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The Dome

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	Page
"Dust hath closed Helen's Eye" . A Note by W. B. Yeats	161
"A Song of Apple-Gathering" . . By Gordon Bottomley	167
"The Seal" . . A Poem by E. Willmore	169
"Love, Death, and Judgment" . . Four Poems by Laurence Housman	171
"How Little Duke Jarl saved the Castle" . A Story by Laurence Housman	174
"The Penman" . . A Story by Godfrey Burchett	179
"A Change of View" . A Story by A. Dawson	187
Five Plates, after Water-colour Drawings by E. T. Daniell—	
1. "Junction of the Mangyr-Tschai with the Xanthus" .	195
2. "Source of the Xanthus" . .	197
3. "Theatre of Myra, Lycia" . . .	199
4. "Phineka, Lycia"	201
5. "Rhodes from the Sea" . . .	203
Two Plates, after Etchings by E. T. Daniell—	
1. "Old Houses" .	205
2. "A River Scene" (Dry Point) . .	207
"Edward Thomas Daniell" . . A Note by Laurence Binyon	209
"The Surf-Net" . After a Drawing by Chas. Pears	217
"The Star in the East" An Original Wood Engraving by Bernard Sleigh	221
"The Fisherman and the Rainbow" . After a Drawing by Philip Connard	223
"Othello and Desdemona" . . . After a Sketch by Philip Connard	225
"Music" . . . After a Drawing by G. M. Ellwood	227
"Chopin" . . . An Irresponsibility by "Israfel"	229
"Chopin" . . . After an Drawing by F. Winterhalter	235
"A Note on Chopin" . By L. A. Corbeille	237

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"DUST HATH CLOSED HELEN'S EYE"

I HAVE been lately to a little group of houses, not many enough to be called a village, in the barony of Kiltartan in County Galway, whose name, Baile-laoi, is known through all the west of Ireland. There is the old square castle, Baile-laoi, inhabited by a farmer and his wife, and a cottage where their daughter and their son-in-law live, and a little mill with an old miller, and old ash trees throwing green shadows upon a little river and great stepping-stones. I went there two or three times last year to talk to the miller about Biddy Early, a wise woman that lived in Clare some years ago, and about her saying, "There is a cure for all evil between the two mill wheels of Baile-laoi," and to find out from him or another whether she meant the moss between the running waters or some other herb. I have been there this summer, and I shall be there again before it is autumn, because Mary Hynes, a beautiful woman whose name is still a wonder by turf fires, died there sixty years ago; for our feet would linger where beauty has lived its life of sorrow to make us understand that it is not of the world. An old man brought me a little way from the mill and the castle, and down a long narrow boreen that was nearly lost in brambles and sloe bushes, and he said, "That is the little old foundation of the house, but the most of it is taken for building walls, and the goats have ate those bushes that are growing over it till they've got cranky and they won't grow any more. They say she was the handsomest girl in Ireland, her skin was like dribbled snow—he meant driven snow, perhaps,—and she had blushes in her cheeks. She had five handsome brothers, but all are gone now! I talked to him about a poem in Irish, Raftery, a famous poet, made about her, and how it said "there is a strong cellar in Baile-laoi." He said the strong cellar was the great hole

where the river sank under ground, and he brought me to a deep pool, where an otter hurried away under a grey boulder, and told me that many fish came up out of the dark water at early morning "to taste the fresh water coming down from the hills."

I first heard of the poem from an old woman who lives about two miles further up the river, and who remembers Raftery and Mary Hynes. She says, "I never saw anybody so handsome as she was, and I never will till I die," and that he was nearly blind, and had "no way of living but to go round and to mark some house to go to, and then all the neighbours would gather to hear. If you treated him well he'd praise you, but if you did not, he'd fault you in Irish. He was the greatest poet in Ireland, and he'd make a song about that bush if he chanced to stand under it. There was a bush he stood under from the rain, and he made verses praising it, and then when the water came through he made verses dispraising it." She sang the poem to a friend and to myself in Irish, and every word was audible and expressive, as the words in a song were always, as I think, before music grew too proud to be the garment of words, flowing and changing with the flowing and changing of their energies. The poem is not as natural as the Irish poetry of the last century, for the thoughts are arranged in a too obviously traditional form, so that the old poor half blind man who made it, has to speak as if he were a rich farmer offering the best of everything to the woman he loves, but it has naïve and tender phrases. The friend that was with me has made some of the translation, but some of it has been made by the country people themselves. I think it has more of the simplicity of the Irish verses than one finds in most translations.

Going to Mass by the will of God,
The day came wet and the wind rose;
I met Mary Hynes at the cross of Kiltartan,
And I fell in love with her then and there.

I spoke to her kind and mannerly,
As by report was her own way;
And she said, Raftery, my mind is easy,
You may come to-day to Baile-laoi.

When I heard her offer I did not linger,
When her talk went to my heart my heart rose.

We had only to go across the three fields,
We had daylight with us to Baile-laoi.

The table was laid with glasses and a quart measure;
She had fair hair and she sitting beside me;
And she said, "Drink, Raftery, and a hundred welcomes,
There is a strong cellar in Baile-laoi."

O star of light and O sun in harvest,
O amber hair, O my share of the world,
Will you come with me upon Sunday
Till we agree together before all the people?

I would not grudge you a song every Sunday evening,
Punch on the table or wine if you would drink it.
But O King of Glory, dry the roads before me,
Till I find the way to Baile-laoi.

There is sweet air on the side of the hill
When you are looking down upon Baile-laoi;
When you are walking in the valley picking nuts and blackberries,
There is music of the birds in it and music of the Sidhe.

What is the worth of greatness till you have the light
Of the flower of the branch that is by your side?
There is no good to deny it or to try and hide it,
She is the sun in the heavens who wounded my heart.

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel,
From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,
To the edge of Lough Greine whose mouth is hidden,
And I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining and her brows were shining too;
Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.
She is the pride, and I give her the branch,
She is the shining flower of Baile-laoi.

It is Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman,
Has beauty in her mind and in her face.
If a hundred clerks were gathered together,
They could not write down a half of her ways.

An old weaver, whose son is supposed to go away among the Sidhe (the fairies) at night, says:—"Mary Hynes was the most beautiful thing ever made. My mother used to tell me about her, for she'd be at every hurling, and wherever she was she was

dressed in white. As many as eleven men asked her in marriage in one day, but she wouldn't have any of them. There was a lot of men up beyond Kilbecanty one night sitting together, drinking and talking of her, and one of them got up and set out to go to Baile-laoi and see her, but Cloon bog was open then, and when he came to it he fell into the water, and they found him dead there in the morning. She died of the fever that was before the famine." Another old man says he was only a child when he saw her, but he remembered that "the strongest man that was among us, one John Madden, got his death on the head of her, cold he got, crossing rivers in the night time to get to Baile-laoi." This is perhaps the man the other remembered, for tradition gives the one thing many shapes. There is an old woman who remembers her, at Derrybrien among the Echtge hills, a vast desolate place, which has changed little since the old poem said "the stag upon the cold summit of Echtge hears the cry of the wolves," but still mindful of many poems and of the dignity of ancient speech. She says, "The sun and the moon never shone on anybody so handsome, and her skin was so white that it looked blue and she had two little blushes on her cheeks." And an old wrinkled woman who lives close by Baile-laoi and has told me many tales of the Sidhe, says, "I often saw Mary Hynes, she was handsome indeed. She had two bunches of curls beside her cheeks, and they were the colour of silver. I saw Mary Molloy that was drowned in the river beyond, and Mary Guthrie that was in Ardrahan, but she took the sway of them both, a very comely creature. I was at her wake too—she had seen too much of the world. She was a kind creature. One day I was coming home through that field beyond, and I was tired, and who should come out but the *Poisin Glegeal* (the shining flower), and she gave me a glass of new milk." This old woman meant no more than some beautiful bright colour by the colour of silver, for though I knew an old man, he is dead now, who thought she might know "the cure for all the evils in the world," that the Sidhe know she has seen too little gold to know its colour. But a man by the shore at Kinvara, who is too young to remember Mary Hynes, says, "Everybody says there is no one at all to be seen now so handsome, it is said she had beautiful hair the colour of gold. She was poor, but her clothes every day were the same as Sunday, she had such neatness.

And if she went to any kind of a meeting, they would all be killing one another for a sight of her, and there was a great many in love with her, but she died young. It is said that no one that has a song made about them will ever live long."

Those who are much admired are, it is held, taken by the Sidhe, who can use ungoverned feeling for their own ends, so that a father, as an old herb doctor told me once, may give his child into their hands, or a husband his wife. The admired and desired are only safe if one says "God bless them" when one's eyes are upon them. The old woman that sang the song thinks too that Mary Hynes was "taken," as the phrase is, "for they have taken many that are not handsome, and why would they not take her, and people came from all parts to look at her, and maybe there were some that did not say God bless her." An old man, who lives by the sea at Duras, has as little doubt that she was taken, "for there are some living yet can remember her coming to the pattern there beyond, and she was said to be the handsomest girl in Ireland." She died young because the gods loved her, for the Sidhe are the gods, and it may be that the old saying, which we forget to understand literally, meant her manner of death in old times. These poor countrymen and countrywomen in their beliefs and in their emotions are many years nearer to that old Greek world, that set beauty beside the fountain of things, than are our men of learning. She "had seen too much of the world," but these old men and women when they tell of her blame another and not her, and though they can be hard they grow gentle as the old men of Troy grew gentle when Helen passed by on the walls.

The poet who helped her to so much fame has himself a great fame throughout the west of Ireland. Some think that Raftery was half blind, and say, "I saw Raftery, a dark man, but he had sight enough to see her," or the like, but some think he was wholly blind, as he may have been at the end of his life. Fable makes all things perfect in their kind, and her blind people must never look on the world and the sun. I asked a man I met one day, when I was looking for a pool *na mna Sidhe* where women of faery have been seen, how Raftery could have admired Mary Hynes so much if he had been altogether blind. He said, "I think Raftery was altogether blind, but those that are blind have a way of seeing things, and have the power to know more, and to feel more, and to

do more, and to guess more than those that have their sight, and a certain wit and a certain wisdom is given to them." Everybody indeed will tell you that he was very wise, for was he not only blind but a poet? The weaver whose words about Mary Hynes I have already given, says, "His poetry was the gift of the Almighty, for there are three things that are the gift of the Almighty, poetry and dancing and principles. That is why in the old times an ignorant man coming down from the hillside would be better behaved and have better learning than a man with education you'd meet now, for they got it from God"; and a man at Coole says "when he put his finger to one part of his head everything would come to him as if it was written in a book"; and an old pensioner at Kiltartan says "he was standing under a bush one time and he talked to it and it answered him back in Irish. Some say it was the bush that spoke, but it must have been an enchanted voice in it, and it gave him the knowledge of all the things of the world. The bush withered up afterwards, and it is to be seen on the roadside now between this and Rahasane." There is a poem of his about a bush, which I have never seen, and it may have come out of the cauldron of fable in this shape. A friend of mine met a man once who had been with him when he died, but the people say that he died alone, and one Maurteen Gillane told Dr. Hyde that all night long a light was seen streaming up to heaven from the roof of the house where he lay, and "that was the angels who were with him"; and all night long there was a great light in the hovel, "and that was the angels who were waking him. They gave that honour to him because he was so good a poet and sang such religious songs." It may be that in a few years Fable, who changes mortalities to immortalities in her cauldron, will have changed Mary Hynes and Raftery to perfect symbols of the sorrow of beauty and of the magnificence and penury of dreams.

W. B. Yeats.

A SONG OF APPLE-GATHERING

Harvest is over in mist and moist moonlight,
  Drenched are the hedgerows that droop overgrown;
Only the apple-garth broods on the sunlight,
  Swift Summer spent on its blossom far-blown:
Spring's deep fulfilment now wavers and lessens—
  O, as the fruit falls from slim sprays up-tossed,
Falls the last stave of the song of green seasons,
  Bloomful and fruitful and hopeful and lost.

Twilight to twilight has changed muted greenly,
  While we have wrought in the branches on high;
Night-dews are stirring the hidden leaves thinly,
  Ere on our brown feet the dawn-dews are dry.
Mounded for cider, the green fruit and golden
  Pales in the green light that shivers to grey. . . .
Listen, in cool tones long-falling, long-holden,
  Moonset-faint voices call "Come . . . come away. . . ."

