FIRST FRUITS

F. W. Butler-Thwing

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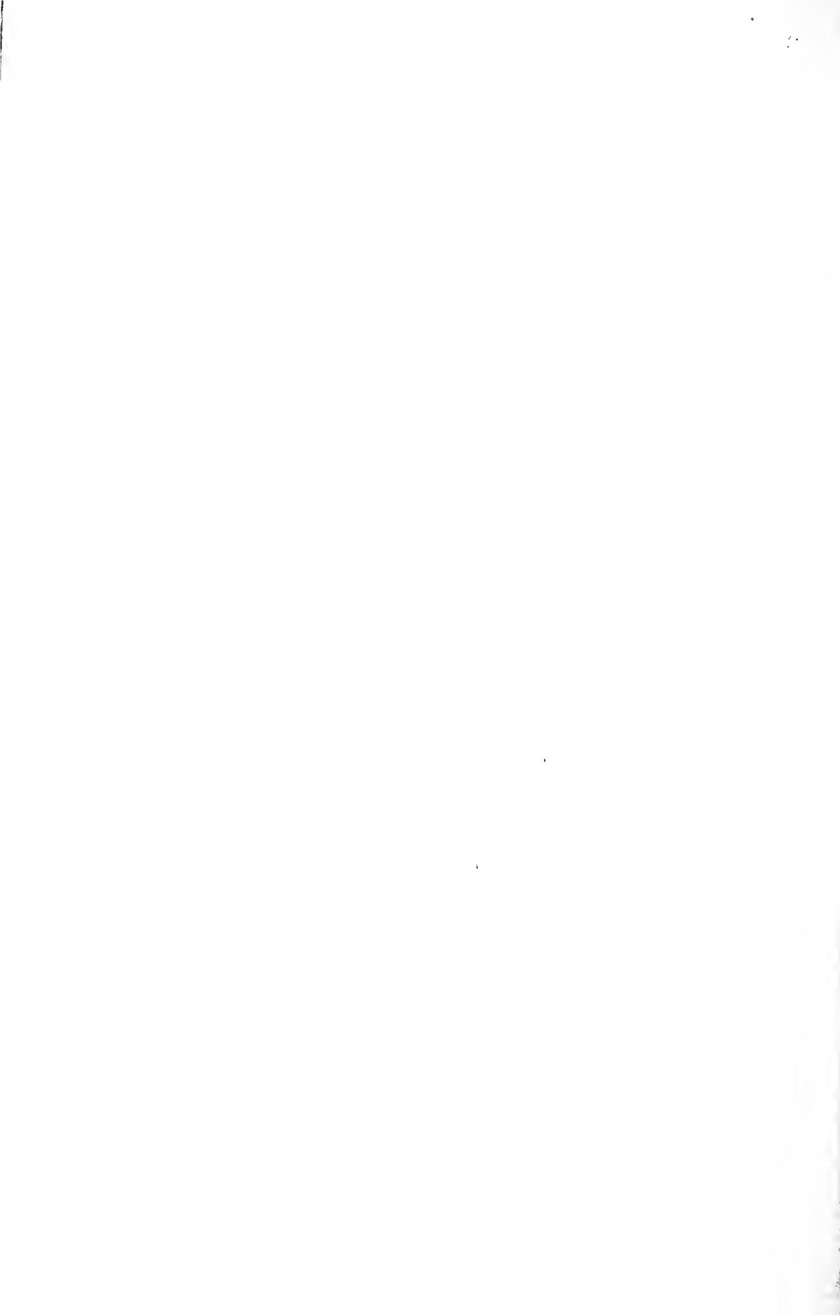

FIRST-FRUITS

By

Francis Wendell Butler-Thwing

Andover and Harvard

"That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust—"

—*In Memoriam*

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1914

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DEDICATED

WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION, TO THE

HON. ALFRED AUBREY TENNYSON

Of Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge

IN MEMORY OF HAPPIER DAYS

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

Francesca to Dante: Inf. V. 121-123

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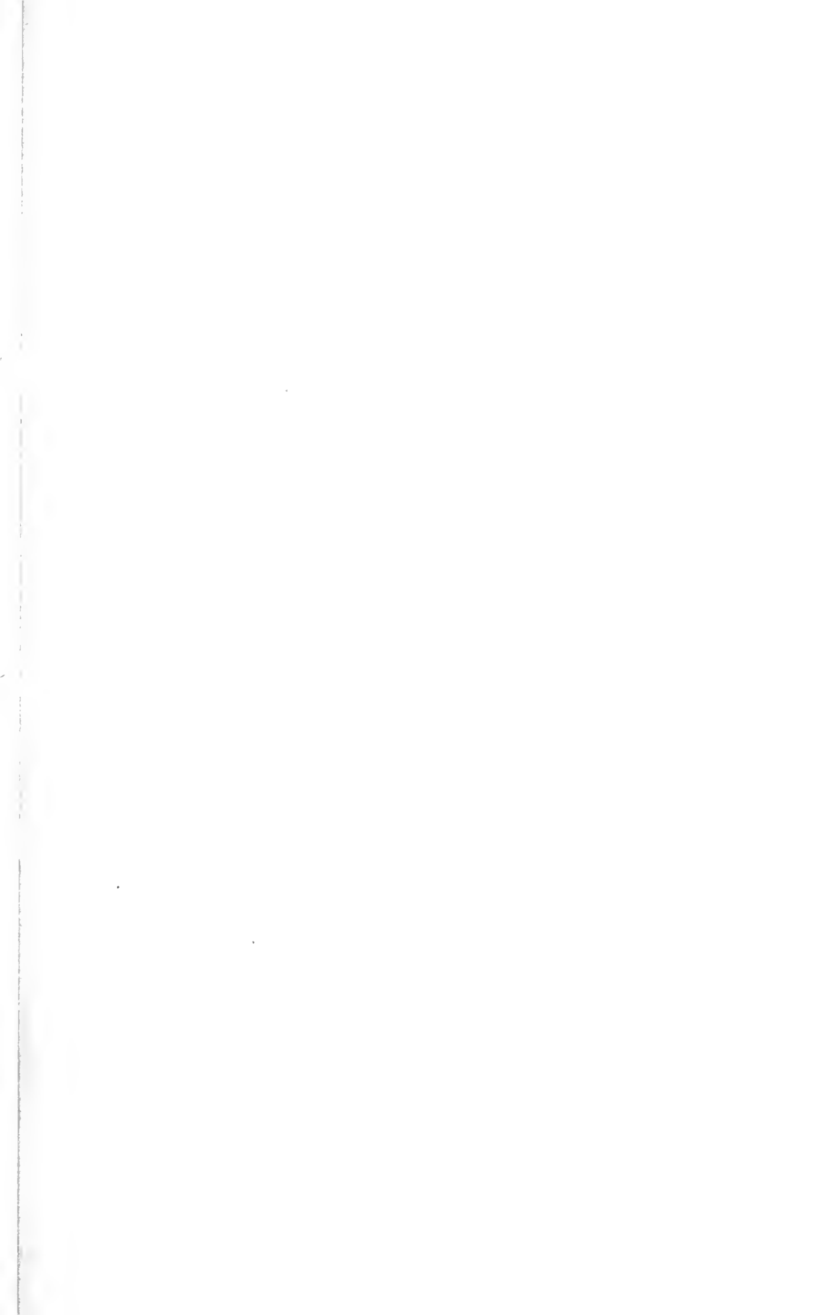
FOREWORD

For a college man to print a volume of poetry requires no apology; it needs simply a gun of large calibre for its defence. And no ordinary apology will suffice for the printing of this volume, especially since it is, so far as I know, not in the least "modern"—in two senses. The content of the book was ready for the printer two years ago, but circumstances which I could not succeed in altering have delayed its appearance until now. Frankly, I know that most of the verse and much of the prose is not worth publication, and that it is all astoundingly uninteresting. But I am, even at this late date, following an ancient resolution to print some of the things which I wrote during the first two and a half years at Harvard; for they may be interesting to a few people into whose hands they may fall, from the mere fact that they are the sincere, even if badly expressed, life-and-death thoughts of a very young man.

Above all, my thanks are due (I believe this comes in every well-brought-up preface) to those friends at Andover and Harvard and in England who for some years have made the world such a pleasant place in which to work and play.

F. W. B.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
April, 1914.



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FIRST-FRUITS

THE DEATH OF PENELOPE

[Legend has it that Odysseus, on his return to Ithaca after the twenty years' absence, found the call of the sea too strong to resist; and that in spite of Penelope's protestations, he sailed away again in search of new adventures. This is the theme of Tennyson's *Ulysses*. I have imagined the death of the heedful and long-suffering wife as occurring ten years after Odysseus and his mariners again set sail "beyond the baths of all the western stars."]

The light sinks slowly o'er the western hills,
The golden splendor of the sunset breaks
And rolls its glory down the unseen slopes
Of night.
Against the fretful, burning west
The royal isle of Ithaca stands stern,
Drinking the glory of the sun's last rays
From sky and sea and hills. Unwillingly
She yields herself unto the night's embrace.
The day-time clamor of the port is hushed;
Gone are the sailors all to seek their rest,
Leaving their swinging boats upon the wave.
Fishermen's nets, wet with the dark sea-slime,
Adorn the gray, storm-beaten island rocks
And low bespeak the bustle of the day.

THE DEATH OF PENELOPE

The gulls, bright-winged above the darkening sea,
Wheel restlessly and tumble towards the waves,
Seeking the day, where day would be no more.
The sullen waves reach slowly up the beach,
Tossing their manes in anger towards the heights—
And there a house which rises o'er the trees
That fain would screen the long, refulgent light
Breaking in gladness from its portaled walls.
The calm of nature rests about the house
Of Nature, welcoming her lover, Night.
The wine of sunset quenches into sleep
Earth's soul, tired with the fret and care of day,
And evening, touched with day's remembered joys,
Steals softly o'er the lisping western waves.

