a man of about fifty-six years of age, but looks younger, with easy, quiet, and very precise movements. His gesticulations, too, are reserved and correct — nothing superfluous. He is polite and attentive, but with it all he appears cold.

INNA ALEXANDROVNA, his wife, of about the same age.

ANNA, their daughter, a young lady of about twenty-five, handsome and cold; dresses unbecomingly.

PETIA (Peter), their son, a youth aged eighteen, pale, delicate, graceful, with dark, wavy hair, wears a white turned-down collar.

NIKOLAI (Nicholas), their son. A young man, aged twenty-seven.

VERCHOVTZEFF, VALENTINE ALEXEIEVITCH, Anna's husband. A red-haired man of thirty; self-confident, commanding, sarcastic, and at times coarse. A civil engineer.

MARUSIA (Mary), a handsome young lady of twenty, **NIKOLAI's** bride.

POLLOCK, a tall, bony man, thirty-two years old, with a large, hairless head. Correct; mechanical. Smokes cigars. **TERNOVSKY's** assistant.

LUNTZ, YOSIPH ABRAMOVITCH, a young man of Jewish extraction, aged twenty-eight. From handling mathematical instruments he has acquired the habit of being precise and reserved in his movements, but when provoked he forgets himself and gesticulates with all the passion of a Southerner-Semite. **TERNOVSKY's** assistant.

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ZHITOFF, VASSILY VASSILIEVITCH, a large, hairy, awkward (bearlike) gentleman, of an undetermined age. He is constantly sitting. Good looking in a certain sense. TERNOVSKY'S assistant.

TREITCH, a workman, aged thirty, dark, slender, and very handsome. Has deeply arched brows; farsighted. Unassuming, serious, and not communicative.

SCHTOLTZ, young, little, with small but regular features; dresses neatly; speaks with a thin voice. Has an insignificant appearance.

MINNA, a maid-servant.

FRANTZ, a male-servant.

An old woman.

ACT I

An observatory in the mountains, night. Two rooms; the first is a kind of dining-room with thick, white walls; the windows, through which something white is seen tossing about in the darkness, have very wide sills; a huge fireplace with burning blocks; the room is furnished in a simple and strict fashion, lacking soft furniture and curtains; a few engravings on the walls, portraits of astronomers, and the Men of the East appearing before Christ, attracted by the star. A staircase leading into TERNOVSKY'S library and studio. The next is a large working studio, resembling the front one but without the fireplace. A few tables; photographs of stars and the surface of the moon on the walls; some simple astronomical instruments. In the front room, seated at the table, TERNOVSKY'S assistant, POLLOCK, is seen working; PETIA is reading; LUNTZ nervously paces the room; outside the mountain a snowstorm is heard whistling and wailing; the wood is crackling in the fireplace; the German cook is making coffee. The signal bell is ringing rhythmically and monotonously calling lost ones.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Ringing, ringing, but of no use. Four days have passed and not a soul has shown up. You wait and wait and wonder if the people are alive at all.

Petia (raising his head).— But who should come? And who would come up here?

Inna Alexandrovna.— One can't tell; somebody might come up from below.

Petia.— The people are not disposed to climb mountains.

Zhitoff.— Yes, the situation is rather an embarrassing one. no roads, and we are as if in a besieged city,— neither out nor in.

Inna Alexandrovna.— And in a few days we'll have nothing to eat, either.

Zhitoff.— Then we'll do without.

Inna Alexandrovna.— It is all very well for you to talk that way. Easily Vassilievitch, you can live on your own fat for days, but what is Sergius Nikolaievitch going to do?

Zhitoff.— Well, put some provisions away for him and the rest will have to do without. I say, Luntz, O Luntz, you'd better sit down! (*LUNTZ does not reply, and keeps on pacing.*)

Inna Alexandrovna.— What a country. Just wait a moment. I think some one is knocking. Just a moment! (*Listens.*) No, I was mistaken. What a storm! You seldom see such storms in your region.

Zhitoff.— Yes, we have them in the Stepps.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I don't know. I never lived in the Stepps. How the windows are shaking!

Petia.— You are waiting in vain, mamma, no one will come.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But perhaps? (*A pause.*) Think I'd better read the old papers again. But I've read them a dozen times. Yosiph Abramovitch, you haven't heard anything, have you?

Luntz (stopping).— Where in the world can I get news from? What strange questions you ask. By God, it is unbearable! Just ask yourself, where could I obtain news.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Come, come, Luntz, don't be angry. My heart bleeds when I think of what is going on there. O God!

Zhitoff.— They're fighting.

Inna Alexandrovna.— They're fighting! It is so easy for you to say that, for none of your own are fighting. But I have children there! And we are shut off from the world as though living in the woods,— worse than that, for in the woods one can at least see a bird flying by, or a rabbit jump about, but here —

Luntz (pacing the floor).— Maybe they have already won a complete victory. Perhaps they have already erected a new structure upon the ruins of the old one.

Zhitoff.— I don't think so. At any rate, it didn't look like it some days ago.

Petia.— Why do you doubt it? Haven't you read in the papers of the resignation of the ministry, and don't you know that the city has been barricaded and the people are already in possession of the Town Hall, and five days a great many more changes may have taken place?

Zhitoff.— Well, it may be, it is hard to tell. Luntz, you'd better sit down. According to my estimation you've made for the last couple of days at least two hundred miles.

Luntz.— Please let me alone! I don't interfere with your affairs, and let me mind my own, also. How rude it is to force oneself into the soul of another. Why don't I say to you 'Wake up, Zhitoff! Don't be sleeping all the time; you've already slept away a lifetime.' I don't say that.

(*PETIA approaches LUNTZ and addresses him in a subdued voice; they walk alongside each other, exchanging words occasionally.*)

Inna Alexandrovna (whispering to Zhitoff).— How touchy he is! Well Vassily Vassilievitch, why not have a cup of coffee, and drown our sorrow as the saying is?

Zhitoff.— I'd rather have tea.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, yes! so would I, but where can you get it I should certainly enjoy a cup of tea myself, especially with raspberry juice,— it's delicious!

Zhitoff.— Oh, sugar would do for me.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Isn't it strange, Vassily Vassilievitch, how I got used to everything here; the mountains, the society of people,— in a word to everything. But there is one thing that I cannot quite forget, and that is the birch grove. As soon as I recall it, and begin to brood over it, I get so nervous that I must cry for a couple of hours. We had in our estate a mansion, built upon a hill and standing in the midst of a birch grove. Oh, what a grove! After the rain it would give off such a delicious fragrance that — that — (*wipes her eyes*).

Zhitoff.— Why shouldn't you take a trip to Russia for a few months?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, how can I leave him alone? He has tried to persuade me to go many a time, but it is impossible. He may be suddenly taken sick; we are youngsters no more, you know.

Zhitoff.— I'll take care of him.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, no! there it is no use talking: I won't go. As for the birch grove, I'll try to get along without it. I merely mentioned it in passing. It is not so bad here, after all. Spring is coming —

Zhitoff.— And if he were sent away to Siberia, would you follow him?

Inna Alexandrovna.— And why not? I suppose there are people in Siberia, too.

Zhitoff.— You are a darling, Inna Alexandrovna.

Inna Alexandrovna (gently).— And you, stupid boy, mustn't talk that way to an old woman. By the way, why don't you get married? You could live with your wife right here with us.

Zhitoff.— Oh, no, how can I? You know I am a nomadic animal. Can hardly remain in one place.

Inna Alexandrovna (smiling).— Oh, yes! you look it!

Zhitoff.— I am here to-day — may be somewhere else to-morrow. I shall soon give up astronomy, too. I must see Australia yet!

Inna Alexandrovna.— What for?

Zhitoff.— Well, just to see how some people live in this world of ours.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But, Vassily Vassilievitch, you have no money. Only those can afford to travel who have plenty of coin.

Zhitoff.— I am not going to travel. I shall try to get some employment on the railroad or in a factory.

Inna Alexandrovna.— What, an astronomer?

Zhitoff.— Oh, it is not so difficult to accomplish. I am familiar with mechanics and not being spoiled, — I need but very little.

(A pause. The storm is raging harder.)

Petia.— Mamma, where is papa? Is he working?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Yes; he asked not to be disturbed.

Petia (shrugging his shoulders).— I can't understand how he can work such a time.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Well, you see he can. You think it would be better for him to sit around idle? Here is Pollock working, too!

Petia.— Oh, well, Pollock! Who says anything about him — Pollock! *ETIA whispering to LUNTZ.)*

Zhitoff.— Pollock is a man with talent. I predict he'll become famous about five years from now. An energetic fellow! *(INNA ALEXANDROVNA smiling.)*

What are you laughing about? Don't you think I am right?

Inna Alexandrovna.— I am not laughing at your words. But I must say Pollock is very odd looking. I know it is not right to laugh, but one can't control oneself at times. He reminds me of some instrument,— by the way, what instrument do we have that looks like him?

Zhitoff.— I don't know.

Inna Alexandrovna.— An astrolabe, I think.

Zhitoff.— I don't know. I must say it is certainly a mystery to me how you allow yourself to laugh.

Inna Alexandrovna (sighing).— Let me tell you one can't do without laughing at times. A good hearty laugh is very beneficial under certain circumstances. Let me relate to you a very amusing incident of mine. It happened during our journey from Russia. Times were very bad with us. Besides our traveling expenses we had but very little money to spare. And what do you think I did? Lost our tickets. And how it ever happened — I am puzzled to this very day. I had never lost a pin in my life before and

w —

Zhitoff.— Where did it happen — in Russia?

Inna Alexandrovna.— If it only had been in Russia. No, we were already abroad. Here we were, the whole bunch of us, surrounded by all kinds of bundles, waiting in some Austrian station,— and as I was then sitting brooding over our condition — I accidentally cast my eyes upon one of our bundles — a pillow, I think it was,— and was seized with such a fit of laughter that upon my word I am ashamed of it yet!

Zhitoff.— Tell me, Inna Alexandrovna, I have never been able to find out, why has Sergius Nikolaievitch been banished from Russia?

Inna Alexandrovna.— No, he wasn't; he left the country of his own accord. He had a misunderstanding with some of the authorities; they wanted him to sign some kind of a disagreeable paper, which, of course, he flatly refused to do. Then he had a few sharp words with the minister himself, telling him what he thought of him. So we left the country. Meanwhile he had been offered this observatory; and here we are, sir, living upon these rocks some twelve years already.

Zhitoff.— Then he can go back, if he wants to?

Inna Alexandrovna.— But what for? You know you can't find such an observatory in Russia.

Zhitoff.— But the birch grove?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, don't talk nonsense. Wait, some one is knocking (*wailing of the storm*).

Zhitoff.— No, no; you are only imagining.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But perhaps — Minna dear, suppose you go down and find out if anybody has arrived. Oh, that infernal bell will drive me crazy, I always imagine that some one is coming or going. Hark! (*The bell is heard ringing, the storm raging.*)

Zhitoff.— Yes, these March storms are very violent, as a rule. Down below the people are enjoying spring, and we are in the midst of winter up here. I reckon the almonds are through blossoming already.

Minna.— No one has come, madame!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, what is happening there? What is going on there? I am so anxious for my Kolenka [Nicholas]. I know him so well; he wouldn't stop for anything — a gun, a cannon — he doesn't care. O God! I can hardly think of it! If I could only get a word from him. Four anxious days passed — just like being in a grave.

Zhitoff.— Please stop worrying. You'll soon be able to find out everything. The barometer is rising.

Inna Alexandrovna.— If he were only fighting for his own country's cause. But to fight in a foreign land and for a strange people — what business has he to do it?

Petia (passionately).— Nicholas is a hero! He is for all the oppressed and the downtrodden, whosoever they may be. All men are equal and it matters not what country they belong to.

Luntz.— Strangers! Country, government — I cannot comprehend. What do you mean by strangers, government? It is these divisions and separations that create so many slaves, for when one house is being pillaged and robbed, the people of the next one look on quietly; and while people of one house are being murdered the people of the next one say, 'That does not concern us.' Our own. Strangers! Here I am — a Jew; have no country of my own — therefore I must be a stranger to all? No, not at all. I am a brother to all! Yes! (*acing*) yes!

Petia.— Indeed it is absurd to divide this earth of ours into districts.

Luntz (acing nervously).— Yes, all you hear is our own. Strangers! Niggers! Jews!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Again! again you are singing the same old song! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Did I say anything? Do I say that Kolenka is not doing the right thing? Haven't I urged him myself, saying: 'Go, Kolenka dear, make haste, for you'll only torture yourself here.' O God! I blaming my Kolenka, I merely say that I am sick at heart. Don't forget what a miserable and weary week I've passed. You are all resting peacefully, but I am passing sleepless nights, always watching, always listening — but always to the same thing: to the storm and the bell, the bell and the storm — wailing as though burying somebody. No, I fear I shall never behold dear Kolenka! (*The storm and the bell.*)

Petia (tenderly).— Don't worry, mamma dear, please don't! Everything will turn out all right. He is not alone there; and what makes you think that something will necessarily happen to him? Be calm, please.

Zhitoff.— Besides, Marusia and Anna with her husband are there also. They'll take care of him. Then you know how he is beloved by every one, and like a general he is surrounded by a staff that will protect him all right.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I know it, I know it, but I can't help it! But pray, don't bring in Marusia as an example. Anna is prudent, but Marusia — she'll run to the front ahead of others! I know her.

Petia.— What would you want her to do? You surely don't expect Marusia to hide herself?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Again! Go ahead and fight as long as you please, I don't object to it. Only don't try to comfort me as though I were a child. I know what I know — I am no baby. Some years ago I had a fight with wolves myself. There you have it!

Zhitoff.— What, you fighting wolves? I didn't expect you to be such a heroine! How did you come to do it? Tell us.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, nonsense. I was returning home one winter night on horseback, when suddenly I was attacked by a bunch of them. I frightened them off with my gun.

Zhitoff.— What, you can shoot, too?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Vassily Vassilievitch, one living a life like ours must learn everything. I have accompanied Sergius Nikolaievitch on an expedition to Turkestan and rode fifteen hundred miles on horseback, manlike fashion. But that isn't all. I have had some other adventures: Was once drowning, twice burning. . . . Let me tell you, however, Vassily Vassilievitch, there is nothing more terrible in this world than a sick child. Once during an expedition, Kolushka (Nicholas) was taken sick with a sore throat. We thought at first it was diphtheria. You can imagine our anxiety. Without a physician, without medicine, the nearest village being some fifty miles off. I ran out from the tent and threw myself on the ground with such force that it is even awful to think of it now. I had already lost two children, you know, one at the age of seven, Serge was his name; the other when quite a baby.

Anuto [Anna], too, once nearly died; but why recall those days? Hard is the lot of a mother, Vassily Vassilievitch! Thank God for having given me at least good children.

Zhitoff.— Yes, your Nicholas is a wonderful young man!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Nicholas, oh, yes! I have seen a good many people in my life, but have never met such a noble soul. I said a while ago he had no business to fight for other people's cause — one can see at once that I am selfish; but Kolenka, if he saw a lion destroying an anthill — I assure you he would rush at him with bare arms. That's his nature. Oh, what is happening there? What is going on there?

Zhitoff.— If I could only give up the idea of going to Australia.

Pollock (entering).— Perhaps you will have a cup of black coffee, esteemed Inna Alexandrovna.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Why certainly, certainly! Minna! (*appearing*).

Zhitoff.— Well, how are things, colleague?

Pollock.— Quite well. What are you doing? Idle as ever?

Zhitoff.— Look at the weather; how can one work. Besides, the events ———

Pollock.— You'd better say Russian indolence.

Zhitoff.— It might be indolence. Who can tell?

Pollock.— It isn't right, dear comrade. Luntz, have you finished Sergius Nikolaievitch's mathematical tables yet?

Luntz (sharply).— No!

Pollock.— Too bad!

Luntz.— Bad or good — that does not concern you. You are only an assistant like myself and have no right to reprimand me. Yes!

Pollock (turning aside and shrugging his shoulders).— Order the coffee be brought into my room, will you, Zhitoff?

Zhitoff.— All right. What is Sergius Nikolaievitch working on now?

Pollock.— Oh, he has lots of work on hand. I am a hard worker myself, but I certainly admire his tenacity and power of intellect. He has wonderful brain, Zhitoff! It seems to be able to withstand the hardest kind of friction, just like some of our instruments. He works with the regularity of a clock, too. I am certain one couldn't find one single error in all his calculations, embracing some thirty years' labor.

Luntz (listening).— He is not only a worker, he is a genius.

Pollock.— Quite true. His figures and calculations are living and marching like soldiers.

Luntz.— With you everything is brought down to a discipline. I can't understand your code — poesy —

Pollock.— Without discipline — there is no victory, my dear Luntz.

Zhitoff.— True!

Luntz.— I can appreciate Sergius Nikolaievitch much better than you do. I am sure he sees infinity as plain as we see our walls, yes!

Pollock.— I have no objection to that. By the way, is the revolution decided? Have you any information?

Zhitoff.— How can you get any information? Don't you hear what is going on outside?

Pollock.— I never thought of the weather.

Petia.— According to the latest reports —

Pollock.— Never mind the latest reports, you just tell me when it will end; I don't care to go into details.

Inna Alexandrovna (entering).— No, no one has arrived. I wanted to convince myself. — A regular desert.

Pollock.— You'll be so kind, dear Inna Alexandrovna, as to send the fee into my room.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Very well, very well. Go on with your work. Work at present is simply a blessing. (*Exit Pollock.*)

Petia.— But I think there are moments in our life when one has to sacrifice his work, it being dishonorable to work —

Inna Alexandrovna.— Petia, Petia!

Petia.— I can stand it no longer! Why don't you let me go there? I all go insane here — in this hole!

Inna Alexandrovna.— But, Petia dear, you are too young. You are barely eighteen years old.

Petia.— Nikolai had already been in prison at the age of nineteen.

Inna Alexandrovna.— And what good do you see in that?

Petia.— He worked!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, mercy; well, speak to your father about it; if he consents — very well.

Petia.— He told me to go.

Zhitoff.— Well, why didn't you?

Petia.— Oh, I don't know, can't do it. There is such a great struggle going on there, but I — I can't do it! (*Exit.*)

Luntz.— Petia is getting nervous again. You ought to take good care of him. (*Follows PETIA.*)

Inna Alexandrovna.— But what can I do with him? Oh, merciful Father!

Zhitoff.— Nonsense, it will blow over.

Inna Alexandrovna. He is so delicate, so frail, just like a girl. How can he go? He has so much changed lately! And here is this Luntz, instead of calming him down, he ——

Zhitoff.— Oh, well, Luntz,— he himself looks as if he were going to have a fit of hysterics some of these days.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I see it myself. Thank the Lord that you are at least calm and peaceful,— otherwise there would be but one place for me; rest in the grave.

Zhitoff.— Oh, I am always calm, was probably born that way. Would gladly enjoy an occasional 'nervous spell,' but it won't work.

Inna Alexandrovna.— An excellent temperament.

Zhitoff.— Oh, I don't know, rather a convenient one. What a pity we didn't get the papers. I enjoy reading about the excitement of other people.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Did you know that Luntz lost his parents some four years ago while he was away abroad studying? They were killed during a Jewish massacre.

Zhitoff.— Yes, I have heard.

Inna Alexandrovna.— He never talks about it himself. He can't bear it. What an unfortunate young man; it breaks my heart whenever I look at him. Knocking again?

Zhitoff.— No.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Some three years ago, on just a day like this, a peddler 'dropped in'; he was almost frozen to death, but he soon revived and at once commenced doing business.

Zhitoff.— I may go out peddling myself to Australia.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But how can you? You don't understand the English language.

Zhitoff.— I understand a little,— picked it up in California.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Well, I think I'll read the papers again. Can't think of anything else to do at present, anyhow. You ought to read some, too, Vassily Vassilievitch.

Zhitoff.— I don't feel like it. I'd rather sit at the fireplace.

(INNA ALEXANDROVNA puts on her glasses and looks over the papers. ZHITOFF moves to the fireplace. POLLOCK is seen working. The storm is heard raging, the bell ringing.)

Inna Alexandrovna.— I wonder what my Sergius Nikolaievitch is doing? I haven't seen him for a couple of days already. He eats and drinks in his studio. Doesn't want to see anybody.

Zhitoff.— Y-yes! (*A pause.*)

Inna Alexandrovna (*reading*).— What dreadful things! What is a machine-gun, Vassily Vassilievitch?

Zhitoff.— It is a kind of quick-firing gun (*a pause; MINNA is seen carrying coffee to POLLOCK*).

Inna Alexandrovna.— I should like to use that peculiar machine myself.

Zhitoff.— Y-yes. It is a dangerous article (*a pause*).

Inna Alexandrovna.— How it is storming! It is impossible to read. Oh, don't go to Australia, Vassily Vassilievitch; I shall certainly miss you very much. You won't go, will you?

Zhitoff.— Impossible. I am of a restless nature. I would like to trot over the globe and see what the earth is made of. From Australia I may go to India. I should like to see some tigers in a wild state.

Inna Alexandrovna.— What do you want tigers for?

Zhitoff.— I don't know myself. I, Inna Alexandrovna, like to see and examine things. There was a small hill in the village where I was born; used to mount that hill when I was a little boy and sit there for hours watching things. I even took up astronomy with the intention of seeing and looking at things. I don't care much for calculations; it really makes no difference whether it be twenty millions or thirty. I don't like to talk much, either.

Inna Alexandrovna.— All right. I won't bother you. Keep on looking.

(*A pause. The storm and the bell.*)

Zhitoff (*not turning*).— Are you going to Canada with Sergius Nikolaievitch to see the eclipse?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, to Canada! Why certainly! How can he go without me?

Zhitoff.— You will have a hard journey. It is rather far off.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Nonsense. If things should only turn out here satisfactorily. O God! It is awful to think of it. (*Silence. The storm. The bell.*)

Inna Alexandrovna.— Vassily Vassilievitch!

Zhitoff.— Ma'ame.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Did you hear?

Zhitoff.— No!

Inna Alexandrovna.— I must have been mistaken again (*a pause*). Vassily Vassilievitch, don't you hear?

Zhitoff.— What?

Inna Alexandrovna.— A shot, I think.

Zhitoff.— Who is going to fire guns here? It is simply an hallucination.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But I heard it so distinctly. (*A pause. A distant shot is heard.*)

Zhitoff.— Oh, oh! shooting, indeed!

Inna Alexandrovna (*running and shouting*).— Minna, Minna! Frantz (*ZHITOFF rises slowly; PETIA and LUNTZ hurriedly pass through the room. Another shot not far off.*)

Petia.— Well, what is it?

Luntz.— Don't know. Come!

(*ZHITOFF stands at the window listening. POLLOCK turns around his head, looks into the vacant room and resumes his work again. Slamming of the door and barking of dogs are heard.*)

Inna Alexandrovna (*entering*).— I sent out the men with Vulcan [a dog]; somebody must have been lost.

Zhitoff.— Yes, but the bell?

Inna Alexandrovna.— The wind blows in our direction. You heard how distinct the gunshots were.

Pollock.— May I be of any service to you? Not yet. Let us prepare something hot anyhow. (*Slamming of the door. A murmuring is heard. Accompanied by all, enter, wrapped up and covered with snow, ANNA and TREITCH carrying VERCHOVTZEFF.*)

Inna Alexandrovna (*on the threshold*).— What is it, Anna?

Anna (*taking off her shawl*).— Mamma, hurry up, please; get ready something hot. We are nearly dead. I am afraid Valentine is frostbitten. Quick. (*Falls on the chair fainting.*)

Inna Alexandrovna (*hurrying towards VERCHOVTZEFF*).— Valentine, what's the matter?

Verchoutzeff (*weakly*).— Don't — worry, mother; it's a trifle — my

Inna Alexandrovna.— Who is this gentleman?

Treitch.— A friend.

Inna Alexandrovna (*looking around terrorstricken*).— Where is Kolia [Nicholas]? (*A pause*. *PETIA* with tears in his eyes throws himself on NA ALEXANDROVNA.)

Petia.— Mamma, dearest mamma! Don't be frightened. Nothing has happened, nothing!

Inna Alexandrovna (*pushing him off gently; rather calmed*).— But where is he?

Anna (*having recovered and now busying herself with her wounded husband*).— O mamma, there is nothing serious. He is in prison.

Luntz.— What does it mean? Wait, just wait! I can't understand it; what does it mean then?

Inna Alexandrovna.— In prison! In what prison?

Anna.— My God! Can't you understand? We have escaped and that's all! We have come here for shelter.

Pollock.— Is the revolution ended?

Luntz.— I can't understand it. Is it possible?

Treitch.— Yes, we are defeated (*a pause*).

Anna.— Mamma, why don't you see to it that we get something stimulating. Have you any hot water, brandy? Have you some wadding in the house?

Inna Alexandrovna.— You shall have everything in a moment. (*Calling*.) Minna! (*The latter appearing*.) In prison!

Zhitoff.— Why don't you let Sergius Nikolaievitch know?

Inna Alexandrovna.— I shall send for him in a minute.

Pollock.— Pray tell us how it all happened — Mr. — Mr. —

Treitch.— Treitch is my name.

Verchoutzeff (*feebly*).— If it hadn't been for Treitch I should have perished. Anna, don't be so busy. I am feeling excellent.

Anna.— I fail to understand how we ever reached the place. It was something awful! We have been struggling in the mountains ever since eight o'clock in the morning; the whole day. We had a miraculous escape at the frontier.

Luntz.— I can't believe —

Petia.— Valentine, what is the matter with you? Have you any pain?

Verchoutzeff.— My feet are 'peeled off' a little — with a piece of shell — so my head — Nonsense!

Luntz.— Have they been using shells on you ?

Verchovtzeff.— The bourgeois — defended themselves — pretty fair.

Anna.— Valentine, you mustn't talk! Oh, what a horrible, what a ghastly sight it was. Shells were bursting all around, killing and wounding thousands of people. I saw myself heaps of dead at the town hall.

Inna Alexandrovna (approaching).— What about Nicholas ? Tell me where he is ?

Anna.— Actually speaking, no one knows where he is.

Inna Alexandrovna.— What ? didn't you say —

Petia.— And Marusia is absent too! You are concealing something from us. And didn't you say, Luntz ?

Luntz.— Petia, Petia! But I did not think — I can't believe it —

Anna.— But there is no necessity to conceal things.

Treitch.— Calm yourself, Madame Ternovsky. I am sure Nikolai is alive.

Anna.— Treitch will tell us all about it. He fought with Nicholas side by side.

Treitch.— He was wounded at the last moment, when the barricade was almost in the hands of the soldiers. He stood alongside of me and I saw him fall.

Inna Alexandrovna.— My God! Dangerously wounded ? Perhaps he was killed. Oh, speak!

Treitch.— I don't think he was wounded dangerously.

Frantz.— The professor told me to tell you that he'll be here directly.

Anna.— Of course, what's the use of hurrying!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Please go on.

Treitch.— He was wounded in the back, either with a bullet or a piece of shell. At first he was conscious, but soon fainted away. I picked him up and carried him to a little street, but here I encountered a detachment of dragoons; seeing that my resistance would be useless, and that it would only expose Nikolai to their bullets, I left them the body and went back to ours. He is probably now in prison.

Inna Alexandrovna (crying).— Kolushka, Kolushka! and here we didn't know anything about it. Oh, my heart was telling me all the time — you don't think he is dangerously wounded ? Tell me, do you ?

Treitch.— I don't think so.

Petia.— How about Marusia ? You don't mention her at all. Is she killed ?

Anna.— Oh, no! Valentine, do you want some water with brandy ?

Treitch.— We saw her many times. She remained there in order to find out comrade Nikolai's whereabouts.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, Marusia dear, you are a darling, upon my word. That's the way to do, that's the way to act. Just think of it. That's a girl for you! Treitch, don't you want a little brandy? Why, you look like a ghost. Take some, my dear, I would fain kiss you, but I know you folks don't like these sentimentalities.

Treitch.— I should consider it a great honor (*kissing each other*). You.

Inna Alexandrovna.— O Marusia, Marusia! And that one, too — Inna! (*Exit.*)

Luntz (almost crazed).— Then all was in vain?

Pollock.— It looks that way.

Luntz.— In vain then all the blood shed, all the thousands of useless sacrifices, the glorious and matchless struggle, the — the — oh, curse! Why didn't I lay down my head together with my fallen brothers?

Verchoutzeff.— Why, you — expect the — bourgeois — to give up at once — his hold upon the earth? The bourgeois — is not so foolish — you'll live a chance yet to die.

Treitch.— The struggle isn't over yet.

Pollock.— Are you a workman, Mr. Treitch?

Treitch.— Yes, sir. By the way, I haven't informed Madame Ternovy, not wishing to worry her, that Nikolai might be shot to death.

Petia.— Shot to death!

Treitch.— Already on my way here a rumor reached my ears that they were executing all the prisoners without even a trial. They don't even spare the wounded.

Petia (shudders and covers his face with his hands).— What a horrible thing.

Luntz.— Beasts! They are ever thirsty for human blood. They have their belly full now.

Verchoutzeff.— Yes — they never were — vegetarians, you know.

Luntz.— How can you jest?

Anna.— You mustn't talk, Valia [Valentine].

Verchoutzeff.— It is these skinned feet — of mine — that make me — merry. I'll shut up now, Anna, I am tired. I am very — anxious to see — the face of the — star-gazer.

Treitch.— Hush! (*INNA ALEXANDROVNA enters*). They are quarreling and we, of course, cannot dictate terms to them.

Zhitoff.— Here is Sergius Nikolaievitch. (*SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH appears at the top of the staircase and speaks while descending.*)

Sergius.— What is the matter? Where is Nicholas?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Don't be alarmed, papa; he is in prison, wounded.