Lift then the frails heaped with gold fruit and sanguid,
  Bend down the dim boughs that sweep down our hair;
Over our slow feet the aftermath languid
  Trails and then parts, sighing starless and sere.
Out from dusk tree-tops low summer-far noises,
  Autumn's last dove-songs, 'mid leaf-fallings, come,
Slow as the voices, O soft as the voices,
  Sweet as the voices a-calling us home.

Sleep-time is soon when the land makes us weary,
  While in the sleep-light the garden lies still,
Ruined and passionless, sodden and dreary,
  Rain-ruffled roses and windblossoms chill.
Sleep-ripe we loiter and linger and hearken,
  Sad for the scents and the sounds well-nigh passed,
Sad with the thought how the fair world shall darken
  Joy-worn and grave to its sleep-time at last.

Gordon Bottomley.

THE SEAL

I WALKED in pleasant villages,
The rural sights to see,
And underneath some shady trees
An old man spoke to me:

A seal I brought from waters bright
Around the boreal pole,
For in my youth I hid from sight
The pity of my soul.

Over the gunwale gazed this fish,
In harbour safely brought,
And in its lustrous eyes a wish,
And in its head a thought.

I felt some sudden inward loss,
Nor with my child could play,
So sold the seal for silver dross,
And drank the dross away.

Thereafter came my deep disgrace,
Far worse than I can tell:
They showed the creature in this place
For money in a shell.

I saw it pine, I saw it swing
Its round head in the cart,
And I could neither laugh nor sing
For what was in my heart.

I heard my Righteous Judge proclaim:
  A caitiff here I find.
Man is not Man by man-like frame,
  But by the generous mind.

Then on the darkness of my brain
  Shone Mercy's gentle sun;
I bought the dying fish again,
  And shot it with my gun.

And so whenever I come nigh
  These trees, I long anew
To tell my story. Therefore I
  Confess my sin to you.

E. Willmore.

LOVE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT

I

PALE stranger, with the uplifted face
  That steals its looks at me,
Come you to fill the empty place
  Where love was wont to be?

In your dull heart without alarms,
  If any love abide,
Reach up and take me in your arms,
  And draw me to your side!

Or else, by what deep purpose stayed,
  To what diviner end,
Grows this defeat, where fate hath made
  A stranger of my friend?

For I am like a withered brook
  Which water flows not through,
Since Death hath laid a dear rebuke
  On all my thoughts of you.

II

Now round you spreads and flows a rest
  From which no word can come.
Whom have you there for secret guest,
  Now that your lips are dumb?

Death holds the heart that used to beat
  For me; he holds your breath;
He has you fast from face to feet,
  Ah, would that I were Death!

III

Why dream for you, dear vanished friend,
  The peace on earth denied,
Since life, to gain a broken end,
  Has torn you from my side?

The ramparts of the house of Death
  Love cannot pierce or scale,
To know with what a thirst for breath
  The silent captives ail.

In that fixed prison-house of form,
  All locked and barred about,
Perchance your living will is warm,
  And battles to be out!

IV

THE Soul bereaved, the Flesh defiled,
  Made strife with Love, and said,
"Lord, is not mine the living child?
  And is not hers the dead?"

And while with piteous plea the two
  At hard contention warred,
To search the holier anguish through,
  Up glanced the dreadful sword.

Then the sad Flesh, the far-defiled,
  Caught at Love's feet, and said,
"Give her, give her the living child!
  And give me back the dead!"

"Dost thou believe the dead can rise?
  Then see, behold thy son!"—
Love spake: and to her opening eyes
  Living and dead were one!

Laurence Housman.

HOW LITTLE DUKE JARL SAVED THE CASTLE

Duke Jarl had found a good roost for himself when his work of expelling the invader was ended. Seawards and below the town, in the mouth of the river, stood a rock, thrusting out like a great tusk greedy to rip up any armed vessel that sought passage that way. On the top of this he had built himself a castle, and its roots went deep, deep down into the solid stone. No man knew how deep the deepest of the foundations went; but wherever they were, just there was old Duke Jarl's sleeping-chamber. Thither he had gone to sleep when the work no longer needed him; and he had not yet returned.

That was three hundred years ago; and still the solid rock vaulted the old warrior's slumber, and over his head men talked of him, and said that he was reserving his strength in old age till his country should again have need of him.

The need seemed to have come now; for his descendant, little Duke Jarl the ninth, was but a child: and, being in no fear of him, the foe had flocked back, and the castle stood besieged. Also, farther than the eye could see from the topmost tower, the land lay over-run, its richness laid waste by armed bands, who gathered in its harvest by the sword, and the town lay under tribute. From the tower one could see the quays busy, and the enemy loading his ships with merchandise.

Allowed up there for play, little Duke Jarl could not keep his red head from peering over the parapet; he began making fierce faces at the enemy,—he was still too young to fight: and quick a grey goose-shaft came and sang its shrill scream at his ear. So close had it gone that a little ducal blood trickled out over his

collar. His face worked with rage: leaning far out over the barrier, he began shouting, "I will tell Duke Jarl of you!" till an attendant ran up and snatched him away from danger.

Things were going badly: the castle was cut off from the land, and on the sea side the foe had built themselves a great mole, within which their war-ships could ride at anchor safe from the reach of any storm. Thus there was no way left by which help or provender could come.

Little Duke Jarl saw men round him growing more gaunt and thin day by day, but he did not understand why, till he chanced once upon a soldier gnawing a foul bone for the stray bits of meat that clung to it; then he found that all except himself in the castle had been put upon quarter-rations, though the fighting had become more hard than ever.

So that day he flung downstairs the white bread and savouries which were brought to him, telling the cook that the day he really became Duke he would have his head off if he dared to send him anything again but the common fare. Hearing of it, the old castle-Constable picked up little master ninth Duke between great finger and thumb, and laughed, holding him in air, "With you alive," said he, "we shall not have to wake Old Jarl after all!" The little Duke asked when he would let him have a sword, and the Constable clapped his cheeks and ran back cheerfully at a call from the palisades.

But others carried heavy looks, thinking, "Long before his fair promise can come to anything, our larders will be empty and our walls gone!"

It was no great time after this that the Duke's Constable was the only man who saw reason in holding out. That became known all through the castle; and the cook, honest fellow, brought up little Jarl's dinner one day, with tears in his eyes. He set down his load of dainties: "It is no use!" said he; "you may as well eat to-day, since to-morrow we give up the castle."

"Who is 'we'?" cried little Jarl, springing to his feet.

"All but the Constable," said the cook; "and they meet in the council-hall now, trying to make him see reason: whether or no, they will not let him hold on."

Little Jarl found the doors of the great hall barred to the thunderings of his small fist: for, in truth, these men could not

bear to look in the face of one who had in his veins the blood of old Duke Jarl, when they were about to give up his stronghold to the enemy.

So little Jarl made his way up to the bowery, where was a minstrel's window looking down into the hall. Sticking out his head so that he might see down to where the council was sitting, "If you give up the castle, I will tell Duke Jarl!" he cried. Hearing his young master's voice, the Constable raised his eyes; but not able to see him for tears in them, called out: "Tell him quick, for here it is all against one! Only for one day more have they promised to hold out at my bidding, and keep the carrion crows from coming to Jarl's nest."

And even as he spoke came renewed tumult of attack, and the answering cry of "Jarl, Jarl!" from the defenders on the walls. Then all leapt up, overturning the council-board, and ran out to the battlements to carry on with what courage was left to them a hopeless contest for one more day.

Little Duke Jarl was left like a beating heart in the great empty castle. He ran wildly from room to room, calling with rage and madness on old Jarl to return and fight. From roof to basement he ran, commanding the spirit of his ancester to appear, till at last he found himself in the deepest cellars of all. Down there he could hear but faintly the sound of the fighting; yet it seemed to him that through the stone he could hear the slow booming of the sea; and as he went deeper into the castle's foundations the louder had grown its note. "Does the sea come in all the way under the castle?" he wondered. "Oh, that it would breach the foundations and sink castle and all, rather than let them give up old Jarl's stronghold to his enemies!"

All was quite dark here, where the castle stood embedded; but now and then little Duke Jarl could feel a puff of wind on his face; and presently he was noticing how it came as if timed to the booming of the sea underneath: whenever came the sound of a breaking wave, with it came a draught of air. He wondered if, so low down, there might not be some secret way to some sea-cave. Groping in the direction of the gusts, his feet came upon stairs. So low and narrow was the entrance, he had to turn sideways and stoop; but when he had burrowed through a thickness of wall he was able to stand upright, and again found stairs indicating a path.

Down: these led down. He had never been so low before. And what a storm there must be outside! against these walls the echoes of the sea grew so loud, he could no longer hear the tramp of his own feet descending.

And now the wind came at him in great gusts: first came the great boom of the sea, and then the blast of air. The way twisted and circled, making his head giddy for a fall; his feet slipped on the steepness and slime of the descent, and at each turn the sound grew more appalling, and the driving force of the wind more like the felling blow of a man's fist.

Presently the shock of it threw him from his standing, so that he had to lie down and slide feet foremost, clinging with his eyelids and nails to break the violence of his speed. And now the air was so full of thunder that his teeth shook in their sockets, and his bones jarred in his flesh. The darkness growled and roared; soon the wind began lifting him backwards,—the force of it seemed to be flaying the skin off his face; and still he went on, throwing his full weight against the air ahead.

Then, for a moment, he felt himself letting go altogether: solid walls slipping harshly past him in the darkness; he fell, and came, crashed and bruised, to a headlong standstill.

First stars flew through the back of his brain; then, raising himself, he saw a dim blue light falling through a long low vault. At the end of it sat old Jarl like adamant in slumber. His head was down on his breast, buried in a vast burning bush of hair and beard; his hands were gripping the sides of his great bronze chair; and the weight of his feet where they rested had hollowed a socket in the stone floor for them to sink into.

With his hair and his armour he shone like a red and blue flame; and the light of him struck the vaulting and the floors. Over against his seat a dark tunnel, piercing the wall and advancing through solid rock, reached up a hollow throat seawards. But it was not by that way that came the wind and the sound of the sea; but from old Jarl, breathing peacefully in his sleep, waiting until the hour which should call his strength back to life.

Young Duke Jarl ran across the chamber, and struck old Jarl's knees, crying, "Wake, Jarl! or the castle will be taken!" but the sleeper did not stir. Then he climbed the bars of the bronze chair, and, reaching high, caught hold of the red beard. "Fore-

father!" he cried, "wake; the castle is being betrayed!" But still old Jarl snored a drowsy hurricane.

Then little Jarl sprang upon his knee, and, seizing him by the head, pulled to move its dead weight, and, finding he could not, struck him full on the mouth, crying, "Jarl, Jarl! old thunderbolt! wake, or you will be betraying the castle!"

At that old Jarl hitched himself in his seat, and drew up a deep breath. In rushed the wind whistling from the tunnel toward the sea, and down rushed the wind whistling from the way by which little Jarl had come: like the wings of cranes flying homewards in spring, so it whistled when old Jarl drew in his breath.

Off his knee dropped little ninth Jarl, buffeted speechless to earth. And old Jarl, letting go one breath, settled himself back to slumber.

Far up over-head, at the darkening-in of night, the besiegers saw the eyes of the castle flash red for an instant, and shut again: then they heard the Castle-rock blow out like a great trumpet its blast of defiance; and they trembled, crying, "That is old Jarl's war-horn; he is awake out of slumber!"

They had reason enough to fear, for suddenly upon their ships of war there crashed, as though out of the bowels of the earth, a black wind and sandblast: and coming, it took the reefed sails and rigging, and snapped the masts and broke every vessel from its anchoring, and drove all to wreck and ruin against the great mole that had been built to shelter them. And away inland, beyond the palisades and under the camp of the besiegers, the ground pitched and rocked, so that every tent fell grovelling; and wherever the ground gaped, captains and men-at-arms were swallowed down in detachments.