Within the marble halls is long-hushed peace,
Pale evening shadows flicker on the floors,
Disturbed by no rude hand or careless breath.
The long hall ends; and there a vaulted room
Filled with the rich red wine poured from the sun,
Bright with the fainting glory of the sea,
Whispers with human breath and touch and tread.

High on the curtained bed Penelope
Lies quiet, gazing sadly towards the sea.
About her shoulders falls the smooth, dark hair,
Shot with the glancing radiance of the deep;
And round her bed the trusted servants stand
To hear their mistress speak her last fair words.
Reluctantly she turns her from the sea,

Extends an eager hand and looks about
With that last strong, remembering, hopeful look
Which calls the past into the present hour
And seals the present to eternity.
Motioning the maidens close about, she speaks:

"My friends, ye who have served me long and well,
Hark to your mistress now, Penelope,
Whom men once called the Heedful, worshiping
The rhythm of her household ways, the love
She bore her husband through long years of toil.
Ye have but known me since Odysseus left
His home a second time to sail the sea
In quest of unknown land and unknown spoil.
Twenty long years before ye came to me
I waited his return from war-girt Troy,
Resisting the appeals of those who fain
Would have him dead and have me yield myself.
Nobly and as true wife I bore me till
My blessèd lord returned and killed the men
Who sought my hand.

"My maids, naught can I tell
To show the joy of that long wished-for day
When he once more received me in his arms
And pressed my cheek unto his furrowed lips.
Long had I borne for this, long suffered pain,
The anguish of the soul whose strength is gone,
But unto which some God gives sustenance.
Again had I not only strength, but joy,

And all that gods can give in life renewed
When once again we sat within the halls.
We were not old; though years of wandering
Had scarred his face and aged his crafty mind
His heart was young and strong, and I was young
For very loving. Long might we have lived
In wedded happiness e'en as the kings
Before the days of Troy and felt as one
The kiss of happy time upon our brows.
But no! Again he took me in his arms,
Again the long, sad kiss, the bitter sob
Of pain not understood. 'The sea, the stars,'
He said, 'are calling; to their call I yield.'

"Ye know the rest. Telemachus remained
Only a year to glorify the house,
To comfort me his Mother with his laugh,
His thoughtful, manlike eyes and quiet ways.
He, too, set sail, following down the path
Which leads amid the piercing western stars.
Then I alone was left to guard the isle,
To rule the savage, half-formed men who till
The rocky soil and keep the restless shore.
Long did I wait my son's return, and long
Did I gaze day on day across the sea
And watch the west for his home-coming sail.

"But all my hopes have vanished unfulfilled;
And now, my friends, I go. Perhaps the forms
Of those I love may meet me wandering

Within the dusky halls of death. Perhaps
There, too, shall I await in vain their greeting
And never hear their voices echo more.
All is unknown; my humble tasks are done,
And now I go to seek life's last reward,
The grand work unfulfilled, the vision lost.

"And yet, it may be that the highest ends
Are won by humblest means. I who have done
The simple duty of the home, distant
The clash of war, the honor and the spoil,
May still reap benefits unheard, unseen.
E'en now a ready voice within the heart
Says that the toil has not been all in vain.
Love given, love received, have each left marks
Of hope and joy upon the yearning soul.
'Tis not the grandeur of the work which wins
A glorious guerdon at the hands of gods;
The soul that moves the work's accomplishment
In lowly ways to noble ends stands sure
Of meet reward when all the days are done.
After the deadening toil of dreary hours,
Spent in the house alone with dreary tasks,
It may be that I yet shall sit the peer
Of brave Odysseus and Achilles, yea,
Of all the god-born men who fought at Troy.
All is unknown, the great deep lies before.

"Strong love of life thrills through me as I see
Ye standing here, my maids, full of the hope

That comes from glad lives purely, nobly lived.
Fain would I stay to clasp mine own again,
To see my blessèd lord e'en as he lived,
To look upon his face, to feel his kiss,
And have my son once more beside my knee
Drawing the ancient love within my breast—
And yet, I dare not question Zeus's will.
What comes I ask not, only wait the end.

"And oh! might you, my maidens, take the work
I leave and bear it onward for my sake.
Keep well the house until my lord's return
That he may find it garnished if he come—
The fire laid where he used to warm his hands
After long battles fought against the breeze.
And do ye also keep the torch alight
In this west window for Telemachus,
That as he rides toward port a sign of love
May greet him, e'en though I be far away.
Again I charge ye all, keep fresh the flowers
Above the place where lies the dust of her
Who did not seek the splendor of the west
But waited for the coming of her lord.

"What more? I die, but linger on the road
To Death. The gods, who knew my love of life,
My joy in humble duty, checked and bound
By quiet household cares, by faith and love
Will judge aright. If this be all of life,
My friends, farewell."

THE DEATH OF PENELOPE

Only the sob of white-robed maidens moves
And thrills upon the quiet evening air.
The sea, calmed by the sun's last lingering ray
Lies waiting, silvery-barred, beneath the moon.
The willows round the portals of the house
Tremble as if moved by some ancient grief.
Peace reigns, peace, death, the quiet of the stars,
Eternity lies resting on the deep.

Big Pine Mine,
Prescott, Arizona.
August, 1911.

THE GAME

[*From the Harvard Illustrated Magazine*]

The call of the goal far down the field,
  The throb of the stands to left and right,
An answering throb from a spirit sealed
  In a heart-wrung prayer for strength for the fight.

A moment of silence; the sultry wait
  Through a life-time to catch the glint of the ball,
Then the impulse, the sob, and the rush of fate
  And the leaping of life to the captain's call!

There twenty-two men in the battle's embrace,
  Hurtling eager and tense at the thought of a name;
Then the shock, and the halt, and the changing of place
  And the prayer through it all to play the game!

The strong man's soul by the pain of years
  Gathered and crushed in the bitter night,
The weary wait and the rush of tears,
  Then God grant us strength to win the fight!

Alone with our task on a distant shore,
  Facing the wrath of worlds that blame,
With sorrow behind and darkness before,
  Ah! Christ give us pluck to play the game.

November, 1911.

IBI REQUIESCAT

[*From the Harvard Advocate*]

The heat, the strife, the weariness of day,
A long-drawn hush, the evening song, the bell,
A soul upon its unseen, starlit way
Where cloud-shapes in the vast stand sentinel.
A moment's pain, the quick relief of tears,
A moment's vision of the grave—the sod—
And then thou liest, comrade of the years,
Faint, trembling on the bosom of thy God.

Arizona
1911.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

[*Affectionately inscribed to the memory of Alfred Lord Tennyson*]

Poet-angel, find the loved one
  Where he lives beyond the blue,
Bring him, let him sit beside me,
Let him live as once he lived,
  Dark-flushed cheeks, warm lips, eyes gleaming tender-true.

Could I know him as you knew him
  Ere his swift, glad life had fled?
See him, touch him, hear his laughter
As he sat on winter evenings,
  Hands in pockets, with the firelight round his head?

Might he come, dear angel-poet,
  Sit with me and whisper low.
Tell how once we knew each other
In the distance dim-enchanted,
  Laughed and cried together once, long ago?

Might we sometime meet each other
  As worlds onward, upward roll?
Clasp! forget our recent parting,
Once renew the old, old rapture
  Heart in heart quick pulsing, starlit soul in soul!

February, 1911.

UNIVERSITY HYMN

Our God leads onward, pillared in the flame,
E'en as He led through desert wastes of old;
The serried ranks still shout on high his name,
The ancient tale of battle still is told.

Forward the long line swings, the comrades fall,
The night is choked with toil and dim with tears,
But still the love of God flames over all
And beckons to the faithful through the years.

So forward, brethren, up the toil-worn slope,
Where trod your peers, glad saints with heroes' might;
Today renew their visioned strength, their hope,
Like them advance through pain to greet the light.

The love of God leads forth our eager ranks,
Our wills are fixed unwavering on the goal;
For toil-won Truth now hear the children's thanks
In Truth united, heart and mind and soul.

September, 1911.

SONNETS

To F. F.—Ill with Scarlet Fever

They told me, Francis, you were sick in bed!
  My heart was ill content to bear this news
  Which moved my pity e'en as Kitten's mews
Disturb the heart of Cat with anxious dread.
My tears flowed free: "Alas, alas!" I said,
  "What evil-minded god in rage doth use
  Such means to show his anger and t' abuse
The eager, hungry child he long has fed?"

Long, long, I sorrowed thus, and then arose
With brighter face at thought of all the joy
When first of chicken thou dost eat, and rows
Of biscuits brown. The Duchess of Savoy
Ne'er had a better feast of quails and does
Than thou upon that day, O happy boy!

December, 1909.

To a Hostess

Kind hostess, Mother of my best loved friend,
  Clear-visioned prophet of a better day,
To thee in feeble, halting words I send
  What meed of deep heart-seated love I may.
My childish lips to thee would fain express
  The mystic thoughts that well within the soul,
The burden, bitter-sweet, of wistfulness,
  The pain of separation from life's whole.
God knows what fruit my earthly life will bear,
  Whether the harvest will be great or small;
The future lies like an unbreathèd prayer
  Between my spirit and the All-in-all.
But now, dear lovèd soul, I can but lay
One gift upon the altar, then away.

September, 1910.