Sergius (stopping for a moment).— Do they kill each other yet? Do they still have prisons?

Verchovtzeff (maliciously).— He fell -- down — from heaven!

ACT II

A spring morning in the mountains; the sky is fair and clear; the sun is shining brightly. In the center — a courtyard with paved walks. The yard is uneven and slanting, fenced off in the back by a low stone wall with a gate in it.

A range of mountains is seen at a distance, but not higher than the one upon which is situated the observatory. To the right, a corner of the observatory structure, tapering off into a high tower. To the left, a corner of the house with a stone porch.

A total absence of vegetation. From the time of the first act three weeks have elapsed. VERCHOVTZEFF is sitting in a rolling-chair; ANNA is wheeling him to and fro. ZHITOFF is sitting near the wall, warming himself in the sun. All are dressed in springlike fashion, save ZHITOFF, who has a coat on.

Zhitoff (sitting).— Let me wheel him a little, Anna Sergeievna.

Anna.— No, keep still. I don't like to bother anybody. Are you comfortable, Valia?

Verchovtzeff.— Yes, but what is the use of 'turning about' like rats in a trap? Place me alongside of Zhitoff: I also want to derive some benefit from the sun. That's right; thank you!

Anna.— Why are you not working, Zhitoff?

Zhitoff.— It is the fault of the weather; as soon as spring comes I can't remain in the house to save my soul. I warm myself and warm myself and —

Verchovtzeff.— Aren't you a Turk, Zhitoff?

Zhitoff.— No, sir.

Verchovtzeff.— But it would certainly become you to sit thus and meditate — as they do in Turkey.

Zhitoff.— No, I am no Turk.

Verchovtzeff.— I understand you; it is so nice to sit in the sun. What a pity Nicholas can't have that pleasure. Oh, I know that Sternburg prison; it is never visited by a ray of sunlight, nor can one see the sky. I have spent in that prison but one month, but when I came out I looked like a wet sponge from the dampness. Horrible!

Anna.— I am glad that he is at least alive. I thought surely he had been shot to death.

Verchoutzeff.— Just take your time; they are not through with him t. Let's wake Marusia, I am anxious to find out what has taken place ere.

Zhitoff.— She arrived very late last night.

Verchoutzeff.— I heard her. She woke up the whole house with her singing. I was wondering who could have sung in that mausoleum. I ought it was Pollock, having discovered a new star.

Zhitoff.— Her singing must be taken as a good sign.

Anna.— I can't understand how any one can allow himself to sing when others are asleep.

Inna Alexandrovna (appearing on the veranda).— Hasn't Luntz come back yet?

Anna.— No.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But, heavens! what can that mean? Sergius Nikolaievitch needs him. What shall I say to him? Scattered like sheep,— only one, Pollock, is working. Marusia dear was singing last night. When I heard her — my breath almost failed me. Well, I think —

Verchoutzeff.— Suppose you wake her up, mother.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, no. Not for anything! Let her sleep all day.

Verchoutzeff.— Well, wake up Schtoltz, then.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I am not going to disturb him, either. The man tired, has brought us such good news, and it would be a sin on my part to bother him. You'd better send me in Luntz as soon as he shows up (*starts to go, then stops at the door*). How are you, Vassily Vassilievitch? Warming yourself in the sun? I filled the box this morning with fresh earth and planted some radishes. Let them grow,— perhaps somebody will enjoy them. (*Exit.*)

Verchoutzeff.— What an energetic old woman. She even thinks of dishes (*a pause*).

Anna.— Are you thinking of anything when you sit and look that way?

Zhitoff.— No. What is the use of thinking? I just look and that's all.

Verchoutzeff.— You are not telling the truth, how can one help thinking? you are not thinking — then you must be recollecting something.

Zhitoff.— I have no recollections whatsoever. Oh, yes, I once had a nice time in New York. I was stopping in a hotel in one of the liveliest streets. I even had a balcony.

Verchoutzeff.— Well, what of it?

Zhitoff.— Well, I say I had a nice time; I was sitting on the balcony, watching the people: how they walk, how they ride. And the elevated road! In a word, very interesting.

Anna.— Have the Americans a high degree of culture ?

Zhitoff.— I don't mean that. It is simply very interesting (*a pause*).
Indeed, where is Luntz ?

Anna.— He went into the mountains with Treitch last night.

Verchovtzeff.— For investigations.

Zhitoff.— What investigations ?

Verchovtzeff.— Treitch is always investigating something. He has probably already explored your temple of Uranus and found it to be a first-class armory. Now he is investigating the mountains; he is probably looking for a place to establish a firearm works.

Anna.— Treitch is a dreamer.

Verchovtzeff.— Well, not altogether. His dreams have a kind of strangeness about them, but with all their apparent absurdity they somehow become realized. At any rate, he is an interesting fellow. Talks little, but is a most excellent propagandist. He can inflame the moon herself — to use an astronomical expression. Where did Nicholas get him from ?

Petia (entering).— Good morning.

Verchovtzeff.— Why are you so gloomy, young rooster ?

Petia.— Don't know.

Anna.— Are you aware that Nicholas is in prison ?

Petia.— Yes, mamma told me.

Anna.— I can't understand why you are so sour. One would suppose that you are full of vinegar. I hate to look at you.

Petia.— You needn't to.

Zhitoff.— Petia, come, let's go to Australia.

Petia.— What for ?

Anna.— You are asking questions just like a child. 'What for? What for?' He was invited yesterday into the mountains, but the first question he asked was 'What for?' Well, what are you eating for ?

Petia.— I don't know. Let me alone, Anna!

Verchovtzeff.— I can't say that you are very polite, my friend. (*Pointing to LUNTZ and TREITCH, who appear covered with dust.*) Ah, there they are. Luntz, the star-gazer, is looking for you. Look out, you'll get it!

Luntz.— Oh, to the — with him. Pardon me, Anna Sergevna.

Anna.— Never mind. I am not a very exemplary daughter, and am willing to share your wishes.

Petia.— How vulgar.

Verchovtzeff.— Well, Treitch, have you had a nice walk ? Have you found anything ?

Treitch.— A very nice place, indeed.

Anna.— And do you know that Marusia arrived last night?

Treitch (excitedly).— You don't say so. How is Nicholas, how is he?

Verchoutzeff.— Oh, he is shot, he is hanged; he's been tortured to death.

Anna.— Oh, don't mind him; he is alive, he is living (*near the window MARUSIA is heard singing and playing*).

'In prison dark behind iron bars there sits a young eagle born free.'

Treitch.— He is in prison? Saved?

Marusia.— 'My comrade is sad, he is waving his wings, his bloody head near the window he picks.'

Verchoutzeff.— 'He is picking and stopping and through the window he looks, as though trying my thought to catch; with his voice and his looks he urges me on, as though wanting to say — let us fly away, away!'

Marusia (appearing — passionately).— 'Free birds are we! and the one has come, comrade, to fly far away beyond the clouds where the mountain peaks are white; away where we can behold the blue sea, away, where, alone, the wind and I rejoice together.'

Treitch.— Marusia!

Anna.— What an out of place concert!

Inna Alexandrovna (following MARUSIA, wiping her eyes).— You dear chicks of mine!

Verchoutzeff.— You, mother, are pronouncing these words just in the same manner as you would 'You dear chicks of mine.'

Inna Alexandrovna.— Yes, chicks, if you please; especially you who have been plucked as though ready for the soup.

Marusia.— Anna, how do you do? (*To TREITCH.*) A kiss for you.

Treitch (rapidly covering his eyes with his hand and immediately removing it).— I am the happiest mortal.

Marusia.— Kisses to all, to all — and you, too, invalid!

Verchoutzeff.— Have you seen him?

Marusia.— Let us fly away!

Luntz.— That's not right. We are all anxious to know —

Marusia.— Yes, I have seen him and all. This gentleman here is Mr. Schtoltz; allow me to introduce him to you. He is a wonderful man. At present he is employed in some bank, but in time he'll be of great service to the revolution. He looks very much like a spy and has therefore rendered great service. Come, Schtoltz, make a bow to them.

Schtoltz.— It gives me great pleasure. Good morning.

Marusia.— Petia, dear boy, why are you so sad?

Verchoutzeff.— This, Marusia, speaking modestly, is very mean of you.

Marusia.— Come, come, cripple, don't get excited. How can one get angry to-day? Well, he is in the Sternburg prison.

All.— We know, we know!

Marusia.— Further, they are going to shoot him.

Inna Alexandrovna.— God! Whom, Kolia [Nicholas]?

Marusia.— Don't worry, mamma dear. It will never come to that. I am the Countess Morritz, don't you know, of 'awfully' high birth? My patrimonial estates, of course, being there (*raising and waving her hand in the air*). And they are very malicious, but awfully stupid.

Verchovtzeff.— Yes, so they are.

Marusia.— The most difficult thing was to find out his whereabouts. They hide the names of the prisoners so that they may have an opportunity to dispose of them quietly without a trial. But here Schtoltz gave me a hand. Schtoltz, bow to them.

(*Enter SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH. He has an old overcoat on with a small fur cap; all meet him cordially but coldly.*)

Inna Alexandrovna.— Papa, listen to what Marusia is telling us; they were going to shoot him.

Marusia.— No, it is too long a story to tell. In a word: I have threatened, I have pleaded, pointed out to them European public opinion; also his father's importance in the scientific world — and at last the execution has been postponed. I was in prison, too.

Verchovtzeff.— Well, how is he?

Marusia (confusedly).— He is — rather sad, but that will pass away.

Inna Alexandrovna.— And the wound?

Marusia.— Oh, that's nonsense, already healing; he is a strong fellow, — you know. But the cell — well, — it is a kind of dirty hole, for which it is difficult to find an adequate name.

Verchovtzeff.— I know it. I have been there before.

Marusia.— And I have raised such a storm that they had to promise me to transfer him to a better room. To you, Sergius Nikolaievitch, he sends his best regards, wishing you success in your researches, and is very interested to know how things are in general.

Anna.— To be in such a position, and yet to think of trifles.

Sergius Nikolaievitch.— Dear boy! I am ever so thankful to you.

Anna.— How grateful!

Luntz.— How about yourself? How did you manage to escape?

Marusia.— I did not escape; the soldiers caught me that same day, but I cried and sobbed so much about my sick grandmother, who was expecting me from the store, that they finally let me go; one soldier, however, struck me slightly with the butt of his gun.

Luntz.— How abominable!

Marusia.— And I had under my dress the flag — our flag.

Verchoutzeff.— Is it all right?

Marusia.— I have pinned it with English pins, but it is so heavy I have bought it here. This time it has served Schtoltz as a kind of jacket. If Schtoltz were only not so small —

Verchoutzeff.— Then he would be big. Why did not you fetch the flag for me? I should like to look at it — our flag! Oh, the deuce!

Marusia.— No, I am going to unfold it when we fight another battle. Treitch, do you know who betrayed us?

Treitch.— Yes.

Schtoltz.— Betrayers and traitors ought to be punished by death. (MARUSIA is laughing. TREITCH is smiling.)

Verchoutzeff.— How bloodthirsty you are, Mr. Schtoltz.

Schtoltz.— One can kill with electricity, then there will be no blood.

Inna Alexandrovna.— What about Kolushka?

Marusia.— Nicholas? Well, listen. Is there no one here? How about your servants? Well, all right. Listen — he must escape.

Treitch.— I am going with you.

Marusia.— No, Treitch. Kolia ordered you to remain here. You know how you are being searched for.

Treitch.— That doesn't matter.

Marusia.— But you are not needed. I have already arranged everything. As for you, you'll find something to do here, on the frontier, Treitch. All we want is money — and plenty of it. Nicholas takes with him a soldier and a keeper. Of course he'll come here — that's understood. I must be parting to-day — we can't afford to lose a minute.

Verchoutzeff.— Bravo, Marusia!

Marusia.— Dear friend, I am so happy!

Inna Alexandrovna (looking at SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH).— Money?

Sergius Nikolaievitch (gazing at INNA ALEXANDROVNA).— Inna, you are the cashier — have we any money?

Inna Alexandrovna (embarrassed).— Only those three thousand —

Marusia.— But five are needed.

Inna Alexandrovna.— And even these — (gazes at SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH, who is silently nodding his head, joyfully).— Well, we have three thousand roubles already, thank God!

Zhitoff (confused).— We'll make a collection. I have three hundred roubles myself.

Luntz.— Pollock is a rich fellow; very rich.

Anna.— I don't feel like appealing to him; he is so peculiar.

Verchoutzeff.— Nonsense. Those are the very people that ought to be 'skinned.' Petia, go and fetch Pollock. Tell him very important business, otherwise he wouldn't come.

Marusia.— Well, the main thing is done; we have got the money! (*Sings.*) 'With his voice and his look he is urging me on, as though wishing to say let us fly away.'

Treitch, I want to speak a word to you. How dirty you are! where were you? (*Exit.*)

Luntz.— Oh, what a girl! she is a sun. She is a whirlwind of igneous powers. She is a Judith!

Anna.— Yes, rather too much fire. A revolution is not in need of your whirlwinds, explosions,— a revolution is a profession, if you please, requiring lots of patience, perseverance, and calmness.

Luntz.— A revolution requires talent.

Anna.— It may be; but some people are very much abusing this word 'talent,' nowadays. One performing tricks on a rope is talented. One gazing all his life at the stars —

Verchoutzeff.— Yes, and how are the affairs in heaven, esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch?

Sergius.— All right. And how are the affairs on earth?

Verchoutzeff.— Very bad, as you see. Things are always nasty on this earth of ours, esteemed star-gazer. There is always somebody here who is after another fellow's throat. One is crying, another betraying. My feet hurt me. Oh, we are very far from the harmony of the heavenly spheres.

Sergius.— We don't always have harmony; there, too, catastrophes are inevitable.

Verchoutzeff.— Very sad; it means we can have no hope for heaven, either. What are you thinking of Mr. — Mr. — Schtoltz?

Schtoltz.— I am thinking that every man should be strong.

Verchoutzeff.— Well, well; are you strong?

Schtoltz.— Unfortunately nature deprived me at birth of certain qualities that go to make up strength. For example, I am afraid of blood —

Verchoutzeff.— And spiders? By the way, do you buy your clothes ready made, or do you have them made to order?

Pollock (entering).— Good morning, gentlemen, what can I do for you?

Verchoutzeff.— Listen, Pollock; we need two thousand roubles — it is not a loan, because I don't believe anybody will ever pay it back to you —

Pollock.— May I ask you for what purpose?

Verchoutzeff.— To effect Nikoli's escape from prison. Are you willing to advance?

Pollock.— With pleasure.

Verchoutzeff.— He —

Pollock.— No, no; without details, please. Esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch, may I use your refractor to-day?

Sergius.— Help yourself. I have a holiday to-day. (*POLLOCK goes to bowing.*)

Verchoutzeff.— That's a learned man for you. Isn't he, Sergius Nikolaievitch?

Sergius.— He is a very capable fellow.

Anna.— Of what use is astronomy?

Verchoutzeff.— To know how to compose almanacs, I suppose. (*MARUSIA and TREITCH approaching.*)

Marusia.— I hope you'll do it, Treitch. Sergius Nikolaievitch, they are criticising you. Anna hates astronomy as much as though that science were her personal enemy.

Sergius.— I am used to that, Marusia.

Anna.— I have no personal enemies — you know that very well. And the reason I don't like astronomy is because I can't understand how people can devote so much time to the study of heaven, when this earth of ours needs so much attention.

Zhitoff.— Astronomy is the triumph of reason.

Anna.— But reason in my opinion would be more triumphant if there were less hungry people on this earth.

Marusia.— Oh, what beautiful mountains! Look at the beautiful sun. How can you argue, how can you quarrel when the sun is shining so magnificently! You are evidently against science, Anna Sergeievna?

Anna.— Not against science am I, but against the scientists who use science as a pretext to evade public duty.

Schtoltz.— A man must say 'I will'; duty is but slavery.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I don't like these 'smart' discussions. What assurance is there in arousing each other's temper. Vassily Vassilievitch, — will you ever get up? Here (*takes him aside*); don't you give any of your money. We have enough. Pollock is a generous young man and if need — (*Laughs*). But he looks like an astrolabe all the same.

Zhitoff.— How about your Canadian expedition now? No money —

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, we'll get some. We have a whole year yet. I have a talent for getting money. They will probably again attack my old man, — they are glad he is silent, — let me therefore ask you as a friend, Vassily Vassilievitch, to stand up for him.

Zhitoff.— I will.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I must go, I have so much work to do. *Ko-lushka* needs some underwear. (*Exit.*)

Sergius (continuing).— I am fond of listening to good conversation. In every speech I can discern sparkles of light,— and these are very beautiful— just like the milky way. What a pity that people for the most part talk nonsense.

Anna.— Very often eloquent words are used by some people as an argument for not working.

Verchovtzeff.— What a peaceful individual you are, *Sergius Nikolaievitch*. I wonder if you ever get insulted. Have you ever cried? I don't mean, of course, during that happy age when you were running around in your little shirt,— I mean at the present time?

Sergius.— Oh, yes, I am very emotional.

Verchovtzeff.— Indeed.

Sergius.— When I first discerned the comet *Bela*, foretold by *Galileo*,— I cried.

Verchovtzeff.— A worthy cause for crying, undoubtedly, although beyond my comprehension. What is your opinion, gentlemen?

Luntz.— Well, certainly, but *Galileo* could have made a mistake.

Verchovtzeff.— Well, in that case, one would have to tear out his hair in despair, I suppose.

Marusia.— You are exaggerating, *Valentine*.

Anna.— And when his son was nearly shot he remained tranquil.

Sergius.— Every second some human being perishes in the world, and probably every second a whole world is destroyed in the universe. How, then, can one cry and despair over the loss of one human being?

Verchovtzeff.— Good! Don't you think, *Schtoltz*, it is a very powerful argument? So then, in case *Nicholas* does not succeed in escaping from prison and they —

Sergius.— Of course, that will be very painful, but —

Marusia.— Please don't joke that way, *Sergius Nikolaievitch*, it hurts me to hear such jests.

Sergius.— But I wasn't jesting. I was never able to crack jokes, although I sometimes enjoy other's joking, *Valentine's* for example.

Verchovtzeff.— Thank you.

Zhitoff.— It is true, *Sergius Nikolaievitch* never jokes.

Marusia.— So much the worse.

Verchovtzeff.— How convenient it must be to stop one's ears with astronomical cotton! Everything would be nice and quiet. Let the whole world howl like a dog —

Luntz.— When young Buddha once beheld a hungry tigress he offered himself to her. Yes. He did not say: I am God, I am occupied with very important matters, and you are but a hungry beast; nay, he offered himself her!

Sergius.— Do you see the inscription (*pointing to the front of the observatory.*) *Haec domus Uraniae est. Curae procul este profanae. Tenent hic humilis tellus! Hinc itur ad astra!* That means: This is the temple Uranus. Away, ye earthly cares! Low earth is being trampled upon here. Hence to the stars.

Verchoutzeff.— Very well, but what do you understand by earthly cares, teemed star-gazer? Here I am with injured feet, the flesh being destroyed with a piece of shell almost to the bone; is this in your opinion also an earthly care or an earthly vanity?

Anna.— Of course.

Sergius.— Yes, death, injustice, misfortune,— all the dark shadows the earth are but earthly cares.

Verchoutzeff.— If a new Napoleon should appear to-morrow, a new spot who was to crush the whole world with his iron feet — would that, too, be an earthly vanity?

Sergius.— I think so; yes.

Verchoutzeff.— (*Looks around inquiringly and utters a harsh laugh.*) Ah, that's what it is!

Anna.— This is outrageous. These are the kinds of gods who don't care how much people suffer so long as they themselves —

Marusia.— Treitch. Why don't you make some reply?

Treitch.— I am listening.

Verchoutzeff.— Only those can entertain such ideas who receive a fat salary from the government and perch safely on their roof.

Sergius (blushing).— Not always safely, Valentine. Galileo died in prison. Giordano Bruno perished at the stake. The road to the stars has ways been sprinkled with blood.

Verchoutzeff.— Oh, that doesn't matter. The Christians too were once persecuted, but that, however, did not stop them in turn from 'frying' some of the astronomers alive.

Anna.— Papa even has some relics which he keeps under lock.

Sergius.— Anna! that isn't right.

Verchoutzeff.— What nonsense is that?

Anna.— A piece of brick from some old observatory and scraps of the original manuscript.

Marusia.— Anna! how can you? Nicholas would never allow himself be so rude —

Anna.— Nicholas is too kind and gentle; that's his weakness. (*PETIA approaches unobserved and silently places himself by the wall.*)

Verchoutzeff (irritably).— Therefore they beat us at every step —

Marusia.— Never mind! never mind! Treitch, what do you say?

Treitch (reservedly).— We must go forward. Some one here mentioned defeats, but I fail to see them. I only know of victories. The earth is but a piece of wax in man's hands. We must knead it, squeeze it — create new forms. But we must go forward. If we encounter a wall, it must be destroyed. If we encounter a mountain it must be removed. Should we encounter an abyss,— we must fly across it. If we have no wings — we must make them.

Verchoutzeff.— Good, Treitch, we must construct wings!

Marusia.— Oh, I feel as though I had wings already.

Treitch (reservedly).— We must go forward. If the earth splits under our feet,— we must fasten her together with irons. If she begins to fall to pieces, we must solder her with fire. If heaven begins to press on our heads,— we must raise our arms and toss it off,— thus! (*Tosses it off. Others involuntarily imitate the attitude of TREITCH, that of Atlas supporting the world.*) But we must go forward so long as the sun is shining.

Luntz.— But the sun will be extinguished.

Treitch.— Then we must kindle a new one.

Verchoutzeff.— All right; go on.

Treitch.— And so long as it keeps on burning, for ever and everlastingly,— we must go forward. Comrades, the sun too is but a proletariat!

Verchoutzeff.— This is what I call astronomy. Oh, the deuce!

Luntz.— Forward, forever and everlastingly.

Verchoutzeff.— Forward! oh, the devil! (*All form themselves into groups in their excitement.*)

Luntz (nervously).— Gentlemen, I beg of you — we have no right to abandon the cause. And the killed! No, gentlemen, not only those who have heroically fought and perished for liberty, but the — victims. There are billions of them, and they are not guilty. And they were killed. (*Silence.*)

Marusia (crying out).— I swear before thee,— ye mountains! I swear before thee,— ye sun: I shall set free Nicholas! Have these mountains an echo?

Luntz.— No. If they had they would say 'Amen!'

Anna (to ZHITOFF).— How sentimental. I can't understand Valentine.

Zhitoff.— That's nothing. You know I have postponed my trip to Australia. I am anxious to see Nicholas Sergievitch myself.

Marusia (looking up).— Oh, I should like to fly!

Verchoutzeff.— This is what I call astronomy! Well, star-gazer, do you see such astronomers?

Sergius.— Yes; I like them. His name is Treitch, if I am not mistaken?

Verchoutzeff.— Yes, he is as much Treitch as I am Bismarck. The devil himself doesn't know his real name.

Luntz (running from one group to another).— I am so happy. I am so happy. You know, my parents,— they were killed. And my sister, too, did not care — I have never cared to talk about it. Why talk? thought

Let it remain deeply buried in my soul, and I alone know it. And now — Do you know how they were killed? Treitch, do you understand me? I never cared.

Petia (to ZHITOFF).— What is the use of all that?

Zhitoff.— No, it's not pleasant.

Petia.— What's the use, when all will perish,— you and I and the mountains. (*All remain standing in groups, except SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH, who is standing alone.*)

Verchoutzeff (to MARUSIA, joyfully).— Treitch deserves to hang. Capital fellow! Where did Nicholas fish him out? Well, Marusia, but he'll escape, won't he?

Marusia (musing).— I am afraid of another thing —

Verchoutzeff.— What else?

Marusia.— No, it isn't worth while talking about — a trifle.

Verchoutzeff.— But what is the matter? What are you meditating over?

Marusia (doesn't reply; then suddenly starts to laugh and sing).— 'Come, way let us fly.'

Inna Alexandrovna (looking through the window).— My eaglets! Dinner is ready.

Verchoutzeff.— Chick — Chick — Chick!

Marusia.— We'll drink champagne! Have you any, mamma dear?

All.— Yes, yes, champagne!

Sergius.— There isn't any champagne, but we have cherry wine. (*Laughter; exclamations.*)

Sergius (taking Marusia aside).— Well, Marusia, I am going to leave you. I don't care to be in your way, folks.

Marusia.— Oh, no, stay with us; we are so merry to-day.

Sergius.— Yes; I was going to take a little holiday off for your sake; but I have changed my mind.

Marusia.— Won't you dine with us?

Luntz (shouting).— Fetch Pollock. He is an honorable man, and a very nice fellow. I am going after him.

Voices.— Pollock! Pollock!

Sergius.— I am not going to stay.

Marusia.— I am very sorry. Inna Alexandrovna will be very much disappointed.

Sergius.— Tell her I am busy. Stop in to see me, Marusia, before you leave. (*Leaves without being noticed.*)

Marusia.— Schtoltz, where are you? You will be my partner. I have to talk some matters over with you. Doesn't he look like a spy, gentlemen?

Anna.— Marusia is getting to be impolite.

Marusia.— You know I was once going to stay over night in his house but he flatly refused it, saying, 'I am living with a respectable German family, and have promised them not to bring in women nor dogs.'

Schtoltz.— They don't want anybody. I have in my room a brand new sofa, and what do you think they do? Almost every night they come to find out if there is anybody lying on it. Awful people!

Verchovtzeff.— Why don't you leave them? What the devil!

Schtoltz.— Can't do it; I have to pay them in advance.

Anna.— You oughtn't to do it.

Schtoltz.— Impossible. They —

Luntz (is leading POLLOCK — shouting).— He is he! I could hardly tear him away from the refractor; he stuck to it like a leach!

Pollock.— Gentlemen, it is an outrage! I have some work to finish —

Marusia.— Dear Pollock! We are so merry to-day. And you are such a dear good fellow, and are so much liked by everybody.

Pollock.— I am very glad to hear that, but I can't understand why you are so merry. The revolution turned out to be a failure.

Verchovtzeff.— But we have a new scheme; we —

Pollock (ironically).— Oh, yes, certainly, I believe you, I believe you.

Marusia.— Here is to Astronomy (*drinking*). Long live the orbit!

Pollock.— I am very sorry I can't drink any alcoholic beverages. It makes me sick at the stomach and gives me the headache.

Verchovtzeff.— The best drink for Pollock would be machine oil. Pollock, will you drink it?

Marusia.— No, we are going to drink cherry wine, good wine, too.

Luntz.— Come along, comrade, you are a good, honest fellow.

Inna Alexandrovna (looking out through the window).— Why don't you get a move on you? I am tired calling you.

Marusia.— Right away. Mamma, dear, right away. Pollock refuses to come. Well, gentlemen, we mustn't be so solemn. Zhitoff, can you sing?

Zhitoff.— Not much.

Luntz.— The Marseillaise!

Marusia.— No, no; the Marseillaise and the flag must be reserved for the new battle.

Treitch.— I second the motion. There are certain songs that should only be sung in a temple.

Verchoutzeff.— Oh, do sing something cheerful. Oh, how the sun is arming up.

Anna.— Valentine, don't uncover your feet.

Marusia (singing).— 'The sky is so clear, the sun is so dear,—the sun is inviting' (*all join in, save Petia*).

'When we work with pleasure, we no more think of care,—forward, comrades.

'Glory to the Merry Sun!
For he is the worker of the Earth.
Glory to the Merry Sun!
For he is the worker of the Earth!'

Verchoutzeff.— Move on, Anna. You are wheeling me as though I were dead.

All singing. (*POLLOCK leads the chorus seriously and reservedly.*)

'Storms and tempests the serene sky cannot vanquish;
Beneath the cover of the tempest, within its dark heart,
Lightning is flashing!
Glory to the mighty sun,
The ruler of the Earth!'

(*The last words of the song are repeated behind the corner of the house; PETIA remains alone and is gloomily looking about him.*)

All.— (*Behind the curtain.*)

'Glory to the Mighty Sun,
The ruler of the Earth!'

ACT III

A large, dark sitting-room, scantily furnished; absence of soft furniture; no book cases. A piano; in the back wall, a door and two large windows leading to the porch. The door and the windows are open, through which is visible the dark, almost black sky, studded with unusually bright glimmering stars; on a table in the corner, near the wall,— a lamp with a dark shade.

INNA ALEXANDROVNA is sitting at the table reading the papers, ANNA is sewing; LUNTZ nervously paces the room; VERCHOVTZEFF on crutches is standing at one of the bookcases trying to get a book out; deep silence; the silence keeps up for a few moments after the curtain rises.

Verchovtzeff (muttering to himself).— Oh, the deuce!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Are you aware that the President has refused to pardon Kassowsky?

Verchovtzeff.— Yes.

Inna Alexandrovna.— What does that mean?

Verchovtzeff.— Death!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, merciful God! How long will these things last? Haven't there been enough victims already?

Verchovtzeff (carrying a book under the arm; drops it).— Oh, the deuce with you! Anna, pick it up!

Anna (rising slowly).— Right away. (LUNTZ picks up the book silently, puts it on the table and keeps on pacing.)

Verchovtzeff (sitting down awkwardly).— Will you ever cease pricking at that?

Anna.— Well, one must be doing something.

Verchovtzeff.— Can't you read? (ANNA makes no reply. Silence.) No, I can't stand it any longer. What a devilish silence there is here—like a grave! Another week like this and I shall throw myself overboard, get drunk, or lick Pollock.

Luntz (nervously).— An awful silence. As though Byron's dream had been realized: the sun is extinguished, everything on earth is dead, and we are the last creatures.