Hardly had the call of old Jarl's war-horn ceased, before the Constable ordered the castle-gates to be thrown open, and out he came, leading a gaunt and hungry band of Jarl-folk warriors; for over in the enemy's camp they had scent of a hot supper which must be cooked and eaten before dawn. And in a little while, when the cooking was at its height, young Duke Jarl stuck his red head out over the battlements and laughed gloriously.

So this has told how old Duke Jarl once turned in his sleep and breathed; but to tell of the waking of old Jarl will be another story.

Laurence Housman.

THE PENMAN

HAROLD MELHUISH had just finished fastening strips of old flannel over the crevices of the bedroom window to keep the draught out. It was a bleak, wet morning early in March. The gusts of wind harassed and swayed the small trees in the front-gardens of the suburban side-street, and the rain sometimes pattered plaintively and sometimes beat angrily on the panes. A fire was burning in the grate. As Melhuish turned towards it after tapping in the last tintack, the flames were blown outward, and a puff of smoke escaped into the room and spread slowly, adding to the prickly taste which was already strong in the air.

Melhuish hurried across the room and stirred the fire; then he seized a sheet of brown paper which was lying beside the fender and held it across the fireplace, as he had done earlier in the morning, till the increased draught brought the dull red glow of the embers to a roaring flame. Then he dropped the paper and turned towards the bed, and the look of mere worry which his face had worn changed to an expression of extreme anxiety.

His wife was lying in the bed. She was evidently ill and very weak. Her face, in its frame of soft and abundant dark hair, was pretty and sweet in spite of the disfiguring strain of sickness, but it was flushed and haggard. She was rolling her head from side to side; her thin hands lay nervelessly on the white coverlet. Nellie Melhuish had caught cold during her convalescence after influenza; the result was a dangerous relapse. Both lungs were affected, and the critical time was not yet past. Her husband while he looked at her was not sure whether she was fully awake; if so, her mind might be clear or it might be confused, owing to

her weakness and feverishness, as it had been when he had roused her to take her medicine.

"I wish I could stay with you and look after you myself," Melhuish said softly, "instead of going to the City to-day. But they've complained of my absence already, and I'm so afraid it might mean losing my berth. The doctor says, with warmth and care you ought to pull through."

The sick woman evidently noticed what was said; for she rolled her head more emphatically from side to side, as if in sign of negation. Her husband came and knelt at the bedside, and took one of her hands.

"Would you like me to stay, darling?" he asked.

His wife stopped the feverish movement of her head, and looked at him, smiling sweetly with her eyes and faintly with her lips. His face was kind and gentle, but it showed weakness of character, in spite of the intelligence which animated it.

"No, I don't want you to stay," Nellie murmured. "It would be dangerous. I shall get on all right. Aunt Joan will look after me."

"Does this smoke bother you much?" Melhuish asked. "I've done everything I can to abate it."

"Oh no," his wife answered, smiling at him again with her eyes, and pressing his fingers slightly to reassure him. "I hardly notice it."

"And is Aunt Joan kind to you, really?"

"Oh yes; she'd do anything for me."

"I'm afraid of her putting her fads in practice," her husband resumed.

His wife, wearied by the effort to converse, shook her head faintly by way of reply, and then began to roll it from side to side again.

"I must run to the train. I believe you're pulling through, and you will be better by the time I get down this evening," he said, with an affectation of cheerfulness intended to encourage her.

He kissed her tenderly on the cheek; then he knelt beside the bed again for a moment and gazed anxiously at her, still clasping her hand. Her head was still now, but she did not open her eyes. He left the room softly.

He descended the narrow stairs of the little suburban house,

and peeped into his tiny square dining-room. Aunt Joan was sitting before the fire there. She rose when she heard her nephew open the door. Aunt Joan was a tall woman with a stiff figure. Her hair was brown, and instead of a fringe she wore a curious row of tight ringlets across her high, square forehead. Her brown eyes were hard but vivacious, and not devoid of intelligence. Her mouth was grim, and bore an expression of set determination.

"I'm off to work, Auntie Joan," said Melhuish. "Keep her warm and snug, won't you? And stick to the doctor's orders precisely." He emphasised the words.

"You can trust me to know what I'm here for," replied Aunt Joan. "Don't you run away with the idea that you've anything to teach me, Harry. It's high time you started if you mean to be punctual," she added sharply.

Melhuish, after a moment's hesitation, left the room.

He put on his overcoat hurriedly, turned up the collar of it, then snatched his hat from a peg, caught up his umbrella, and stepped out into the rain, shutting the door very quickly behind him to check the rush of cold air into the house. As he hastened to the railway station, his mind was racked with anxiety. He was not sure that he ought to have entrusted his sick wife to the keeping of Aunt Joan. But he was not able to afford a trained nurse, and his aunt had expressed in very kind words her willingness to come from the country town in which she lived to nurse her niece-by-marriage; and when Melhuish had expressed his gratitude to her on her arrival, she had said, "Nay, nay, no thanks are due to me for doing my clear duty." He did not doubt her good intentions, but she was very opinionated, especially in all that concerned the treatment of the sick. Her ideas on that subject were of the strangest. Harold Melhuish knew them well. He had been left an orphan early in life, and Joan Melhuish, his maiden aunt, had taken him into her primly comfortable home and had made provision for him. She had nursed the hundred pounds which his father had left him, till the interest alone had accumulated sufficiently to procure for him the instruction in shorthand and typewriting by which he now earned his living. According to Joan Melhuish, all illnesses were the direct result of lapses of moral energy. If anybody had a cold, it was because he or she had been afraid of the wholesome fresh air. If anybody could not

sleep, it was because of lying abed too late in the morning. If anyone lost appetite, that was a sure sign that the person affected had been eating too much. It was useless to argue with Aunt Joan on this subject.

When Melhuish arrived at the office where he worked, he went to the senior partner's room and prepared to take his shorthand notes as usual. It was some time before the senior partner arrived, and Melhuish spent the interval in putting the letters ready. When Mr. Shanderby, the head of the firm of Shanderby & Wicks, at length entered the room, Melhuish greeted him deferentially. Mr. Shanderby was a big, burly man with a florid face. His heavy, ruddy moustache was not yet flecked with grey, though his bushy whiskers, which were darker than his moustache, and his short hair, which was darker than his whiskers, were grizzled. His grey eyes were bright and keen, but hard. He paid no heed to Melhuish's salutation, but after he had sat down and opened one or two of the letters, he said to the young man, "So you've got back. I hope this means resuming your duties permanently."

"I hope so, sir," said Melhuish.

Mr. Shanderby continued to open the letters, and frowned rather heavily, but did not allude further to the subject.

"Sit down," he said to Melhuish, "and get your notebook ready."

Harold Melhuish's habit of diligence stood him in good stead, and he did his work satisfactorily. But his mind was away in the little suburban house, except when it was occupied with memories. His wife was the great happiness and the great wonder of his life. She was at the seaside when he first met her. Her father and mother had brought her to the boarding-house at which Melhuish was spending his short holiday. He became acquainted with her father, and so the young people were put on speaking terms. Melhuish had fallen in love with the girl the first time he saw her; she did not deny him her friendship, and within a week they knew what perfect concordance existed between their minds. The acquaintance was continued in London, and Melhuish soon learned, to his wonder and delight, that the woman he worshipped had given him her love. She had for some time earned a little income of sixty-five pounds a year as secretary to a lady novelist, who took an interest in her, and Melhuish had settled employment.

The lady novelist promoted the match, and promised her pretty little secretary permanent work. So no obstacles arose, and the young people became engaged and were married. Their home was fairyland to them, and the happiness of their life was unbroken. Melhuish, who had looked forward to a span of dull drudgery between youth and old age, to such a lot as makes living a mere weary burden, found himself in paradise.

During the day the rain cleared off, and the sun shone brilliantly, though the wind was bitingly cold. Melhuish left the office between half-past six and seven. When he reached his home he shut the front door quietly behind him, and went into the little dining-room. The table was laid for supper, and Aunt Joan was sitting in a stiff attitude before the fire.

"Well, Aunt Joan," said the young man, "how is she?"

"She's a great deal better," replied Aunt Joan.

"Has the doctor been?" asked Melhuish.

"Yes, he came early this morning. He says, the same treatment, and she'll pull through." Aunt Joan pursed her lips.

"Is she asleep now, or can I go up?" inquired Melhuish.

"She's asleep," replied Aunt Joan, "I think she'll have a good, refreshing sleep. You'd better have your supper, Harry."

Later, when Melhuish crept softly upstairs and entered the sickroom, it did not seem to him that his wife was better. She was lying with her face turned upward, and her breath was quick and short. One of her hands was resting on the counterpane. Her husband touched it very softly; it was hot, and the fingers twitched now and then. Melhuish came downstairs again and spoke to Aunt Joan.

"Do you think she really is better?" he asked.

"Yes, much better. The doctor said she was."

"She seems to me feverish, and she's breathing badly, I think."

"What she wants is a good long wholesome sleep. That'll refresh her more than anything. If she isn't disturbed, she'll have taken a turn by the morning."

Melhuish stood in the doorway hesitating.

"Perhaps I'd better get the doctor round again?" he said.

Aunt Joan rose angrily.

"What's the good of such a fool's act, I should like to know,"

she cried,—"except to waste money? The man's been here once to-day, and he could only say the same thing. And now, mark my words, Harry, either I've got the invalid or I haven't, and I'm older than you. I've got her into a nice sleep at last, and if you go and fetch the doctor and rouse her and spoil it all, I'll leave this house to-morrow; for I'm not a woman to be put upon, and I won't treat the case at all if I'm interfered with. Now, which is it to be?"

"Of course, I want you to stop."

"Well, I'm glad you do, and I should think you might be grateful. However, I've no right to ask for thanks where I'm only doing my duty. The doctor will come to-morrow. In the meantime we'll see what a good sleep will do for her."

"Oh, well,—provided you haven't done anything against the doctor's rules."

For answer Aunt Joan pursed her lips. Melhuish wandered up to the sickroom and sat before the fire; his wife's condition had not changed. A folding bedstead had been prepared in that room for Aunt Joan, and in an hour's time she came upstairs.

Melhuish bent over his wife and kissed her forehead and her cheek softly and tenderly; the action did not rouse her. Then he slowly withdrew from her, and said good-night to Aunt Joan. He went to the little room which had been fitted for his temporary occupation. When he lay down in bed he meant to get up later in the night and look at the invalid again. But anxiety had tired him; he fell asleep, and slept till the early morning. When he awoke his bedroom was already full of grey light. He hurried out of bed, wrapped his dressing-gown round him, and stole into the sick chamber. Aunt Joan was sleeping soundly. He crossed to where his wife lay. The open, glazed eyes, the jaw that had dropped, the dreadful stillness of the form in the grey light that enfolded the coverlet, told him the truth at once. He shook Aunt Joan out of her sleep, and made her understand his surmise by half a dozen words. Then he hurried on his clothes and rushed to the doctor's house. In less than half an hour the doctor was by the bedside.

"Yes, it is all over," he said in a low voice to Aunt Joan. "Yesterday she seemed better, but she had very little strength."

When the doctor had left the house, Aunt Joan drew her nephew into the dining-room.

"I'm not a woman to keep anything on my conscience that people might think I was afraid to tell," she said. "I gave the poor dear girl upstairs the best chance I could in spite of everything. I opened the window yesterday when the sun shone."

Melhuish stared at her, but made no reply. After a moment he turned and went upstairs. He looked at his wife, then he knelt down and kissed her hand. He did not weep. He rose and went to one of the cupboards in the room. He took a revolver from it, put the hammer at full cock, and passed into his own temporary bedroom. He looked straight before him as he walked, yet he was conscious of seeing the familiar walls and the patterns of the wall-papers that were around him swimmingly. His face was white with terror at the act he was about to do; he did not want to do it, but he knew that he must, for there was nothing left for him all through life but the loss of *her* day after day, day after day. Still white with horror, he put the muzzle to his side near his heart, and then he pressed the trigger hard.

Aunt Joan won admiration from an unwilling neighbourhood by her conduct in overwhelming circumstances. She was respectful yet assured, resigned yet properly afflicted. She kept back nothing—except the detail of the opened window. That was her own concern; for it was merely the outward sign of her private opinion. But she was sure it had been for the best. "Harry married a poor weed of a girl," she whispered to herself, "and it was bound to be."