Striving

[To J. G. G.—Harvard 1912]

Sometimes, when with the thoughtful spirit broods
A dim-felt sense of great powers unfulfilled
In heat of life; and in the man-lost moods
Of self the heart is hushed and brain is stilled,
Then comes the soul's long-dreaded, long-sought hour.
Burning, alone, big with desire it stands,
In needed act scorning to use its power,
Slow-reaching through the dark with wistful hands.
Columbus once left country, home, and sire
On a mad quest to sail across the sea:
Distant results of that he did acquire
Have changed immortal Europe's destiny.
The soul, once back from its dark western skies
Leads the whole man on noblest enterprise.

March, 1911.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson
10 May, 1911

[*From the Harvard Advocate*]

First of thy country's sons in thought and deed
Who mingled, stern and faithful, with thy peers
And fought for nobler life in changing years
As thou didst serve thy nation in her need—
Today, merged in thy largeness, thoughtful, freed
From narrow aims and petty, low-born fears
We come in wondering grief and solemn tears
To pay thy memory a brave man's meed.

Soldier and priest, friend of the great and good,
Whose long life-battle, nobly fought, is done,
Ah! would that we might stand as thou has stood
And, scarred in strife of years, grow like to thee,
Worthy the gifts thy toil and thought have won,
Thy peers in strength and Christ-like courtesy!

SONNET FRAGMENTS

To A. H. H.

And yet, dear soul, we know that we can be,
Since thou wast of this earth, somewhat like thee.

To a Lady

'Tis sometimes said that all earth's sweetest things,
  The rainbow and the rose, are earliest dead,
That gathering quick their souls on soaring wings
  They leave our life and heavenward are led.
'Tis for our most loved things that most we fear,
  Despising our own worth to keep the prize
And wondering, might the Father one sad year
  Himself take the loved thing to Paradise.
And yet for thee we cannot ever fear:
Heaven needs thee not; thou bringest Heaven here.

HEROIC COUPLETS

O Muse, come from your still retreat and play
What song you will to grace your lyre today.
Let country pastures, birds, or dragon's lairs,
Let warriors, goblins, elves, or peasant's wares,
Or praise of love, or wine which Hera sips
Concern your mind, O Muse, and move your lips.
Where wilt thou then? First to the Sabine Farm,
Where Horace lived and wrote 'mid war's alarm.
The stream is there, the rocks, the trees the same
'Neath which he loved to sit and think of fame.
The grass is soft and green; the wood is still.
Why should I go and leave the Sabine Hill?
Stay, stay, dear Muse, and let me drink awhile
The cold clear air of Sappho's Lesbian isle—
The air which Horace brought to Rome in song
To teach some love of truth, some hate of wrong.

1910.

Beyond the last long lisping wave
Are far-seen regions I would know
Where once from darkness Something gave
Soul-life below.

Beyond the sun we deem so fair,
Above the whispering planets high,
Further than human thought or care
Those regions lie.

Where lives the lofty silent soul
Whose memory moves in earthly dreams
And mingles life's dark-turbid flow
With crystal streams.

Lit waters on a summer night,
Low streaming clouds above the sea—
These, these reveal to mortal sight
Eternity.

September, 1910.

WELTSCHMERZ

Why put in words the pain we feel
  When world-grief with the spirit lies
And dark-winged doubts will soar and wheel
  And tumble under towering skies?

The night is long, the eye is dark,
  The soul is smothered in its gloom;
Resistless forces seem to mark
  Our footsteps to eternal doom.

We pause; we ask, How can we know?
  Whence comes the spirit's leaping flame?
Is death the end? Is life a show
  In which we act from petty shame?

The yearning grief holds mind and limb,
  Our prayers and tears break not its might,
The homesickness we feel for Him
  Who gave ourselves to see the right.

Though deep in pain of mind and soul,
  We know the truth, whate'er we say;
We know that God-lit æons roll,
  That after night will come the day.

1910.

LIFE'S DARKNESS

Life's darkness is of thick stained glass
Through which the sunbeams try to pass;
The house within is dark and chill—
Outside, the sun is shining still.

November, 1910.

JOHN STERLING

When life was young and hopes were high
And wingèd winds from heaven blew,
Swift came a voice; its call he knew—
  "Thou soon must die."

He did not shrink or make reply
But stood and smiled as death drew near.
That silent answer yet rings clear—
  "Thou can'st not die."

January, 1911.

PLATO: THE MORNING AND THE EVENING STAR

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος
νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἕσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

Star of the dawn, who once among the living raised your head,
Now, dying, as the evening star, you shine among the dead.

1910.

HORACE: ODES, BOOK III, 9

"Donec gratus eram tibi"

The curtain rises on a well-appointed sitting-room. Mamma is seen sewing behind the portières at the back. Clarice is sitting in the middle of a large sofa, with her arms folded. Directly opposite her, at a distance of two feet six inches, on a straight-backed chair, is Claude (the hero). A long pause; finally:

HE:

As long as I was loved by you
And no one with more winsome ways
Embraced you and sent *billets-doux*
A happy king I spent my days.

SHE (*quickly*):

As long as you loved me alone
And I was raised above the rest,
A maiden fair, on fame's high cone,
I lived a life by far the best.

HE (*waiting to see how she will take it*):

Now Thracian Chloe is my queen,
Who sweetly sings and plays the lyre;
(Oh, spare her, Fates, she's just sixteen)
For her I would brave sword and fire.

SHE (*nodding appreciatively*):

I, too, have tolled my old love's knell,
  A Thurian boy, Ornytus' son,
(Oh, spare him, Fates, I love him well)
  Is now the last, the only one.

HE (*ill concealing his real interest*):

What if the old, old love return
  And bring us now beneath her sway?
What if the new no longer burn?
  My doors are wide to you alway.

SHE (*leaning slightly forward and smiling divinely*):

You are as changing as the sea—
  My other love is like the sky
And I *like* him, but you *love* me—
  With you I'll live and gladly die.

[*Falls into his arms. Mamma stops sewing. Slow curtain.*]

March, 1910.

SEHNSUCHT

[*From the Harvard Advocate*]

A voice across the darkening sea,
A whisper on the waiting air,
Lovers on the bleak high lea
Gazing seaward silently;
Between them and the sunset there
The slow gulls tumbling restlessly.

March, 1911.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

[From a letter dated June 12, 1841: "I have been for the last hour on the seashore thinking deeply and strongly and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if he gives me the strength I pray for) to be recalled."]

The evening's calm on land and sea—
  Only the tree-tops whispering low
And waves in ancient rivalry
  Breaking together soft and slow.

A dreamer on the moonlit sands
  Beneath the heavens' dotted scroll
Sits bowed o'er trembling, claspèd hands
  In midnight commune with his soul.

At first no sound to break the hush
  Of the tense planets on their way,
Only the heart's quick beat—the rush
  Of white-crowned ringlets from the bay.

God walks the silent sea tonight,
  His presence thrills on starry ways;
The man renews his yearning might,
  Gathers the soul within and prays.

"O God, tonight I make my vow
  Before the sleepless stars and sea
Always to do Thy work—both now
  And through Thy dim eternity.
In doubt and faith our hearts aspire
  And then earth's children hasten on;
But may this night's soul-wrought desire
  Be mine when faith and earth are gone.
All that I am, all I may be
  I consecrate to Thine and Thee."

The evening's calm on sea and land
  Where rustling breezes stir and blow,
The waves upon the yellow sand
  Still crouch together, breaking slow.

April, 1911.

YVONNE

She gathers all the noontide glory streaming from
the sun
And holds it nourished in her breast until the day
is run;
Then glorious o'er the pathway a living radiance
throws
Which deepens in the violet, and gladdens in the
rose.

1911.

A MEMORY

[Of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, who died at Siena, October 25, 1850]

[From the Harvard Monthly]

We walked the silent autumn valley while the streakèd sun sank low
And slowly gathered red, red grapes where Italia's vine-trees grow;
Waiting by the streamlet's bridge we spoke of him whose life was truth,
Of the pity of his death-time and the promise of his youth.

June, 1911.

THE WANDERER

Down the sunset valley
  In the gray-gold of the day
The wanderer from the Southland
  Swings on his silent way.

With back to the purple Highlands
  Bathed in the sun's last beams
He faces the shadowed country
  Sought darkly in his dreams.

The world cannot know what sorrow
  Leads thee this unknown path,
What love of larger living
  Fighting through tears and wrath.

But, Traveler, fare onward,
  With hope too great for tears,
Not doubting that thy heart's peace
  Shall find thee in the years,

When the joy of Love's dominion
  And the pain of tears not shed
Shall gently draw thee homeward,
  A Soul raised from the dead.

London
  July, 1911.

THE TRAMP-SHIP

Sailing over summer seas
  Seeking ports of rest,
Dancing with the dancing breeze,
  Host and guest.

Calmed beside the setting sun,
  Lifeless on the deep,
Waiting till the halt be done
  And the sleep.

Driving 'gainst the sullen storm,
  Striking hard the foe,
Gallant heart and gallant form
  Breast the snow.

Homeward, homeward in the years,
  All thy pennons fly;
Bravely onward, smiles and tears,
  Home to die.

July, 1911.

ON AN ANONYMOUS VOLUME OF POEMS, BY "A WANDERER"

Earth's Wanderer! What man of might,
  Gulfed by the storm in unknown seas,
Drowning has flung this parchment far
  A dying message to the breeze!

With hope, perhaps, that winds may waft
  His heart's scroll to a distant land,
That there some wanderer on the shore
  May stoop, may read, and understand.

May look in pity toward the deep
  And wonder whence that whispered breath
And whose the hand that dimly wrote
  Those thoughts of God, of love, of death.

July, 1911.

Through hours and years of toil and pain
Thy work, O Soul, stands to be done;
The lofty summits thou wouldst gain
Are slowly, like the mountains, won.