Verchovtzeff.— Zhitoff, what are you doing up there?

Zhitoff (from the porch).— I am looking.

Verchovtzeff (with contempt).— I am looking! (Silence) I can't be idle!

Anna.— Be patient, it can't be helped.

Verchovtzeff.— You can have all the patience you want, but I—the deuce (reading).

Inna Alexandrovna (is sitting meditating).— Serge would have been twenty-one years old now. He was a pretty child, looked like Nicholas. Do you remember him, Anna?

Anna.— No.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But I remember him well. You used to beat him, Anna. You were a mischievous little girl. Death certainly snatched him away suddenly; he was only sick about three days. Appendicitis in such a little child! When they started to cut his abdomen open, will you believe me, Josiph Abramovitch —

Verchoutzeff.— Mother, will you ever stop that? The idea of spending whole evening discussing dead people! He is gone — well, let him go; much the better for him! Come over here, Zhitoff.

Zhitoff.— Right away.

Luntz.— What anguish!

Verchoutzeff.— What is Marusia writing, Inna Alexandrovna?

Inna Alexandrovna (sighing).— A whole lot, but I can't make anything out of it. First she promises to come in about a week, then something keeps her back, then again in about a week. Yesterday's letter is the same.

Verchoutzeff.— I know that; thought perhaps you had something new.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I am afraid Kolushka is not well.

Verchoutzeff.— What next? Why, don't you think he is dead?

Luntz.— Then Marusia would steal his corpse and bring it here.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, what dreadful things you are saying!

Zhitoff (entering).— Well, what do you want me to say?

Verchoutzeff.— Take a seat. What have you been doing there?

Zhitoff.— Gazed at the stars. How beautiful and restless they look to-day. (*PETIA entering; he is seen passing through the scene several times during the act.*)

Luntz.— Somehow I can't bear the stars to-night; I don't know where to get away from them. I would hide myself in a cellar, but they'll haunt me there, too. Do you understand — I feel as though there were no empty space; as though all these monsters, the living and dead, have crowded above the earth, and are pushing towards her, and there is something in them — I don't know — (*paces nervously, continuing gesticulating.*)

Zhitoff.— The atmosphere here is very clear, but in California —

Verchoutzeff.— Have you been in California?

Zhitoff.— Yes. At the Lick Observatory, in California, one feels a little shaky,— looking. Indeed!

Petia.— Mamma, who is the old woman in the kitchen?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Which one? Oh, that one. She just came in and I told them to take care of her. She belongs down below,— in the alley. I reckon she is a beggar. Can't understand her, she is deaf.

Petia.— How did she ascend the mountain? How could she do it?

Verchoutzeff.— Mother, you ought to establish a poorhouse up here.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Well, I may do it yet, if only Sergius Nikolaievitch gives his consent. You ought to read.

Petia (insistingly).— But how did she get up here, mamma?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, I don't know, dear. You should read what Marusia is writing about the hungry little ones. 'Mamma dear, give us a

piece of bread,' they would cry. Mamma goes out to hunt for some bread — how she gets it is not worth while telling — but when she got back the poor child was dead.

Petia.— Let them die. Joseph, you seem very sad to-day.

Luntz.— Yes, Petia, I am feeling bad. Oh, it is such a strange night; can't understand what is the matter with it. A night full of visions. Have you looked at the stars to-night?

Petia.— And I, on the contrary, feel perfectly happy! (*Plays some gay tune on the piano.*)

Verchovtzeff (*to Petia*).— Stop that!

Petia (*singing and playing*).— I am so merry!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Petia dear, stop it, please.

(*PETIA noisily closes the piano and rushes out on the porch.*)

Luntz.— Will Treitch soon return?

Verchovtzeff.— They did not succeed; therefore he may come at any time. Zhitoff, why are you so silent?

Zhitoff.— Don't know; don't feel like talking to-day.

Luntz.— Oh, I have such unpleasant thoughts! such unpleasant thoughts! One feels like committing suicide!

Verchovtzeff.— Nonsense. Astronomers never commit suicide.

Luntz.— I am a poor astronomer, very, very poor, indeed.

Anna.— So much the better; then you may occupy yourself with something more useful.

Luntz.— I fear the stars to-night. I sit and think; how huge and indifferent they are, and they don't seem to care a bit for us, — and I feel so small, so insignificant — just like a chick that hid himself in a corner during the Jewish massacre; there it sits, not understanding what is going on (*PETIA entering*).

Verchovtzeff.— The stars — and the Jewish massacre — what a peculiar combination!

Inna Alexandrovna (*warningly motioning her head to Verchovtzeff*).— We have all undergone a severe nervous strain lately — and it is no wonder you are moody. Just think of it; already a month and a half have passed since Marusia went — and no result whatsoever. I am beginning to 'shake' myself, although I am used to all kinds of weather —

Luntz.— The feathers are spreading all around, the window panes are crackling, but he remains sitting, and what is he thinking about?

Verchovtzeff.— He is thinking of nothing. He thinks it is snowing.

Luntz.— I fear infinity. What endless space. Why infinity? Here I am looking at the stars; one, ten, a million — there is no end. My God! To whom shall I complain?

Verchoutzeff.— Why complain ?

Luntz.— Here I am a little Jew. (*Paces the room, nervously gesticulating.*)

Pollock (entering).— Good morning, gentlemen! May I join your company? Hope I am not intruding —

Inna Alexandrovna.— Why certainly! make yourself comfortable.

Pollock.— The magnetic arrow is oscillating very much, Luntz. We must make some observation of the sun to-morrow [*LUNTZ is muttering something*]. You, Zhitoff, have probably given up the idea of working together, so there is no use in talking to you about it. Are you going to leave us ?

Zhitoff.— Yes, in a couple of days.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But you don't mean that? Didn't you say, last night, Vassilievitch, that you were going to wait until Nicholas got back? And why have you changed your mind so suddenly ?

Zhitoff.— Oh, I must go. Have been hanging around here too long!

Verchoutzeff.— The place will get more lonesome after you go. Why don't you send your Zealand to the devil ?

Zhitoff.— No, I must go.

Anna.— How is it that you are not working, Mr. Pollock ?

Pollock.— I am in a dreamy mood to-day, esteemed Anna Sergeievna. I am just thirty-two years old to-day — this very minute. I was born in the evening, 10.37 P. M. Making some allowance for time (*looks at his watch*) I get exactly 10.16 — ten hours sixteen minutes.

Verchoutzeff.— Congratulate you!

Pollock.— At my age of thirty-two I think I have done a great deal for my science; have also a name. However, I don't care to go into details. In a word, I already have a right to think of myself.

Verchoutzeff.— What? are you really going to get married? That's the best news!

Pollock.— Yes, you are right. I'll soon be married.

Inna Alexandrovna.— That's right; you are doing the right thing, Mr. Pollock. I only hope you'll get a good wife.

Pollock.— My bride is graduating from the university this year, and pretty soon, esteemed Inna Alexandrovna, your comfortable house is going to miss me.

Inna Alexandrovna.— How secretive! The rascal never dropped a word!

Petia (harshly).— I'll soon be married, too. I have already a bride — she is a beauty!

Pollock.— Indeed? You are joking?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Petia! (*PETIA giggles and goes out on the porch.*)

Anna.— What is the matter with him? I can't understand his conduct lately.

Inna Alexandrovna.— I don't know what to think of it myself. He has changed ever since you arrived here. Josiph Abramovitch, you are always with him. Can you tell us what is the matter with him? I am really getting anxious about him.

Luntz.— Petia, — why he is a good boy, he is an honest boy. He, too, is haunted by some disagreeable thoughts.

Pollock.— Go on, gentlemen, don't you see I am in a peculiar mood to-day and will gladly listen to your discussions?

Luntz (muttering).— The stars, the stars!

Pollock.— What can you tell us about the stars, dear Luntz?

Luntz.— Then too they were shining way above the clouds; while we were sitting, waiting and thinking that ours have gained a complete victory, — and they are shining now. One is likely to go mad.

Verchovtzeff.— Work! we must work; and here in this devilish hole one is chained like a dog. The deuce! (*Limps about the room, making for the window, looks through the window for a few minutes and goes back.*) I think Treitch is coming.

Pollock.— I like Treitch very much. He seems to be a very nice gentleman.

Inna Alexandrovna.— That means failure again!

Verchovtzeff (roughly).— What else did you expect? Didn't they write you it wasn't a success?

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, merciful Father! Kolushka, dear! Kolushka, my own! I don't think I'll ever see you again. . . . My heart tells me that . . . (*weeping*).

Treitch (entering, greeting all and seating himself).— Good evening, folks.

Inna Alexandrovna.— You are probably tired, my dear boy; are you hungry?

Treitch.— No, thank you. I had some lunch on my way here.

Verchovtzeff.— Anything new?

Treitch.— Numerous arrests. You of course all know that. Zanko was hanged.

All.— Is that possible? Zanko? No. When was that?

Verchovtzeff.— Poor fellow! How is he? . . .

Inna Alexandrovna.— He was so young! . . . Wasn't he here with Kolushka last year? Dark complexioned with small mustaches.

Anna.— Yes, he was.

Inna Alexandrovna.— He kissed my hand. . . . He was so young. Was he a mother?

Anna.— Oh, mamma!— Do you know, Treitch, if he disclosed any of his secrets?

Treitch.— He met his fate like a hero, but they acted disgracefully towards him. He asked them to give his lawyer permission to be present at the execution. They granted the request, but never kept their promise. And all he saw at the last were the face of the hangman and a few stars . . . (*silence*).

Luntz.— Stars! Stars!

Treitch.— In Ternach the soldiers killed some two hundred workmen, so many women and children. In the Sternburg district famine is raging. There is a rumor abroad that some have eaten human corpses.

Verchoutzeff.— You are the black messenger, Treitch.

Treitch.— In Poland Jewish massacres have broken out.

Luntz.— What, again?

Pollock.— What barbarism! what foolish people!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, it may only be a rumor. A good many stories are circulating —

Verchoutzeff.— But what about ours?

Treitch (*shrugging his shoulders*).— Well, I am going there to-morrow.

Anna.— They'll hang you, too. That's what you'll get. We must wait.

Verchoutzeff.— I am going with you! The deuce take it all.

Anna.— But how can you go with these feet of yours? Bethink yourself, Valentine; you are not a child.

Verchoutzeff.— Oh!—

Treitch.— How are your feet, anyhow?

Anna.— Bad!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Anything concerning Kolushka?

Treitch.— No one showed up at the appointed hour and of course I understood that the affair had been postponed. I don't know what to make of it myself. I am going there to-morrow.

Inna Alexandrovna.— May God help you, my dear boy. Let me bless you as I would my own son. (*TREITCH kisses her hand.*)

Pollock (*to ZHITOFF*).— Just think of it, a common workman and how well bred. I am certainly surprised.

I do! And I can also see all those that were burnt, that were murdered, that were torn to pieces. Murdered — because they gave birth to a *rist*, to the prophets, and to a Mary. I see them. They gaze at me through the window—these cold, mutilated corpses; they are standing over my head while I am asleep and they ask me, 'Are you going to follow science, Luntz?' No! No!

Inna Alexandrovna.— My dear boy, may God help you!

Luntz.— Yes, God. I am a Jew and therefore I appeal to the God of the Jews; God of Vengeance, Lord God of Vengeance, reveal yourself! O Judge of the Earth, and render vengeance to the proud and the wicked. God of Vengeance! Lord God of Vengeance! Reveal yourself!

Verchovtzeff.— Vengeance to the hangmen!

(*LUNTZ shakes his fist silently and departs.*)

Treitch.— What do you think of him?

Pollock.— What an unfortunate young man. It is so painful when one follows science and is unable to follow it. I was so happy, but when he began to talk on this subject I couldn't keep from crying, esteemed Inna Alexandrovna.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Don't talk about it. My heart is breaking. Will this misery ever end? I don't think I'll ever see a bright day in all my life. What life!

Zhitoff.— Painful, indeed.

(*TREITCH takes VERCHOVTZEFF aside and cautiously pointing to INNA ALEXANDROVNA whispers something to him; VERCHOVTZEFF draws his head back and utters loudly.*)

Verchovtzeff.— I don't believe it. Nicholas!

Treitch.— t-ss (*whispering*).

Pollock.— Let us have hope in God, esteemed Inna Alexandrovna. It is the God, however, of Vengeance, whom the unfortunate Luntz has mentioned, but the God of Love and Mercy.

Zhitoff.— Yes, there are different gods and they are used for different purposes.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Oh, children! A great misfortune has befallen us. (*SERGIOUS NIKOLAIEVITCH enters, greeting.*)

Sergius.— You are here, too, Pollock?

Pollock.— To-day is my birthday, esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch.

Sergius.— I congratulate you (*shakes his hand*).

Pollock.— I have also had the honor to-day to inform my friends of my engagement to Miss Fanny Herstrom.

Sergius.— I didn't know you were such a lucky fellow.

Pollock.— I am going to have a companion, now, esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch (*laughs*).

Sergius.— Once more let me congratulate you. By the way, is there anything new concerning Nicholas?

Pollock.— It appears that the escape has been postponed.

Verchoutzeff.— If you only knew what was going on upon the earth, esteemed star-gazer!

Sergius.— Well? Again some misfortune?

Verchoutzeff.— Yes — Earthly vanity. (*Bends his head on one side*) When I look at you thus, I can't help asking you: Have you any friends, or are you alone in this world?

Sergius (*pointing to INNA ALEXANDROVNA*).— There is my friend.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Don't make me blush, Sergius Nikolaievitch—you know you need a different friend.

Verchoutzeff.— That's all right. Who else?

Sergius.— I have others, too, but, just imagine! I have never seen them. One lives in South Africa, he has an observatory; another—in Brazil; and a third — I don't know where.

Verchoutzeff.— Why? Did he vanish?

Sergius.— He died a hundred and fifty years ago. I have still another one, but this one I don't know at all, although I like him very much. He isn't born yet. He will be born approximately seven hundred and fifty years hence, and I have already authorized him to examine some of my observations.

Verchoutzeff.— And are you sure he'll do it?

Sergius.— Yes.

Verchoutzeff.— What a strange collection. You ought to donate it to some museum! Don't you think so, Treitch?

Treitch.— I like Mr. Ternovsky's friends.

(*PETIA enters hurriedly, looks around.*)

Petia.— Where is Luntz? Are all here? Good! Where is Luntz?

Inna Alexandrovna.— He must be in his room, Petia; go in and entertain him; he is so nervous and excited to-day.

Petia.— Gentlemen, kindly remain where you are; I am going to arrange some little entertainment; it is not out of place to-day.

Pollock.— Probably fireworks? Eh? Oh, you shrewd boy! But it is rather out of place even to-day.

Petia.— I'll be back directly (*exit PETIA*).

Sergius (*pacing slowly*).— How is the barometer to-day, Pollock?

Pollock.— Very low, esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch.

Sergius.— Yes, one feels it.

Pollock.— Judging from the oscillation of the arrow there must be a clone in southern latitudes.

Sergius.— Yes. It is not quiet.

Anna (to INNA ALEXANDROVNA).— Petia must be up to some mischief again, mamma, you ought not to encourage these things.

Inna Alexandrovna.— But what can I do with him? You see yourself at he —

Verchoutzeff (going with TREITCH to the table).— Oh, how devilish quiet it is here — like the grave.

Sergius.— You think so? It seems to me it is rather noisy down here.

Treitch (to VERCHOVTZEFF).— Remember if I don't return, you'll tell me that —

Verchoutzeff.— I understand. Oh, how close it is!

Anna.— And I think it is rather cool.

Verchoutzeff.— Close, cool — the same devil. If I am to stay here another week —

Pollock.— Gentlemen, let us select for our discussion some topic in which all could participate. Our chairman is going to be —

Luntz (entering).— Who was calling me? You, Sergius Nikolaievitch?

Sergius.— No.

Luntz.— Why did Petia tell me so, then? (*Starts to go out.*)

Pollock.— Remain here, dear Luntz. Now, since you have calmed yourself down a little, let me tell you that I don't agree with your views concerning science.

Luntz.— Oh, let me alone! Sergius Nikolaievitch, let me tell you that I am going to quit the observatory (*PETIA'S voice is heard outside the room: Pages fling the door widely open for the duchess!*)

Pollock (laughing).— Oh, that's Petia. What a mischievous boy! Listen, Listen!

(*The door is flung open; PETIA enters with the old woman. She is almost doubled up and can hardly walk.— An awful spectacle of poverty, old age, and wretchedness. PETIA, arm in arm with her, steps forward solemnly. At the door stand MINNA, FRANTZ, and other servants, smiling.*)

Petia.— Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you my pretty bride. Helen.

Verchoutzeff (laughing roughly).—What a fool!

Anna.— Didn't I tell you?

Pollock (getting up).— This is an insult! I will not allow him to insult my bride!

Petia (loud).— Pretty Helen, bow to the audience (*the old woman makes a bow*).

Pollock.— I protest! It is an insult.

Inna Alexandrovna.— He is only joking. Petia dear, you must not poke fun at old people; it is not nice.

Luntz.— Oh, no, it isn't a joke! I understand! Oh, oh, I understand!

Petia.— There. Now, let's have a talk, pretty Helen. How old are you? (*The old woman does not reply, only shakes her head.*) Did you say seventeen? You are seventeen years old, pretty maiden. Do your parents — the Duke and the Duchess consent to your marriage? (*The old woman does not reply — only shakes her head.*)

Pollock.— Esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch, I am being insulted in your own house——

Luntz (almost crazed).— What do you want? Who cares for your idiotic bride?

Pollock.— Mr. Luntz, I'll hold you responsible for these words!

Luntz.— The stars, the stars!

Petia.— How happy am I, pretty Helen! Can you smell the odor of roses? Do you hear the music of the nightingale in the garden? He is eulogizing our love, pretty Helen.

Luntz.— Cursed stars.

Petia.— Your fragrant little mouth, pretty Helen——

Luntz.— Yes, yes!

Petia.— Your pearly teeth ——

Luntz.— Yes, yes! ——

Petia.— Your dainty face — I am desperately in love with you, pretty Helen! Why have you cast down your enchanted eyes so modestly?

Luntz.— Shame! And aren't you ashamed of yourself, Pollock? Science! And do you see that? That's my mother, that's my mother!

Pollock.— I don't understand.

Petia.— Raise your beautiful head and proudly proclaim yourself my bride, enchanting Helen. In your embrace, my restless soul will find everlasting peace! (*The old woman's head is shaking.*)

Anna.— They are all fit for an insane asylum.

Verchovtzeff (frightened).— Anna, keep still!

Pollock.— This is a kind of——

Luntz.— Hold your tongue, bourgeois! — or I'll — She is my mother. (*to the old woman.*) Old woman! (*pushes away PETIA.*) Listen to me. Here I am on my knees before you. You are my mother, and let me — let me kiss your hand ——

Petia (shouting).— She is my bride!

Luntz.— She is my mother! Let her alone!

Anna.— Water!

Luntz.— Old woman! Forgive me! I loved science, foolish Jew!
Verchoutzeff (to *TREITCH*).— Something must be done!

Treitch.— Never mind.

Luntz.— I love only you now, dear old woman. Take my head and
my heart. Oh, cursed stars! Damned stars!

Treitch.— Are you going with me, Luntz?

Petia (shouting).— She is my bride.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Merciful God! Petia dear! He is fainting.

Anna.— Water!

Luntz.— I am going with you. And I swear by God —

Verchoutzeff.— Will you ever shut up?

(*PETIA* is writhing with convulsions. All, save *TREITCH*, rush up to
him. *SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH* makes a few steps but stops and looks at
Luntz.)

Luntz (on his knees).— Old woman, you see! I am crying, old woman;
I am a little Jew who loved science. You are my mother, and I swear by
God to devote all my time to you, my dear old woman, I am crying —
cursed stars!

ACT IV

*On the right the observatory 'dome, the larger part of which is visible
from the stage; the dome is surrounded by a gallery with an iron railing; the
lower part of the stage — some portion of a roof joined to the main structure of
the observatory, and a faint view of the mountains; the rest — a vast portion
of the night sky; constellations; inside the dome — complete darkness; to the
left are faintly visible the outlines of a huge refracting telescope; two tables upon
which stand two lamps with dark, non-transparent globes.*

*The shutter of the dome is open, through which is visible the starry sky;
a staircase leading to the dome; silence; the monotonous tick of the metronome.*
SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH, POLLOCK, and PETIA.

Pollock.— And so, esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch, you'll kindly watch
the camera. I must go and finish my tables.

Sergius.— Go on, keep on working. Good by.

Pollock (addressing *PETIA*).— Well, how are we feeling to-day, young
priest of the Goddess Uranus?

Petia.— All right, thanks.

Pollock.— And we are not going to poke any more fun at poor Pollock
for being anxious to get married?

Petia.— Upon my word, I didn't wish ——

Pollock.— I understand, I understand ——

Sergius.— He was already indisposed then ——

Pollock.— I am only joking, esteemed Sergius Nikolaievitch. Strange enough, I have discovered a great deal of humor in myself lately. When Frantz spilled some milk the other day I said to him, 'Frantz, you are leaving behind you a milky way,' and he laughed very much (*laughing*). But I don't care to go into details. Good by. (*Exit.*)

Petia.— What a funny fellow Pollock is. Papa, shall I disturb you? I remain up here?

Sergius.— No, my boy.

Petia.— I don't feel like going downstairs. It is so lonesome down there now. You know we have received a telegram from Zhitoff; it came from Cairo. He wrote: 'I am sitting gazing at the pyramids.' Have you ever seen the pyramids?

Sergius.— I am afraid mamma will miss you, Petia.

Petia.— She is sleeping now. But I spend a great deal of time with her throughout the day. She worries a great deal about Nicholas, papa.

Sergius.— But nothing is known yet. Has Anna written anything?

Petia.— No. She does not like to write letters. Of course nothing is known yet, and I keep on telling that to mother, but you know how difficult it is to argue with women — I don't want to disturb you. Are you, too, going to do some calculations now?

Sergius.— Yes, some. I am rather tired.

Petia.— And I am going to read awhile. By the way, papa, I was reading in some journal yesterday that you have made some very important discovery in relation to the nebulæ, and that that places you on a level with ——

Sergius.— The discovery, my boy, was made by me some ten years ago. Astronomical fame comes rather late. Very few are interested in astronomy and astronomers.

Petia.— And I did not know it!

Sergius.— We still remain isolated, like the Egyptian priests, although against our will.

Petia.— How foolish! Papa, why did you order me brought up here when I was ill? I certainly must have disturbed you?

Sergius.— No. But if anything becomes precious to me — I always like to lift it up here. I have a very funny notion, Petia: I think that here among the stars, there can be no suffering, no disease.

Petia.— Once, one night I woke up and saw you looking at the stars

once reigned all around and you were looking at the stars. And then I apprehended something — nay, I felt it. I don't know what, I am unable to explain. I felt as though we were alone in this world: you, the stars, and as if we were already dead. But I did not have any apprehension; on the contrary, I felt good, tranquil, and pure. I have such a desire to live now — why! I don't understand the meaning of life, old age, and death any more than I did before. However, go on with your work, papa; I am not going into details, as Pollock would put it.

Sergius.— Yes, man thinks only of his life and his death — hence he is apprehensive toward life, and weary and lonesome,— like a lost flea in a world. In order to fill out this awful emptiness he invents much that is beautiful and is powerful, but in his creations he only thinks of his death and his life. And he resembles a keeper of a museum of wax figures,— yes, keeper of a museum of wax figures. During the day he chats with his patrons and collects money from them, and when night comes he wanders secretly, full of fright, amid death, among the soulless and the lifeless. If he only knew that life is everywhere!

Petia.— Do you know what frightened me once? Why, only a simple chair. I saw once a chair in an empty room, and suddenly I got so frightened that I screamed!

Sergius.— Man's thought is an eagle — the mighty and powerful king of the air, but he has tied its wings and put it in a poultry yard with wire and senselessly lying walls. And the sky peeping through the wire netting is only teasing and irritating it, and it quarrels with the other birds, thus getting lonely and stupid, instead of soaring to the skies.

Petia.— Poor bird!

Sergius.— Yes, all is endowed with life. And when man comprehends nature,— he'll grow to be happy like the Greek, like the heathen. Once more nymphs will appear upon the earth, again will the elves dance in the moonlight. Man will walk through the woods conversing with the trees, and the flowers. He will never be alone, for all is endowed with life; animals, the stones, the trees.

Petia (laughing).— You are very funny, papa!

Sergius.— But why?

Petia.— You are so polite with the chairs, yes, it's true; and you are polite with all objects. When you take some object into your hand — you take it so carefully,—I don't know how to explain myself. You are very absent-minded, but you walk so cleverly that you never stumble over things; you never run into or drop anything. When the chairs, the cupboard, and the tables gather together in the night, as in Andersen's fairy tale, to have a talk with each other — they probably praise you very much.

Sergius.— You think so? Then I am very glad the chairs do talk.

Petia.— And here when you leave, what takes place? Most likely everything sings.

Sergius.— Everything sings in my presence, too.

Petia.— The chimney in a basso voice? Yes?

Sergius.— Do you know, my boy, that the stars sing?

Petia.— No.

Sergius.— Yes, they sing, and their melody is as mysterious as eternity itself. Whosoever has but once heard that melody, issuing from the depth of unfathomed regions, becomes the son of eternity! The son of eternity! — yes, Petia, thus will man be called in the future.

Petia (laughing).— Papa dear, don't get angry; do you mean to say that Pollock, too, is the son of eternity?

Sergius.— Maybe.

Petia.— But he is such a fool, so narrow minded. No, no! I won't say anything else. I am going to sit down. There is a peculiar air in here. The air of our rooms is different. You are still meditating, papa?

Sergius.— Yes, my boy.

Petia.— Well, go on meditating. And I am reading (*silence*). To-day it is exactly three weeks since Luntz left us.

Sergius.— Is it?

(*Silence; PETIA is reading. SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH awakens from his reverie and starts working.*)

Petia.— During the first nights, while I was having that fever, I used to fear the refractor very much. It would move along the circle tracing some star. Once when I opened my eyes and looked at it, it appeared to me like a huge, dark eye — with a long coat on —

(*Silence. SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH stops working and supporting his chin on his hand is musing again. Down below a few plaintive strains of music are heard: 'I am sitting behind iron walls in the prison dark.'*)

Petia (leaping up).— What is that music? Who can it be? There is no one down there but mamma.

Sergius (turning around).— Yes, maybe it is Marusia.

Petia (shouting).— Marusia has come! I'll be back in a minute! (*Runs down.*)

(*PETIA and MARUSIA appear on the staircase leading to the dome.*)

Marusia.— Stop crying. What is the use? You'd better go to mamma (*PETIA is weeping, restraining himself from sobbing*). Go, Petia, go! She is alone. You must comfort her — you are a man!

Petia.— And you?

Marusia.— Never mind. Go! (*Kisses him on the head. They go off in different directions.*)

Sergius.— Marusia dear, how glad I am to see you again. You don't believe—I know — that I can feel too. I have been thinking of your coming all day to-day.

Marusia.— How do you do, Sergius Nikolaievitch? Are you working?

Sergius.— How is Nicholas? Has he escaped from prison?

Marusia.— Yes. He has left the prison.

Sergius.— Is he here?

Marusia.— No.

Sergius.— But he is out of danger, Marusia!

Marusia.— Yes.

Sergius.— Poor Marusia! You are probably so tired. I have been thinking of you all day long — of you and of him — I don't dare to talk about you — you are like music. Marusia! I am so glad! Allow me to kiss your hands — your gentle and delicate hands that had to handle so many iron locks and rusty gratings (*kisses her hands ceremoniously*).

Marusia (*pointing to the gallery of the dome*).— Let's go there.

Sergius.— I am so glad — I'll fetch a chair for you — you are so tired, Marusia (*both go out on the gallery*). There, sit down. Isn't it nice out here?

Marusia.— Yes, very nice, indeed!

Sergius.— I have been sitting here with Petia; he is such a nice boy. He is reminding me of Nicholas lately —

Marusia.— Yes.

Sergius.— Petia is so feminine, so frail, and I am very anxious about him at times. But Nicholas — he is so daring and full of energy! How harmonious and well shaped everything is in him; how tender and how strong! He is an excellent specimen of manliness, a rare beautiful form which nature shatters, in order not to have any repetitions.

Marusia.— Yes, shatters. I was going to say —

Sergius.— He is as captivating as a young god, he has a charm which no one can withstand. He is beloved by everybody, Marusia — even by Anna — even by Anna. And he is so handsome. It may seem ridiculous to you, Marusia; he reminds me of the starry heaven — the starry heaven at dawn.

Marusia.— Yes, the starry heaven at dawn.

Sergius.— He couldn't help escaping. Of that I was quite sure. Prison! What is a prison — these rusty locks and stupid rotten gratings! I wonder how they could have kept him thus long. They should have smiled and cleared the way for him — as to a young happy prince!

(*MARUSIA falls on her knees in despair.*)

Marusia.— Oh, father, father, how terrible!

Sergius.— What! what's happened, Marusia?

Marusia.— Shattered is the beautiful form! Shattered is the beautiful form, father!

Sergius.— Is he dead? Oh, why don't you speak?

Marusia.— He — his reason has left him. (*Silence. Leaping up.*) What is it? Cursed life! Where is the God of that life? Whither is he looking? Cursed life. It's better to exhaust oneself with tears, to die, to depart! What's the use of living when the best perish? When the beautiful form is shattered! Do you understand it, father? Life isn't worth living, it isn't worth while living.

Sergius.— Tell me all about it.

Marusia.— What for? Do you think it possible to tell that? To be able to tell it — one must comprehend it. And do you think one can comprehend it?