In view of the pending inquest, the bodies were laid out in different rooms. The woman who performed the last offices for both, after the doctor and the police-sergeant had left the house, was invited by Aunt Joan to drink a glass of sherry in the kitchen, because of the shock which her work in this instance might cause to her. The woman in question had a sentimental vein.

"It do seem a pity we can't lay 'em out side by side, Ma'am," she remarked. "The pore young folks—it 'ud a' been a pretty sight to see 'em."

"Ah, but we must remember," said Annt Joan, "that there's no marrying nor giving in marriage in the blessed place where she's gone,—if she was a good Christian girl, as I believe she was. And as for him,—I never was one to 'abituate myself to blink the truth,—and where he is, with that sin on his head, he won't trouble

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himself much about what happens to his poor body. So it's more seemly for 'em to be apart."

Aunt Joan made a most favourable impression at the inquest, and no one asked whether young Mrs. Melhuish's window had been open or shut during the last day of her life. Nobody thought about such a thing.

"I'm sorry we told poor Melhuish he must come back to his duties," said young Mr. Wicks to old Mr. Shanderby when he read of the catastrophe. "I believe he had an idea that if he could nurse his wife himself he'd bring her through."

"Well, it's a sad occurrence," replied Mr. Shanderby, "but I don't see that we're to blame in any way. He was absent close on ten days as it was, and it was all paid time. If we were more indulgent than that, every clerk's wife would have the influenza, or else their mothers or their sisters would. No, no; they must look out for themselves. It isn't business to let them stop away. Besides, God bless my soul, many a man would have been glad to get rid of his wife like that. And anyhow, it can't be helped now."

Godfrey Burchett.

A CHANGE OF VIEW.

They came slowly out of the pinewoods on to a stretch of parched grass, whose high distant edge broke abruptly against the blue of the sea. The woods behind them exuded the hot strong scent of pines, intense and overpowering, while from the sea breathed the faintest of winds, crisping the heavy air with salt.

"I am sorry," she said softly.

"It is good of you to say that." His tone was restrained, yet without bitterness.

"No, not at all. You must feel it could not be. We know each other too well; we've grown up together—besides, nothing ever happens as one wants it to." Her voice fell away suddenly.

"Oh, it's all right. Don't bother about me. . . . Those beastly pines! they used to give even old Cosham the blues: how is he?"

The girl pulled her big hat further over her face and turned slightly aside, but he saw the warm blood rush to her cheeks at the sudden question. Her black hair, rippling away from a comely sun-tanned cheek aflame against the white of her hat and gown, quickened his pain, for his wound was new, and the thought of such a weakling for a rival scorched it like fire. Her voice was calm as she answered, "I believe he is still alive."

"He has nine lives—ninety-nine loves."

"How do you know anything of the pines—and him?"

Miriam's pause and the pronoun were tell-tale. She knew it, and faced him boldly. Crediton smiled faintly in return, and answered, "He certainly said so to me."

"Then to which of us did he tell the truth? He told me he loved nothing better than the pines."

"Except you."

"Oh!" She switched the grass angrily with her sunshade.

"Can I be sorry that I am more truthful than Cosham? Did you really care for him, Miriam?"

He stood before her with a desperate face. To ignore him was impossible, but at bay she was white and breathless, save for three words:

"I hate him." And she turned towards the woods.

"Let me come with you." He was bewildered and humbled.

"No." She had already begun to move away.

Miriam sped along the dim sun-shot paths of the woods for some distance before breaking into an overgrown thicket, whose heart was a small deep pool, so walled and secluded in undergrowth that it might have been undisturbed since the pines first began to spring. At the end, where a small stream flowed into it, two large flat stones made a preposterous harbour-mouth for the tiny rivulet, scarcely more than a trickle of lazy water in a pebbly bed. The sun pierced to the pool only in the centre, where it shone in a round of reflected light. Miriam crouched on one of the big stones, and, dropping her hands among the pebbles, teased the bewildered stream into new channels. It was soothing to be cruel. Had not she herself been cruelly treated? Crediton's words had startled her into a new consciousness. Her friends believed that she loved Henry Cosham. Cosham! The name and the memory were equally hateful. Had he not wilfully wronged her by a wrong overwhelming to her, though her circle, if they listened, would smile unbelievingly or call her mad?

Certainly they had justification in thinking that she cared for him. Did not the poignant, hateful smell of the pines recall him at every breath? How often they had wandered together along the soft narrow paths, strewn with pine-needles like the spears on a Liliputian battle-field! It was then he had stolen. Till she had met him he was nothing but "poor old Cosham," a "good-hearted chap," but one who could never "lay hold of his brains" according to Richard Crediton's view; according to her own, a dreamer, an idler, impracticable. She had blown her life into his clay; his mind had inhaled the best and rarest from hers. From what new flower was he now sucking the sweetness? And this night-grown fame of his—how long would it last?

"He is a charlatan," she whispered to herself, "and yet he took my chance. . . I would not have been a charlatan."

In a flash of thought his face came back to her. It seemed to

smile up from the sun-space in the centre of the pool—the hair that fell heavily to one side leaving the most deceptive of broad brows, and the slightly cynical turn of the full lips. He was not handsome, but the face had a fascination. Miriam threw a stone impatiently into the pool. It broke into quick ripples, the backwash welled into the harbour of the rivulet, and the illusion fled. She would not have cared so much, she reasoned, if he had not been a charlatan. To have had her richest thoughts and most original conceptions taken, as it were, wholesale, even to the smallest of scraps, would not have mattered much if the man had been an artist. He would have been welcome to all she had to give, for he would have so enriched or stripped it that the last result would have been himself, not a poor counterpart of herself, wrought out through the frank intercourse of friendship and the common means of imitation and memory. Miriam knew that she was not a genius, but she felt that her soul had been absorbed by a lower soul than her own, who had trafficked with it openly, under his own name, and for his own greed of popularity. She would never have climbed among the immortals, but she was a woman high above the army of mediocre talents, and when Cosham and she had talked together she had been unsparing of her best.

"Of course," she sighed, "if I had been supremely original I suppose I could have stood it. But that he should absorb me like a sponge—my own peculiar gifts . . . ."

She knew that Cosham had not merely accepted her ideas and modes of thought, but his style and matter were hers—not even hers through his own, but hers naked and unashamed. Moreover, what he had appropriated so slavishly had been turned to the poorer use, to gain a second-rate popularity. Undoubtedly he was a charlatan. Even Crediton, with his slightly stolid mind, had felt that. To Crediton he was still only "poor old Cosham," and he had wondered vaguely why all this fuss was being made over him. Another thought came to Miriam.

"If he had been my son, in whom I had willingly relinquished my personality; to whom I had given life and mind and purpose, whom I had inspired and cherished and guarded and guided—then at least . . . ." She broke off bitterly as vistas of the future opened before her. Supposing she went on writing year after year in her own way—for she could write in none but her own—to

what good would it be? Cosham had the start. He was already a popular novelist of the day, he had already written what she had to write, said what she had to say, and said it in her way; for he had had the keenness to see that it was a very good one, and much better than he could hope ever to reach himself. Though she might live it down in time, might even after many years find herself anew in some unexpected manner, she shuddered at the thought of the long years that it would take to erase the impression that she was a mere imitator, a follower of the well-known writer, Henry Cosham, one of his innumerable "school." She might have founded that school. She would have sown the seeds of its literature in a good and wealthy soil; but Cosham had abused the opportunity. He had been mainly concerned with making some sort of a name for himself. Yes, he had taken her chance.

Miriam rose suddenly. The pool was ruffled by a breeze, and its golden heart crinkled in the wind. She stood a moment sadly.

"That pool is my life; he is the little shine in the centre. How greedily he drinks up the light. It is all dark outside."

The breeze, stronger now and fresh from the sea, tossed the heaving trees together; the air under their branches was sultry with the odour of the rich pines. Miriam laughed a little lightly, then she flushed under a stinging thought:

"And once I loved him! That will kill my pride for ever, I . . . so duped . . . such a fool."

When she again broke through the undergrowth to the path, she saw Crediton coming towards her. His usually fresh face looked worn, but otherwise, Miriam considered, he had got over the affair very well. He was too frank to be deeply receptive.

"I hope you won't mind," he said, "but I've been hanging round most of the time—met a tramp, rather a queer-looking chap, as I came out of the village. I've been there. This is for you."

Miriam took the letter which he held towards her, and walked away to read it. When she came back her eyes were burning.

"Read it," she said, without a smile. And he read:

My dear Miriam,—May I still so call you? You must be surprised to hear from me after so long, but I am not one to deluge my friends with long epistles by every post. Still I do not forget.

The other day I came accidentally upon one of your early—pardon the word—effusions. Every line brought back to me the sweeping, scented pines, the ceaseless roar of the hungry sea. Ah, those days! As I read I thought, "Why should not this girl be made somebody? Surely the world would be the loser if she never blossomed." Come, my child, come out into wider fields and under more genial skies—we need you.

But to be practical. May I not see some of your work? Sketches, poems, anything. What though they be a little amateurish, perhaps? I receive every weary day MSS. which I am implored to criticise, and why may I not be honoured with something of yours? He who has already won his literary spurs may climb the critic's mule. Do not deny me the satisfaction of "discovering" you.

My little butterfly friend, whom I have seen flit down so many fragrant alleys, let the world see the sheen of your wings! In plain English, send me a sketch, or some of those quaint, simple poems at which you were so apt. I assure you that not merely shall I scourge and flay them, but when they have stood the test, as I know they will, I will drop them into some genial editor's pocket. At least let me try; though in this malformed Cosmos, of course, I cannot answer absolutely for the result.—Ever yours sincerely,

HENRY COSHAM.

Miriam watched Crediton's face as he read the letter. He stood gravely in the centre of the path. The sunlight, caught first in the lace-like meshes of the delicate pines, fell brilliantly over trunk and moss till it touched his hair with gleams of gold. His cap, thrust back upon his head, his knitted brows, the evident strenuous effort to understand and realise a life so remote from his own, sent a whimsical smile over Miriam's face. A literary life! the whirl of town and talk and "pose" were nothing to him; they were league upon league from his simple wholesome life. It amazed Miriam to think that he could so live on the outside of what had been to her the only things which really counted. His work, his sport, his small circle of mainly genuine friendships, his natural abundant delight in the prime goods of life, contrasted oddly with all that she had yearned for.

Yet was her ideal life better? If there was one Henry Cosham, might there not be many? Her own experience was small; she

was only on the outer ring of the unknown desired world, yet what pain and disillusionment those few steps had cost her; what unsounded depths of weakness, insincerity, and greed sucked whirlpool-wise in the heart of her rosy dream! After all, was Crediton's wholesome narrow life to be so readily despised? At least he could hold his head high; above all things, he was honourable, and he was content to be entirely natural. As for Cosham—the least thought about him the better. So doing she might yet save a few illusions. Crediton caught her serious gaze.

"What shall you do?" he asked.

"Let him enjoy his conviction that I shall revere this tenderly in rose-leaves and ribbons. Will you give me a match?"

As Crediton found it he said, "Your'e throwing away a chance, Miriam. You know how keen you've always been on this sort of thing, and Cosham isn't a bad sort. Besides, he's made a name."

The words were quiet, but such magnanimity on Crediton's part was not achieved without a struggle. Perhaps Miriam knew it, although she did not answer. Taking the match, she lit the corner of the sheet, and they both watched the yellow-lipped flame creep across the paper. He remembered how unexpected Miriam always was. Of course that was part of her charm.