Upon the hills in pain and toil
Thou risest toward a distant height,
But ever as thou spurn'st the soil
Fresh visions greet thy labored sight.

The work is not in vain; for lo!
Thy labors are their own reward
And all thy struggles rise and go
To bring thee nearer to thy Lord.

* * * * *

But art thou in the valley, thou
Whose heart was ever on the heights,
Is there no labor for thee now
To calm thy sleep in starry nights?

Only the long day's dreary round
The hidden woe, the unknown care
And thoughts in sunless ether bound,
Tho' born to breathe a purer air.

The hills are veiled; thou canst not see
The work that waits thee to be done:
Thy vision but the sovereignty
Of Nature o'er her bleeding son.

Ah! some day from the peaks shall come
To greet thee with a rush of tears
Meet guerdon for thy travail's sum,
Purging the sorrow of the years,

And joy of all the wished-for days
Shall steal into thy glad heart then
And gathered there shall gently raise
Thy spirit to its God again.

Prescott, Arizona.
August, 1911.

"STAR-FIRE AND IMMORTAL TEARS"

Brothers of earth, born of the vast
  Where Azrael's bastions loom,
Nursed by some sorrow in the past
  'Mid silence of the tomb—
Ye who have fought thro' pain and death
  To gain that pure serene,
Now share the human altar's breath,
  Oh, cleanse with star-fire keen!

Calm, without fear, within the dark,
  After the years of toil,
Thy radiance is the heavenly mark
  That leads us from the soil;
Thy glory granted visioned men
  Deep in the wells of time
The poise, the strength, the sweeping ken
  Of whispering heights sublime.

So Abram saw ye long ago
  Upon far Hebron's plain
And dreamed of that which he should sow,
  His children as the grain.
Frail Keats, when in the vessel laid
  And borne from England's shore
Lifted his soul to ye and prayed,
  'Mid stars forevermore.

"STAR-FIRE AND IMMORTAL TEARS"

Bright orbs! the mystery of the deep
  Within your portals hides
And in our petty earthly sleep
  Your calmness oft abides;
Oh! grant an earthly heart tonight,
  'Mid sorrow of the years,
A glimpse of tenderness and might,
  The strength to fight through tears.

15 September, 1911.

THE VISION OF HEART'S DELIGHT

Oh! the earth, thought I, the travail of earth,
  Ah! the gamut of all her pain!
Can ever the spring in its gladness bring
  Aught hope of summer again?

The answer was "*No,*" by night and by day
  As I breathed up my prayer on high
Or deep in the toil of the bitter soil
  Gazed dumb at the pitiless sky.

So sadly I worked 'mid the dew and the sun
  And gleaned me no comfort for night,
Till I saw Her stand 'gainst the sunset land,
  My Vision of Heart's Delight.

Then the soul of the spring came into my blood,
  The scent of the rose at noon,
The glory of day and the rainbow's spray,
  Of night and the friendly moon.

Now all the fond earthly thoughts I think
  And all the fair deeds I do
Are born, O my Love, in the stars above,
  And live in my love for you!

September, 1911.

LAUGHTER AND THE RAIN

Children's voices crying
  Over worlds of pain,
Laughter in the sunshine,
  Laughter in the rain.

Boyhood's heart rejoicing
  In the thoughts of youth,
Dancing with the rain drops
  In the wells of truth.

Manhood's sober vision
  'Gainst the setting sun,
Forward ever glancing
  Till the race be won.

Souls bent with life's sorrows,
  Listening to regain
The laughter of the sunshine,
  The laughter of the rain.

Memories stirring, fleeting,
  Big their joy, their pain,
Oh, the laughter of the sunshine,
  Ah, the sadness of the rain.

RECONCILIATION

I thought that she had wronged me and
  I closed my heart for very spite,
Resolved that no free, careless hand
  Should show my bruises to the light.

She opened all her soul; and there
  I saw the wounds that I had made,
Deep livid cuts, untasting care,
  And in the tenderest places laid.

Then all my heart flew to her heart,
  Bent but to wash and cleanse the stain;
When lo! the weariness, the smart
  Rose from us both in proud disdain.

October, 1911.

A THOUGHT

[*From the Harvard Advocate*]

Even though I love you dearly,
Yet I sign myself *sincerely;*
If you are an old friend merely
Still the letter ends *sincerely;*
Or, perhaps, my arch-foe-nearly—
All my notes close with *sincerely.*
Strange why people act so queerly
With their *dear* and *yours sincerely!*
Heaven knows I love you dearly,
But believe me, yours sincerely.

1911.

AT ANDOVER

Mother's face in the sunset,
  God himself in the star;
Christ give us strength to carry
  That love beyond the bar!

Christmas, 1911.

L'ENVOI

The Last Thought of All

Out of the deep, my Love, out of the deep
That love within thy breast which grows and marks
The glory of thy coming womanhood.
Out of the dark, my child, out of the dark
Thou springest down the leafy Warwick lane
Bearing that light in cheeks and hair and eyes
Which now at last has taught me highest truth,
Man's duty to his Lady and his God.

June, 1912.

THE END.

PROSE

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

On May 9, 1911, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson died at his home on Buckingham Street, Cambridge, at the age of eighty-eight.

The great scope of his life and the contrast between the times of his youth and his old age can perhaps be shown by the fact that when he entered Harvard, in 1837, the College contained exactly 305 students. He was born in an unformed but a formative period of American life, when the country was passing from the narrowing effects of her first struggles for existence into an era of large moral and intellectual growth. It was his fortune to be placed by birth in circumstances which gave him full opportunity to observe the great tendencies, to know the great men, and afterwards to lead in the great movements.

He has brought down into the present age the memory of times which now seem strangely unreal, but which are the most potent epochs of our history. His life has summed up, in a way, all the thought and achievement of the stirring times in which he lived. Himself a soldier, author, and minister, he was the intimate friend of the men who have given the greatest moral and intellectual impulses to the nation. He sat at the feet of Emerson and Wendell

Phillips. William Lloyd Garrison he helped protect from the violence of Boston mobs. He was the intimate of Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, and in later years of Sidney Lanier and Helen Hunt Jackson. Robert Gould Shaw and Charles Russell Lowell, whose names stand first in the roll of Harvard's sons who died in the war, were his warm friends. These names show not only the times and the movements which Colonel Higginson represented, but, in a large measure, what he himself was.

He was born in Cambridge, in a house near the site of the present Hemenway Gymnasium, on December 22, 1823. He came of a long line of distinguished ancestors; the founder of the family in this country was Francis Higginson, the first minister of the New England Colony. His father, Stephen Higginson, a prominent Boston merchant, was steward of Harvard College from 1818 to 1827, and a founder and patron of the Divinity School. It is an interesting fact that Wentworth Higginson's nurse was Rowena Pratt, the wife of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." His childhood was a splendidly healthy one, entirely free from the bane of the Calvinistic terrors which the parents of the time ordinarily instilled into their children. From the beginning he breathed an atmosphere of books. "To have lain on the hearth-rug and heard one's mother read aloud," he said once, "is a liberal education."

"When I remember that my mother actually read to us in the evenings every one of the Waverley Novels, even down to 'Castle Dangerous,' I cannot but regard with pity the children of today who have no such privileges." He went ahead rapidly in his studies and entered Harvard College when he was just four months short of fourteen, the youngest in his class, though fourteen was not an unusual age for entrance. He graduated four years later, second in his class, and with an extraordinary equipment of knowledge, especially in the languages. After waiting three years to read and to decide definitely on his profession, he went to the Harvard Divinity School, from which he was graduated in 1847. His first church, at Newburyport, he had to give up after two years on account of his radical preaching against slavery. At Worcester, where he went next as pastor of the Free Church, he entered heart and soul into the Abolition Movement. His attitude of mind and his appreciation of the moral significance of the time may be seen from some of his early hymns:

> "The land our fathers left to us
> Is foul with hateful sin."

and

> "The past is dark with sin and shame,
> The future dim with doubt and fear."

His hands were as ready to strike for liberty as his pen was to write and his tongue to preach for it;

in 1859 he was one of the ringleaders in the attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, the escaped slave, from the federal government, which finally sent him back to the South. He was also a friend of John Brown, and was the first person to announce to that unfortunate man's family the news of his execution.

In all the excitement preceding the war, Mr. Higginson had a prominent part, but owing to his wife's illness he did not take a commission until 1862. He was first made a captain of the Fifty-First Massachusetts Volunteers; three months later he resigned to accept the colonelcy of the First South Carolina Volunteers, the first colored regiment to be mustered in the war. He served with the colored troops, under penalty of hanging if he was captured, until a severe wound, in August, 1864, compelled him to resign.

The rest of Colonel Higginson's life was spent at Newport, where he lived fourteen years, and at Cambridge. His work was almost entirely literary, although he was a member for several years of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and of the State Board of Education. His works deal almost entirely with historical movements or reforms which he himself was urging; but beside the seven volumes which are more strictly his "Works," he wrote two volumes of poetry, and a number of reminiscences. His first essays in the *Atlantic* were on Physical Culture, a subject of which he saw the importance long

before it was recognized by the country at large, and on the Political and Intellectual Advancement of Women. His witty satire on the latter subject, entitled "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" is a splendid example of delicate and persuasive humor. Among the more famous of his books are "Outdoor Papers," "Army Life in a Black Regiment," in which he pays a tribute to the courage and devotion of his negro troop, "The Young Folks' History of the United States," "Cheerful Yesterdays," his autobiography, and several lives of men of letters. "The Harvard Memorial Biographies," lives of all the Harvard men who fell on the Northern side in the Civil War, were edited by him, although his name does not appear on the title page.