Sergius.— Go on.

Marusia.— He has been my banner. When the barbarians threw him into prison — I thought: You are but barbarians — but he is the sun. I thought: Pretty soon all that are like him will rise and shatter the prison walls, and my sun will shine once more! my sun!

Sergius.— How did it happen?

Marusia.— How is a star extinguished? How does a bird die in captivity? He ceased singing, grew pale and sad, but kept on comforting me. Only once he said: 'I can't understand the iron grating. What is an iron grating? It is between me and the sky.'

Sergius.— Between me and the sky?

Marusia.— And just at this time they beat him unmercifully. The prisoners raised a little mutiny and the result was that the keepers forced the doors open and beat them one by one. They beat them with their fists, they trampled upon them with their feet. They beat them terribly and for a long time — these stupid, cold-blooded beasts. And they did not spare your son, either. When I saw him his face was something awful. The dear, beautiful face that used to smile to the whole world! They had torn his mouth — the beautiful lips that had never uttered a falsehood. Had nearly gouged his eyes out — the eyes that saw only the beautiful. Do you understand that, father? Do you approve of it?

Sergius.— Go on.

Marusia.— Already in prison there awakened in him this terrible, deadly melancholy. He didn't blame anybody; he even defended the keepers — his murderers. But the black anguish grew larger and larger. His soul was dying. But he kept soothing and pacifying me, and once he said to me, 'I carry within my soul the sorrow of the whole world.'

Sergius.— Go on.

Marusia.— First his memory began to fail him; then he ceased talking. He would come out silent, would remain so while I would talk to him, and go away silently. His eyes grew larger and darker, as if they contained within them the anguish of all the world — and father, such beauty I have never held before! When I went to see him to-day — he had already been taken to the hospital. When they took him out for a walk yesterday — he wanted to throw himself out through the window, but he was caught in time. Then the madness, the straight jacket — and that's all.

Sergius.— Have you seen him?

Marusia.— Yes, I saw him. But I am not going to say anything about it. I can't. Shattered is the beautiful form!

Sergius.— They have ever stoned their prophets.

Marusia.— Father! But how can one live among these who slay their prophets? Whither shall I go! I can't stand it any longer. I can no longer look at man's countenance — it frightens me! Man's countenance — how terrible! Man's countenance! I have cried out all my tears already. The same anguish ahead of me! The last mortal anguish. You see — I am quiet. Look how many stars! (*A pause.*)

Sergius.— Does Inna know it?

Marusia.— Yes.

Sergius.— What do the doctors say?

Marusia.— They say: An idiot.

Sergius.— Nicholas — an idiot?

Marusia.— Yes. He'll live long; he'll grow indifferent; will eat and drink lots; will grow stout. Yes, he'll live long. He'll be happy —

Sergius.— Nicholas — an idiot! How difficult it is to imagine that this beautiful man, this harmonious, luminous spirit plunged into darkness, into wearisome, miserable, barely movable chaos. He must have grown ugly now, Marusia?

Marusia (bitterly).— Yes, he is ugly. Do you care?

Sergius.— I am glad that you are so calm. I didn't think you were so strong.

Marusia.— Day after day for — for a whole month, I have been undergoing this continuous strain and torture. I have grown used to it. What habit, father? It must be a kind of insanity too —

Sergius.— What are you going to do now?

Marusia.— I don't know. I haven't thought of it yet. I would be ashamed of myself, father, to think of my life, my new life, when the grave is fresh in my memory. It takes some time even for a dog to forget her dead pups.

Sergius.— I shall take care of Nicholas now, he needs but very little and you, Marusia, must not go to see him. Don't go at all.

Marusia.— No, sir, I am going to do it.

Sergius.— That's scoffing; that's not right, any more than it would be to keep a corpse in one's room. Corpses are to be destroyed by fire.

Marusia.— I would even keep a corpse in my room.

Sergius.— What for?

Marusia.— Do you know pretty Helen? Well, I am going to take her with me.

Sergius.— Are you against anybody?

Marusia.— I don't know,— against you.

Sergius.— Against me?

Marusia.— Yes, I have hit it; I know what I am going to do now. I shall build a city and shall people it with all the old, like pretty Helen, with all the wretched and the crippled, the insane, and the blind. There shall also be there the deaf and dumb, the lepers and the palsied. I am also going to have murderers —

Sergius.— I am sorry for you, Marusia.

Marusia.— I am also going to people it with traitors and liars, and all creatures like man, but more terrible than beasts. And the houses will resemble the dwellers therein — crooked, hunchbacked, blind, diseased dwellings of murderers and traitors. And they will collapse upon the heads of those who will occupy them. They will lie and stifle with ease. And you are going to have constant murders, famine, and mourning. I shall appoint myself as king Judas Iscariot, and I shall name the city 'To the stars!'

Sergius.— Poor Marusia, I am very sorry for you.

Marusia.— You are not sorry for your son.

Sergius.— I have no children. All human beings are alike to me.

Marusia.— How heartless. No, I shall never understand you.

Sergius.— This is because I think of all. I think of the past, also of the future. I think of the earth and the stars — of all, and in the mist of the past I can see myriads that have perished, and in the mist of the future I can also see myriads of those who are going to perish; and I see the Cosmos and I see everywhere about me endless rejoicing life — therefore I cannot mourn the loss of one!

(INNA ALEXANDROVNA and PETIA appear on the staircase. She walks with difficulty, supporting herself on PETIA. They slowly pass through the dome.)

Inna Alexandrovna (throwing herself upon her husband).— Our Kolushka, Kolushka! —

Sergius (makes her sit down gently, straightens out and shouts).— They robbed us of our son! Imbeciles; fools; raising their own hands upon themselves.

Inna Alexandrovna.—It's nothing, papa. We'll manage to get along. *Kolushka dear, Kolushka —*

Sergius.— They would extinguish the sun if they could reach it — so as to die in darkness. They took our son away! They took him away. They have taken our light away. (*Stamps with his foot. PETIA and MARUSIA crying, fall on their knees and are caressing INNA ALEXANDROVNA. SERGIUS NIKOLAIEVITCH walks off a few paces and returns.*)

Marusia.— Forgive me, father.

Sergius.— You must not cry. You mustn't. We possess thought; we possess reason. Oh, do help us! Yes, I am probably getting old.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Kolushka!

Sergius.— That's nothing. Life, life is everywhere. Just at this moment — yes at this very moment! Somebody is born; it may be a Nicholas, — nay, better than he, for nature does not repeat herself.

Marusia.— Is born to go mad, to perish. Is born only to be mourned by his mother. Is that what you want to say?

Sergius.— Life, like a gardener, cuts off the best flowers, — but their fragrance fills the earth. . . . Look there; into that infinite space, into that inexhaustible ocean of creative energy. Look, how peaceful. But if you could only hear through space and see through eternity — you would perhaps die with, perhaps be inflamed with joy. With cold frenzy, obedient to the iron will of gravitation, countless worlds whirl around in space along their orbits — and over them all there rules but one great, one immortal spirit.

Marusia (getting up).— Don't talk to me about a God.

Sergius.— I talk of a creature like ourselves, who is also suffering and thinking, also searching and seeking. I don't know him, but I like him as a friend, as a comrade.

When at the casual meeting of two mysterious powers the first life flamed up, the tiny, infinitesimal life of the amoeba, protoplasm, — already at that moment these huge, luminous bodies had found their master. This is — we who are here and those who are there.

Mighty space of heaven! ancient mystery! you are above my head, you are within my soul, and you are also at my feet, — at the feet of your master!

Marusia.— It is silent, father! It laughs at you!

Sergius.— Yes, but I will — and it speaks!

Thither, into that ocean blue, my searching glance I send forth, and gliding from space to space it comprehends and conceives things which no man has ever seen.

I call — and from the darkest crevices of the earth crawl forth, obedient to my command, trembling mystery. She writhes from fear and anger, she threatens me with her bifurcated tongue, blinks her blind eyes — powerless, pitiful monster,— and then I rejoice, and I say unto space and time: ‘Hail to you, son of eternity! Hail to you, my unknown, distant friend!’

Marusia.— But death, madness, and the wild orgy of slaves? Father, I cannot leave this earth; I don’t want to leave it. She is so unfortunate. She breathes anguish and horror — but she gave me life, and I carry in my blood her sufferings and her sorrows, and like a wounded bird, my soul is ever falling towards the earth.

Sergius.— There is no death.

Marusia.— And Nicholas? And your son?

Sergius.— He is in you, he is in Petia, he is in me — he is in all of us, who keep sacred the fragrance of his soul. Is Giordano Bruno dead?

Marusia.—He was great.

Sergius.— Only beasts die, for they have no soul. Only those die who murder, but the murdered, the tortured, the burnt,— these live forever. Man is immortal! there is no death for the Son of eternity!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Kolushka! Kolushka!

Sergius.— In the temples of the ancients an everlasting fire was kept. The wood turned into ashes, the oil burned up, but the flame was kept up forever.

Don’t you feel it here,— everywhere? Don’t you feel within you its pure flame? Who gave you this gentle soul? Whose thought that flew out from some mortal body is abiding within you? Can you say that that is your thought? Your soul is but an altar upon which the Son of eternity is performing divine services. (*Holding out his arms towards the stars.*) Hail to you, to you, my unknown, my distant friend!

Marusia.— I shall go forth into life.

Sergius.— Go. Return to life that which you have taken from her. Give back to the sun her warmth. You shall perish as has perished Nicholas and as are perishing all those whose measureless happy souls are destined to support the everlasting fire. But by your death you shall find immortality. To the Stars!

Petia.— You are crying, father. Let me kiss your hands, let me!

Inna Alexandrovna.— Don’t. Don’t cry, papa. We’ll manage to get in — somehow.

Marusia.— I shall go. I shall keep sacred all that has been left of Nicholas — his noble thoughts, his tender love, his gentle soul. Let them gain and again kill him within me, but high above my head I shall carry his pure, uncorrupted soul.

Sergius (holding out his hands towards the stars).— Hail to you, my unknown, distant friend!

Marusia (holding down her hands towards the earth).— I greet thee, my dear, my suffering brother.

Inna Alexandrovna.— Nicholas — Nicholas —

THE LYRIC ORIGINS OF SWINBURNE

BY VAN TYNE BROOKS

MR. GOSSE has said of Keats that at the time of his death he was 'rapidly progressing towards a crystallization into one fused and perfect style of all the best elements of the poetry of the ages.' It is only because Swinburne's individuality is always the pre-eminent thing, because he somehow submerges and transforms into Swinburne all gifts of phrase and mood, that this may not obviously be applied to him also. He has been sensitive, as a great poet must be, to all the elements of the world's anthology. He has detected all, assimilated all, identified all.

Most preromantic poets were the product of some single school, had some one principal prototype. Milton could hardly have written without Virgil, Dryden without Juvenal, Johnson without Seneca, Congreve without Molière. But scholarship was almost a hindrance to the romanticists. What Sappho might have sung of the passions of life could have no vital literary effect on a Shelley whose own emotions and whose own genius for expression were in such intimate relationship. Mode was cast aside, precedent was of no avail; it was the individual singing to the individual — neither a product of evolution, both essentially primitive. It was thus that Burns found an audience, that Byron threw aside the ideal Greece for the Greece of reality.

Keats was not scholarly enough to apprehend the phrase of other literatures. He interpreted the Greek feeling, without reading a word of the Greek language; he was a Spenserian by instinct, a Provençal by temperament. Browning and Tennyson were reactionaries. The scholarship that returned with them did not, like Johnson's, destroy the poetry: the poetry that was in them, did not, as in Burns, destroy the scholarship. Rather the scholarship and the poetry were co-ordinate and always imperfectly fused.

But Swinburne liquifies and welds both elements. He is a great scholar in the greatest sense — a great *artist* in scholarship. He conceals the traces of midnight oil, he grows more and more human. The whole world of poetry seems to have passed into him, and to have come forth essentially his own. I deny neither Browning's subtler penetration nor Tennyson's extraordinary range of human appeal. But I assert that Swinburne, greater or less than they, is far more typically, more purely a poet.

VAN TYNE BROOKS

by the simplest of tests — that whatever element enters
poetry. Capable of both, he has been neither dulled by
debased by pedantry.
forms, the lyric is the most universal, the most inde-
and place, the most ethereal, the farthest from prose, and
most essential. Narrative is pedestrian, epic racial, satire
prose phrased in poetical form for purposes of economy.
Sappho might easily change places, since the simple ex-
nature is the one thing stable. It is only in the Eclogues
from Rome, only in 'Brignall Banks' that Scott is
'how fair it is to love' that Dryden is not first of all a
irulent writer of compact prose. Sappho might have
or Shelley, or Swinburne,—and Swinburne is one of
erature.

mixes many elements into one. Narrative, drama,
become song. And this is a characteristic which leads
the mother of all song. In 'Thalassius' the founda-
ture are transparent. He is a child of the sea, of the
u. He is one with absolute qualities, 'ruler of the
' a thing apart from civilizations, a thing
behind all evolution. Sappho is the first of
him of the same elements upon which
of their distinct personalities. Sappho is the first
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aspect of Nationalism. He is at
of occasional hymns to the brotherl
vn, for example, in the history of En
that exists between Swinburne and th

I know them since my spirit had first in sight
 The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness
 That held the fire eternal.'

It was in Swinburne's early years of 'Poems and Ballads' that Walt Whitman also became the expression of a new pantheism. In Sappho as in Wordsworth there was the instinctive sense of being identical with nature. But to one who had become in so many ways the product of complex conditions, life could no longer be wholly natural, and there was even a certain violence in this conscious return from the superficial to the fundamental:

' I will go back to the great sweet Mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea,
 I will go down to her, I and none other,
 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me.'

The sense of identity is gone, and there is the demand for a forced return. In this momentarily decadent touch one sees the turning of the blade, the exquisite difference between the really primitive and that which tries to be once more, the beginning of the circle and the ending, the spirit that came before evolution, the spirit that has come after.

When Swinburne emerges from these elements and assumes more definite intellectual form, it is as the poet of love. And here the decadent tinge is very deep in the poems of his early years. Two lines from 'Anactoria' may be taken to stand for his conception of love at this time:

' Ah, ah, thy beauty! like a beast it bites,
 Stings like an adder, like an arrow smites.'

This is neither Sappho nor Swinburne. It is Baudelaire. Frequent and emphatic as this strain is throughout the 'Poems and Ballads,' it is really the distorted view of a partially submerged identity. In 'Felise' we find an experiment in Gautier, the battledore and shuttlecock of half-playful sentiment; the old-rose memories, the lavender regrets. Yet all this tortuous, sinuous anguish of passion, all this stale and soggy counterfeit of love melts and flows again in the heat of more genuine sympathy with Shelley, 'the chalice of love's fire,' Spenser and Landor, Catullus and Burns. For the genius of Swinburne is too white-hot and throbbing to have anything lastingly in common with the work of Baudelaire.

' sick flowers of secrecy and shade,
 Green buds of sorrow and sin, and remnants gray,
 Sweet-smelling, pale with poison.'

Now it is in 'Thalassius,' the pinnacle of Swinburne's expression, that we find his final view of love, that

'Should live for love's sake of itself alone,
Though spirit and flesh were one thing doomed and dead.'

And in one of the poems of his later years this poet of vipers and bitings can sing of the love that casts out fear.

More numerous if much less inspired than the love poems, Swinburne's poems on *Man* form another great division of his work. He is a revolutionist of the old French type:

'God, if a God there be, is the substance of men, which is man,'
he cries, adding with a final frenzy,

'Glory to man in the highest! for man is the master of things.

And this doctrine he expands at length, forced by it into anarchy and atheism:

'A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night:
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might.'

For man contains in himself all that is needful to salvation. For this reason Swinburne is bitterly defiant of all established codes and modes. He is Elijah deriding the prophets of Baal: 'Cry aloud, for your God is a God!' And he always attacks the orthodox in the orthodox phrase. The priests are standing between God and man, he says,

'Because of whom we dare not love thee:
Though hearts reach back and memories ache,
We cannot praise thee for their sake.'

This hatred of priests is allied to his apotheosis of man: and finally bursts out in a whole volume of wild revolutionary chants, the 'Songs before Sunrise,' dedicated to Mazzini and bristling with lavish pæans to 'our prophet and our priest.' In the 'Song of Italy,' a *Benedicite* is recited, exhorting all Italian cities, all the elements of the universe, the skies and the stars, to praise Mazzini and magnify him forever. There is somehow an element of the absurd in the politics and criticism of Swinburne:

'Wrath has embittered the sweet mouth of song.'

He loses for awhile the essential heritage of Shelley and Byron. He is not a Utopian, but a Parliamentary Liberal, not a pure religionist, but an anti-ecclesiastic, in short, ceases to be a poet and becomes a pamphleteer.

In many ways allied to this humanistic and revolutionary aspect of Swinburne's work is the aspect of Nationalism. He is at all times an Englishman, in spite of occasional hymns to the brotherhood of man. Nothing is better known, for example, in the history of English criticism than the great bond that exists between Swinburne and the Elizabethan

dramatists, and the splendid service he has rendered them. In verse also they have inspired his 'Sonnets on the English Dramatists,' and a long series of prologues to isolated plays.

Quite independent of everything else in Swinburne is his aspect as poet of children. It has elsewhere been said that babies are not the natural offspring of such passions or such women as Dolores, Faustine, or Felice. Babies seem with Swinburne to be quite extraneous, quite independent of any logical human bonds, and most of the poems seem rather exercises in dainty words than anything more sincere or substantial. It is to Blake that we look for the prototype in spirit to such lines as these:

'Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we
Till good day shall smile away good night.'

In *Olive*, baby verse is treated more philosophically. Here is less of Blake and so singularly much of Wordsworth that I must quote the last two stanzas of this poem entire:

'Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on past reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth.

'Quenched as embers
Quenched with flakes of rain or snow
Till the last faint flame burns low,
All those lustrous memories lie
Dead with babyhood gone by:
Yet in her they dare not die
Others, fair as heaven is, yet,
Now they share not heaven, forget
She remembers.'

Just as we have been able to range the content of Swinburne's lyrical work under four chief headings, as poems of love, of man, of nationality, and of children, so now distinct subdivisions become apparent in the sources of his phraseology. And these may be considered in their chronological

order: the Greek, the Latin, the Oriental, the French, old and modern, the Italian, and the English.

In the literature of Greece he has two chief models; Sappho, in the lyrics of love, Æschylus in the choruses of tragedy. 'Anactoria' and 'Thalassius,' as we have seen, are often based on the actual words of Sappho, and they always give signs of his fundamental sympathy with her. Technically Swinburne's Greek sense is superb. He makes many metres idiomatic in our language, Sapphics and Choriambics, which had never seemed possible before. How singularly he embodies the Greek spirit is felt in his treatment of Christianity, at least before the mad days of anti-priesthood. In the 'Hymn to Proserpina' we feel it.

' For these give labour and slumber, but thou,
Proserpina, death.'

And elsewhere he says:

' Peace, rest, and sleep are all we know of death.'

It is to

' Æschylus, ancient of days,
Whose word is the perfect song,'

that he turns for the choruses of his Greek tragedies, finding in him most of the vague, primordial, gigantic mysticism which he has so wonderfully reproduced.

With the Latin poets he has less in common. Catullus is, of course, his favorite, but there is little direct quotation, beyond the phrase 'Ave atque Vale,' which has gained a new life with him. He imitates Horace only in the phrase,

' Verona, fairer than thy mother fair.

But of Lucretius he writes in his poem on the 'Feast of Giordano Bruno:'

' From bonds and torments of the ravening flame
Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet
Lucretius, where such only spirits meet
And walk with him apart till Shelley came
To make the heaven of heavens more heavenly sweet,
And mix with yours a third incorporate name.'

When we turn to the influence of Oriental literature, we find little apart from the Bible. His poems to Richard Burton show a sense of the voluptuous beauty of the 'Arabian Nights.' In the poem 'Hertha,' the old Hindu idea is curiously adapted to meet the present:

' Man equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.'
But this poem itself is based not upon the Oriental form direct, but indirectly through the 'Brahma' of Emerson, in which occur these lines:

‘ They reckon ill who leave me out;
 When me they fly, I am the wings;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.’

Similarly Swinburne says,

‘ I am stricken and I am the blow,’

and again,

‘ I the mark that is missed,
 And the arrows that miss.’

The chief Oriental influence on Swinburne, however, is the Bible, with which his actual relations are most singular. Throughout, he takes a constantly rational view, and the Bible is merely a phrase-book to him. It is an interesting sidelight that he left Oxford without taking a degree because, though he knew more Greek than his examiners, he was ploughed in Scripture. But, however that may be, he understood the quality of Isaiah and of the Song of Solomon and could make good use of their methods and manners. In one of his earliest lyrics, ‘ A Ballad of Life,’ occur these lines:

‘ Even she between whose lips the kiss became
 As fire and frankincense;
 Whose hair was as gold raiment on a king,
 Whose eyes were as the morning purged with flame,
 Whose eyelids as sweet savour issuing thence.’

And among innumerable passages, this also recalls Solomon’s song:

‘ Her beds are full of perfume and sad sound,
 Her doors are made with music, and barred round
 With sighing and with laughter and with tears,
 With tears whereby strong souls of men are bound.’

Most significant of Swinburne’s scholarship is his habit of imitating the phrase of the Bible in a spirit wholly antagonistic to its original sense. In such lines as

‘ The people’s nail-pierced hands
 The people’s nail-pierced feet,’

he is able to emphasize his hatred of Christianity, as also in

‘ These have not where to lay their head.’

And it is curious in spite of this to see how exquisitely for merely artistic purposes his ‘ Christmas Antiphones’ can catch the spirit of the Church. The language of the Bible constantly impresses him. Every stanza of ‘ A Watch in the Night ’ begins with the line:

‘ Watchman, what of the night ? ’

In Italian literature Swinburne is principally concerned with Dante and Boccaccio. From Dante's *Stelli* he has borrowed the device by which he concludes nine of his seventeen lyrical volumes, besides innumerable single pieces, with the word *sea*. He seems to see Boccaccio through Chaucer — at least the tales that he retells are in the manner of the 'Canterbury Tales.' From Leopardi, among more recent Italians, he has taken the lines,

'O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi,
Ma la gloria non vedo,'

which he imitates in Siena:

'The weary poet, thy sad son,
Saw all Italian things save one —
Italia: this thing missed his eyes.'

Swinburne is affected by both the old French and the modern French literatures. Yet there is no profound community of feeling between him and Villon. Swinburne's touch is seldom delicate, in the French sense — he is too vital, too intense, has too much even of the uncouth about him. 'A Century of Roundels' are thus his own heavy, often highly charged ideas encased in trinkets of verse, singularly inappropriate.

When we turn to the French of the nineteenth century we find the sources of that deep tinge of decadence which colors the 'Poems and Ballads.' Typical of this are such lines as those from 'Laus Veneris':

'Lo, she was thus when her clear limbs enticed
All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ.'

But he has outgrown this when he finds in Victor Hugo a brother in the cause of Man.

Naturally enough Swinburne's greatest and most comprehensive sympathy lies with the literature of England. It is in his imitations of the early ballads that we find his connection with the Preraphaelites, and he has admirably revived the old Border spirit. The structure of the 'Masque of Queen Bersabe' is also Early English, as is the passage in 'Saint Dorothy' where the heathen king quotes Saint Luke, as Adam quotes Saint John in the miracle play. Saint Dorothy herself reminds one constantly of the Prioress, as she appears in Chaucer's Prologue:

'Her mercy in her was so marvelous
From her least years, that seeing her school-fellows
That read beside her stricken with a rod,
She would cry sore and say some word to God
That he would ease her fellow of his pain.
There is no touch of sun or fallen rain
That ever fell on a more gracious thing.'

And this is an example of his general knowledge of mediæval tradition. More than once he employs figures that stand for stories of the primitive church — as, for instance, this reference to the legend of Tannhäuser and ultimately of Saint Christopher:

‘ Until this day shred staff, that hath no whit
Of leaf or bark, bear blossom and smell sweet,
Seek thou not any mercy in God’s sight,
For so long shalt thou be cast out from it.’

Among the dramatists, next to Shakespeare, he worships Marlowe.

‘ What hour save this should be thine hour and mine,
If thou have care of any less divine
Than thine own soul, if thou take thought of me,
Marlowe, as all my soul takes thought of thine.’

And in those lines from ‘ Laus Veneris: ’

‘ I see the marvelous mouth whereby there fell
Cities and peoples whom the gods loved well,
Yet for her sake on them the fire gat hold,
And for their sakes on her the fires of Hell,’

we recognize at once an imitation of the marvelous soliloquy in ‘ Doctor Faustus,’

‘ Is this the face that launched a thousand ships? ’

By Milton’s manner, Swinburne is not seriously influenced. But he uses frequently and with great effectiveness the stanza-form of the ‘ Nativity Ode.’ In those vivid lines from ‘ Dolores’:

‘ Ringed round with a flame of fair faces
And splendid with swords,’

there is a certain reminiscence of Milton’s celebrated

‘ With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.’

In his hatred of priests also, we are reminded of the rancour of Milton:

‘ Lo, they lie warm and fatten in the mire,’

he says, recalling Milton’s

‘ But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.’

The influences of contemporary poetry were again rather on the side of phrase than of spirit. Tiny fragments of Browning’s philosophy are interspersed through Swinburne’s earlier work. Those exquisite lines in ‘ The Oblation,’

‘ I that have love and no more
Give you but love of you, sweet,
He that hath more, let him give;’

and similarly the lines from his first 'Dedication':

'They are many, but my gift is single,
My verses, the first-fruits of me,'

instantly recall Browning's

'This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.'

But the 'Triumph of Time' is Swinburne's great unconscious tribute to Browning. The poem ends with a sort of resignation that reminds one of 'Abt Vogler.' As to the style, where it is not splendidly Swinburne's own, a few quotations will indicate whose it is:

'These will no man do for your sake, I think,
What I would have done for the least word said.
I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,
Broken it up for your daily bread.'

And in another place he says:

'To have died if you cared I should die for you, clung
To my life if you bade me, played my part
As it pleased you — these were the thoughts that stung
The dreams that smote with a keener dart
Than shafts of love or arrows of death.'

In many isolated poems, other models seem to have been in Swinburne's mind: there is something of William Morris in the 'Garden or Proserpina' and in the archaisms of 'Laus Veneris'; the constant use of the word *reiterate* is a trick of Rossetti's. And one of the most curious examples of remote influence appears in

'Whence thy fair face lightens, and where thy soft springs leap,'—
lines that recall Poe's

'Where thy dark eye glances
And where thy footstep gleams.'

The changes in Swinburne's philosophy, the mad phases of lasciviousness, of rebellion and revolution, of patriotism, are never more than superficial, however much they may mar the actual content of his poems. It is the sea that lies behind him, above him, beneath him, the symbol of all passion and grandeur and beauty:

'I would not rise from the slain world's tomb
If there be no more sea.'

And this, far beyond any sense of the liberation of the French, of the equality of man or the golden days of romance, is his bond with Victor Hugo, the great French poet of the sea. And this is the bond between Swinburne and Landor, that they are able to say each of the other, in Landor's words:

'We are what suns and winds and waters make us.'

HEWLETT AND HEARN: TWO TYPES OF ORIENTALISTS

BY EUGÉNIE M. FRYER

THERE are always at least two points of view, two types of people and things, two forces progressive and retrogressive, two species in essence the same, in development antipathetic. This is essentially true of Hewlett and Hearn. Both are artists, both colorists, both Orientalists, both æsthetic worshippers of beauty. Yet Hewlett is swamped in color, Hearn is uplifted by it; Hewlett is steeped in Oriental sensuousness, Hearn is enveloped in the spiritual world of Eastern thought; Hewlett is full of the art for art's sake spirit which tends to realism; Hearn is enwrapped in mystic idealism.

Their ideas of art reflect largely their ideas of life, and these two together portray the personality of each. Hewlett sees in nature, in people, a sentient beauty and reproduces it. To him art is tangible — opaque beauty. But Hearn views nature and people in their relation to the spirit world which surrounds them. To him art is ethereal, evanescent — translucent beauty. Hewlett portrays a personal side of art, her subtleties, her beauty, her charm, but underlying all pulsates the worship of the physical — the hidden note of realism. Hearn's attitude to art is far more impersonal. Beauty to him is not merely exquisite form or color, but the veil which envelops the deeper, spiritual things. In beauty, in art, in nature, it is not the exterior loveliness alone, but the inner meaning of it all that appeals so strongly to him. He sees into the soul of things, his vision is far-reaching. Hewlett sees, absorbs, and reproduces, but his vision is curtailed — it could never pierce the veil of the 'Blue Ghost.' His vision is blunted by realism; Hearn's is sharpened by idealism. Both these men are keenly sensitive to atmospheric surroundings, but Hearn is far more delicately poised than Hewlett. Hewlett's sensitiveness lies more in an impressionistic way. He absorbs the spirit of a scene like a sponge, and as quickly reproduces it tingling with life. He lets himself go and for the time is completely lost. But Hearn's sensitiveness is quickened by restraint. He may quiver with emotion, he may be lifted to the ineffable 'Blue Ghost' and beyond, yet he never loses himself. His is an æsthetic emotion that perforce must express itself because it is born of suffering.