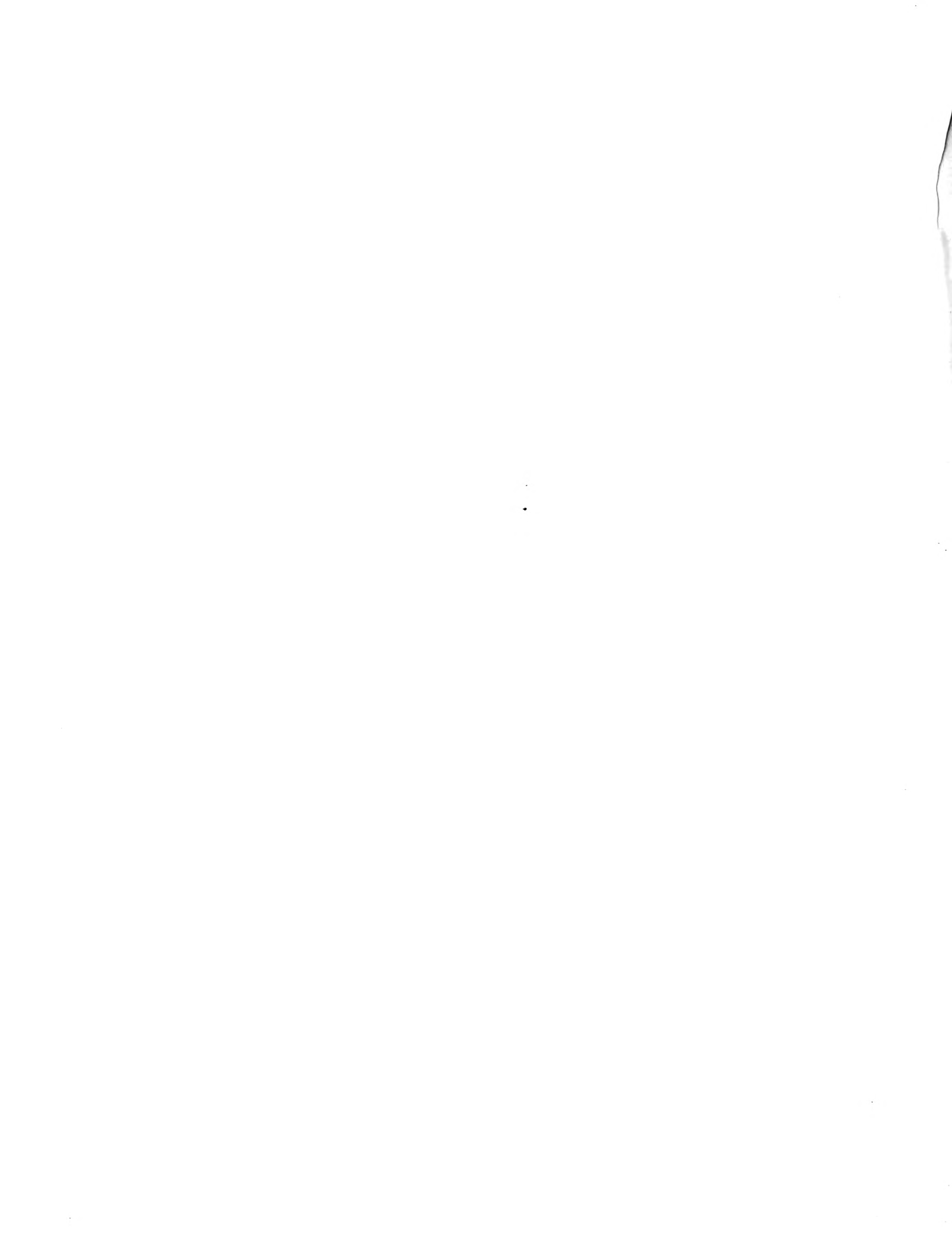
She threw the last burning fragment into the air. "Now I am myself," she cried. "I am one with pines and sun and sea."

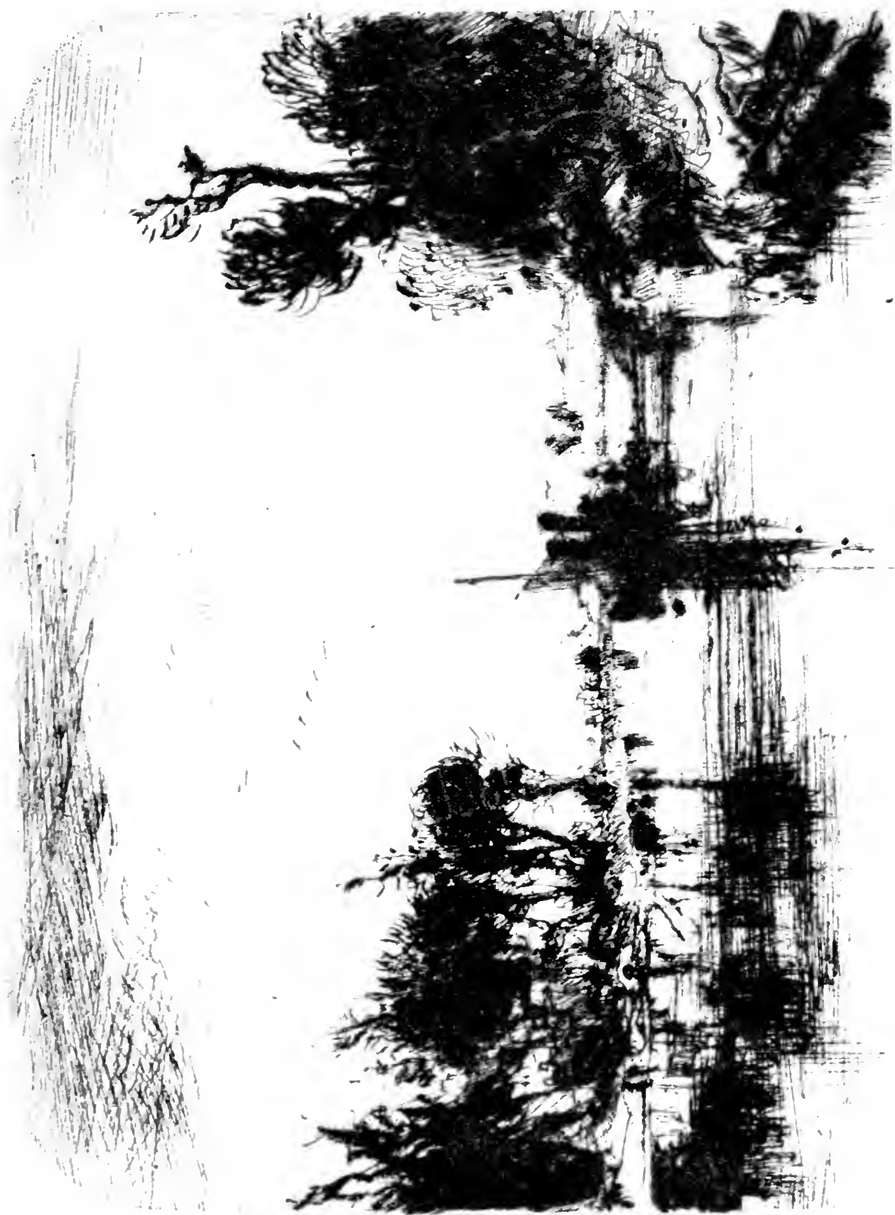
The wind, boisterous now, swept apart the branches of the pines and let down a stream of golden sunlight over her. Caught in its splendour, and gleaming like a snowy bird in the green waves of foliage, she ran light-heartedly along the narrow path. She did not stop till she had reached the parched grass of the cliff. Far out at sea, the water, whipped by the wind, shewed white teeth of foam. The salt fresh gust, scampering madly down the slope to meet her, almost took away her breath. Miriam could scarcely keep her foothold. Instinctively she groped for support; and Crediton's strong fingers closed warmly over the hand which she did not try to take away.

A. Dawson.

SEVEN DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS AFTER E. T. DANIELL

1. JUNCTION OF THE MANGYR-TSCHAI WITH THE XANTHUS, LYCIA.
2. SOURCE OF THE XANTHUS.
3. THEATRE OF MYRA, LYCIA.
4. THE PLAIN AND BAY OF PHINEKA, LYCIA.
5. RHODES FROM THE SEA.
   (*After Water-colour Drawings in the British Museum.*)
6. OLD HOUSES.
   (*After an Etching in the British Museum.*)
7. A RIVER SCENE.
   (*After a Dry-point in the British Museum.*)





EDWARD THOMAS DANIELL

PAINTER AND ETCHER

The amateur in art is mostly one who gets more pleasure by his productions than he gives; he is happy, but does not make others happy. There are, however, amateurs and amateurs; and, especially in England, there have been amateurs who deserved the name of artist, who have sought to advance more than merely to adorn the cause of art. Especially in England: for nowhere else has art been esteemed so little as a serious side of life, nowhere has discouragement run so strongly towards an entire devotion to it. Many, therefore, who have had both the impulse and the capacity for taking pains, have been deterred into acquiescence with family and friends, who say "What a pleasant hobby for him!" but never "He must be a painter!" This well-meant chilliness has sometimes fostered a true gift more happily than encouragement. Water-colour painting in England has indeed suffered less from the amateur than from the professor: for the professor must needs turn for a livelihood to the teaching of amateurs or even of unwilling scholars; he is stifled, dulled, and wearied into a languid and mechanical style. Those whose enthusiasm outlives the "series of disgusts" which beset the path of every genuine artist, gain largely by a freedom from circumstances. Among such semi-amateurs few names should be more eminent, though few are as little known, as that of Edward Daniell. Redgrave and Bryan ignore him; even Mr. Leslie Stephen's great Dictionary does not include him in its legion of obscure heroes and faded notorieties. Students of English art know William Daniell's Indian scenes and Samuel Daniell's

studies in South Africa; but even students have rarely heard of Edward Daniell, who does not seem to have been in any way connected with the family of these other Daniells, and who is a much more original and interesting artist than either.

Daniell is in fact one of the most original and interesting artists of the Norwich school, if we are to class him with that school. In a brief notice like the present I can only give the mere outline of a biography: the facts are taken from a privately printed memoir by Mr. F. R. Beecheno, which for its piety of care and thoroughness is a model. Born in London of a Norfolk family, Daniell was bred in Norwich, and Crome taught him drawing at the Norwich grammar school. Some of his early etchings recall those of Crome; but his mind soon came far more powerfully under the influence of an art with which his own affinities were much stronger, the art of Turner. Apart from this influence, he remained singularly independent; and if by race he must be grouped with the Norwich men, his art holds really a quite solitary position.

In 1823, Daniell went up to Balliol. While at Oxford, or before, he became the friend of John Linnell, at that time the chief of the little band of venerating disciples who cheered and supported the last years of Blake. Daniell caught his friend's enthusiasm; the sight of the *Inventions to the Book of Job* threw him into a "violent fit" of admiration; and he persuaded Parker, the Oxford publisher, to take a copy,—I fear with no result.

After leaving Oxford, he travelled, etched, and painted. In 1832 he was ordained, and for a year and a half was curate at Banham, a Norfolk village. In 1834 he was appointed to a curacy in London. But art continued to be his real vocation: his house became a resort of painters; not only Linnell, but Turner, David Roberts, Dyce, and Stanfield were his friends. It does not seem to be known how Daniell made Turner's acquaintance; but Turner seems to have shown a warmth and geniality, even a cordial attachment, for him, such as was not often felt by that strange and solitary nature. Had Daniell lived, Turner intended to have entrusted his law affairs to him. He expressed also an admiration of his work. It was in Daniell's house that Linnell studied Turner's face for a portrait which Daniell had commissioned him to paint. The two artists often dined with their friend; they

were placed opposite each other at table; and Linnell thus procured unconscious sittings.

While commissioning this and other pictures from Linnell, Daniell was not himself idle. He exhibited a certain number of pictures—scenes in Italy, Switzerland, and France. Two of these are now in the Gallery of the Norwich Museum, which the judgment and fine taste of Mr. Reeve, the Curator, and the noble bequests of Mr. Colman, are combining to make a really representative gallery. These oil paintings show the same sense for spacious light and air, the same independence of vision, as the water-colours.

David Roberts has been mentioned as one of Daniell's circle. In 1838 he had been to Egypt and Syria, and he brought back sketches which kindled Daniell's imagination, filled him with an irresistible desire to see the East. Sometime in 1840 he set out; was in Greece at the end of the year, crossed to Egypt early in 1841, travelled up the Nile to Nubia, then from Egypt to Palestine, and so to Syria, reaching Beyrout in October. A little later he was at Smyrna; and here he fell in with an English party on board H.M.S. *Beacon* sent out by Government to Lycia to bring home the antiquities discovered by Sir Charles Fellowes at Xanthus, for the British Museum.