Colonel Higginson not only lived in intimate contact with the greatest men of the last four generations in America, but he knew and rejoiced in the friendship of the statesmen, the philosophers, and the literary men of England. It was through his knowledge of world affairs from the intimate standpoint to which these friendships bear witness that he was able to accomplish the broad as well as deep work which he did. As a young man he helped to receive Dickens on his first visit to America. He knew Thackeray and his daughter, the present Lady Ritchie, and partly through them he entered into the best literary society of London. Among scientists he was acquainted with Darwin, Tyndall, and

Huxley; he knew Browning, Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, whom he visited at Farringford. A letter from Swinburne to Colonel Higginson hangs in the reading room of The Harvard Union. Rossetti, Herbert Spencer, Edward Fitzgerald, and Lord Houghton were also among his friends. A true cosmopolite, because he loved his native country best, he was equally at home with the languages and the literature and the people of all Europe. As Talleyrand said of his American friend Hamilton, he had "divined Europe."

Something of Colonel Higginson's interest in great movements and of his hopes and ideals may be gained from this paragraph, which he wrote quite late in his life: "Personally I should like to live to see international arbitration secured, civil service reform completed, free trade established, to find the legal and educational rights of the two sexes equalized, to know that all cities are as honestly governed as the one in which I dwell; to see national monopolies owned by the public, not in private hands; to see drunkenness extirpated; to live under absolute as well as nominal religious freedom; to perceive American literature to be thoroughly emancipated from that habit of Colonial deference which now hampers it. Yet it is something to believe it possible that, after the progress already made on the whole in these several directions, some future generation may see the fulfillment of what remains."

Colonel Higginson has well been called "the first citizen of America." Above all the men who have survived into this generation, he was the "relic and type of our ancestors' worth," the man who has summed up in his life, if any man ever did, the deeds and aspirations of half a century. His fearlessness in facing large problems, his high-minded devotion to ideals and his energy in carrying out those ideals in practical life, will always live, unseen but potent influences in the history of his country.

May, 1911.

OF RELIGION AND POETRY

An uncritical, enthusiastic appreciation of the greatest in poetry has its root in the same soul quality as love for humanity, the ἀγάπη which Christ came to the world to teach. Both involve complete loss of self in that which is worthy of reverence and love. In each is something of the same pity, the same tenderness, the same aspiration. The appreciation of poetry and the love of humanity alike reveal to us unknown depths of longing in our own hearts and unknown heights of joy in the future of our own lives and the life of the world. The feeling of wonder, the nameless reverence of the little child for that which is around him and which is greater than he, breaks out in the greatest literature and the greatest religion. Homer showed it; Jesus taught it. When we read a poem and love it, and when we give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones in His name, we are performing essentially the same act. We are losing ourselves in love in the present and are obtaining visions of larger blessedness for the future.

18 February, 1911.

THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES"

[*From the Harvard Advocate, October, 1911*]

When Tennyson was an undergraduate there existed at Cambridge University a small but brilliant and influential literary club, originally called the "Cambridge Conversazione Society." Later certain detractors, because of the number of its members, playfully dubbed it the "Apostles Society," a name which it joyfully accepted and has retained ever since. It was founded in 1820, to unite for debate and discussion on literary and philosophical topics some of the undergraduates who were dissatisfied with the opportunities the University offered them for broadening themselves in the realm of practical thought and literary achievement. The Society required not only that the members should have literary talent, but the ability to put that talent to practical use; and from the beginning, all of the members seem to have had distinct and interesting personalities, which exerted as great an influence in college as they did in the varied walks of life to which the men afterwards went.

The success which the members later achieved, especially those contemporaneous with Tennyson, is striking. Of the well-known names are Arthur

Henry Hallam, "the lost light of those dawn-golden times," to whose friendship with the poet we owe "In Memoriam"; Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, the poet, British society leader, and brilliant member of Parliament; Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin; Merivale, the historian, and Charles Buller, who became one of the leaders in the House of Commons and a colleague of John Stuart Mill in the Utilitarian movement. Frederick Denison Maurice, and John Sterling, whose memory has been perpetuated in Carlyle's biography, had been members of the Society in its earlier days. William Henry Brookfield, to whom Tennyson wrote the sonnet,

> "Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best,
> Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,"

was an acting Apostle, though it seems he never actually joined. Others who had an almost equal part in shaping the religious and social thought of England and in guiding her political fortunes during the nineteenth century were also Apostles. It was in their life together in the late twenties and early thirties of the last century that they received the impulses and saw the visions which enabled them to accomplish what they did for their country and for mankind.

The Apostles usually met on Saturday night in the rooms of one of their number. The host read a political, literary, or philosophical paper, after

which he was subjected to a storm of questions and criticisms. Refreshments, usually of coffee and anchovies on toast, were provided, which supported the company till the small hours of the morning. An old Apostle wrote that the picture which he carried away of Tennyson at one of these gatherings, was of one "sitting in front of the fire, smoking and meditating, and now and then mingling in the conversation." At these meetings Tennyson read most of the poems that were published in his 1830 and 1832 volumes. After these poems had been read, they were laboriously written out by each of the members, who wished to have his own copy. The influence of Tennyson in the University and the respect in which he was held are shown by the debate held in the Cambridge Union while he was still an undergraduate—"Tennyson or Milton: which the greater poet?" It is said that Henry Lushington, the youngest of the Apostles, could have rewritten, word for word, every bit of Tennyson's first two volumes. The burning political questions of the day were discussed at the Club with ardor. Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill excited an interest which we of the present day in America find it hard either to emulate or to appreciate. In philosophy they read Berkeley, Butler, Bentham, and Kant. They debated, among other subjects, The Origin of Evil, The Derivation of Moral Sentiment, Prayer, and The Personality of God. Three of the

questions the present Lord Tennyson gives in his "Memoir" of his father: (1) Have Shelley's poems an immoral tendency? (2) Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the universe? (3) Is there any rule of moral action beyond general expediency? The poets who held chief sway among them were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley. Shelley particularly seems to have called forth their loyalty, and all the more because he was little known in England. In 1829 when the Oxford Union asked the Cambridge Union to send three men to debate the claims of Shelley against those of Byron, Hallam and Milnes were two of the three. They were pitted against Gladstone, Doyle, afterward Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Manning, the famous Cardinal. According to the Cambridge men, the Oxonians won the debate with this argument: "Byron is a great poet; we have heard of Byron; we never heard of Shelley; *ergo,* Byron is a greater poet than Shelley."

The Apostles were hero-worshippers, uniting with their enthusiasm for just causes a healthy reverence for the great minds and deeds of the past. It is related that one evening Wordsworth, then an old man, talked on the picturesque subject of "Revolutions" to the Apostles seated about him on the floor. Hallam knew Coleridge, and once went to call on the "Dodona-oracle" at Highgate, but there is no record that Coleridge was ever at Cambridge with the

Apostles. Of the same substance with their respect for the great minds of the preceding age was their fondness for the old Apostles—still young men—who often came down from London to see their undergraduate friends. All the members, old and young, seem to have known each other with an intimacy which it is hard for us, where one college generation is so distinctly separated from another, to understand. The continuation of the friendships formed at Cambridge is seen in the Sterling Club, organized by some old Apostles in London in the later thirties, which numbered among its members, beside Tennyson and Milnes and others of their set, Edward Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, and Sir Francis Palgrave.

Although many of the Apostles took high places in the honor schools of the University, not a few of them felt the dissatisfaction with highly specialized studies which called the Cambridge Conversazione Society into existence. This feeling was expressed by Tennyson in his sonnet "On Cambridge University"—

> "You do profess to teach
> And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart."

Hallam's dislike of mathematics, a large amount of which was necessary for honors, prejudiced his rank at graduation. All the Apostles, however, chose noble interests in literature, philosophy, or politics, and faithfully followed them. They were

not so wrapped up in each other that they could not see beyond their group and do active work in the outside fields of University life. Tennyson, in 1829, won the Chancellor's Medal with his "Timbuctoo"; Hallam and Milnes were also contestants. Hallam won important college prizes with philosophical and literary essays; and in 1831 he published, in the *Englishman's Magazine*, the first appreciative review of Tennyson, anticipating in discernment the slower judgment of the public.

The enthusiasm of the Apostles for practical causes, their power of testing the ideals which they evolved in the intellectual rivalry of their Society, is seen in the so-called Spanish Expedition. In the Long Vacation of 1831, Tennyson, Hallam, Kemble, and other Apostles went to Spain with money and supplies for the insurgent allies of General Torrijos, a leader in a revolt against the tyranny of Ferdinand. Although they came safely home after some weeks, the danger of the affair was shown when, two years later, Robert Boyd, a cousin of John Sterling's, was captured with General Torrijos and some fifty Spaniards, and suffered military execution at Malaga. The small movement for Spanish freedom was entirely abortive; and although it was rash for the Cambridge men to engage in it, it shows their interest in the larger movement for human liberty, and their loyalty to a worthy cause, however hopeless.

Arthur Hallam died at Vienna in 1833, two years after his graduation. In 1850 appeared "In Memoriam," the noblest of all monuments to the memory of a friend, and a lasting memorial to the strength of the friendships of the Apostles. As we look back upon them through the mists of nearly one hundred years, we see that they were men who were great, not merely on account of their individual achievement, noble as that was; but on account of the great soul qualities on which that achievement was based. In Cambridge, as later, the men were brilliant; but the power of their intellects was transcended by their great capacity for friendship, their ability to unite in a common aspiration for the truth. They were men who opened their hearts to receive the best influences of all the ages, and were determined to make those influences through their own lives be of value to the world. Their unselfish recognition of each other's talents, and their *esprit de corps* in helping each other to attain noble aims, are things which college men in the more individual life of today need to emulate.