With Hewlett life is subservient to art. Art is everywhere; it is the goal. **But** with Hearn art is the interpreter of life; by it he seeks hidden things; **it is** the path leading to the goal. Hearn sees in the hurrying crowds the **mystery** of life, psychological enigmas and problems to be met and solved. **Hewlett** sees in them men and women alive and palpitating, and reproduces **them** faithfully, really, wonderfully. He is filled with the beauty and the **romance** of past glories that pervade the atmosphere of Italy and France **and** he plunges us into a sea of color — vivid, throbbing with vitality, **exquisite**. Hearn's color scheme is as æsthetically delicate as the 'pearl **ints**' of the evening sky that he describes in 'Chita,' and this exquisite **delicacy** of expression is the very keynote of his outlook on life. For while **appreciating** the outward beauty and loveliness, yet to him nature, people, **and** things are but the outward sign of deeper things, and therefore art **should** be the symbolic expression of these inner things. It is the inner **emotions** that interest him, and in art he deals with its symbolic side. **He** dissects these emotions one by one; Hewlett reproduces them. Hewlett **viewing** life from the art for art's sake standpoint, makes realism — **coarseness** and sensuality — artistic, and therefore, according to his thinking, **justifiable**. Hearn's æsthetic nature, heightened by his contact with the **East**, shrinks back from the least suggestion of coarseness and sensuality. **Hewlett's** ideal of art is extreme,—yet a Western viewpoint; Hearn's is **entirely** Eastern.

Hewlett's personality always protrudes, his individuality is ever in the **foreground**. Hearn, largely because of his exotic poignancy, keeps his **personality** in the background; his individuality, though distinctive, is **merged** in the 'multiplicity incalculable.' Hewlett gives us rugged **pictures** of scenes, places, and events that catch our fancy and linger in our **memory**. He dazzles us by his strong, audacious handling of his materials. **Hearn** opens up endless avenues of thought which stimulate our minds and **leave** us eager to seek further. He holds us by his very sensitiveness and **restraint**. Hewlett is a teller of tales and a fine one, but Hearn is a thinker, **virile** and strong.

Hewlett is full of a childish simplicity and candor. Hearn is full of a **simplicity** that springs from nobility of soul, a soul that has suffered much **in** the pursuit of Truth. For Hearn's fine pride was as sensitive as his **perception**, and life led him often by thorny paths and rough ways. Yet **he** never lost his sweetness; there is never a note of rancor or bitterness. **His** song, though minor sometimes, is never discordant. Hewlett is **comfortably** happy. Though he is sensitive to surroundings, and affected by

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them, his organism is not so finely strung as Hearn's. He is æsthetic but he lacks the spirituality of the latter. He is the Moorish type of Oriental, content to bask in the sunlight, in an atmosphere of luxurious ease absorbing the beauty all about him. He is buoyant, he is gay, revelling in brightness, seeking to escape the shadow. But Hearn typifies the Oriental of the far East, reserved, controlled, melancholy. He is ever struggling in the shadow, the shadow of another world, with unseen, unknown forces. Hewlett is the gay troubadour of Provence singing of love in the 'thrust-hills of the Vexin,' and his song is beautiful, melodious, full of passion. Hearn's song is the weird, mysterious music of the East, pathetic, yet inexpressibly sweet, the echo of the silvery song of the Kusa-Hibari. Suffering brought out his truest, sweetest notes, and developed in him not only a rare sympathy, but also a power that Hewlett with all his skill cannot reproduce.

AMONG THE GERMAN WRITERS

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

LONGEVITY is not one of the characteristics of the generation of German writers, who barely twenty-five years ago rose above the horizon as '*Jugend, die dem Aufschwung vorangeht.*' Some did not even live to see the change in the canons of art, which they had heralded. Hermann Conradi, who died in the very beginning of the new storm and stress period, has been followed by an astonishing number of his comrades: Ludwig Jacobowski, Franz Held, Peter Hille, Wilhelm von Polenz, I. I. David, and others. Last year one of the founders of the new school, Heinrich Hart, was called away in the midst of a critical activity, which had begun to surpass his creative efforts in lyric and epic verse. Now Wilhelm Holzamer, another poet and critic distinguished for the refinement and the dignity of his work, has laid down his pen. Soon every one of the guild of youth which stirred up the stagnant waters of German poetry in the eighties will have passed through the gates of death, which according to popular belief admit the poet and artist into the temple of fame.

Almost simultaneous with the announcement of a collected edition of the works of Heinrich Hart, of which Julius Hart, Wilhelm Boelsche, and Wilhelm Holzamer were the editors, comes the publication of some posthumous volumes of young authors, whose work was known only to a limited circle of their friends, yet possesses those qualities which claim the attention of a larger audience. Walter Calé was a typical product of the unsettled thought of a transition period. Born at a time when the atmosphere of Germany was rife with ideas of an intellectual renaissance, he ended his life at the age of twenty-two. The volume of posthumous prose and verse is as fragmentary as was his life. Yet the intellectuality of Calé is so typical of the generation to which he belonged, that the book has the interest of a curious document. Calé had developed at an amazingly rapid pace. His knowledge was surprising. Familiar with all the philosophies of the world, he was a searcher for abstract general truths. He typified every individual experience and removed it from the actual world into the realm of ideality. So erratic as to be untractable, so versatile as to be diffuse, he was unable to cash and to discipline his gifts, and the result was disastrous to his achievement. The fatalistic note of his lyrics is significant of the intellectual arrogance of his reading of life:

' But I am unperturbed
 And strong as destiny.
 The network of the spider
 I follow placidly.

My faithful pencil firmly
 Line upon line does trace
 Off the errant path of delusion
 And the lying shadow-world.'

Perversely resigned to the rôle of a passive onlooker, he revelled in the knowledge that the black rider was waiting without, ready to carry him whither he willed, but that he preferred to stay within. It is a curious motive recurring with the insistence of an idiosyncrasy in the *Nachgelassene Schriften* (S. Fischer, Berlin).

The other young poet whose premature death induced his friends to collect his verse, is the Tyrolese Anton Renk. Nursed upon the clear, sweet air of his native mountains, upon the lore and the history of his country, his art reflects a personality of robust strength and simplicity. His view of life was wholesome. Deeply religious and patriotic, he was not the man to indulge in mere poetic speculation, but often sounded the clarion notes of the champion, challenging his people to scale the heights of the ideal. The earthy flavor of some of his lyrics makes them rank among the best specimens of *Heimatskunst*, that Austria has produced of late, and justifies the publication of the two volumes under the auspices of Jungtirol and the imprint of Georg Mueller, Leipzig.

Aurelius Polzer, professor at the university of Graz, is the author of a book of verse, *In Sturmnacht und Sonnenschein* (Graz, Janotta), which is also distinctly patriotic. Polzer is almost robust in his faith in life and his attachment to his native soil. He sings the praise of the German country and the German people, of German speech and German wine. Sometimes he effectively strikes a pantheistic note, as in the poem *Gott in der Natur* and in *Sonnentod*. Georg von Oertzen, whose new book *Vor der eigenen Tuer* (I. Bielefeld, Freiburg) bears the subtitle *Deutsche Sorgen und Gedanken*, succeeds in giving his patriotism a distinctly individual expression. As the titles suggest, his attitude towards his country is critical; his love for his people is not blind to the weaker sides of the national character and especially to some of the darker shadows that lurk beneath the glaring light of material prosperity. That this poet of the older generation should obstinately refuse to join in the pæan to the glory of the new Empire and bravely point out wherein its much-praised culture fails to fulfill ideal

requirements, is significant enough to give him a place by himself in the ranks of German poets. Yet Georg von Oertzen is no radical or reformer, applying the standards of some Utopian dream to the actual Germany of to-day. He is simply a German patriot of the old school, and it is well to add, an aristocrat, appalled by the parvenu love of glitter and the insincerity apparent to the serious and faithful observer. There is little verbal beauty in this volume of verse, but there is an abundance of verbal strength, with here and there a touch of genuine Old-German Berserker wrath.

Hermann Stegemann's volume of verse *Vita Somnium Breve* (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) is not to be measured by the standard of excellence which his fiction has reached. Its simple dedication, *Meinen Freunden*, suggests that it may be one of those books which a man of unusual strength and wealth of mind can produce in an interval of rest from more ambitious labors. Yet it is not without distinction, and although it shows little of the dramatic power which characterizes his Alsatian stories, reveals other sides of his artistic individuality. There are some lyric gems which should delight a composer, for they have just enough of that strong undercurrent of deep sentiment, and their language has the delicate imagery and the liquid note which makes great songs. *Sonnenwende* and *Verblueht* are far above the longer and more serious poems in the book for genuine lyrical feeling.

Of the group of dramatists that once were considered likely to rival Hauptmann, Max Halbe was one of the most promising. But since the success of *Jugend* and *Mutter Erde* he has repeatedly disappointed his audiences and his critics. The new play *Das wahre Gesicht* (Albert Langen, Munich), will not rehabilitate him in their esteem. It is a most elaborate work, a tragedy in five acts and a prelude, remotely suggesting a hero of the Wallenstein type, but thoroughly unconvincing. The dramatic construction and the scenic requirements show the author's mastery of the technique of his art, but he fails to interest in his characters. The atmosphere of the book is frigid and artificial. Not even the national historic background will be able to save the play.

A tragedy with a strong satirical color is *Aufstand in Syrakus*, by Ludwig Bauer, contained in a volume, called *Theater* and published by Bruns of Minden. But the work which is far more likely to raise the author to a prominent rank among our dramatists is a masterpiece in one act, contained in the same book: *Automobil*. In this little comedy a segment of modern society is satirized so keenly and so forcibly, that it may stand as the final expression of a passing phase as seen through the glasses of a modern Juvenal. The style is admirably well chosen; the characters are so simple in outline as to seem mere charcoal sketches; but the types are so tangibly real

as to become living personalities. Paul Schueler's *Nachtstuecke* (Schottlaender, Breslau) are also an interesting group of plays, but they are rather the work of a thoughtful poet, giving his reading of life, than that of a man writing for the stage of to-day. The problems he treats are vital and eternally human, yet he has the rare gift of suggesting a haunting sense of remoteness from the material limitations of life and the delusions of flesh.

The one-act play has become a favorite with the dramatists of Germany. Felix Doermann has written a delightful volume under the collective title, *Das staerkere Geschlecht* (Wedekind & Co., Berlin). The sex relations are the Leitmotiv, but he directs the shafts of his satire against men and women, because in those relations both are likely to show their weakness. Two of the plays are transcriptions from life, painfully true of social conditions in modern Germany, as elsewhere. The degrading commercialization of sex relations is treated with mordant sarcasm and yet with a touch of grim humor, a philosophical acceptance of the situation which cannot fail to appeal to the audience. The other plays in the book have less of that element of popularity in them, both treating unusual problems. *Hagith*, with its mediæval plot and atmosphere, remotely suggests *Arme Heinrich* and *Mona Vanna*. It is an exquisite dramatic poem, although it is not quite convincing. *Die Weberfluessigen* is an ideal specimen of the *drame intime*. A young girl, member of an artist household, is loved by the two men of the family and stands between the husband and his lovable, faithful wife, and between father and son. There is no action; nothing happens to break up the family; for the girl, knowing that in either case two people, to whom she is devoted, would be made miserable, quietly leaves the house, the peace whereof she has innocently disturbed. The bare statement of the plot gives no idea of the dramatic intensity of this little soul tragedy.

Max Bernstein's book, deriving its title, *Der Goldene Schluessel* (S. Fischer, Berlin), from the play which Kainz has successfully presented, is of very unequal merit. The title play is an exceedingly clever theatrical *tour de force*. In *Die gruene Schnur* the author, who is a prominent lawyer in Munich, has written a capital satire upon German law, which has been a popular subject since the days of Kleist's *Zerbrochene Krug*. Like Doermann, Bernstein reaches the highwater mark in his book in one of those dramatic miniatures, where within the smallest possible compass of time and place a segment of human life is pictured at one of those crucial moments that turn the tide of fate. A man eloping with the wife of another; a waiting-room in a railway station between the arrival of two express trains — that is all. Nothing happens; yet during that brief interval the souls of both live through their whole past and meet in the present, into which fall the

shadows of the future. It is a remarkable achievement both for its psychology and its style. Hermann Bahr, too, has published a volume of one-act plays which are proof of his splendid workmanship and are wonderfully suggestive: *Grotesken* (Karl Konegen, Vienna). No stronger satire upon modern life has been written than his '*Klub der Erlaeser.*' The wrath of the individual that has outgrown the limitations of caste still maintained by church and state, but almost extinct in the spirit of the people, seethes in this play. There is a prince, who would relinquish all prerogatives of his rank and courts the favor of an anarchist; and there is this descendent of generations of proletaires, who cannot forget how his forebears were wronged by the ancestors of the other man: 'That I should be so homely! With the profile of Rafael I would have been a saint. But — not to dare to face a mirror! And through the fault of your forefathers! Your people have in the remote past for many hundreds of years so tortured and hunted my fathers, that we, the grandchildren, still bear the traces of secret rage and hatred in our distorted features.'

A curiously interesting and powerful play is Franz Duelberg's four-act drama, *Korallenkettlin* (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). The author has chosen a subject of the utmost sociological importance: prostitution; but he has saved it from being unpleasantly realistic and suggestive of a sermon by using a picturesque mediæval setting. The plot, too, is original. The heroine, absolutely ignorant of life, has fled from the tyranny of the parental home to a house of ill repute, and kills the first man who approaches her. Imprisoned and sentenced to death, she is rescued by the reigning prince, who returns from abroad and on finding his city excited about the strange crime, takes a fancy to the girl. But a fanatic priest confuses her with his exhortations of penance and expiation, and disappointed in everything that life seems to hold for her, conscious of being only a toy even to her royal deliverer, who has placed her upon the throne, she commits suicide. The play is well constructed and the seriousness of spirit evident in the discreet treatment of the unpleasant theme merits special notice.

There has been a flood of fiction from the pens of old favorites and newcomers. Rosegger has satisfied the demand for a book of humor by culling from his works all the stories of those delightful provincials, which he calls *Abelsberger*, and offering them under the title of *Die Abelsberger Chronik* (L. Etaackmann, Leipzig). It is a book worthy to rank with the *Schildbuerger* as an inexhaustible source of amusement. Marie Ebner-Eschenbach's book, *Aus meinen Schriften* (Gebrueder Poetel, Berlin), is also a selection from her writings made for her young friends. It contains some of her most charming stories, as *Krambambambuli* and *Die*

Spitzin, a number of tales and parables, some poems and a bunch of aphorisms. Otto Ernst has, since the success of his play *Flachsmann als Erzieher* and the novel *Asmus Sempers Jugend* written some volumes of short stories, sketches, and *causeries*, full of a homely mature wisdom and a genial wholesome humor. *Vom geruhigen Leben* (L. Staackmann, Leipzig), is his latest edition to this department of his works. Wilhelm Scharrelmann, who will be remembered for his controversy with the school authorities of Bremen, and as one of the authors of that powerful play *Krieg*, which was given under a Russian pseudonym and attributed to one of the younger writers of that unfortunate country, has written a book of short stories and sketches, *Die Fahrt ins Leben* (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), which gives ample proof of his strength as an observer and painter of every-day life. But his vision is not bounded by the world of the senses; he is a seeker of spiritual values even in the material stress of the workaday world. This gives his stories from real life as well as his imaginative tales an ethical significance which few of the modern German realists can claim for their works.

Hermann Hesse's volume, *Diesselts* (S. Fischer, Berlin), contains five stories of a retrospective character and probably autobiographical. They are reminiscences of youth narrated with a charming simplicity. The note is personal, but throughout sincere and genuine. *Aus Kinderzeiten* is the record of a child's first impression of sickness and death, psychologically true, but told with such a delicacy of feeling and with such a strong suggestion of its spiritual meaning as to make it a poem in prose. *Die Marmorsaeger* and *Der Lateinschueler* are tales of youthful love; sweet and wholesome, yet thoroughly individual in plot and treatment, they strike the reader as anomalous in a period when morbid eroticism alone seems to engage the attention of the literary world. The book has dignity and charm.

Among women writers Charlotte Knoeckel is a newcomer of great promise. Her *Kinder der Gasse* secured for her a hearing, and her second book, *Die Schwester Gertrud* (S. Fischer, Berlin), shows remarkable progress. It is a problem story of serious meaning. The author handles the difficult question, whether a nurse is justified in abbreviating the suffering of a patient whose death is only a question of days, perhaps hours, with great discretion and with a rare insight into the working of the human soul. Sister Gertrude is a living personality. The author's strength shows not only in her portrayal of character, but also in her suggestion of the milieu. She knows the art of economy; there is in the story not one superfluous detail.

GABIELE D'ANNUNZIO

BY PIETRO ISOLA

ONE of the peculiarities of conditions in Italy may be said to consist in the labyrinth of dialects pervading the whole peninsula. This logically indicates a distinction of sections, which as we all know exist and thrive. These conditions, remaining so pronounced as they are, after almost fifty years of political unity, have alarmed many Italians and foreigners, and we concluded that the unity, which cost so much blood and effort, proved a success.

Leaving the political question aside and examining into that of dialects, representatives of varying sections, I incline to assume that in their exuberance lies the promise of future Italian literature. This for various reasons: the principal one being that in these conditions a perennial source of inspiration will be found, a wealth of color, a strong and distinct sense of individuality that will give originality by finding and forming new and newer forms to enrich our literature and art. It will also give the wealth of vocabulary that will maintain the language living, glowing, and beautiful. Our language has ever been vigorous, sparkling, life injecting; while our uniform literary language has often been dead. Porta Meli, Guadagnoli, and a few at random, and surely the incomparable Goldoni, have been great, not according to Academic standards and measurements, but for the total of life they gave out; while the pedants groped about in the darkness of grammar or rhetoric. The language was the Academy, the life was life. Goldoni had little to do with language and much with life. The Academicians were like the writers that Giuseppe Giusti says: *Il Poeta Siciliano L'Estro Sulla Falsariga*. Our earliest writers, those of the twelfth or thirteenth century, are still interesting and a source of inspiration because we find them so near the people in form and thought. They were sincere as their great contemporaries the painters. With our new life, with our new aspirations it was necessary that, despite the barbaric influences and senile pedantry, a man should rise to fuse form and life into a new form embodying what we have now to express.

Italy has been fortunate. Two men have appeared to promote and perfect the necessary change: Giosue Carducci and Gabriele D'Annunzio. It is not my task to draw any comparisons between these two men nor to prove which of the two has the greater claim upon his country.

D'Annunzio has surely given us a new language and a new impetus. He has reaffirmed our national conscience. He has revealed all the potency, the glow, the color, the life, and the heretofore almost unknown beauties of our tongue. For years we have been servile imitators of our neighbors; we have gorged ourselves with Gallicisms, not deeming our language capable of expressing all that others could express. D'Annunzio has changed all that. He has given us immeasurable power. He stands to-day as our great Stylist. He has felt and feels the civic dignity of the writer—'no longer to be considered as the subtle ornament of an industrious, laborious civilization, but as the first among its citizens; as the highest example of the product of a people; as the interpreter, the witness, and the messenger of his time.'

When still very young, D'Annunzio heard two words that came to him from over the Alps: '*Latin Renaissance*.' It was Melchior de Voguë who uttered those words after reading some of D'Annunzio's latest works. The Italians, still perplexed between pedantry and new necessities, had never addressed to him such inspiring words as these; words that filled him with a new power; with ambition to achieve and lift himself to the exalted position of leader, nay, a regenerator of Italian literature.

Has he succeeded? Do his countrymen accept him as a leader? Alas! '*Nemo propheta in patria*.' There is not a man in Italy more disliked than Gabriele D'Annunzio. Yet, there is not a man who has discharged his task more diligently or has kept his word more faithfully. Notwithstanding his defects, and they are many and grave, let us give him due credit; let us be unstinted in the praise he deserves; if we cannot offer him all the love and admiration we should like to bestow upon a noble man and leader, we must hail him as a great factor in our contemporary literature. He has given us a greater prose, he has, as he promised, rehabilitated and dignified our narrative and descriptive prose; he has given us unsurpassable poetic gems; he has commanded attention and admiration by a branch of art of which we knew little,—dramatic art; he has achieved all this, not by any 'happy fortuitous interference, but by hard work, a virtue not too common with us, who love to sparkle rather than seek for an increasing power within: and when the desire for glory overtakes us, we believe that the conquest of Art resembles the siege of a turreted city, when trumpets, clarion, and clamor aid the courage of the assailants; while only that Art endures which

rows amidst austere silence; slow, indomitable pertinacity, the solitary concentration and the dedication of spirit and soul to the Ideal which we desire to endow with a dominating power among men.' It is only by such discipline that he has been able to gain the high position he holds everywhere.

In his art D'Annunzio has been very versatile; delightfully eclectic, he has been realist, psychologist, symbolist, mystic. He has learned much of all writers; Doumic, Mendes, Rabusson, Maupassant, Baudelaire, Rossetti, Tolstoy, and others among the Russians. In style and defects he seems to have a strong affinity with Théophile Gautier. He has, in fact, been called a Frenchman writing in Italian, but what Italian! By some he has been called an imitator, by others a plagiarist. These of course are the accusations '*a la mode du jour*.' He has too much individuality to be an imitator. He is an omnivorous reader; his culture is vast and he can read most authors in the originals; he is versed in the classics and he has assimilated the literature and lore of his whole country and has fathomed its meaning and beauty. He lacks originality, and in '*Piacere*' Andre perelli shows this point very clearly, when D'Annunzio makes him say: 'Almost always before beginning to write he needed a certain musical intonation coming to him from some other poet, and he usually sought it among the old Tuscans; an hemistich by Lapo Gianni or Cavalcanti or Dino Petrarch or Lorenzo; a note; a *La* as a foundation for his first harmony.' That is also what D'Annunzio needs, which, let us admit, is very far from imitation. No one accuses Raphael of imitation or plagiarism, yet even in his greatness he needed similar intonation. It is what takes place within; the transformation wrought by genius that renders the work original. D'Annunzio is Italian, his land is of the Abruzzi, and he is himself: therefore, the pollen gathered among the flowers of Italian or European literature could only bring forth blossom with special characteristics and coloring.

As a writer he has been so long before the public that very few realize, not how old he is, but rather how young. He was born at Pescara, on the Adriatic coast, in 1864, and his first verses, '*Primo Vere* and '*In Memoriam*' were published in 1880, or when sixteen years of age. His subsequent verses, '*Il Canto Nuovo*,' were published before his twentieth year. This would mean very little but for the fact that those verses proclaimed him a poet and placed him in the front rank of literature. Moreover, those verses remain unsurpassed, —his best. We have greater erudition, more artistry, wider view of life (right or wrong); but those verses remain unmatched for spontaneity, fluidity, and richness. They reveal in him a fine sensibility vibrating under the slightest touch, fragrance, or sight.

L'Isotteo e La Chimera' were offered to the public in 1885 and 1889. In these we find evidence of the study of our earliest literature and we are carried back to the limpid language of the *Trecentisti*. All the ballads and songs are exquisite and notable, among them the thirteenth ballad describing Isaotta drinking at the spring; '*Io t'inghirlando o fonte,*' also the fourth ballad describing Isaotta's hand. This is beautiful in itself and interesting as the fundamental theme for his other verses in 'Hortus Larvarum,' 'Le Mani,' and finally the tragic incident in 'Gioconda.' The hand is ever an interesting theme with D'Annunzio, who, when possessed of a thought or image, returns to it, time after time, with renewed energy and enthusiasm. Is this due to his lack of invention? The hands are full of meaning to him. For instance, in the christening of Innocente: 'Giovanni held the child on his right arm, upon the hand that on the previous day had scattered the seed, the left rested among the ribbons and laces, and those hands, bony, thin, brown, that seemed cast in a living bronze: those hands hardened upon the implements of the field, sanctified by the good they had spread, by the vast work they had performed, now, in holding the infant, evinced a delicacy, almost a timidity, so gentle that I could not withhold my gaze.' Elsewhere he describes the hand and gesture of the sower and the hands of Violante.

His verses 'L'Aprile,' in 'Hortus Larvarum,' are very beautiful in form and conception and the music is exquisite.

*Socchiusa e la finestra, sul giardino
un' ora passa lenta, sonnolenta
Ed ella, ch'era attenta, s'addormenta
a quella voce che giu si lamenta,
— che si lamenta in fondo a quel giardino.'*

Many other verses of this collection represent the best of this author's works in that line, but they defy translation. His 'Odi Navali' should also be considered as well as all his later verses. He has become the Pindar of Italy and beginning with his 'Ode to Admiral Saint-Bon,' he has been called upon to sing all our best men: Garibaldi, Bellini, Verdi, Carducci, and others.

But I must leave his poetic works and give an idea succinctly of his prose work, later of his dramas. In these we shall find exhibited his great talent; his power among the Italians; his artistic shortcomings and other unenviable characteristics and limitations. Of his prose works I shall, for the sake of brevity, consider only three, and these I shall consider through the prefaces. These are 'Piacere' (1889), 'Giovanni Episcopo' (1892), Trionfo della Morté (1889).

Interesting as the preface to a book is, it becomes an important document with these three works. The preface to 'Piacere' is in the form of a letter to Francesco Paolo Michetti, the eminent artist and intimate friend of the author.

'To you I owe the development of one of the most noble among man's intellectual faculties; I owe you the habit of observation, and I owe you also a method. I am now convinced, as you are, that there is for us but one single method of study; one single object,—Life. I smile when I realize that this book in which I study with deep sadness so much corruption, depravity, perversity, falsity, and cruelty, was written in the midst of the simple and serene peace of your home, between the last songs of the harvest and the lonely pastorals of winter snows,—Ave, friend, and teacher.'

Now what is the result of this observation of life? What is the method and what constitutes the book? I have already remarked that D'Annunzio lacks originality or inventiveness. And we find no plot in any of his stories.

In 'Piacere' we have simply a large canvas upon which the artist has drawn one salient figure and two accessory ones. Andrea Sperelli, a most sensuous, abject being; Donna Elena Muti, a perverse, sensuous, handsome creature; Donna Maria Fleres, a woman of high ideals and culture, soon tumbled in the mire at the feet of Andrea. The scene opens with Andrea Sperelli in his apartment, which he calls the '*buen retiro*,' awaiting the arrival of Elena Muti, his mistress. This apartment is described by D'Annunzio with great art, painstaking minuteness, in fact, marvellous virtuosity, so as to prepare us to accept Andrea Sperelli as a man of vast culture, of ultra-refined tastes, an artist, a poet. Elena arrives and, instead of ministering to his desires, informs Andrea that she is married and their relations must cease. This sudden change in her position seems to awaken some chagrin in him, but he soon realizes that this marriage would add new piquancy to their relation and makes such advances that Elena asks him: 'Could you prefer to share me with another?' This seems for an instant to abash Andrea, but only for an instant, because a few pages further in the book we have to come to the conclusion that he would be perfectly willing to share her with another. Still more, those lofty words of Elena must not be taken too seriously. She is soon revealed as having formed a new liaison with a young man. The separation, however, is inevitable on the part of Elena, and Andrea Sperelli tries to comfort himself by giving way to a life of dissipation and dominating passions, a life that is in strong contrast with his high thoughts and splendid gifts. Andrea makes love to innumerable women and they invariably succumb to his desires. For him there is nothing sacred in woman; she is simply a means of satisfying his passions. Andrea has a

quarrel with a young Roman of his ilk and is dangerously wounded. Convalescence follows the long illness and brings with it that period when 'life is so sweet after the suffering of the body' — the convalescence that is a 'purification, a new birth. At this point his cousin Donna Francesca D'Ateleta invites him to her Villa Schifanoia. This cousin, a fine woman, is a secondary character. She is merely the means of causing the meeting of Andrea and Donna Maria Fleres, whom she has invited to her villa. Donna Francesca is a little suspicious of Andrea as a guest in her home when she expects her intimate friend to visit her, and in a good-natured, friendly way chides Andrea about his many love adventures. Andrea assures her that since his illness he has completely changed. He is now a '*Vas Spiritualis*,' but notwithstanding this affirmation on his part, no sooner does he see Donna Maria than he is enamored of her, makes love to her, and finally, she is another victim added to his long list. The pages describing the development of their love or passion, their conversations, their critical dissertations on music, art, or letters, the long walks taken in the country, the beauties of the vistas, the trees and ponds of Schifanoia are among the most exquisite pages of D'Annunzio's works. I have given the bare facts, now let us analyze this new love of Andrea for Maria. Does he love Maria? Let us not speak of Love. Does he even desire Maria for herself? No, and why? Andrea has loved or enjoyed his relation with Elena Muti. A woman of great beauty, she attracted him; it pleased him to be pointed out as the lover of the handsome Elena Muti. Nevertheless he would have cruelly discarded her at any time, but circumstances were such that she forestalled him and married. She broke her relations with him, and yet she accepted another. From that moment a new passion was born in him, a new diabolical, irresistible desire to possess her again. He laments her loss, he sees and thinks of nothing but Elena Muti; he throws himself into the vortex of dissipations; he, the noble scion, so artistic, so poetic, walks among men and women who are, mentally at least, infinitely below him; yet he can breathe that polluted atmosphere with ease and satisfaction; but Elena Muti remains, spectre like, always before him, desired but unobtained, once possessed, now irretrievably lost. Elena, Elena! and we know what Elena is.

He is near unto death, he is convalescent, a '*Vas Spiritualis*,' he meets Donna Maria, a pure woman, a wife, a mother; noble, beautiful in all her moral and physical attributes and he loves, whom does he love? Maria? No. In all his perverse siege of Donna Maria, the other has been omnipresent. Maria is only a veil through which he sees the other, she who is lost to him. He discovers in Maria a bisexual voice — 'androginal,— one

quality, the other, the feminine *timbre*, reminds him of Elena, she who is constantly before him. He seduces Maria that he might imagine himself to possess the other, and when poor Maria is at last conquered and is lavishing passionate caresses upon him, she hears him utter the name Elena.