Ardent in the cause of scholarship as of art, Daniell resolved to join the expedition. He stayed the winter at Xanthus; and when Fellowes left in March, Daniell remained behind to make a more thorough survey of the country, in company with Spratt, a lieutenant in the Navy, and Forbes, a naturalist.

The country which the three traversed must be one of the most fascinating regions in the world. This south-western corner of Asia Minor kept, even in ancient times, a certain isolation: commerce did not swell its cities; war visited it only in rumours, except now and again for the meteoric irruption of an Alexander; and for us, Lycia stirs few associations later than the tale of Troy, and the death of the demigod Sarpedon. The Lycians seem to have preserved the shy and mysterious character of dwellers in an uttermost coast land, neither merged in the main current of Greek history, nor making any great noise in the world on their own account. The landscape which presented itself to our artist from the deck of the *Beacon*, as it anchored in the bay of Makri, has an

aspect of beauty, mystery, and loneliness aptly expressive of its silent story. Vast rose-red slopes; scarped hills, honeycombed with numberless tombs excavated and sculptured in the rock; spacious valleys, with scattered bushes on the shores of solitary streams; distant crowding ridges, with the snows of Taurus on the extreme horizon;—of such majestic elements is the scenery composed. And impressed with loneliness as it is, there is besides that sort of intangible perfume which clings to a peopled country, now deserted. All over this wild, rich-coloured region are sprinkled the fragments of old cities, marble amphitheatres, arches, aqueducts, temple-columns, crested tombs; nestling sometimes in the lap of mountains, or clustered and shining far off on some isolated vast pinnacle in a valley; and named with wonderful names that seem familiar yet are not, Telmessus and Termessus, Myra and Candyba, Acalissus, Araxa, Gagæ, Corydalla! names whose remote and mysterious charm seems to resound from some page of Milton, forgotten or yet undiscovered. Such an atmosphere liberates the imagination, instead of overpowering it, as Rome overpowers it with interminable vistas of concrete history.

Here, then, if anywhere, was a land to stimulate a painter's ardour. Daniell rose to the height of his subject. The series of sixty-four drawings, now in the British Museum, picture the wanderings of the travellers from day to day. They are all on tinted paper, some of a brownish or yellowish, some of a bluish tone; the colours are broadly washed, while the outlines are defined and details kept exact by a pen. What strikes one most at first is the astonishing air of space and magnitude conveyed, the fluid wash of sunlight in these towering gorges and open valleys. Those who have been to Lycia say that the colour of the country is admirably given; better, indeed, than in the sketches of the same scenes by William Müller, who accompanied the Government expedition, and many of whose Lycian drawings are also in the Museum. Müller was one of the most brilliant and accomplished sketchers who ever lived; yet I find in Daniell, to whom painting was a far more arduous thing than to Müller, certain qualities that the other lacks; the artist in him is more finely fibred, he is more exclusively concerned with the essential things; his eye sees in a more interesting way. There is absolutely nothing of the drawing-

master in him, of the formula maker, the composition manufacturer. His compositions scarcely seem to be premeditated, yet are often most inventive and new. He has a fondness for vast prospects from great heights; subjects which scarcely anyone else except Turner would ever have adventured. One drawing, "The Ruins of Marmora," shows a crag rising from a gorge, with tombs scattered on the steep slopes, and beyond, a whole region of peaks and valleys, crowned in the highest distance with a blue bay of the Pamphylian coast—so far away, it looks at first like the sky—and, further and higher still, a range of phantom mountains. The Japanese have accustomed us to upright landscapes of this type; but European painters have been too often content with the common points of view. In looking at the reproductions, one must remember that they are from actual sketches made on the spot, not finished drawings. Daniell was prevented by a thunderstorm from completing one of the most remarkable of the upright landscapes; and many others which are grand in conception, are not carried out sufficiently to gain their due effect, or suffer from haste. Such is the wonderful view of the Valley of Kassabar with its great ruined mediæval cathedral far below on the deserted sands, stretching for miles towards the distant stormy ridges, while near us a towering peak plunges down in an enormous slope sprinkled with tiny monuments. Fine in conception, too, is the precipitous glen of the Chimæra, that fabulous and dreaded monster, which has now, alas! shed wings, and claws, and body, and dwindled to a jet of inflammable gas upon the mountain side; prosaic Turks roast coffee on the harmless flame.

But many of the sketches are as fine in execution as in idea, like the spacious prospect of the Plain of Phineka with its two blue rivers winding through wide sands to the shipless sea, and the snowy ranges beyond. Or again, the view of the harbour of Antiphellus from the road far above, looking down on the little modern port and the clustered ancient ruins, and the sleeping bay, pale under the high noonday sun, and the basking island of Castelorizo. One very wonderful subject, which Daniell sketches suggestively, would have made a fine picture, the springs of the Xanthus river, born among green boughs and boulders a full-grown foaming torrent.

Daniell was destined to die a victim to his enthusiasm. Return-

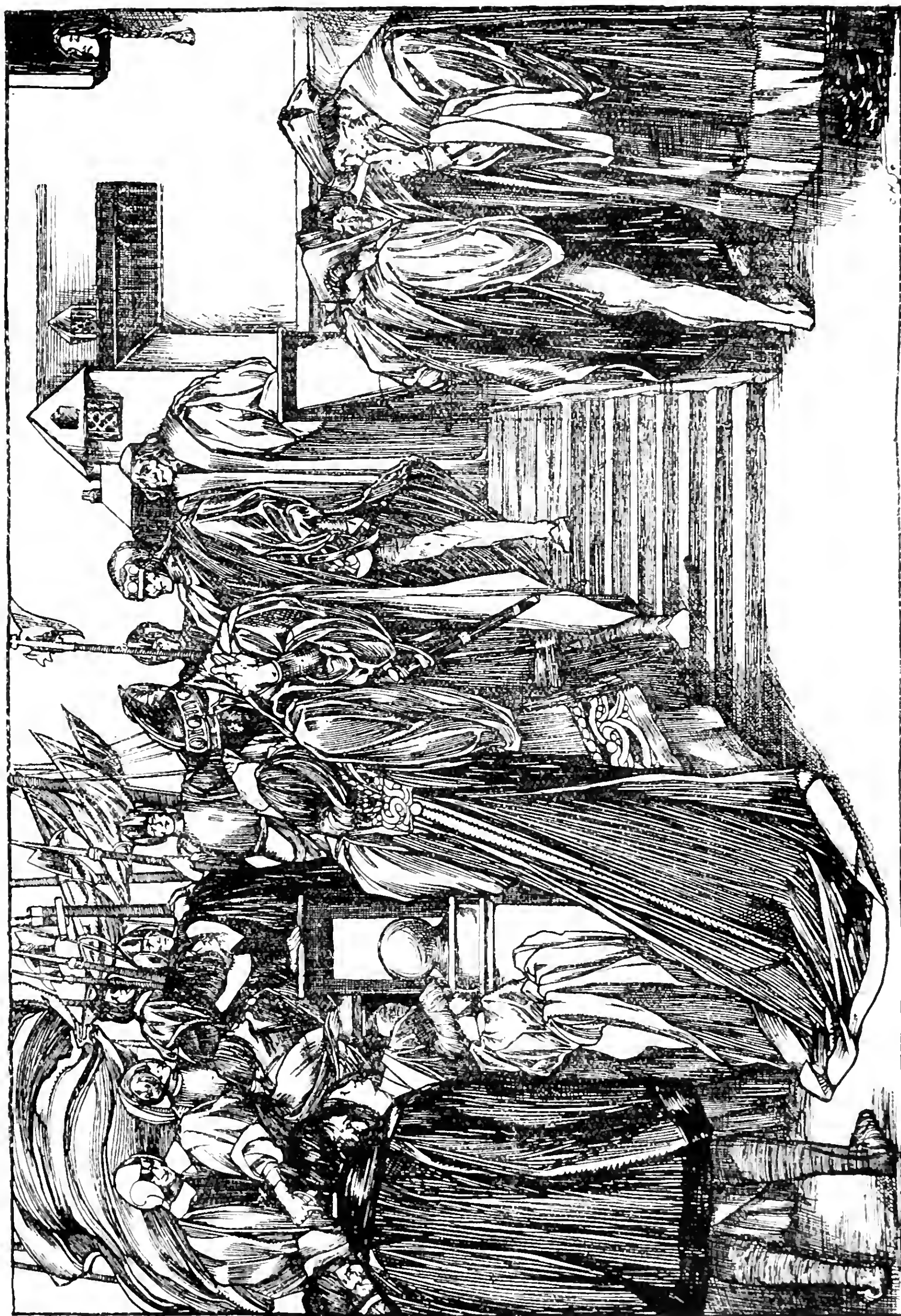
ing again from Rhodes, where he left his two companions, he caught a fever; he recovered, but rashly undertook a solitary expedition in Pamphylia and Pisidia at the hottest season of the year; and, carried into imprudence by his ardour, fell ill again at Adalia, and died there, September 24, 1842. He was thirty-eight. I have little space left to speak of Daniell's etchings. Yet these are, from an historical point of view, the most remarkable of his works. With the exception of Geddes, Wilkie, Crome, and D. C. Read, a Salisbury schoolmaster who attracted the notice of Goethe, no one had so early in the century practised etching in the true etcher's spirit. Wilkie's plates are very few, Crome's are few of them really successful as etchings, and Read's are not important as works of art. But Daniell may claim, equally with Geddes, the honour of anticipating the revival of etching, associated with the names of Seymour-Haden and Whistler. The accompanying reproductions, necessarily imperfect, may give some idea of Daniell's work both with acid and with dry-point. A portrait of Daniell, by his friend Linnell, is prefixed to Mr. Beecheno's memoir. The face is what one might preconceive from his life: very English in its features, it is the face of a strong and healthy nature, refined by ardent thought, with full lips and keen, vivacious eyes.

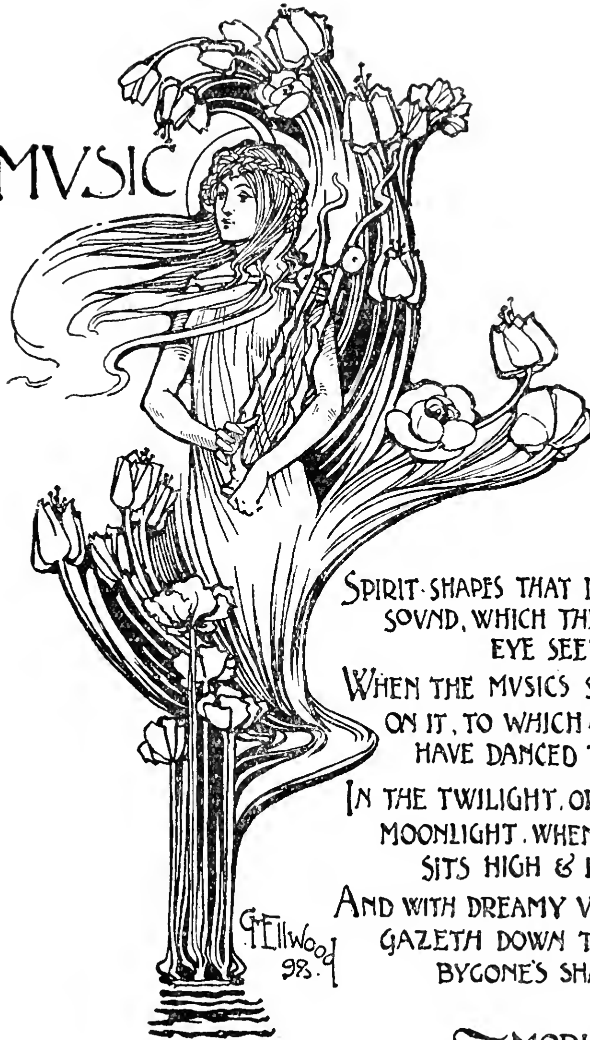
Laurence Binyon.

FOUR DRAWINGS AND A WOODCUT

1. The Surf-Net. After a Drawing by Charles Pears.
2. The Star in the East. An Original Wood Engraving by Bernard Sleigh.
3. The Fisherman and the Rainbow. After a Drawing by Philip Connard.
4. The Meeting of Othello and Desdemona in Cyprus. After a Sketch by Philip Connard.
5. Music. After a Drawing by G. M. Ellwood.