RADICALISM AT HARVARD

[*From the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, December, 1911*]

"Under a government of good laws," said Bentham, that most uncompromising and most useful Radical, "the motto of a good citizen is to obey punctually, censure freely." There are many good citizens in Harvard; some obey punctually, some censure freely, and some—with an eye on the College Office—do both. The spirit of criticism has quite recently taken definite form in an extremely militant Socialist Club. Around this Club are clustered a group of men who like to call themselves Radicals—men who are not Socialists, but who speak of "our movement" in a way which is meant to induce a certain amount of humbleness in "the lesser breeds without the law." Among the Radicals are some of the most brilliant men in college; indeed, the Socialist Club cultivates brilliancy. It tries to draw into its fold all the men of intellectual power who show the least interest in the commonweal; its representatives are in the forefront of any academic discussion of general interest. Unlike Brooks House, the Socialist Club makes its progress through advertising in material forms. Like the Suffra-

gettes, the Radicals realize that in order to be known they must agitate; through their agitations they hope at least to achieve a hearing, although that hearing may be in a police court. Since they are united on a common intellectual ground, as few groups of men in Harvard are, and since they try to assume the leadership of all the men who have in mind ever doing anything useful or practical, the Radicals have learned with good reason to consider themselves the intellectual backbone of the College.

The Radicals find two important ways of exhibiting their activity, and of making the rest of the College—even that part which shows an interest in things of greater moment than baseball and billiards—feel the lowliness of its position and the comparative uselessness of its work. They take an active interest in politics and social improvement, and they agitate against existing College evils—such as the *Crimson.* Both these ways serve to make them known, both serve to make them useful. In regard to the first: the amount of good which the Socialist Club has done by stirring up interest in the College on current political and social problems can hardly be overestimated. The course of lectures on "Social Problems" given by men famous throughout the country for activity in reform is purely a result of the interest of this group of Radicals in these questions. The attendance at the lectures last year shows the need which the

promoters have anticipated and the support which they have from the undergraduates. The Socialists and their Radical friends take a prominent and useful part in the political campaigns of Boston and Cambridge. Their activity is further shown by the number of men from their ranks who write dramatic criticism for the Boston papers, and give up afternoons and evenings to helping the Socialist leaders in Boston.

So much for the outside work of the Radicals. It is very hard in considering their interest in social problems and in political activity in Boston to draw the line between those who are Radicals and those who are not. It is the tendency of the Socialist Club to call anyone who shows the least sign of political activity "a member of our movement." The line of demarcation between confirmed Radical agitators and those who wish merely to help what seems to them to be a useful cause, thus becomes rather shady.

There is less doubt as to who are the Radicals and who are not, when we observe their activities in the College itself. They are the men who write, and who do not write, but rejoice to see published, the articles in the *Monthly* against current evils. Last year for the first time we learned how overworked and underpaid are the College "goodies." In another number of the *Monthly* all the complaints that were, are, and ever can be di-

rected against the *Crimson* for bad English, bad type, suppression of news, mercenary motives, and garbling of facts, were hurled into the ears of the listening undergraduate body. Again, in a masterly article on "Harvard and the Liberal Education," the question "Does Harvard Educate?" was answered by the statement that we are being hoodwinked out of our birthright of education for a mess of knowledge,—and one which it is impossible to digest.

The Radicals, if we can put our finger on them in however indefinite a way, are the men who write and support these appeals for a more enlightened College. The good that they do within the College by their agitation is twofold: first, they show that the spirit of Harvard is active, not unmoral; and secondly, they furnish amusement for the other undergraduates. In some cases they accomplish real good, although a very small amount in comparison with the trouble that they take; in any case, they try to do good—both by urging a reform that seems to them to be needed, as in the case of the "goodies," and by making Radicalism a red letter headline over the gates of the College.

But with all the good intentions of the Radicals, it must be admitted that they make some mistakes. In the first place, they lack a sense of humor; perhaps this is a thing which they do not need themselves, since they give so much cause for mirth to

their less Socialistic friends; but it would keep them from seeming to be always at loggerheads with everyone except their own particular coterie. In the second place, the Radicals are intolerant; they fail absolutely to get the point of view of the undergraduate who wants to do his work, do his athletics, have a boys' club, go into them all hard and leave the future until he gets there. They fail to see that there are very effective ways of doing things without advertising—ways that are the more effective because they are definitely connected with the efforts of those who have gone before. Besides being intolerant of other points of view, they are, like all Radicals, intolerant of the past. Ruskin has said that two qualities of the great soul are reverence and compassion. Compassion—a desire to help the multitudes who cannot eat, and still worse, cannot work—is theirs in a high degree; but reverence for the high ideals that have come down to us through the years to make sweet the present, reverence for work which is done under other banners, they do not feel. In the article on "Harvard and the Liberal Education" one of the Radicals accused Harvard of failing to give us the past in the light of the present; he did not think of his own mistake in the same article of failing to consider the present in the light of the past. He saw neither the duty of the student to co-ordinate and arrange the knowledge given him by the College, nor his duty to let the

present be sweetened and illuminated by the unseen influences in history.

The general hostility of the Radicals to Christianity is a complaint which does not apply at Harvard alone. At Harvard this apathy—even hostility—of the Socialists to anything bearing the name of Christianity is especially noticeable. A few Radicals are fervent workers at Brooks House; but by far the larger part of them are proud to say that they are not Christians. Fortunately their number is small compared with that of the men in College who are actively Christian. Here again a little humor, as well as a spirit of reverence, might be of use. Whether Christianity is tenable or not—there are a good many people in Harvard so unenlightened as to believe that it is—it is one of the great influences of history; active Christian work also represents an important side of the University life; in not recognizing these facts, the Socialists cut themselves off from an influence which could both make their political doctrines stronger and could give them greater power in the life of the College.

We feel, then, that the present Radical set at Harvard through intolerance of other opinions, through a lack of reverence for the past, and perhaps above all through a lack of humor,—the humor that Æsop's fly on the chariot wheel might have had when he said, "What a dust I do raise!"—is losing a great share of what it makes through intellectual

brilliance and practical activity. But these are complaints that are brought up against every Radical set; indeed, were our friends not open to such complaints, they probably would not be Radical. Many of the great intellectual and moral movements of history have been started by just such an enthusiastic and intolerant crowd as we have in Harvard today. Later generations have woven the new scheme—whatever it might be—into connection with the past as the pioneers have not been able to do, and have thrown out the vain and untenable. Perhaps this duty awaits future Harvard generations, and we, who are not enlisted as Radicals, shall have lost our opportunity for fame. Meanwhile, we go on working for law and light in our own way. We hope that the quiet preparation is not useless; and that our recognition of the great little things which make the everlasting glory of college life may yet yield abundant harvest.

THE AWAKENING OF WELLINGTON FAY

Wellington Fay was born into a family, where two sisters had already preceded him, six months after the death of his father, a clergyman of large influence in a small village in Pennsylvania. The surroundings of his early life in the old vine-covered parsonage, where the family had remained, were happy in the extreme, and he used to realize, even when he was very young, that the time might come in the dim future when he should enjoy remembering the little incidents which make the life of a child such a beautiful drama. The bitter, heartrending sorrows of childhood also came to interrupt the flow of these early years, and to set off with a transcendent glory his more lasting joy in the love of his mother and sisters. The death of Wellington's older sister, which came in the spring as he was beginning his tenth year, did not lay a heavy pall of sorrow upon him; when the first sharp feeling of grief had left him, and the vain yearning after he knew not what, it was not hard to play as he used to, and to work in the garden among the great rose bushes. Wellington and his mother and the lone sister kept on reading the Bible every night before bedtime; and in the midst of such love and faith it was not hard to forget the worst pangs of grief; but

the experience gave him a childlike reverence for the unknown, which was to be deepened and strengthened during the years that followed. He used often to dream of his sister, and one dream especially, which came to him several times, he never forgot. She seemed to stand in the doorway of the old house, clothed in white and with her hair falling down about her shoulders, and would beckon him from his playing in the garden, at the same time looking with the affectionate and self-forgetful smile he had seen before she died, when she was sick in bed.

And so Wellington grew up, amid the long-continued joys of childhood and its sharper but shorter griefs. During his later life he often had reason to be very thankful for the memory of those early years. The slightest touch or experience would often bring back to his mind the scenes and memories of his childhood like a panorama. One spring morning in Weimar, ten years after his graduation from college, he became aware of a scent which wafted him away to the little parsonage where the smell of lilacs and hyacinth and an indescribable freshness in the air used to come in through the library window of a spring morning. He again remembered the gentle sound of his mother's voice as she sat by the opened window of his bedroom one summer evening and read the "Story of Roland." He recalled just how the setting sun glowed on her face and lighted up her smooth gray hair, and how the white curtains

swayed to and fro with a gentle rustling in the wind of early evening. After it had become too dark to read he got out of bed and came over and sat in her lap, wondering why they stayed silent so long a time—until long after the sun had ceased to shimmer through the leaves of the elm tree in the garden.

One afternoon when he was eleven years old, Wellington went up into the attic of the old parsonage to find a wooden box for an experiment, and in rummaging about he came upon a pile of old books—on top of the pile a volume of Tennyson. He had seen another Tennyson in the bookcase at the right of the library fireplace, but it had looked so solemn that he had been afraid to read it. This little volume seemed so homely and inviting in its soft green covers that he went to the window with it, and opened it and began to read where he had opened:

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!"

He read the poem through to himself, and then began to read it again, and aloud.