In his preface D'Annunzio told us that there was only one study for him, only one object, Life! Is it Life he gives us? When bitterly attacked by his critics, he asserted, and most impudently, that in Andrea he had portrayed the ideal type of a Roman nobleman of the nineteenth century. That is false, of course. Art does not recognize classes in Italy. There may have been one such man in Rome as there is but one D'Annunzio, but no more. I say one D'Annunzio, because, notwithstanding all his platitudes about depravity and duplicity, he portrays with so much spirit, with so much minuteness, he lingers on the character with so much gusto that we are compelled to realize that in the mind of the writer Andrea is not half bad. All the moral baseness, all the moral stench and soul putrefaction of the profligate Andrea is put into language that is as beautiful and limpid as the mountain springs and as sweet and fragrant as the violets and roses of our hills. That is not Art, because it is not art to give us what is abnormal and solitary, as representative, beautiful life. Therein is contained the immorality of the book; it is not the erotic element it contains that renders it immoral, but what is false, the creation of a neurotic mind.

The second interesting preface is that to 'Giovanni Episcopo,' also in the form of a letter to Matilde Serao. D'Annunzio's letters, whether private or public, are invariably lengthy. I condense this letter.

'The fragile central organs are placed at the service of Art by mysterious and marvelous activities which little by little elaborate the almost amorphous material received through exterior forces, and reduce it to form and life superior.'

He then proceeds to explain the conception of 'Giovanni Episcopo.'

'One evening in January, alone, in a rather dismal, large room, I was turning over my notes; narrative material partly used, partly still new. A singular disquietude possessed me. Although apparently occupied in the reading my sensibilities were extraordinarily vigilant in that silence, and I could realize that my brain had an unusual facility in forming and associating the most varied images. It was not the first time that I had observed such a phenomenon in myself, but it had never reached such a degree of intensity. I was beginning to see as in reality, when the name of Giovanni Episcopo met my eyes; in one moment and as in the sudden dazzle of lightning, I saw the figure of that man before me, not only in his bodily form but also in the moral. It appeared by I know not what comprehensive intuition

which was not, it seemed, engendered by the sudden awakening of a stratum of my memory, but by the secret concurrence of physical elements at that time unexplained.'

This is interesting because it shows D'Annunzio to be singularly open to sensation from the exterior world. What he explains seems to be very close to hallucination. It is the singular gift of the artist to observe things with more or less attention and to receive profound, though unconscious, impressions, which may suddenly be revived by sound, touch, or sight. Thus at the sight of the name, D'Annunzio saw everything: Giovanni, Ginevra, Wanzer, Cico, all their voices, gestures, everything. The sensible world was evoked by the internal image.

This novel was undoubtedly written under Russian influence, and although it is only separated by three years from 'Piacere' it exhibits changes in style and thought. I wish very much that it were given me to say that the changes were for the better.

As usual there is no plot, although the characters are more numerous and complex. Giovanni Episcopo, the principal and important character, is an epileptic, a neurotic, or anything else that a professional man may wish to call him. He is diseased mentally. He has, however, the lucidity in seeing certain things that is characteristic of similar sufferers of nervous afflictions. His speech is also incoherent, spasmodic, lachrymose. The author informs us that Giovanni has read much and thought much; but we fail to discover it from his speech. Nor would the selection of his companions and his manner of living lead us to attribute to him the qualities resulting from reading and thinking. He has visions and is in constant dread of them. He finally comes under the sway or incubus of a man, one of his companions, named Wanzer. He is a rude, vociferous, brutal man, who succeeds in completely subjugating the timid Giovanni. One night as they are alone in the room he commands Giovanni to marry the serving maid, Ginevra. This must be hypnotism. Giovanni accepts the command and goes forth to Tivoli, where he finds the girl and proposes to her. She accepts this unexpected and unsuspecting lover and bids him ask the consent of her parents. Giovanni goes. As he ascends the stairway leading to the parents' apartments, he hears a door opened and a woman's voice pouring out foul abuse. At the same time a man is descending, shuffling, groaning, and whimpering under the wide brim of a hat that shades his face. When this man passes by Giovanni he looks up and reveals a pair of goggles projecting over a revolting face, red and sore like a piece of raw meat. That is the father of his future wife. Giovanni, however, is not shocked by such a face and all that it may portend, but proceeds upon his errand. During

the engagement he realizes the true character of his fiancée, but, inert as he is, and as all of D'Annunzio's characters are, he goes on, intrepid, toward his fate. They are married and we hear him say:

'At least one week, not one year, not one month, just one week! No; no mercy, she did not even wait one day but immediately began to torment me. If I lived a hundred years I could not forget the bitter shrill laughter that chilled me, in the darkness of our room, while she mocked my timidity. From that moment I realized what a poisonous creature breathed at my side.'

But Giovanni tolerates his wife's shamelessness. He even accepts the money she earns from it. He has a son Cico, whom at times he seems to adore while at others this affection is not patent. Cico has grown and begins to see and understand the shame that pollutes the home, and although weak and sickly, there is a certain power in him that succeeds in counteracting Wanzer's fatal influence over the father. Cico sees Wanzer strike his mother and hears him abuse her in foul language. He goes and tells the father, and together they go home, but find the house empty. Cico is in bed sick and feverish. Giovanni says, 'Cico was lying on his bed and I sat by him holding his wrist under my thumb, his heart beat wildly, we did not speak, we thought we heard all sorts of noises but in reality it was only the coursing of the blood in our veins.'

Giovanni left the bedside to go and fetch a glass of water. The key turns in the lock of the outer door, and Wanzer creeps in and softly calls Ginevra. Hearing no answer, he advances into the room where Cico is lying. A piercing shriek from Cico. Giovanni enters the room with a long-bladed knife in his hand and discovers Cico wrestling with Wanzer's hand, the hand of that man on his child; he rushes forward and plunges the weapon in the back of his enemy. The remembrance of the murdered man is terrible to Giovanni:

'Did you see the dead body? Was there not something awful in that face and in those eyes? But the eyes were closed, no, no,—not both of them,—I know I must die that I may be relieved from that impression on my finger of that eye that would not close. I still feel it, as if some vestige of the skin still adhered to my finger.'

Cico dies: 'Yes, he is dead, he has been dead fourteen days and I am still here. But I must die, and soon; he is calling me. Every night he comes, sits beside me and gazes at me. He is barefooted, dear Cico, and every day after dark I listen for his coming. When his foot touches the threshold it is as if he pressed it on my heart, but oh! so gently, so softly, he does not hurt me.'

There is no doubt that in the depiction of Giovanni Episcopo the author

has proved himself a master analyzer of the mysterious conditions of that man's soul. In such cases D'Annunzio demonstrates his power to give form, reality, vividness to what is vague and unseizable. There are, on the other hand, useless revolting descriptions; he seems most obstinate in giving us all the minuteness and repulsive details of purulence, whether it exudes from the body or the heart, without ever offering a single warm spark of sympathy. He is the cold-hearted scientist who sees nothing human before him, but only a subject to analyze at his pleasure.

In reading 'Giovanni Episcopo,' although at times we are moved to admiration by the keenness of introspection and the dramatic power exhibited, we end it feeling dejected at so much misery, and, what is sadder, such lack of human sympathy. The author is too scientific, and D'Annunzio as a scientist will never convince us, although he said in his preface that we must study man and things at first hand, we feel that he has not given us Man, but rather man abnormal and diseased.

The preface to the 'Trionfo della Morte' is the simplest and most direct of all. In that we find explained what use he will make of observation, life, and method. It is his aim, he says, to enrich the vocabulary of our language, to fit the word to the meaning, and to re-establish the narrative and descriptive prose of Italy. Here he has triumphed. Universal verdict accords him that honor. Brunetière pronounced 'Trionfo' a work unsurpassed by any of the naturalistic school. With no plot whatever, but on the usual broad canvas, the figure of Giorgio Aurispa is put before us. There is nothing to be learned from the book except how to speak and write Italian with the utmost virtuosity. The character of Giorgio is weak, unsound. It is plain that unqualifiedly inert love, impure love is the theme. That is all this author ever sees. Only once has he given us Love, and that is in 'The Daughter of Jorio.'

Giorgio loves Ippolita Sanzio, a married woman. Giorgio is a voluptuous person who gives way to passion and calls it love. Ippolita has in her all the germs of corruption and her lover soon corrupts her body and soul.

The story does not describe the development of this passion between the two. It already exists. Thus we are not conscious whether even in Ippolita's love is a true flame. It had to be the usual vicious love, so as to bring in adultery, and this to prove that Giorgio's interest in this woman had lessened since the death of her husband. She is free. So then begins the development of Giorgio's malady. She begins to assume in this mind, attributes, which, sensual, vicious as they are, become obnoxious to him. As his malady progresses she becomes to him the *enemy*. Finally, overpowered by his suicidal propensities he drowns himself and the woman.

undoubtedly the reader will deem it an exaggeration on my part to condense a story of four hundred and ninety pages into a dozen lines; but that is the whole story. It is not discharging it with levity.

Giorgio is a morbid person, full of hallucinations, with a culture and a mind keen, at times clear. Suicidal tendency is his malady and he knows that it is hereditary in the Aurispa family. In other respects Giorgio is young, healthy in body, attractive, accomplished. The scene opens with a suicide. A man has thrown himself out of a window. Giorgio and Ippolita pass by.

'What has happened?' asks Ippolita.

'A man has killed himself,' some one answers.

A large crowd had gathered there. All these people are gazing at the spot. They are mostly idle workmen. Their faces, so varied, did not in a single case express pity or sorrow or sadness. A youth arrived, anxious to see. 'He is not there,' a man says to him, and there lingered in his voice a certain indefinable tone as of derision or jubilation at the knowledge that the youth could not satisfy his curiosity. 'He is not there, he has been taken away.' 'Where?' 'To Santa Maria del Popolo.' 'Dead?' 'Dead.' Another man asks, 'what is there left?' 'A little blood.' 'What else?' 'Hair.' 'What color?' 'Blond.'

Giorgio, let us go, begged Ippolita, a little pale, pulling back the lover who was looking intently, attracted by the scene. They passed on in silence!

'Giorgio says: "Happy the dead because they doubt no longer."

'And Ippolita says: "It is true — Poor love!"

"What love?" asks Giorgio.

"Our love."

"Do you then feel its end?"

"Not in me."

"In me, then?" A poorly repressed irritation seemed to dwell in his voice and he repeated, gazing at her intently, "In me? Answer."

'She remained silent, lowering her head.

'Then after some moments in which the two seemed to wish, with inexpressible anxiety, to read each other's soul, he continued, "It is thus: the end begins. You do not realize it yet; but I, since you have returned, have watched you, and I see a new sign."

"What sign?"

"A bad sign, Ippolita. What a terrible thing it is to love and yet to see this change so lucid before me."

The girl shook her head and frowned. Once more, as at other times, the two lovers become hostile.

We have in this the relation and mental condition of the lover. There

are several pages given to the reminiscences of Giorgio, all introduced to mark his malady. When he returns home he sees again the room where his uncle Demetrio had died, a suicide. He still sees him on the bed; his face covered by a linen cloth. He is pallid, only one purplish spot on the side where the bullet had entered.

Another description of interest as it reacts upon Giorgio's morbidity, is that of the drowned boy, the 'son of a mother.'

'How was he drowned? where?' To show the very spot where the child had fallen, the man took up a pebble and tossed it into the sea. 'There, only there. Only three yards from the shore. The calm sea breathed softly, close to the little one, but the sun beat fiercely upon the pebbly beach and something pitiless fell from the fiery sky and from those stolid witnesses, upon that pallid corpse. And nothing could be sadder than the sight of that frail little being extended on the stones and watched by that impassive brute, who described the accident again and again with the selfsame words, with the selfsame gesture, "There, only there."'

D'Annunzio has delineated with diligence and affection the character of Giorgio Aurispa; his restlessness, his morbidity are drawn with astounding precision; the psychic element, the progress of the malady, the ever-increasing hallucinations are rendered with dreadful minuteness. The tone of the whole book where Giorgio is described has the darkness, the density, the sinister element that presages the imminent breaking of the storm. We are taken into that atmosphere with consummate power, slowly but relentlessly, so that when at last Aurispa drowns himself and Ippolita, we feel relieved, as when we wake from a dreadful dream and find it was not reality. The book could have been shorter by more than half, but in that case it would not be *D'Annunzian*.

We should have lost, in that case, pages and pages of beautiful prose. D'Annunzio absorbs things as a painter, as a sculptor (especially of the medallion), as a poet, as a seer, and in 'Trionfo' he has shown a most marvelous affinity with music. The interpretation of 'Tristen and Iseult' would proclaim him a musician. He is as rich as Dante himself in similes, often felicitous, and at times great. The old poet could hardly have expressed better the sound of the ebb, 'like a flock of sheep drinking in at the spring.' Again: 'The waves would push on toward the massive shore with all the strength of love and anger, dashing upon it with a roar, spreading, foaming, gurgling, penetrating its most hidden recesses. It was as if some imperial Soul in Nature were breathing its passion into a vast many-tongued instrument, striking all its chords, touching its every key of joy or sorrow.'

The pilgrimage to Casalbordino is one of the most magnificent descriptions in the book in beauty and dramatic action. D'Annunzio has herein surpassed himself. He shows himself as the complete master, and indeed we may say he is, like his own Icarus, '*Solo fui, solo e alato nell' immensità.*'

This description inspired one of the finest modern paintings. It is by Francesco Paolo Michetti, and is called 'Il Voto.' Only those who have traveled and understand the South of Italy can appreciate the truth, power, and sadness of such a scene as this, described by D'Annunzio.

'Hundreds of pilgrims are standing, kneeling, or supine before the shrine of the Virgin, crying, "The Grace, the Grace." Those cries that seemed to rend the bosoms from which they burst; those two words: "the grace, the grace," were reiterated ceaselessly with the same trusting and unconquerable persistence; the dense smoke from the numberless tapers advanced heavier and heavier like the cloud foretelling the storm — with the close contact of the bodies — the mingling of breath; the sight of blood and ears — the multitude was at the same time as if possessed by a single soul. It became a single being, miserable, yet terrible. It had one gesture, one voice, one quiver, one passion. All the evils became one sole evil that the Virgin must destroy. All the hopes became one sole hope that the Virgin must fulfill. "The grace, the grace," and under the refulgent Image, the flame of the tapers swayed before that great storm of passion.'

'When the lovers, exhausted, frightened, sickened, leave that horrid scene, Giorgio takes Ippolita's hand, and kissing it passionately, exclaims:—"Behold! See the beautiful wheatfield. Let us purify our eyes."

'Here and there, on both sides of the path, spread the wheat, vast and pure; ripe for the sickle; tall and dense, breathing through the myriads of slender blades and barbs; it seemed at times to blaze as if converted into an interminable sea of evanescent gold. Solitary under the limpid arch of heaven, it exhaled so much spiritual purity that the two sorrowed and oppressed hearts received great consolation.'

Giorgio again is in the garden of his home with his married sister, who has been telling him of her sorrows and new maternal expectations:

'She ceased speaking, sat intent, as if to seize a palpitating presage of the new life within her. Giorgio held her hand, and they remained thus seated, silent, brother and sister, oppressed by their very existence. Before them the garden lay solitary, abandoned; the young cypresses, tall and erect, lifted themselves to heaven, with sanctity, like votive tapers; the breeze rarely scattered the petals of some over-ripe rose; now and then the sound of the instrument came to them from the house.'

Of a more joyful character are the scenes of vintage and farm labor:

'Blessed are the women that sing sweet songs and bring in the jars of old wine. There was a cry of delight as they [the laborers] turned round and saw the band of women drawing near, bringing the last bounties of the reaped fields. They advanced in double file, carrying large painted jars of wine upon their arms, and they sang as they walked. Through the olive groves, as through a colonnade upon a background of sparkling sea, they appeared like one of those processions so harmoniously carved upon the frieze of temples or around the bases of sarcophagi.'

This book abounds in beautiful descriptions, and the language is ever adequate and harmonious. All the sapiency of D'Annunzio as a psychologist does not satisfy us. Although we discover a great power of observation, the poet and litterateur ever predominate over the scientist. I should like to say that 'Trionfo' is a great book for the sum of relevant and useful truth it reveals to us. But I cannot. I can say, however, that it reveals the great artist, and as such, no student of literature should let this book pass unread.

PASCOLI AND RECENT ITALIAN POETRY

BY GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

IN his introduction to the Study of Modern Italian Poets, Mr. Howells said: 'I do not know Carducci and his school,' and he added later; 'Carducci seems to be an agnostic flowering from the old stock of Romanticism.' The first of these statements is the only possible explanation of the second. Mr. Howells could not have read Carducci's prose or poetry without perceiving that, according to any acceptable distinction between classicism and romanticism, Carducci is early on the side of classicism. It is his glory to have diffused through Italy a breath of the Hellenism that has blown over Europe and has combined with the humanitarian impulse to produce the modern spirit.

Italian writers have begun to allude to the intellectual reawakening among them, of which the signs are unmistakable at the present time, as a new Risorgimento. When Italy had gained her independence and unity. The patriots who had rescued the nation looked to see her become straightway as vigorous as in the days when she had been the intellectual stimulus and the æsthetic inspiration of Europe. Disillusionment was inevitable, for the nation had not only suffered but grown old and weak in bondage. The young nation was indeed but the child of the old; compelled to take its place in the world as a child and go to school for a time before it would be capable of a mature effort. For an entire century literature and politics had gone hand in hand. Whatever literature the country had produced had been devoted with unprecedented singleness of purpose to the regeneration of the fatherland; and it was largely by means of that literature that the restoration was accomplished. Men took up the pen or the sword as occasion demanded, knowing well that their writings would die on the battlefield, but caring only that the battle should be won and their country should live. The nation which had typified art and beauty to the civilized world did not desert literature in its fiercest struggle, but it made Italy the object of all art and united in the cry, *L'Italia avanti tutto, L'Italia sopra tutto*. It was forced to accept the necessities that followed. Not only was the young nation untrained and uneducated, but it was poor, and among rich nations it was forced to toil for its bread. And now, when it has at length attained to a

certain degree of material prosperity, foreigners look on and smile at a commercial Italy and wonder what Petrarch would have thought! The Italians, too, have felt more keenly the contrast between their present lowly state and their past glories than they have realized the youth and promise of a new Italy. Many of them have still held to their old faith, but not without something of the bitterness voiced by Carducci when he said: 'If Italy has been reborn into the world to become a museum or a music hall or a pleasure resort for idle Europeans; if it aspires to be at best a marketplace where the lucky man can sell for ten what he has snatched up for three; then, *per Dio!* it avails little to have carried the height of San Martino three times at the point of the bayonet, and it were better never to have disturbed the sacred quiet of the Roman ruins with the trumpet of Garibaldi.'

It may be said without exaggeration that what Mazzini was to the political Risorgimento, Carducci is to the intellectual. He is the prophet and leader of the literary and educational forces of his country. The impulses of the present generation toward letters is, to a great extent, the result of his influence. His appeals to the youth of the nation, calling upon them to 're-create the moral and intellectual, the living and true Italy, for which their fathers endured prison and exile and death;' his timely counsel to writers, warning them against the servile imitation of foreigners, on the one hand, and the unsafe methods of the Veristi, on the other; his constant plea for sounder methods of historical and literary criticism; these have been only less effective than the severe style, the sober and salutary quality, of his own writings. The future of Italian poetry is in the hands of those of the present generation who acknowledge him as their leader and master, and who, not because they imitate him or even resemble him, but because they owe their earliest inspiration to him and are bent upon carrying on his work, may be called the 'school of Carducci.' 'The whole family of living poets,' says a prominent Italian critic, 'proceed, with but two exceptions, from the example and reforming spirit of Carducci.'

The imposing figure of this venerable poet and scholar, representative at once of the old patriotic school and herald of new ideas to a new Italy, has become familiar almost everywhere; but among his followers, only one, and he the least reassuring, is known outside of Italy. And yet they include three poets who, according to the critic already quoted, excite the admiration and expectation of their fellow-countrymen more than any other living writers: Gabriele D'Annunzio, Giovanni Marradi, and Giovanni Pascoli.

It would be difficult to find three contemporaries more divergent in their tendencies than D'Annunzio, Marradi, and Pascoli, and it is not easy to see at first how they can have owed their inspiration to the same literary

aster. Yet they are closely associated together in their services to Italian literature. They are united in their effort to 'restore the purity of antique form and raise the mind to a solemn contemplation of the truth.' They are fellow-contributors to a Roman magazine, the avowed object of which is to call forth the younger writers from their solitary gardens where each one is cultivating his own sorrow, and unite them into a militant force which may avail to rescue something ideal and beautiful from the wave of vulgarity that is sweeping over this fair land where Leonardo created his imperious men and Michael Angelo his indomitable heroes.'

Marradi is less significant than the others. He is, for the most part, a pleasing and genial singer, with a facile poetic gift. Like so many of his contemporaries he is burdened by the illustrious past of Italy, and contemplates her former glories in a mood of 'deep, immense, inexorable melancholy,' and yet he writes: 'I shall never be a Titan to carry the world on my shoulders, nor the Prometheus of a new age. I am content if I may hear the voices of things that Shelley heard.'

Whatever may be one's judgment upon D'Annunzio, one cannot fail to be both fascinated and repelled by the strange power of his genius. His lyric dramas have proved him capable of beautiful creations, and of the invention of strong dramatic situations. He is master, moreover, of that beautiful kind of simplicity that the English Pre-Raphaelites studied to produce. His lines haunt the memory like the fragrance of some delicate exotic flower:—

*Mila di Codra, sorella im Gesu
Io to bacio i tuoi piedi che vanno.
Il Paradiso è per te.*

In spite of his power over words, enabling him to produce all the effects of a Wagnerian orchestra, he is always artificial under the restraint of meter. His lyric verse lacks the merits as well as the faults of his prose style,— a style which is able to carry one forward as on a rushing current, to refine itself into some gentle and caressing thing, or to astound and terrify by the vividness of its imagery. It passes from the most exquisite delicacy to the most hideous ferocity. What wonder that his contemporaries are troubled by the presence of this genius among them, and that they distrust even his literary ideals and believe him to be less sincere when he strives to become 'the voice of the national consciousness' than when he declares:—

'O World! thou art mine.
I will pluck all thy fruit, O World!
I will press out thy juice for my thirst,—
For my ever unquenchable thirst.'

In his ' *Laus Vitae* ' D'Annunzio hails Carducci as the leader whom he follows, as the standard bearer of the newly awakened paganism which he proclaims. Carducci is, in fact, a genuine pagan. He attempts no reconciliation between Hebraism and Hellenism, but boldly leads one forth from the sanctuary into the sunshine. The classical spirit which he represents is the very antithesis of D'Annunzio's riotous hedonism. It would imply more than a misunderstanding of the ' *Hymn to Satan* ' — it would imply a total misconception of Carducci's work to hold him responsible for the pseudo-paganism of this consummate egoist. D'Annunzio declares that reading Carducci's odes made him a poet. But it is a far cry from the calm, clear spirit of the master to the utter æstheticism of the most highly gifted of his disciples.

Side by side with world-weariness and decay there exists always in Italy the freshness and clear-eyed simplicity of youth. And it is scarcely a surprise in the complexity of modern Italy to find among the avowed followers of an apostle of Hellenism this man who calls himself the Annunciation Angel, but who belongs by temperament to the Italy of the sixteenth century, and his fellow-poet, Giovanni Pascoli, one who so combines in his nature "the deep-rooted poetry of mere sight and touch" with moral earnestness and the love of men, that he has been called a St. Francis among modern poets.

It is indicative of an important difference in their temperaments, that, in their common efforts to unify and expand the Italian language, D'Annunzio would reënforce it by the study of medieval documents, while Pascoli would counteract the tendency toward a too limited Tuscan by accepting available forms from the various dialects. D'Annunzio turns instinctively to the past and to books for inspiration. He has revived antiquated æsthetic forms in his dramas in such a way as to produce rare and picturesque effects, and his power of assimilation is incomparable. Pascoli turns to the present and to reality, to life and nature. He is less brilliant than D'Annunzio. He has less range and power. His genius is more reticent, his charm more subtle. But his poetry possesses the essential lyrical qualities which are wanting in D'Annunzio's; fine poetical insight, spontaneity, and sincerity. Some of his poetry has the lightness and singing quality of folk-songs. More of it carries a weight of meaning. But it is always strongly marked by the poet's individuality and even when, as in the volume of 1904, its themes are taken from Greek mythology, it represents his own vision of things as they are. It is characteristic and original.

Pascoli is, nevertheless, a man of learning. He is a Dante scholar, a translator of Homer, a literary critic, and the successor of Carducci in the

chair of Latin literature at Bologna. As a literary scholar the mantle of Carducci seems to have fallen upon him. He has the same zeal for the enlightenment of his countrymen, the same stern faith in sanity and right reason, the same industry of scholarship.

Pascoli has related his first acquaintance with Carducci in words that breathe the devotion of the disciple to the master. He tells the story of how he had come up to Bologna from the little village in Romagna, where he lived with his orphaned brothers and sisters, sent thither by the aid of an elder brother, to take part in a contest for scholarships. Every schoolboy knew the name of Carducci, and Pascoli tells with what trepidation he awaited the entrance of the great poet; with what kindness Carducci assisted in conducting the examinations, and how, on a later day, when the boys sat together waiting to hear the announcement of the successful candidates, the poor boy from Romagna, convinced of failure, thought only of how he could endure to hear the last name read and know that he must return to his home, his few lire gone, and nothing to hope for. In the hush of expectancy the first name was read. It was his own. At the same moment he was aware that the face of the great poet was illuminated with the gleam of a kindly smile, and he adds: 'That poor boy has since become one of Carducci's oldest students. He has heard him evoke in his chair dead ages and vanished spirits. He has heard him elucidate the great poets with a word, a phrase, a gesture. He has seen him preparing in his study those shining and mortal arrows with which he is wont to strike the enemies, not of himself, but of his ideals. He has heard him improvise over the wine cups among his friends and students. He has heard from his lips, in the religious silence of the classroom, the first of the great "Barbaric Odes." He has heard him pronounce his famous eulogy of Garibaldi. But of all these cherished memories, there is none he so gladly recalls as the memory of that smile — that smile of sympathy with a grief which he had lessened, with a life which he had saved.'

And yet it was not Carducci's odes that made Pascoli a poet. He would claim attention, apart from schools and movements, for the quality of his lyrics. Our interest in him is enhanced by the fact that he embodies, more than any other living poet, the spirit which Carducci has striven to awaken. But it is because he is so genuine a poet, more than for any other reason, that he is able to carry on the work which Carducci has held out to the youth of Italy.

Italians write poetry with a fatal facility. Their very language is poetry. They have but to say, '*l'immensità del cielo azzurro*,' or '*l'infinito mare*,' and the poetic mood is produced. And what does it matter about the

nature of a poet's thought if he can call his thought *il pensiero*? It is small wonder that they are easily contented with *Il verso che suona e non crea*. Against the limitations which such a tendency implies Carducci and his followers have resolutely set themselves. They have striven for a vigorous expression. They have often chosen harsh and rugged sounds as a healthful reaction against the too mellifluous strains of facile poetizers. To Pascoli verse is but a medium. Its expressiveness is its most important quality. He has made so many innovations in the language of cultivated Italians that in one volume he has felt obliged to add a glossary to the text! He has managed a great variety of meters. The critic, Dino Mantovani, who is much impressed with the combination in Pascoli of the genuine countryman, the rustic, with the artist and the scholar, has said of him:

'This solitary dreamer, who knows all the life of the country, who listens to the conversations of birds, and knows all the sounds that vibrate and sing in the open air, he is also an artist of exquisite perceptions, one who knows the virtues of words and of rhythm, one who is a skilled workman in the subtle industry of style. When he writes he forgets the example of others and writes in his own way. But into that writing is distilled the innumerable precepts of a learned art governed by a delicate taste. Such a genius, united to such a character, produces a poetry that is unique in our times.'

This poetry, which is indeed unique, has two qualities which must disturb, one imagines, the Italian reader with his native sense of good form. One of them is an over-simplicity. Led by his desire for reality, the poet has been, at times, too frankly imitative of the sounds of nature. He has reproduced the language of birds with unmistakable success as in the 'Song of March,' when the birds come chirping back and

*Cinguettano in loro linguaggio
Ch' è ciò che ci vuole, Sì, ciò che ci vuole.'*

The other quality of his verse which troubles Italian readers is its over-subtlety and occasional obscurity. The poet combines the observation of a scientist with the perceptions of a mystic. He sees a significance in the smallest detail, and he produces a certain indefinable suggestiveness which has its own charm. It leaves in the mind that mingling of clear outlines with indefinite blendings which the contemplation of the actual world produces. But it results often in a degree of lyric vagueness that is a proof of inability to find the fitting medium of expression. It is the kind of lyric vagueness of which Shelley is often guilty. But Shelley had the gift of moulding the subtlest fancy into images as clear cut and definite as Shakespearean metaphor. We are more surprised to find that the vagueness and

subtlety of the northern lyrist are paralleled in the Italian Pascoli than that he never quite attains to Shelley's finality of expression. But it will lead us less far afield if we compare the form of Pascoli with that of other Italian poets. And it is safe to assert that, in spite of this fine thread of symbolism, he approaches very near, at times, to the simple dignity and force of a line of Dante.