THE STAR IN
THE EAST




MVSIC
SPIRIT-SHAPES THAT DWELL IN SOVND, WHICH THE MINDS EYE SEETH ONLY.
WHEN THE MVSICS SPELL IS ON IT, TO WHICH THESE HAVE DANCED THEIR DAY,
IN THE TWILIGHT, OR THE MOONLIGHT, WHEN THE SOVL SITS HIGH & LONELY,
AND WITH DREAMY VISION GAZETH DOWN THE BYGONE'S SHADOWY WAY.
—MORLEY.
G. T. Ellwood 98.

CHOPIN

Chopin is the most intimate of the pet composers. So sympathetic and subjective is he, that he will mirror any complex mood, shot like silk with opalescent, incompatible emotions, of that strange thing which is assuredly not the soul, decidedly not the heart, above all not the mind. He belongs to the interpretative order of creative artists. He is an exquisitely sensitive psychological magnifying-glass through which the dilettante in emotion may study the almost invisible microbes that eat the poet's heart—that infinitesimal delicatesse of pain and of passion for which the blunt majority has no eyes. To interpret Chopin, one must be a virtuoso in passion. Yet Chopin is no sentimentalist in the accepted term; he is too exquisite for sentimentality, which has for me a Teutonic ring, a suggestion of homeliness, of Schumann or even of Mendelssohn—in short, an inextricable element of slowness, impossible to lyric grace. Chopin's fiery Slavonic blood saved him from sentimentality; he is a tiny tiger rather than a pussy cat. Consider the delicious savagery that informs his violent, splendid Polonaises, or the idealistically *mordente affetuoso* feeling in his fifth *Chant polonais*, so kindly set for the piano by Liszt. But Chopin misses the amiable sentimentalism with which he is popularly accredited, chiefly by reason of his impersonality. For he was not a conscious Will, but rather a medium through which all the polite passions expressed themselves in delicate inevitable art of a sugary femininity, a polished soul-mirror that reflected fine emotional phases with a dainty, unerring instinct for selection of the prettiest. None but Chopin could be so elemental in miniature. In his music is pictured a whole wild little world of poetised passions in curiously dramatic scenes, each vivid or nebulous dream perfect in its incompleteness. He was essentially

a tone painter, not a tone poet. For which reason he does not demand intellect of his exponents so much as a fine sense of colour. His own colour instinct was miraculous. Through the cool white medium of the piano he produced tone colours of infinite variety and intensity, of a quite jewelled brilliancy—clear, sharp, and delicate. His chaste devotion to the piano kept him of necessity narrow and limited of resource in regard to effect, but he left no recess of the piano's possibilities unexplored; he was the Nansen of the arctic, glittering piano.

He had a quite feminine love of musical embroidery and ornament. All his more fanciful tone pictures are decorated with leaping, fantastic arabesques of ethereal Jack-in-the-box-like runs—pearled lightning, magic-strung, with a kind of radiant spray of grace notes, a brilliant affectation which creates an atmosphere of fairyland. Chopin's music is ever ideally elfish and remote. And there is in it a certain ecstatic quality, a faint insistent intoxication which never fails. This one feels most in the Nocturnes. Those warm dark nocturnes, fitfully moonlit or starlit, are like the transcribed dreams of an inspired opium-eater. Each is a tone picture wrought with a kind of enchantment; the whole series is under an occult spell. Curiously elemental in feeling, those nocturnes give windless trees and shining water and the summer night, lime-scented, with such a velvet languor that they can hypnotise a winter afternoon into softness. To me, the E♭ nocturne always suggests Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." The F♯ nocturne is quite Persian in style: it paints the palm and the cypress and the rose thicket, and the great stars burning low in the Southern sky. Needless to say, Chopin is intensely Oriental in feeling. His most expressive and individual music has a perfumed gorgeousness, an exotic grace, and a multiplicity of modulations that breathe of a subtler notation and of a glowing tropical climate. Yet he can be *semplice* in the extreme: many of his tone pictures are wrought with slight vigorous strokes; but this impressionism results from sheer refinement of style, and is the outcome of centuries of elaboration—indeed, it is merely the disrobing of a melody which we are wont to see go in tissue of gold. Chopin was a master of detail, but he was saved from pettiness by that fundamental Slav impetuosity and ferocity which no French polish could smooth entirely away.

Barbarism and civilisation war even more piquantly in Chopin than in Tschaikowsky. It is this lion-and-unicorn struggle for the mastery in his nature that gives such keen life to his music; without it, indeed, he might easily have drifted into a William Morris-like meandering among lovely cadences, a dallying with delicious chords. As it is, he only "moons" adorably in unearthly music of Keats-like beauty of tone-diction (for this once permitting him to be a tone poet). And yet they say that Chopin is like Shelley. When he is thoroughly awake he may be, but contrast the sustained swiftness of Shelley's lyric flight, alert as a humming-bird's, with the dreamful motion of Chopin, who falls trancedly asleep with the casual ease of the Dormouse at the Hatter's tea-party. There is the vivid fire of life at first hand, spite of all the hysterical idealism, in Shelley's strenuous verse: all the life in Chopin's music is a reflection, idealised, devitalised as a Burne Jones picture. Chopin's motto is the dreamer's motto:—"Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." And especially jam yesterday! the maddening memory overshadows the intangible hope. Jam yesterday, a dim, strange yesterday, transcending limits of mere mortal time. You may read this legend in the G minor Ballade, and in the first movement of the B minor sonata, as also in the F minor concerto. Chopin revels in the luxury of sorrow; his dreams die gorgeously as ashes of sunset into a velvet night of gloom,—and they take an unconscionable time a-dying! Sometimes the starry articulated notes of his melody seem to float like water-lilies on a rhythmic tide of harmonies that loses itself in a sea of delicious sadness. That section in the G♭ which comes just before the Funeral March in B♭ minor sonata suggested this to me.

One of Chopin's compositions has never ceased to puzzle me. Under what alien influence did he write it—the Ballade in A♭? It is so peculiarly unlike himself in its boyish swagger and its gallant light-heartedness; it is so young, so cocksure, and so successful, drawing to a logical happy close instead of ceasing gloomily in the customary manner. The other three Ballades are perfectly, even markedly, Chopinesque; this one is a cuckoo, a bold, jolly cuckoo in the nest. Moreover, it is most gaily masculine: while nearly all Chopin's works incline to be feminine,

as indeed he was himself. Witness his Berceuse, a little wrought ivory piece of exquisiteness, just sufficiently trivial, which is, however, so delicately and ecstatically amorous that it misses its mark as a cradle-song. Indeed, Chopin never contrives to be anything but amorous, whether in his dances, his sonatas, or his nocturnes. His love (of course he had none) was certainly his whole existence. And, like every true Platonist, he had the instinct of passion for publication. Of what use is Love but as a soul for Art? Love should ever move to measure of music in delicate fetters of rhyme. Chopin thoroughly understands the value of passion for publication; he sorrows in beautifully rounded periods. And he has created a passionate tradition of his own, a sweet individual note of passion—a cobra without the poison, Heine without the irony. This tradition is, strictly speaking, a little bit rococo; in the grasp of an old-fashioned pianist it can even be Victorian. But nothing is easier than to bring it up to date by encouraging the tigerish element that sleeps so sweetly under its surface sentiment—a charming savage instinct which is both ineradicable and irresistible. We may not like it, we may not choose but love it. In Chopin's music this semi-barbaric instinct is the phœnix undying, refined, spiritualised. While people continue to have hearts and senses and tempers, Chopin will never be outworn; for he is too deeply elemental, spite of all his misleading graces, to be ever out of touch with the *Zeitgeist*, which is after all merely a phœnix. Indeed, so splendidly can Chopin keep up the pace, that in skilful hands he runs neck and neck with Tschaikowsky in the expression of our more exquisite and degenerate humanity of to-day.

So poignant a voice is his, that everyone has heard it, or at least heard of it. He is the gracious catchword of the unmusical. Though Rubinstein might be a Rhine wine, and Grieg a cheese, Chopin is without doubt a musician. How rudely his delicate self-centred romanticism has been misinterpreted by mediocrity! Mediocrity loves Chopin—sincerely, I think. His leading traits are so obvious and easily grasped, that the meanest musical intelligence can detect at once which end his head is (so to speak)—a case widely different from that of the hedgehog Brahms, or of the Skye-terrier Schumann. This surface lucidity is his misfortune. It insures his being taken *au pied de la lettre*, and that is fatal:

for the curious mocking *arrière pensée* which it is the sacred duty of his interpreter to find in him, whether it be there or not, is the crown of Chopin. Personally, I think it is not there. For his seemingly too luscious sentiment is never quite overripe, never maliciously sweetened ; it always takes itself seriously. Wherefore he requires an exponent with a sense of humour, one who can add the touch of malice, which is indispensable to his feminine charm, inasmuch as it puts a little sharp edge on his sweetness, and makes him "sweet as civet"; one who can mingle laughter with tears for yesterday's jam, and modify the conclusion of the whole matter—So far from having lost my illusions, illusions are all that remain to me.

Israfel.

PORTRAIT OF CHOPIN

(*Reproduced by arrangement with* MR. AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ.)

The Portrait of Chopin on the next page is after a Drawing from life, made in Paris, by F. WINTERHALTER, *in May* 1847,—*that is to say, when Chopin was thirty-seven, and only two years before his death. The Drawing was given by Chopin to his pupil Gutmann, by whom it was bequeathed to its present owner.*

A NOTE ON CHOPIN

HALF of criticism and nearly all of biography are preserved for us, not in "Lives and Letters," or Monographs or Appreciations, but in Anecdote. A cross-examination of the Man in the Street would prove that his notions of the great derive in almost every case from about half a dozen more or less characteristic and trustworthy stories; and it cannot be denied that their sudden and genial light often reveals to him a truer picture than that which critical processes illuminate for the painstaking historian. Not seldom, indeed, Anecdote grows more precious as criticism when it is discredited as bald history. It is a fact that Colonel Picquart dramatically disavowed the razor and halter of Henry and Lemercier-Picard; and it is not a fact that the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, cried, "Up, guards, and at 'em!" but for purposes of spiritual biography the one story is as good as the other.

A tribute must be paid in passing to the beautiful unselfishness of some contemporary writers, who, with a fine consideration for their biographers-to-be,—play each a fervid Boswell to his own Johnson. No doubt it requires a great effort on their part to face possible charges of taking themselves too seriously; but, recognising the truth of what has just been stated (including Anecdote's independence of Fact), they rise nobly to the occasion, so that the personal columns of the dailies and weeklies teem with stirring proofs of the decay of mock-modesty and the revival of moral courage. Thus A—— (we have it on his own authority) records for us all how the lyric which himself at least has heard of was first scribbled on his shirt-cuff, and nearly lost to the world in the wash; while a bosom friend of B——'s, the rising Rutland dramatist, swears to it that B—— will, in (or rather "under") no circum-

stances whatever, stand him oysters on a Friday, especially when it falls on the thirteenth of the month.

Anecdote has kept many a memory green, and it has not been least kind to the musician. *Virtuosi* indeed generally live for posterity in anecdote alone. Who knows more than what a few little tales contain about Malibran, or about Paganini? It is probable that an irreverent story of a Bond Street barber will perpetuate for succeeding generations the name of M. Paderewski, that musical Samson of the Eighteen-nineties, whose strength is in his hair. And as for the creative musicians, they owe to Anecdote, despite the continued existence and occasional performance of their works, only less than the *virtuosi*. Schumann, who himself told many pretty little anecdotes of about forty-eight bars each, is certainly endeared to the public by the charming tale of Clara Wieck, and the Stern Parent Outwitted. None of us finally makes up his mind about the *Songs without Words* till he learns how the excellent young Mendelssohn wooed his young bride with such admirable discretion that the gossips matched him with her mamma instead. It is by his wig, his big dinners, his threat to throw a prima-donna out of window, and his shockingly irreverent refusal of a musical degree, that Handel lives in the hearts of Englishmen, even of those who would embrace the degree with tears of gratitude, and pay for it like honest men.