> "And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill"—

He stopped. Could it be true? Yes, he was crying softly to himself. It was six months since his sister had died and he had not wept since that week. He wondered why it was, and could not answer; he

simply knew that he loved that poem. Later he found in the old book other poems just as wonderful—things which he was sure he had never read before, but which came to him like the reawakened remembrance of a half-forgotten dream.

Wellington was fourteen when he went up to the school where his father and his grandfather had gone before him. He wished to attain as good a record as they had made,—besides he was interested in his work,—so he buried himself in the duties of school life and made few acquaintances outside of his house during the first few weeks. Later, after his lessons had become a little easier, he usually put away his books in the afternoon and, if he did not have to play football, he walked with one or two of the other new boys in the house across the fields where his father had walked thirty years before. On Sunday afternoons he never went to walk as most of the boys in the house did, but always set aside the time from dinner until Vespers for the books he loved. He learned to like more and more the music of Tennyson's lines, and he read over and over again a volume of Browning's "Lyrics," which his mother had given him when he first went away. He loved the spirit of the spring in

> "O, to be in England
> Now that April's there!"

and to think of beautiful Evelyn Hope, so early dead.

As Wellington grew up in the midst of the hard work and play of the great school, and as the number of his friends increased, a growing desire filled him to attach himself more closely to the life of the great world by association with what he felt in his boyish way to be most lasting in it; he liked to think of going to bed night after night in exactly the same spot after moving about from class to field during the day. His ardent little soul attached itself eagerly alike to a new friendship or to a bit of verse which seemed to him to carry with it some "breathings of a deathless mind." He used to wonder that the ancient poets could express so well his own feelings and thoughts, and he asked over and over again just what made this lasting quality which has come down to us through the mind of the ages. He liked to sit at the desk which had been his father's, reading Homer, and ever and anon looking out of the window as the sunset glow came over the valley and into his little study; he liked to think of the generations of schoolboys all over the world who had read the same lines that he was reading, and he wondered whether they, too, had had the same thoughts. These were the links between the generations to which his soul clung so passionately. He experienced deeply that mighty yearning toward something—the feeling which Goethe has expressed so well in "Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn?"

One warm autumn night at the beginning of his fourth and last year at school, Wellington was lying awake in bed, thinking over the events of the day. It had been a half-holiday, and during most of the afternoon he had been paddling by himself on the little river which runs between moss-covered banks about a mile from the school. He had returned early and had read until supper-time some of the lyrics in "Maud," sitting on the balcony which looks down over the valley and toward the sunset. After supper he turned to "In Memoriam" and read through a few of the last elegies. He had been reading the poem, slowly and carefully in his spare time, for a month, stopping often and reading the lines again out loud for their wonderful music, and to get more fully a taste of the mystic seriousness which the verses stirred up within him. On this night he had almost finished it; but when he found himself sleepy early in the evening he went to bed; and now by one of those strange natural paradoxes which occur so often, he was lying awake, thinking.

"Love is and was my Lord and King."

"And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm."

"O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock . . .
Flow through our deeds and make them pure.

"That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust

"With faith that comes of self-control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

"And all we flow from, soul in soul." He stopped breathless. A mighty yearning filled him, such as he had never felt before, and a deepened joy. "Love is and was my King and Lord." "O God—*my* God!" He arose from his bed and sank on his knees beside the opened window and prayed—prayed as a man can only once in his life—and gave thanks to the Eternal, as a boy, for his realization of the man's soul, which might never die, within him.

"Ah, once more . . . . ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast, like you!"

He remained standing for some time, looking out into the starry night, and then turned again to his rest.

March, 1910.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

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The friend of Tennyson, to whose inspiration we owe "In Memoriam," was born one hundred years ago on the first day of this month (February, 1811). It is very easy to give the facts of the life of a man who died at the age of twenty-two, no matter how full that life may have been of mental energy and productive ability. The difficulty in the case of Arthur Hallam is to show how the outward circumstances of his life were affected by his inward spiritual power and how these two combined to produce the character which Tennyson has revealed to us. The origin of his genius can be explained by his parentage. His father was Henry Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, of the literature of Europe, and of the Constitution of England. His mother was a woman of great mental refinement and spiritual power, the daughter of Sir Abraham Elton of Clevedon Court. Arthur was born in London and grew up there until the age of seven, when he went abroad with his family for the first time. In the days when all traveling had to be done by coach, it was a rare privilege for even the most favored Eng-

lishmen to have the best foreign influences come into their lives so early. That Hallam profited by all that he saw and experienced the later development of his genius showed. He had the quality, not unnatural in the son of a great historian, of gathering in to himself the best of the influences of the past ages with which travel brought him into contact and of allowing those influences to sweeten and ennoble his life. In the preface to the "Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam," which his father printed for private circulation after his death, the historian is justly reticent in speaking of his son's astonishing mental powers during his early years. In this article, also, it is difficult to avoid giving the impression that Arthur was a mere precocious youth with all the absurd accompaniments of abnormal mental development. But his parents and the friends who knew him as a child seem to have been struck with his friendliness and lovableness even more than with the powers of his intellect. It was not primarily his mind which attracted his boyhood friends to him and "the men of rathe and riper years," but his charm of personality, the undeviating good nature and sweetness of his disposition.

Hallam's school was Eton. He entered at the age of eleven, in October, 1822, and was placed in the house of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, later Headmaster of the school. Gladstone had come up a

year before him. Although there was a difference of two years in their ages, they were constant companions for the five years of their school life. In Gladstone's diary, parts of which are published in Morley's "Life,"* are frequent entries like the following:

"November 13th (1826). Play. Breakfast with Hallam. Read a little 'Clarendon.' Read over tenth 'Satire of Juvenal.' Did a few verses.

"November 21st. Holiday. Read 'Herodotus.' Breakfasted with Gaskell. He and Hallam drank wine with me after four. Walked with Hallam.

"June 26th (1827). Wrote over theme. Read 'Iphigénie.' Called up in Homer. Sculled Hallam to Surly after six. Went to see a cricket match after four."

But far stronger evidence than this schoolboy diary of the intimacy of their acquaintance is the memory which Gladstone retained of him to the end of his life. Only a short time before Gladstone's death he wrote of Hallam:

"He enjoyed work, enjoyed society; and games, which he did not enjoy, he contentedly left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning. His conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He was that rare and blessed creature *anima naturaliter Christiana.* He read largely, and though not superficial, yet with an extraordinary speed. He had no high or exclusive ways."

During Hallam's years at Eton he made rapid progress in his school work. Gladstone said that when he left he was, in the broadest sense, the best

* Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Vol. I, p. 42.

scholar of the school. His outside intellectual interests were many. During his school life he read Italian, the old English dramatists and Shakespeare with the greatest enjoyment. At fourteen, as a voluntary school exercise, he translated Dante's "Ugolino" into Greek iambics. Of the original English verse of his school days the best and distinctly the most interesting piece bears the title "To My Bosom Friend," who is, of course, Gladstone. The whole poem, of some forty lines, shows remarkable depth of feeling and appreciation of spiritual truth. He has been separated from Gladstone in vacation:

> "Like a bright, singular dream
> Is parted from me that strong sense of love,
> Which, as one indivisible glory, lay
> On both our souls, and dwelt in us so far
> As we did dwell in it."

Lines like these seem to presage his later interest in metaphysics:

> "Deep firmament, which art a voice of God,
> Speak in thy mystic accents, speak yet once:
> For thou hast spoken, and in such clear tone,
> That still the sweetness murmurs through my soul."

But with all of Hallam's interest in Sophocles and Dante, his main enjoyment was in the society of his friends. A brilliant group they were, only less renowned than the circle at Cambridge which he was soon to join. Besides Gladstone there was James Milnes Gaskell, later M.P., "a youth endowed with

precocious ripeness of political faculty, an enthusiast and with a vivacious humor that enthusiasts often miss," of whom they used to say that his first cry on entering the world had been "Hear! hear!" In the room next to Hallam's at Hawtrey's lived Gerald Wellesley, afterwards Dean of Windsor and ecclesiastical adviser to the Queen. Francis Doyle, afterwards Sir Francis, was of the group, a boy with perhaps the finest poetical ability of them all, and George Selwyn, who later became Bishop of New Zealand. These and a few others were the inheritors of a debating society which had been founded in 1811 and which Gaskell, by his enthusiasm and energy, had rescued from a premature death. In this society, which still exists at Eton, the boys discussed political questions with precocious ardor and seriousness. In the midst of long accounts from the minutes of debates on Charles I, Hampden and Clarendon, it is refreshing to find it recorded that on one occasion "Mr. Hallam" was, by vote of the House, expelled from the room for throwing a piece of orange peel at "Mr. Gladstone"; and we are also glad to know from Gladstone's diary that the group would sometimes take an afternoon from their politics and their Greek and go "to Salt Hill to eat toasted cheese, drink egg-wine, and bully the fat waiter."

Hallam left Eton in the summer of 1827, six months before Gladstone, and went to the Continent

for eight months of travel with his family before entering college. Gladstone believed that it was due to this interruption that he did not attain greater eminence in the specialized branches of study at Cambridge during the next three years. Certain it is, however, that during these eight months in Italy and Switzerland he was growing day by day, not alone in power and knowledge, but in reverence and charity, and that he was planting the seeds for the life of still greater moral richness which was to come. His work in literature was the perfecting of his knowledge of Italian; he could now speak it fluently, and during the summer he wrote a number of Italian sonnets, six of which are given in the "Remains." Perhaps one example of his English poetry, four lines from a "Meditative Fragment" in blank verse, will be sufficient to show the religious cast of his mind in his eighteenth year:

> "Let us not mar the glimpses of pure beauty
> Now streaming in like moonlight with the fears,
> The joys, the hurried thoughts that rise and fall
> To the hot pulses of a mortal heart."