*'L'anima mia tu percuotesti, e il mio
Corpo di tanto e tal dolor ch'è d'ogni
Dolcezza assai piu dolce ora l'oblio.'*

*'My soul thou hast tormented and my body
With such and so great grief that now at last
Sweeter than any sweetness is oblivion.'*

The total effect of this poetry is to convey the feeling of a close intimacy, an almost mystical touch between man and nature.' It possesses that modern faculty for truth which is recognized, it has been said, as 'the power of distinguishing and fixing delicate and vanishing detail.' But it does more. The poems are not mere pictures. They do not merely reproduce certain harmonies of the natural world. They are not alone what their author calls them, 'the flutter of wings, the rustling of cypresses, the echo of distant bells.' They are saturated with the meaning and mystery underlying outward manifestations. A somber sense of the inscrutability of man's place in the universe pervades them not unlike the background of fate and death which the Greek poet always felt even when he sang of joy and beauty. Yet Pascoli's temperament is not that of the Greek, of whom he himself writes, who is 'happy if the heavens sing to him and the earth sends up her odors.' He is far too modern to escape from a consciousness of the whole world's weal or woe. And yet he does not seek relief in nature for his own overwrought feelings. He does not personify her and long to 'lie down like a tired child and weep away this life of care' on her bosom. He does not even seek in nature 'that blessed mood in which the burden of the mystery is lightened,' nor does he seek 'escape' into a world of dreams and unrealities. His first desire is for realities. The lark does not, like Meredith's thrush, sing to him of 'the new time and the life ahead.' But he sings of the real life around him; he sings the songs of all forests and all gardens, of all times and seasons, and of the labor of men. Keenly sensitive to the sights and sounds about him, Pascoli is always in the reflective mood. Not even Leopardi had a more constant realization of the insignificance of man in the universe, of his solitude and misery, his chance and ephemeral

existence. But Leopardi could have had no abiding love of nature, for he took no joy in her. His nearest approach to joy was when he looked out over the world and said, 'Sweet is shipwreck in such a sea.' Pascoli is free from the personal weariness and satiety of that poet of the *Weltschmerz*. He is one of those who, having early learned that the fruit of life is bitter, cannot fail to see that its flowers are sweet. His mood is one of reconciliation with nature because he has found it possible to 'satisfy his eyes with beauty.'

Approaching the world with the unconscious intimacy of a child and with the contemplative mind of a sage, he finds it, first of all, pervaded with mystery: '*Questo mondo odorato di mistero.*' He says in an early poem:

Climb high in thought the steep and lonely fastness
Where nests the eagle, and the mountain stream,
And stand remote mid solitude and vastness,
O Man of Wisdom!

Send far adown the obscure, unfathomed spaces
Of the abyss thine eye's most piercing beam.
Ever more near will draw what thine eye traces —
Shadow and mystery!

Sometimes the mood of the sage contemplating the significance of things is quite forgotten in the child's delight, and the poet sings some simple nature song, like the 'Song of April.'

A phantom you come
And a mystery you go.
Are you near? Are you far?
For the pear trees are bursting,
The quince trees are budding
Anew.

The bank is resounding
With tomtits and finches.
Are you there in the ash trees?
Is it you in the brushwood?
A dream or a soul or a shadow —
Is't you?

I call you each year
 With a heart palpitating.
 You come and I smile.
 You depart and you leave
 Only tears and my sorrow
 Renew.

This year, ah, this year
 A joy has come with you.
 Already I hear
 If my senses deceive not
 That echo of echoes.
 It is you I hear singing
 Cu-Cu.

ometimes a bit of scenery or an incident is described with realistic
 ness, like the description of the people pouring out of a little church
 limbing down the hill in the soft May evening, while the houses of the
 e stand closed and sleeping, waiting for them in the valley, and up
 , among the birch trees, the little church gleams red in the Alpine si-
 and the rumble of the songs of praise still vibrates in the air and the
 of incense mingles with the broomflower and the mint.

n the 'Fountain of Castelvechio' the water sings to the girls, who come
 ig jars on their heads, of its life in the cool and silent woods, before it
 e a prisoner, and asks them for news of the beautiful world which it
 o longer see, and, especially, of the good old woman who used to come
 iter to the spring in the woods, always chattering to herself, while the
 ; chattered even faster and filled her vessel, and they talked on to-
 ; as a voice in the shady valley talks to its echo.

his little poem is one of many that take the reader into the country
 ly and make him feel that Italian peasant life is as near to the life of
 and herds, of bees and flowers, as it was in the days of Theocritus or
 . The peasants of these poems love the beauty even while they bend
 the labor of the country. They are close to the invisible spirits in
 . The bells have a thousand messages of hope and fear and joy and
 while 'white dawn scatters the flocks over the fields' or 'a star leads
 clambering home.' The farmer hears the song of the cricket telling
 ll night long that it is time to sow his seed. It is a country far re-
 l from that land of Arcadia which Tasso and his followers peopled
 dle swains piping in perennial sunshine to fair-haired shepherdesses.

It is a country of incessant toil. Man and nature are forever at work. But they are not the labor-laden peasants of Millet's paintings. They have the temper of the poet's own sunny Romagna — '*Romagna solatia, dolce paese.*' We see them at the plow and at their prayers. We hear the sounds of the *fiesta* coming down the steep mountain side, and the low peal of the Ave Maria which calls them from labor in the fields, or from the dance on the green hilltop, into the quiet church. The old woman says: '*Che disse pane, disse pane,*' yet, cheerfully, with her daughters she bakes and washes and bleaches and spins and gathers herbs and brings home wood, and when the evening bells sound, while the mute spirits of the fountain tremble at the echoes that fill the air and disappear over the mountains, she seems to hear in their tumult a prayer to God, who made the crops and the life of man, that He will bless their harvest and the labor of their hands. The farmer says: 'Give me a spade, and with God be the rest,' and after the long day's labor, he sits down with his family, and while the distaffs are brought out and the young hunter, who is his daughter's lover, listens, he talks of the affairs of his daily life. He talks of the grain and the vine, of how the grain sings to him: 'I am thy life,' and the grape: 'I am thy joy,' how he loves both the fragrance of the oven and the sounds of the winepress, the bread of a day and the wine of a year. And he loves his old olive trees planted by his grandfather, whose white spirit still comes back to pour out oil and urge on their labors. He loves the hedge about his little piece of land, which is like the ring his wife wears, which tells him that she is his. And because he has sown his seed betimes he sleeps soundly and does not hear the rain that pours down in the night.

The external landscape is Italian, not because of descriptions of definite places, but touches of color and outline, contrasts of warm sunshine and heavy shadows, softened by an atmosphere of harmonious melancholy. One is never taken into rugged, massive regions, into the solitude of enormous forests. One is always near to the life of the people. The orange trees that shine in the sun and the dark poplars that file along the stream are not far away from the narrow street filled with old women at their spinning and children at their play. The sounds of life, the murmuring voices of fishermen, bringing in their boats through the limitless blue of a morning on the Adriatic, or the chatter of the Tuscan women whose wooden shoes rattle on the cobblestones of the marketplace, alternate with the hush of the noon hour or the stillness of night, when the 'slow hours are dropping, dropping down into the eternal silence.' Long roads wind around old castles through immovable fir trees and swaying pines, where a fountain sighs eternally, and over the wall, near the bust of a Roman emperor, climb

rel and rose trees, while yellow broom and blue cornflowers and poppies
 ke the paths. The grasshoppers are intoxicated with the sun and the
 rds creep out to bask at the noon hour. On a green hillside, from which
 e looks down into the plain and sees a long line of towns and villas lying
 e a serpent lulled by the ocean, up against the evening sky, like a dark
 f in a roseate sea, stands, black and still as a mystery, the donkey and his
 t. In some homely barnyard, enclosed by hedges of pomegranates and
 ckets of tamarisk, with the turkey strutting over the stubble and the duck
 the pond, the duck so well described as '*Anatra irridata*,' and the ponds
 '*gli stagni lustreggianti*,' we look on at the yoking and unyoking of the
 n; or we go forth into wide, aërial spaces and watch the interchange of
 / and night. Nothing could better reproduce the silent hour of dawn
 n *Il Transito*:

A swan sings in the infinite silence of a polar night. Above the level
 or of the sea rise mountains of eternal ice. The swan sings and, slowly,
 aint green light rises in columns and colors the heavens. Like a harp
 ched lightly sounds the clear metal of that voice. As the color grows, a
 at, iridescent arch arises in the dark sky and Aurora opens her mighty
 tals. The arch glows green and red; arrows of light dart forth and with
 sound of the first morning bell the swan spreads his wings and soars into
 distance, pure white in the boreal light.

Midway between descriptive poems like this one and those that have a
 inite significance are others which convey merely a feeling, weird and
 sterious, never ghastly and grim, partly by sounds and repetitions, after
 manner of Poe, and partly by the picture presented to the imagination.
 e of them is entitled 'In the Mist.'

I looked into the valley. Every form
 Was lost, immersed in a vast level main,
 Waveless and shoreless, gray and uniform.
 No sound emerged from out the misty plain
 Save wild, thin voices crying on the air
 Of lost birds wand'ring through the world in vain.
 In the dim sky above I was aware
 Of skeletons of trees and shadows drear
 Of hermit solitudes suspended there.
 And shades of silent ruins. I could hear
 A distant bay of hounds, and down below
 A sound of footsteps neither far nor near.

Footsteps that echoed neither fast nor slow
Eternally. No form could I dis sever
Of living creature moving to and fro.

The skeletons of trees were asking: 'Never
Will he arrive? The ruins seemed to say:
And who art thou who roamest thus forever?'

And then I saw a shadow wandering alway
And bearing on its head a burden. Again
I looked and it had vanished away.

Only the unquiet birds calling in vain
And distant baying hounds, I seemed to hear,
And ever through the waveless, shoreless main
Echoes of footsteps neither far nor near.

Another characteristic bit of poetry is 'The Great Aspiration,' which describes the futile effort of trees struggling away from their roots in the earth toward the radiant liberty of the sun,— *la raggianti libertà del sole*.

O trees enslaved, you turn and twist like one
In desperation, spreading across the heavens
The slow, imprisoned shadow of your limbs.

'Ah! had we wings instead of branches, feet
Instead of ignorant, blindly groping roots,
Your flowers seem to chant melodiously.
And man, O trees, man, too, is a strange tree.
He has, 'tis true, the power to move but naught
Besides of all his longing. We, too, are slaves.
Our vain dream is of flowers, yours of words.

Very often the symbolism of these poems is strained. They are too plainly allegorical. A wandering knight arrived at a castle in search of Felicità is told that he pursues a shadow and that by the magic of the castle she cannot be seen when she is there, and only when she is not there can she be seen; and if, at length, he finds a book and reads therein words none have ever told, he shall see her, but on the instant, the castle, which is life, will vanish.

Sometimes the symbolism is of a higher order, being but an expression of the inward meaning of human things which really exists for those who . . . 'The Virgin's Dream' and 'The Sleep of Odysseus,' which show the poet at his best, are symbolic only in this general sense, and in 'The Blind Bard of Chios,' the atmosphere and the delicate sympathy with which the persons of the poem are portrayed have so great a charm that one is not tempted to search out further meaning. The first part of this poem, in which blind Homer speaks to the young girl who leads him, may be quoted:

' O Delias! O thou slender branch of palm
 At lofty Cynthus' feet, close by the stream
 Of singing Anapus, O child of Palma!
 What gift of mine can bring thy heart delight?
 For thou didst shake thy locks indifferently
 When young men sought thee, and didst turn from them.
 And found'st thy joy even in this gray old man
 Whose strength falls back while his desire advances.
 Him hast thou led beside thine own light footsteps
 To cool and shady lawns, and to soft beds
 Of murmuring leaves, in midst of sounding pines
 Whose rustle, as of freshening summer rain,
 Is mingled with the music of the sea.
 Nor couldst thou all conceal thy beauty from him —
 Thy beauty seen of none but him, a blind man,
 And the solitary, silent halcyons.
 What gift of mine, O Delias, ere I go
 Whithersoever the black ship shall bear me,
 What gift of mine can gladden thy young heart?
 For I have nothing left in all the world
 Except mine ancient, torn, and ragged wallet
 And this mine ivory lyre. The gift of song
 Has yielded naught for all my labor save
 A flowing cup of wine, a morsel of fat
 Boar's flesh, and, when the song I sing is ended,
 A long, long echo of joy within the soul.'

But Pascoli is not a poet of objective lyric only. The theme of many of his works is the tragedy of his childhood, and his conception of life and the world is easily traceable to the effect of that experience on his temperament. Sometimes he seems to be the solitary poet of his own lines who had learned

but one note from the nightingale,— the note which ‘fills the heart with memories of things that are no more.’ He does not cry out against fate or nature. He identifies his suffering with that of humanity, and the intensity of his grief heightens the contrast between the natural beauty of things which he loves and craves and the misery which the cruelty of man has caused. And because he believes that all mankind has caused this misery, and that all mankind suffers the wrong, he does not hesitate to take his readers into the intimacy of a personal grief. He tells again and again, by many references and recollections, the story of the mysterious murder of his father, a mystery which was never explained and hung like the shadow of a dark Fate over his childhood. He tells of the destitution and friendlessness into which that one moment reduced the family, of how the sense of injustice done the father embittered their already bitter state, of the death of his mother after a year of mourning, followed by the death of four brothers and sisters, to whom he says: ‘You have preserved half of your life in me, as I have lost half of mine in you.’ His earliest poetic impulse was his desire to make them live on in the world. ‘A man,’ he says, in one of his notes, ‘unknown and unpunished, has willed that an entire family should miserably die. But I will that they shall not die. And if what I have written shall increase in any degree the hatred of cruelty and injustice, then will they, even in their tomb, be rendering good for evil.’ Of two sisters who were left to his care, one of them is herself a poetess. He has given us numerous pictures of her in his verse and has printed two of her poems with his own.

Of the four large volumes of Pascoli’s verse which have appeared since 1892, when he was thirty-five years of age, there is nothing more powerful and original than the poem entitled *Il Giorno dei Morti*, in which the poet visits in imagination, on a dark and stormy day of the dead, the Camposanto, which is the sad dwelling place of his family, and while the wind moans and the wreaths on the crosses drop tears of rain, the family draw together under the cypress tree, as they used to gather about the fire, and utter their lamentations and their prayers. The father speaks to his sons, and tells them of his death, of how in that last instant of life he loved them for a whole eternity, and how he prayed that his sons might not lack bread, begging that God would hear the dying prayer of a murdered father. And he prayed for pardon for his murderer, saying: ‘If he has no sons, ah, God! he knows not. And if he has sons, in their name pardon him. Only let my sons not lack bread!’ It is a poem in which nature and man, the living and the dead, are mourning a common grief, and the effect is to produce that high mood which is created by all deep harmonies whether of joy or grief.

Gradually, this personal grief becomes universalized, and he writes

' *Il Focolare*,' in which he describes a mass of human beings moving through a snowy night past gleams of lamplight until the darkness drowns them, moving on and on, each one lamenting but not hearing the complaints of others, towards a single light that shines from a hut in the desert. And they enter, saying: 'At last I shall rest,'—they who have come from the four winds and know each other not. While the tempest roars outside they gather about the hearth only to find that its fire is spent. But as the poor creatures huddle together and one talks to the others who listen, they find one another out, they hear each other's heart beats, and they seem to find a warmth in the spent fire, for they have found the comfort and sweetness of a common destiny.

In another poem the simple story is told of two children who have quarreled over their playthings and been sent to bed, and as their sobs die out, in their dread of the darkness and silence they draw near to each other, and fall asleep in each other's arms, and the mother, going later with a lamp, finds them so; and then the poet turns from them and says: 'O Man, think of the darkness of the unknown destiny that surrounds us, of the deep silence that reigns beyond the brief sound of your actions and the clashing of your wars. Think that on this earth too great is the mystery and only he who seeks out brothers in his fear, errs not.'

It is thus that out of the poet's preoccupation with death and mystery grows a very fair philosophy of life. Out of his sense of injustice in the early days came the belief that the one evil from which we all suffer is a residuum of cruelty left in the race. 'If it must continue thus,' he says, 'Let us open the social cage in which the wild beasts are more ferocious and less able to defend themselves. Or, let us tame the beasts, and then we shall no longer have need of a cage.' Out of the sense of beauty comes the gradual softening of the bitter feeling of injustice into pity. Leopardi knew not whether to laugh at the race of men or pity them. Pascoli has only pity. And he more and more longs to satisfy his eyes with beauty and reveal it to others, because the cure for the evil is simply the recognition of the realities of life. 'I call upon you,' he says, 'to bless life, which is beautiful, all beautiful; or, rather, it would be all beautiful if we did not spoil it for ourselves and others. Beautiful it would be even in sorrow, for our weeping would be as dew beneath clear skies, not as the crashing of a tempest (*la rugiada di sereno non scroscio di tempesta*). Beautiful, even in the last moment, when the eyes, tired with too much gazing, close themselves as if to draw in the vision and shut it within the soul forever. But men have loved darkness rather than light, and the evil of others more than their own good. And for their own voluntary evil they wrongly lay the blame on

Nature, *Madre dolcissima*, who, even in extinguishing us, seems to rock us and lull us to sleep. Ah! let us leave it all to her, for she knows what she is doing and she wishes us well.'

In one of his later poems Pascoli represents Homer as describing how his blindness came upon him. He says that before he was blind he plucked the flowers of things, which still breathed their perfume on the dark silence. And when the goddess who had caused his blindness came to him with softened heart and wished to make a blessing out of his misfortune, she granted him the happiness of seeing into the long, immense, inviolate shadow, in the pale light of sunset. And Pascoli would be himself a poet who sees the beauty in the shadow as well as in the sunlight. The tears of things and the flowers of things — these are always near together in his poetry. And the flower is no 'fretful orchid hot-housed from the dew.' It grows in the open air under the low-hanging Italian sky. His conception of beauty is very different from that of D'Annunzio, who represents his heroes as going madly on through life from destruction to destruction, led by the fatal instinct for beauty. And, with a very different view of humanity from D'Annunzio's, who thinks that the most we can do is to offer music and flowers to a dying man, Pascoli, from having always seen 'the dim face of beauty haunting all the world,' comes to see in it the light that lightens the darkness. The spirit of poetry says:

' I am the lamp that burneth tranquilly
 In thy darkest and loneliest hours,
 In the saddest and heaviest shadows.
 The gleam of my pure ray shineth
 Afar on the wanderer treading
 By night with a heart that is weeping
 The pallid pathway of life.
 He stops, and, anon, he beholdeth
 The gleam of my light in the Soul.
 He takes up again his dark journey
 And lo! he is singing.'

Pascoli declares that the thought of death is religion, and without it life would be a delirium. He thinks that man has returned by the guidance of science to that sad moment when he first became conscious of his mortality, before he had set up illusions and denied death. And now poetry must join hands with science in the fearless recognition and veneration of our Destiny. It is true that the poet does not quite believe in the religion of Death. For, when he sees a sprout shooting out of an old lichen-covered

g, he wonders if perhaps death, too, is not a dream. And when he goes it under the stars and looks up among the myriads of worlds as he does the very striking poem, '*Il Ciocco*,' he says: 'Because the time will come when I must close my eyelids, the vision will not be therefore ended (*Von però sia la vision finita*).' And when our life, which is but a speck of dust on the wing of a moth that flits about a light which itself is but one of a myriad of lights, when that is scattered and our earth has perished and suns have contended with suns, when, after all the storms of the universe, the snows of eternity have destroyed the suns and silence has entered into the sepulchre of dead stars and fossil worlds, even then, he thinks, the Great Spirit will take up new constellations in his hand and fling them anew to be shipwrecked in the sea of ether, to endure ever new death and ever new life. Even then some one searching for truth through the Cosmos may find in the spectrum of a ray the trace of human thought.

Just as he who declares the religion of death believes in life, even so he who strives for realities and would have poetry join hands with science, he is, like all true poets, a believer in dreams. His Hermit says: 'There are no vanities, the shadow of things and the shadow of dreams. And the shadow of things is darkness for him who would see, and the shadow of dreams is grateful shade for the tired soul.' And Alexander the Great, the doer of deeds, when he thinks of the mountains he has climbed and the rivers he has crossed, exclaims:

' O azure-tinted mountains! and you, too,
 O Rivers! blue as skies and seas are blue;
 Better it were to stand by you and dream
 Nor look beyond.
 Dream is the infinite shadow of the true.'

'The poetry of earth is never dead,' and if one sometimes grows alarmed at the form it assumes in the mind of a D'Annunzio, one may turn with assurance to the work of a poet like Pascoli. It would be a serious mistake to suppose that the future of poetry in Italy is in the hands of trivial aestasters whose only aim is to relieve the tediousness of modern life by morous songs and figments of enchantment. The fatherland is, indeed, no longer the poet's theme. His interest is in humanity. He has become cosmopolitan in spirit even while he remains a native born. In the universality of his spirit Pascoli goes back to Leopardi and bridges the gulf between. And, yet, he is typically modern. Carducci represents a transition. Pascoli the modern spirit, with its desire of reality and its scorn of illusion

and its sentiment of universal pity, is fully awake. Pascoli is a child of nature who longs to 'enclose the turbid universe in lucid words.' But he burns with the ardor of Lucretius to free men from their doubts and their fears and their self-inflicted torments. He yearns toward a new era when poetry shall take up the sceptre of the priest and become the pacifier and purifier of humanity.

PLINY'S AUTHORS

BY G. S. BRYAN

WRITING on one occasion to Sosius Senecio, the persistently amiable Pliny Minor begins: 'This year has produced a great crop of poets. During the whole month of April there was hardly a day when somebody was not giving a reading.' It might be possible here to detect a tone of mild protest. In the law courts April was the busiest of months, and Pliny was a considerable advocate and a student of professional detail. He somewhat prides himself on deferring *his* readings to non-term in July. Even then, once, when his guests had already assembled, he was suddenly summoned in a matter of counsel, and after an exculpatory address left his audience to attend to it. Upon his return, however, he made compensation by a two days' reading from a collection of his verse. The listeners insisted, he says, and on fair warning he read straight through without skipping.

Pliny's 'Letters' allude frequently to these author's readings; contemporary writers refer to them; Horace satirizes the 'troublesome reader' as reciting to death those luckless enough to fall into his clutches. They seem to have had no prominence in the republic, but in imperial times they formed an important literary phenomenon, whether from the concentration of power and consequent comparative decline of interest in public affairs, or from other cause. Nowadays authors' readings are for the greater part limited to those whose previous popular success makes them profitable as lyceum attractions. Generally, the reader employs published material already familiar, to which new interest is supposed to be given by an intimate and peculiar interpretation. In Pliny's Rome, conditions were practically the reverse. The book-selling of the time did not have the complex present organization. It did not seek out and encourage the 'literary deluge'; there were no publishers' readers critically to examine and appraise submitted works: more than all, perhaps, the subtle art of what Macaulay, in the historic Edinburgh essay on Montgomery, describes as 'puffing,' was not invented. Hence, the aspiring author sought another method to determine the availability of his work for publication; in the event of approval, to have that work already widely known; and generally to bring himself to attention. The author's reading, having been introduced by the author, critic, and collector, Asinius Pollio, found extensive acceptance. Evidently it was not easy for even the indefatigable Pliny to keep up with the schedule;

though he boasts that indeed in this record-breaking April he 'failed scarce any one.' The method is not dissimilar in substance to that by which works are sometimes now 'privately printed' in limited editions, distributed for criticism and suggestions, and, in case of a suitable reception, placed in the regular channels of publication.

Of course, the material of these readers was not always in meter. Pliny's inaugural address as consul, for example, was elaborated and enlarged into a volume, and thus recited for three consecutive days. Presumably, all the usual forms of prose were introduced. But it was a sort of 'culture' to essay to build the lofty rime. 'Unequipped and equipped, indiscriminately we write verses,' Horace had long before written; and this became truer as time passed. Emperors, statesmen, jurists, and warriors would enter the lists of 'incorrigible amateurs.' In Pliny's time there seems to have been a good deal of monotonous imitation of the Augustans. Of Silius Italicus, who composed a 'Punic War,' Pliny feels constrained to say that he 'wrote verses with more painstaking than talent and sometimes tested people's opinion by giving readings from them. Audiences, according to the same authority, became increasingly ungracious. 'Very many,' he says, 'sit in the lounging places and while away with gossip the time when they should be hearing the reading; and they order it reported to them from time to time whether the reader has already put in an appearance,—has made his prefatory remarks,—has unrolled a large portion of his manuscript. Then at length, and even then slowly and loiteringly, they come. Nor yet do they stay through, but withdraw before the end,—some covertly and stealthily, others openly and freely.' This was the Silver Age, and already the well-worn discussion of the 'slump in poetry' was beginning. Other more obvious humors were not wanting. The useful Pliny also tells how a scholarly equestrian was reading from a book of elegies, and opened one with a complimentary reference to Iavolenus Priscus, a patron of his. 'Priscus, you bid me,'—he began. Now Priscus, who was present,—perhaps in one of the chairs which were apparently, like those on present-day platforms, reserved for distinguished guests,—had either dozed or wandered afield; and, recalled by this sudden mention of himself, blurted out, 'Bid you? Not I' (as who should say, 'Not guilty'), to the great amusement of many. Possibly the good Priscus was weary of elegies; these verse-readings might, as has been suggested, be lengthy affairs. 'This is the third day,' writes Pliny, 'that I have had the utmost pleasure in attending a reading by Sentius Augurinus,'—the same consisting of a series of brief poems. However, Pliny solemnly observes that Priscus (a distinguished jurisconsult) is certainly of doubtful sanity, though not yet compelled to withdraw from his activities.

Yet why speculate whether the flatteries of clients or the applause of well-drilled *claque* such as a patron was ready to supply along with an auditorium, inflated minor bards and injured literary art? It was all in a fashion rather like the English time when everybody turned Pope-ian imitations, and many effectively. There was a good bit of sound study of the best literature, and of connoisseurship in it. To maintain such a degree of appreciation was at least something. As to imitation, it is unlikely that any of it was so servile as that of Silius. It is to be noted that Pattison thought what Pope frankly styled 'The Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated' 'among the most original of his writings.' Pliny, for example, shows his imitation of Cicero, and his letters are quite apparently patterned on the Ciceronian; yet they are also quite unique.

After that busied April, Pliny assures Senecio that he is going into retirement, to compose something he will not, in his turn recite,—lest he seem to have been rather a creditor than an auditor. Perhaps along the Tiber, or looking out from Laurentum across the Tyrrhenian Sea, he may have repeated these lines of one

'. . . who never dare recite
To crowds the humble verse I write;'

heroic poetry, its 'common sense' tinged not, indeed, with the Vergilian grandeur, yet with its own philosophic melancholy.

' Scattered the snows; the grasses to the plain
Return, leaves to the tree.
The seasons change, and in their bounds again
Slack streams run peacefully;
The sister Graces, three,
By nymphs attended, lead the choral strain,
The circling year — yea, and the hour that flies,
Hastening the genial day,
Alike against immortal hopes advise.
The west winds waft away
The cold; spring cannot stay,
For close treads summer, and full shortly dies
When fruited autumn has its stores displayed;
Then winter's hush. Yet, though
The moon may wane in heaven, it does not fade.
We, when to realms below
With good and great we go,
Are but a mound of dust, a fleeting shade.'

THE MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM

A Conception

BY CATHERINE POSTELL

A LONG in midsummer, the full-blown rose of the year, when the earth creaks slowly on its axis, when the theaters in London were closed, and London itself grown intolerable, Shakespeare was in the habit of going up to Stratford on the Avon to rest. There came one midsummer, perhaps in 1598, when he sought the coolness and the shade with more than his usual avidity. Perhaps he was more than usually jaded. It may have been that both work and winter had been unusually severe. He had written and presented the three parts of Henry the Sixth, Titus Andronicus, Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Richard the Second, and Richard the Third. Stage manager as well as playwright, actor as well as critic, more than the day's work had to be crowded into the day. If to the overwork inside must be added the fog and the smoke and the cold of the London winter, can you imagine with what joy he heard again the laughter of summer in the cool green shade of Stratford? He must have laughed himself as he talked back to the babbling Avon.

He was a man of a broad, generous, kindly spirit, and the fog and the smoke rolled away from his soul at the first touch of kindly nature. He loved nature, her flowers, her suns, her blue horizons, her long hot happy days. He loved the night also, and often went to sit at the close of day in his old-fashioned garden to watch the stars come out and the children at play among the flower beds.

One day when the heat had been more oppressive than usual and the night more welcome, he went in the dusk to sit in the garden in that summer house.

'Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.'

The moon threw her silver fretwork on the wall, and some faint stars trembled in the west. Susanna and her mother were sitting on a nearby bench talking over household matters, their voices making a pleasing background for his idle thoughts. Judith was romping about watering her flowers, scolding the gardener, pulling her gossip, sweet Mistress Prue, into the summer-house, and calling upon her father to settle her monstrous troubles: the gardener, that old Matthew Crabapple, had pulled up her dear wild thyme; sweet Prue would think her cowslips prettier than her

Violets; the dog, Don Roderick, had stepped on her biggest rose,— then before he could answer, she was away like a spirit, drawing the gentle Prue after her, to throw themselves down on a bank of sweet warm earth. She was at that half age,— thirteen,— a child, a woman, a fairy. The father laughs to see the two girls so careless, so happy. He heaves a long sigh of rest. This is better than London, better than writing plays, better than anything.

By and by the air changes, the slothful breeze has a coolness in it, the dew is heavy. The good Anne and Susanna go heavily indoors, the children call a sleepy good night. The father thinks to go inside himself. He can keep early hours. He is an idler, too, an inconsequent loiterer on the summer sea. He lingers a moment to let the hush sink into his tired spirit,— but in that moment something happens. The night tiptoes up to him with her finger on her lips. She touches him with her perfumes, her sighs, her awful stars. The unreal gets into blood and rides his brain. Vainly he puts up his hand to ward off his thick-coming fancies. But no, the starry night gives him no rest. His imagination 'bodies forth the forms of things unknown, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.' He cannot stop the shuttle from weaving. A wonderful web spins itself from his brain, and into this web everything is caught up and becomes part of the mesh,— the old actor-life in London, the classic mythologies that have enamored him in leisure hours, the children at play, the moonlight fretting his wall. A pea-blossom, a shivering cobweb bright with dew, a fluttering moth, a mustardseed rocking in its yellow cradle, are beings from the over-world. Judith is Titania, lying on a bank 'whereon the wild thyme grows,' and again she is the woman Hermia, and Prue is Helena with lovesick passions. The little Hamneth, now two years dead, besieges for his small place in the weaving.