But, in the instance of Chopin, Anecdote is less a light than a mist. His chamber, where he played to poets and beautiful women by firelight and candlelight; his sojourn with the woman he loved in a ruined monastery on a romantic island; his words to the Countess Potocka, when she sang to him on his deathbed the beautiful *Pieta Signore*, which is said to have saved Stradella (another favourite of Anecdote) from the daggers of assassins; his request to be buried in the clothes he had worn at his recitals; his low tones, blue eyes, and soft fair hair,—all these are probably matters of fact. They are even facts of unusually exquisite appropriateness. But none the less are they facts of just the kind for cheap romance to batten on. The very names which bestrew the records of his life seem made for the cheap romancer's delight—Majorca, the Countess Delphine, Prince Radziwill, Lucrezia Floriani, Salvator Albani, Prince Karol, for examples. And cheap romance has made the most of its opportunity. There is still quite

an eager demand for a very bad engraving with the Countess sweetly singing and Chopin sweetly dying. Indeed, many people would seem to believe that Chopin spent his life dying, with the composition of his own funeral march by way of recreation. At his best and healthiest, they conceive him as an adorable invalid, an anæmic sentimentalist. Therefore it is always a Chopin's nocturne that the moony women of second-rate fiction "dream over" at black pianos in great dim rooms with French windows. Ere long the minor novelist will hear of Tschaikowsky, and fall to exploiting the Pathetic (blessed word!) Symphony. Then Chopin may emerge again from the mist of Anecdote at the upper end, and the Russian may succeed the Pole as the Mr. B. W. Leader of suburban pianofortes.

It is often assumed that, in Art, the Man of Feeling is necessarily an amateur. Much gold flowed into the pockets of the Kailyarders because the public believed that such tender-heartedness was impossible to the hardened professional, basely scribbling for money. Bach, so long as he is played in the traditional three-cornered manner, must be for many people a man without feeling; but, as his greatness requires explaining, they explain it as the consummate musicianship of an amazingly competent professional. But when we begin to consider the musicianship, the technical accomplishment of Chopin, we immediately excite surprise and even resentment. To discuss his knowledge of harmony and counterpoint and orchestration is thought not less absurd than to criticise the grammar of lovers' cooings or the pronunciation of a mother's baby-talk. What had Chopin to do with harmony and counterpoint or any other dry theoretical subject? Was he not a Man of Feeling, caring only to give beautiful expression to beautiful moods and emotions? This was the attitude towards him during his lifetime, and it persists now that he has been dead fifty years. His works were regarded as the compositions of a highly gifted and sincere amateur; and it is still felt that, though his was one of the most indisputable musical temperaments ever known, he scarcely stands among the great composers.

This slowness to recognise Chopin's greatness as well as his emotional spell seen in people who reckon Verdi and Spohr, and even Donizetti and Bellini and Meyerbeer, among the giants of music, arises not only from the common error expressed in the

phrase "mere technique" (which assumes that you can arrive somewhere without going there); and from the false delicacy which would detain the poet of passion among the amateurs; but also from the fact that Chopin did not express himself in the conventionally grand forms. In popular thinking about music, Bach is associated with fugues, Handel with oratorios, Mozart with operas, Beethoven with symphonies, and Wagner with Three Days and a Fore-Evening. Mendelssohn and Gounod and even Schumann are linked with works demanding armies of singers and players for their performance. Now fugue and oratorio and opera and symphony and trilogy are fine words; and although any Kapellmeister may write his Mass in B flat, his tragic opera, his Kingly March, his Symphony in D minor, and be as much a Kapellmeister as ever, or more, the public is dazzled by these titles. The public may not be so foolish as to think that everyone who writes a Mass, or a Stabat Mater, or a grand opera, is necessarily a great composer; but it is convinced that every great composer must necessarily write in one or more of these ceremonious forms. Chopin wrote no mass, no oratorio, no symphony, no opera. His attempts to write for the orchestra were failures. He was a man of one instrument—in the minds of most people a domestic instrument—the piano; and he got out of it and provided for it more than any other has done before or since his day. He was like Méryon, who, striving and starving in the same Paris, achieved no showy work with the brush, but triumphed greatly with the etcher's needle. Chopin had all Méryon's wonderful power of building up little highly-finished bits into a whole that is nevertheless large and clear. But he was a much greater man than Méryon, and much greater than many so-called "great composers," who have got far less out of imposing choruses and orchestras than Chopin habitually gets out of the intimate piano.

In discussing his place among composers, the question therefore is, not how badly he wrote for the orchestra, but how well he wrote for the piano; and no one, not even a student to whom their sentiment is distasteful, can rise from a perusal of Chopin's scores with a doubt of his musicianship. His forms, it is true, are often mere dance-forms or march-forms with a melodious or tumultuous middle section rather conventionally contrasted with the preceding and succeeding matter. Instead of development, he

is often satisfied with repetition—though he varies the ornamentation or accompaniments with such unfailing freshness and cleverness as to dispel all sense of monotony. But his designs, despite all this, are hardly ever commonplace or petty or mechanical.

As for harmony and counterpoint, he had assimilated so perfectly everything in the practice of his forerunners that could ever be of any use to him, that he never staggered under a load of science, but went straight and surely to his mark. It is still thought by many otherwise intelligent people, that a composer first invents a melody (possibly with one finger on the piano), then "harmonises" it, with a watchful eye on consecutive fifths, or sets it, according to what he has learnt of an imaginary, heaven-born counterpoint, against other melodies separately devised; and that after this, if he be a writer of orchestral music, he arranges it for a band. Even trained musicians sometimes fall into this error, though not of course into the more ludicrous depths of it. There are those who will gravely say that this or that is good or bad harmony or counterpoint, careless whether the composition in question is an Allegro for the piano or an Adagio Religioso for the organ. They would seem to believe that composers painfully square their work to musical grammar, like a schoolboy writing Latin verses, rather than that they freely produce the musical literature from which the grammar is derived. But the great musician no more works by the method of belarding a tune with harmony and orchestration, than the great painter adds afterthoughts of colour to an outline drawing. Chopin is not the most signal instance of full-orbed musical conception, but the unity of his thought or feeling with his expression is complete enough to produce developments of counterpoint rich and varied beyond all the text-books and all the theorists. He understands that certain notes may clash and clang together in a headlong passage which could not be sustained together without causing torture to the hearers; just as the fleet feet of persecuted Innocence in fairy-stories glance unscathed over the red-hot upturned knives which punish with a hundred burns and gashes the heavy tread of guilt. I once lived, or rather nearly died, next door to an amateur who played all his Chopin slowly. It was then thought of this, and of a great deal besides.

Though the two things are not necessarily always independent, it

is certain that Chopin wrote supremely well for the piano because he also played it supremely well; and it is a thousand pities that his school is without representatives to-day. Now that we have got the pitch of pianofortes dealt with by the manufacturers, the time has come to convert the *virtuosi*. Except when a *virtuoso* is announcing with exaggerated breadth the subject of a slow movement, he feels called upon to give the public their half guinea's worth of nimble fingers and strong wrists, and therefore ordinary passages are played with a speed and loudness which demand piano-smashing when a fortissimo is reached. This insistent speed and loudness account for the exhaustion or irritation with which one generally leaves a pianoforte recital, while equally long performances on the spinet or harpsichord at worst produce satiety. In ordinary passages Chopin played softly, and his *ff* did not need, therefore, to be louder than the *mf* of modern players. After all, the marks indicating loudness and softness are of merely relative significance. Chopin loved the intimate hearth in the house of sound, while his successors prefer to racket over the tiles. There is no reason other than ugliness and vulgarity, which have not been deterrents up to now, why ordinary passages should not be played in the future as fortissimo passages are played at the present time. We may even have Mr. Sandow as Minister of Musical Studies, and all our pianos made at boiler-works. Then, perhaps, a few pupils will steal back into Chopin's school.

I have omitted to say that the occasion of this article is the Fiftieth Anniversary of Chopin's death, which occurs on the 17th of October—a Tuesday, like 17th October 1849. To honour him in an article is not the most grateful of tasks, for in writing about him one is almost forced to irritate the reader by a superior air. The crowd which adores and misunderstands him has to be pushed aside before the real Chopin can be seen, and pushing always looks a little rude. But one finds justification, if not full relief, in the fact that Chopin himself knew how many moths would beset his flame, and purposely hid his light under the bushel of few and high-priced recitals. It is therefore not very easy to set it once more upon a candlestick.

L. A. Corbeille.

VOLUME INDEX

No. I

	PAGE
Haegon the King—A Story by Nigel Tourneur	1
Still Life—A Story by Mary Hargrave	10
The Breadwinner—A Story by H. J. Essex	13
Moreen the Musician—A Story by C. Kennett Burrow	24
Six Original Woodcuts by Bernard Sleigh—	
1. The King's Lesson	37
2. Springtide	39
3. Chevy Chase	41
4. A Friar of Orders Grey	43
5. Edom o' Gordon	45
6. The Milestone	45
The Harbour Gate—After a Drawing by Will G. Mein	49
Part of a Frieze—After Benjamin Creswick	51
La Rue Grenier sur l'eau—After an Etching by A. Hugh Fisher	55
Gray's Inn (Christmas)—After an Etching by A. Hugh Fisher	57
City Belfry—After a Drawing by H. W. Brewer	59
August Noons—After Four Drawings by W. T. Horton—	
1. Where the Bee Sucks	63
2. The Edge of the Wood	65
3. The Canal	65
4. The Seven Trees	67
A View of Temples—After a Colour-Print by Hiroshige, with a Note	69
Three Songs in Exile—By Laurence Housman	73
Henry Wood—An Irresponsibility by "Israfel"	76

No. II

	PAGE
Amasis—An Ode by Laurence Binyon	79
"Les Sonneurs" of Gaston La Touche—A Sonnet by Gordon Bottomley	84
Plague in the West Country—A Poem by A. Hugh Fisher	85
Shadows: A Triptych—A Story by A. H. Holmes	87
Shut In—A Story by Charles Weekes	102
The Children of Charles I.—After a Painting by Van Dyck	111
Caspar Gevarts—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	113
His Own Portrait—After an Etching by Van Dyck	115
A Landscape—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	117
Cornelius Van der Geest—After a Painting by Van Dyck	119
A Landscape—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	121
Lucas Vorsterman—After an Etching by Van Dyck	123
Henricus Liberti—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	125
Van Dyck, the Master of Style—A Note by C. J. Holmes	127
The Cat—An Appreciation by "Israfel"	135
Some Examples of Plain-song—With Notes by S. Gregory Ould	139
Bayreuth: Notes on Wagner—By Arthur Symons	145

PAGE

Eva—A Story by Gerda Grass . . 150
Credo—A Poem by Frank Freeman . 160

No. III

"Dust hath closed Helen's Eye"—A Note by W. B. Yeats 161
A Song of Apple-Gathering—A Poem by Gordon Bottomley 167
The Seal—A Song by E. Willmore . 169
Love, Death, and Judgment— Four Poems by Laurence Housman . . 171
How Little Duke Jarl saved the Castle —A Story by Laurence Housman . 174
The Penman — A Story by Godfrey Burchett 179
A Change of View — A Story by A. Dawson 187
Seven Drawings and Etchings—After E. T. Daniell—
1. Junction of the Mangyr - Tschai with the Xanthus, Lycia . 195
2. Source of the Xanthus . . 197
3. Theatre of Myra, Lycia . . 199
4. The Plain and Bay of Phineka, Lycia 201
5. Rhodes from the Sea . . 203
After Water-colour Drawings in the British Museum.

PAGE

After E. T. Daniell,—*continued*—
6. Old Houses—After an Etching in the British Museum . . 205
7. A River Scene—After a Dry-point in the British Museum . 207

Edward Thomas Daniell, Painter and Etcher—By Laurence Binyon . . 209

Four Drawings and a Woodcut—
1. The Surf-Net—After a Drawing by Charles Pears . . . 217
2. The Star in the East — An Original Wood Engraving by Bernard Sleigh . . . 221
3. The Fisherman and the Rainbow —After a Drawing by Philip Connard 223
4. The Meeting of Othello and Desdemona in Cyprus—After a Sketch by Philip Connard . 225
5. Music—After a Drawing by G. M. Ellwood 227

Chopin—By "Israfel" 229
Portrait of Chopin—After F. Winterhalter 235
A Note on Chopin—By L. A. Corbeille 237

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