The moral earnestness of lines like these cannot be mistaken. In thought they seem to anticipate Matthew Arnold's "Self-Dependence":

> "And with joy the stars perform their shining,
> And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;
> For self poised they live, nor pine with noting
> All the fever of some differing soul."

Practically all of Hallam's poetry is subjective and most of it is metaphysical. Judged as poetry, it has all the defects of these limitations; but in so far as it expresses the philosophic and religious faith of his nature and his desire to look into the heart of the great mysteries of life, it commands our admiration. It enables us to understand in some degree the character of the man whom Tennyson loved.

With springs of the best in Greek, Italian, and English poetry welling up in his soul, with a heart truly set on the highest which life had to offer him, Hallam came up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1828. Charles and Alfred Tennyson had entered in the same term. It was now for the first time that the two men who were to form a friendship so full of meaning to future generations became acquainted. The undergraduate life of both Hallam and Tennyson centered about that remarkable group of men who had been dubbed in the University the "Apostles." The Society had been founded in 1820 by a number of men who were dissatisfied with the opportunities furnished by the University for the study of moral philosophy and the literature of the time; the requirements for admission to the club were literary talent and philosophical power; and all the members were endowed with no small degree of personal charm. Frederick Denison Maurice and John Sterling, since immortalized by Carlyle, had been members just before

Hallam came to Cambridge. Contemporary with Hallam and Tennyson were a number of men who almost without an exception rose to eminence in the nineteenth century. Among them were Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, poet, politician and *littérateur;* Richard Chenevix Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin; James Spedding, author of the "Life of Bacon," to whom Tennyson wrote the lines "To J. S."; Charles Merivale, the historian; and Charles Buller, who had just been under the tutorship of Carlyle in Scotland. It is an interesting and curious fact that Buller, who had been Carlyle's pupil for nearly two years and who should have been the bearer of Carlyle's idealism into the circle, was the only one of the group who had distinct materialistic tendencies. His later work in the House of Commons and as a leader in the movement of utilitarianism and radicalism headed by John Stuart Mill was notable. The meetings of the "Apostles" were held at stated intervals in the rooms of the members in turn. An essay on a philosophical or literary subject was usually read and a general discussion by all the members followed. The present Lord Tennyson, in his "Memoir" of his father, has mentioned some of the questions which used to be debated.* (1) "Have Shelley's poems an immoral tendency?" (2) "Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the universe?" (3)

* Vol. I, p. 44, note.

"Is there any rule of moral action beyond general expediency?" It was in the midst of this society that the genius of Arthur Hallam developed to the full. He read much, though not always in the prescribed lines, thought much, wrote much. Social by nature, and having not over-exact methods of work, he was usually to be found in a friend's room talking or reading. All who have written of him at this time have spoken of the quickness and acuteness with which he grasped the most abstruse metaphysical problems. The bent of his mind was always religious. Underlying all his thought, even during the occasional black moods which came to him as to Tennyson during those early days, was a deep and strong faith in the personal power and love of God. Among his Cambridge papers the present Lord Tennyson found the following sentence on prayer:*

> "With respect to prayer, you ask how I am to distinguish the operations of God in me from motions in my own heart? Why should you distinguish them or how do you know there is any distinction? Is God less God because He acts by general laws when He deals with the common elements of nature? That fatal mistake which has embarrassed the philosophy of mind with infinite confusion, the mistake of setting value on a thing's origin rather than on its character, of assuming that composite must be less excellent than simple, has not been slow to extend its deleterious influence over practical religion."

At another time of the relation between the Divine and man he said, "Unless the heart of a

* "Memoir," Vol. I, p. 44.

created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable."

Of the ennobling and vivifying intellectual life of those days at Cambridge, and of Hallam's supremacy in the intellectual circle of his comrades, Tennyson has spoken in "In Memoriam":*

"Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

"When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring
And one an inner, here and there;

"And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

"From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

"And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

But the interests of the "Apostles" were not limited to religion and philosophy. In the Long Vacation of 1830 Hallam and Tennyson, and others of the "Apostles" who were always ready to help in a good

* Elegy LXXXVII.

cause, however hopeless it might seem, went to the Pyrenees with money and supplies for Torrijos, the leader in a democratic revolt against Ferdinand of Spain. The Cambridge men met Torrijos and his fellow conspirators on the Spanish border, delivered their messages and with few adventures came home, to the great relief of their parents. When the insurrection was put down in the following year a number of Englishmen were captured with the outlaws and suffered death. No Cambridge undergraduates were among them, although it was reported for a time that John Mitchell Kemble, an "Apostle," was to stand trial for his life. It was of this Spanish expedition that Tennyson was thinking more than thirty years later, when he wrote "In the Valley of the Cauteretz":

> "All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
> Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
> All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
> I walk'd with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.
> All along the valley, while I walk'd today,
> The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
> For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
> Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
> And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
> The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

In the mean time Hallam had been doing work for important College and University prizes. In 1829, when Tennyson won the Chancellor's Medal with his "Timbuctoo," Hallam offered a poem on the same

subject; Monckton Milnes was also among the defeated. The summer after the result had been announced, when Tennyson was engaged in writing the poems which appeared the next year, Hallam wrote to Gladstone: "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." In 1831 the first college prize for a declamation on the conduct of the Independent party during the Civil War was given to Hallam. This victory made it necessary for him to deliver an oration in the college chapel before the Christmas vacation of the same year. He chose as a subject "The Influence of Italian upon English Literature," and as might have been expected from a poet who was so thoroughly versed in the languages of both countries, wrote an essay of insight and imagination. Another prize essay was on the "Philosophical Writings of Cicero"; and later still he wrote a skilful and vigorous reply to Professor Rossetti's "*Disquisizioni sullo Spirito Antipapale,*" in which he defended his beloved Dante and Petrarch against a well-meant but warped criticism. In the *Englishman's Magazine* for August, 1831, appeared his article "On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson." It was a review of Tennyson's first important volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." The essay is remarkable because of the insight which Hallam showed into the lasting characteristics of his

friend's poetry. In his praise he not only anticipated the judgment of the public, which was reserved for the 1842 volumes, but he marked the very qualities which later generations have recognized as peculiarly Tennysonian. The following passage, which was written when Hallam was but nineteen years old, is illustrative of the character of the essay:

"The volume of 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical' does not contain above 154 pages, but it shows us much more of the character of its parent mind than many books we have known of much larger compass and more boastful pretensions. The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked. The author imitates nobody; we recognize the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidas. We have remarked five distinctive excellences of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused,* to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought *implied* in these compositions and imparting a mellow soberness of tone more impressive to our minds than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse and thought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

In the summer of 1832, after Hallam had left Cambridge and had gone down to London to read law, his engagement to Tennyson's sister Emily was announced. The visits to the rectory at Somersby, of which Tennyson speaks in Elegy LXXXIX of "In Memoriam," continued for a year. In August, 1833, he left England for the last time and went with his father for a trip in Germany and Austria. As a child some anxiety had been felt for his health. At Eton, Gladstone often noticed that when he had been kept indoors in the afternoon by some required school work there was a "deep rosy flush upon his cheeks reaching to the eyes, a significant if slight mark of his coming doom." During the winter of 1832-33, however, he had been in very good spirits and seemed to his friends much stronger than usual. A slight attack of influenza in the spring of 1833 had made Mr. Hallam decide that he should have a vacation abroad, but no anxiety was felt as to his condition. His last letter to Tennyson, filled with boyish praise of the pictures in the Vienna gallery, was dated September 6, 1833. A week afterwards a wet day, coinciding with a trip back from Budapest to Vienna, brought on a slight fever; but it was apparently going away when "a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the 15th of September, 1833." Sir Francis Doyle in his "Reminiscences" adds that Mr. Hallam came in from a walk and sat down at his desk to write. Arthur

was lying on the sofa apparently asleep. He was so still that his father got up to see what was the matter, and found that all was over.

Arthur Hallam was twenty-two years old when he died. Many conjectures have been made as to what he would have become had Fate spared him. Tennyson said: "He would have been known, if he had lived, as a great man, but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be." The author of "Rab and His Friends" concurs in this opinion with perhaps the most striking words which have been said about Hallam by any one who did not know him personally:

> "We agree entirely with his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art; but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and the God of truth to linger long in the pursuit of beauty; he was on his way to God and could rest in nothing short of Him, otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence."

More than sixty years after his death Gladstone wrote of him:

> "It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through that contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. He resembled a passing emanation from some other and less darkly checkered world."

Two stanzas by Lord Houghton, written in 1854, reveal still more to us of the depths of his character and of the lasting influence he had over the lives of those who knew him:

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

TO A. H. H.

"Thou gleaner of the sunny hours
Harvested in the home of God,
Gild me the future summer's hours,
Revive the present ice-bound sod!

"Thou gleaner from the darkest hours
Of scattered good I cannot see,
Preserve thy dear remedial powers,
And shed them, as I need, o'er me!"

Hallam was not with us very long. While he did live he was loved by his friends for his poetical ability, his charm of personality, his mental power, but, above all, for his moral maturity. Great as his intellect was, it was transcended by his gift of friendship, his ability to identify himself with others. He stands in direct relation to us today not only through "In Memoriam," but as a soul who has inherited all the best moral traditions of the past and has handed them down to us increased in richness and beauty.

"And hath that early hope been blessed with truth?
Hath he fulfilled the promise of his youth,
And borne unscathed through danger's stormy field
Virtue's white wreath and honor's stainless shield?"*

We feel that his work has not been in vain. And now one hundred years from the day of his birth we come to lay upon his tomb our meed of gratitude and love.

* Harrow Prize Poem: W. J. Hope-Edwards.

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