Then Shakespeare takes the whole thing, broken bits of plays, lovers' intrigues and quarrels, fairy themes,— the whole tangled web, and drops it by the Thracian sea. England is too real, too workaday. That little land of Greece, the last resort of fauns and satyrs, nymphs and sprites, the only home of belated gods and goddesses, gives a warm welcome to the gossamer creation of his brain. Romance breathes here her native air, and Poetry and Fancy are not afraid to walk hand in hand through the Athenian groves.

It was too sweet a tangle to unravel and weave again by law and rule, and yet the great dramatist could not but put it in a play. What wove itself to music in the brain of Mendelssohn or to pictures in Raphael, in Shakespeare translates itself through that sublimest art which leaps red hot from

heart to heart. In this play no less than four distinct parts clamored for entrance. How to weave these together into one harmonious whole and keep the parts distinct yet blended,— who could have done this but Shakespeare? Then, with a genius all his own, he lifted the fabric out of the realm of criticism and placed it in that world of lawlessness — the world of dreams.

‘ If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear.’

‘ Midsummer’s Night’s Dream ’ has perhaps never been very successfully presented on the stage. It was presented in a crude way in the time of Shakespeare, and we have authentic information that it was once performed on Sunday at the house of the Bishop of Lincoln, and that the actor who took the part of Bottom was condemned by a Puritan tribunal to sit twelve hours in the porter’s room of the palace wearing an ass’ head.

The sober love affair of Theseus and his bouncing Amazonian bride, the tangled passions of the four Athenian lovers, the comic interlude of the play within the play, and the coming and going of the little fairy people mark the four motifs that frisk in and out, now one and then another holding the center of the stage. There is no strong plot, no earnest motive, no deep passion, but a light and joyous theme, tangled, grotesque, now up, now down, fantastical,— a midsummer night’s dream.

Shakespeare could not resist his subtle satire on life in his delineation of the part of the four Athenian lovers. Lysander and Demetrius both lay their devotions at the feet of Hermia, making the beautiful Helena that desperate thing,— a woman scorned. The little people of the over-world are called in to set the music straight between these mortals. Oberon is overcome with pity for the unfortunate Helena, and makes a desperate effort to set right her wrongs, but Puck, who is Destiny, pours the love-compelling foment into the wrong ear, and a new crisscross, more unhappy than the first, is his only reward. The dear intermeddler finds the sweet bells jangled yet more harshly out of tune.

Within the play Shakespeare introduces a second play, the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. He is fond of doing this. It is his amusement. Held back by potent reasons from using the scalping knife on those who murdered his lines in the real play, in the mock play he can let himself go, shaking with laughter doubtless, as he dares to write down their foolish boastfulness, their ludicrous importance, their unconscious stupidity. In Hamlet occurs a notable instance of a play within a play, the instructions to the actors so deftly put into the mouth of the melancholy Dane being,

doubtless, intended for some of the hopeless mouthers of his own tragedies. A choice bit of humor lightens the somber play when old Polonius, making his foolish boast, says, 'I was accounted a good actor; I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed in the Capitol: Brutus killed me.'

To enact the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, Shakespeare calls in the Athenian workman, the joiner, the carpenter, a weaver, a bellows-mender, a tinker, and a tailor, thus turning it into one of the most laughable bits of comedy within the pages of Shakespeare. In this charming bit the merry hits at his actor experience in London make one of the finest parts of the play, and give us at the same time a comic glimpse into the life and nature of Shakespeare. I can imagine him roaring with laughter when Snug the joiner wants the lion's part written out.

'Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.'

Or when Flute, the bellows-mender, says, 'Don't let me play the woman, for I have a beard coming,' did any one guess the laugh behind it? Most of all he must have liked putting the officious, ubiquitous Bottom down on paper. We have all seen Bottom, sometimes as a man, sometimes as a woman, always as the fellow that wants the best part and all the parts in life. He is given the hero's part, but he wants the heroine's also. 'Let me play Thisbe, too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. "Thisbe, Thisbe. Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear."' He even tries to take the lion's part from Snug,—'I will roar that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, Let him roar again."' When it is objected that he will make the ladies shriek if he makes so much noise, he says, 'But I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as quietly as any sucking dove, I will roar an' twere any nightingale.'

Bottom does not wear his asinine appendages so conspicuously outside the play, but our Titanias fall in love with him just the same, and dote upon him — *ad nauseam*. We have all heard her raptures: —

'Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.'

It is well for her if she does not discover that the fair, large ears are ass' ears, and that her 'gentle joy' has a soul only for good dry oats.

I know not how it is in England, if the nightingales sing there, but in the far south, if the moon be shining, along towards midnight the mocking-bird wakes with first a hint, a flutery note that breaks in two, and stops, and

then goes on again, and stops, and you turn on your pillow and think to go to sleep again, when lo! outside your window such a burst of music as only angels can imagine. Perhaps they sing so in England. Perhaps the song of the nightingales made such breaks and beats in Shakespeare's dream. His great heart swayed to music as æolian strings tremble to the touch of the wind. Even in his tragedies he cannot hold it back, notably in one of the greatest of them all:

'Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?'

asks Brutus of the drowsy child, as he sits in his tent on that sleepless night before Philippi. In his present lightsome and gladsome theme the music got tangled up in his thoughts, and we have Titania saying,

'Come, now, a roundel and a fairy song.'
' . . . Come sing me asleep.'

Even Bottom says, when he wakes with his ass' head, 'I will walk up and down here and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.' His gentle braying wakes Titania, who says:

'What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
I pray thee gentle mortal sing again;
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note.'

'I do love thee; therefore do thou go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And sing, while on pressed flowers thou dost sleep.
Wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?'

Bottom, whom the soul of Titania has not touched to finer issues, replies from the ass' standpoint, 'I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and bones.'

Oberon, when he would cast deep sleep upon the Athenian lovers, commands:

'Titania, music call!
Music, ho music, that charmeth sleep!'

When the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve, and Titania and her train come to bless the bridal home of the Athenian lovers, hand in hand they dance trippingly through the house singing as they go.

What Shakespeare saw on that moonlight night in his garden we shall never know. Mortal words cannot contain the immortal visions of the seer. Caught up into that seventh heaven, it is given to no man to hold back the curtain that others may enter too. At best he can bring back but a frag-

ment of the palace wrought of living stones, a single note of that tide chorus that caught him up as on living wings. He can only hold to us a glass, through which we see darkly, a broken lens that casts queer shadows,— a hint of tenderness overcrowded with grotesqueness, a tragic strain changing to impish laughter. In the love scenes of *Midsummer Night's Dream* the strength and bitterness limp and halt, turn suddenly from hopeless love 'wild with all regret' to a disgraceful squabble between two women erstwhile friends and schoolmates over a man scarcely worth the thought of either.

'Helen, I love thee; by my life I do.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Compare this with the noble passion of *Troilus for Cressida*.

'I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much.'

On that night of Shakespeare's dream there hovered about Judith in the moonlit garden, a faint shadow, playing when she played, laughing as she laughed, holding a little aloof from her wilder sports, lingering long after the others had gone, sitting soberly in the summer-house, with a face made of starlight, sometimes casting wistful glances back at the father in the shade,— Judith's twin brother, the little Hamnet, now two years dead. He drifts into the dream, a fragrance, a hint, a touch of passionate longing:—

'I did but beg of thee a little changeling boy
To be my henchman. Give me that boy!'

We come to the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, not to cavil, not to study, not to understand, but to revel, to enjoy. It is a poet's holiday fancy when his genius lies stretched in lawlessness on summer clouds. It is a midsummer night, an interlude, a dazzle of irresponsible brilliance, a many-hued rainbow spanning the under-world. It is laughter and love and music and song and the dance of the fairies. The ivory gates swing open. We drift into the land of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

THE ROSE

BY WALTER H. MANN

O Sire, for thou didst knight me, send me forth,
To thee do I bring word the quest is lost!
And yet so nearly won I tremble now
To think how close I ventured on success.
This is the story of the quest I lost,
Perhaps to-morrow I may ride and win.

'Twas on a May-day many a year ago,
That forth I rode, strong steel and stronger youth,
All music of the Maytime in my heart,
And on my lips a song of love I knew not.
Full easy seemed the quest and short the way
As under blooming orchard trees I rode
The narrow way that broadens to the world.
And many a day I rode and sweet it seemed
Till on a sudden, came a desert land
Stretching away in yellow sandy leagues
And seemed no dwelling place for man or beast.

But soon I came on children playing; hard
Their faces seemed, eaten with bitter dust;
Bleared were their eyes, yet as they plied their games
Some of the ways of childhood did I note,
For, when I asked them what they wrought, one cried
“ We build a mountain of the shining gold! ”

And lo! the little heaps of dirty sand.
I said, “ O children know you of the land
That lieth in the distance like a dream? ”
They looked and spake, “ We know of no such land;
And what are dreams and whither would'st thou fare?
Is there not yellow gold in plenty here? ”
Then I clapped spurs to horse and rode away,
And clouds of acrid dust arose behind.
But on the morrow when the desert grew
Trackless and waste, I came upon a troop
Of men and damsels all deformed and foul

THE ROSE

Pelting each other with the horrid sand.
And the harsh laughter of the wantons seemed
Bitter as gall, and much I loathed the land.
Yet I bespake them: " See you not the wood
A glimmer o'er the desert like the dawn ? "
And then they cried: " What desert meanest thou ?
Here is no desert but a land of love."
So rode I on till in mid-afternoon,
The hot sun burned aslant the gleaming sand,
Were men and women digging in the fields
And near them others binding into sheaves,
And sage and cactus were the sheaves they bound.
Angry that men should toil so hard for naught
I cried, " What make you in this arid place
When in the distance lies a joyous land
Where trees are green and living waters spring ? "
And straight they looked upon me, and cried, " Fool
Here is the garden, desert lies beyond."
So rode I seven days and seven nights,
And all so boundless did the desert seem
That all the stars in heaven 'gan to pale,
And hope had sunk so far down in my heart
That seemed the universe a sandy waste,
And men and women idle mockeries.
But on the seventh evening near to dusk,
I came upon some old men by the way,
And these were all asleep in the hot sand.
" How many leagues to reach the happy land
Behind whose hills we see the purple sky ? "
They rubbed their eyes, and looked at me askance:
" Why thou art in a fair land even now,
Where old men slumber on soft beds of flowers!
What would'st thou more ? That thou dost see beyond
Is but a land of lies and mockeries,
Chimeras and vile monsters habit it,
And fill its valleys with the bones of men.
Venture not thither; bide thou here with us.
Here are cool, mossy beds for weary limbs.
And sweet repose for who have journeyed far."
And there they lay, couched on the bitter sand,

With serpents of the desert coiled about them,
Contented to be one with creeping things,
Transformed by foulness till the foul seemed fair,
Dust-blinded to the beauty of the world!
So all night long I rode and knew not where,
But let my charger bear me where he would;
Yet well he bare me, for at break of day,
At the first hint of dawning in the East,
Brake all about me in the leafy world
Singing of myriad birds, and at my feet
A spring of living water gurgled by,
And on my armor gleamed the gracious dew.
There rested I all day and through the night,
But when another dawning woke the world,
I rose and journeyed on, for still the quest
Blazed like a beacon o'er the morning mist.
But perilous the way began to grow;
Chasms and grottoes, and dim precipices
Lurked in the shadows on the narrow path;
My charger left behind, I crept along
Painfully clambering from stone to stone
Slowly toward the summit. Far below
Faintly the world gleamed, insignificant.
The desert shrunk and was a little thing,
For well I knew the end was near at hand.
And onward, ever upward I did climb
By dim defiles, o'er cavernous recesses
Till almost past endurance grew the way,
When suddenly, on looking up, I saw
Far overhead a blossom in the sun
The perfect Rose of beauty, large and full,
Yet inaccessible, too high, too fair!
O Sire, my heart cried out to win the Rose
As though it were the chalice of our Lord;
So when I failed to reach it life grew dim
And meaningless and futile all attempts
To strive for other beauty in the world.
Oh many a way I sought to reach the Rose;
First, piling stone on stone and climbing up,
Almost I reached it, almost touched, and fell

THE ROSE

And night closed round me and without a star
Crept through the long, still hours and found the dawn.
And lo! the Rose's heart was full of dew:
And as I strove again to reach it, fell
Upon my burning forehead one cool drop
And kissed away the fever of despair.
Then woke the soul unto a wondrous peace,
Saw in an instant what a better thing
It is to fall upon the highest quest
Seeking the perfect beauty, than to win
Aught that is less than all. And strength withal
Came with the consciousness of failure. Strength
To ride forever on the quest, nor swerve
From the fixed path. And as I stumbled down
Found my good charger and set forth again
Over the desert to thy court, O Sire,
Lo! All the waste had vanished; in its stead
Blossomed the fair rose-garden of the world.
For, Sire, the Rose breaking in blossom there
Upon the utmost border of the land,
Made all the world a fragrance, made the sky
Bluer and deeper, yet how near to earth.
And on my lips trembled a joyous song.

Lo! As I rode, O Sire, across the land,
Tall roses bending o'er my saddle bow,
Rich, creamy blossoms of the sweets of life,
And passion bursting into scarlet bloom,
And pain that turns to beauty crimson clad,
And gentle nun-like sisters all in white,
Bending before me in humility,
Half-opened dewy buds and fully blown,
And some whose petals fluttered to the ground,
All sound and sweet, no canker in their hearts,
Each seemed a far reflection of the Rose,
Like, yet unlike, as men resemble gods.
And as I rode through flowery fields I saw
Old age a slumber in a magic garth
Amid the roses underneath the stars.
And farther on were men within the fields,

Caretakers of the garden of the earth,
Binding the golden sheaves through sunny hours
While in their hearts the happy harvest sang.
And far beyond them in a flowery mead
Roses of love break into perfect bloom,
Kissing sweet kisses of eternity.
And Sire, I saw the children playing there,
Even where once they played in loathsome sand,
But in their hair the yellow rose-gold clung
And blossomed in their cheeks the blood of roses;
While far before them gleamed the shining way
Across the fair rose-garden.

Sire, I come,
Knowing this miracle, and knowing too,
That though the world be all rose-garden, still
Blossoms for me but one, the sovereign Rose.
And I would fare again across the world,
Be it rose-garden still, or waste of sand,
All one to me so I behold the Rose
There where the heavens meet the earth, and make
Earth all that we desire. And so farewell!

THE FAITHLESS

Translated from the French of Sully Prudhomme

BY EDITH SUMMERS

I love you while I wait my destined bride,
She who will come her arm in mine to twine
In those far isles where none may lonely pine,
And friendship's joy and love's first bliss abide.
Adown the valley rolling green and wide,
Where walk thy vanished sisters of all time
Will come that one whose soul was made for mine,
And all unmarked of thee I leave thy side.
For thou thyself wilt follow his first call
Whose heart leaps up within him at thy view;
Our future lives will fade and vanish all,
And we will pass from each as travelers do
Whom the same ship brings home through calm and squall
To part — and soon forget their friendships new.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE play by the Russian writer, Leonid Andreieff, printed in this issue, has, it seems to us, greater strength and beauty than any Russian play yet printed in *Poet Lore*. Indeed, it comes the nearest to being a work of real inspiration and genius than any Russian play we have yet met with anywhere. It has the same lack of dramatic construction — at least according to our ideas — which seem to be characteristic of Russian plays. There can hardly be said to be any action in the dramatic sense at all; only an episode in Russian governmental oppression, and the revealing, by means of this episode, of the characters of an intensely interesting group of people who are watching far up upon the mountains in a lonely observatory the progress of events. But with what an exquisite touch of penetration and sympathy are the various and on the whole lovable people brought before us. The mother so human, brave, and gentle, and with a delicious sense of humor; the father grandly living aloft and misunderstood among his stars, and yet with a personality that calls out the utmost devotion from such finer natures as Inna, Marusia, and Petia. Then there is the poetic and excitable young Jew, and Petia with his wild, symbolic devotion to his bride, down-trodden Russia. The hero of the episode is Nicholas, whom we never see, yet we grow more and more conscious of his power through the suspense and anxiety of all in regard to his fate; and who is there among us who can hear Marusia tell that fate in the last act without a thrill of overwhelming feeling as though for the loss of one we know and love? The effect of this scene is beyond words wonderful.

Here is a play in which there is no hero that appears, no villain except the far-off Russian government, no lovemaking, no strangling psychological conflicts between old and new ideals of love, no dramatic action to speak of; a play in which every one is fine, true, and loyal. Yet with none of the elements a play is supposed to have it is one of the most stirring things we have ever read and with fine acting might hold an audience spellbound. It is full of pathos, of universal human feeling, and of an uplifting philosophy. Andreieff is to be thanked for writing a truly great play that leaves us with only an uplifted outlook upon life, symbolized in the greatness of soul of the three to whom Nicholas was nearest: his father, with an all-seeing philosophy born of the stars, that puts suffering and sorrow among the fleeting phenomena of existence; his wife, whose grief makes her henceforth the servant of suffering humanity, and his mother, whose heart will weep eternally — so should the spirit, the will, and the heart hold itself toward suffering otherwise too great to be borne, until that time when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.— H. A. C.

BOOKS into which their author has artistically put his true self stay with you. Their power is beyond your realization when you first read them. The force instilled is more important than the story, the situations or their coloring, the characters or ideas. Like the impression of a personality, it remains as the essential fact behind features, face, and figure.

'The Disciple of a Saint,' by Vida D. Scudder, is such a rare book — a strong and beautiful book, having a beauty and influence that is spiritual and individual.

While you read it, you may consciously taste its distinctive beauty of phrase, its balanced threefold structure, with the bud and bloom of the whole story shown in Prologue and Epilogue; you may realize its culture, picturesqueness, and historic bearing upon the past of Italy, or the interest of its conflicting characters and the emotion of their love or piety. You may be quite carried away with it, delighting in Neri's sudden rescue from the angry crowd in Bologna, in Catherine's miraculous breadmaking, or haunted by the charm of the beautiful Ilaria in the grotto of the White Lady, and the significance of the contrast with Catherine's radiant social energy. Or possibly, if you are captious, you may criticize some passing episode or pietistic manner catching your notice over-dominantly. Both these results have been felt by its readers, sometimes both by one and the same reader. Interchange of impressions among a group interested in the book attests this. But the main great thing about it is that after you have closed it and effaced its details you feel subconsciously its characteristic compulsion of ardor.

Like a drama or a poem worthy the name, 'The Disciple of a Saint' has what too few modern works of fiction have,— a motive, not a 'purpose,' quite a different thing; an inner vital motive that artistically pervades, unifies, and uplifts it. If one may venture to define it, it is a sense of the conflict between sensuous and intellectual desires and joys, and desires and joys more compelling than these, because more spiritually potent. This conflict is embodied in the hero, Neri, and it is made socially and historically significant by its implied application to a similar conflict stirring all Italy in the fourteenth century between the desires and joys of the reborn pagan culture and those promised by the Church for social regeneration through self-denial and sacrifice.

Neri's beautiful cousin, Ilaria, offspring like himself of pagan Italy, is the impersonation of joys transcended by the joys of the spirit, breathing attraction through the ardent soul of St. Catherine of Siena. The love story of the book is the story of the sacrifice of Ilaria's mere sweet humanity to the divine triumph of the saint in the soul of her disciple. But Neri, like his

spiritual mother, Catherine, is said to have 'practised, not the mysticism of abstraction derived from the Orient, dear to the hermits of Lecceto and to many other mediæval contemplatives, but that other mysticism which in the whole world of visible being sees Love made manifest to sense. The earth was to him no finality on the one hand, no illusion on the other, but image or sacrament of the Unseen.'

The contest and division the story has been at pains to draw between the joys of the seen and the unseen is close upon fusion and unity in such mysticism as this. There is a modern plane of life upon which the aspirations of sense and spirit complement each other. Perhaps of this life such a life as Neri's is the seed.— C. P.

NAZIMOVA as Hedda Gabler. What a vista of emotions she opens up to me; what others try so hard to do, so obviously hard, she does with so much ease and dripping nicety. This is, I think, the expression, for her effects fall from her with almost greasy ease and facility. Nazimova is the obvious genius who does seemingly without effort what others try and fail so abjectly to do. She wades through a rich sea of art; wades languorously with an almost disconcerting surety. Characteristically she goes at once to the meat of the matter. Boredom is the major note of Hedda's infinite, minute, petty boredom. In this she gets sympathy from her audience; it is a disease as fashionable as appendicitis. By an unerring master stroke she makes Hedda stir with unutterable boredom as she dies; that even in her death — the supreme moment of interest in her life—she is a trifle ennui. Maybe the glimpse of the new she is entering is disappointing? Would it be sacrilegious to suggest this? It is one of our pet theories that an actor should act all over. Nazimova acts from her head down. Her back speaks: her arms describe emotions and paint ideas: her hands and fingers punctuate, emphasize points, and spread out her tones; her feet keep time with her thoughts; are slow, restless, quick, or impatient, as the case may be. Her eyelids speak louder and more vehemently than most actors do with their whole beings: her eyes are a drama in themselves. Nazimova is an actress! charming personalities we have in plenty: accomplished virtuosoes are numerous, but an actress! one who can paint opposite, antagonistic individuals and portray them through the same medium. These one can count on one hand and at that would the thumb be called into service? — *Arthur Row*

THERE is a dainty book, published not so very long ago, which will have a perennial charm as a tiny Browning anthology. It is made up of Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' and six other of her lyrics begotten of the emotion aroused by Robert Browning's wooing, together with all the very few poems wherein Robert Browning himself may certainly be caught indirectly unlocking his heart. It was Mr. R. W. Gilder's happy idea to group these autobiographical poems in this attractive shape, and he prefixed a sympathetic and interesting introduction to the love-history thus written in poems. He supplies from their letters, and from other sources, dates and many another item of interest, supplementing the record of 'the most perfect example of wedded happiness in the history of literature — perfect in the inner life and perfect in its poetical expression.'

Commenting on the Sonnets, which Browning was first to praise when he said, 'I dared not reserve to myself the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's,' Mr. Gilder says:

'Every one of the forty-four "Sonnets from the Portuguese" follows the Italian method rather than the English or Shakesperian sonnet form. Within the form chosen they have an interesting mingling of regularity with irregularity. In only seven of the sonnets (Sonnets iv, viii, xiii, xvi, xxvii, xxxv, and xliii) is there a full pause at the end of the octave. Otherwise there is a great regularity, the whole forty-four poems having the same scheme of rhymes, there being uniformly but two rhymes in the octave and two in the sestet (arranged thus: 1, 2, 2, 1; 1, 2, 2, 1; 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4). In the seven sonnets where there is a full pause at the end of the octave, six of these are true pauses, but in one (Sonnet xliii) there are other pauses which break the effect of the octave. Again, in only three of these seven (Sonnets iv, xiii, and xliii) are the quatrains of the octave marked. Speaking technically, then, Sonnets iv and xiii are the nearest perfection, though as poems they rank no higher than others in the series. In this series, though there are such rhymes as "burn" and "scorn," "desert" and "heart," "south" and "truth," the writer has fortunately not ventured upon such extreme experiments in rhyming as earlier she conscientiously pursued. It may be further noted that in fourteen of her other group of forty-four sonnets, all in the Italian form, she rhymes differently in the sestet. . . .

'No technical analysis can discover the elements of endless attraction and power of inspiration contained in these poems. It would seem as if the breaking down of the barrier between octave and sestet, in this case, was by instinctive and fortunate choice, and in accordance with the peculiar and individual flow of thought and diction . . . in their profound vision, their

flaming sincerity, the eloquence with which they express the self-abnegation no less than the self-assertion of genuine love, they transcend the conditions of sex and proclaim authentically not only the woman's passion, but also that which is common, in the master passion, to both woman and man.

Besides 'One Word More,' 'Prospice,' and the 'Lyric Love' from 'The Ring and the Book,' Mr. Gilder was almost half-minded to the poems representing Browning's lyric expression of his love, the poem 'My Star,' the more so as he found in the Love Letters his authority for saying that Elizabeth Barrett Browning was his 'Star' in a letter to her, postmarked November 10, 1845. 'I believed,' he wrote, 'in your glorious genius and knew it for a true star from the first I saw it; long before I had the blessing of knowing it was MY star, my fortune and futurity in it.' In the midst of his querying about it, Edmund Gosse sent Mr. Gilder a letter giving his view upon it as follows: 'I cannot for a moment consent to believe that "My Star" is like a star—like spar—an object hiding in a dark place, absolutely invisible to the ordinary gazer, but flashing (to the poet,—who stands or moves at a certain angle —) "now a dart of red, now a dart of blue." The poet has seen this "star," and has praised it so loudly and so long that his friends are round and "would fain see it too. . . ." But he cannot show it, it is invisible to any eye but his, and they must solace themselves with the dim lidity of Saturn. All this is incompatible with the idea of E. B. B. as a famous poet, extremely before the public, herself a "Saturn" in the eyes of R. B. knew her. . . . My own conviction has always been that R. B. cannot indicate a person at all by "My Star." I think he meant a certain individual quality of beauty in verse, or something analogous. The fact that it flashed its red and blue at him, was a bird to him and a flame to her. He despaired (this is quite an early poem) of making his contemporaries see it. They must solace themselves with Wordsworth or with Tennyson, or with the famous and popular E. B. B., or with the recognized and highly valued of æsthetic beauty. Some years ago I came across by accident a French sculptor Prault. He said: "L'art, c'est cette étoile: vous ne la voyez pas." Was not R. B. thinking of this? Prault was a few years his senior. I have never made use of this, but I give it as (I think) important. That the Star had nothing whatever to do with E. B. B. I regard as absolutely certain.'

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THE PILGRIMS,' a poem, which is a series of poems, American even in its separable unity, has grown up under Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's cultured and affluent fancy, in fulfilment of the request made him to write the commemorative poem for the exercises of last August, at the laying of the cornerstone of the Pilgrim monument, at Provincetown.

An extremely original and interesting plan underlies this poetic work. The scheme is to knit together in a composite national song poems of the unobtrusive daring of the early Pilgrims, their Mayflower voyage, and historicization of democracy with poems of the multifarious achievements of their life in the New World.

The triumphant progress of the nation and the march of the centuries appear suggestively in the four movements of this symphonic poem. The first depicts the voyage of the Mayflower and its significance. The second relates to the signing of the famous compact off Provincetown and its importance as herald of democracy. The third is a dramatic scherzo in which the main Pilgrims, having reached old age, describe to their grandchildren the incidents of the first landing. The fourth movement would be called in music a 'free fantasia.' It tells in about forty poems of varying lengths and rhythms of the outgrowth of the Pilgrim settlement. They give a history and picture of American civilization. There is a 'Song of Labor,' describing the experiences of the fishermen off shore and on the Banks; of roadmakers in ancient and modern times; of the newspaper as picturing all phases of life. There are songs of holidays: July Fourth, Labor Day, Lincoln's Birthday,

There is a 'Song of Light,' picturesquely tracing the spread of illumination from the tallow 'dip' and the bayberry candle down to electricity. There is a 'Song of the Fleet.'

One of the ingenious enhancements of the celebration of the voyage of the Pilgrims to this new land is a little cycle of songs of other historic immigrants whose adventure was the seed of great civilizations: songs of the Phoenician and Norse sailors, and of Greek and Roman exiles. The easy facility of Mr. Dole appears throughout the work in the variety of meters skilfully redeeming the verse from monotony. These are skilfully selected to suit the genius of each race. The song of the Ionian exiles, for instance, is written in graceful sapphics. Here are the first five stanzas:

' Thin was the soil our mountain-vale offered,
Sloping down sharply where the sea-margin
Curved in and out with numberless islets
Smiling in sunshine.

' Here lived our fathers, peaceful and happy;
 Here stood the temples carved of white marble,
 Facing the sea, the azure Ægean,
 Home of Poseidoni.

' Room has grown scanty, forth we must wander,
 Seeking new lands where cities may flourish,
 Building new shrines for Zeus, Aphrodite,
 Pallas, Apollo.

' Farewell, Ionia, marble-rich homeland!
 We from Sikelia, gazing with homesick
 Hearts, full of longing, oft will remember
 All the old legends.

' We will remember streamlet and mountain,
 Unto the new land bear the old place-names,
 Build us like temples, white-marble-columned.
 Carve us like statues.'

The serious purpose of the whole is to inspire patriotism, to waken civic pride to picture

' The comedy, the tragedy, the strife,
 The passion, the enormous labor; to rehearse
 The daily history; to show in terse
 Dramatic narrative three centuries rife
 With infinite growth, Life personal, World-Life.
 What marvelous choice for poet's triumph-verse!

' Only a segment of the circle grand,
 Only one billow from the boundless Main,
 From off the beach only one grain of sand;
 Yet in that segment, billow, crystal grain,
 Somewhat of the beauty one can understand,
 And so the labor is not wholly vain!'

Mr. Dole has been laureate American for a number of civic and historic occasions, and some five or six other poems and odes are included in the extremely handsome, privately printed volume of 'The Pilgrims and Other Poems,' issued this December. This is his third book of verse, 'The Hawthorn Tree' and 'The Building of the Organ' preceding. Although the most serious and substantial, it is his most varied and flexible poetic achievement.

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